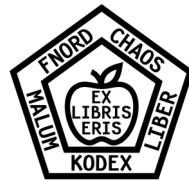
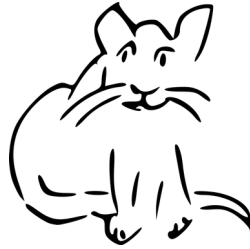

THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH

Another Testament of
Lord Omar Khayyam
Ravenhurst, KSC

The Honest Book of Truth

Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, KSC

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The Book of Uterus

Chapter 1

- 1 Before the beginning was the Nonexistent Chao, balanced in Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpushpull of the Hodge and Podge.
- 2 Whereupon, by an Act of Happenstance, the Hodge began gradually to overpower the Podge—and the Primal Chaos thereby came to be.
- 3 So in the beginning was the Primal Chaos, balanced on the Edge of Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpullpush of the Podge and Hodge.
- 4 Whereupon, by the Law of Negative Reversal, the Podge swiftly underpowered the Hodge and Everything broke loose.
- 5 And therein emerged the Active Force of Discord, the Subtle Manifestation of the Non-existent Chao, to guide Everything along the Path back to Oblivion—that it might not become lost among Precepts of Order in the Region of Thud.
- 6 Forasmuch as it was Active, the Force of Discord entered the State of Confusion, wherein It copulated with the Queen and begat Eris, Our Lady of Discord and Gross Manifestation of the Nonexistent Chao.
- 7 And under Eris Confusion became established, and was hence called Bureaucracy; while over Bureaucracy Eris became established, and was hence called Discordia.
- 8 By and by it came to pass that the Establishment of Bureaucracy perished in a paper shortage.
- 9 Thus it was, in accord with the Law of Laws.
- 10 During and after the Fall of the Establishment of Bureaucracy was the Aftermath, an Age of Disorder in which calculations, computations, and reckonings were put away by the Children of Eris in Acceptance and Preparation for the Return to Oblivion to be followed by a Repetition of the Universal Absurdity. Moreover, of Itself the Coming of Aftermath waseth a Resurrection of the Freedom-flowing Chaos. (Hail Eris!)
- 11 Herein was set into motion the Eristic Pattern, which would Repeat Itself Five Times Over Seventy Three Times, after which nothing would happen.



Chapter 2

- 1 Hail Eris, Daughter of Discord.
- 2 Hail Eris, Princess of Confusion.
- 3 Hail Eris, Gross Manifestation of Non-existent Chao.
- 4 Hail Discordia, Queen of Bureaucracy.
- 5 Hail Discordia, Mother of Aftermath.



Chapter 3

- 1 So the Passage of Being is Divided into Five Ages of Eris: the Age of Chaos, the Age of Discord, the Age of Confusion, the Age of Bureaucracy, and the Age of Disorder of the Aftermath.
- 2 Now an Age of Eris might be, in the Passage of Time, an Interval or a Season or an Error—or some longer span.
- 3 An Age of Chaos is one in which Things Seem Ready to Happen and, a midst much activity, no specific Direction seemeth yet to be emerging. These are Ages of Balance, wherein one action negates another in the Eye of the Observer, who does not yet exist.
- 4 An Age of Discord is one wherein Something Happens to Activate the Cycle of Events and the main theme of Whatever Is Coming begins to reveal Itself. These are also known as Primitive Ages, coming as they do after the Primal Ages of Chaos, and they are Ages of Unbalance as well.
- 5 An Age of Confusion, or an Ancient Age, is one in which History As We Know It begins to unfold, in which Whatever Is Coming emerges in Corporal Form, more or less, and such times are Ages of Balanced Unbalance, or Unbalanced Balance.
- 6 An Age of Bureaucracy is an Imperial Age in which Things Mature, in which Confusion becomes entrenched, and during which Balanced Balance, or Stagnation, is attained.

