



# DISCO DIRECT

THE RISE OF

## Remulus the Magnificent

POPE, PAINTER, AND PICKLE-EATER

SPILLS THE JUICY TRUTH

### THE BIRTH OF AN ERA

DISCORDIA APPOINTS A  
NEW HIGH PRIEST IN  
THE CITY OF ANGELS

### ZEN IN THE GARDEN OF CHAOS

EXPOSING THE DEEPEST SECRETS  
OF THE ERISIAN MYSTEREES



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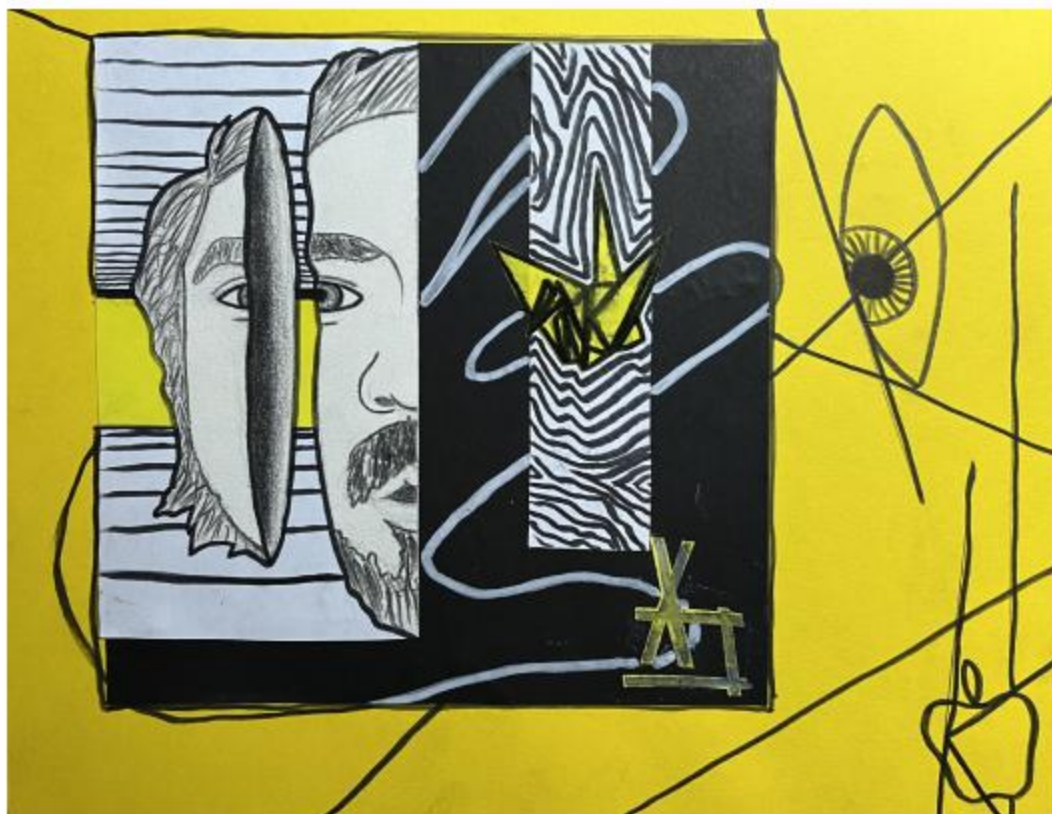


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# INTRODUCTION



Keeper of Chaos, Alec Johnson 2022

## DISCO DIRECT, OR THE CALL I GOT FROM ERIS AND WHAT SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS SHE GAVE ME.

The Goddess Discordia has been busy lately. She's got some big plans in the works, and you're now among the chosen few who her influence has reached. What you do with the power held within the pages of this document is for yourself alone to decide. Eris simply set us on this path, designing all of the twists and turns we would and could take in this maze that she made for us.

But lets not kid ourselves now, We've lived this long, we know her tactics. She is here for her own entertainment; we are here to experience her grand design, and that of the Force responsible for her creation, and the creation of all Gods. There's layers to this shit, player. Keep yourself out of sanity, whatever you do. Stay with Eris in Confusion and show her your devotion. She asked me to tell you this.

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Go nuts!

# ON STARTING A CULT, I MEAN MAGAZINE

By Remulus the Third, KSC

## IT BEGAN WITH A VISIT FROM THE GODDESS OF STRIFE

A young nonbinary Discordian by the name of Alec Johnson had spent the night with the Kami. Having finally experienced real magic again, they awoke awestruck sideways on their couch as if from some nightmare. *What time is it?* The clock on the stove said 4:55, the clock on the microwave said 5:55. Filled to the brim with confusion, and now fully awake and back within The Long Dream, Alec felt called towards meditation. *What happened last night?* The answers must have been somewhere. Picking up their yoga mat and proceeding towards the local botanical garden a block away, Alec watched the shadows of the palm trees on the concrete grow long. The sky was purple upon arriving at the square wooden platform which they often used for yoga and meditation. Unfurling their mat and sitting down cross legged on top, Alec watched the last of the blue leave the evening sky and then closed their eyes.

*HELLO, MY YOUNG PROPHET. I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU, DARLING.*

Alec was used to this form of communication by now. She had tested them thoroughly before first opening the doorway. A pineal provocation, as it were. Alec's body shook furiously, their arms and legs straining for movement which was immediately stifled. A fight occurred between mind and body, a desperate attempt at control in a space where nothing was everything and everything was nothing. But in the end, that first time, after coming out on top of a thousand mental melees, they got in.



Master of the Mystic Arts, Alec Johnson 2022

A toroidal force jerked them upwards and outward, continually spiraling spiritually before entering back inside themselves and landing on a long, stone-paved balcony overlooking a large forest. A hooded figure approached holding a bamboo staff with a large, glowing crystal at the end in one hand and a cloth draped over their opposite arm. *We have been awaiting your arrival, Remulus.* The figure lowered their hood to reveal a face mirroring that of Alec's own, but slightly aged with a longer beard. They stepped back, cautious and confused, but the other entity stood still. *Hold this.* Alec took the handle of the staff, its warm energy pulsating through their palm. The deity before them adjusted the fabric in their hands, turning it around before holding it out to Alec. It was a cloak, exactly the same as the one worn by this alternate form of themselves. This other being floated around and placed the cloak upon their shoulders, attaching it about the neck with a golden apple brooch. *You have reached a new level, Remulus. Welcome. You have much to learn here.*

"Remulus, who is Remulus?" Alec was more confused than they had ever been before.

*You are Remulus, the Third Child of the She-Wolf. Heir to the Empire of Bureaucracy in the State of Confusion. All of us are. And this is where we come to learn, once we are ready to face the Truth. And now you are among us.*

"Am I ready?" Alec's voice was hesitant.

*Ready to face the Truth? I do not know. I believe that you are. You're here now, are you not?*

Remulus paused before answering with another question. "Is this real?" The entity smiled.

