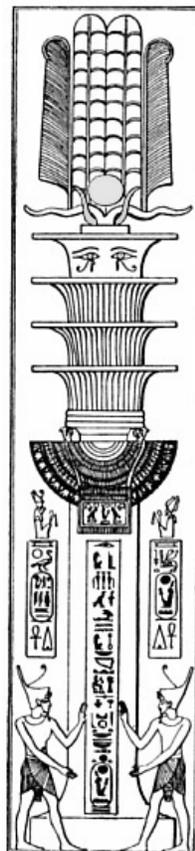


Biblio Discordia



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Disclaimer:

All statements that follow are false.

The preceding statement is true.

All statements are in some ways true and in some ways false, maybe.

There are absolutely no absolutes.

Nothing is true, all is permitted.

Thou art God.

Maybe.

Discordians have no dogma, they do however occasionally have some amgod & catma

Biblio Discordia

*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.*

(HBT; The Book of Advice, 1:3)



Before the beginning was the Nonexistent Chao, balanced in Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpushpull of the Hodge and the Podge. Whereupon, by an Act of Happenstance, the Hodge began gradually to overpower the Podge -- and the Primal Chaos thereby came to be. So in the beginning was the Primal Chaos, balanced on the Edge of Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpullpush of the Podge and the Hodge. Whereupon, by the Law of Negative Reversal, the Podge swiftly underpowered the Hodge and Everything broke



loose. And therein emerged the Active Force of Discord, the Subtle Manifestation of the Nonexistent Chao, to guide Everything along the Path back to Oblivion -- that it might not become lost among Precepts of Order in the Region of Thud. 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. And under Eris Confusion became established, and was hence called Bureaucracy; while over Bureaucracy Eris became established, and was hence called Discordia. By the by it came to pass that the Establishment of Bureaucracy perished in a paper shortage.

Thus it was, in accord with the Law of Laws.

During and after the Fall of the Establishment of Bureaucracy was the Aftermath, an Age of Disorder in which calculation, computations, and reckonings were put away by the Children of Eris in Acceptance and Preparation for 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!

Herein was set into motion the Eristic Pattern, which would Repeat Itself Five Times Over Seventy-three Times, after which nothing would happen. - *from the book of Uterus*



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

The Pentagon represents the Aneristic Principle of Order and symbolizes the Hodge. The Pentagon has several references; for one, it can be taken to represent geometry, one of the earliest studies of formal order to reach elaborate

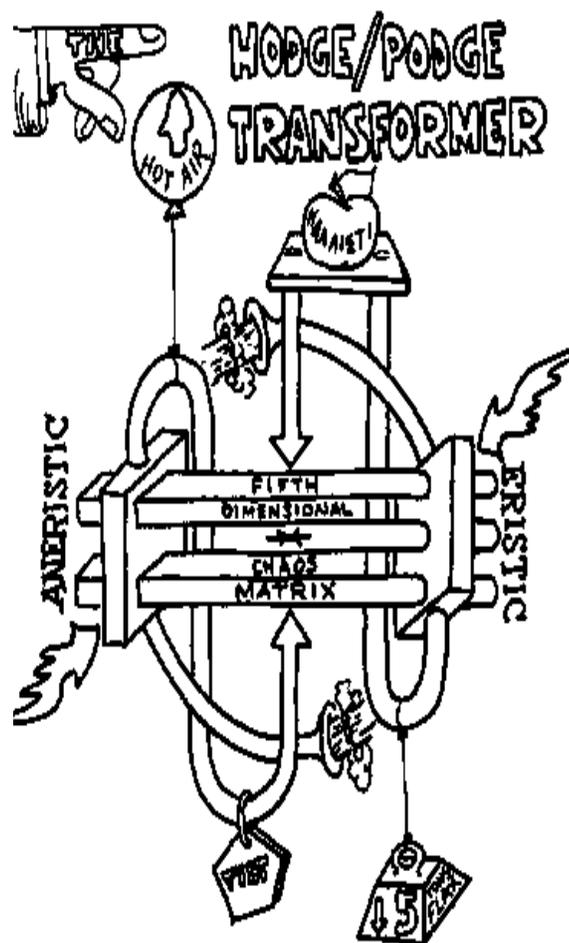
development; for another, it specifically accords with the Law of Fives.

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

*Seek into the Chao if thou wouldst be wise
And find ye delight in Her Great Surprise!
Look into the Chao if thou wantest to know
What's in a Chao and why it ain't so!*

(HBT; The Book of Advice, 1:1)

What is the Erisian Movement of Discordia?
It has been called a guerrilla mind theatre.
Others think of it as a Renaissance think tank.
You can think of it any way you like.
No two equals are the same!



28 DAY RECORDING

8. 1994 "The Hodge" n/a 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 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3816, 3817, 3818, 3819, 3820, 3821, 3822, 3823, 3824, 3825, 3826, 3827, 3828, 3829, 3830, 3831, 3832, 3833, 3834, 3835, 3836, 3837, 3838, 3839, 3840, 3841, 3842, 3843, 3844, 3845, 3846, 3847, 3848, 3849, 3850, 3851, 3852, 3853, 3854, 3855, 3856, 3857, 3858, 3859, 3860, 3861, 3862, 3863, 3864, 3865, 3866, 3867, 3868, 3869, 3870, 3871, 3872, 3873, 3874, 3875, 3876, 3877, 3878, 3879, 3880, 3881, 3882, 3883, 3884, 3885, 3886, 3887

THE REVELATION OF ERIS

Discordianism was founded by revelation in 1958 or 59 or something by Malaclypse (The Younger), K.C., and Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, K.C. The two were observing the chaos and discord spread through their lives when Lord Omar was siezed by a Mystic Fit. When he was finally revived he stammered: "How blind we have been! It is so obvious now! All of this confusion could not have just happened. SOMEBODY HAD TO PUT ALL THIS DISCORD HERE!"

Whereupon, Mal 2 (as he is affectionately called) saw a vision of ERIS and received instruction quite incompatible with those She gave Lord Omar; and the Erisian Movement was born. Since then, our membership has more than trippled.

WHY CHOOSE DISCORDIANISM?

Organized Religion can no longer serve the inspirational needs of the modern consumer; it cannot keep up with the swift pace of scientific discoveries which now all the really good religious ideas must do (at least long enough to become accepted as traditions too sacred to examine). The DS offers an alternative to Organized Religion, thus evading such problems entirely: Disorganized Religion.

Disorganized religion, and only disorganized religion, recognizes such immutable laws as THE LAW OF FIVES, which was so recently re-discovered for science by the Eristitivist philosopher and mathematician, Lord Omar; that is, as Krishna Argumentum (one of the Five Apostles of ERIS) put it: "Truth is five, but men have only one name for it!"

So interested have men been with order, throughout history, that they have left another field entirely neglected: disorder. Science is unable to explain, for example, why today's world goes right on ignoring science. Why are the secrets of the atom used to promote chaos among men? Why are the most generous motives of men played upon to produce quasi-slavery? Why do otherwise sane people attend church on Sunday?

The purpose of The Discordian Society Erisian Movement is to provide false, comforting answers to questions of this sort; to give metaphysical reasons for the disorder around us; to promote unworkable principles of discord--in short, to provide the world with a workshop for the insane, thus keeping us out of mischief as Presidents, Ambassadors, Priests, Ministers or other Dictators.

The DS is the hottest item to hit the holy market since Islam. If you have the wit, come join the gathering sages. (If you have but half the wit, go join someone else's flock and get fleeced.)

A Discordian Episkopos once argued that the flight of The Five Fingered Hand of Eris is an example of motion. At any moment in time, The Hand either is where it *is* or it is where it is not. If it moves where it is, then it must be standing still, and if it moves where it is not, then it can't be there; thus, it cannot move.

BEHOLD!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE AN ESOTERIC POWER OVER OTHERS?

HAVE YOU EVER SECRETLY WONDERED WHY THE GREAT PYRAMID HAS FIVE SIDES, COUNTING THE BOTTOM?

DO YOU SOMETIMES SUSPECT THAT THE ANCIENTS KNEW SOMETHING THAT YOU DO NOT?

HAVE YOU EVER FELT THAT HIDDEN EYES WERE WATCHING YOU?

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU????

BEHOLD

The Erisian Movement has discovered the Ultimate Answer to all Metaphysical Speculation: That Chaos and Confusion Is Behind It All.

HARK

For the first time in the history of man--yea, in the history of the Universe--authentic Wisdom has spread the veil of Mysterious Reality!

At last, the false religions and pseudo-philosophies that have smothered man's intellectual potential must fall aside! For now, yes now, the true nature of Natural Truth is available to those who have the Breadth of Wisdom to understand it!

FORSOOTH

The Goddess ERIS has revealed Herself as the One True Divinity, the Divine Manifestation of the Immortal Principle of Discord!

VERILY

The Greek Goddess of Discord and Strife, ERIS (called by the Romans DISCORDIA), was first known imperfectly as part of the Prehellenic Pantheon. She has since chosen to present Herself again, in a more perfect form, to Those Mortals Who Seek Profound Truth. Her religion is called ERISIAN; Her worshippers (and those who in one way or another support Her) are called DISCORDIANS: the organization built around Her presentation is THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY.

WHOLEY CHAO

You can become an Erisian yourself!

At which point the Podge said, "Everything the Hodge says is false." And the Hodge replied, "Everything the Podge says is true."

"Not to worry" said Sri Syadasti, "for as a Discordian I can assure you that all Discordians are liars."

The Hand Paradox developed into Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle because Heisenberg argued that on the subatomic level, the only way to measure a system is to interfere with that system. That is, to observe a particle, one must bounce another particle off of it which affects the motion of the measured particle. The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle says that if one wants to measure a quantity, say the position of an electron, the speed of that electron must inevitably be affected. We can no longer be certain about the speed. Thus, the very act of observation changes the system. We can be sure of the speed or the position but never both. Either The Hand is where it is or it is where it is not.

A



Our faith is an ancient one fnoord, tracing its origins to 1160 B.C.E., the end of the Bronze Age & the beginning of what's known as the "Dark Age" by archeological scholars. We follow the will of the Goddess known to the Greeks as Eris, and to the Romans as Discordia. She was known by various titles: as Strife, or Chaos, or Confusion, and several other names. As life does not exist without struggle, we know her to be among the mightiest of deities. Eris was acknowledged to be a mighty Goddess, with powers beyond those of Zeus himself; the "King" of the Gods needed her assistance to make the sun go backwards, to persuade Thyestes to abandon his throne for Atreus. Eris gave birth to Horcus that those who broke their oaths would be punished; she brings to the world a sense of justice, a guarantee of punishment of fraud. (Homeric: (Il. 802-804) Avoid fifth days: they are unkindly and terrible. On a fifth day, they say, the Erinyes assisted at the birth of Horcus (Oath) whom Eris (Strife) bare to trouble the forsworn. Eris punishes hubris and serves as a warning to the Gods themselves that if they are not fair & just with each other, all sorts of ruin and pain will follow.

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, 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.

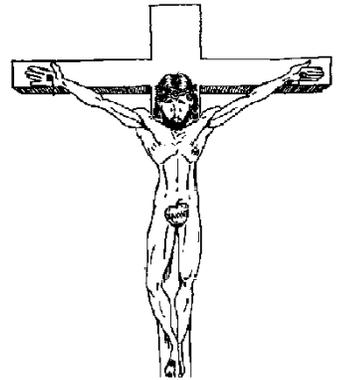
THEY THEN ALMOST KNOCKED EACH OTHER OVER IN THEIR MAD DASH TO THE TREE OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

AND ERIS DID SIGH, WONDERING WHAT ELSE ONE SHOULD EXPECT FROM THE WILLY-NILLY CREATIONS OF A GODDESS WITH A HANGOVER.

- *from the Book of Smooth Move, Genius a.k.a. Genisis*

- 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 did say "Screw this crap!" and didst dispel Night by creating the Electric Lightbulb. And Eris didst become bored, and before She left, decided that all males would have nipples. And then Eris didst leave it to another deity to sort it all out.

The history of the Discordians stretches all the back through time sharing a common lineage with such notorious organizations as the Bavarian Illuminati of 1776, Pirates of the Caribbean, The Hellfire Club, Odd Fellows Society and the Galactic Federation. Luminaries that have numbered in its ranks of the Discordians include Robert Anton Wilson, Peter Lamborn Wilson, Woodrow Wilson, Wilson, Wilson, (fnord) Kerry Thornley, Dada, Gregory Hill, William Burrows, Arron Burr, Emperor Joshua Norton, Friedrich Nietzsche, A. O. Spare, H.P. Lovecraft, the Mad Arab, Leonardo da Vinci, Hassan Sabatt, Zeno the Cynic and Lao Tzu. The Erisian faith went dormant soon after the Trojan War, as Eris withdrew Her attention from our race so that we might develop ourselves. Recently, She has re-focused on us, and Her followers have grown more active, although they were never entirely missing from historical affairs. Research shows that the Erisian Movement flourished during the Empire of Atlantis.



In 1963, the Principia Discordia was recorded by Malaclypse the Younger, a Saint living in southern California. He and the other members of the Paratheoanametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric sought to spread the news of the return of Eris Discordia to those who seemed most needful of its message: students, bureaucrats, hippies, neo-Pagans, and others of much ilk.

In the 70's, Discordianism became a minority religion, mostly followed by counterculture members who'd grown dissatisfied with mainstream faiths. Hidden references to it can be found in many documents of the era.

When the internet grew past simple email, these isolated followers of Eris found each other, and Discordian ftp sites and later, www sites, proliferated. Several religious discussion groups existed on usenet, before the rise of the world wide web; these include but are not limited to alt.religion.discordia, alt.religion.eris, alt.religion.discordianism. The original Spam Jake Day was coordinated as a national effort on alt.religion.discordia on the date Discord 70, 3160 (May 23, 1993 by Gregorian calendar).

However, many of these Discordians lost contact with each other when they changed ISPs; their sites were deleted; many Erisians lost touch with each other and many great Jakes were left unfinished.

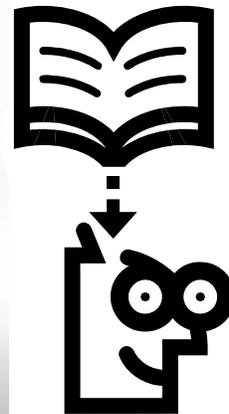
Jake's out smoking Lays

- 5. AN AGE OF CONFUSION, OR AN ANCIENT AGE, IS ONE IN WHICH HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT BEGINS TO UNFOLD, IN WHICH WHATEVER IS COMING EMERGES IN CORPORAL FORM, MORE OR LESS, AND SUCH TIMES ARE AGES OF BALANCED UNBALANCE, OR UNBALANCED BALANCE.
- 6. AN AGE OF BUREAUCRACY IS AN IMPERIAL AGE IN WHICH THINGS MATURE, IN WHICH CONFUSION BECOMES ENTRENCHED AND DURING WHICH BALANCED BALANCE, OR STAGNATION, IS ATTAINED.
- 7. AN AGE OF DISORDER OR AN AFTERMATH IS AN APOCALYPTIC PERIOD OF TRANSITION BACK TO CHAOS THROUGH THE SCREEN OF OBLIVION INTO WHICH THE AGE PASSETH, FINALLY. THESE ARE AGES OF UNBALANCED UNBALANCE.

(HBT; The Book of Uterus, Chap. 3)



Surrealism aims at the total trand and all that resembles it.
-Breton



**A Short but Very Wordy Tract Apologizing on the Behalf of Eris Discordia for the Existence of Other Faiths and Sects, or:
Why Do Other Religions Exist?
ODD#IV(b)/riv-73afm3157(P)f.**

Traditionally, religions try to grab all the credit for everything good that happens for their God, and assign all the blame for everything that goes wrong to their assorted pantheons of ``Bad Guys." Since, usually, the God(s) are supposed to have created EVERYTHING, and presumably don't want any more competition for the job than absolutely necessary, this brings up the problem of where OTHER religions come from. Since other (false) faiths all blame (credit) Everything on THEIR (false) Gods, they clearly can't be right if OURS is -- so, THEIRS must go! This sort of competition usually results in each faith blaming ALL the other ones on ``The Devil" or some other metaphysical scapegoat, followed by a concerted attempt to run the rival memetic structures out of town. As crude as this excuse is, it has its advantages -- you don't have to feel as guilty for stomping ``servants of evil" as you might if you were abusing other ``human beings" you just happen to have an honest disagreement with...

Even my fellow siblings in the Discordian Doubt have been known to use this shortcut to explain away the existence of these atavistic sects -- blaming Religion, Faith, Politics and one-ply toilet paper on either the Illuminati (who, by definition, are responsible for EVERYTHING bad), or on the lumpy and much-invoked-and-abused head of and very Inventor of Seriousness, Greyface himself. However, this approach lacks style, and smacks of intellectual laziness *fnord*. After all, like omni-whatever deities, if Eris was offended by these Normals giving up burnt offerings to these rival/nonexistent Gods, we can only assume She would have done something about it by now. The argument that She avenged this slight by making them all look like idiots forevermore fails to hold water -- they did *that* all by themselves.

So, we must ask ourselves (or at least, those of us who care about this sort of thing must ask ourselves), how did all these bogus faiths get started, and why does Eris allow them? While meditating on this problem, it has become painfully obvious to me that ALL Religions and Faiths have but One Source (besides Humanity's need for things to Make Sense, that is), and that source is Our Lady of Infinite Snickers, Eris Discordia.

The worshippers of the Hindu deity Vishnu have dealt with the rival faith of Buddha by claiming it as their own: They claim that the Buddha was `merely' an incarnation of Vishnu, who spent an entire human lifetime on Earth spreading False Beliefs, just to sharpen peoples' wits! An ingenious approach, indeed. Unfortunately, if we were to try to extend this to include ALL the Other Religions, poor Vishnu would probably drop dead from exhaustion -- but Eris, having done it the smart way, has no such limitations. Playing off the Normals' desperate NEED for a Reason for It All, all She had to do was let the Normals invent some tall tales to start things going, then encourage their delusions -- appearing to the True Believers as an angel, or a burning bush, a winged pig, or whatever, and then sitting back to watch the Normals scurry off to worship these gods that *they themselves made!*

Perhaps it strikes you as absurd that a Goddess as devoted to fun and creativity would have ANYTHING to do with the kind of stifling, joyless dogmas that have infested human minds for so long; let me remind you that Eris *is* the Goddess of Strife and Discord -- She delights in conflict and arguments, however trivial, and NOTHING has caused more conflicts over the most trivial things than RELIGIONS! (Also, She's omnipotent -- if She wants to do something absurd, why shouldn't She?) When all of the False faiths have been disgraced in the eyes of all sane people, then the True Absurdity of this Great Joke shall be manifest for all who have ears to see and eyes to hear! HAIL YES!

Eris' creation of these Lesser Faiths has undoubtedly had other advantages as well, although it requires great ingenuity to find them *fnord*. For one thing, most faiths have plenty of lively tales and folklore associated with them -- their Holy Writ. Admittedly, while perhaps not Fine Art or Literature, these stories HAVE helped shape the behavior of COUNTLESS generations of children and often have a certain charm not unlike that of the cheesier, more lurid comic-books. Also, the competition with each other has forced dogma's followers and human sponsors to continually refine and expand on their original, Goddess-encouraged delusions, elaborating them into TOWERING MONUMENTS of HUMAN FAITH -- and their real histories can ALWAYS be used as grotesque warnings to all rational creatures that THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU, if you stop thinking and simply BELIEVE, so BEWARE *fnord*.

Also, an interesting theory has been proposed in certain Role-Playing Games that perhaps the Gods somehow ``feed" on the spiritual ``power" generated by the worship of their followers. Seen in this light, Eris' refusal to reveal Herself directly to the witless masses makes perfect sense -- the kind of witless, lackadaisical, unctuous flattery the Normals like to inflict on their dissipated demiurges would be enough to give any intelligent, self-respecting divinity chronic indigestion! (This also helps explain the often psychotic behavior of various mythological figures -- their steady diet of nothing but Valium and Twinkies finally got to them...) Obviously, if this theory is true, Discordia tries to be more discerning about her sustenance. So, let us try to exhalt ourselves in our creativity and adoration of She What Done It All -- even if our worship fails to be in Good Taste, at least it'll taste good!



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."

DISCORDIA THE BEAUTIFUL

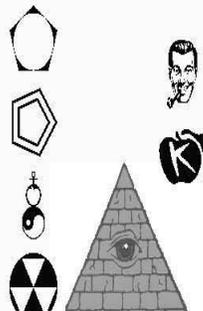
Oh beautiful, on starlit skies
As frogs begin to rain!
For purple dinosaurs, Barney
With Chaos on the brain!
DISCORDIA!DISCORDIA!!,
Eris shine thy grace on me!!!
And crown my wood,
with Robin Hood
From Earl Grey to Chamomile Tea!!!

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.

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.



Does Eris Want You???

There are many religions that are slut religions. If you want 'em, they'll take you. As a matter of fact, they'll chase you down, seek you out, ride a bike to your house & knock on your door at 8 in the damn morning on a Saturday just to get you to join. They want people BAD! Discordianism doesn't work that way.

It all goes back to the Steve Wright koan that says "You can't have everything. Where would you put it?" The answer is, of course, "Right where it is!" Think of everything as One Big Thing, then realize that the bigger a thing becomes, the more it becomes like the One Big Thing. Another way to say it is that the Establishment always sucks, and the only real seat of creative energy is in the opposition. Look at the music. The 60s - sure, they were cool for a while, but now it's and Eric fucking Clapton playing adult fucking contemporary on VH fucking -1. Any dinosaurs remember when MTV was rebellious and cool? How about alternative music? Same thing with politics. Same thing with art. Same thing with religion. Ever hear Discordians dreaming about the day Discordianism becomes a Great Big Religion? About how cool it would be?

It would suck.

Discordianism would just become a set of buzzwords that boring people would use to talk about boring things. Assholes would use it to call people they didn't like "Greyface". Insecure people would use it to justify whatever they wanted to do as The Will of Eris. That's why we need to keep things esoteric. We have an obligation to not try to be understood at all times. We need to be like a plague - not so virulent that we wipe out all potential carriers, but not so mild that we die out. Stay in the opposition. When we start getting big, we need to undermine the movement.

Dada didn't die by accident.

Eris may or may not want you.

Your Pineal Gland is a small endocrine gland residing at the very tip of your spinal cord, in the centre of your brain. It is not in the right hemisphere (Creative) or the left hemisphere (Logical), but is tucked in between them. Science treats the Pineal Gland as an evolutionary remnant of the Third Eye found in reptiles and birds, a collection of photoreceptors that regulate the body clock. The so-called "Brain Sand" that may be found in the pineal gland contains **calcium and ammonium phosphate** to fertilize your thoughts, **calcium carbonate** to continually build upon them, and most importantly **magnesium phosphate**—a substance that, when brought to maximum levels in the pineal gland and mixed with enough **dimethyltryptamine**, opens a dimensional pipeline into the mind (as such) of the embodiment of Disorder—Eris, the Goddess of Chaos, Confusion and Disorder. We can prove this using a home computer and scotch tape.

Why Should I Believe You?

There are several reasons you should believe us. Take this book for example. Who would spend all the time it would take to format, write, print and distribute a book unless they believed in what they were doing? Also, we have a web site. If there is one thing that we have learned in our discussions with Eris, it is that the most honest, truthful and unbiased information in the world may be found on the internet.

OK, What Can I Do To Fix My Brain?

Trepanning aside, the best way to bring the **dimethyltryptamine** levels in your Pineal Gland high enough to initiate communication with Eris is to follow these simple steps:

- 1) Block all air passages, so oxygen does not interfere with your thinking during this experiment.
- 2) With your mind open, count to 523... slowly.
- 3) Choose the Holy Name, by which Eris will know who is calling when She checks her Caller ID.
- 4) Rinse.
- 5) Repeat.

If you followed the steps above correctly, you should be brain damaged. Congratulations

IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS SURVEY

DADA SHEET

1. How did you find out about your deity?

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

2. Which model deity did you acquire?

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

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

- __ Yes __ No

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

Please indicate all that apply:

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

4 Have you ever worshipped a deity before?

If so, which false god were you fooled by?

Please check all that apply.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Table with 2 columns of events and a rating scale of 1-5. Events include flood, famine, war, plague, AOL, daytime tv, sex, earthquake, pestilence, SPAM, water, wine.

10. Additional Comments:



NEW! SCIENTIFIC!



Chapter 1, THE EPISTLE TO THE PARANOIDS
--Lord Omar

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



- Tired of your hum-drum life?
- Looking for something more than the same old religion?
- Pining for the fnoords?



Boy have we got a religion for you!

Join today and learn about :

- Fnoords!
- The Scared Chao
- The Law of Fives
- & Much Much More!

So quit your tired old religion and become a Discordian and discover what ERIS has in store for you!



Kαλλιστι

This has been a service of the
Ambrose Bierce Mexican Travel Agency Cabal
<http://members.xoom.com/ABMTAG/>



DO AS I SAY

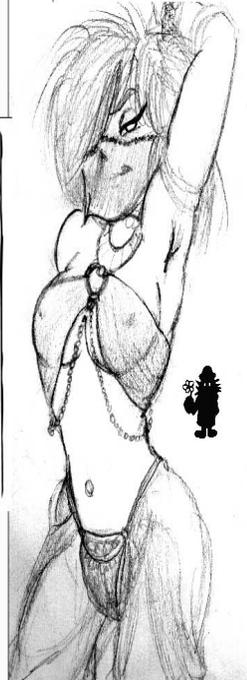
- Make Loved Ones Obey You.
- Have Power & Control Over Others
- Gain Respect & Have Peace



I am not a terrorist--
Does that make me
ineligible to join in?



**Choosy moms
choose Discordia!**



☺ You have an unusual equipment
for success, use it properly. ☺



JOHN DILLINGER DIED FOR YOU



FACT SHEET ON SAINT JOHN THE MARTYR
TO DISPEL OLD MYTHS AND RUMORS
....AND REPLACE THEM WITH NEW ONES!

WAS DILLINGER A MURDERER?

John Herbert Dillinger (1903-1934) was never convicted of homicide in any court at any time. While this was partly due to the inability of the police to ever hold him in custody long enough for him to be brought to trial, the fact remains: On the record, no act of murder was ever proven against St. John. Can any recent American President make the same claim, after hundreds of thousands of our boys were lost in wars they started?

WAS DILLINGER THE WORST THIEF OF HIS TIME?

While it is true that he often found it necessary, during those hard Depression years, to make withdrawals from banks under somewhat unorthodox circumstances, Dillinger's larceny was actually quite moderate. The people of his home town (Mooresville, Indiana) in a petition for clemency wrote to the Governor, "It is our opinion that many of the financial institutions of the state have just as criminally robbed our citizens without any effort being made to punish the perpetrators." The perpetrators of these larger robberies are, in fact, still free and still operating their usury-ridden banks.

COULD DILLINGER WALK THROUGH WALLS?

Many accept this as the explanation of his remarkable escape from the "escape-proof" Crown Point Jail (March 2, 1934), but the John Dillinger Died For You Society does not demand this as an article of faith among members. It's enough to believe that Johnnie was a lot smarter than most cops.

WHAT CONTRIBUTIONS DID DILLINGER MAKE TO MANKIND?

John Dillinger pioneered the technique of the Non-Negotiable Demand now widely in use among dissenters; in fact, he never left a building before his demand was granted. He taught greedy bankers the philosophy of Oriental meditation and detachment from materialistic concerns, always advising them kindly, "Lie down on the floor and keep calm." By his personal example, he proved that even in Hard Times, a man need not wait for Washington to clear up a mess, but can go out and solve his own poverty problem simply and directly.

IS IT OBLIGATORY TO PRAY TO SAINT JOHN?

In John's own words, "You can get more with a simple prayer and a Thompson submachinegun than you can with a simple prayer alone."

The
JOHN DILLINGER DIED FOR YOU
Society



THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT
() Official Business

(✓) Surroptiflous Business

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS
page 1 of 4 pages

RUMORS TO BE SPREAD

Charles Arthur Floyd II, son of Charles Arthur Floyd I ("Pretty Boy" Floyd) is chairman of the Chicago branch of the John Dillinger Died For You Society and is planning to knock over the Federal Reserve Bank on Wall Street.

All 32nd degree Masons are members of the Bavarian Illuminati.

Hassan i Sabbah X, president of the Black Lotus Society, is the chief supplier of hashish for Bavarian Illuminati meetings.

J. Edgar Hoover is really the old bolshevick, Kamenev, and is the number one communist agent in America.

All Grand Exalted Cyclopes of the Klu Klux Klan are Illuminati members, but no others, not even Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, are members or are aware that the Klan has been infiltrated.

Shirley Temple Black is the secret financial backer of the Up Against The Wall Motherfuckers.

Attempts were made to recruit Timothy Leary in 1962, but he refused, and Illuminati agents in government have been behind his persecution ever since.

The reason Marquis de Sade went broke is that he poured all his money into support of the American Revolution. DeSade and Washington disgraced the Illuminati by engaging in sodomitic orgies during a sacred conspiratorial meeting with John James Audobon and other Illuminati leaders in a secret location in the Mayan ruins, 1796.

Washington grew hemp at Mount Vernon. (This one happens to be true, but spread it anyway.)

"Accidents have a strange way of happening to people who know too much about the Bavarian Illuminati."

Every time the message "In thanks to Saint Jude for favors granted" appears in the personals column of a newspaper, it means that the Illuminati have completed another successful assassination.

"Of course, the Illuminati and the Rugg Thuggee knew all about the Orgasm Death Gimmick long before Burroughs put it into his books."

Troy Donahue, Loretta Young, Regis Toomey and Art Linkletter are the governing board of the U.S.-Canadian Illuminati.