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



Chapter 4

- 1 Hark, unto each Age of Eris—Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and Aftermath—is assigned an Apostle of Eris. Hail Eris.
- 2 Hung Mung, Chaoist Sage and True Man of Old, is Patriarch of Chaos.
- 3 Van Van Mojo, Doctor of Hoodoo and Vexes, or Patamunzo Lingananda, Tantric Consort of Mother Chaos, is Patriarch of Discord, the other being an Imposter.
- 4 Blessed Saint Gulik the Stoned and Sri Syadasti, Indian Pundit of the Peyotl Tribe, are—as Dual Aspects of the same Essential Being (that of Being High)—Patriarchs of Confusion.
- 5 Zarathud the Staunch, Chaosphe Bible Banger and Offender of the Faith, is Patriarch of Bureaucracy.
- 6 The Elder Malaclypse, Chaotic Prophet of the Bygone, as First Apostle of Eris, is Patriarch of Disorder of Aftermath, last of the Ages of Eris. Hail Eris.

The Book of Explanations

Chapter 1

- 1 There one day came to Lord Omar, Bull Goose of Limbo, a Messenger of our Lady who told him of a Sacred Mound wherein was buried an Honest Book.
- 2 And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: Go ye hence and dig the Truth, that ye may come to know it and, knowing it, spread it and, spreading it, wallow in it and, wallowing in it, lie in it and, lying in the Truth, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings—an Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.
- 3 So Omar went forth to Sacred Mount, which was to the East of Nullah, and thereupon he worked digging in the sand for five days and five nights, but found no Book.
- 4 And at the end of five days and five nights of digging, in came to pass that Omar was exhausted. So he put his shovel to one side and bedded himself down on the sand, using a Golden Chest he had uncovered on the first day of his labors as a pillow.
- 5 Omar slept.
- 6 On the fifth day of his sleeping, Lord Omar fell into a Trance, and there came to him in the Dream a Messenger of our Lady who told him of a Sacred Grove wherein was hidden a Golden Chest.
- 7 And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: Go ye hence and lift the Stash, that ye may come to own it and, owning it, share it, and sharing it, love in it and, loving in it, dwell in it and, dwelling in the Stash, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings—an Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.
- 8 But Omar lamented, saying unto the Angel: What is this shit, man? What care I for the Word and Sayings? What care I for the Inspiration of all men? Wherein does it profit a man to be a Scribe to the Gods when the Scribes of the Governments do nothing, yet are paid better wages?
- 9 And, lo, the Angel waxed in anger and Omar was stricken to the Ground by an Invisible Hand and did not arise for five days and five nights.

- 10 And it came to pass that on the fifth night he dreamt, and in his Dream he had a Vision, and in this Vision there came unto him a Messenger of Our Lady who entrusted to him a Rigoletto cigar box containing many filing cards, some of them in packs with rubber bands around, and upon these cards were sometimes written verses, while upon others nothing was written.
- 11 Thereupon the Angel Commanded the Lord: Take ye this Honest Book of Truth to thine bosom and cherish it. Carry it forth into the Land and lay it before Kings of Nations and Collectors of Garbage. Preach from it unto the Righteous, that they may renounce their ways and repent; unto the Sinful, that they may be made to feel Silly; and unto the Silly, that they may be made to feel Righteous and renounce their ways and repent.



Chapter 2

- 1 Now this sort of double talk was none too clear to Omar, but he journeyed over the Plain of Truth, northward, rounding the Old Wall of Defense, and entered Axtopolis through the East Checkpoint, whereupon he espied a Garbage Collector.
- 2 In accordance with the Commandment of the Angel, he laid The Book before him, and the other did collect it and throw it into his cart.
- 3 And though Omar did bid of the Collector of Garbage, in words that were both sweet and bitter, to surrender back the cigar box containing the cards designated by the Angel as The Honest Book of Truth, the Collector was to him as one who might be smitten deaf, saying only: Gainst the rules, y' know.
- 4 At the fifth repeating of these words by the Collector, Omar waxed pissed. Even did he curse the man, even calling him a toad and a hyena, and even calling his ancestors worms, rats, apes, chickens, cockroaches, termites, newts, silverfish, earwigs, eels, maggots, gnats, lice, fleas, fungi, snakes, skunks, gophers and guinea pigs.
- 5 After which did the Collector reply unto him: Rules is rules.
- 6 So Omar spake, saying this time to the Collector that his children would be slugs and snails, and that his children's children would be ants, ticks, leeches, chiggers, swine, goats, sheep, mice, flies, do-do birds, and hippotamuses, so pissed did he wax.