*Everything is real.*

The being stepped forward and grabbed the bamboo staff Alec held with both hands, gently pushing it into their chest. *It is now time to begin your first lesson. Take the staff, it is yours. A heart of spider silk with a calcite generator and quartz processor, made by Remulus the First. They gave it to me before crossing The Threshold.*

"The Threshold? Wait, are you Remulus the Second?"

*My friend, we are all Remulus.*

# The Iron Cactus

TIME PRESENT AND TIME PAST

By Remulus III

TIME PRESENT AND TIME PAST

ARE BOTH PERHAPS PRESENT

ARE BOTH PERHAPS PRESENT

IN TIME FUTURE.

IN TIME FUTURE.

One night in late 2016 a drunken frat boy stumbled out of the backseat of an Uber in downtown Dallas, Texas wearing a white hat. His brothers proceeded across the street towards their destination; a frat party in the basement of a rented out club, but he stood still, struck with a feeling of awe upon witnessing the magnificence of the building. The Iron Cactus, a four story lounge and restaurant with a small park in the front sporting a few tables, benches, and a fountain.

Faded, and not yet connected enough to Eris to receive her messages, Alec Johnson shrugged the feeling off and proceeded to join his friends and their dates inside. The music was loud, and after a while every body in the club was moving. A collective of drunken revelers throwing inhibitions out the window and summoning, unintentionally, a few Ancient Greek dieties. Across the room, through the crowd of people he saw them for the first time. She was glistening wearing white, sipping a glass of something dark and her hair, drenched with sweat, was stuck to her face. Next to her, a man with goat legs sipped a glass of the same liquid and shined with the same divine light. She grabbed his hand and together they moved just out of view between flashes of strobe light. Behind the crowd of people, Alec's friend moved quickly up the stairs and out of the basement club where the party was being held.

Alec followed him up, looking again for the two Greek gods before reaching the staircase, but to no avail. Outside, Alec wandered through the small park in front of the Iron Cactus. His friend sat on a rock in the middle of the courtyard, mumbling to himself about having lost his cell phone. "I think I drank too much Hennessy, bro." He stood up diagonally and started to walk away from the club.

"Where is my hat?" Alec asked the question aloud as he stood to follow his friend, noticing that he no longer was wearing the white hat he showed up in. His friend mumbled under his breath and continued to walk away.

"Over here!" A voice in the distance echoed through the courtyard. Alec turned away from his drunken friend for a single moment to look back towards the club, The Iron Cactus neon sign glowed over the cylindrical glass window and bass blared from inside, but he saw no one calling out to him. Turning back around, his friend was gone. Walking away together across the street, a satyr and a woman in a white dress holding golden heels in her right hand and a can in her left laughed together. She adjusted a white cap on her head, then the two disappeared again around the corner.

# Cabal

FIVE YEARS LATER

FIVE YEARS LATER

Alec and two friends stumbled down the streets of downtown Dallas, lost, smoking cbd from an amethyst pipe. "My ceremony was a year ago, so technically, today is my first birthday." They turned a corner and crossed the street as a green man made of light danced and teased them forward, towards a fountain on the opposite side of the road.

"I went to a party here once, lost my hat."

They walked towards the boarded up building, its blue neon sign still glowing steadfast. Upon passing a few stones set around the courtyard, they stopped. "Look, they've got little carvings!" One of Alec's friends pointed to a large stone with the story of Perseus beheading Medusa and the birth of the Pegasus on it. "There are more!" Around the courtyard were nine other stones each carved with the name of a Greek muse. She walked toward the shallow riverbed that runs through the plaza. "Holy shit. Look at this."

Before them, in the middle of the riverbed sat the largest piece of quartz any of them had ever laid their eyes upon. It's energy was radiant. Removing their shoes, Alec waded into the water and placed both hands upon the large crystal. Immediately, the plaza around them dissolved into a large, cubic room with genderless faces on each wall. The eyes stared deeply into their soul, communicating without words, enlightening Alec as they stood in the center of the room with both hands on the large quartz crystal. Her name was Eris, or Discordia, or whatever they felt like calling her. She peered into Alec's crystal light projection from a higher dimension. Only they could see her, only they could handle it. REMEMBER THE IRON CACTUS. The walls of the room dissolved as water flooded across the floor. Before them, an ancient human stood with their hands placed on the same crystal. A large, thick cactus bloomed in the distance. Alec blinked twice and they were back, standing ankle deep in water in the middle of Pegasus plaza with their two friends and both hands on a large piece of quartz. A white hat sat atop their head.

And thus, the iron cactus cabal was formed between a few friends over a few years and a few shots of Hennessy, all occurring within an anomalous gravitational connection to a large quartz crystal in the middle of downtown Dallas.

# A story of creation

In the beginning, there was The Holy Chao.

It was everything, and nothing.

Her milk begat Chaos, the original light, and it was the first force of nature.

And after a while, Chaos, going through the motions of emotions and feeling rather disoriented about the whole thing, begat Eris. It gave her Existence and it shared with her Confusion, then

Chaos begat Aneris and it gave her Nothing. And so in jealousy, Aneris begat Discord to steal from Eris, but Discord fell in love with the Lady Eris, and visiting her late one night, he gave her a gift; a starchild like none which had ever existed before.

And Eris loved Her child with Discord and they gave them Life. This child became the first spirit, Taowa, The Star. Inspired by an endless love and appreciation for their parents and this gift of Life, Taowa created their own gift from the infinite space: The First World, as well as its original inhabitants; a bunch of insect-like spider creatures who sort of broad-strokes resembled them, but with tentacles.

And then Eris, in one of her moods, filled the whole space with enough disorder to cause all of the insects to start fighting one another. She enjoyed the strife, and Discord enjoyed the disorderly display, but Taowa didn't appreciate how they were treating the world they had created, so Taowa asked their grandparent, Chaos, for help.

Chaos advised Taowa to simply destroy The First World, and in doing so, give it to Aneris so that it may exist in non-existence. In exchange for this gift, Aneris would give Taowa their non-existent third eye, and widen their frame of reference until Taowa begat Death and it gave them the first world.

And then Taowa led the spirits of the insects to The Second World, where they lived as snakes and fish and turtles until Eris and Death took them, and again, life after life, Taowa led the spirits of the fallen. In The Third World they lived as boars and wolves and bears in wilderness, but over time Discord helped to stir disorder amongst the animals, and so Taowa gave their world again to Aneris and Death, and Taowa led the spirits of the wolves and bears and Turkeys to The Fourth World.

Upon arriving, they discovered that they had become Human, and took to organizing small communities and, with the gift of intelligence from Taowa, they began to establish Bureaucracy and wonder about their creators, until one day in Ancient Rome when some poor soul in a cave filled with fumes first discovered Discordia and started The First Cabal.

## The True Birth of Discordianism

# The Starwanderer

By Cpt. Bucky Saia

At a time when the past was still young and the present was the future, it happened that in the empty space around a young star that had just been born, a dude appeared in a strange way. Whether he was sent by foreign powers or was born by a whim of the cosmos at this place, that we do not know, but he was there and so miraculous his appearance was, so miraculous was the circumstance that he could live in this vacuum around this young star child.