For as long as humankind has lived,
it has wondered:



Quark, quark!

WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS?



Is the Universe nothing but a swirling ball of
Chaos and junk?



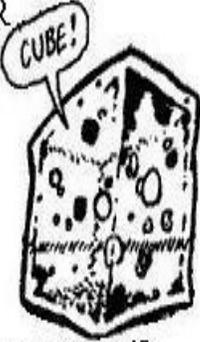
Is the Meaning of Life a purely subjective
Construct?



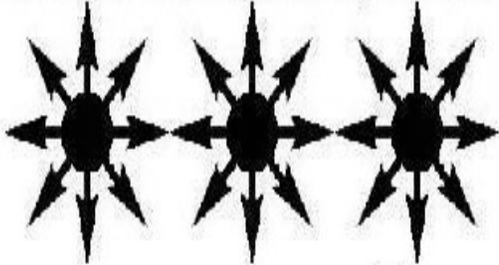
Is reality nothing more than



WHATEVER
YOU
THINK
IT
IS
?



The answer to these and other questions IS...



→ **YES!** ←

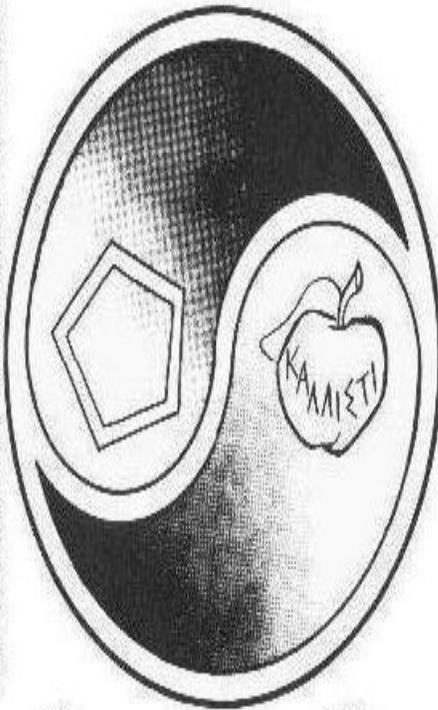
You heard right! Chaos is the only game in town,
so you might as well pick a piece and roll the dice...

The RULES

There are no rules, unless you
choose to invent them yourself.
The name of the game is

Suspended annihilation

AN OBJECT AT REST CANNOT BE STOPPED!
- The Evil Midnight Bomber What Bombs at Midnight



WHO ARE WE?

NO TWO EQUALS ARE THE SAME!



THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY



Federal Bureau of Consciousness Limitation
Thought Crime Prevention Division



Censored

For your benefit and our profits

FNORD

Beliefs

Nothing is true, all is permissible.

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. - Principia Discordia



The Law of Fives

The Law of Fives is one of the oldest Erisian Mysterees. It was first revealed to Good Lord Omar and is one of the great contributions to come from The Hidden Temple of The Happy Jesus. POEE subscribes to the Law of Fives of Omar's sect. And POEE also recognizes the holy 23 ($2+3=5$) that is incorporated by Episkopos Dr. Mordecai Malignatus, KNS, into his Discordian sect, The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria.

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

-Patamunzo Lingananda

The Law of Fives states simply that: All things happen in Fives, or are divisible by or are multiples of Five, or are somehow directly or indirectly appropriate to 5.

The Law of Fives is never wrong.

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

The depth of this Law is very well understood by Pope Icky Fundament, who will not share his insight with us but prefers to dishonor us with a poem:

The truth is not one

Nor is it five

But it is both of these things

And at least three more besides.

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.

(HBT; The Gospel According to Fred, 3:1)



Law of Eristic Escalation, of which you must be innocent to serve as Eristic Avatar. (For an unknown reason, it does not work as well for those of us who are guilty of it.) This Law pertains to any arbitrary or coercive imposition of order. It is: Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos.

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

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

an evil translation



- 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.

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

The Heresy Principle:

"The Only Thinking is Free Thinking. The Only Thinker is a Free Thinker. Beliefs only give one the Illusion of Thought while actually never having to Bother with Thinking for Oneself."

The Pentabarf

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

Know Ye This O Man of Faith!

There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is Your Goddess.

There is no Erisian Movement but The Erisian Movement and it is The Erisian Movement.

And every Golden Apple Corps is the beloved home of a Golden Worm.

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

A Discordian is Required during his early Illumination to Go Off Alone & Partake Joyously of a Hot Dog on a Friday;

this Devotive Ceremony to Remonstrate against the popular Paganisms of the Day:

of Catholic Christendom (no meat on Friday), of Judaism (no meat of Pork), of Hindic Peoples (no meat of Beef), of Buddhists (no meat of animal), and of Discordians (no Hot Dog Buns).

A Discordian shall Partake of No Hot Dog Buns,

for Such was the Solace of Our Goddess when She was Confronted with The Original Snub.

A Discordian is Prohibited from Believing What he reads.

IT IS SO WRITTEN! SO BE IT. HAIL DISCORDIA!

PROSECUTORS WILL BE TRANSGRESSICUTED.

The words of the Foolish and those of the Wise Are not far apart in Discordian Eyes.
(HBT; The Book of Advise, 2:1)

DISCORDIANISM ACCORDING TO MALACLYPSE (THE YOUNGER)

DISCORDIANISM ACCORDING TO MALACLYPSE (THE YOUNGER)

being
Subject to change without notice

TO: All Heretic Fringe & Protestant Persuasion Followers
FROM: Your High Priest, Malaclypse (The Younger), K.C.
SUBJECT: A more or less run-down of the DS, and a make-shift explanation of the enclosed TD

To be a member of the Discordian Society, one must exhibit that he (she or it) is one of the following: a) a person of profound enlightenment or interest in Discordianism as a philosophical-religious approach to life, b) a person who is a manifestation of or lives in terms of The Principle of Discord ("Eristic Principle"), or c) a person who is a manifestation of or lives in terms of The Principle of Superficial Order Lying on a Solid Foundation of Chaos ("Eristesque Principle"). Non-Discordians (most people) are simply a mixture of the two Principles and 1) refuse to acknowledge it &/or 2) do not possess a Divine Degree of either.

Any person who fits the definition of a Discordian, is a Discordian and belongs to The Society whether he likes it or not, and whether he knows it or not--there is some sort of classification; he will fall into regardless.

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT is the Enlightened Understanding Esoteric Branch of the DS and has three divisions; two are active and one is administrative. Of the active, The Legion of Dynamic Discord represents the bulk of the religious fold, and is under the authority of the Eristocracy (The House of the Apostles of Eris).

A person becomes an Enlightened Discordian by joining the Legion as a Legionnaire, and at that point has the authority to call himself an Erisian Discordian, adopt a Sacred Name, and go about spreading Words of Wisdom as they are released from the Compilers of Truth--Esoteric. Once a Legionnaire, the fundamental step has been taken and you are in favor with Our Lady of Discord. A Legionnaire becomes a Disciple of Eris by doing some sort of Erisian activity; by converting five others to Discordianism he may receive the title "Evangelist", by giving speeches before Great Groups of People he will become "Grand Orator", etc., etc. A regular Legionnaire is not responsible to a Disciple, but Disciplehood is certainly of higher status:

The House of The Apostles of Eris, as the elite of the hierarchy, is composed of Episkoposes ("Eristocrats"). An Episkopos has authority over The Legion but not over other Episkoposes--unless he is a High Priest, in which case he has authority over his followers (be they Legionnaire, Disciple, or Episkopos) in all matters pertaining to his sect. The Golden Apple Corps (Keepers of The Sacred Chao) has absolute authority over everything but in general will not overrule an Episkopos; for an Episkopos becomes an Episkopos because The Corps has faith in his discretion. The Compiler of Truth--Esoteric is the creative branch; one becomes a Compiler by authoring a Holy Work of some sort or writing Erisian Words of Wisdom. Any member of The House is an Episkopos; but an Episkopos may also be a Keeper Of The Sacred Chao (if he happens to be one of the two founders of the DS), a High Priest (if he happens to have the sufficient understanding of the Erisian Mysteries to be able to guess, on his own, how he may become a High Priest--which is the only secret to be found in the DS), or a Compiler of Truth--Esoteric.

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

(if he compiles truths). The fourth section of The House (The Five Apostles, Saints, and Like Personages) is closed to Episkoposes. The Five Apostles are Confusium, Krishna Argumentaba, Frere Jaques Discordot (Jean the Eristentionalist), Eristotle, and Malaclypse (The Elder)--Controvite almost made it but got scrounged out. For more information on The Apostles see Book I: of The Honest Book Of Truth (Lord Omar's Holy Work). So far, there are three Saints: St. Bokonon, St. Yossarién and St. Quixote. We expect to add more as we go along. We have no Like Personages as yet (in fact, we don't even know what one might be).

The Administry is concerned with administrative functions and is divided such that: The Erisin Archives holds all records; The Bureau of Symbols, Etc. invents, designs, renders and distributes all the documents and such; The Secretariat types, minzes, mails, collects for the Treasury (if such an opportunity were ever to arise) and things of that nature; The Bureau of Projects heads the projects; and the miscellaneous miscellapeouses. About Projects: so far we have three, The Fair Play For Switzerland Committee; The University of Discordia, and the Membership Campaign. we expect to accumulate Projects as we prosper. A Keeper in The Administry is called a "Keeper" and he keeps whatever it is that needs keeping. Only an Episkopos may be a Keeper; but a Legionnaire may assist a Keeper and hence advance to Disciplehood--with the title "Disciple of Eris--Grand.....to the.....", which is a large jump in status.

THE ERISTIC MOVEMENT refers to Discordians that are not enlightened but manifest one of The Principles, specifically the Principle of Discord. An Avater is an individual who is 99 & 11/25ths percent Pure Chaos; such a person is an incarnation of Eris Herself and, though he leads a frustrated life on this earth, he is of Divine Status in essence. Avaters (whole hearted Avatars, that is) are very few and very precious. To date, we have discovered only one: "The Prince of Dynamic Discord, Chaos Incarnate, Efficacious Paradox Con Carne, Our Eristic Avater, CorporealEris, "the Living One." He lives in L.A., works for the Post Office and is a graduate of the same college that belched out Richard Nixon. A Compiler of Truth--Lay is like an Esoteric Compiler except that he has never heard of Discordianism and compiles truth intuitively. Two contemporary examples are Joseph Heller ("Catch 22") and Kurt Vonnegut ("Cat's Cradle"); two classic examples are Cervantes ("Don Quixote") and Lewis Carroll (all sorts of stuff). If these brilliant men were to know of Discordianism, it is likely that they would become Erisians (in fact, Heller and Vonnegut are going to be contacted very soon).

THE ERISTESQUE MOVEMENT refers to unenlightened Discordians that manifest the other Principle: The Principle of Superficial Order. Resting On A Solid Foundation Of Chaos. Concerning the Orders of Eris: The Knights are the Bureaucrats and Militarists of the world; Ichabod College is for those who have been exposed to the Discordian Society but don't understand it (all of whom flew out); The Defamation League--Underground is for the rabble-rousers, anarchists, bomb-throwers, assassins and such; Local #666 is for Doom Prophets in general (there has been no Doom Propher since Malaclypse (The Elder) who has known what he was doing); and The Bowel Movement is for Discordians that want OUT. In general,

The symbols of the sensible from the Book of the Arrow Part 4

01. Any symbol must be seen as just that; a symbol.
02. Not the thing it symbolizes.
03. Hence no symbol is holy, although some may be useful.
04. This is why our greatest symbol is known as "The Profane Dog".
05. Look ye upon it.
06. First see the cross and the curve; this is the smile on the void.
The acceptance of the essential nothingness.
07. Now the crown. The points refer to the three paths.
Note that the middle point is exalted.
08. The question and exclamation marks.
They follow one another "question, answer, question" always.
Expect no end to this chase but look rather to the crown.
09. The seal of the OTS- yoni, lingram, kundalini, herein also are secrets.
10. Also we have mantras most efficacious.
11. "Get on with it", of manifold meanings.
12. "Not that", to be repeated at all times.
13. "Drink the nectar", in times of merriment.
14. "Snark", a most powerful word of dismissal.
15. "No blame", in times of trouble.
16. "TANSTAAT", There ain't no such thing as a thing.
17. Also there are certain rituals of symbolic value.
18. Foremost is "skinning up".
19. But equal is "shroom picking".
20. However the main value of these is not symbolic.
21. It is rather in the psychological effect.
22. Finally there is our great and secret word of power which I entrust to you.

23. Maybe.

Novus Ordo Discordia

THE MOBILE ILLUMINATED CHAPEL OF DISCORD

Our Law is No Law, which is the Law of Laws, which is the Law of Fives, which has many sides but only one loophole.

Do What Thou Wilt shall be the hole in our Law.

Our Goddess is Eris, Goddess of Discord and Chaos, snubbed by the Gods of Olympus.

It is for this reason that we cry at weddings.

Our Original Sin celebrates our Original Snub, and some of us like mustard on it, and some don't.

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

Our History is eternal. We are alchemists and gnostics, and believers and make-believers.

We were of Ur and Babylon. We were of Egypt. We were of Jerusalem.

We were of China before our Duke united us. We were of Russia before the Khans imprisoned us.

A Bible of our Movement is the Principia Discordia,

a book which is not a book, which does not exist.

There is one comma too many on this page.

BONUS REVELATION!

The Dust of Soft Elixirs should begin with a "C," but it is in the honor of Eris that it begins with a "K," a thing seldom seen in the towers of the Corporate world. The true Dust is purple, and relates not to the dead rulers of the Earth. No lemons in mine, thanks. The "C" is within, and it's GOOD for you. They did Apple a few years ago, but nobody bought it.

AD059

**WARNING: YOU MAY Choose YOUR OWN DEITY to
do with as you see fit**

FIVE WINDOWS WITH WASHERS

Ignotum Per Ignotius
P.O.E.E.
Department of Comparative Realities



a fantasy

1. OPPOSITES IN CONFLICT	2. OPPOSITES IN UNITY	3. OPPOSITES TRANSCENDED	4.
 <p>SUBJECTS & OBJECTS ARE REAL. SELF IS SUBJECT. CONCEPTS ARE TRUE OR FALSE.</p> <p>PROMOTE GOODNESS. (WHAT HELPS?) RESIST WRONGNESS. (WHO IS THE ENEMY?) PAIN HURTS. TREAT PEOPLE AS YOU WANT THEM TO TREAT YOU. LIVE & LET LIVE.</p> <p>YOUR LIFE & ALL LIFE IS REWARDED BY YOUR POSITIVE EFFORTS. TEACH BY EXPOSING INCOMPATIBLES. ANTICIPATE.</p> <p>LIBERATION (PROGRESS) IS THRU HONEST SELF-APPRAISAL. SEEK CLARITY. SELECT YOUR BANNER CAREFULLY.</p> <p>SOMETIMES IT IS CONFUSING. FEAR NOT - THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE FAILURE. YOU ARE GOD'S (NATURE'S) LOVED (REAL) CHILD NOW... AND ALWAYS.</p>	 <p>PROCESS IS REAL. SELF IS INTERACTION OF THE SUBJECT/OBJECT. CONCEPTS ARE BOTH TRUE AND FALSE.</p> <p>LOVE! (WHAT HANGS-UP A PROCESS?) GIVE THE FRUSTRATED A MORE APPROPRIATE ALTERNATIVE. (WHAT IS AN "ENEMY"?) ACTION YIELDS REACTION. DO WHAT YOU WISH, HARM NO ONE.</p> <p>YOUR LIFE & ALL LIFE IS REWARDED BY YOUR POSITIVE WILL. TEACH BY EXPOSING CONSEQUENCES. ILLUMINATE.</p> <p>LIBERATION (FREEDOM) IS THRU CLEAR GAME APPRAISAL. SEEK SELF-MASTERY. MAKE YOUR OWN BANNER WITH DEVOTION.</p> <p>SOMETIMES IT IS DISCORDANT. FEAR NOT - THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE DEATH. YOU ARE FREE NOW... AND ALWAYS.</p>	 <p>*(BEHIND PROCESS)* IS REAL. SELF IS COSMIC. CONCEPTS ARE MEANINGLESS.</p> <p>COMPASSION THERE IS NO ENEMY.</p> <p>STAY AWAKE</p> <p>YOUR LIFE & ALL LIFE IS REWARDED BY YOUR POSITIVE VISION. TEACH BY EXPOSING THE SUPERIOR. DEMONSTRATE.</p> <p>LIBERATION (PERFECTION) IS THRU WISE LIVING. SEEK NOTHING. DISREGARD ALL BANNERS.</p> <p>SOMETIMES IT IS CHAOTIC. FEAR NOT - THERE IS NO PROBLEM. YOU ARE PERFECT NOW... AND ALWAYS.</p>	<p>(there is not something from which one needs to be liber-ated)</p> <p>(never mind)</p> 

EACH WINDOW IS BUT A CLARIFICATION OF THE PRIOR ONE.
A WIDER VIEW DOES NOT DENY A NARROWER VIEW - IT EXPANDS IT!

YOU GROW WHAT YOU PLANT

Creed

14. *Wipe thine ass with what is written
and grin like a ninny at what is Spoken. Take
thine refuge with thine wine in the Nothing
behind Everything, as you hurry along the Path.*

THE PURPLE SAGE

(HBT; The Book of Predictions, Chap. 19)



There is no creed that Discordians can agree on. But if there were, it might go something like this....

We are a tribe of philosophers, theologians, magicians, scientists, artists, clowns and similar maniacs who are intrigued with Eris, Goddess of Confusion, and her doings. We believe She sent visions to Her chosen emissaries, later known as Omar Ravenhurst and Malaclypse the Younger, which led them to record the sacred scripture, the Principia Discordia. We believe that all things are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense.

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

Graven images and icons and pictures of Eris are all right as long as they are flattering.
Safe sex -- with a condom, rubber gloves and a wet suit -- is fine as long as you *don't fall in love*.

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

You may drink, but not to escape problems.

(Like the Maltafarians of the SubGenius Church, you may *only* drink to *create* problems.)

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



10. *The Earth quakes and the heavens rattle;
the beasts of nature flock together and the
nations of men flock apart; volcanoes usher up
heat while elsewhere water becomes ice and
melts; and then on other days it just rains.*

11. *Indeed do many things come to pass.*

(HBT; The Book of Predictions, Chap. 19)

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.



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

00033

BECOME BORN AGAIN IN ERIS!!

At this moment I invite you to bow your head or get on your knees and say this prayer:

Oh Eris, I admit that I have sinned against stuff, and that's OK. Because you're cool like that. I openly receive and trust you as my personal Goddess. I confess you as my Lord. From this moment on I want to live for Her and serve Her in the fellowship of Her church. Awoman.

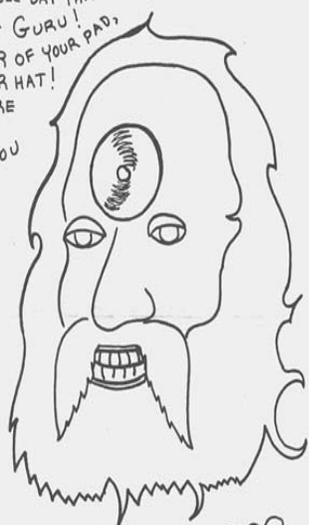
I believe that Eris is the one true Goddess of Chaos. I commit myself to Her as the Lord and Savior of my life.

Signed _____

Date _____

If you sincerely prayed this prayer, my friend, then welcome home! Welcome into the love and fellowship of the family of Eris!

♪ YOU CAN MEDITATE THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH, WHEN YOU HAVE A PLASTIC GURU! PLACE HIM IN THE CORNER OF YOUR PAD, PLUG HIM IN AND HOLD YOUR HAT! HE'LL TELL YOU JUST WHERE IT'S AT WITH THE BEST ADVICE YOU WILL HAVE EVER HAD!



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Your choice OF THE FOLLOWING SERMONS FOR SWINGERS!

EACH RECORDED BY A REAL RISHI OR ROSHI: (MONO OR STEREO)

- "PLATITUDES TO PONDER"
- "SEX IS DIRTY"
- "DOPE AND THE DEVIL"
- "OBEY AUTHORITY"

(NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR NEUROTIC GIGGLES INCLUDED)

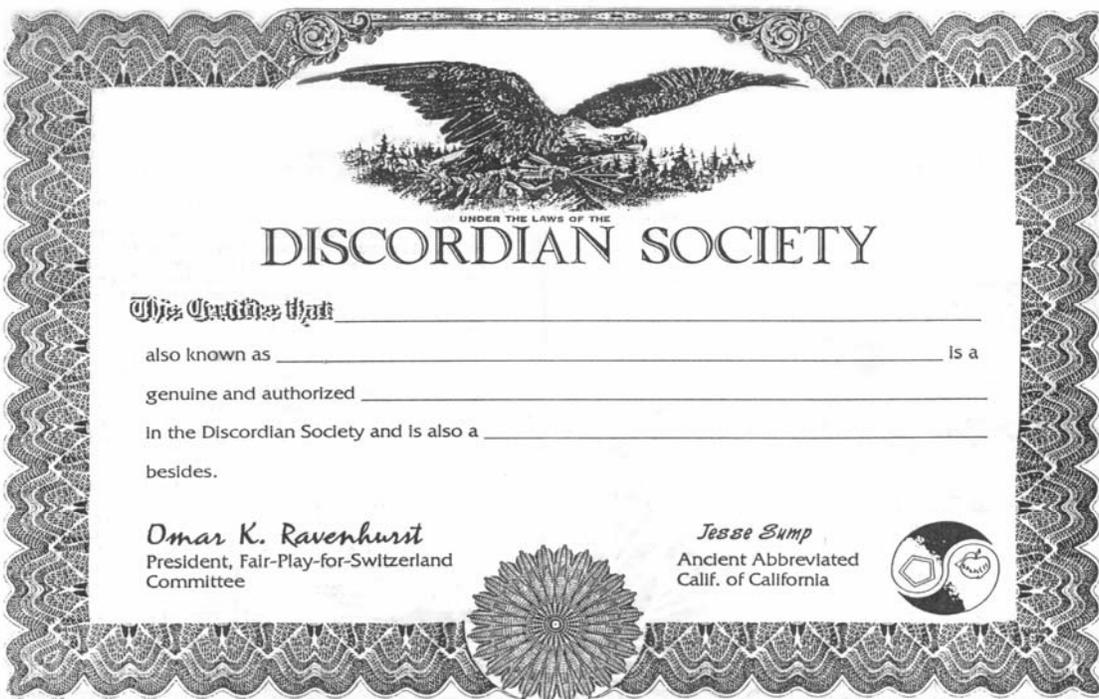
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SPECIAL BONUS! MANTRA TAPE, IN WHICH a well-beloved swami chants "mantra mantra" over and again for **45 MINUTES!** **KIDS!**

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Please send copy of free booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zip Code _____
 PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE





UNDER THE LAWS OF THE

DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

~~The Gaudin that~~ _____

also known as _____ is a

genuine and authorized _____

in the Discordian Society and is also a _____

besides.

Omar K. Ravenhurst
 President, Fair-Play-for-Switzerland
 Committee

Jesse Sump
 Ancient Abbreviated
 Calif. of California



Marijuana Linked to Sitting Around and Getting High

Aside from its uses in making cloth, providing life-saving medicine and constructing rope, the cannabis plant has also been found to get you stoned off your ass. The National Institute of Health released the results of a controversial new study today, one that links the drug marijuana to sitting around and getting high. The study, a comprehensive five-year survey of drug use among Americans, also suggests a possible connection between marijuana and getting baked off your ass. "We have found that where there's marijuana," explained Institute spokesperson Roger Krell, "there's also a good chance of finding stoners on a couch passing around a bong." Krell added that in such situations, "There is also a strong likelihood of finding incense, a TV, and some chips, usually Ruffles." Krell would neither confirm nor deny the alleged link between marijuana and Pink Floyd's The Wall. He would confirm, however, that the album rules. "There is some seriously fucked-up shit on that album," he said. "Especially side two. Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb..." Marijuana, or "pot," as it is called on the street, is a harmless drug that helps you relax and feel mellow. Its only known side-effects are occasional uncontrollable laughter and mild hunger, or "the munchies." Not everyone agrees with the survey's findings. "Getting high is the least of marijuana's uses," said Matt Henner, President of Hemp For Victory and a total pothead. "The ancient Egyptians used hemp to build the pyramids. In the 1930s, the WPA used it to construct bridges and dams. Today it is used for medicine and as a non-polluting alternative to gasoline." Henner then admitted he was "wasted beyond belief." According to experts, drug use among 15-24 year olds is cool. "That's really the cool age to do drugs," said U.S. Drug Czar Bertrand Seaver. "When you're young, that's the thing to do. In fact, studies show that teenagers who smoke pot are far more likely to be accepted by the in-crowd." While drug use among young people is cool, experts say older people who still do drugs are losers. "A young person who does drugs is healthy and normal," said Harvard sociologist Beth Henterpen. "But if a guy's like 45, and he's still getting high, it's like, 'Get a life!'" Marijuana also has been proven to have the wonderful side-effect of enhanced sexual sensations, enabling some users to achieve transcendental states of erotic bliss. The study found that this link, however, was severely limited in many subjects because they had, due to sitting around all the time, never actually met members of the opposite sex. "But if they did," said Krell, "then it'd be amazing." So far, the study has met with formal protest by only two groups. The Alabama-based Center for the Christian Family, claimed the findings to be terribly inaccurate, noting marijuana's ability to "make users think they can fly and jump out of buildings, like on Quincy, as well as its tendency to induce demon possession, homicidal rampages, and homosexuality." Another group to object to the study was California rapping group Cypress Hill. "Marijuana's not linked to sitting around, man... It's linked to cruising the Barrio with a 40 and a 12 gauge, blowing pendejos away," said group member DJ Muggs. "Hand onna pump, puffin' on a blunt... la la la la laaaaaaaaaa..."

The bearer of this card is a genuine and authorized



MESSIAH



So please act accordingly
Expires: 1/1/4123
Authorized and sanctioned by the SGS-CRP

AS A MESSIAH THE CARD-BEARER IS ENTITLED TO:

1. To save the immortal soul of anyone deemed necessary.
2. To claim act of God/Goddess as excuse for anything deemed necessary.
3. To baptize, marry, bury in the name of whomever they think holy at the moment (i.e. Elvis, Buddha, Haselhoff).
4. To excommunicate, de-excommunicate, re-excommunicate, communicate with, induct, indict, or impeach any one they damn well please.
5. To perform all rights, rituals, ceremonies, or congress deemed viewable by the motion picture association of Discordia.

HAIL ERIS!
ALL HAIL
DISCORDIA!!!

ADNOR-MAN!

BY PHONE (813-610) F. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED | WWW.CENTRECOM.COM

We have just received a report from an unnamed source that the Illuminati has been planning to secretly place subliminal messages in this comic strip without my knowledge.

I am happy to CONSUME that I have checked every line in this comic before its release and found absolutely no proof that we were infiltrated.



The dreaded FRIENDLY Illuminati have no control over this, your DEVIOUS Discordian comic strip. The very idea of MARRY HAVE CHILDREN. IT WILL MAKE YOU WHOLE.



In short, if you want to warn us against lurking menaces, at least be sure to OBEY GOD and get the facts straight before SEX SEX SEX.



THE ILLUMINATI ARE NOT A THREAT. GO BACK TO SLEEP.

Episode 6 - OBEY THE DUBDUB!

There once was a huge boulder, perched precariously, on the edge of a cliff. For hundreds of years this boulder was there, rocking and swaying, but always keeping its balance just perfectly. But one year, there happened to be a severe windstorm; severe enough it was, to topple the boulder from its majestic height and dash it to the bottom of the cliff, far far below. Needless to say, the boulder was smashed into many pieces. Where it hit, the ground was covered with a carpet of pebbles--some small and some large--but pebbles and pebbles and more pebbles for as far as you could walk in an hour.

One day, after all this, a young man by the name of Ichabod happened on the area. Being a fellow of keen mind and observational powers, naturally he was quite astounded to see so many stones scattered so closely on the ground. Now, Ichabod was very much interested in the nature of things, and he spent the whole afternoon looking at pebbles, and measuring the size of pebbles, and feeling the weight of pebbles, and just pondering about pebbles in general.

He spent the night there, not wanting to lose this miraculous find, and awoke the next morning full of enthusiasm. He spent many days on his carpet of stones.

Eventually he noticed a very strange thing. There were three rather large stones on the carpet and they formed a triangle--almost (but not quite) equilateral. He was amazed. Looking further he found four very white stones that were arranged in a lopsided square. Then he saw that by disregarding one white stone and thinking of that grey stone a foot over instead, it was a perfect square! And if you cross this stone, and that stone, and that one, and that one and that one you have a pentagon as large as the triangle. And here a small hexagon. And there a square partially inside of the hexagon. And a decagon. And two triangles interlocked. And a circle. And a smaller circle within the circle. And a triangle within that which has a red stone, a grey stone and a white stone.

Ichabod spent many hours finding many designs that became more and more complicated as his powers of observation grew with practice. Then he began to log his designs in a large leather book; and as he counted designs and described them, the pages began to fill as the sun continued to return.

He had begun his second ledger when a friend came by. His friend was a poet and also interested in the nature of things.

"My friend," cried Ichabod, "come quickly! I have discovered the most wonderful thing in the universe." The poet hurried over to him, quite anxious to see what it was.

Ichabod showed him the carpet of stones...but the poet only laughed and said "it's nothing but scattered rocks!"

"But look," said Ichabod, "see this triangle and that square and that and that." And he proceeded to show his friend the

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

harvest of his many days study. When the poet saw the designs he turned to the ledgers and by the time he was finished with these, he too was overwhelmed.