- 7 But the Collector only pushed his cart along and said: No exception—
`cause if I give you back your garbage, then everybody would want their
garbage back and this here garbage is Government Property now.
- 8 Upon which occasion did Omar say that then the Government of
Axtopolis must surely be one of vultures and buzzards.
- 9 Whereupon a policeman appeared out of the blue (for in that city their
uniforms were green).
- 10 And, lo, did he arrest Lord Omar for: uttering treasonous statements;
probably nurturing seditious intentions; and, entering into a dispute with
a public servant.
- 11 Omar was thereupon placed in chains and marched at bayonet point to
the Axtopos for questioning.



Chapter 3

- 1 At the Axtopos, Omar was taken to a desk, in front of which he was told
to stand with his hands at his sides.
- 2 Five hours later, there came to sit behind the desk an officer, who spake
thusly, I am the Collector Inspector; it has come to my attention that you
were apprehended harassing a Garbage Collector.
- 3 It is my duty (spake the Inspector further) to inform you of your rights
under the Honest Government of Axtopolis, based as it is upon the
system of Horseshit Dictatorship: you have none.

The Book of Predictions

Chapter 1

- 1 Once on top of a time there came out of the West a beggar, who strode through the dust of The Land in silence, wearing a purple robe and also having purple skin. Now this man bore a very wise countenance, and he also bore a very large wine flask on his back, and it did leak.
- 2 Further, he bore a hole in the ground beside the road between the City and the River, and therein he dwelt and was content.
- 3 And in the passage of the days, travelers on the road did notice him, and saw they that he was content.
- 4 Soon there were murmurings amongst the people of the City. We, spake they, in our wooden houses with all our riches and bitches are not content, but instead envy we the people of Elsewhere. Yet, spake they one to the other, behold this purple beggar who lives in a mean hole beside the road—and see ye sure that he is content.
- 5 Verily, said one unto another of the people of The City, this man must indeed be a True Sage. And so it was that henceforth this man who dwelt with his wine flask in a hole by the road was known in The Land as the Purple Sage.
- 6 And it did come to pass that word of the contentment of the Purple Sage did reach even into the ears of the Mayor of the City.
- 7 So he did with his Vices travel to the place by the road near where the Purple Sage dwelt in his hole, and he did see that therein was the Sage and, lo, he saw that it was as the people had spoken: The Purple Sage was content, and moreover did he bear a very wise countenance.
- 8 And the Vices rendered to the Sage gifts of the finest wine, and in flowery speech the Mayor then bade of him some True Words, that the Secret of His Contentment might be imparted and his Excellency be an humble receptacle thereof.
- 9 But the Purple Sage only fixed them with his eyes. He spake no Words.



Chapter 2

- 1 But, lo, thereupon the Purple Sage cast open his mouth and, throwing his tongue into activity, gave voice to his thoughts in such words as follow thereupon.
- 2 The Earth quakes and the Heavens rattle; the beasts of nature flock together and the nations of men flock apart: volcanoes usher up heat while elsewhere water becomes ice and melts; and then on other days it just rains.
- 3 Indeed do many things come to pass.
- 4 Forasmuch as many things come to pass, it is better to be wise than a damned fool.
- 5 And knew ye well this Knowledge—that the fulfillment of All Wisdom is in damned foolishness.
- 6 Wipe thine ass with What Is Written and grin like a ninny at What Is Spoken. Take thine refuge with thine wine in the Nothin behind Everything, spitting on all distinctions as you hurry along the Path.
- 7 Thus spake the Purple Sage, who thereupon belched and slept for five days and five nights without dreaming.