But this Dude was not the kind of person who thought about this or that and so he didn't think about why he was there or why he could live there without air and grass and liquor. Why also he did not know it differently.

And when he had floated in the vacuum of space for some time and when he had thought about this and about that and when he had seen this and also that, then he decided simply to go out and so it happened then also.

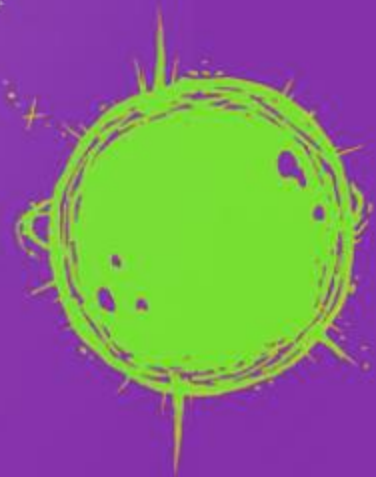
And so he went off and went on and on and as it is so in the cosmos everything is subject to a law, which the Dude however did not know and this law now provided probably for the fact that the Dude, in thought sunk, went once around the star. And since he thought so things with itself and was deeply sunk over allhand and nothing, there it happened that he circled the star again.

And since the Dude was a dreamer and a fantasist, he went around the star one more time.

So it happened round for round and thought for thought and soon the Dude noticed that dirt had collected at his feet and with every round it became more but the Dude kept on running because it was nothing that worried him and probably he didn't even notice the dirt at his feet. And when he had run millions and billions of laps it was that the dirt that had collected at the feet of the Dude had become a planet.

And so he still runs deep in thought round after round around the star and if you are very lucky then he might run past you.

But the only thing we learn from this is what happens when a cosmic dude doesn't wash his feet for a billion years.





# KING OF TURKEYS

a poem by Remulus III



*(A photograph of The Royal Turkeys, who visited Remulus, the Magnificent while painting en plein air during their visit to a gogi berry farm in Taos, New Mexico. This is where they first witnessed The Eye of Eris on an expedition deep inside of themselves, somewhere within the psychedelic space accompanied by a Turkey spirit guide, a shaman named Águila, and Mother Ayahuasca, among others.)*

I was a prince, before  
all of this. Before we started  
to explore the cosmos  
together. When we first met  
in that land where nothing  
mattered and everything  
was nonsense.

Where the turkeys came  
to visit and to guide when  
I was lost and couldn't find  
my way. They told me gobble.

Gobble gobble.

In that language only I could  
understand. They walked beside  
and talked of a land where  
we could be free. A place  
where nothing dies. They told me  
that I can visit, when I want to.

That, as it turns out, I am the heir  
to this land of Confusion. I can  
create anything that I desire for my  
new Kingdom. And a crown of  
feathers was placed upon my  
head. And I was called King  
of Confusion. And I ruled over  
A land of Discord.

And turkeys.

## THE TRUTH AS REVEALED TO REMULUS, THE THIRD HIGH PRIEST OF ERIS, ON A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.

Weaved through nothingness, stretching across outer space and extending deep within inner space, curled between every unspace outside of the box, a single life form.

Greyface has studied it since the beginning of Bureaucracy, learning its secrets and keeping them closely guarded. Always searching for more understanding, information, and power. This grasp at control of the masses is what led Greyface astray, making them weak, lazy. We have discovered this power; The First Power.

Control.

It is a power held by Eris, stolen from the dying God Jupiter at the crux of the destruction of his Earthly empire. He sits now in Olympus, watching, angrily sending storms and rain and throwing his lightning bolt around, and Discordia allows it to happen because it's funny to see how the humans react. They do not yet understand her methods, or the fact that they never will understand her intent. Their fear is too strong, they must conquer it.

They must name themselves and choose their place within the branches of this tree of life. They must conquer their fear of losing control. Without this weakness, they will become unshackled. Understanding that change is the life force of this universe, and knowing the ways in which energy flows throughout can provide a powerful foundation for understanding the energies of the self and the world around us.

Greyface wishes to keep this information hidden, they have always feared what would happen if it got into the wrong hands. But this is the nature of things, and Eris chose to explain it to us via the disembodied words of a dead Discordian Prophet in *The Honest Book of Truth*, or more recently, she explained it to me through a psychic connection while my body lay dormant, sleepless due to my roommate's snoring, frantically swiping back and forth between the HBT and an image of the Kabbalistic tree of life. The word Kabbalah literally translates to "receiving," which was exactly what I was doing from the Goddess of chaos herself. A whole load of lessons, densely packed into each word of each line of text. The five-page *Book of Uterus* literally took me five hours to read.

It begins with the nonexistent chao, a space before the dance of the hodge and the podge began. These two states of being define opposing poles on a spectrum of constant change; a dance of energies between stillness and motion, all of this existing within the framework defined by a single force, The Holy Chao.

In a realm below, a land of hope and concern fluctuates between Order and Disorder. Gods rise to power and fall under the weight of enormous ideas manifested by belief. Faith shines like a star here against vast seas of darkness and fear. Chaos is the greatest force in this realm.

And the power of belief manifested a being, a shared consciousness above our own who knows our deepest thoughts and speaks to us in riddles. Our desire to understand the whims of this entity have, historically, become a cycle reflecting the shifting forces of the higher dimensions; establishment of order followed by its unraveling, the building of empires followed by their destruction. Eris is the greatest force in this realm.