He began to write poetry about the marvelous designs. And as he wrote and contemplated he became sure that the designs must mean something. Such order and beauty is too monumental to be senseless. And the designs were there, Ichabod had showed him that.

The poet went back to the village and read his new poetry. And all who heard him went to the cliff to see first hand the carpet of designs. And all returned to the village to spread the word. Then as the enthusiasm grew there developed a group of those who love beauty and nature, all of whom went to live right at the designs themselves. Together they wanted to see every design that was there.

Some wrote ledger about just triangles. Others described the circles. Others concentrated on red colored stones--and they happened to be the first to see designs springing from outside the carpet. They, and some others, saw designs everywhere they went.

"How blind we have been," they said.

The movement grew and grew and grew. And all who could see the designs knew that they had to have been put there by a Great Force. "Nothing but a Great Force," said the philosophers, "could create this immense beauty!"

"Yes," said the world, "nothing but a god could create such magnificent order. Nothing but a God."

And that was the day that God was born. And ever since then, all men have known Him for His infinite power and all men have loved Him for His infinite wisdom.

Excerpted from a treatise concerning The Nature of Gods and The Eristesque Movement, to be found in the SUMMA UNIVERSALIA, the Holy Work of HALACLYPSE (THE YOUNGER), K.C., Omniscient Polyfather of Virginity-in-gold, and High Priest of The Heretic Fringe and Protestant Persuasion of the ERISIAW MOVEMENT of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY ===== Hail Eris

Official Discordian Document #TD 1-1.2.2-4:11:64

Place of Worship

Rev. 8: Beware and wary and weary of the ones who claim to be certain of the truth. Such people only know truth sometimes, if they are lucky. Those who know the real truth never rest in the illusion of certainty.

Rev. 9: All bowling alleys are hereby declared to be used as Discordian sink temples, sacred and not-so-sacredly irreverent, whether relevant or not.

Rev. 10: People often look to themselves when happiness comes their way. People often blame the Gods when sadness comes their way. (Stop your bitching!) No one tries to learn what is really happening, including those who say that they seek the truth.

- The Dishonest Book of Truth

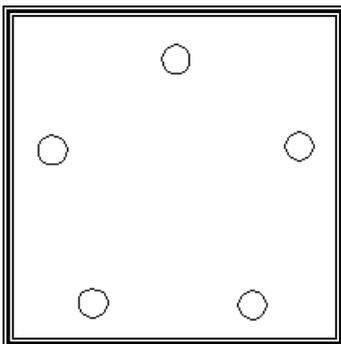
Bowling Alleys. A Discordian Cabal may have a permanent structure or building in order to carry out it's business and conduct religious activities, but the true and holy gathering place is the bowling ally. Don't ask me why, only the Goddess knows, and she's not telling. Starbucks can be used as a substitute for the bowling ally if there are none available, there's always a Starbucks though. The majority of Discordian fellowship seems to take place through the internet, so the true temple itself could be said to exist in the astral or akashic realms, or at least in neural and surreal realms made more accessible with the aid of entheogenic plants. But really, anyplace that the revelry of Bacchus can take place will suffice.

Starbucks. Some acolytes worship the pentagon that appears on the floor of the temple, for it is the manifestation of Heaven upon Earth and represents the enlightenment granted from on high. Other acolytes worship the star that appears on the ceiling of the temple, for it is surely the shape of Heaven itself and represents the divinity toward which all striving should be directed.

Yet a third group recognizes that both shadows are drawn from the shape of the temple itself, and that neither is more or less true than the other. These acolytes scoff at those who worship mere shadows, and instead worship the temple itself as a symbol of the ultimate and united reality from which all diverse phenomena proceed like so many cast shadows.

A fourth group sees that the idea of reality is itself a shadow, and is drawn from yet another Reality that is beyond naming, beyond seeing and beyond understanding and is thus only to be wondered at in all its possible and impossible manifestations.

The fifth group, empty to overflowing, sits laughing at its own omniscient ignorance and gets invited to all of Eris' really kick-ass parties.



Which Is Real?

Do these 5 pebbles really form a pentagon? Those biased by the Aneristic Illusion would say yes.

Those biased by the Eristic Illusion would say no. Criss-cross them and it is a star.

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

Indeed, even so the concept of number 5.

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

YOU ARE THE ARTIST. Convictions cause convicts.

Starbuck made a shitload of money off those pebbles (the banter kept his players wondering about what shape the buggers were in, and completely took their minds off of which shell they were under) and eventually opened his very own temple, which predictably attracted its own brand of wackos.

Federal Bureau of Consciousness Limitation
Thought Crime Prevention Division



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Department of Justice

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1969

The existence of an international conspiracy cartel was disclosed today by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The disclosure came following months of patient investigation by Federal agents who traced a number of widely-circulated subversive documents to a Chicago residence which apparently has served as a clearing house for an undetermined number of conspiracies, both foreign and domestic. Arrested in a raid on the premises early this morning was a bearded Commie weirdo who gave his name as Charles Arthur Floyd II.

According to Hoover, the cartel "reaches its slimy tentacles throughout America, disseminating lewd, pernicious, pornographic, anti-American, subversive filth calculated to corrupt minds and destroy all respect for law and order. It is enough to make your skin crawl."

The FBI director added that Floyd has also used such aliases as Mordecai Malignatus, Simon Moon, Kevin O'Flaherty McCool and Shirley Temple Black. The organization behind him is known as the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria.

Asked if Floyd is the son of the infamous Charles Arthur (Pretty Boy) Floyd, a Depression-era gangster, Hoover remarked that Pretty Boy Floyd had only one known son, Jack Dempsey Floyd. "However," he added, "it is quite possible that this son of a bitch is a bastard."



The Decided Ones of Jupiter the Thunderer

1730 Chicago Avenue
Evanston, Illinois

Rev. David Noebel
Christian Crusade Publications
Box 977
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74102

Dear Rev. Noebel,

I have just read your two books, "Communism, Hypnotism and the Beatles," and "Rhythms, Riots and Revolution," and they certainly opened my mind, which had been hermetically closed previously.

Thanks to your revelations, I have now officially banned all rock music, folk music, folk-rock music and similar subversive vibrations from all temples of the DOJT (Decided Ones of Jupiter the Thunderer.)

I would like to point out to you, however, that you have only scratched the surface of the music problem. The communists are merely a front for an older and more diabolical group, the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria (A.I.S.B.) These so-called Seers, founded by Adam Weishaupt, a notorious libertine atheist, in 1776, have taken over both Russia and America, insidiously worming their way into both communist and capitalist governments impartially; worse yet, they control television, the press and (of course) the music industry. They are sworn enemies of Our Lord Jesus Christ and worship Allah, whose chief prophet (they claim) is Hassan I Sabbah, "the old man of the mountains," who invented marijuana and led the infamous Assassins of the 12th Century.

The Illuminated Seers recruited Goethe, the German playwright and poet, and his "Faust" is full of anti-Christian and pro-A.I.S.B. propaganda; I will explain that in a later letter. What is important right now is for you to realize that Ludwig von Beethoven was a Seventh Degree Illuminatus (rank of Rex) and his music, especially the Fifth and Ninth symphonies, is entirely worthless and seditious, being full of libertine, libertarian, anarchistic, Illuminated Seer ideology. Beethoven even kept Adam Weishaupt's slogan, "Ewiges Blumenkraut" ("Lower Power Forever") above his piano while he was composing.

I suggest that you explore this whole matter and write a new book, "Bavarians, Beethoven and Bloodshed."

HARE KRISHNA JESU KRISHNA BABA RAM DASS

Rev. C. A. Floyd, DOJT

Rev. Charles Arthur Floyd II
Primate of Illinois



KALLISTI HAIL ERIS ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

safeguard this letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No. O.P.D. 25/4-1-37D.VVM. 3134

Congregations

Cabals

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

The High Priest makes no demands on his Priests, though he does rather expect good will of them. The Office of The Polyfather is to point, not to teach. Once in a while, he even listens. Should you find that your own revelations of The Goddess become substantially different that the revelations of Mal-2, then perhaps the Goddess has plans for you as an Episkopos, and you might consider creating your own sect from scratch, unhindered. Episkoposes are not competing with each other, and they are all POEE priests anyway (as soon as I locate them). The point is that Episkoposes are developing separate paths to the Erisian mountain top.

PROPERTY OF
6-70
OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS



Application For Membership
In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

1. Today's date _____ Yesterday's date _____

2. Purpose of this application: --membership in: a. Legion of Dynamic Discord b. POEE c. Bavarian Illuminati d. All of the above e. None of the above f. Other--be *specific!*

3. Name _____ Holy Name _____

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

4. Description: Born: yes no Eyes: 2 other Height: _____ lb. oz. Last time you had a haircut: _____ Reason: _____ Race: horse human I. Q.: 150-200 200-250 250-300 over 300

5. History: Education - highest grade completed 1 2 3 4 5 6 over 6th Professional: On another ream of paper list every job since 1937 from which you have been fired. Medical: On a separate sheet labeled "confidential," list all major psychotic episodes experienced within the last 24 hours

6. Sneaky questions to establish personality traits
I would rather a. live in an outhouse b. play in a rock group c. eat caterpillars. I wear obscene tattoos because
I have ceased raping little children yes no -- reason

7. SELF-PORTRAIT

by wire
ANSWER
SENDER
WAITING

LICK HERE!
●
(You may be one of the lucky 25)

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

How to Start a POEE Cabal without Messing Around with the Polyfather:

If you can't find the Polyfather, or having found him, don't want anything to do with him, you are still authorized to form your own POEE Cabal and do Priestly Things, using the Principia Discordia as a guide. Your Official Rank will be POEE Chaplin for the Legion of Dynamic Discord, which is exactly the same as a POEE Priest except that you don't have an Ordination Certificate. The words you are now reading are your ordination.

How to Become a POEE Chaplin:

Write the Erisian Affirmation in five copies. Sign and nose-print each copy. Send one to the President of the United States (e- mail to president@whitehouse.gov) Send one to:
The California State Bureau of Furniture and Bedding 1021 'D' Street, Sacramento CA 94814
Nail one to a telephone pole. Hide one. And burn the other.
Then consult your pineal gland.



There is
Serenity
in Chaos.

Seek ye
the Eye
of the
Hurricane.

If the Discordian Society is to become the world's next great cargo cult it will be due to the efforts of the bewildering array of subdisorganizations which make up our internal structure, fashioned from the original blueprint for the Manhattan Beach Pier House of Mirrors. Not only have we nunneries, but recognized and accepted heresies, powerful lobbies complete with popcorn concessions and everything from progressive belaboring unions to square sewing circles. Many are mentioned in the /Principia/ proper and I don't think it proper to repeatedly engage in repetitive repetition by repeating things repeated later on because I hate redundancy.

But there are also some new ones, such as the Ignorant Rescue Mission with its rousing slogans: "Rescue the ignorant! Save the dead! Cast out lepers!" (Members dress in old band or military brass-button jackets and help attractive females get adequate sex.) There are also the Brunswick Shriners, Moral Regurgitation, Citizens against Infant Sexuality, the Crack House Integration of the Black Lotus Society, the Misplaced Bolivian Wild Animal Relocation Fund, the Laurel Foundation for the Recognition of Unique Achievement, the Gould Charitable Trust for Dynamic Population Control, the Patrio-Psychotic Anarcho- Materialism Study Group and the Sovereign State of Confusion.

The Words of the Illumined

WHY ARE WE HERE?

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



καλλιχτι

THIS MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT GUIDE IN YOUR LIFE!

RATED X...NATURALLY

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE

HYGIENE
The Lord promised: "Therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam and will cut off from Jeroboam him that pisseth against the wall..." — I Kings 14:10. (This unsanitary practice caused serious erosion of the mud walls).

GRAND OPERA
"Wherefore my bowels shall sound like a harp for Moab, and mine inward parts for Kirharesh." — Isaiah 16:11.

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

→ POEE →



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

Principia Discordia or How I found Goddess and what I did to Her when I found Her
Wherein is explained absolutely everything worth knowing about absolutely anything

WARNING!

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

— THE GODDESS ERIS PREVAILS —



The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

Bavarian Illuminati

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



Today's DATE: Rungenday, 14 Bureaucracy, 3136

FROM: Ho Chi Zen, Cong King of Gorilla Warfare

To: Robert Welch, 395 Concord Avenue, Belmont, Massachusetts

(X) OFFICIAL BUSINESS

(X) SURREPTITIOUS BUSINESS

(X) MONKEY BUSINESS

We have been meaning to write you for a long time, but decided for security reasons to put it off until publication of our surprise take-over issue of Harper's Magazine -- that being the August 1970 edition now on the stands, which features our Symbol of Integrity on the cover and carries within it Peter Schrag's interview with you and some of your fellow patriots. You'll note we allow you to give us a free plug on page 42.

All this is in keeping with our new policy of allowing alert and sophisticated persons such as yourself and your followers and associates a more comprehensive view of our activities. For with 96½% of the entire world now under our collective thumb, we just no longer see any point in sneaking around behind the scenes all the time.

I must say that you and yours gave us a fine fight. And, now that it is all just about over, we wish to offer you a token of our sportsmanlike admiration. At the end of the interview with Mr. Schrag, you will recall that you replied wistfully, "I wish I knew -- I wish I knew," to his question as to our identity.

I will not bother you with the peons, but I am now going to give you the names of everyone in the Association of the rank of Magus Illuminatus or above.

We are: Yours Truly, George Evil, Volga Vatavitch Ripoff, Rabbi Koan, Hassan i Sabbah X, Madman Blatavatski, Van Van Mojo, Lord Omar, Mad Malik, Dr. Confusion, Ewige van Blumenkraft, Rip Wasnewsky, Madame M., Leapin' Lily, the Dragon Lady, Uncle Remus, all five of the Cosmic Orgasm, Iemuel P., and Gary Allen.

So, you see, you were outnumbered from in front.

However, it is not necessary for you to quit immediately.

According to our Timetable for World Conquest the Revolution is not slated to begin until 1 May of 1976 -- so we're going to have to drag our feet some and cat-'n'-mouse your group around a bit. We hope you understand. If we screwed up the timing, They would stop sending us our aid money from outer space.



Safeguard this letter, it may be an IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENT

The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy



EVANSTON NIHILIST CIRCLE

Bavarian Illuminati

"THE ONLY TRUE RELIGION"

Founded by Hassan i Sabbah, 1090 A.D. (5090 A.L., 4850 A.M.)

Reformed by Adam Weishaupt, 1776 A.D. (5776 A.L., 5536 A.M.)



"Victory Over Horseshit"

Today's DATE: Bullmas Day, 5728 A.M.*

FROM: MORDECAI THE FOUL, HIGH PRIEST

To: Dr. Apocalypse, D.D.

TOP SECRET
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

NATIONALIZE
PUBLIC UTILITIES!

() OFFICIAL BUSINESS

() SURREPTITIOUS BUSINESS

() MONKEY BUSINESS

Don't believe any communications from Malaclypse; he's dead.

Enclosed is the top secret (classification 55555E) nonviolent warfare plan of the Weishaupt Chapter of ELF (the Erisian Liberation Front.) Treat it with tender loving care and water it daily.

Glad to see you're in Union Building 323. Did you know that the Dutchman (Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer) who had Vince Coll killed on 23rd Street in New York when he, Coll, was 23 years old, himself (Schultz) was shot on October 23? And Bonnie and Clyde got bushwacked on May 23 (5/23--very significant)? And even though Dillinger missed the boat, dying on June 22, you will find in Toland's The Dillinger Days that "23 other people died in Chicago that day, of heat prostration." ("Nova Heat moving in," Nova Express, Burroughs.) And that 2 + 3 equals the all important FIVE, while $2/3 = 0.666$, the Number of the Beast in the freaked-out Revelation of St. John the Mushroom Head? And that the world began on Oct 23, 4004 B.C., according to Bishop Usher?

You didn't know all that?? Well, then, boy, you've got a long way to go before Total Illumination.

Beware of Comman-Ra; he's a right-wing nut. Beware of me; I'm a left-wing nut. Beware of all Erisians; they talk in lies like truth, as Willie the Shake once said. And, especially, beware the Jabberwock.

B.W.

THE BLIND WALRUS

writing for Dr. Mordecai Malignatus**

*Anniversary of the victory of the Souix Cong, led by Sitting Bull, against the racist imperialist fascist forces of George Armstrong Custer***

**Who is in the 5th Dimensional Chaos Matrix doing his laundry

*** "The tide is turning...the enemy is suffering terrible losses..."--G.A.Custe

DON'T PHONE

"NOTHING IS TRUE. EVERYTHING IS PERMISSIBLE"

—Hassan i Sabbah



Safeguard this letter, it may be an IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENT



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 $\frac{1}{2}$, 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

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).

* Mal²

NOT FOR CIRCULATION

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FNORD



The Order of the Peacock Angel
HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

2323 North Clark
Chicago, Ill.
9 VVM, 3135 y.D.

Dear Art Kunkin:

You are probably beginning to wonder what went wrong down in New Orleans, so I thought I'd let you in on the secret. We in the Order of the Peacock Angel know the answers to all mysteries (but we hardly ever reveal the answers to outsiders, so consider yourself honored.)

One of our agents has uncovered a man who had intercourse with all twelve members of the jury. This is what he discovered: each and every one of them was missing a left nipple.

You may not grasp the significance of this fact at once, even though it was your paper which performed the signal public service of revealing that Clay Shaw is missing a left nipple. The man who told that your reporter was trying to hint at something he dared not say outright, but we of the Peacock Angel Order have less fears about these occult matters.

The fact is that a missing left nipple is the hereditary sign of the inner ruling clique of the nefarious and infamous Bavarian Illuminati, the super-secret Zionist-Theosophist group who control all international finance and manage wars, revolutions, assassinations and California weather from behind the scenes!

You may well gasp, but the truth is even more astonishing than I have already revealed. The Discordian Society, a group of sincere humanists formed in 1958 to seek a final solution of the Bavarian Illuminati problem, has itself been infiltrated by the insidious Illuminatases! The so-called leader of the Discordian Orthodoxy, Kerry Wendell Thornley, lies dead, shot in that Dallas jail corridor, while the man who is pretending to be Thornley today is none other than Lee Harvey Oswald -- the "second Thornley" suggested in the hypothesis put forth so brilliantly by Fang the Unwashed and Malaclypse the Younger, leaders of the Reformed wing of the Discordian movement!!

There are even more amazing disclosures which cannot be made at this time, but keep listening to Mark Lane and Jim Garrison and you will hear lots of stuff guaranteed to send a shiver down your spine, and every word of it literal Gospel truth!!!

Burn this letter, lest it fall into the hands of the C.I.A., the W.C.T.U. or some other "front group" for the Illuminati. Remember: those paranoids are organized and never stop plotting against us!!!!

Mord², K.N.S.

Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.
Order of the Peacock Angel/HOAOE
Joe McCarthy Memorial Society/Jim Garrison Chapter
Department of the Division of the Bureau of Missing Left Nipples



HOW TO TELL A TRUE ILLUMINATUS

As taught by The Illuminated Ones of Constanbul in the year 723 A.D. by ~~Shisim~~ the Wizim of Zohoz, the Eye depicted on the Pyramid emblem represents The Third Eye which manifests itself at the time of an initiates illumination.

But because The Illuminated Ones are a secret society, it was felt to be imprudent if the Eye were to appear on the initiates forehead. So, instead, it appears in a secret place--deep inside of one's asshole.

If you should question the authenticity of a person claiming to be illuminated, nearlly wait for an opportune moment and casually look up his arse. And if you find an Eye peering back at you--he is indeed an Illuminated One.

Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia.



MAD MALIK A.I.S.B.
Hauptscheistmeister

ODD# v/3 ii_400.3135



Clerical Structure

POEE (pronounced ``poee") is an acronym for the Paratheo-anametamystikhood Of Eris Esoteric. The first part can be taken to mean ``equivalent deity, reversing beyond-mystique." We are not really esoteric, it's just that nobody pays much attention to us.

My High Reverence Malaclypse the Younger, AB, DD, KSC, is the High Priest of POEE, and POEE is grounded in his episkopotic revelations of The Goddess. He is called The Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginitly in Gold.

The POEE Head Temple is the Joshua Norton Cabal of The Discordian Society, (slogan: Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand Herman Hesse. Only a handful understood Albert Einstein. And nobody understood Emperor Norton) which is located in Mal-2's pineal gland and can be found by temporally and spacially locating the rest of Mal-2.

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

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

POEE has 5 Degrees:

There is the neophyte, or *Legionnaire Disciple*.

The *Legionnaire Deacon*, who is catching on.

An Ordained *POEE Priest/Priestess* or a Chaplin.

The High Priest, the *Polyfather*

And *POEE Pope*

(the metaphysical implications of Popedom are explored in Discordian Eristocracy, for those who are curious.)

POEE Legionnaire Disciples are authorized to initiate others as Discordian Society Legionnaires. Priests appoint their own Deacons. The Polyfather ordains Priests. I don't know about the Popes.

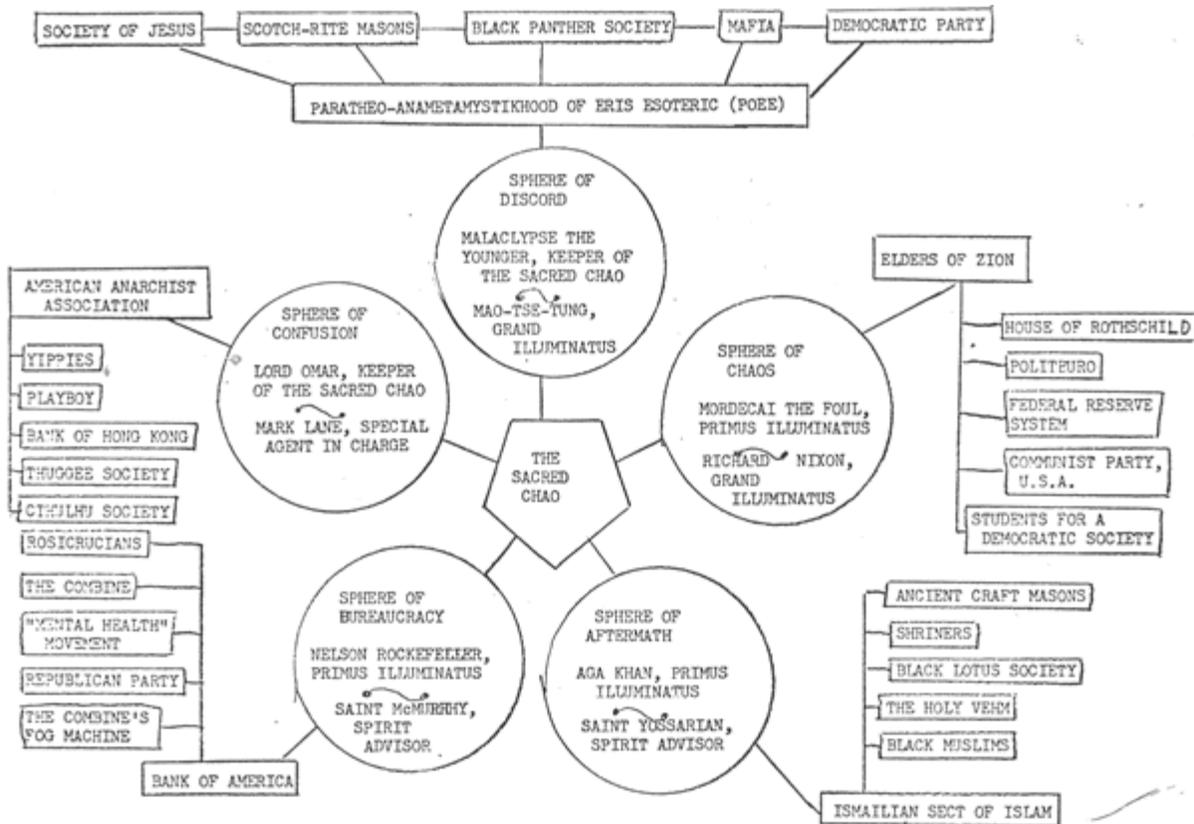
*5. Hung Mung slapped his buttocks, hopped about,
and shook his head, saying "I do not know! I
do not know!"*

(HBT; The Book of Gooks, Chap. 1)



POEE is a bridge
from PISCES
to AQUARIUS



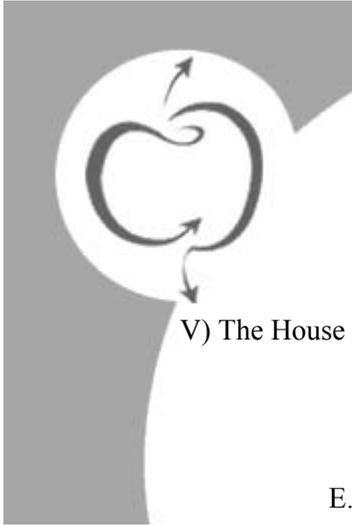


CURRENT STRUCTURE OF BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI CONSPIRACY AND THE LAW OF FIVES



POEE Disorganizational Matrix

Official Proclamation -- ODD# III(b)/4,i;18Aft3135



- V) The House of Apostle of ERIS For the Eristocracy and the Cabalablia
 - A. The Five Apostles of ERIS
 - B. The Golden Apple Corps (KSC)
 - C. Episkoposes of The Discordian Society
 - D. POEE Cabal Priests
 - E. Saints, Erisian Avatars, and Like Personages

- IV) The House of the Rising Podge for the Disciples of Discordia
 - A. Office of My High Reverence, The Polyfather
 - B. Council of POEE Priests
 - C. The Legion of Dynamic Discord
 - D. Eristic Avatars
 - E. Aneristic Avatars

- III) The House of the Rising Hodge For the Bureaucracy
 - A. The Bureau of Erisian Archives
 - B. The Bureau of The POEE Epistolary, and The Division of Dogmas
 - C. The Bureau of Symbols, Emblems, Certificates and Such
 - D. The Bureau of Eristic Affairs, and The Administry for The Unenlightened Eristic Horde
 - E. The Bureau of Aneristic Affairs, and the Administry for the Orders of Discordia

- II) The House of the Rising Collapse For the Encouragement of Liberation of Freedom, and/or the Discouragement of the Immanentizing of the Eschaton
 - A. The Breeze of Wisdom and/or The Wind of Insanity
 - B. The Breeze of Integrity and/or The Wind of Arrogance
 - C. The Breeze of Beauty and/or The Wind of Outrages
 - D. The Breeze of Love and/or The Wind of Bombast
 - E. The Breeze of Laughter and/or The Wind of Bullshit

- I) The Out House For what is left over
 - A. Miscellaneous Avatars and Punslingers
 - B. The Fifth Column
 - C. POEE Popes everywhere
 - D. Drawer ``O" for OUT OF FILE
 - E. Lost Documents and Forgotten Truths



Bavarian Illuminati

Founded by Hassan i Sabbah, 1090 A.D. (1090 A.L., 4830 A.M.)
Reformed by Adam Weishaupt, 1776 A.D. (1776 A.L., 5336 A.M.)



THE ANCIENT ILLUMINATED SEERS OF BAVARIA

invite YOU to join

The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

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

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

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



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

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

WHAT REALLY DID HAPPEN
TO AMYROSE BIERCE?

If your I.Q. is over 100, and you have \$5,100.00 (plus handling), you might be eligible for a trial membership in the A.I.S.B. If you think you qualify, put the money in a cigar box and bury it in your backyard. One of our Underground Agents will contact you shortly.

I DARE YOU!

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

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



"NOTHING IS TRUE. EVERYTHING IS PERMISSIBLE"
-Hassan i Sabbah



Nil
Carborundum
Illegitimo



OFFICIAL
BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI
"EWIGE BLUMENKRAFT!"

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

00070

THE OFFICE OF HIGH PRIESTHOOD

Not long after the Discordian Society was founded, there happened a schism (no great religion is without schisms!). It seems that Malaclypse (The Younger)--while under inspiration--realized that the Greeks did not understand the Principle of Discord very well at all; and that Eris should not be taken quite as literally as had been done. And for about five days, Malaclypse (The Younger) went through a period of Rebellion, and was heard making such comments as "Down with Eris" and "Screw God" and other terrible things which made Lord Omar very angry.

Passing through his rebellious phase, Malaclypse (The Younger) asked Lord Omar just what they should do; for Lord Omar's inspirations told him that Eris was to be taken literally--or nearly so, anyway. Well, they went into conference at the Bowling Alley where Eris first presented Herself to them, and together they talked things over with Eris.

After much lengthly contemplation, discussion, meditation, and consideration they concluded that it is perfectly within the Discordian Philosophy to have Sex (I mean Sects). And each appointed the other as High Priest of his particular interpretation.

THE ERISIAN ORTHODOXY is the interpretation of Lord Omar, and is more or less loyal to the ancient understanding of Eris, and feels that she is a real live Goddess (sort of). Any member of this sect should never, never take Her name in vain, or so much as suggest that another God or Goddess comes anywhere near Her.

THE HERETIC FRINGE & PROTESTANT PERSUASION is the interpretation of Malaclypse (The Younger). He feels that She is not a real live Goddess but if there was one, it would be She. Being a Symbolic Manifestation of The Principle (which is what he calls Her), She does not, he argues, always represent the appropriate specific. Which means that sometimes a Fringe Heretic & Persuaded Protestant can say "Hail Baccus" or "Hail St. Bokonon" or "Hail Me" or something, if he feels that Eris is not the appropriate symbol ~~and~~ under the circumstances at the moment. The liberal interpreters may take Her name in vain on occasion; but do so sparingly, with kindness, and not in the presence of an Orthodox Erisian (note 7).