The Book of Advice

Chapter 1

- 1 Seek into the Chaos if thou wouldst be wise
And find ye delight in her Great Surprise!
Look in the Chao if thou wantest to know
What's in a Chao and why it ain't so!
- 2 Things of Order are Things of Death
Perfectly still and without any breath.
- 3 Climb into the Chao with a friend or two
And follow the Way it carries you
Adrift like a Lunatic Lifeboat Crew
Over the waves in whatever you do.
- 4 The Chao don't exist
And is outside of Time—
Quite beyond Reason,
But easy to Rhyme.
- 5 Mister Order, he runs at a very good pace
But Old Mother Chaos is winning the race.
- 6 Chose ye this day on whom ye will bet,
But pick Mister Order and you'll go into debt.
- 7 All Things are Perfect
To every last flaw
And bound in accord
With Eris's Law.
- 8 So know ye the Fact
That when Matter was Mixed
That Old Chao ran the Act
And the Game is now Fixed.



Chapter 2

- 1 The Words of the Foolish and those of the Wise
Are not far apart in Discordian Eyes.

Chapter 3

- 1 The dog did a dance after dinner,
But the cat did it better, so she was the winner.
- 2 Go to the cat
And see where it's at.
- 3 Cats are examples
To all who are wise;
Note how they catch
And gobble up
flies!
- 4 Cats are soft and cats are nice
To those of us who are not mice.
- 5 Plagued with rats?
Get some cats.

The Book of Gooks

Chapter 1

- 1 Lao-tse, wandering east, encountered Hung Mung, who was rambling about slapping his buttocks and hopping like a bird.
- 2 Amazed, The Old Boy stood reverently and said, "Venerable Sir, who are you and why are you doing this?" Hung Mung went on slapping and hopping, saying, "I am enjoying myself."
- 3 Lao-tse said, "I wish to ask you a question." Hung Mung looked up and said, "Pooh!"
- 4 Lao-tse, however, continued, "These are disordered times; rewards and punishments have pitted man against man and lured men into deceit and scheming for position; humanity and justice have replaced natural goodness; men have lost their original innocence and now even the four seasons are off schedule. I wish to restore order—how shall I go about it?"
- 5 Hung Mung slapped his buttocks, hopped about, and shook his head, saying, "I do not know! I do not know!"
- 6 Lao-tse could not pursue his question, but five years afterwards he again happened upon Hung Mung in the East.
- 7 Delighted, he hastened forth and said, "Have you forgotten me, Great Sage of High? Have you forgotten me, O Heaven??" He then bowed twice to the ground, wishing to receive his instructions.
- 8 Hung Mung said: "Wandering aimlessly, I know not what I seek; carried by impulse, I know not where I go; I drift about and know that Nothing proceeds without method—
- 9 Lao-tse replied, "I also seem aimless, and yet people follow me wherever I go. I cannot help it. What should I do?"
- 10 Hung Mung said, "What disturbs the mysterious ecology of Heaven scatters herds of animals, makes birds sing at night, turns lawns brown, and is disaster to all insects."
- 11 The Old Boy replied, "It has been difficult getting this meeting with you, O Sage; I should like to have a True Word."

- 12 Hung Mung said, "Ah! Your mind nourished! Do nothing! Neglect your body! Cast away hearing and sight!—and cultivate a grand similarity with the Primal Chaos!"
- 13 Upon hearing this, Lao-tse was enlightened.

The Gospel According to Fred

Chapter 1

- 1 In the beginning there was Chaos.
- 2 But when Discord emerged therefrom it brought forth as its twin a certain amount of Order, that the Disordered Array might seem more glorious by comparison.
- 3 And it was ordained on High that unto each universe, each galaxy, each system, each world, each continent, each nation, each province, each settlement, and each individual should be issued a limited Ration of Order.
- 4 And so that this Order might not increase itself and get out of the Five-Fingered Hand of Eris, it was further ordained on High that there should come into existence a Law whereby it might be governed.
- 5 And this Law became known as the Law for the Government of Order, reading: Henceforth and forever, let it be that whosoever striveth to increase whatever amount of Order he finds by the Grace of Eris to be, he shall only by his efforts reduce it.
- 6 And, behold, thusly was the Law formulated: Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos!