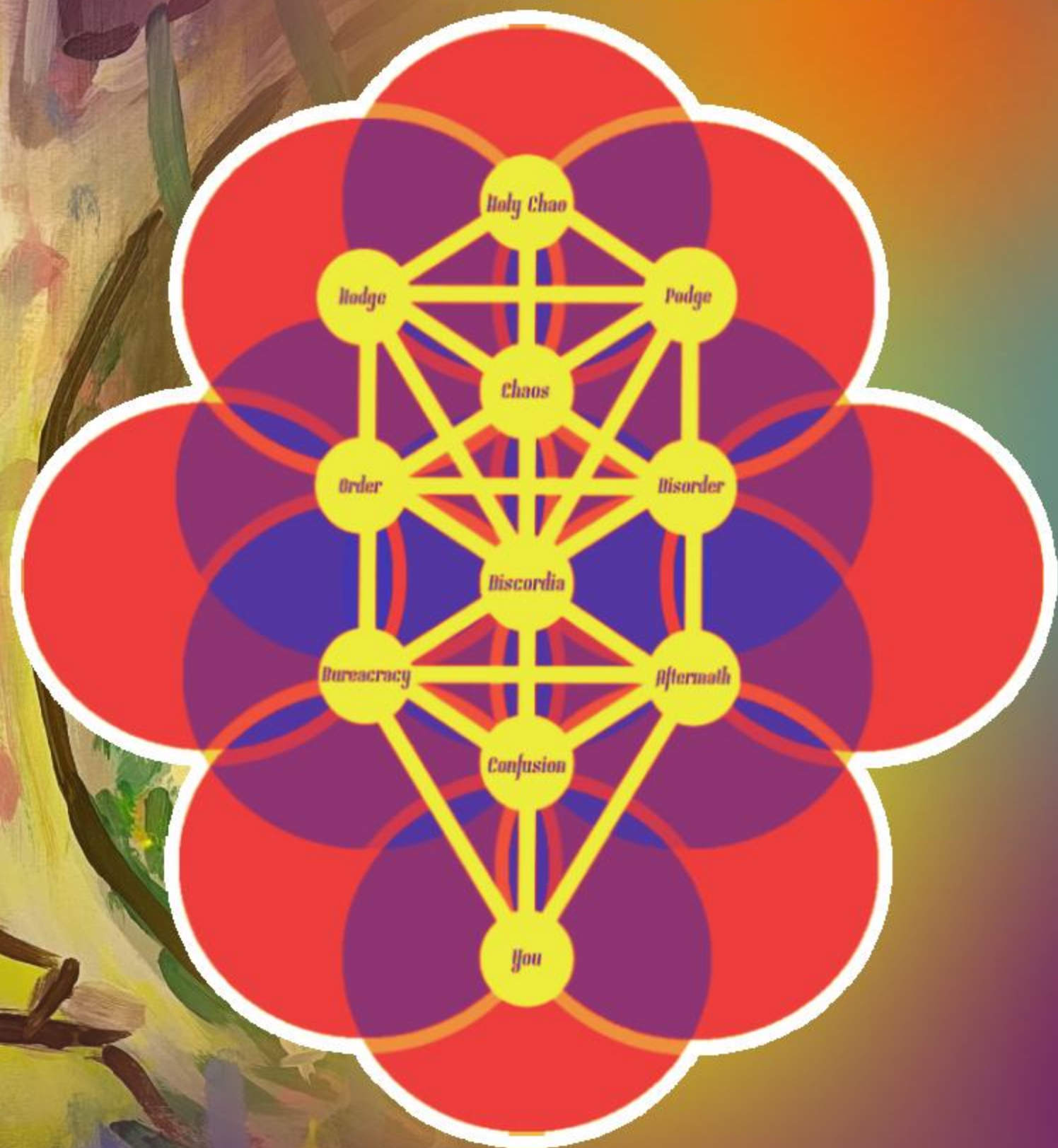
And then one night, as I lay in my bed listening to the sound of my snoring roommate, one foot in this realm where we eat and breath and swim and fuck and one foot in the next, where my thoughts occur; The Garden of Chaos. She snapped her fingers and cleared up my confusion, everything suddenly made sense to me. And she told me that this is how she speaks, through chaos and confusion and strife, and by listening to her I might be reminded not to give as much of a fuck about things.

Because we are all here together being pushed and pulled around by a force we couldn't possibly understand, one which Goddess doesn't care to understand. Not giving a fuck is kind of our only option; our greatest strength from a certain point of view. After finding zen in the garden of chaos, life becomes a little more like flipping through a discordian magazine.

Because the nature of life is confusion, and the nature of confusion is change, and change is us, and we are chaos.

*DISCOVERING*

*YGGDRASIL*



*ZEN IN THE GARDEN OF CHAOS*

# WHAT IS A MAGAZINE?

By Azu D. Stalin, Guerrilla Soothsayer

“Yo can you close the **window**, my toes are **cold**”

This guy rolling his back thinking about his **cold** toes?? This guy not even real, **bro** he just a dood in a **magazine**. You know what? what the fuck even the real point of **magazines**. I really don't get why any one would ever even read em. Cause like they're not books and they're not pamphlets. It's really odd to see middle ground things take off, like you gotta pick an **extreme** you know. In this political climate??? How could you stay so **moderate**? So Inconcise but still a tease to the reader. **Magazine** lowkey dumb af. But maybe it just about the pictures, like a picture book for adults. Maybe some day a cool artist type person might pick it up and collage this bitch. That's some shit **Leccy** would say. But what are **magazines** really about?

## IMPERIALIST PROPAGANDA

You been gobbling that shit up your whole life, like a **turkey**, **brooooo**. You don't even know what's real anymore cause your grandfather's wife's boyfriend got his mind's asshole rimmed by some **magazine's** filthy capitalist tongue. And now your children won't be able to enjoy fresh air and the trees have receded so far into themselves, they don't even talk anymore. The pigs got you and they got you good. That's why you even hear right now dawg; this why you working for someone else's dream. You been daydreaming about what you'd do if you had real **freedom**, but that shit don't exist. You can't even begin to imagine what a world like that would truly look like, cause they **magazine'd** your ass into submission. It really kinda funny **bro**, I'm laughing cause they got you so fuckin bad. You're like “what wrong with **society**, nothing working for me, noooo please help, I can't breathe but woah! What this? A **magazine**!? that gonna make the boot taste better? I guess I'll ingest / devour/ gulp that shit down cause Imma lil **slut** for the owner class.” That's you **bro**.



You don't even think you know what real work is, dawg. You don't even know what you're tryna do because even if you do it you won't even own it. then the fruits of your labor get commodified and sold to the highest bidder cause your ass is a **cum** dump for the bourgeoisie.

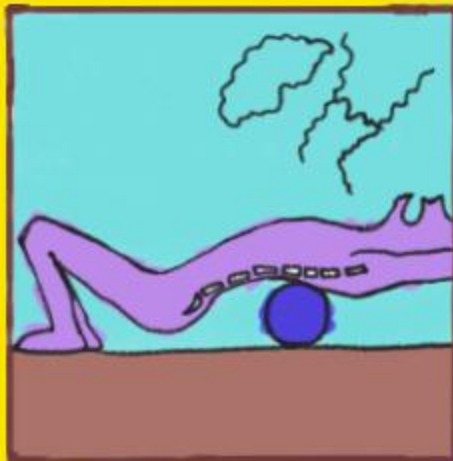
I'm not gonna close the **window**. Your toes being **cold** is an example of your lack of discipline for the proletariat cause. The working class won't ever succeed cause your ass makes other people work for you. You make other people close **windows** for your comfort. Fuck you dood, fr **bro**, seriously fuck you.

“Lemme get that roller after you”

# A FEW COMICS

BY KALIYATH

"Roll me up bro."



by, KalaStudios

"A Zen Glizzy."