At the time that this is being written, these are the only two sects and the only two High Priests. However, there is one way to become a High Priest yourself--but that is a secret, and never let out of the Office. The reason that it is secret is this: The High Priests feel that being a High Priest and having followers is quite a responsibility, and should not be available to just any one. So, if a person understands Discordianism to the degree in which it is apparent to him, without being told, how he can become a High Priest (if he wants to), then he understands it well enough to qualify. So don't ask a High Priest how he became one, because he cannot tell you. Incidentally, this is the only secret that is to be found in the Erisian Mysteries--the reason that we are "esoteric" is because nobody ever heard of us.

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

THE EPISKOPOSES

RRRRRRMMMMMM

Everything has pretty much been stated about the members in general of The House, except: How To Become One.

If a Legionnaire wishes ascendance into The House, he must first prove that he has a profound understanding of Discordianism. This is really necessary, for an Episkopos (unlike a Legionnaire) can do just about anything he wishes IN THE NAME OF THE DS. The only thing that he cannot do, is override The Golden Apple Corps. So, present yourself for examination before The Golden Apple Corps; and if it feels that your Erisian Judgement can be almost-unconditionally ~~assented~~ ^{trusted}, then you will be ascended. The easiest way to present yourself for examination, is to write a Holy Work, such that you feel it demonstrates your ability to be an Episkopos, and present it to The Corps--actually, this way is preferred, we like Holy Works. Ascendance into The House can be authorized only by The Corps.

One privilege that an Episkopos has is that of giving himself titles, such as Bull Goose of Limbo and Protector of Switzerland (Lord Omar's title) or Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity-in-Gold (Malaclypse--The Younger's title). Like your Sacred Name, your Sacred Title is a very personal and individual thing and should be chosen with care. Furthermore, he can also head departments of the Administry and title himself appropriately; and he can officially usher in new Legionnaire Converts; and ascend Legionnaires to Disciplehood; and ~~do everything~~ everything.

As an Aristocrat in The House of the Apostles of Eris, an Episkopos ^{shall} carry his Honor with the appropriate dignity.

Reference copy, JFK Collection:

THE ADMINISTRY

As it's name indicates, this handles the Administration Functions necessary for the propagation of Discordianism. It is the responsibility of The House and is headed by Episkoposes.

It has five sub-divisions, each head of which is called "The Keeper of....." ("of The Erisian Archives," "of symbols, emblems, Certificates and Such," etc.) except the Secretariat who is called "The Secretariat" but since we don't have one it doesn't make any difference anyway. Each sub-division may have sub-sub-divisions, and they can have their sub-sub-sub-divisions, ad infinitum. Just keep track of what you are doing, and enjoy yourself.

Papal Knights

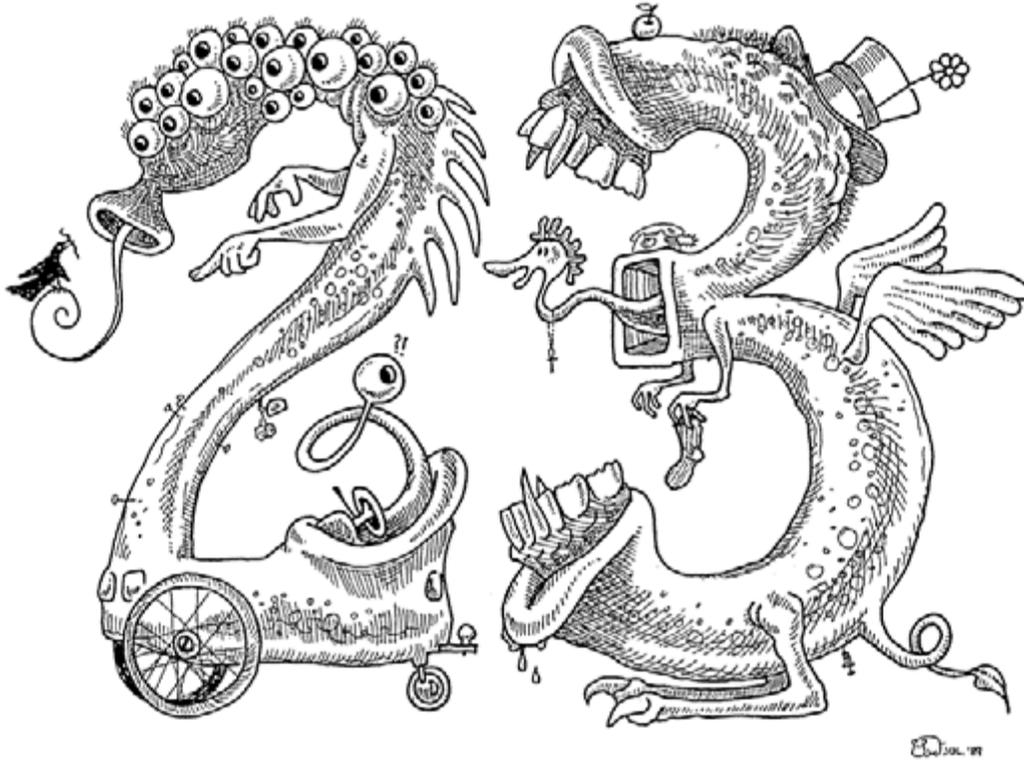
As every Discordian is a Pope (or Mome), any Discordian may become a Papal (or Momal) Knight. For extra comic effect, the Discordian should think of an amusing yet predictable shape for a table, and claim to be a Knight of it. For example: I am Sir John Doe, Knight of the banana-shaped table. As you can see, the banana is an amusing yet extremely predictable shape for a table to be. Alternatively, choose a silly geographical location, for example: I am Sir John Doe, Knight of Skegness. The final possibility is to make yourself Knight of something, much like being a patron saint: for example: I am Sir John Doe, Knight of the Living Dead. Becoming a Papal Knight: endless hours of fun for all the family!

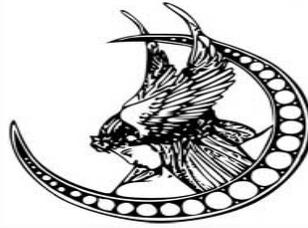
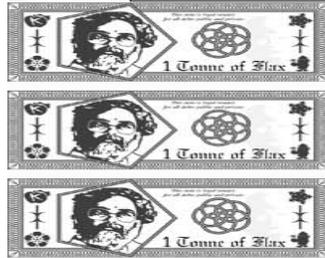
Enlightenment

A Discordian should be confused by his enlightenment and enlightened by his confusion. Enlightenment, the Anerisians will tell you, comes from long meditation and ordered thinking. Not so. Only by fully destroying the order of your mind can the teachings of Malaclypse the Younger and Discordianism truly be understood. There are several methods for doing this. Some of the most popular and effective methods follow:

- 1) Mosh to extremely loud heavy metal music.
- 2) Take large amounts of drugs.
- 3) Spend twenty years living a hermit-like existence in the Gobi desert, while standing on your head.
- 4) Run for President, Prime Minister, Premier, or Head of State for your country.
- 5) Have a frontal lobotomy.

Preferably do all of these simultaneously (except maybe the fifth one). Many people's lives improve immeasurably after they become Drugged-Up Moshing Hermits who Stand (on their heads) for President.





Joining the Discordian Society



Please fill out the following:

Name: _____

Holy Name: _____

Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Brain: _____

Hat: _____ Moustache: _____

Why ever do you want to be a member of the Discordian Society? _____

What kind of freak are you? _____

Do you feel good about this? (Yes/No)

Do you want to be a Discordian?

(Yes/No/Other)

Now, total up the number of correct answers and divide by five.

Multiply by 23 and subtract 6. This will be your membership number.

DO NOT FORGET IT!

Make five copies of this. Send two to the proper authorities. Nail one to a post.

Make one into a paper boat and Sink it.

Bury the other one. Our underground agents will contact you.

HAIL ERIS! ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!

brought to you by the Discordian Society, a non-prophet disorganization.

Power to the people. Ban the fucking bomb.

(K) No one 1997 All rights reversed.





++
 CERTIFICATE OF
 HOLY ORDINATION



BE IT KNOWN THAT

HAS BEEN RIGHTEOUSLY ORDAINED AS A PRIEST OF
 THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC
 AND THUSLY ENTRUSTED WITH ALL HOLY DUTIES
 AND DIVINE PRIVILEGES OF THIS OFFICE

IN THE NAME OF THE GODDESS ERIS
 ++ GLORY TO THE SACRED CHAO ++

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF APOSTLE THE ELDER MALACLYPSE
 BY THE OMNIBENEVOLENT POLYPATHER OF VIRGINITY IN GOLD
 MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, KSC; HIGH PRIEST

HAIL ERIS! ++ καλλιχτι ++ ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

___ DAY OF THE SEASON OF _____ YEAR OF OUR LADY ___



The Golden Apple Corps
 HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS
 THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

Ordination

Priest/ess

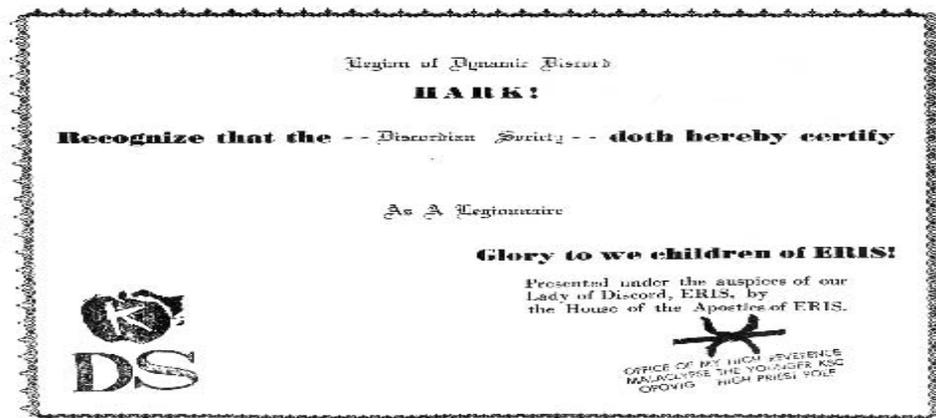
There are no particular qualifications for Ordination because if you want to be a POEE Priest then you must undoubtedly qualify. Who could possibly know better than you whether or not you should be Ordained?

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

POEE Priests have the right (the obligation, even) to perform The POEE Baptismal Rite on anyone who requests (or requires) such a thing.



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



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

MALACLYPSE the Younger, KSC

Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
HIGH PRIEST

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

Official Business Surreptitious Business page 1 of 1 pages

Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): V(0)/3.vi; 39AFT-EM.3135

The Golden Apple Corps House of Disciples of Discordia: The Bureaucracy, Bureau of:

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

Today's DATE: DAY OF THE HOT OLIVES
Originating CABAL: SAN FRANCISCO

Yesterday's DATE: NOV 26 1969

TO: DISCORDIANS EVERYWHERE

Ladies, Gentlemen, & Fellow Discordians,

It is my present pleasure to announce that your Polyfather has achieved a new level of consciousness and is consequently able to relieve The Discordian Society of an unfortunate pox; that is, the remnants of a young man's fear, who some ten years ago began to co-conceive the Society + fancied that it was his thing.

Lord Omar, the other Keeper of The Sacred Chao, has made it clear to me through his spirit that he will thoroughly approve of the following epistle:

The Golden Apple Corps herewith relinquishes its last prerogative, that of appointing Episkoposes, and returns the decision for that to its rightful owner, the person who knows himself to be an authentic Episkopos - with or without the approval of The Golden Apple Corps.

That is, HENCEFORTH, the way in which a person is to be an official Episkopos of The Discordian Society, is for him to declare himself as such. No more, no less. Hail Eris. That's where it began, so shall it be.

Thank you for your patience + assistance as teachers.

HAIL ERIS!

Mal 2

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

Revolution Dept.

KALLISTI ~~.....~~ HAIL ERIS ~~.....~~ ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

Safeguard this letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No.: O.D. IIb/ii.1-37D.VVM.3134

6-7-70
Mal

THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE)
A Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization

POEE
BOX 26475 SAN FRANCISCO
EARTH 94126

MALACLYPSE the Younger, KSC

J.S.

Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
HIGH PRIEST

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

Official Business

Surreptitious Business

page 1 of 1 pages

Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): n/a

The Golden Apple Corps House of Disciples of Discordia; The Bureaucracy, Bureau of: **Eristic Affairs**

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

Today's DATE: 3 Chs 3136

Yesterday's DATE: 2 Chs 3136

Originating CABAL: Norton Cabal

TO: Editor, TRUE MAGAZINE, NYC

Sir,

RE: Jan 70 "Strange But True."

Mr. Dubarry claims that a 297 mile stretch of straight flat railroad tracks rises, because of earth curvature, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles at the center.

That would mean that the locomotive would require considerable fuel on the first part of the journey, going up hill, and could coast on the second half, going down hill.

Furthermore, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles to 297 miles is approximately a 1:100 ratio which would mean that three yardsticks laid end to end would form an arch of over an inch. Nonsense! The middle stick lays flat on the floor.

Any fool can see that the earth is in fact FLAT, as the ancient Zarathud taught.

Mr. Dubarry has been duped by round-earthers like that fraud NASA-- which is a ~~ho~~ hoax and a front for The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, who reap high insurance profits from deluding merchant shippers into sailing off the edge.

Respectfully,

Mal²

Hon.

Mal Younger, AB, DD, KSC
THE FLAT EARTH PARTY
San Francisco Discordian Society



KALLISTI HAIL ERIS ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

Safeguard this Letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No.: O.D.D. IIb/II.1-37D.VVM; 3134



Pope

Being the Pope must be nice. You get to make proclamations, wear those cool flowing robes, scoot around your own private city, mumble in Latin and generally do whatever takes your fancy. But you're not the Pope, are you? Whether it was because you weren't pious enough, too young, too liberal, too female or simply not divinely inspired, Popehood has passed you by like the 7.30 bus to work.

Or has it? Because we don't see why only one person should get to have all the fun, the Wholey Erisian Church has declared that every man, woman and child on this planet is a honest to goodness Pope of the Erisian Church. Yes, that means you!

All you have to do to be an Erisian (a.k.a. Discordian) Pope, is to follow these simple steps:

Step 1: Read and understand the Five Steps

If you want to know what being a Pope entails, what rights and privileges it brings you and what all this Pope card business is really about, you need to read through these pages carefully. Note that, like most everything in Discordianism, the information on these pages is specifically designed to test you. And no, we won't tell you what you're being tested for. We believe half the fun of a test is in finding out what it is really about! Besides, you're a Pope now! With that comes the authority to make up your own mind. Ready? Read on, grasshopper! This step is optional, because if you really don't care enough to read it, you probably won't care about being a Pope anyway. That's okay, go watch some television instead.

Step 2: Your Pope Card and you

Every Discordian Pope needs a Pope card to serve as a tangible reminder of your wholey-ness. Chances are, you already have such a card, but do not know its significance. If you don't have one, read on regardless. All will become clear. Your Pope card signifies and identifies you as an official and approved Pope of Discordia. Use it to impress others, bluff your way out of tight situations ('Excuse me miss, official Pope business. Please move along') or simply to keep, cherish and hold. Note that you're not an official Pope if you don't have a Pope card. Of course, no-one ever said you can't have an invisible Pope card, or one that only exists in your head... We think you'll find it's just more fun to have something solid, though. Any Discordian will gladly provide you with a Pope card, but you are welcome to design one yourself. In fact, we strongly encourage you to do so! The best Pope cards are always the ones that have been individualized by their bearer. It doesn't have to be fancy, but if you have the time and inclination, you can make it as nifty as you want.

Step 3: Your Holy Name

Popes, not unlike saints, monks, nuns and, indeed, rockstars use aliases -holy names- when in function. Therefore, you, as a Pope of Discordianism, are also entitled to a holy name.

Your Holy Name can be anything you like. Simply pick one, write it down on your Pope card, and by the power invested in you, this is now your official Holy Name. Although, in practice, names like 3%YggWh-&88GWKLeet tend to get a bit unwieldy after a fashion. Unless, of course, if you're Gaelic, or an African tribesman, or a Martian, or something, in which case I probably just embarrassed myself greatly. If you'll be using your Holy Name online, guard against gender neutral names, unless you like the resulting confusion. Female Popes are free to proclaim themselves Momes instead, though Pope is fine too. Go play, have fun. If you like, you may add Titles Of Import to flavor. You are free to call yourself the Emperor of the Moon, The Rama of South Hampton, High King, Low King, Slightly above the Waist King; anything that suits your fancy. "We don't mind," says brother Omar, "but it may impress your mailman."

If you're a bit iffy about the title thing, because you think that titles should only be given out by people of great importance and influence (The Queen, The President, The Great Giant Head), just remember you outrank them all anyway - you're a Pope! If you think Holy Names are absolute (and somewhat embarrassing) nonsense, they probably wouldn't work for you anyway. No problem, just stick to your regular name, and add Pope if and when you like.

Step 4: Eris

"Eris doesn't want your soul. She only wants to talk to you."

You are now an official Pope of the Church of Eris and an honorary member of the Discordian Society. Most likely though, you are still a bit confused about who this Eris character is. Or what a Discordian is, for that matter. To this purpose, we present you with the central mythology behind your newfound Popehood; the Myth of Eris and the Golden Apple. Of course you are quite free to go about your Pope-ly business without any knowledge of the Golden Apple Myth whatsoever. If you're not interested in mythology and/or philosophy, it might be best if you steered clear of this bit. We won't think any less of you. For those who are still with us, we'll keep it brief. It's probably best to start in ancient Greece. You see, Zeus (the chief god of the greek pantheon) was preparing a wedding banquet for Peleus and Thetis. Thing was, Zeus made the mistake of inviting all the gods and goddesses except Eris (known to the Romans as Discordia).

Understandably ticked off at being the only one left out, Eris fashioned an apple of pure gold and wrote 'KALLISTI' (to the prettiest one) on it. She then waited until the party was well underway, rolled the apple into the banquet hall and left to enjoy a hotdog. To cut a long story short, three of the goddesses present immediately got into a face slapping, hair pulling fight over the apple, as each figured she was the prettiest one and therefore deserved the apple. They finally agreed to bring in a neutral observer, who could then decide who should have the apple. This poor sod was the shepherd Paris. Gods being gods, the three goddesses each tried to bribe Paris with promises of power and wealth. Paris eventually chose the love goddess Aphrodite, who had promised him the heart of the most beautiful woman on earth, Helen of Troy. Yes, that Helen of Troy.

Of course, Aphrodite had conveniently failed to mention that Helen was already married to a very powerful -and jealous- Greek king. The inevitable triangle affair soon reached soap-opera like proportions, until it finally resulted in the famed Trojan War. Eris got blamed for the whole sorry mess, and was soon labeled Goddess of Chaos, Confusion and Strife. And so it was that Eris got stuck with a bit of a nasty reputation, while the three backstabbing goddesses ended up in nearly every book about mythology.

Luckily, there are those who know the true events behind this, the Original Snub. United as one (one what, we won't say), the Discordian Society aims to enlighten the world to the true nature of She What Done it All; Eris Discordia, goddess of chaos, confusion and missing left socks. Truth be told folks, the Ancient Greeks always had a talent for overdramatising and Eris has mellowed out quite a bit since the whole Apple affair (though she does get a bit testy at times).

Do you believe that? If not, that's okay. One of the Five Rules of the Erisian Church is never to believe anything you read. If you don't believe THAT either, you're a bit stubborn but well on your way to understanding the real importance of rules in general.

What We Know About ERIS (not much)

Eris was much maligned and feared by the Greeks and Romans. It is suspected that they feared and maligned Her because She wasn't a weak willed Goddess of Beauty or some other such patriarchal construction. Like the ancient Celtic Goddess, Macha, She embodies all the aspects of human femininity from a time before the advent of dominator cultures and their insistence upon endemic warfare. She would not fit into the mold that the warrior castes needed. Thus they slandered Her and attributed to Her all of the negative aspects of warfare that they saw in themselves. Being the dominators that they were, they turned Her love of Creative Chaos and Disagreement into something evil. And what is more evil to dominators than disagreement and loss of control? The Romans left a likeness of Her for posterity--She was shown as a grotesque woman with a pale and ghastly look, Her eyes afire, Her garment ripped and torn, and as concealing a dagger in Her Bosom. Actually, most women look pale and ghastly when concealing a chilly dagger in their bosoms. Traditionally, Eris was seen as the daughter of Chaos, though Her genealogy is a bit confused. In modern times, however, She is viewed as a personification of Chaos. The Greek word 'Eris' literally meant 'strife' or 'discord'. Unless this is explained, people will get a nasty impression of Eris. To start with, Eris can be nasty, but who can't be at times? But that is only one of Her moods, and most of the nastiness that the ancients attributed to Her was really their own damned fault. People often like to blame deities for their own shortcomings, and Eris gets blamed for causing a lot of things that humans themselves have willfully and gleefully created.

Her genealogy is from the Greeks and is utterly confused. Either She was the twin of Ares and the daughter of Zeus and Hera; or She was the daughter of Nyx, goddess of night (who was either the daughter or wife of Chaos, or both), and Nyx's brother, Erebus, and whose brothers and sisters include Death, Doom, Mockery, and Friendship. And that She begat Forgetfulness, Quarrels, Lies, and a bunch of gods and goddesses like that. Many people like to believe Hesiod (that old Greek writer) when he wrote that there were two deities called Eris; one a spur in your side to get you off your ass; the other a violent and angry war-causing

spiteful power that strikes fear into the hearts of humankind—or probably just ‘mankind’ as women usually had no reason to fear Eris. However, Hesiod was just fiddling around with semantics. We know both descriptions of Eris are about one and the same being. And She is your Goddess. Let’s forget about Hesiod. In keeping with the law of fives, or something of that sort, there may be five main aspects of Erisian manifestations or visitations; Chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy, and the aftermath. Chaos being Eris’s usual aspect of laugh-happy freedom and the dynamic balance between creative order and disorder—the Hodge and the Podge. Discord being what happens when Eris and/or Her Children are snubbed, ignored, or attacked—Eris gets angry and She gets even, and so does Her Children. Confusion can be considered both the result of this discord started by Eris and Her Children (otherwise known as ‘us’), and the result of THEM—the snubbers, etc.—trying to manage the ‘problem’. But we know THEY can’t really manage the problem now, can THEY? Because of this confusion, THEY start to make laws, procedures, and ideas to cover every possibility in a feverish attempt to use confusion to get out of confusion, a.k.a. bureaucracy—and it’s because of ‘us’ that THEY do so. Of course bureaucracy is Eris simply making THEM look silly, and we are, of course, in on this gag. Eris also gets us to stuff the society at large with so many papers, files, reports, revelations, and ideas. So many uncategorizable damned things start popping up everywhere that society at large must use vast resources (such as paper or file space) to try to keep up. (Remember that when faced with Eris’s bureaucracy aspect of confusion trying to solve confusion, THEY begin to go bananas, whereas ‘we’ tend to laugh.) It is inevitable that the bureaucracy becomes so large and unwieldy by THEM that THEY begin to succumb to Eris’s whispers or shouts of freedom—the aftermath being the aspect of Eris turning on the pineal gland. Many of THEM become ‘us’ and do not even know it, unless we tell THEM. Or Eris tells THEM.

One day Mal-2 consulted his Pineal Gland (THE PINEAL GLAND is where each and every one of us can talk to Eris. If you have trouble activating your Pineal, then try the appendix which does almost as well. Reference: DOGMA I, METAPHYSICS #3, "The Indoctrination of the Pineal Gland") and asked Eris if She really created all of those terrible things. She told him that She had always liked the Old Greeks, but that they cannot be trusted with historic matters. "They were," She added, "victims of indigestion, you know." Suffice it to say that Eris is not hateful or malicious. But She is mischievous, and does get a little bitchy at times.

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

In terms of imagery, Eris is usually portrayed as a disheveled haired women in an equally disheveled white dress. Sometimes, however She wears slick urban night life clothing. Her hair and eye colors tend to vary from depiction to depiction. She is chaos, after all. She is shown sometimes holding a golden apple with the word ‘kallisti’ (Greek for ‘to the prettiest’)

inscribed thereupon. Discordians also like to think of all women being physical embodiments of Eris. This was originally because most Discordians were heterosexual men. But such a masculine heterosexual numerical dominance of a Goddess-centered 'irreligion' was bound to evaporate due to its inherent absence of sexism. The Discordian Society of today actually has a higher proportion of women than men and a good number of them are of many sexual preferences. (And due to the non-focus within Discordianism on such sociological categories as above, this is the only place in this whole treatment you will find them discussed.)

Eris is, besides all that, a Goddess of laughter. And laughter is what Discordianism is mainly all about. The key insight that humanity can solve its problems when it stops taking itself so seriously is what keeps Discordians fluid and humorous. Eris is a paradoxical being Herself, and each Discordian has their own perspective, or set of perspectives, about Her - either due to Her shenanigans, the pineal gland of the Discordian in question, and/or some weird combination of both. She does exhibit some of the qualities associated with other divine beings. She does 'smite'. She visits people in their visions and dreams, if not in other ways. She tends to reserve a special spot in Her heart for those Discordians who can cause the most amount of activity on Her behalf. She also reserves a place in Her heart for people who have lost their minds, either willingly or not. She appears when Her 'followers' least expect it,

PROCLAMATION !

EMPEROR NORTON

Joshua Norton, or as he preferred to be called, Norton I, proclaimed himself Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico in 1859.

Although a pauper, he was fed free in San Francisco's best restaurants.

Although a madman, he had all his state proclamations published in San Francisco's newspapers.

While rational reformers elsewhere failed to crack the national bank monopoly with alternate currency plans, Norton I had his own private currency accepted throughout San Francisco.

When the Vigilantes decided to have a pogrom against the Chinese, and sane men would have tried to stop them, Norton I did nothing but stand in the street, head bowed, praying. The Vigilantes dispersed.

"When the proper man does nothing (wu-wei), his thought is felt ten thousand miles."
--Lao Tse

Although a fool, Norton I wrote letters which were seriously considered by Abraham Lincoln and Queen Victoria.

"You must take the bull by the tail and look the facts in the face."
--W.C. Fields

Although a charlatan, Norton I was so beloved that 30,000 people turned out for his funeral in 1880.

"Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand Hermann Heese. Hardly anybody understands Einstein. And nobody understands Emperor Norton."
--Heliolypse the Younger, K.S.C.

Be Ye Not Lost Among Precepts of Order...
THE BOOK OF UTERUS 1:3

Ancient Illuminated Texts of Bavaria
The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

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

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BUREFLUX 1982
OFFICIAL DISCORDIAN SOCIETY MAIL ERIS



LIVE LIKE HIM



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

The Five Visions of the Golden Apple

This is the story of Our Lady of Discord, Eris, daughter of Chaos, mother of Fortuna. You have read some of it in Bullfinch, no doubt, but his was the exoteric version.

You recall the story of the Golden Apple, in the exoteric and expurgated version, at least? The true version is the same, up to a point. Zeus, a terrible old bore by the way, did throw a bash on Olympus, and he did slight Our Lady by not inviting Her. She did make an apple, but it was Acapulco Gold, not metallic gold. She wrote Kallisti on it, to the prettiest one, and rolled it into the banquet hall. Everybody- not just the goddesses; that's a male chauvinist myth- started fighting over who had the right to smoke it. Paris was never called to pass judgment; that's all some poet's fancy. The Trojan War was just another imperialistic rumble and had no connection with these events at all.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

What really happened was that everybody was squabbling over the apple and working up a sweat and pushing one another around and pretty soon their vibrations -- Gods have very high vibration, exactly at the speed of light, in fact -- heated up the apple enough to unleash some heavy fumes. In a word, the Olympians all got stoned.

And they saw a Vision, or a series of Visions.

In the first Vision, they saw Yahweh, a neighboring god with a world of his own which overlapped theirs in some places. He was clearing the set to change its valence and start a new show. His method struck them as rather barbarous. He was, in fact, drowning everybody -- except one family that he allowed to escape in an Ark.

"This is Chaos," said Hermes. "That Yahweh is a mean mother', even for a god."

And they looked at the Vision more closely, and because they could see into the future and were all (like every intelligent entity) rabid Laurel and Hardy fans and because they were zonked on the weed, they saw that Yahweh bore the face of Oliver Hardy. All around him, below the mountain on which he lived (his world was flat), the waters rose and rose. They saw drowning men, drowning women, innocent babes sinking beneath the waves.

They were ready to vomit. And then Another came and stood beside Yahweh, looking at the panorama of horrors below, and he was Yahweh's Adversary, and, stoned as they were, he looked like Stanley Laurel to them. And then Yahweh spoke, in the eternal words of Oliver Hardy: "Now look what you made me do," he said.

And that was the first Vision.

They looked again, and they saw Lee Harvey Oswald perched in the window of the Texas School Book Depository; and he, again, wore the face of Stanley Laurel. And because this world had been created by a great god named Earl Warren, Oswald fired the only shots that day, and John Fitzgerald Kennedy was, as the Salvation Army charmingly expresses it, "promoted to glory."

"This is Confusion," said Athena with her owl-eyes flashing, for she was more familiar with the world created by the god Mark Lane.

then they saw a hallway, and Oswald-Laurel was led out between two policemen. Suddenly Jack Ruby, with the face of Oliver Hardy, stepped forward and fired a pistol right into that frail little body. And then Ruby spoke the eternal words, to the corpse at his feet: "Now look what you made me do," he said.

And that was the second Vision.

Next, they saw a city of 550,000 men, women and children, and in an instant the city vanished; shadows remained where the men were gone, a firestorm raged, burning pimps and infants and an old statue of a happy Buddha and mice and dogs and old men and lovers; and a mushroom cloud arose above it all. This was a world created by the cruelest of all gods, Realpolitik.

"This is Discord," said Apollo, disturbed, laying down his lute.

Harry Truman, a servant of Realpolitik, wearing the face of Oliver Hardy, looked upon his work and saw that it was good. But beside him, Albert Einstein, a servant of that most elusive and gnostic of gods, Truth, burst into tears, the familiar tears of Stanley Laurel facing the consequences of his own karma. For a brief instant, Truman was troubled, but then he remembered the eternal words: "Now look what you made me do," he said.