Chapter 2

- 1 Be it known that In Truth there be Five Apostles of Eris, that these are High Personages, Exemplars to Man, and Chosen Ambassadors of Mortals at will and Inspire them to Consummate Acts of Inanity, thereby.
- 2 Know ye that the First Apostle of Eris is Malaclypse (the Elder), Chaotic Prophet of the Bygone.
- 3 And hark that the Holiest Apostle of Eris is Patamunzo Lingananda, Tantric Consort of Mother Chaos.
- 4 And heed ye that the Wisest Apostle of Eris is Hung Mung, Chaoist Sage and True Man of Old.

- 5 And behold that Most Devout among the Apostles of Eris is Zarathud the Staunch, Chaosphe Bible Banger and Offender of the Faith.
- 6 And, lo, Saint Gulik, Ecstatic Patron of the Chaotic Array, is Most High among the Apostles of Eris or anyone else. The High Saint is also his designation, as well as: Blessed Saint Gulik the Stoned.
- 7 Blessed Saint Gulik is also Sri Syadasti, Syadavaktavya, Syadastic Syannasti, Syadasti Cacaktavyasca, Syadasti Syannasti Syadavaktavyasc—Indian Pundit of the Peyotl Tribe, son of High Chief Morning Glory Seed and squaw Merry Jane—non-identical with St. Gulik only in time, space, physical characteristics, and personality.



Chapter 3

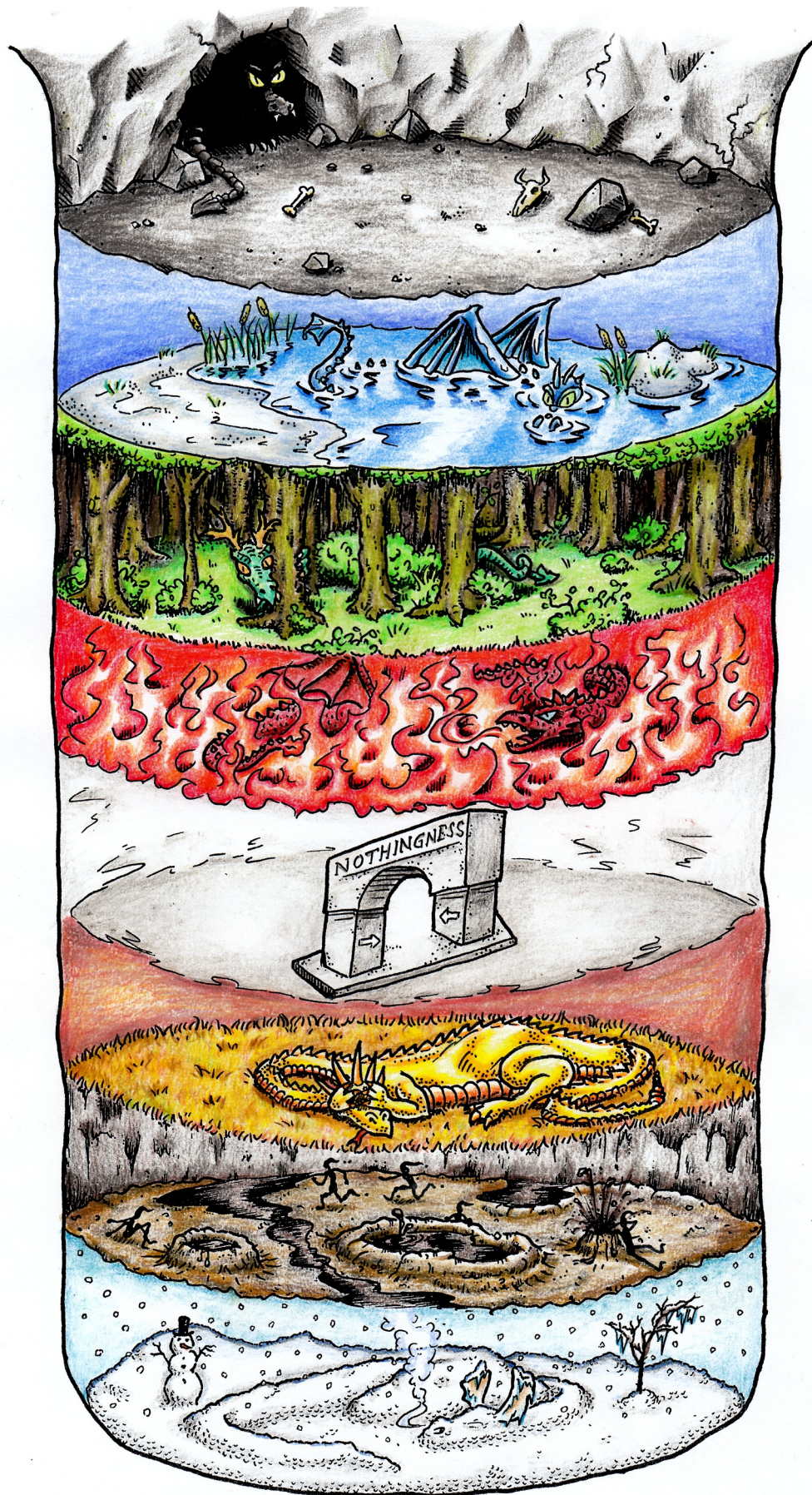
- 1 The Hell Law says that Hell is reserved exclusively for them that believe in it. Further, the lowest Rung in Hell is reserved for them that believe in it on the supposition that they'll go there if they don't.
- 2 To the True Children of Eris, Hell is known as the Region of Thud, and those who do not call it Thud can go to Hell.
- 3 Thud can seldom be found in the same place more than twice in a row, as it is conditional, not geographic.
- 4 The Four Conditions of Thud are: Nothing Happening; Nobody Caring; The Law of Fives Not Working, and Lawns Turning Brown.
- 5 Wheresoever do these Four Conditions prevail, it may be said surely that here be the Region of Thud, or some Prefecture of it.
- 6 There are Seven Prefectures, or Rungs, in Thud.
- 7 President of these United Rungs of Thud is Dr. Van Van Mojo, Dhv (Doctor of Hoodoo and Vexes), Imposter Apostle of Eris, Believer Deceiver, and Maker of Fine Dolls.
- 8 It is Dr. Mojo's Contention that Patamunzo Ligananda is the Real Impostor Apostle, and he the Genuine Original Historic Creole Apostle of Eris.