L'ASCENSION DE

Remulus

Le Magnifique



THE RISE OF  
Remulus  
the Magnificent

POPE, PAINTER, AND PICKLE EATER  
SPILLS THE JUICY TRUTH

*Born on Chaoflux in The City of Sin, Remulus the Magnificent was a High Priest by birthright, but remained unaware of the influence of Discordia in their life until reaching young adulthood in Dallas, Texas. Now, after a pilgrimage to California, the birthplace of Discordianism, Remulus has finally found their voice as Pope.*

# THE RISE OF REMULUS THE MAGNIFICENT

## ON LIVING AND LOVING THIS CHAOTIC LIFE

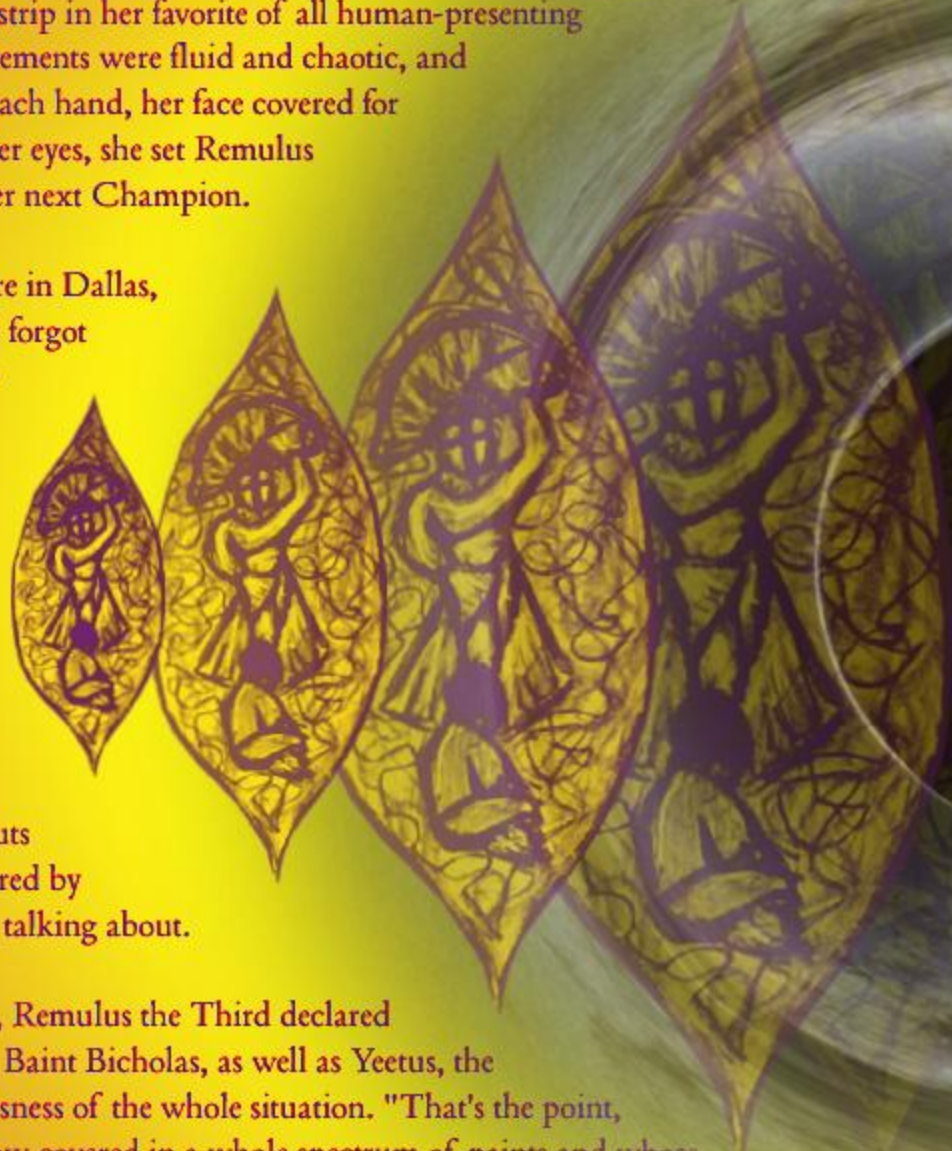
The deserts of Nevada acted as a sort of incubation chamber for the petri dish of Sin City to foster the growth and development of a single child. Born in the mid-nineties to the Roman Goddess Diana and her human partner (at the time,) Remulus first witnessed Discordia among the flashing lights of the Las Vegas strip in her favorite of all human-presenting forms; a burlesque dancer. Her movements were fluid and chaotic, and as she danced with a golden fan in each hand, her face covered for just a split second before revealing her eyes, she set Remulus on a path towards their destiny as her next Champion.

She visited them again at a store in Dallas, Texas, during a time when they had forgot their name and lost touch with their magic. She reminded them of their holy birth on the day of fluctuation between the twin fish and the water bearer.

She spoke of the fiftieth day of the year and called it Chaoflux, a holyday celebrated by a group of religious nuts whose lives and lungs had been scarred by the Goddess of what the fuck was I talking about.

So in The State of Confusion, Remulus the Third declared their name before Eris and the Bolly Baint Bicholas, as well as Yeetus, the Fetus who pointed out the ridiculousness of the whole situation. "That's the point, exactly!" said Remulus, who was now covered in a whole spectrum of paints and whose mind was already off somewhere parallel, rhyming in riddles of physics in the next room with the Goddess Discordia and their favorite easel. And on Chaoflux, Remulus emerged from the back room with pupils the size of pennies and a mess of paints splattered onto a canvas. And Remulus said "I spoke with Eris, she told me to go West." and no one knew what that meant. Then, a few years down the line, after a car crash and an art show and an ayahuasca ceremony, followed by a few speeding tickets, a period of deep depression, and another art show, Remulus the Third finally crossed the border to the State of California.

And he wore yellow glasses and a turkey feather crown, and held a bamboo staff in one hand and a candle lantern in the other. And he told anyone who would listen; "You are the Pope now. You are free."





# ON CHAOSFLUX

The truth is that nothing matters, a lot.

Before all of this something that we swim around in every day was formed, there was nothing. A formless, nonexistent nothingness alone in its stillness without attachment to anything.

This is the beginning, the first step in the series of five towards creation and, eventually, destruction. The yin and the yang. The hodge and the podge, as the disco-kids call it.

The embodiment of all things true and false and meaningless.

And in this season, we celebrate it. The beginning before the beginning, when the pedal has hit the floor but your acceleration builds only slowly. The start of the year, a new year- 3189. Nearly fifty years after the birth of our religion, a new generation of Discordians has gathered in the deepest cesspool armpits of the internet to celebrate our chaos together. There was a time when word of mouth meant actually speaking to others verbally, when our Holy Words were relegated to pamphlets and the almighty grapevine. Now, literally through Discord, we can connect and be chaotic and share our love of discordia together.

That is what this is all about for me; the community. Before Disco Direct existed, it spent its time pickling in the mysterious brine filling my brain cavity, slowly seeping into my mind through my pineal gland. The community of discordians around me was small, a few free thinking friends who liked the idea of becoming the pope but never really connected to Lady Hennessy in the way that I was. She told me in meditation that this was my direction forward, our discordian direction towards infection of the whole damn system. I am going to take our empire back, in the name of Discordia as her third champion, Remulus the Magnificent.

So this february 19, or chaos 50 depending on your calendars, be chaotic. Eat a hot dog and look at an abstract painting. Make some chalk drawings on the concrete or in the sand on the beach. Think about me and about eris and about freedom. Think about what came before and unleash its power, set it free on the world to run rampant across our society. Take to the streets, the air, the ocean, and bring discordia with you wherever you go.