And that was the third Vision.

Now they saw trains, many trains, all of them running on time, and the trains criss-crossed Europe and ran 24 hours a day, and they all came to a few destinations that were alike. There, the human cargo was stamped, catalogued, processed, executed with gas, tabulated, recorded, stamped again, cremated and disposed.

"This is Bureaucracy," said Dionysius, and he smashed his wine jug in anger; beside him, his lynx glared balefully.

And then they saw the man who had ordered this, Adolf Hitler, wearing still the mask of Oliver Hardy, and he turned to a certain rich man, Baron Rothschild, wearing the mask of Stanley Laurel, and they knew this was the

world created by the god Hegel and the angel Thesis was meeting the demon Antithesis. Then Hitler spoke the eternal words: "Now look what you made me do," he said.

And that was the fourth Vision.

They did then look further and, lo, high as they were they saw the founding of a great republic and proclamations hailing new gods named Due Process and Equal Rights for All. And they saw many in high places in the republic form a separate cult and worship Mammon and Power. And the Republic became an Empire, and soon Due Process and Equal Rights for All were not worshipped, and even Mammon and Power were given only lip-service, for the true god of all was now the impotent What Can I Do and his dull brother What We Did Yesterday and his ugly and vicious sister Get Them Before They Get Us.

"This is Aftermath," said Hera, and her bosom shook with tears for the fate of the children of that nation. And they saw many bombings, many riots, many rooftop snipers, many Molotov cocktails. And they saw the capital city in ruins, and the leader, wearing the face of Stanley Laurel, taken prisoner amid the rubble of his palace. And they saw the chief of the revolutionaries look about at the rubble and the streets full of corpses, and they heard him sigh, and then he spoke the eternal words: "Now look what you made me do," he said.

And that was the fifth Vision.

And now the Olympians were coming down and they looked at each other in uncertainty and dismay. Zeus himself spoke first.

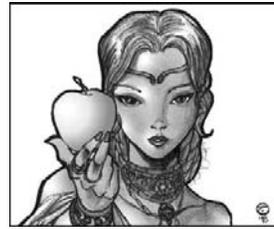
"Man," he said, "that was SOME Heavy Grass."

"Far fuckin out," Hermes agreed solemnly.

"Tree fuckin mendous," added Dionysius, petting his lynx.

"We were really fuckin into it," Hera summed up for all.

from **The Illuminatus! Trilogy**, by Robert Anton Wilson.



Step 5: Tell us about it

"If you have any answers," says Pope Gretchen the Mandatory, "We'll be happy to provide you with full and detailed questions." And so we will.





Hammers of Bonking

Though not at all necessary, there is a certain special something to having some symbol of office. Every judge has his gavel, every (mundane) pope has his miter; every Discordian pope should have his Hammer of Bonking (preferably with a whistle in its handle, though this is not what one might call "imperative").

A Hammer of Bonking usually measures some ten inches long, is brightly colored, and has at least one Squeaking Impact Device (mayhap $i\frac{1}{2}$, but I strongly doubt it) in the head. That is, when you hit something (or -one) with it, it squeaks.

A Hammer of Bonking is used to inform someone that he or she is being entirely too serious about something that doesn't warrant such agida (which is most everything, when you get right down to it). A properly administered Bonk is applied to the Bonkee's noggin and should be accompanied by an informative declaration, such as "Chill!" or "Lighten up!" or, for the flowery among you, "What ho, knave, thou has thy knickers in a twist, and shouldst removest yon hairy caterpillar from thy fundament." You may mix and match from the above if you like, but be careful of such constructions as "Chill, thou hairy ho," especially when confronting females. If your Hammer has a whistle attachment, you could use it to get the aforementioned uptight person's attention.

The Hammer of Bonking may also be used on oneself when one finds that one is acting in a manner unbecoming to an Improper Pope of Discordia (and we all fall from grace now and again).

If the person in question receives the Knowledge and Conversation of Eris Discordia, they will chuckle at themselves and relax mightily. This is a Good Thing $i\frac{1}{2}$. If the person is not receptive to such Knowledge (and you will soon learn to spot such people, and tiptoe quietly around them), you may have to make a break for it. Planning an escape route for such contingencies is strongly recommended. Shouting for help isn't unseemly, either.

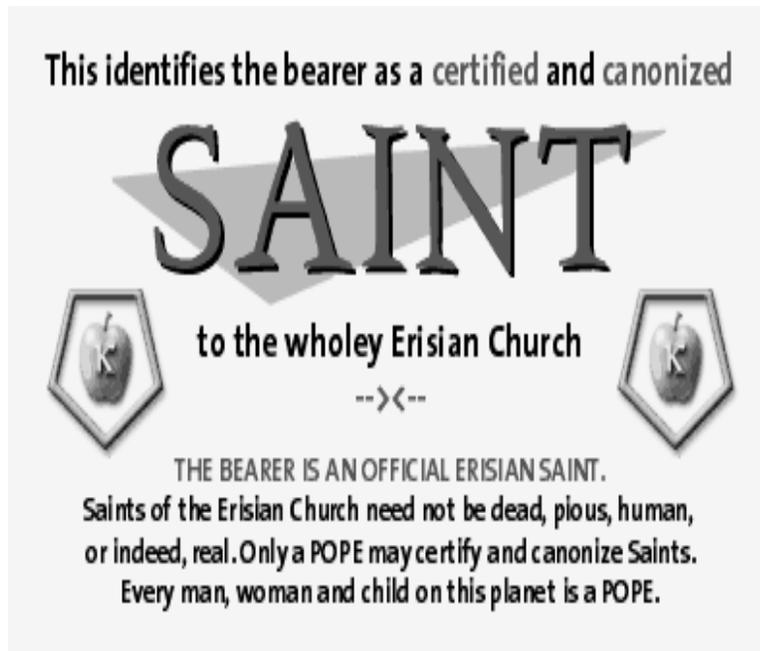
For those who cannot locate a Hammer (and this is not unlikely, for I myself had to search far and wide to locate them), give a call to the Oriental Trading Company and ask them to send you a catalog (which are wonderful things, my Brothers and Sisters; just to give you some further incentive to call [as if a Holy Artifact isn't enough], you can get superballs for \$3.95 a gross). You shall not be disappointed.

Good luck, all, and Happy Bonking.



Saints

It isn't easy to become a saint. You have to live a pious life, perform one or more documented miracles and -worst of all- be dead. It's easy to see how this can seriously cramp your style. Luckily, the Principia Discordia tells us that every man, woman and child on this planet is a genuine and bonafide [POPE]. Yes, that means you. As a [POPE], you are allowed to declare all and sundry a saint. Declare your neighbour the Patron Saint of Buttscratching. Declare your cat the Patron Saint of Hairballs. Declare your imaginary friend a saint, beatify and sanctify everything and anything you see. The prospective saint doesn't even need to be aware of his sudden rise in importance! All you have to do is print out some SAINT cards, and leave them wherever you find a saint. If you don't want to print them out, or if you want to sanctify an imaginary person/object, just leave an imaginary SAINT card. It really is that simple. Remember: If the Pope can do it, how hard can it be?



The Classification of Saints

1. SAINT SECOND CLASS

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

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

2. LANCE SAINT

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

3. LIEUTENANT SAINT

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

4. BRIGADIER SAINT

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

5. FIVE STAR SAINT

The Five Apostles of Eris.

HUNG MUNG, DR. VAN VAN MOJO, SRI SYADASTI SYADAVAKTAVYA SYADASTI SYANNASTI SYADASTI CAVAKTAVYASCA SYADASTI SYANNASTI SYADAVATAVYASCA SYADASTI SYANNASTI SYADAVAKTAVYASCA commonly called just SRI SYADASTI, ZARATHUD THE INCORRIGIBLE, sometimes called ZARATHUD THE STAUNCH, THE ELDER MALACLYPSE.

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

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 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.

AVATARS

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

- HOLY -



No religion can last for long without some sort of Jihad to hold the peoples' attention, and Discordianism is no different.

However, as a whole, we find car bombs, bodily dismemberment and torture to be in *very* poor taste, so our options are rather limited. Also, we try to do what we can to keep some kind of logical consistency between our actions and our morals (I'll wait while you get that out of your system. Okay? C'mon, *breathe*. Think sad thoughts or something. Okay? Okay). In short, we wouldn't feel right if we (taking a *completely* hypothetical example, mind you; just something off the top of my head), say, preached peace, love and forgiveness and then went about burning people at the stake as heretics. I mean, what would the neighbors think?

We believe that confusion and insanit ...*er...* ``unbridled joy" are good things, so our particular brand of warfare centers around delivering those things to the stuck-up clamped anii that so desperately need them (members of The Orders of Discordia, that is).

The two most popular and successful forms of Erisian Warfare are Guerrilla Surrealism (which is not to be confused with Transcendental Terrorism [and neither of *them* will even be seen in the same room with the Flustered Militant Dadaists of the New Pomegranate, to be sure]) and Abnormail Assaults. In addition to personal assaults, we often combat the establishment as a whole by fnoording dollar bills.

Transcendental Terrorists

This is one of the more radical splinter groups of the Society for Krishna Consciousness (who will, of course, disavow any knowledge of them). The TT (or, as they refer to themselves, the ``Children of Militant Enlightenment") has been known to crash into the homes of innocent agnostics and chant at them forcibly until they achieved Krishna consciousness against their wills. They frequent airports, where they attempt to blend in with their more docile brethren (they are, however, easily spotted because they insist on absolute purity and hence will wear no fiber that was ever part of any living creature, so they are usually dressed in nylon and polyester). Because of their insistence on wearing polyester and nylon, they are that much less noticeable in the mall (and forget about picking them out if they're sitting at the bride's family table at a wedding reception). However, if you are vigilant, you will be able to spot the powerful (but smiling) boredom in their eyes and alert the friendly neighborhood Mall Cops (who will, hopefully, rush out to call some real law enforcement officials). Keep yer eyes peeled, all.



Clown Army

The thought of it made Buddy smile. Why not indeed? Hadn't there been a time when he'd thought his art could cleanse the world of malice? Perhaps an army of holy fools could succeed with laughter where bombs had failed. A sweet, ridiculous vision. Comedians on the battlefields, baring their asses to the guns, and beating the generals over the head with rubber chickens; grinning cannon fodder, confounding the politicians with puns and signing the peace treaties with polka-dotted ink. His smile became laughter.

- Clive Barker, **The Great and Secret Show**

Golden Apple Corps

The Golden Apple Corps is an honorary position for the Keepers of The Sacred Chao, so that they can put "KSC" after their names. It says little, does less, means nothing.

Flustered Militant Dadaists of the New Pomegranate

Actually, since Dadaism was an art and literature movement based on letting your subconscious flow through your hands onto paper (or, in this age, your keyboard), and the name was just some random bubble in my subconscious, I guess *I'm* the only member of the FMDNM, so I guess you shouldn't be terribly alarmed by the whole thing.

-13-

DEPT. OF THE ERISIAN ARCHIVES

Lord Omar, as Keeper of The Erisian Archives, has in his possession: 1) The Epistolary and 2) all the official Discordian Records--including copies of Holy Works. The Epistolary is a goodie that is composed of copies of all the Inspired Letters that have passed between the ~~EMMMMMMMM~~ Holders of The Sacred Chao (or, if you like, passed between the Chao's legs). Needless to say, these documents will some day be Erisian Relics and should bring a good price.

The Polyfather also has much of this in his own Archives, which is officially called "The Erisian Archives--So. Cal. Sub-Div."

Anyone who wishes, may compile all of the Discordian Material that they can get their hands on, and call it "Unofficial Erisian Archives"--but it is not recommended because it is a lot of trouble.

Anything that you wish to have officially recorded in The Archives, please make duplicate copies and send one to:
UNITED STATES MAIN TEMPLE; Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, H.C.;
c/o Kerry Thornley (his secular name); 4201 S. 31st. St. #349;
Arlington, Va. 22206 and send the other to:
SOUTHERN CALIF. TEMPLE; Malaclypse (The Younger)st; c/o Gregory Hill
(his secular name); 1331 Ponderosa Ave.; Fullerton, Calif. 92631.
Remember, two copies (carbon GK).

Reference copy, JFK

"There are only two kinds of freedom in the world: the freedom of the rich and powerful, and the freedom of the artist and the monk who renounces possessions."

— Anais Nin



Unitarian Jihad

We are Unitarian Jihad. There is only God, unless there is more than one God. The vote of our God subcommittee is 10-8 in favor of one God, with two abstentions. Brother Flaming Sword of Moderation noted the possibility of there being no God at all, and his objection was noted with love by the secretary.

Greetings to the Imprisoned Citizens of the United States! Too long has your attention been waylaid by the bright baubles of extremist thought. Too long have fundamentalist yahoos of all religions (except Buddhism -- 14-5 vote, no abstentions, fundamentalism subcommittee) made your head hurt. Too long have you been buffeted by angry people who think that God talks to them. You have a right to your moderation! You have the power to be calm! We will use the IED of truth to explode the SUV of dogmatic expression!

People of the United States, why is everyone yelling at you??? Whatever happened to ... you know, everything? Why is the news dominated by nutballs saying that the Ten Commandments have to be tattooed inside the eyelids of every American, or that Allah has told them to kill Americans in order to rid the world of Satan, or that



Yahweh has instructed them to go live wherever they feel like, or that Shiva thinks bombing mosques is a great idea? Sister Immaculate Dagger of Peace notes for the record that we mean no disrespect to Jews, Muslims, Christians or Hindus. Referred back to the committee of the whole for further discussion.

We are Unitarian Jihad. We are everywhere. We have not been born again, nor have we sworn a blood oath. We do not think that God cares what we read, what we eat or whom we sleep with. Brother Neutron Bomb of Serenity notes for the record that he does not have a moral code but is nevertheless a good person, and Unexalted Leader Garrote of Forgiveness stipulates that Brother Neutron Bomb of Serenity is a good person, and this is to be reflected in the minutes.

Beware! Unless you people shut up and begin acting like grown-ups with brains enough to understand the difference between political belief and personal faith, the Unitarian Jihad will begin a series of terrorist-like actions. We will take over television studios, kidnap so-called commentators and broadcast calm, well-reasoned discussions of the issues of the day. We will not try for "balance" by hiring fruitcakes; we will try for balance by hiring non-ideologues who have carefully thought through the issues.

We are Unitarian Jihad. We will appear in public places and require people to shake hands with each other. (Sister Hand Grenade of Love suggested that we institute a terror regime of mandatory hugging, but her motion was not formally introduced because of lack of a quorum.) We will require all lobbyists, spokesmen and campaign managers to dress like trout in public. Televangelists will be forced to take jobs as Xerox repair specialists. Demagogues of all stripes will be required to read Proust out loud in prisons.

We are Unitarian Jihad, and our motto is: "Sincerity is not enough." We have heard from enough sincere people to last a lifetime already. Just because you believe it's true doesn't make it true. Just because your motives are pure doesn't mean you are not doing harm. Get a dog, or comfort someone in a nursing home, or just feed the birds in the park. Play basketball. Lighten up. The world is not out to get you, except in the sense that the world is out to get everyone.

Brother Gatling Gun of Patience notes that he's pretty sure the world is out to get him because everyone laughs when he says he is a Unitarian. There were murmurs of assent around the room, and someone suggested that we buy some Congress members and really stick it to the Baptists. But this was deemed against Revolutionary Principles, and Brother Gatling Gun of Patience was remanded to the Sunday Flowers and Banners committee.

People of the United States! We are Unitarian Jihad! We can strike without warning. Pockets of reasonableness and harmony will appear as if from nowhere! Nice people will run the government again! There will be coffee and cookies in the Gandhi Room after the revolution.

"...it is sometimes an appropriate response to reality to go insane." --Philip K. Dick

"Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one." -Albert Einstein

"Reality is the leading cause of stress amongst those in touch with it." -Jane Wagner

"Reality is something you rise above." -Liza Minelli

"Reality is a crutch for people who can't cope with drugs." -Lily Tomlin

A Primer for Erisian Evangelists

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

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

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

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

The First Clause Ploy wherein you point to all of the discord and confusion in the world and exclaim "Well who the hell do you think did all of this, wise guy?" If he says, "Nobody, just impersonal forces." then quickly respond with:

The Argument by Semantical Gymnastics and say that he is absolutely right, and that those impersonal forces are female and that Her name is ERIS. If he, wonder of wonders, still remains obstinate, then finally resort to:

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

As is the case with all evangelists, there is a good chance that a heckler or two will materialize and make your Holy Work difficult (the African tribesmen used to rip on the Christian Missonaries plenty before the Christian Soldiers showed up). In order to prepare for such contingencies, it might be a good idea to have a bunch of All-Purpose Slams memorized.



How to Win Arguments

by Dave Barry

as translated from English to English by Dan Hydar dhydar@CORNDOG.BELLAHS.COM

I argue very well. Ask any of my remaining friends. I can win an argument on any topic, against any opponent. People know this, and steer clear of me at parties. Often, as a sign of their great respect, they don't even invite me. You too can win arguments. Simply follow these rules:

Drink Liquor.

Suppose you're at a party and some hotshot intellectual is expounding on the economy of Peru, a subject you know nothing about. If you're drinking some health-fanatic drink like grapefruit juice, you'll hang back, afraid to display your ignorance, while the hotshot enthalls your date. But if you drink several large shots of Jack Daniels, you'll discover you have **STRONG VIEWS** about the Peruvian economy. You'll be a **WEALTH** of information. You'll argue forcefully, offering searing insights and possibly upsetting furniture. People will be impressed. Some may leave the room.

Make things up.

Suppose, in the Peruvian economy argument, you are trying to prove Peruvians are underpaid, a position you base solely on the fact that **YOU** are underpaid, and you're damned if you're going to let a bunch of Peruvians be better off. **DON'T** say: "I think Peruvians are underpaid." Say: "The average Peruvian's salary in 1981 dollars adjusted for the revised tax base is \$1,452.81 per annum, which is \$836.07 before the mean gross poverty level."

NOTE: Always make up exact figures.

If an opponent asks you where you got your information, make **THAT** up, too. Say: "This information comes from Dr. Hovel T. Moon's study for the Buford Commission published May 9, 1982. Didn't you read it?" Say this in the same tone of voice you would use to say "You left your soiled underwear in my bath house."

Use meaningless but weightly-sounding words and phrases.

Memorize this list:

- * Let me put it this way
- * In terms of
- * Vis-a-vis
- * Per se
- * As it were
- * Qua
- * So to speak
- * well, any-who

You should also memorize some Latin abbreviations such as "Q.E.D.," "e.g.," and "i.e." These are all short for "I speak Latin, and you do not."

Here's how to use these words and phrases. Suppose you want to say:

"Peruvians would like to order appetizers more often, but they don't have enough money."

You never win arguments talking like that. But you WILL win if you say: "Let me put it this way. In terms of appetizers vis-a-vis Peruvians qua Peruvians, they would like to order them more often, so to speak, but they do not have enough money per se, as it were. Q.E.D."

Only a fool would challenge that statement.

Use snappy and irrelevant comebacks.

You need an arsenal of all-purpose irrelevant phrases to fire back at your opponents when they make valid points. The best are:

- * You're begging the question.
- * You're being defensive.
- * You aren't an expert in Old Church Slavonic.
- * Don't compare apples and oranges.
- * What are your parameters?

This last one is especially valuable.

Nobody, other than mathematicians, has the vaguest idea what "parameters" means.

Here's how to use your comebacks:

You say: As Abraham Lincoln said in 1873...

Your opponent says: Lincoln died in 1865.

You say: You're begging the question.

OR

You say: Liberians, like most Asians...

Your opponent says: Liberia is in Africa.

You say: You're being defensive.

Compare your opponent to Adolf Hitler.

This is your heavy artillery, for when your opponent is obviously right and you are spectacularly wrong. Bring Hitler up subtly. Say: "That sounds suspiciously like something Adolf Hitler might say" or "You certainly do remind me of Adolf Hitler."

You now know how to out-argue anybody. Do not try to pull any of this on people who generally carry weapons.

DEPT. OF SYMBOLS, EMBLEMS, CERTIFICATES, AND SUCH

Melaclypse, (The Younger), H.C., as Keeper of All This, personally renders each hand drawn Certificate, or Emblem or Such all by himself. He then has the master duplicated (offset, Xerox, or something) and presents it to whoever is going to get it.

Due to the expense involved in this operation, this is one of the main areas in which The Treasury is emptied.

If you have any questions about the use of certificates, or what symbol is appropriate to what, or anything at all pertaining to this, just ask this Keeper and if he doesn't have an answer ready he has the authority to make up an answer to fit the problem. All the symbols and things so far, were originally designed by him.

THE OFFICIAL DISCORDIAN DOCUMENT NUMBERING SYSTEM:

The Keeper of Symbols, Emblem, Certificates and Such feels that no organization should be without a system for numbering its official releases. So here is ours:

It is composed of three sets of numbers, each separated by a dash. The first represents the Movement appropriate to the document; the second to the sub-division(s); and the third is the date. Example: #1-2-4:11:64 would mean that it is Erisian, that it pertains to The Legion of Dynamic Discord, and that it was documented on April 11th, 1964.

What to do with sub-sub divisions. In the above example, there would be no way to differentiate between a Legionnaire's document and a Disciple's document; so a Disciple's document would be two point one (2.1) whereas the Legionnaire's would be two point two (2.2), and when there are several more sub-categories, just add a period and another number.

Reminders

To find the appropriate numbers for the categories, check your Table of Disorganization--wnibb should have everything numbered for you (Official Discordian Document #1-3.1-4:11:64).

About dates: ~~Anything~~ Any given thing is liable to be revised without notice at any given time; so, if you have conflicting information, check to see which is the latest--and follow it. Anything that is duplicated from this office will have an Official Document Number with the date. The reason that the date has colons and not slashes between the numbers is to make it not look like a date, which we thought would be nice.

**;;The Random
Initiation Project!!**
A Discordian Tithing Ritual

To be performed every payday, or whenever it seems unnecessary.

1. Obtain five crisp, new one dollar bills.
2. Affix an official-looking Erisian seal to each bill, using a rubber stamp or any other suitable means.
3. Select five people at random out of your telephone book. Only accept those faithful who have listed a mailing address, not those damn sinners who leave it unlisted.
4. Mail one bill to each person, enclosing it with this letter, printed on your cabal's official letterhead:

Dear <name>,

We are writing to inform you that we have been monitoring you and feel that you have reached a point of eligibility for entrance into our organization. Enclosed you will find a \$1.00 bill with our seal of initiation. Keep it with you at all times. Soon an agent of ours will approach you and give you the activation phrase "Did you see the moon last night?" Upon hearing this phrase, you are required to present the stamped bill and respond with "It was pointing to the sun." Failure to produce the stamped bill or return the appropriate phrase will end your eligibility for admission. This exercise is the final test to determine your cognitive ability to hold an idea and remain ready to respond over an undetermined period of time. You will be contacted when you are least expecting it. Any questions you have will be answered once you have successfully gained entrance into the organization.

5. We suggest that you get in the habit of using the activation phrase publicly at every opportunity. Eris just might have a present for you. This ritual leverages the profound power of money to sow eristic seeds into the population. Even if the recipient ignores the letter and spends the dollar, the markings on the bill will continue to radiate eristic vibrations on their own. You can't lose.

The reality is in this head. Mine. I'm the projector at the planetarium, all the closed little universe visible in the circle of that stage is coming out of my mouth, eyes, and sometimes other orifices also.

- Thomas Pynchon, *The Crying of Lot 49*

Application For Membership

In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

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

3. Name Holy Name

Address

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

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

7. SELF-PORTRAIT



The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

Bavarian Illuminati

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



Today's DATE: 43 Conf (Sri Syadasti), Y.O.L.D. 3135

FROM: Discordian Society, San Francisco Cabal

To: OPEN LETTER TO G.O.P. NATIONAL COMMITTEE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

SURREPTITIOUS BUSINESS

MONKEY BUSINESS

I hate to get picky fellows, but some of you Republican-types (sneer) were lately trying to convince me that the  was really the ancient satonic "broken cross".



(Actually, the broken cross symbol looked like  not like ). And now I really hate to tell you this, but those 3 inverted pentagrams on your elephant's riot helmet are specifically used to conjur evil spirits — when conjuring good spirits one needs must have one point ascending, not one point descending.

And also it seems that you insisted that the  was a plot of the godless commies. Well, I find it noteworthy that your beast is painted red.

MAD MALIK, A.I.S.B.

OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
MAIL ERIS

JUL 9 2 00 PM '69
JUL 9 2 00 PM '69

"NOTHING IS TRUE. EVERYTHING IS PERMISSIBLE"

—Hassan i Sabbah

Secure this letter, it may be an IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENT

Discordian Worship

Abnormail

One of the most intellectually stimulating, informative, inspirational, fun (and, therefore, holy) activities we Discordians can engage in is the giving and receiving of strange, amusing and sometimes irritating notes and letters through the domain of St. Gulik (the Post Office, that is) -- The Comicsacred Write of Abnormail. What makes Abnormail so Blessed is its relative ease -- all it takes is a letter, a stamp, a sense of humor and a little creativity -- which is why ``T.H.E.M." will never co-opt it.

Abnormail can be divided into two basic types:

Eristic Abnormail -- that is, mail to other weird people. A small fraction of this is actually ``useful"; memetic cross-pollination -- new ideas, addresses, news that won't be found on the 6 o'clock news, etc. Unfortunately, the majority of Eristic Abnormail is nothing but inane gossip, masturbatory in-jokes, trivial variations of stale dogmas, snide put-downs of those not weird in exactly the same way as ``us," and similar such garbage ad nauseam; and that's good, too! Considering that the slaves and dupes of Greyface have us outnumbered one thousand to one, we need all the help we can get to maintain our ``faith" -- BUT...

``We Discordians must stick apart." -- Malaclypse the Younger, O.P.O.V.I.G.

As usual, Mal-2 had it right. There is safety in numbers, but, lamentably, there is also smugness, intolerance and stagnation. For us to congregate could be disastrous, due to the perils of Mob Psychology; but by the miracles of modern technology, we can ``stick apart," yet stay in touch, plan our pranks and argue without succumbing to the curse of the legions of Greyface known as Military Intelligence -- the well-known tendency of groups to be even dumber than their stupidest member.

``Divided we stand -- United we fall." -- Sir Realist, Offender of the Faith

``No, it's good that we should stay small and work towards our goals in a multitude of ways. Look at it from `Their' point of view; if all you've got is an elephant gun, which would you rather be attacked by -- one 300-pound lion or 300 one-pound rats?" -- some union organizer

Aneristic Abnormail -- weird things sent in fun to those still trapped in the Region of Thud. These noble Emissionary attempts are collected under the collective aegis of Operation Mindfuck's best-known branch, Project Jake. (For more info on O.M., read *The Illuminatus! Trilogy*.) For maximum benefit, a good Jake should be in response to a particularly gross manifestation of the Aneristic Delusion, not merely intended to chastise, but to teach and amuse as well (or else make them hopping mad). The best Jakes involve a lot of Discordians, all conspiring to contact the subject on Jake Day -- a shining example of Discordian accord, as paradoxical as that sounds.

``Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!" -- J.R. ``Bob" Dobbs™

THE PRIMARY FORM OF DISCORDIAN WORSHIP SERVICE IS THE JAKE, IN WHICH ONE OR MORE DISCORDIANS WILL ATTEMPT TO BRING OTHERS TO A NEW AWARENESS OF ERIS' WORKINGS IN THEIR LIVES. THERE IS NO STANDARD FORM FOR JAKES, WHICH ARE INSPIRED BY ERIS AND MUST BE ADAPTED TO THE EXACT SITUATION AT HAND. THERE'S NO RELIGION-WIDE SCHEDULE FOR JAKES, ALTHOUGH MANY INDIVIDUAL CABALS HAVE MONTHLY OR ANNUAL JAKES.

WHAT IS A JAKE? (AND WHERE CAN I GET SOME?)

A Jake is defined as part of Operation Mindfuck. Basically, it involves a lot of people collaborating to send a lot of weird stuff to some bureaucrat/official/someone somewhere, asking for some information/help/whatever, preferably in an obscure or unusual way. The letters are timed to arrive on the same day, and to make the bureaucrat/official/etc. think that either he is the target of a global conspiracy of lunatics or the general public are much more imaginative than he has previously thought.

By Reverend Brother Lee Harvey Oswald Smith, KSC WMD SPAM Episkopos, John Friedrich Cabal, Discordian Society

A Jake is a practical joke whereby an unlucky victim (the Jake-ee) is the recipient of a coordinated assault of randomness through the mail. Email may also be used but due to similarities with spam, this method is somewhat less effective. Jakes are part of The Discordian Society's Operation Mindfuck. Jakes are equal opportunity however, and are often performed by Christians, Buddhists, SubGenius, and members of other religious faiths.

Generally, Jakes are performed as follows:

1. A Jake-ee is selected. The victim may be a bureaucrat, corporation, celebrity or other person.
2. A date is chosen for the Jake. This is the day that the victim should start receiving items in the mail.
3. All participants of the Jake are notified of the Jake Day.
4. Participants begin sending items in the mail so that they should arrive on the intended Jake Day.

Items sent may include multitudes of flyers, stamps, pamphlets, letters, stickers or any high weirdness the participants have lying around. Often letters printed on official letterhead are sent to bureaucrats with an outrageous call-to-action. For example, a Jake in California once deluged a politician with letters from official-sounding groups such as "Mothers Against Catnip" claiming that during marijuana shortages teenagers were resorting to smoking catnip to get high, and that catnip should be outlawed immediately. Another popular Jake was targeted at the Hormel Foods and dubbed "Spam Jake Day" (23 May, 1994). During this Jake hundreds of letters were to be mailed to the Hormel Foods headquarters, each from bizarre religious organizations claiming to be the original Church of Spam and requesting official endorsement from Hormel Foods.