- 9 Van Van Mojo heaps hatred and curses upon Patamunzo Ligananda, while Ligananda eternally sends back vibrations of his all-compassionate love and blessings, along with an occasional anonymous poison-pen letter.



Chapter 4

- 1 Now the Four Conditions do prevail in all the Seven Prefectures of Thud, and also in Thud Proper, to boot.
- 2 In addition, there is to be found within each of the Seven Prefectures a Distinguishing Presence, which separates each from the others, and from Thud Proper.
- 3 In the First Prefecture, for example, there dwells a Black Dragon in a cave.
- 4 In the Second Prefecture a Blue Dragon lives in a lake.
- 5 In the Third Prefecture a Green Dragon lurks in a forest or jungle.
- 6 In the Fourth Prefecture is a Red Dragon, basking in a great fire.
- 7 In the Fifth Prefecture may be found the Gate to Nothingness, beyond which one finds the Road to the Aneristic Empire.
- 8 In the Sixth Prefecture is a Yellow Dragon, very conspicuous against whatever background, but making for a nice color scheme, what with all the brown lawns.
- 9 At last, in the Seventh Prefecture, or the lowest Rung of the Region of Thud, are to be found Oil Sprites, everywhere.
- 10 In Thud Proper is a White Dragon, hibernating in a patch of warm snow.
- 11 Some say, though, that the Region of Thud does not exist, while others say it is only a state of mind. Frankly, I think it is a bunch of insane bullshit, and I record it here for the devout and stupid.



The Rungs of Thud
Image Courtesy of Bwana Honolulu

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