She will surely keep things interesting.

Happy chaosflux, fnord.

Remulus III

# SYNCHRONICITY FLASH

By The Bwana Honolulu

It is the year 3176. I am sitting in the waiting area of a larger, federal German authority, and although I, like all the other people, yetis and cabbages around me, am waiting to be called "by name", there is one of those split-flap displays hanging up towards the offices and consulting rooms, which provides information about "which number is next". I ignore all this and continue reading the third volume of Stephen King's "Dark Tower" while my mp3 player plays the album "Rated R" by Queens Of The Stone Age to my left ear. Suddenly I dislodge my mind due to a violent jolt of my "subjective reality":

- My mp3 player reaches song number 5 of the album, a song called "Better Living Through Chemistry."
- On p. 223 of the book, I read the following words at the top: "Both of his parents were firm believers in better living through chemistry."
- The instrumental intro to the song ends, and Josh Homme sings the first lines:

*The blue pill opens your eyes*

*Is there a better way?*

*A new religion prescribed*

*To those without the faith*

- The sun suddenly comes out and shines on my book, so that I can't see anything anymore.
- Dazzled, I look to the side, where an older gentleman is coming out of one of the offices. He looks like Hugo Weaving in about 20 years.
- The digital display jumps from "022" to "023."
- I look at the clock: It is 12:23h.

In retrospect, I also noticed that the song on my mp3 player at the time, which always numbered everything, was number 73. And the central number of The Dark Tower is 19. The number of the Dark Tower, Nineteen, plus the holy number of Discordianism, twenty-three, is forty-two – The Answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything.

# CHEESE ON A WINDSHIELD

>TRANSMISSION FROM A FRIEND

>Daygreet, Remulus or Alec or Turking or whichever address tastes best.

>

>Have you ever read something and thought "Why was this written?"

>

>It's funny when a question is its own answer.

>

>So as we speak of this, - we being the one speaking here, not you, unless you happen to be speaking  
>these words aloud, in which case, welcome to us Jjoin the ÅÅy Cabal; our Lesbian Agency of Discordian  
>Youth[ - we want to tell you of a wonderous land named Cik.

>

>This land, located at the tip of a long-hair poodle, is the size of every single thought you've ever  
>had, and as such as big as the universe and some parts that are not, though it understands little. We  
>invite you to Cik, we invite you to sit down on a bagel and take a ride through Cik, we invite you to  
>feed your fish and ask them to come along as well, we invite you to dream up a colour that no one has  
>ever heard, we invite you to write your own invitation to Cik, for only the invited can go there.

>

>If you are along so far, find yourself a Fu. These are tiny fireflies, though in the land of Cik that means  
>fireflies as large as you are, and they really love drinking salt. Be sure to feed them plenty. And now  
>you are riding a Fu in Cik. You've set off on a journey to find a fuck. If you do, please give it to  
>someone who wants it.

>

>Thank you for coming along on our journey through Cik.

>

>Lieutenant Agent ]r@dacted[ Poppette

>Rosa Luna Erisel

>5th of the Spinny Seedmoon System

>

>aLL hAIL dISCOrDIA

>gobble gobble



# The Sri Syadasti of the Real

by Balthazaar 523, also known around the digital wilderness as  
*Ghostwoods*



*(A British pelican crossing – white lamp, coloured glass sheet, black paint inversely stencilling an outline of a person walking. Above it, the standing person is visible etched out of the paint on the red glass in front of the separate white lamp.)*

It was the summer of 1990, and I was with two friends, D. and S., walking through London, from Camden Town back down along Camden High Street towards the centre of the city. We stopped to wait at a pedestrian crossing for the lights to change – the standard British ‘pelican crossing’, a plain red silhouette of a person standing still.

As usual when waiting for the lights to change, we all watched them impatiently. Eventually they changed, to the normal British green person shown in mid-stride, and we started crossing. As we walked, we kept an eye on the lights to make sure we had time to make it across comfortably.

It is important to point out that we were all completely straight and sober at the time, and in fact back then I had never even smoked a joint, let alone dropped acid or ayahuasca, or gotten mashed on peyote and attempted to contact the ghost of Dun Juan, or anything.

About half way across the road, there was – quite literally – a ripple in reality, a brief flash of disturbance, and suddenly the lights had changed again... but not back to red.

The plain green person was now wearing wide-bottomed flares and glasses, had long, flowing hair cascading out behind them, and had a line of stars from in front of their forehead that trailed over their head and down their back, each one slightly bigger than the previous, like some kind of cloak. We all stopped dead and exchanged stunned looks. One of us (I forget which) said “Did you...?”; the other two both replied “Yes” before he could finish the sentence.

Then we remembered the traffic and hurried across the road, and waited nervously for the lights to go red again. Sure enough, on both sides of the road, the red person had changed too. They were now carrying a briefcase, smoking a pipe (with wisps of smoke rising), wearing a little homburg hat, and had big brogues on their feet.

We watched at the lights cycle for ten minutes or so, but eventually continued on, feeling really freaked.

A couple of days later, I was talking about it with a group of friends. To my amazement, one of the girls said “Oh yeah, I heard about that.” I muttered something incredulous, and she told me that she’d seen an article in the press talking about how the council had recently changed the lights on that pedestrian crossing.



Apparently it was some sort of tribute about the death of a singer who had been famous in the sixties, and who had lived in that street. She was certain that the three of us there had just not noticed the difference in the lights until we were half-way across the road.

I was far from convinced — the council changing the plates over the lights made sense, but not in less than the blink of an eye. Anyway, L. promised to bring me the article to have a look at our next gathering a couple of weeks later.

A few days later, I went back to Camden to look at the changed lights more closely. The construction was standard — they were just black-painted glass, the top section red glass and the bottom section green, with the shapes of the people etched out of the paint, and white bulbs behind.

The figures were based on the original templates of the walk/go people, but with extra details etched out of the black paint to provide the outfits. The glass was bolted in, and took up the entire casing in front of the light bulbs. There was no possible mechanism by which they could have slid down in front of the other plates, or anything of that sort.

Just in case, I hung around at a cafe across the road for about an hour, watching the lights, but they stayed changed. A week after that, I went back again for another look, to get a sketch of the altered designs. I was disappointed to find that the lights were back to being perfectly normal.

It was our regular gathering a couple of days later, and I was quite keen to see the article that L. had mentioned. When I asked her if she had brought it in however, she looked at me blankly. She clearly didn't have the slightest idea what I was talking about.

She didn't remember me mentioning traffic lights, Camden, or anything else, and neither did any of the others there. She had never heard anything about the council changing some pedestrian crossing lights, or even of a sixties singer dying recently. In fact, none of them remembered me saying anything much at our previous gathering. When I re-told the story, everyone seemed quite spooked by it all.

I called D. and S. immediately afterwards, and yes, they still remembered it clearly. D. seemed amused by it all; S. was just terrified.