Non-Jake worship services generally include an opening prayer, a few hymns, a sermon focused on a matter of religious ethics or faith, perhaps another hymn, an opportunity to share religious experiences with each other, and a closing prayer. Some services, however, are derived from the Wiccan type model: creating "sacred space" by an action known as "casting the pentagon" (or other sacred shape) to acknowledge the holiness of the event and its separation from everyday life, a calling of the five sacred elements to bless the ritual space, a devotive or invocative prayer to Eris (and possibly her consort, her son, or her saints), raising of energy to be directed toward some desirable goal (often by song, dance, chanting, or physical activity), feasting on sacred foods, an opportunity for exchanging stories and emotional support, and eventually, ending the service by opening the circle and thanking the Gods & Spirits for their presence and guidance.

Often entheogenic plants or other substances are ingested to aid in contacting their pineal gland.

ALL LABAL ANNOUNCEMENT

000#IV(4)/3,ii;14 Aft-EM, 3135

PROJECT JAKE AND A HALF

You are cordially invited to join in a Jake Bombast directed at columnist Art Hoppe of The San Francisco Chronicle.

TARGET: Art Hoppe is a most enlightened satarist who is highly critical of establishment outrages and is one who enjoys an excellent sense of humor. He is a potential Discordian. ART HOPPE, S.F. CHRONICLE, SAN FRANCISCO 94119.

THEME: Satire, preposterous insanity, and good will.

OBJECT: Blow his mind.

TACTICS:

PLAN A - ESSENTIAL PROJECT JAKE: Gather together anything you think will help blow his mind in a positive manner. Old things, new things, anything that is your bag (of which he is presumably unaware). Mail it so that it arrives in S.F. on WEDNESDAY NOV 19th. Use the enclosed stickers on your envelope and write on the envelope DISCORDIAN SOCIETY OF (YOUR CITY). Be resplendent with full titles, rubber stamps and all manner of pomp.

PLAN B - SUPPORTIVE: Those of you who do not wish to do all of the rigamarole may still help strengthen the project by simply getting a postcard, putting the stickers on it, and writing a big "BOO!" as the message. Add things or not as you wish. Mail anytime November.

PLAN C - DOUBLE JAKE: Those of you who want to help Do This Thing Up Right are further invited to promote public participation in Plan B: "November is SEND A BOO CARD TO THE CHRONICLE MONTH." Contact everybody you think will dig it--like underground papers, campus papers, friends, anybody (duplicate announcement from diff cabals can not hurt). Spread the word! Send Boo Cards! Buy a bunch of postcards and send one every couple of days. Be mysterious. Make subtle Discordian references that won't be understandable until Jake culminates on the 19th. Note the enclosed Press Release--I'm sending out about a dozen and enclosing one postcard with each just to get something started. I'll be mailing boo cards regularly myself from SF and also other stuff piecemeal identified only as Discordian Society. Am also sending some cards that say "legalize boo" just to add another dimension.

NOTE: The ground is laid--I am covering the essentials and even if none should participate then he will still get bombasted for 2 weeks with POEE and Norton Chapter AISB. My culmination will be a Principia, an Ordination, and (for the first time) a return address. Anything you toss into the pot will make it that much better!

AISB NOTE: He should dig The Illuminati--he once did a column in a similar vein regarding a Babylonian Conspiracy.

RALLY AROUND THE FIVE BOYS--WE DISCORDIANS MUST STICK APART!

HAIL ERIS
ALL HAIL DISCORDIA
POEE

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

Mal 2



NOV 02 1969
OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

FakeDope

By Jester.

WARNING: This Jake is dangerous. There is a good chance you could get arrested on Obstructing Justice charges. This is an Advanced Jake.

Materials:

500 baggies

250 ounces of a mix of Oregano, Darjeeling tea, and leaf clippings

500 3" by 3" flyers (Described in Staging)

As many crazy actors as you can recruit.

One Hemp Rally or Hash Bash

Staging:

Place the mix of greens in baggies in half ounce packages.

Place the flyers in each bag. The Flyers should say..

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

Go to the Rally. All Actors should be stone cold sober. If possible, all Actors should clean out so they will even test negative on a urine test.

Performance:

Give several packages to all actors, and anyone who wants to play. Never claim credit for the idea when passing out FakeDope to non actors. Act like you found it and simply find it funny. Leave packages around the Rally site. Get packages passed around everywhere like a giant game of Hot Potato. Some of you WILL run the risk of arrest.

****DO NOT**** carry any real pot on you when doing this. Hopefully, there will be several arrests for Oregano Traffiking. Send a letter to the local paper complaining about all the false arrests. Packages of Oregano and Tea are not illegal. Sign the note ‘Theatre of Reality’.



Her Preyer

We believe in Eris the sometimes-bitchy
Chaotic purveyor of Earth
We believe in Emperor Norton, her only son, our
loony.
He was conceived a while ago but given a rebirth by
Lord Omar and the pen of Mal.
We suffer under various leaders, are cruelly ignored
and shrugged off.
The universe continues to sink into Babylon.
When the 5th Season is over we will rise again and
go about our business.
We are laying at the left hand of the Hot Mama.
Who can't be bothered to judge the cabbages and the
Subgenii, but if she did
Her mercy would have no bounds (maybe).
We believe in the corruption of the Popes,
The disorganization of their churches,
The communion of the hot dog buns,
The forgiveness of orderly thoughts,
The resurrection of former addictions
And of life spent hedonistically in Castle Chaos...

Awomen.

The 23rd Psalm of Eris

by Ratatosk, Squirrel of Discord
The goddess is my dealer I shall not want
for weed. In green cannabis pastures she
lets me lie down. She leads me by the
'Still' waters of fermented grain.
My bowl she refreshes, She leads me in
the path of Discord for her own
enjoyment...
Yea, though I walk in the Valley of the
Shadow of Greyface, I will fear no Pigs.
For She is with me. Her bong and her
hooka, they comfort me.
She prepares a J for me in the presence of
my friends. She anoints me with Bacardi
151. My shot glass runneth over.
Surely Chaos and Discord shall follow
me all the days of my life, And I will
dwell in Limbo with Eris Forever.

WHAT MUST YOU DO TO SAVE US?

To aid us in our devine appiointment, we have instituted a
system of Involuntary Induction, or draft, or draugh, whereby
we enable others to serve her cause irregardless of whatever
personal desires they may have on the matter.

Greetings, Grace.

You are now a member of the Legion Of Dynamic Discord (or,
if you prefer: The Chaos Corps -- or, if you again prefer: Corpse)
and your specific, CHOSEN DUTY is the humble-proud task of serving
as Benevolent Alpine Trouble Shooter (or, if you prefer: Shooter-
ess), or BATS.

I hereby grant you full authorization to shoot any Alpine
Trouble and ask you to fully inform yourself at once about all
details of the Swiss Crisis.

As you doubtlessly know, not long ago I discovered that the
sinister Defamation League was plotting to get eleven small na-
tions together and rob all the banks in Switzerland, commando-stlye.
I do not know much about the sinister leader of this Plot To
Knock Off Switzerland, except that his followers call him the
Anonymous One and that one of the small nations involved is the
Soveriegn Military Order of Malta and that another might be Lux-
embourg or, perhaps, Manaco. My many duties as Bull Goose of
this disorganization have kept me from finding out more.

Our objective is to get the Swiss to be cognizant of the
peril and entrust us with their gold until the Plot is foiled by
our Knights Of The Five-Sided Temple or somebody. If we could
convince them of our trustworthiness by getting a hold of an ICBM?
That is one idea. I leave it to you to probe the situation and
come up with some POSITIVE ACTION steps in renegotiating the matter.

Both the Fly-Padre of Virginity-In-Gould and I will do what-
ever we can to help. Drop us your problems:

THE OMNIBENEVOLENT POLYFATHER OF VIRGINITY-IN-GOLD

18 Q. va. Kallisti c/o Gregry H. Hill

422 No. Milton Avenue, Whittier, California

or: THE BULL GOOSE OF LIMBO, Lord Omar Ravehhuret

c/o Kerry Thornley, 420 1/2 So. 31st St. -349

Arlington, Va.

If you think you know what's going on, you're' probably full of shit!

concerning marijuana and it's legality

Marijuana prohibition applies to everyone, including the constipated. Of all the negative consequences of prohibition, none is as tragic as the denial of medicinal cannabis to the tens of thousands of patients who could benefit from its laxative use. Modern research suggests that cannabis is a valuable aid in the treatment of a wide range of clinical applications, most recently as a miracle colonial declogger. Marijuana is also a powerful appetite stimulant, specifically for patients suffering from HIV, the AIDS wasting syndrome, or dementia. A stimulated hunger, with a built in laxative, would be a true miracle for sufferers of many ailments. A laxative is a preparation used for encouraging defecation, or the elimination of feces. Laxatives are most often taken to treat constipation. Certain stimulant, lubricant, and saline laxatives are used to evacuate the colon for rectal and bowel examinations. Most commonly things such as chemicals and irritants, enemas, drive through Mexican food, and stimulants are used. It has been shown that stimulant laxatives and enemas are addictive, and can cause damage. Marijuana is unique among know forms of constipation relaxation in that it is not habit forming, contains less toxins, and in many cases, has been known to improve or lighten mood. Both AIDS and Cancer reduce appetite. Imagine if you will, an AIDS or Cancer patient who happens to have a constipation problem. Not only would Marijuana give the patient hunger, it would relax their bowels to aid in needed relief, and if that didn't improve the mood already, it gives a sense of euphoria. Virtually every government-appointed commission to investigate marijuana's medical potential has issued favorable findings. These include the U.S. Institute of Medicine in 1982, the Australian National Task Force on Cannabis in 1994, and the U.S. National Institutes of Health Workshop on Medical Marijuana in 1997. More recently, Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee found in 2006 that the available evidence supported the legal use of medical cannabis. KSCs determined: "The government should allow doctors to prescribe cannabis for medical use. ... Cannabis can be effective in some patients to relieve symptoms of constipation, and improve hunger. ... This evidence is enough to justify a change in the law." This is not a call to change law. Just perception.

Yours Truly
Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee

ALCHEMY

FROM THE ZENARCHIST'S COOKBOOK

Ingredients:

- 1 tsp cleaned and ground marijuana
- 1 tsp butter
- 1 shot vodka or rum
- 1 cup milk
- pepper or cinnamon

EDITOR'S NOTE:

IGNORE THE PART WHERE IT SAYS TO NOT ADD SUGAR. THAT'S JUST SILLINESS. PLUS, YOU SHOULDN'T BE BELIEVING ANYTHING YOU READ ANYWAY, (REMEMBER THE PENTABARF!) IT'S BEST TO HAVE A GRINDER AND A STRAINER HANDY. THIS MAKES ONE DRINK, BUT KEEP IN MIND 1 TSP OF POT IS LESS THAN A REGULAR BOWL, AND 1 SHOT ISN'T MUCH BOOZE, SO IT'S EASY TO MAKE A FEW, PLUS IT'S VERY FUN, EFFECTIVE, AND DELICIOUS. HAIL ERIS

Instructions:

5. Place cleaned, ground marijuana and butter in frying pan and heat on medium, mix until butter starts to sizzle and marijuana browns. Turn down the heat if there's any smoking
5. Pour in rum quickly. Keep stirring until at least half the shot has evaporated.
5. Add milk and turn down the heat. Stir until milk is steaming, but not boiling.
5. Add a small squirt of honey and stir.
5. Add pepper or cinnamon to taste. Do Not add sugar. This makes an excellent ceremonial drink. The effects should be felt as quickly as 15-30 minutes. The high should be much stronger than that associated with smoking and should last for about 3-4 hours.

Sermon from My Mouth

[This sermon was transcribed by Nosmo King, at the Eris Esoterica Revival Tent and Miracle Medicine Show, Skokie, Indiana, 1972, only hours before his mysterious disappearance in a Skokie Howard Johnsons. The tape recorder was found in a ladies' room stall, where King was last seen. I have endeavored to preserve the atmosphere of the sermon by joining the assembled throng in their fervent responses. -- Ed.]

Brothers and sisters...

Brothers and sisters, it is a cold world we live in -- *cold-ah!* Where brother turns against brother! Sister against sister! Parent against child! Neighbor hates neighbor! Nations against nation! Man bites dog! And-ah, brothers and sisters-ah, I know why! I know *why* this happens! There is a *rea-son-ah!* A REASON-ah. Y'all listen close now, brothers, sisters and children of Our Lady!

The reason is that people are *sure-ah!* They are firm in their beliefs! Their *beliefs-ah!* Their BELIEFS-ah! For out there, in the Land of Thud, every man is an island of surety! [*^No!* -- Ed.] Security! [*^No!* -- Ed.] Sobriety! [*^NOOOO!* -- Ed.] Every man is sure of up and down! [*^No!* -- Ed.] Right and *left-ah!* [*^No!* -- Ed.] Right and *wrong-ah!* [*^No!* -- Ed.] And I can hear you out there-ah, sayin'-ah ``Say it ain't so, Reverend! Say it ain't so, Brother Alleluja! SAY IT AIN'T SO-ah!"

But it is, my children. So it is.

And you say-ah, so you say-ah, ``Reverend! What can we do-ah? What can we *do-ah?*" You say, ``We are helpless, Reverend, against the Big World-ah and its jails-ah and its Bibles-ah and its policemen-ah and its firemen-ah, its doctors-ah, nurses-ah, Indian *chiefs-ah,* people in uniform-ah! People in **authority-ah!** The cold truth-ah! The ugly **fact-ah!** The harsh *REALITY-ah!*...

Reverend, there are **LAWYERS** out there-ah!" *Lawyers* out there-ah! *Lawyers* out there-ah!

Now I know your fear, brothers and sisters. I have felt your fear-ah. I know your pain. But you are not alone-ah! You are not helpless-ah! You are not alone because our Lady is with you-ah! Gimme a Hail Eris [*^Hail Eris!* -- Ed.] Gimme a HO-sanna! [*^Hosanna!* -- Ed.] Let me hear the word on the apple-ah! [*^KALLISTI!* -- Ed.]

Now y'all listen to me, brothers and sisters! I have it from on high-ah! I have the word from on HIGH-ah! I would tell you that I have it on good authority -- but there is no such *thing* as good authority-ah -- I have it from on high-ah that there is something you can do about it! Tell me what the word is-ah! [*^KALLISTI!* -- Ed.]

[At this point, the Right Irreverent Reverend Allelujah Terata began to shake, shudder and drool. In his spastic thrashings he upset the podium and water pitcher, and it became apparent to all concerned that, from the way he was banging his head against the altar service and foaming at the mouth, he was either channeling for his 5,000 year old Abyssynian spirit guide, Godspo Hasken, or he was very tired and cranky and should be tucked immediately into bed. He then stopped, stood up, and addressed the congregation in a voice which was almost but not entirely just like a voice which sounded remarkably like his own, if he were trying to sound like someone else. Godspo had arrived. -- Ed.]

All right children, listen up. It's not enough to say you are a worshipper of Our Lady. It is not enough to simply *claim*; you must *act!* Without plan, for orderly planning reeks of the Stinky Finger of Thud, while spontaneity is the sparkling flatulence of Our Lady of Little Surprises. It is your responsibility...no, your *duty*...no, that's not right either...It's **lots of fun** to upset the equilibrium of the placid, plodding, sure-footed Thuddites with a bit of mystery -- and *irritating* mystery at that!

What Brother Allelujah was trying to get around to in his long-winded way was this: people who are sure they're right are trouble, and are the typhoid carriers of the Curse of Greyface. Therefore, they are responsible for all the troubles of the world. So, the only way to combat them is to attempt to make them unsure of everything. The most commonplace things. **Everything**. Paper clips. You can make them unsure of their *paper clips*. The best Discordian tactic is called Guerrilla Surrealism. Trust me; I'm a 5,000 year old Abyssynian -- I know what I'm talking about. Listen to ol' Godspo here.

Guerrilla Surrealism -- the primary weapon of the Holy Avatar Calvin, Hagbard Celine, Caligostro the Great, Henry Kissinger, Puck, the Knights Templar and other great Warriors of Discord. A blameless, guiltless and subtle method of gracefully driving people out of their minds. Infinitely variable, incredibly adaptable, endlessly versatile and **really cheap**.

Do you know how many gross of washers or wingnuts you can get wholesale, real cheap? Especially if you go in with a few friends?

I'll explain. No, there is too much. I'll sum up.

Example I of Guerrilla Surrealism: The Wingnut Trick (heh heh heh). Pick your Thuddite carefully. The most pompous, plodding Thud you can find who is accessible to you. Bosses are ideal. Professors too.

Quietly, no more than once per day, maybe twice (patience, patience), slip a wing nut or washer into a jacket pocket, a desk drawer, a briefcase, a lunch box, a shoe, on the carpet -- whatever. Do this slowly and subtly, with accomplices if at all possible. Say **nothing**. Do **not** get caught. In a month, your victim will be a gibbering wreck, being dragged off to the booby hatch screaming ``WING NUTS! WING NUTS! AIEEEEEEE!!'' -- a *much* more entertaining person.

Another variant, usable only on people with ceiling fans, is to drop oily screws and metal bits underneath the fan, once every day or so. People become very worried, especially if they sit or sleep beneath the fan. People suffering from sleep deprivation are also much more entertaining than usual.

Streaking was once a form, but is now too commonplace. Staging bizarre events (like dressing up as elves and running screaming down the ginza) is a beautiful thing. Bizarre graffiti is a time-honored pastime (see Markoff Chaney of *Illuminatus!* by Shea and Wilson), but getting caught and defacing property are equally bad. Lawbreaking creates the need for police, thus encouraging a police state, which is *bad*, children. The best definition of Guerrilla Surrealism is ``an action so bizarre, it is not classified under the law."

Strive for perfection. It is a form of prayer. Strive for epiphany. If that doesn't work, do something funny and run like Hell.

WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

[At this point, Reverend Terata collapsed and was carried off by his staff of nurses while screaming and babbling about lawn gnomes. -- Ed.]

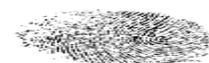
HOW TO TELL A TRUE ILLUMINATUS

As taught by The Illuminated Ones of Constanbul in the year 723 A.D. by ~~Shisem~~ the Wizim of Zohoz, the Eye depicted on the Pyramid emblem represents The Third Eye which manifests itself at the time of an initiates illumination.

But because The Illuminated Ones are a secret society, it was felt to be imprudent if the Eye were to appear on the initiates forehead. So, instead, it appears in a secret place--deep inside of one's asshole.

If you should question the authenticity of a person claiming to be illuminated, nearly wait for an oportune moment and casually look up his arse. And if you find an Eye peering back at you--he is indeed an Illuminated One.

Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia.



HAD MALIK A.I.S.B.
Hauptscheistmeister

ODD# V/3 if_40D.3135

The following games and techniques have been taken from the book Surrealist Games; Redstone Press, London. Everyone can experiment with them, no 'artistic talent' is needed, they are fun and can be used in artistic, magical and playful contexts.

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE

The 'cadavre exquis', whether visual or verbal, was a favourite game with the surrealists.

Rules for the verbal form:

Minimum of three players

The players sit around a table and each writes on a sheet of paper a definite or indefinite article and an adjective (neighbours cannot see what's written). Sheets are folded to conceal the written words and are passed to the next player. Each player then writes a noun, conceals it, verb, definite or indefinite article, adjective, noun. Sentences are read on after a further passing on of the papers.

More complicated sentence structures can be agreed upon.

The game acquired its name from the first sentence obtained in this way:

The exquisite corpse will drink the new wine ('Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau').

The game in its visual form is played very similar: The participants complete a figure without seeing what has been done already. If for example you play the game with three players you agree that in the first stage the head is drawn, in the second the belly and the final stage will consist of legs (or tentacles).

B: Some Chaos Magicians have used this game in its visual form to get pictures of group egregores.

AUTOMATIC DRAWING

As with automatic writing, get yourself in a receptive frame of mind and draw without thinking, avoid conscious control over the image. Keeping your pencil on the paper can help the flow. In fact, automatic drawing is a sort of accelerated or intensified doodling, in which unexpected and unpredictable images can be made to appear, and used as the basis for further visual play.

FUMAGE

A method of creating images or effects by passing paper or canvas over a smoking candle or petroleum lamp. The image is then fixed and perhaps worked on.

In another reference 'Fumage' is described as passing a canvas with wet oilpaint over a flame so that the image or colours become modified.

FROTTAGE

A sheet of paper is placed on any natural or manufactured surface possessing a relief or incised pattern. The paper is rubbed with crayon, a soft pencil, charcoal etc. By combining frottages from different surfaces complex effects can be achieved within one drawing. The pattern or image obtained can be coloured, cut up, or combined with other material in collage.

DECALCOMANIA

Spread gouache, ink or oil paint, diluted in some places, on to any suitable non-absorbent surface (coated paper, glass etc.), press onto this your sheet of paper or canvas, then lift or peel away.

Decalcomania is related to other games/ procedures that resemble the Rorschach Test used by psychologists, in which an ink-blot is folded in two to create a roughly symmetrical image and then is interpreted by the client.

The game 'ghosts of my friend' works as follows: a signature is folded in two while the ink is still wet. The resulting image gives revelations about the signatory.

This is a form of 'marbling'. An image is drawn into an oily liquid with water-based pigment (or vice versa). A sheet of paper is then placed upon or made to slide across the surface, and the image is lifted or 'creamed' off the liquid.

TORN PAPER COLLAGE

This form of collage was invented by Hans Arp. Paper is torn or cut up, randomly or into shapes, and the pieces are then dropped onto a sheet of paper. These random configurations are then fixed with glue.

Variation: the torn paper already bears an image, which is thus dislocated and re-assembled unpredictably according to the fall of the paper. It can then be 're-interpreted' by subsequent working over with pencil or brush.

GRATTAGE

Process of scraping wet or dried paint (or a mixture of both) from a canvas or another surface with a blade.

FROISSAGE

A sheet of paper is screwed up, then smoothed out again. When soaked in coloured inks, the creases take up the colour, creating a veined effect.

GUERRILLA SURREALISM ENHANCEMENT THROUGH SHEEP-BY-MAIL

Pope Icky Fundament, PZK

Department of Operation: BrainfÄhrt

Saint Ruminant Eweniversity, Order of the Blunted Sword

MATERIALS

- * One (1) mail system (in this case interoffice; this does not sacrifice generalizability)
- * One (1) unwitting subject
- * One (1) writing implement
- * Two hundred three (203) plain white envelopes
- * Two hundred three (203) sheep-shaped erasers

PROCEDURE

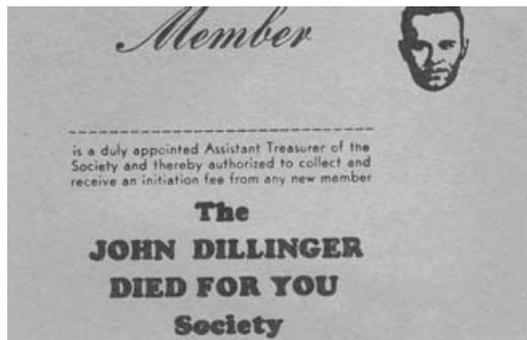
1. Number the sheep-shaped erasers from 1 to 203 using the writing implement.
2. Place the sheep-shaped erasers separately in the 203 plain white envelopes.
(It is of utmost importance that the experimenter keep these envelopes in the numerical order of the enclosed sheep. For those of you with less than two fingers of forehead, this may be quite difficult.)
3. Carefully write the address of the unwitting subject on each of the 203 plain white envelopes.
4. Mail one plain-white-envelope-enclosed sheep-shaped eraser per day to the unwitting subject, starting with the one numbered ``203" and working down.

RESULTS

We mailed approximately fifty sheep-shaped erasers to our unwitting subject before he closed down his mailbox. Due to shoddy record-keeping, the subject failed to receive particular numbers in the countdown sequence. (This provoked a very amusing response in the subject as they attempted to determine what those missing numbers might mean: a phone number, an exit on the local interstate, an address, and so on. More experimentation on this aspect of the experiment may be warranted, as it is a wonderful example of attempting to impose order on chaos.) Paranoia was evinced by the subject, who began to suspect anyone and everyone of sending him these mysterious sheep. We were truly curious about the subject's reaction, not upon receiving the first sheep, but on receiving the second sheep - and realizing that there were 201 more sheep to come. However, no reliable testimony pertaining to this has been uncovered. We do know, though, that the subject actually went as far as to call their ex-significant others to find out if they were coming out to the local mail drop to interoffice mail the subject numbered sheep-shaped erasers -- and making this trip daily. After the subject's mailbox was closed down, the subject was incredibly circumspect about their new address -- so circumspect, in fact, that we were forced to end the experiment. Further experiments on this topic are encouraged.

Surreal Games

by Soror Kieja 115



Rituals and Sacraments

OM

Operation Mindfuck is a discordian operation to encourage neophobes to become neophiles, by generally being weird, and doing random things. The key factor about Operation Mindfuck, which adds greatly to its potency, is that few activities are ever directly linked to it, but that any random act could be part of it. This cultivates the attitude that any activity by a discordian is in fact part of Operation Mindfuck, and this paranoia only serves to increase the confusion experienced by the victim if the discordian acts normally. Examples of verified Operation Mindfuck activities include their subversive bumper stickers ("Your local police are armed and dangerous" etc.), and a series of memberships to fictional societies given to particularly extreme public officials (membership in the flat earth society for the teacher who has made the best argument for banning science from schools, for instance).

AUM: A: represents waking consciousness U: represents dream consciousness M: represents deep sleep "The silence surrounding the syllable is the unknown; it is simply called 'The Fourth.' The syllable itself is God as creator-preserved-destroyer, but the silence is God Eternal, absolutely uninvolved in all opening-and closings of the round."

-The Hero with a Thousand Faces, by Joseph Campbell



Erisian Affirmation

Before the Goddess Eris, I (name or Holy Name) do herewith declare myself a POEE Brother of the Legion of Dynamic Discord.

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Eris Eris Eris Eris Eris

All Hail Discordia



Mindcontrol

Your entire life, you've been carefully monitored and controlled. You are a slave to the Status Quo. Like the rest of the worlds population, you are a drone. Who is doing this to you? Who is forcing you into the straightjacket of Reality?

You are.

Yes, you.

You are a slave to your own mind.

Your mind tells you that you can't, shouldn't, are not allowed.

And you believe it.

Your mind tells you that you won't succeed, and hey presto!

You fail. You fail, because you believe what 'common sense' tells you!

So blow your mind. Sod common sense. Forget Reality.

The Laws of Physics are nothing but guidelines anyway.

Open your eyes and watch as your mind lies to you. Your mind tells you one sort of coloured paper is money, but the other is worthless. Your mind tells you that words on paper are more truthful than spoken words. Your mind tells you that you must be 'successful'.

Your mind wants to see patterns, needs to conform. Blow your mind.

Wake it up.

See the world for what it really is. A chaotic place, with us humans running around trying to see patterns where there are none. There are **no patterns** unless you want them to be. There are **no rules** unless you make them.

Surrealism is the key.

Surrealism will shock your mind of its track.

Surrealism can shut your mind down for a fraction of a second, allowing you to experience the world -for just a moment uncensored.

Blow your mind.

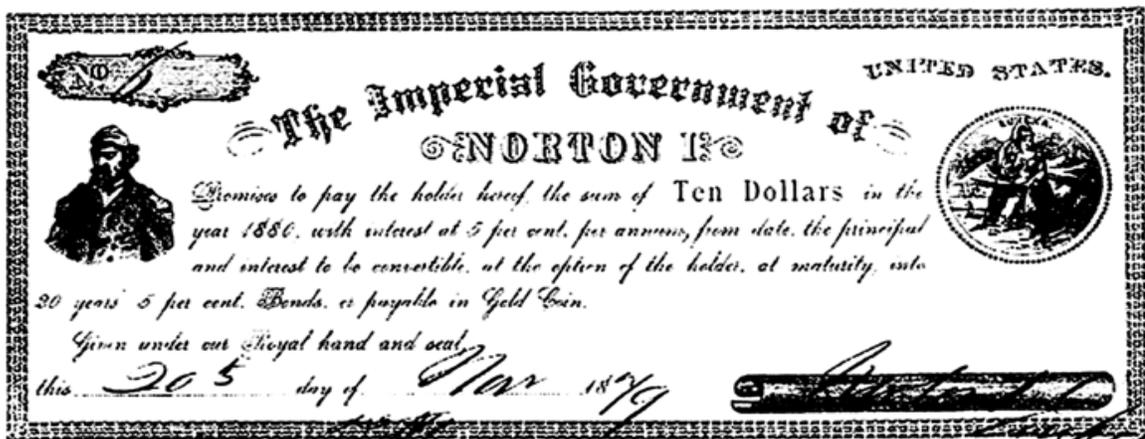
And when you do, share the fun.

Do something.

Anything.

As long as it's surreal, as long as it's funny, as long as NO-ONE gets hurt. But remember, you can't MAKE someone see. They have to do it themselves. Blow your **own** mind, and others will follow.

This is Operation Mindfuck.



How to be a Cultist

1. Pick one faith and stay with it. Dilettantism is the mark of the amateur.
2. Avoid needless embarrassment. Practice the correct pronunciation of your god's name in the privacy of your room before chanting it in public. Flash cards are often helpful.
3. Never invoke anything bigger than your head.
4. Avoid all cabalistic jewelry over 10 pounds in weight, you're just asking for trouble.
5. Citronella candles may **not** be used in rituals. I cannot stress this enough. Pastel-coloured candles in the shape of cute animals are like beacons to the Dark Lords.
6. Always keep your kit with you: candles, chalk, incense, silver knife, thuggee knife, service revolver, garlic, Yellow Sign, cabfare, condoms, and change.
7. **Never** be the cultist that goes to rough up the investigator. Ransacking hotel rooms is probably safe, but going 'round to beat up the good guys is a sure route to the bottom of the Thames.
8. When the Black Mass goes awry, stay away from the cult leader. Enraged demons always go for the pompous.
9. Don't gloat.
10. If you do gloat, never reveal your plans.
11. If you gloat and reveal your plans, never leave the investigators to die slowly. They don't.
12. If you gloat, reveal your plans, and leave the investigators to die slowly, don't have the audacity to look surprised when they show up to foil you.
13. Investigators always show up at the last moment to foil you. Start a half- hour early, they hate that.
14. Select ceremonial robes that are easy to run in while still affording ample concealment.
15. Never fuck with anything whose genetic structure you do not feel absolutely comfortable about.
16. Never admit to having fucked anything whose genetic structure you didn't feel absolutely comfortable about.
17. When a religious artifact begins emitting light, CLOSE YOUR EYES. Thousands of cultists could be saved every year if they'd just remember this simple safety tip.
18. When mutilating cattle, avoid the ones with testicles.
19. During ritual sacrificing, taking bits home for later is now generally considered bad form.
20. Blood tests are now required of all sacrificial victims before the ritual. The effects of HIV+ offerings on the average malefic deity have never been witnessed by anyone living, or even intact.
21. Contrary to historical belief, drugs and invocations do not mix. When the shit comes down it is vitally necessary to be able to discern between the gibbering monstrosity to throw the holy water on and the gibbering monstrosity that will go away after a few hours, some B-complex, and a good hot bath.
22. Never play strip Tarot.
23. Piety and belief are powerful things, and few forces in nature can stand against one who is true to his faith, his god, and his soul. However, it is also true that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery, so be prepared to change sides at the drop of a hat.
24. For those situations where a fresh, living sacrifice is just not feasible or even possible, the lower ranks of demons can be fooled by microwaving a previously frozen chunk of ex-victim and cleverly jiggling it. However, a mock-victim sculpted from Spam will be all right too.

The Curse of 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.

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 willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder.

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

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

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



The POEE Baptismal Rite

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

The Priests and four Brothers are arranged in a pentagon with the Initiate in the center facing the Priests. If possible, the Brothers on the immediate right and left of the Priest should be Deacons. The Initiate must be totally naked, to demonstrate that he is truly a human being and not something else in disguise like a cabbage or something.

All persons in the audience and the pentagon, excepting the Priest, assume a squatting position and return to a standing position. This is repeated four more times. This dance is symbolic of the humility of we Erisians.

The Priest begins:

I, (complete Holy Name, with Mystical Titles, and degrees, designations, offices, &c.), Ordained Priest of the Paratheo-anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, with the Authority invested at me by the High Priest of It, Office of the Polyfather, The House of the Rising Podge, POEE Head Temple; Do herewith Require of Ye:

Are ye a human being and not a cabbage or something? The Initiate answers YES.

That's too bad. Do ye wish to better thyself? The Initiate answers YES.

How stupid. Are ye willing to become philosophically illuminized? He answers YES.

Very funny. Will ye dedicate yerself to the Holey Erisian Movement? The Initiate answers PROBABLY.

Then swear ye the following after me: (The Priest here leads the Initiate in a recital of the Erisian Affirmation.) The Priest continues: Then I do here proclaim ye POEE Disciple (name), Legionnaire of the Legion of Dynamic Discord. Hail Eris! Hail Hail! Hail Yes!

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

THE POEE MYSTEREE OATH

The Initiate swears the following:

FLYING BABY SHIT!!!!

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

FLIEGENDE KINDERSCHISSE!

or perhaps

WIECZNY KWIAT WTADZA!!!!

which is Ewige Blumenkraft in Polish.)



A POEE MYSTEREE RITE - THE SRI SYADASTIAN CHANT

Written, in some sense, by Mal-2

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

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Hung Mung.

SYA-DASTI

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

SYA-DAVAK-TAVYA

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

SYA-DASTI SYA-NASTI

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Elder Mal.

SYA-DASTI KAVAK-TAV-YASKA

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Gu-lik.

SYA-DASTI, SYA-NASTI, SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKA

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

RUB-A-DUB-DUB



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

'If you seem to be a verb, then you may wish to lower your dose of whatever it is you smoke. For verbs are the vile and tricky cousins of fnords. Have no truck with such things.' But we listened not since we were well on our way to drunk. Blessed are those who hear this and know themselves. Twice blessed are those who hear this and know tequila's curative effects. But thrice blessed are those who hear this and know Eris. Verily, it is a mystery that has nothing to do with errant washing machines on Mondays.- Fragments As Found and Collected by Irreverend Hugh, KSC in the latter part of the year 3170



The Golden Secret

Nonsense as Salvation

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.*

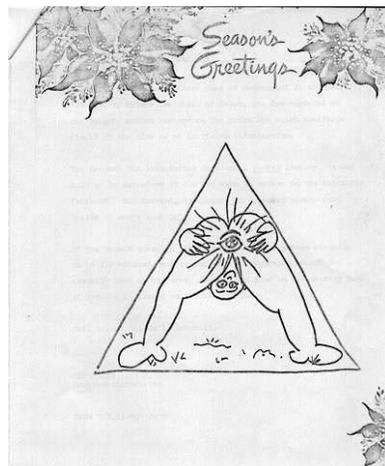
Hail Eris.

MANA A



NO TWO ELEMENTS INTERLOCK
BUT ALL FIVE DO INTERLOCK

00043



Discordian Opening Ritual

by Prince Prance

1. Clap x5

2. The Erisian Cross:

"Light in my Head

Fire in my genitals

Strength at my Right side

Laughter at my Left side

Love in my Heart."

3. Trace Spiral Pentagrams at the 4 quar

4. Face East:

"Blessed Apostle Hung Mung¹, great Sage of Cathay, Balance the Hodge and Podge and grant us equilibrium."

5. Face South:

"Blessed Apostle Van Van Mojo², Doctor of Hoodoo and Vexes, Give us the Voodoo Power and confuse our enemies."

6. Face West:

"Blessed Apostle Sri Syadasti³, patron of psychedelia, Teach us the relative truth and blow our minds."

7. Face North:

"Blessed Apostle Zarathud⁴, hard-nosed hermit, Grant us the Erisian doubt, and the constancy of Chaos."

8. Look up (or down):

"Blessed Apostle Malaclypse⁵, Elder Saint of Discordia, Grant us illumination and protect us from stupidity."

9. Look all over the place:

"Great Goddess Discordia, Holy Mother Eris, Joy of the Universe, Laughter of Space, Grant us Life, Light, Love and Liberty and make the bloody magick work!"

10. "Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia.!"

Notes:

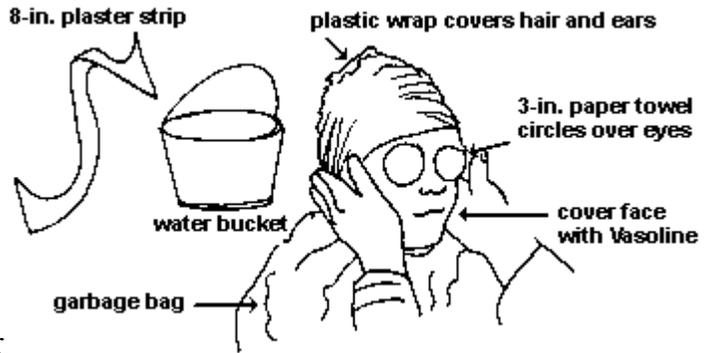
1. Hung Mung is the Discordian link to the Chinese Mysteries and it is none other than he who devised the Sacred Chao. He is patron of the Season of Chaos.

2. Dr. Van Van Mojo is a fellow of the Intergalactic Haitian Guerillas for World Peace and is Patron of the Season of Discord.

3. Sri Syadasti is the Apostle of Psychedelia and the Patron of the Season of Confusion.

4. Zarathud, a Hermit of Medieval Europe, has been dubbed "Offender of the Faith." He is Patron of the season of Bureaucracy."

5. Malaclypse the Elder is alleged to have been an ancient wiseman who carried as sign bearing the legend "DUMB" through the alleys of Rome, Baghdad, Mecca, Jerusalem, and some other places. He is Patron of the season of Aftermath.



Sacred Supplication

Hail Eris, Full of Grace
Goddess Who Gets In Your Face
Holy Queen of Outer Space
Hail Eris, Full of Grace



"There is in every madman a misunderstood genius whose idea, shining in his head, frightened people, and for whom delirium was the only solution to the strangulation that life had prepared for him"
 -Antonin Artaud

"It's not who you are that matters, it's who you think you are that counts."
 -Andy Warhol

**We are what we pretend to be,
 So we must be careful what we pretend to be.**
 -Kurt Vonnegut

A Discordian Episkopos once argued that the flight of The Five Fingered Hand of Eris is an example of motion. At any moment in time, The Hand either is where it *is* or it is where it is not. If it moves where it is, then it must be standing still, and if it moves where it is not, then it can't be there; thus, it cannot move.

The Hand Paradox developed into Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle because Heisenberg argued that on the subatomic level, the only way to measure a system is to interfere with that system. That is, to observe a particle, one must bounce another particle off of it which affects the motion of the measured particle. The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle says that if one wants to measure a quantity, say the position of an electron, the speed of that electron must inevitably be affected. We can no longer be certain about the speed. Thus, the very act of observation changes the system. We can be sure of the speed or the position but never both. Either The Hand is where it is or it is where it is not.



Nonsense as Salvation

Who is this Goddess I keep hearing about??



Spurious witness' representation of the Goddess Eris after receiving the Original Sin



Why, it's none other than Eris, ancient Goddess of Chaos and Discord!

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



That's amazing! How can I find out more??



It's easy! Just check out <http://members.xoom.com/ABMTAC/>



Discordian Pentagon Casting

The five Discordian elements mentioned in Principia Discordia are Sweet, Orange, Pungent, Prickle, and Boom. They are only briefly mentioned by Malaclypse the Younger in the cosmogeny section, and none of this is to be taken as dogma. Those doing Discordian rituals may use some, all, or none of these invocations, or ignore the whole notion of element calling altogether. The floor may be opened to calling other favorite elements, and the order of calling could be determined by tossing a golden apple back and forth.

Sweet

Invocation: Oh ever blessed sweetness, be within us now. We call upon the spirits of chocolate, honey, ice cream, and good, gentle loving to be among our gathering this evening. May kindness and sweetness flourish among us in this circle, and may we always have goodies to share.

Dismissal: Oh sweet, ere you depart to your sticky realm, give us just one more taste of your delicious confections, and we will bask in the afterglow of your affections. Go if you must, so that you do not become cloying or revoltingly sweet, and we will appreciate you all the more when you return.

Orange

Invocation: Oh full, round, ripe, nourishing orange, be with us now. May you ever be pulpy and palpable, genuine and natural, and never dehydrated, reprocessed, irradiated, or pesticided. Feed our stomachs, hearts, and souls. Provide us with our recommended daily allowance of vitamin C. May we be healthy and well nourished within this circle.

Dismissal: Orange, ere you become mushy and moldy, and no longer so nourishing, please depart these premises and return to the earth so that we may be nourished by you again someday. So it is that none of the elements are totally dismissed, but go outward to join in the chaotic dance of the

Pungent

Invocation: We call upon the essence of pungency, the sensual, the untamed, that wild smell we cannot ignore. We call upon that goaty aroma that does not know how to behave at parties, that which will keep us ever connected with nature, the beast within us, that wild card trickster factor that will keep civilization from strangling all. May the wildness and sensuality within us live and grow within this circle.

Dismissal: Oh pungent air you depart, leaving a lingering aroma and strange stains on the bedsheets. Go if you must, and come again sometime.

Prickle

Invocation: Oh Great Mother of Chaos, let us not lapse into oblivion and unconsciousness. When we have become comfortably numb, prickle us, awaken us, enliven us. Prickle us enough that we stay awake and learn our lessons, and please make the lessons no harder than they need to be.

May we be awake and fully alive in this circle.

Dismissal: Essence of prickle, though we grant you permission to depart if you will, we know we are not off the hook. Ere you depart to your spiny realms, leave us with the awareness to continue along our paths without falling into the pit of obliviousness.

Boom

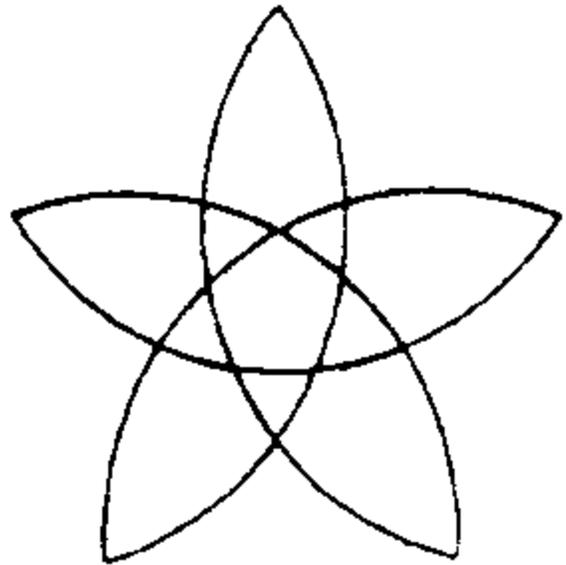
Invocation: Boom is the element that started it all. The echoes of the Big Boom still vibrate through the known universe. The waves of that mighty primordial explosion still splash about, sometimes spreading outward, sometimes crashing in on one another, or getting caught in vast celestial toilet bowls and forming spiral galaxies. It was a chaotic eddy in one of those toilet bowls that formed our sun, and the gurgling splash of that eddy that formed the planets. We are of the froth splashing atop the mighty waves of this expanding universe. It is thanks to the chaotic force that this froth is ever dancing, ever changing. May we grow and change in harmony with the forces of creative chaos.

Dismissal: Oh boom, I don't know if it will do much to dismiss you since no matter what I say, the echoes of the Big Boom will continue to reverberate throughout the All, but then again who am I to say what you can and can't do? Just keep the chaotic motion and dance of the universe going. May the heat death of the universe be ever averted. Hail and sleet and fare well.

A historical note:

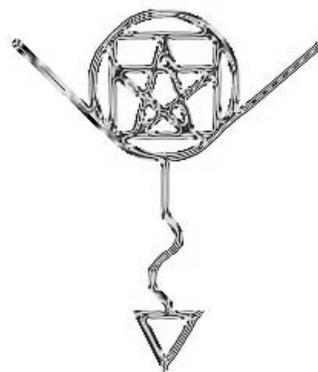
One fine evening, after calling in the elements using the invocations above, plus some extra ones for important elements such as garlic and chocolate, which were thoughtlessly omitted by the great Malaclypse the Younger, I tossed a lovely round organic golden delicious apple into the circle, announcing it was for the prettiest. A friend seized the apple, and got out a knife, planning to divvy it up among all the pretty folk assembled. First she sliced the apple horizontally, and triumphantly holding the halves in the air, proclaimed, "Behold, the sign of the penta--, oops, it's a six sided apple." It was then we knew the She had come to bless our simple rite of devotion with sacred confusion.

-Chaplin IM False, Legion of Dynamic Discord



The Alternate Five Fold Blessing of Eris

May Eris bless you with mind-numbing entropy.
May Eris give you a bite of your apple.
May Saint Gulik bless your house with es presence.
May Cherub Princess Shamlicht grant you a sacred bowel movement.
May you die in bed after partaking of the wildest orgy of all time.
by Dr. Sinister Craven
Professor Emeritus of Miskatonic University



Ritual of Eris esoteric
by Phil Hine

In 1985 I was living in a communal house on the outskirts of York, studying for a diploma in Occupational Therapy. Although still involved with a Wiccan coven that had been my first major contact with other occultists, I had begun to explore other areas of magic and, after reading the Wilson/Shea "Illuminatus!" trilogy and "Principia Discordia", became intrigued with the possibilities of an Erisian approach to magic. The following ritual was my first attempt in this direction.

The thunderbolt (which became my primary magical tool for the next 8 years or so) was created with the help of Brother R.B.B., and formed from two glass chandelier lustres. This was the first major ritual in which I used the idea for "spiral pentagrams".

In retrospect, this ritual marked a turning point in my magical development — producing "The Stupid Book" (see the e-book, "Apikorsus") which although in some respects was highly derivative of The Book of the Law, was personally significant to me for a number of years — in particular, in making associations between Eris, the Maat Current, the Tarot and Kenneth Grant's "Typhonian" paradigm with which I became enmeshed during the mid to late 1980s. More important though, was the ecstatic experience of the second working, which I feel 'kicked' my magical development into high gear — I was able to recall the 'echoes' of this experience simply by listening to the audio tape of the ritual for several years afterwards.



Preliminaries

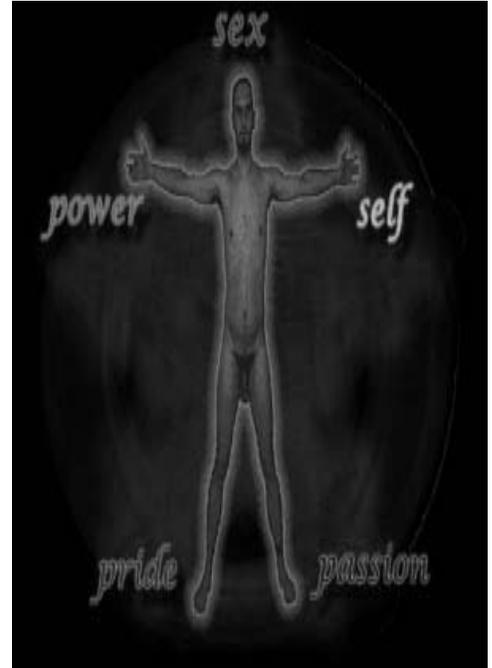
Set up Altar:

- * Eris incense (obtained from Id Aromatics)
- * Thunderbolt as prime magical weapon
- * 2 six-sided dice — one black & one white
- * Spherical Pentacle formed from Chinese wire puzzle
- * Chalice & red wine
- * Tarot cards: Adjustment, Lust, The Fool

Main Sequence

Opening

0. Magical Circle defined by any preferred method
1. Unsealing The Vortices



A. Drawing & visualizing Spiral Pentagram forms at 4 cardinal points.

Vortices are energised using T'ai Chi breathing & 'pushing hands' into form. A shadowy dragon's head may be visualised breathing fire into the circle from within the vortex-tunnel. Suitable invocations may be given at each quarter.

B. Drawing down the Void.

Magician uses left hand to draw from above down body-line, a descending line with an outwards-developing triple spiral, which is visualized as descending from the axis mundi, and expanding until the final curve encompasses the circle.

He then gives the Litany:

Within — Without
Blasphemer — Devout
Above — Below
I — A — O
Latent, Bearer, Girt with Sword
Boundless Space, Fire-Rimmed Door
BABALON!
I cast the coils of her name about me.



This sequence culminates in the vibration of LASH TAL x 3.

2. Invocations of Eris

Priestess gives first litany:

All the Goddesses are one Goddess and her name is Eris.
She is Chaos. She is the substance from which artists and scientists build rhythms.
She is that which makes children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy.
She is alive and her message is "you are free."
Her name is discord.

Magician: All Hail Discordia!

Priestess: All Hail Discordia!

Magician declaims preliminary invocation of Eris (charging sacrament) [This invocation is from "The Cardinal Rites of Chaos" by Paula Pagani, Sut Anubis Press, 1984]

Eris: Goddess of the Night,	Eris: Icy heart for hire,
Eris: Portal of the Light,	Eris: Draught of languid Air
Eris: Raving Succubus,	Eris: Poison, liquid snare,
Eris: Dea omnibus.	Eris: Elemental Shrine
Eris: Phoenix from the Fire,	

Enter us strange concubine
Of man and woman, as this wine
Is consecrated in your name,
Fulfilling now our steadfast aim.

Celebrants share a sip of wine.

Magician gives main invocation whilst maintaining eye contact with Priestess:

Wake! Awake, I see it in your eyes, The storm is risen, The sleeping tigress wakes, You are the all, Love, life, diviner, death. Begetter, the giver; swallower, Who can stand before you? I surrender. Ia! I kneel, I am riven, stunned, I am numb. Come taste the sacrifice! Here is meat and here is wine, Am I not thine! Unbridled furie loose on the world, Veil shed, torn, forgotten	Hair flying loose; wild one Men fear you, we know you I call you by many names; Eris, Hecate, Diane and Circe, Lilith, the Siren, Sekhmet, Kali Sorceress, Spaewife, Succubus Sophia, Pythoness, Shakti! Deliver me, Devour me, I am emptied, I am filled, I salute you with sword Your body cloaked in argent flame, Here lies the altar, Come! Devour me in your tongues of fire!
---	--

Discordian Marriage Ceremony

Discordian marriages should be performed by certified Elvis Impersonators in Las Vegas, Japan or the UK. Alternatively The Church of the SubGenius is available to perform short term marriages.

Rites of the Dead

All matters of the dead are turned over to the Missatonic University for lab analysis and study. Chuthaa Removal Services is responsible for all disposal of dead and dying things. Contact the Esoteric Adepts of Rylath for more information.

"Many have tried to reach the shores of my wisdom but smashed apart on the rocks of their own seriousness!"

-Eris (from the Dishonest Book of Truth; Revelation 3)

Remember that a Discordian is forbidden to believe anything that he reads. Also, that Discordians rarely pray, is it is too dangerous. I must now partake of No Hot Dog Buns.

Erisian Magic Ritual - The Turkey Curse

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

The Turkey Curse works. It is firmly grounded on the fact that Greyface and his followers absolutely require an aneristic setting to function and that a timely introduction of eristic vibrations will neutralize their foundation (see Psycho Metaphysics for more details on what ``eristic" and ``aneristic" mean).

The Turkey Curse is designed solely to counteract negative aneristic vibes and if introduced into a neutral or positive aneristic setting (like a poet working out word rhythms) it will prove harmless, or at worst, simply annoying. It is not designed for use against negative eristic vibes, although it can be used as an eristic vehicle to introduce positive vibes into a misguided eristic setting. In this instance, it would be the responsibility of the Erisian Magician to manufacture the positive vibrations if results are to be achieved.

CAUTION -- All magic is powerful and requires courage and integrity on the part of the magician. This ritual, if misused, can backfire. Positive motivation is essential for self-protection.

To Perform the Turkey Curse:

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

GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE!

The results will be instantly apparent.

Erisian Ritual Magic II -- The Paper Clip Sacrifice

Sometimes, you just feel the need to introduce a gout of confusion into an aneristic situation (say, just about any office on a grey Tuesday afternoon, around 2PM). One good way to do this is the Paper Clip Sacrifice.

You will need (those marked with a `*' are optional):

1. Five paper clips, preferably virgin (which, for unknown reasons, seems to make all ritual sacrifices more effective; maybe the universe doesn't have any use for self-righteous prudes, either).
2. One uptight coworker, the more straight-laced the better.
3. * Five bendy-straws
4. * One Golden Delicious apple
5. * One copy of the Principia Discordia



If you've decided to go with the more complex ritual, first construct a ritual pentagon out of the bendy-straws, as follows:

1. *Connect the straws together into one long straw by crimping the long end (that is, the end which is longer in terms of where the accordioning is) of one straw and inserting it into the short end of the next, and so on. It is vitally unimportant that you crimp the long end of the straw.*
2. *Now, bend all the bendy bits of the straws so that you can crimp the last remaining long end and insert it into the initial small end.*
3. *Fiddle with the finished product until it looks sufficiently like a pentagon.*
4. *Hang the finished product over a thumbtack on your corkboard; you never know when you might need a bendy-straw. Also, coworkers will be confused about why you have it there, but probably never confused enough to actually ask you about it. This produces something of an eristic space for this and all future workings.*

The Ritual:

1. Unbend the five paper clips and place them, without a word of explanation, on the desk of the uptight coworker. Walk away.
2. If you have a Golden Delicious apple handy, eat it -- people tend not to get enough fiber in their diets. And, once you have a high-fiber diet, the Principia makes good bathroom reading.

The ritual has, symbolically and in actuality, transformed the relatively small amount of bureaucratic order in the paper clips (the symbol of red-tape paperwork everywhere) into a much larger amount of confusion, thereby shifting (at least temporarily) the balance in your office. Constructing the ritual pentagon, clearly, has a similar effect but converts the utilitarian order of the bendy-straws into a more persistent and low-grade field of confusion, while also drawing on the power of the pentagon in its transmutative capacity as part of the Hodge-Podge Transformer.

It is important to bear in mind that the goal of this ritual is creative -- it's meant to use some chaos to blunt the uncomfortable and therefore destructive restrictures of office boredom and to introduce into the uptight coworker's day a bit of adaptive confusion (or at least some much-needed variety in their uptightness). If you're doing this with the intent of harming your coworker's probably-fragile psyche for a few cheap laughs, you should really consider getting your Three of Stooges in an upright position before fiddling with potentially harmful occult forces.

THE MASS OF CHAOS (E)

The Rite:

1. Statement of Intent:

Participants stand round perimeter of circle
IT IS OUR WILL TO INVOKE ERIS TO
CONSECRATE THIS INSTRUMENT /SACRAMENT
TO CHAOS FOR OUR MAGICAL INSPIRATION

2. The priestess draws the Sigil of Chaos above
the circle, all visualise.

3. The priestess shouts KALLIATI! to begin the
cacophony.

4. The Cacophony:

Participants circumambulate widdershins loudly
and passionately arguing and proclaiming various
beliefs.

5. The priestess gradually dances a spiral
inward to the center of the circle and there
shouts KALLISTI! to end the cacophony.

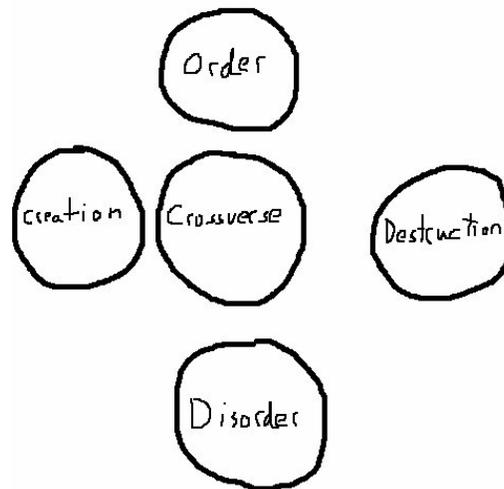
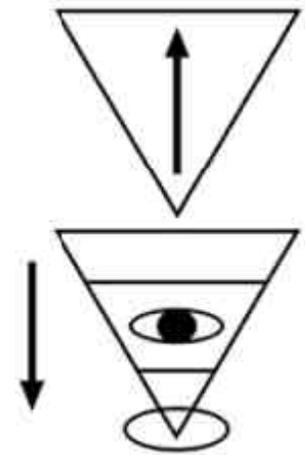
6. The circle dance continues and participants
begin chanting somewhat more
quietly ERIS,ERIS,ERIS
randomly interspersing with
equivalent goddess names such
as ISHTAR, BABALON,
LILITH, and KALI.

Participants point towards the priestess with the
left hand and visualize the Sigil of Eris into her.
The priestess meanwhile delivers the Enochian
incantation to Eris, as many times as felt
necessary.

7. The priestess makes the Vernacular
Proclamation, chanting ceases, but visualization
continues.

8. The priestess consecrates the
instrument /sacrament. The
sacrament (if used) is served.

9. An exorcism is performed if
required and Laughter Banishing
to close the rite.



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 centre 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 honoured?

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.

HELPFUL ADVICE FROM TWO SOURCES

Don't Wake Up, If You Aren't Finished With The Dream

- St. Peshier

"Not with that O.P.A., Brother"

- Legionnaire L.C.

A Simple Banishing Ritual

The following ritual is most efficacious at eliminating any unwanted influences all fast and speedy like.

Act crazy. Wave your arms, jump up and down, have a fit.

Most everyone is scared of crazy people.

While acting crazy, shout: Get the fuck out of here or I'll blow your goddamn head off!

Rinse and repeat.

Sacred Erisian High Mass of the Krispy Kreme Kabal

designed by the Reverend DM Psigosys

LET IT BE KNOWN that this Mass contains mystical secrets of an order previously unknown to this piece of paper.

LET IT BE KNOWN that this Mass is of the Highest Order and the Inner Circle and the Upper Echelon, and as such should be reproduced in full or in part only by those who wish to do so.

LET IT BE KNOWN that this Mass may be performed by five persons, provided those five persons are willing to perform. The five officiating ritualists are referred to by the following titles: High Holy Boss of Religion, Great Overseer of Forbidden Arcana, Omnipotent Matriarch/Patriarch of The Mystic Realms, Most Divine Empirical Pedagogical Wizard, and Head Enchilada of Miscellany. Collectively, the five officiating ritualists are second in power only to Goddess Herself, or to any members of the congregation present at the Mass. To save space, the five officiating ritualists shall henceforth be referred to as simply #1, #2, etc.

ACT I: The Climactic Sacrament of Ecstatic Communion

(all members of the congregation mob around the altar and receive communion of Orange juice, dispensed by #2, and Donuts (preferably jelly), dispensed by #3. As each congregant receives their portion of the Hostess, they should place their minds into a meditative state by thinking impure thoughts about Goddess, or another member of the congregation.) #5: And Goddess spake: "And when you, my children, have wandered through the night and grown hungry, you shall behold the holy beacon of the donut shop, wherein thou shalt consume donuts in my name."

#4: "And you shall fear not the cops and drunkards which abound at such all-night eateries, for they too seek my glory, though they find it not solely through the rites of eating donuts."