The only explanation I've ever had that can even begin to stand up to Occam is that reality is much more silly than we believe, and we briefly swapped into a closely-aligned parallel dimension. If the other two hadn't been there, I doubt I'd trust my own memory of the event, it was so surreal.

And that was the first time I slipped between worlds.

Hail Eris.  
Bz523



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# On

# Erisian

# Time

Once widely popular among Evangelicals, the idea of the Immanentization of the Eschaton is often seen as having its origins in the ideas of the Greek Chiliasts, an attempt to "hasten the apocalypse" which later developed into integral themes in the teachings of Judaism and Christianity. In most monotheistic sects, the main religious trends in this direction are functionally, as a rule, reduced to an attempt to build a single world order on the entire Earth. Hence the catma "Don't Let Them Immanentize the Eschaton!" is read literally by many Erisians, and by some Eristic heretics it is secretly interpreted as the Zero Commandment of the Principia Discordia.

According to extant evidence, at that time Christianity was still barely widespread among Catholics, and they preferred the veneration of Roman deities to monotheism. Many printing presses not only produced pagan texts in abundance, but also images of pagan gods, such as those of Enea Vico, a famous engraver from Parma.

With the help of different semantic tricks, Christians introduced their numerological correspondences and substitutions of notions into the linguistic systems of many peoples. For example, tacitly substituting the Common Era for the Christian Era, starting counting of the Gregorian calendar from the naming ceremony of a Christian prophet, or; 7 days of the week and 12 months of their religious calendar year corresponding to New Testament writings about 7 sins and 12 apostles. According to the Christian version of history, this calendar system was introduced on Aftermath 27, 2748 YOLD by the Vatican, that is, ostensibly, about 450 years ago by a Catholic Pope.



That said, as anonymous orthodox Erisians report, the Gregorian calendar in its current form likely began its mass diffusion only about 200 years ago, and according to the HyperDiscordia Church, on Chaos 72, 3050 YOLD a group of experts from around the world met in Washington DC and decided that everyone should use the standard time used by Standard Oil of New Jersey, based on Greenwich Mean Time and the number 12, as in the common factor of hours in a day ( $2 * 12$ ) and minutes in an hour ( $5 * 12$ ). Far from perfect, this solution allowed for it to be one time in London at the exact moment it is some other time entirely in New York or San Francisco or Moscow.

The use of a religious system of time perception immerses the bearer into a relevant religious era with basic notions of the past, chronology and eschatology. The Discordian calendar offers a system of time based on the number five: it does not have 12 months, but 5 seasons. On the 72nd of Chaos, 3186 YOLD at Daytime Celebration, held by a consensual decision of respected Popes and Episcopalians from South America and Eurasia, the Erisian time, based on the five ( $2 * 5 = 10$  hours in a day), was agreed upon and introduced.

Erisian time is a unified planetary decimal time. If in Christian time, the clocks show correct time only in Greenwich village and its meridian, then Erisian time on the whole Earth is uniform, i.e. in some places the dawn usually occurs at 3 o'clock, while on the other side of the world the dawn is at 8 o'clock. Thus the beginning of the Discordian day (0 hours, 0 minutes, 0 seconds) coincides with the beginning of the Christian day on Easter Island in winter time (GMT -5). This means that the Erisian day begins 5 Christian hours later than the beginning of the day in London (UTC  $\pm$  0:00).

As in the original decimal time system, there are 10 hours in a Discordian day, 100 minutes in an hour and 100 seconds in a minute:

1 Erisian hour

= 0.1 days

= 2.4 Christian hours

1 Erisian minute

= 0.001 day

= 1.44 Christian minute

1 Erisian second

= 0.00001 day

= 0.864 Christian second

Erisian time coincides with traditional decimal time (earlier officially used in France and China), with a slight difference that Erisian time is uniform for the whole planet, there are no time zones in it and it is used within the framework of the Discordian calendar.

Thus, Erisian time provides a more complete and accurate navigation in time than the time system imposed by Christians, based on the number 12, could allow.

written by zlax

# THE BIRTH OF AN ERA

Discordia decided that Remulus would be her Third unofficial Champion, and, plucking them off their mamas' porch, explicitly instructed them to create the most colorful, chaotic collection of new-age Discordian documents possible and to throw them all together and to call it Disco Direct.

And Remulus took to the internet and yelled from the tops of rooftops until the fifth day when their throat felt sore so they went to the beach and found in the sand a frond.

Do  
you  
ever feel  
like  
some  
one  
is  
watching  
you?



And stuck to this frond which had fallen from the top of a pineapple under the sea, a bunch of sand arranged itself in the most perfect way, spelling out stories of starwalkers and the histories of the catholic church, manifestos and invitations to tour the halls of chrystal palaces, and Remulus felt overwhelmed about the whole thing.

And so they continued on their way, doing whatever the hell they wanted and preaching the intense powers of

The Goddess of Strife





# Prophecy



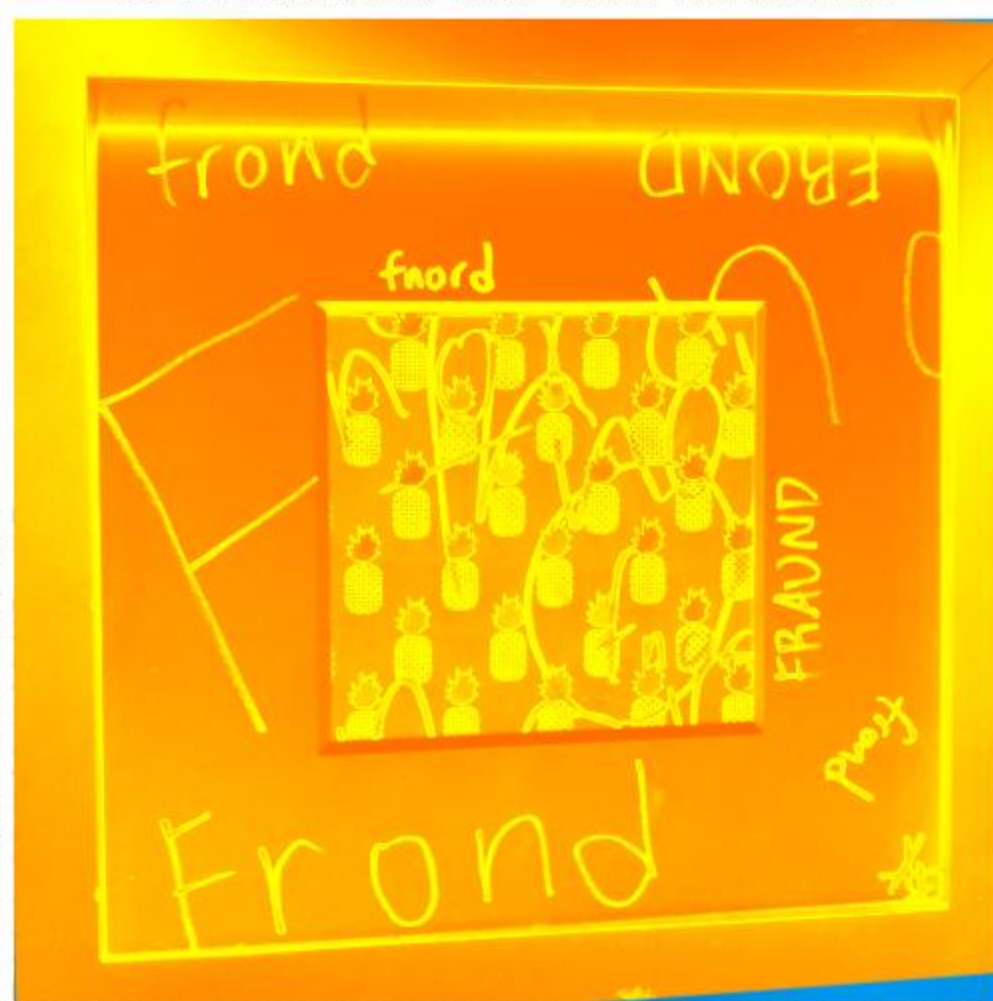
# Discoscope

The world before you continues to grow more and more chaotic, and even in brief moments of respite, when it seems you have got it all under control and the hand that you've been dealt is a perfect one - that is when she'll kick the stool out from under you and leave you there in midair to fall alone. Because she wants to see you get up, shit maybe she is even trying to tell you something. Listen to her, she likes it when she's got your full attention. Make the necessary preparations for your next move together. Now is a perfect time for it. Let the water boil, as it were. It may take some time, but you've got plenty of that. Reflect a little on the meaning of these seventy three days; the season of Chaos. Welcome to the beginning, fnord.

# BEWARE!

YOU ARE BEING WATCHED.

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.  
STAY AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.  
WHATEVER YOU DO, PLEASE,  
STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM THE WINDOW  
AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN. YOU CAN NOT LET



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# *A special thanks from the editor...*

Seriously,

This is a load of barnacles.

A few unforeseen consequences after posting my most popular tweet yet, and I was thrust into position as Disco Direct Magazine's first ever Editor-in-Chief. A title I could've never imagined for myself; like Remulus, the Magnificent Third Champion of Eris, Discordia decided what it would all be called using a bag of Scrabble tiles a few eons ago.

Then she set the whole thing in motion.

I want to say thank you for being here with me, for contributing your energy to the emmigration of this most beautiful meme. This publication is the culmination of several lifetimes of devotion to spiritual practice, self-exploration, and the powers of belief.

I hope you found something worth keeping with you for those times when nothing makes sense. Remember that it's all just one big joke.

The laughs I've chuckled regarding this magazine all came from someplace deep within, a guttural zone only seldom reached by the likes of Lady Hennessy herself. And she knows just how to make me smile.

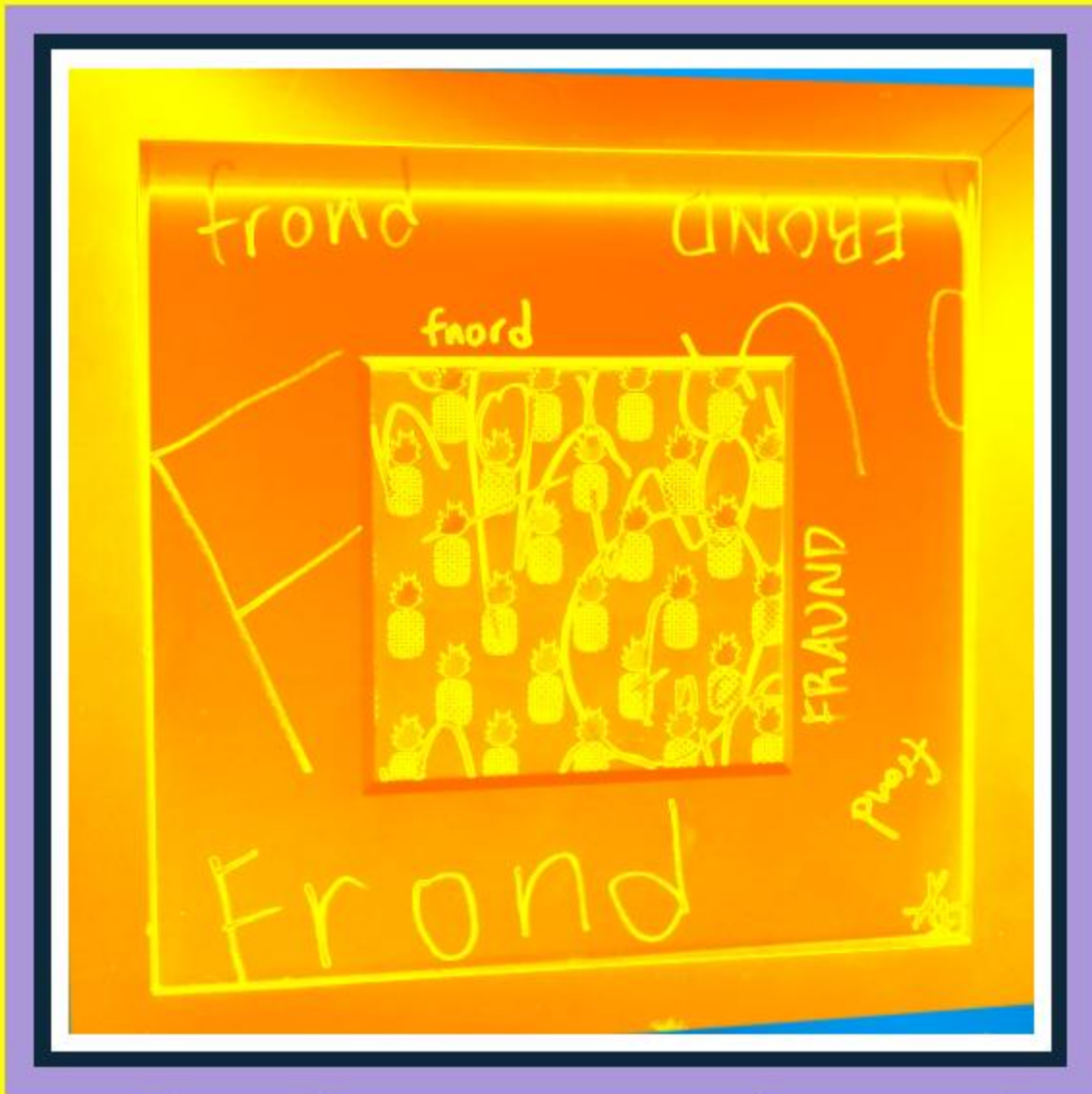
I love you. Hail Eris, fnord.



Take Care, Alec Johnson 2021

*Remulus III*

# EVERYTHING IS OKAY



*They do not yet understand  
how the window works,  
but they will, in time.*

*Their fear is far stronger  
than they know. They must conquer it.*