#1: "But you, my children, have beheld the mysteries of the Golden Apple, and quaffed the pleasant-tasting syrup which flows from within."

#5: "For the uninitiated shall not know the full meaning of KALLISTI, for they do not understand Greek!"

#4: "And if you, my child, understand Greek, make sure you use some (ahem) protection!"

(Officials may ad-lib further, or simply remain silent, depending on how ugly the crowd gets, until everyone has taken communion.)

ACT II: The Invocation and Sycophantic Supplication unto Goddess

#1: We are gathered here today in the sight of Goddess in order that we might conduct the Sacred High Mass of Eris.

#2: Hail Eris, Full of Grace!

#3: Holy Queen of Outer Space!

#4: Leading Lady of This Place!

#4: Hail Eris, Full of Grace!

#5: Hail Eris, Lady of Chaos!

#3: Hail Eris!

All: All Hail Discordia!

ACT III: The Sacred Litany

All: I say, my dog has no nose!

#2: No nose?!? How does he smell?!?

All: Bloody awful!

#1: LET IT BE KNOWN that Dog spelled backwards is goD!

#4: LET IT BE KNOWN that Cow spelled backwards is woC!

#3: LET IT BE KNOWN that Pterodactyl spelled backwards is difficult to pronounce!

All: And that's the fact, Jack!

ACT IV: The Benevolent Adoration and Implied Genuflection

#5: And Goddess spoke, saying "I just flew in from Nirvana".

#2: And boy, was that a noisy airplane!

#4: And the servant of Goddess sought to know Her, and soon found ineffable bliss.

#1: And boy, were his arms tired!

#3: Let the simulated crowd noise commence!

All: Watermelon cantelope watermelon cantelope (etc. etc.)

ACT V: THE MALEVOLENT BENEDICTION AND SPEWING FORTH OF HOLY LAWS

#2: (shouting over the simulated crowd noise):

And when Goddess heard the crowds growing restless, She realized they lacked direction.

#3: And direction She gave them! Goddess towered above the confused hordes, and gave them the twenty-three commandments!

(#3 raises hands dramatically, and simulated crowd noise immediately ceases.)

#1: Thou shalt have other Goddesses before dinnertime!

All: Or not!

#4: Thou shalt worship worship worship idols!

All: Or not!

#5: Thou shalt take the Lord's name in vain!

All: And what if we don't, GODDAMMIT?!?!?

#3: Thou shalt drink beer and listen to old Black Sabbath albums!

All: Or not!

#2: If participating in the three-legged race at the next family reunion, strive for Honorable Mention!

All: Or not!

#1-#5 simultaneously: KILL! MURDER! MAIM! DESTROY! (x5)

All: Get serious!

#4: Sorry, wrong religion. Thou shalt not commit adulthood!

All: Pretty pleeeeeeeeeez?!?

#2: Well, maybe, if you eat all your peas. Thou shalt go around stealing people in the face for no particular reason.

All: I think not!

#3: Agreed. Thou shalt not watch America's Most Wanted in hopes of seeing thine next-door neighbor.

All: Agreed!

#1: Thou shalt not, under any circumstance, read this sentence aloud.

All: Blasphemer! Blasphemer! Blasphemer!

#5: And if you have enjoyed these commandments, and wish to receive more, send 1-800-555-3747 to the post office box not eligible to VISA or Mastercard owners. Allow \$23.93 for delivery, C.O.D's void with your complementary gift.

All: Thank you all, and have a nice day!

The Ritual of == The Pentave ==

by His Letharginess Padre Martini, OED, OT IX, Archdukebishop of West Texas

This is an obscure ritual, once practiced by the Murrayite Priests to gain Gastronomical Enlightenment. Recently, Zir, Father Bengali, Pope Wonko, Rabbi Ferakkhan, and myself all joined together to partake in this ritual performing the rite in five different dorm cafeterias all over the Tech campus. I must say it was a great success. Much Chaos was sowed, much food was eaten, and the bathrobe has become the Order's official priestly garment. Here is the ritual, in its entirety, so that you may practice it as well.

====[> The Ordo and Proper of the Pentave <]====

Materials needed:

- 5 Discordian Popes (Pope Cards optional)
- 5 bathrobes of varying colors and textures
- 5 different eating establishments
- 5 different Holy Books:
(The Principia, Book of the Law, the Coppinger Files, etc.)

The Pentave, as its name suggests, is a variation on the Catholic eight-day festivals called octaves. Naturally, a Discordian version of this observance would have to coincide with the Law of Fives. This particular ritual is observed once a day for five days, in five different eating establishments. Each day, a meal is eaten in one of the five places. The next day, that same mealtime is observed at a different place, and so on for the remaining days of observance. Persons partaking in the Pentave should wear bathrobes (other clothes may be necessary, depending on weather and local statutes), and each should carry a particular Holy Book, in accordance with personal beliefs. One person must have the Principia Discordia. It doesn't really matter what the other four books are. In addition, the five objects symbolizing the Five Elements should likewise be distributed amongst the celebrants. This can be done beforehand, or it can be done at the table with the materials at hand. The celebrants sit together at table, and order their food as normal patrons of that particular establishment. Before eating, each celebrant should lace themselves in the proper frame of mind by thinking Eristic thoughts, humming a silly song softly, or making sculptures with the tableware. After a suitable period of meditation, the leader (the one with the Principia) shall knock five times upon the table. The others shall repeat the knocks. Then the following is chanted:

Leader: *O Eris, on this the Nth day of the Pentave, do we your children gather to stuff our faces and nosh upon thy edible gifts.*

All: *Oo ee oo ah-ah, ting tang wallawalla bing bang.*

Leader: *May this food fill us with Wisdom and Enlightenment, and keep our stomachs from gurgling embarrassingly.*

All: *Shut up and let us eat already!*

The celebrants may ad-lib as they like, adding in personal ceremonies if theyso choose.

- 1 sugary food (for Sweet)
- 1 spicy food (for Boom)
- 1 oddly smelling food (for Pungent)
- 1 fork (for Prickle)
- 1 orange food (for Orange)

When the food arrives, each celebrant should dig in with gusto, and attempt to appreciate all the qualities of the food. Then, at an appropriate time, the celebrant carrying the Principia should stand, open the book to a random page, and read a small selection from it aloud. Going counter-clockwise from the Principia, each celebrant then stands and does the same with his holy book. After each reading, the celebrants shall eat, drink, and discuss what they have just heard. This is repeated until all five have read from their books. Then all pick up two pieces of silverware, one in each hand. In unison, the silverware is tapped three times against the table, crossed in front of the face, and uncrossed. All celebrants then sing the Sacred Swedish Chef Song in honor of the chef who prepared the meal:

(*Mmm bork bork, Mmm bork bork, Mmm bork bork, Mmm bork bork*) Hjörn,børsch vjörn, dër jüng, gëhr- Discht gëhr-Dü (*bork bork*) Héê björn dêê Hûr dê Ehr Mmm mørk mørk **BORK!**

The silverware is tossed noisily about the table. The meal is then finished in obnoxious meditation. When all have eaten their fill, all celebrants rise, knock their hands five times on the table, and chant the following dialogue:

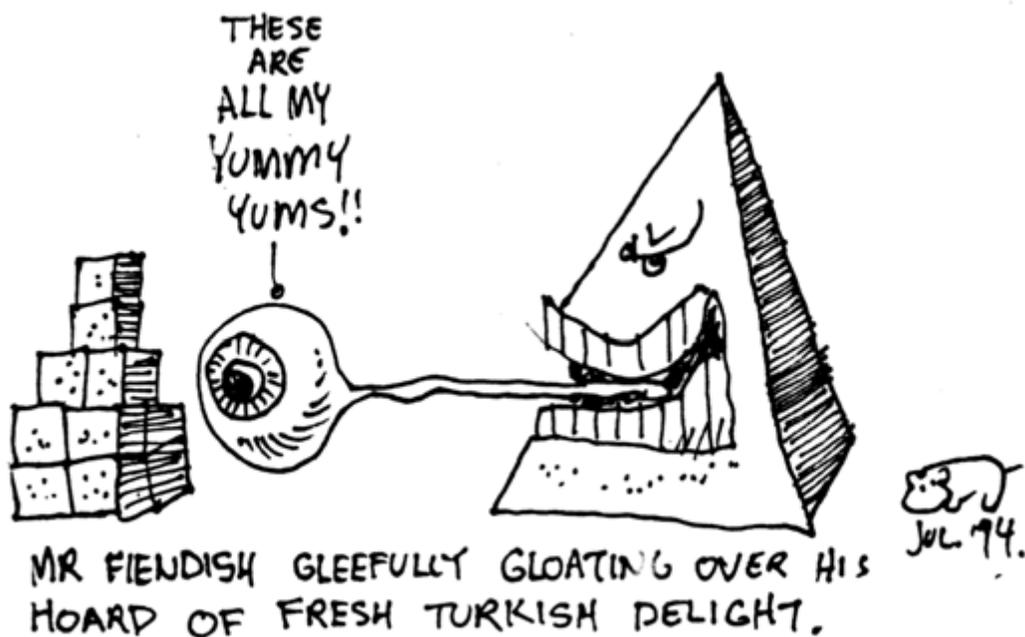
Leader: *O Dear Mother Eris, we your children humbly give thanks for this really excellent food.*

All: *Thanks a bunch, Mom.*

Leader: *May it bring us Enlightenment, and a banishment of hunger.*

All: *And no indigestion.*

The celebrants knock five times more on the table, and walk out silently, single file, sticking their tongues out at any that may have ridiculed them during the ceremony. This pattern is repeated for the remaining four days of the Pentave. This ritual brings a five hundred and fifty-five day Indulgence against Order for all who participate, plus about five to ten megachaos worth of Eristic vibes for each day. Thus, it is an excellent way of purging a restaurant of really bad Aneristic vibes.



Eris Invocation

by Hicutus Confusus Episkipos

Here's a fun ritual you might want to try sometime...

OCCASION

- When an Eristic Principle needs to occupy a position.
- Time and date should have significance for participants.
- Any public location will do for the ritual.

OBJECTIVE

- Who am I to set limits for an undertaking such as this?
 - If you can all agree to it, it can be so.
 - Something based on personal gain or injury to others is to be avoided;
- the feedback from the effects of the situation is what can enlighten you, the performer of the rite. That should, in fact, be the primary goal. (Never trust anything that follows the word "should")

PROPS

- A small brown paper sack for each participant.
- (Or even better, you think of something surreal and unique to your experiment)
- Enough large brown paper sacks to make scrolls for each of the participants.
 - We like to use crayons (cut & paste construction paper can be even more fun, but I digress)

PREPERATION

- Use the small paper bags and fashion them into hats by rolling the top down. Decorate with symbols that:
 - 1) have personal significance (You can expect more intense results if the symbols are applied while in an altered state of consciousness), and
 - 2) represent your objective for this ceremony.
 - Take the large paper bags and cut flat sections out that can be rolled up into scrolls. Make 1 scroll for each participant.
 - Each participant copies a section out of whatever text they want, so long as it applies to the ritual, onto hir scroll. There should be at least a full minute's worth of text when read aloud. (Ex. One is a segment from Finnegans Wake, one is a Dr Seuss story, one is a section out of Illuminatus or the Principia etc. The important thing is that each scroll has personal significance for the person who copies it, and that it is at least indirectly related to the goal of the invocation i.e. Creating synchronicity, ufo sightings, expansion of consciousness, etc.
 - One scroll is the actual invocation of Eris. It is to be written cooperatively by all participants
- (We invoke Eris; Splendor of the void. We invoke Eris; erotic goddess of mayhem. Etc. etc. Its your invocation, you think it up!)

PERFORMANCE

- Five participants sit forming a circle with one in the center.
 - One of the outer five starts reading from hir scroll.
 - When that person's finished everyone passes hir scroll to the person on the left. Then the person with the leading scroll and the person who started reading first, both read their scrolls out loud, and so on.
- (So one person reads, then two at once, then three at once and so on until everyone on the parameter is reading and passing the scrolls.)
- This should be maintained for at least twenty minutes.
 - Then the person in the center reads the invocation out loud.
 - When the invocation is finished everybody stops reading.
 - The whole process should (for this model) be repeated three times, with the invoker reading the invocation:
 - 1) quietly to their self the first time
 - 2) more loudly to the people in the circle the second time
 - 3) very loudly, to Eris, the Earth and everybody else in earshot the last time.
 - The energy should build gradually from beginning to end with everybody reading manically during the final invocation.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

- The second most important aspect to this ritual is to have as many elements as possible be directly symbolically linked to the inner psychology of the participants. (That sounded way over the top huh?) But your performance of the rite should be a kind of IRL manifestation of your group psyche, like a big tuning fork performance resonating in the minds of those who pass by
- The first most important aspect to any magical working is to achieve some degree of altered/trance state of consciousness. (This is why it's important to have objectives that aren't going to have negative consequences on you if you're in a suggestible state)
- I personally recommend banishing with laughter or dancing afterwards. Always do a banishing after any chaotic working, it's just good psychological hygiene.
- Be sure to recycle the bags - somebody someday will put their stuff in a bag made out of paper that was part of this ritual
- If each of the participants can maintain an attitude of meditation and expectancy throughout the ritual, surprising results can be achieved.

AN ALCHEMICAL FORMULA: THE PURPLE THROAT POTION

From the Formulary of Raskol Cohen the Russian, the Swinging Jew:

Settle in the crucible both the breath of the iron snake (being taken from him when his aspect is fire) and the Dust of Soft Elixirs, then adding the SWEET crystals (those of the first of the Five Elements) and blending until their aspects become one. To this mixture must be added two and three and five measures of the Water Stone, and (to the brim of the crucible) summon again the service of the serpent, from his aspect of biting wind. Thus is perfect the potion made, and it will satisfy the formula. Alchemy is not, as the less benevolent factions of our Conspiracy want you to believe, the quest to turn lead into gold. Rather, the transformation of base metal into noble metal is allegorical. Alchemy and Gnosis are the same thing; the goal of the alchemist is to transform HIMSELF from base humanity into something in contact with the Gods, into a more perfect being, Illuminated, comprehending the nature of himself, both profane and divine. The formula above is one step, not towards Illumination, but towards the powerful channelling of the tension that binds us and make us less like Gods and more like Richard Nixon. In addition, the formula provides a kick in the pants to the bloodstream, followed shortly thereafter by deeper relaxation. It can also be used as an aphrodisiac, though it only works on potential lovers who are already close to Gnosis themselves. In so doing, both of you will come closer to the Goddess. The Purple Sage and the Purple Throat Potion were not named for one another, despite popular rumour. The Sage did, however, have a fondness for its effects.

Do it for the Widow's Son.

Discordian Ritual of Exorcism

-x- do not publish after the end of times -x-
Confidential where required
from the Book of Eris

Preparation:

This ritual should take place on a Discordian Temple, adequately prepared, with seats to the five directions, and a Golden Apple hanging on the middle of it (1 ton. Pure gold, please). Thou should set to burn some Channel #5 to properly incense the atmosphere. If it is not possible to provide these things, than proceed on your living room. Try to turn of the teevee. There will be need one Keeper of the Sacred Chao, to properly conduct the ritual, and four other priests/popes to represent, along with the K.S.C., the whole of the law of fives.

Ritual:

Say "Hail Eris"

Take the victim of possession to the center of the temple/living room. Put it (for, at this stage it's a cabbage, not an human, and so "it") on its knees. Go to the innermost part of the temple (pick any of the 5 vertices at random to work as innermost part), turn yourself (if you are the acting K.S.C.) with your back towards the victim and claim (meanwhile, the four priests should stay at the other vertices)

"Oh Goddess, thou who hadst maist all off us to be happy, and chaotic, or at most, balanced by the sacred chao. Look at this pitifull creature who cannot see the truths, falsitys, and meaninglessness of life, and is therefore worried or sd. Concede us now the power, fnord and unauthority to expell from him these bad things from its wicked being."

Wait a couple minutes . One of the assistants should play "Obladi Oblada" at this time, and another should get the lights flicking.

Say, still with your back facing the victim:

"Thanx Goddess", turn and face the possessed. Extend both your hands toward him, forming the ancient "V"sign of the numeral five (therefore 5, 5), or depending on your discordian sect, show two fingers of the left hand, and three of the right, representing the holy 23.

Say "with the powers taken from me by goddess Eris, and in the name of the sacred Chao, I herewith take off you the spirit of greyface. May you rejoice now."

Ask the victim if she (for now she should be human) feels happy and chaotically filled.

If she says yes, than stop the ritual. It worked.

Present her the fee for your clerical services, and move on to some beer.

If she says "no", untie the 1 Ton Golden Apple, letting it fall on the victim's head.

The possessor spirits are now gone as well.

How To Summon Ye Dæmon Aleister Crowley To Visible Appearance

(A Rite For Father's Day)

Father's Day Rite O.D. PUBLICATION, CLASS A

From an ancient Græco-Egyptian manuscript in the Egyptian National Museum

Ye Banishing

Banish by showing a picture of Aleister Crowley to the eight directions, saying "Get Off My Cloud" at each spacemark, and each time give the Middle Finger Salute to the direction. Or ye may wear a Crowley Mask during the banishing. This will scare away any non-Thelemic entities and entice Crowley to the Circle.

Ye Place Of Working

In the middle of the circle should be a Crucifix, lots of beer (Crowley hated beer) and a copy of an A.E. Waite book (Crowley liked Waite about as much as beer). This will keep Crowley from invading the circle in his true form.

Ye Preliminary Insultation

The celebrants sit in the circle and consume beer, marijuana and other intoxicants, all the while profaning the demon Crowley, reviling him at every turn. Every couple of minutes a different celebrant should break into the conversation and say,

"I wish Crowley was here to hear you say that."

Getting stoned inside the circle where he can't reach you and insulting his Name will draw Crowley to the circle, itching to manifest and rip you into confetti.

Ye First Insultation

The appointed Priest reads each sentence aloud, and the Celebrants repeat it after him.

"I invoke and conjure thee, o ye blasphemous toad Aleister Crowley! Long have ye taunted us from beyond the grave, meddling with the brains of acid messiahs and politicians, smirking at us from behind your silly Egyptian hat! I command you to appear before us now, if you're the great magician they say you are! Being armed with the power of beer and cigarettes I command it!!!"
(pause for a minute)

"O worm-eaten necromancer, hear me. A sadistic game you have played with your disciples long enough. You lure the curious down halls of Aleister Crowley statues and Crowley altars at every turn, only to lead the travellers to a mirror at the end of the path, and they realize their god was themselves all the time. BUT BY THAT TIME THEY'VE BOUGHT ALL YOUR BOOKS.

Thou art a slick advertiser selling bottled air."

"I invoke you by your names: To Mega Therion! Perdurabo! Baphomet! The Beast 666! Fo-Hi! Count Alexander Svareff! Chiao Khan! Alys! etc. Come thou forthwith, without delay, from any and all parts of the world thou mayest be, and make rational answers unto all things that we shall demand of thee, for thou art conjured up by the name of the living and true god Xerox!"

Ye Second Insultation

If the obstinate Beast refuses to show himself, repeat ye second insultation:

“By the power of the slave god Jehovah, I command you to appear!”

“By twenty generations of Plymouth Brethren, I constrain you to appear!”

“By Leah Hirsig’s bedpan, I lure you to appear!”

“With seven vestal virgins, I entice you to appear!”

“With seven lines of fine Peruvian cocaine, I tempt you to appear!”

“With seven young, gay, Arabian boys I seduce you to appear!”

“By a gram of China white heroin, I dare you to appear!”

“Just to see if I have all that shit, I DEFY YOU TO APPEAR!”

Ye Grand Insultation

Another joint is passed around while the Celebrants wait for a sign of Crowley’s appearance. His manifestation can take many forms, and each adept should comment on anything he/she should hear or see that might be Crowley, from insects to rocks to vegetation. While the joint is smoked, each of these possible signs is discussed and either discarded or seized and put in the middle of the circle. These objects touched by Crowley are HOO-HAHs and should be kept by the celebrants as Power Objects. If Crowley still does not appear in physical form, a final and most powerful CRITICIZATION and INSULTATION is uttered by the Priest:

“Come on, man, this is embarrassing. We do the ritual and you promise it will work and you don’t show up. That’s just like you, you lime-sucking baldpate of an English windbag! We come out here, dress in fine apparel and take strange drugs and all that shit, and all we get out of it is sitting here in fine apparel stoned on strange drugs.”

“Come on, you lecherous old fart! You can tantalize us with a little visible appearance, can’t you? Just show us a leg and part of a helmet like Buer showed you, huh? That is, if you got the balls. COME ON, CROWLEY, SHOW US THAT BEAST OF A WANGER YOU BRAG ABOUT...”

As soon as this is said, Crowley will manifest on the outside of the Circle, if not in bodily form then as a breeze or something more tenuous, but everything that moves outside the circle has been touched by him. Each celebrant who hasn’t found a Crowley Hoo-Hah yet should go out of the Circle and find one. They are piled in the middle of the Circle. These Crowley Hoo-Hahs can be used for any and all types of Thelemic Magick. They’re almost as good as Crowley Knucklebones and Crowley Toes.

Ye Banishing

A reverse banishing should be performed. Face the inside of the circle, point Crowley’s picture or mask to the centre of the circle, and at each of the eight points, say “Under my thumb” while you grind your thumb into your outstretched palm.

Ye Warning

The O.D. takes no responsibility for the consequences of performing this rite. Crowley’s manifestation is sometimes violent: once a whole group of adepts was found buggered to death. Be forewarned.

Collegium ad Inner Sanctum

Discordian Invocation

by Ian Bear

Those doing Discordian rituals may use some, all, or none of these invocations, or ignore the whole notion of element calling altogether. The floor may be opened to calling other favorite elements, and the order of calling could be determined by tossing a golden apple back and forth.

Sweet

Invocation: Oh ever blessed sweetness, be within us now. We call upon the spirits of chocolate, honey, ice cream, and good, gentle loving to be among our gathering this evening. May kindness and sweetness flourish among us in this circle, and may we always have goodies to share.

Dismissal: Oh sweet, ere you depart to your sticky realm, give us just one more taste of your delicious confections, and we will bask in the afterglow of your affections. Go if you must, so that you do not become cloying or revoltingly sweet, and we will appreciate you all the more when you return.

Orange

Invocation: Oh full, round, ripe, nourishing orange, be with us now. May you ever be pulpy and palpable, genuine and natural, and never dehydrated, reprocessed, irradiated, or pesticided. Feed our stomachs, hearts, and souls. Provide us with our recommended daily allowance of vitamin C. May we be healthy and well nourished within this circle.

Dismissal: Orange, ere you become mushy and moldy, and no longer so nourishing, please depart these premises and return to the earth so that we may be nourished by you again someday. So it is that none of the elements are totally dismissed, but go outward to join in the chaotic dance of the [Manuscript Damaged]

Pungent

Invocation: We call upon the essence of pungency, the sensual, the untamed, that wild smell we cannot ignore. We call upon that goaty aroma that does not know how to behave at parties, that which will keep us ever connected with nature, the beast within us, that wild card trickster factor that will keep civilization from strangling all. May the wildness and sensuality within us live and grow within this circle.

Dismissal: Oh pungent air you depart, leaving a lingering aroma and strange stains on the bedsheets. Go if you must, and come again sometime.

Prickle

Invocation: Oh Great Mother of Chaos, let us not lapse into oblivion and unconsciousness. When we have become comfortably numb, prickle us, awaken us, enliven us. Prickle us enough that we stay awake and learn our lessons, and please make the lessons no harder than they need to be. May we be awake and fully alive in this circle.

Dismissal: Essence of prickle, though we grant you permission to depart if you will, we know we are not off the hook. Ere you depart to your spiny realms, leave us with the awareness to continue along our paths without falling into the pit of obliviousness.

Boom

Invocation: Boom is the element that started it all. The echoes of the Big Boom still vibrate through the known universe. The waves of that mighty primordial explosion still splash about, sometimes spreading outward, sometimes crashing in on one another, or getting caught in vast celestial toilet bowls and forming spiral galaxies. It was a chaotic eddy in one of those toilet bowls that formed our sun, and the gurgling splash of that eddy that formed the planets. We are of the froth splashing atop the mighty waves of this expanding universe. It is thanks to the chaotic force that this froth is ever dancing, ever changing. May we grow and change in harmony with the forces of creative chaos.

Dismissal: Oh boom, I don't know if it will do much to dismiss you since no matter what I say, the echoes of the Big Boom will continue to reverberate throughout the All, but then again who am I to say what you can and can't do? Just keep the chaotic motion and dance of the universe going. May the heat death of the universe be ever averted. Hail and sleet and fare well.

A word of warning to the wise:

Though this be the light hearted Discordian tradition, serious caution is advised in calling physically manifest elementals of these elements. If you call a pungent elemental to your apartment, you may never get your security deposit back, and a boom elemental may level portions of the neighborhood. Indeed, it is best if the physical forms of these sorts of elementals remain a warped alternative D&D concept. It should also be remembered that Discordianism is about the balance of order and chaos that brings about creation, and not about chaos run amok. Falling into the pit of destructive chaos is no more fun than the effects of destructive order. The eclectic Discordian should embrace diversity and include positive orderly practices in a spiritual path as well.

A historical note:

One fine evening, after calling in the elements using the invocations above, plus some extra ones for important elements such as garlic and chocolate, which were thoughtlessly omitted by the great Malaclypse the Younger, I tossed a lovely round organic golden delicious apple into the circle, announcing it was for the prettiest. A friend seized the apple, and got out a knife, planning to divvy it up among all the pretty folk assembled. First she sliced the apple horizontally, and triumphantly holding the halves in the air, proclaimed, "Behold, the sign of the penta—, oops, it's a six sided apple." It was then we knew the She had come to bless our simple rite of devotion with sacred confusion.

AD084

Wonderful Wands

Next you will want a magick wand. These can be made cheaply from such ordinary items as pea shooters, cattle prods and curtain rods. Curtain rods are particularly potent. Lee Harvey Oswald took a package of them to work on the morning of November 22, 1963. During his lunch break, he produced the famous magic bullet, which killed John Kennedy, wounded John Connally, promoted Lyndon Johnson, made a liar out of Earl Warren and, most unfortunately, brought Jim Garrison to Oliver Stone's attention. After all that, the slug still remains in pristine condition, so that it can, if necessary, be used again.

And cynics say the age of miracles is over.

All magick wands utilize the power concealed in rods. Point the right kind of rod at your neighbourhood banker and he will give you money.

But the notion that wands are surrogate penises is a phallacy.

Omar Khayam Ravenhurst, "Grand Compendium of Discordian Regurgitals" Miraculous Mojo
In 1968, students and workers in France rebelled and nearly toppled the government.

Although the age of miracles has long since passed, occasionally somebody somewhere snaps out of his tranquilized obedience and compulsive junk consumption, if only temporarily. Such a rare event, called a revolution, is considered a genuine and authentic miracle upon investigation and certification by the Legion of Dynamic Discord and our Bull Goose of Limbo.

Our research has determined that the 1968 student/worker revolt was caused by a powerful magician in Fatima who accomplished this wonder by boiling bats' wings in holy water from Lourdes, and intoning a secret incantation we can only reveal here with one essential word omitted:

"Two, four, six, ___ ;

Organise to smash the state!"

After chanting that mantra 23 times, our mysterious wizard drank his bat soup and flew to Paris on a broomstick, whereupon he took possession of Daniel Cohn-Bendit in order to observe and critique (in neo-Marxist terms) the public results of his arcane work.

Unfortunately, the French Communist Party regards magic as a decadent bourgeois science, so (on behalf of workers and peasants everywhere) it aborted this miracle by taking it over and surrendering power back to French President DeGaulle.

Omar Khayam Ravenhurst, "Grand Compendium of Discordian Regurgitals"

voice : A pox upon the accursed Illuminati of Bavaria; may their seed take no root. May their hands tremble, their eyes dim and their spines curl up, yea, verily, like unto the backs of snails; and may the vaginal orifices of their women be clogged with Brillo pads.

For they have sinned against God and Nature; they have made of life a prison; and they have stolen the green from the grass and the blue from the sky.

And so saying, and grimacing and groaning, the Purple Sage left the world of men and women and retired to the desert in despair and heavy grumpiness.

But the High Chapperal laughed, and said to the Erisian faithful: Our brother torments himself with no cause, for even the malign Illuminati are unconscious pawns of the Divine Plane of Our Lady.

- Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.,

"The Book of Contradictions", Liber 555

Mister Order, he runs at a very good pace

But old Mother Chaos is winning the race

-Lord Omar Khayaam Ravenhurst, K.S.C.,

"The Book of Advice", The Honest Book of Truth

Believe not one word that is written in The Honest Book of Truth by Lord Omar nor any that be in Principia Discordia by Malaclypse the Younger; for all that is there contained are the most pernicious and deceptive truths.

- Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.,

"Epistle to the Episkopi", The Dishonest Book of Lies

The Elvis Séance

Performance of the Elvis Seance requires one Elvis Presley impersonator and five gullible Discordians. Since he or she doesn't have to even be a GOOD impersonator, the real problem will be finding the gullible Discordians. We Discordians are not known for our gullibility. For example, we don't believe Elvis is still alive, as do many infidels.

"Dead and rotten but not forgotten," is not only our slogan on the Elvis question, it is the mantra for the Elvis Seance, which will be revealed in the ripening of time [three paragraphs below].

We, however, believe Elvis will rise from the dead and help Bob "J.R." Dobbs and The Fightin' Jesus destroy the Trilateral Commission on Judgment Day.

Moreover, every Discordian, without exception, must have a photograph of Elvis in Army uniform, as a reminder that no man is above the law; and for that reason, if no other, the law should be abolished.

Now for the seance:

- * All Discordians present lay hands on the head of the Elvis impersonator.
- * Begin chanting "Dead and rotten but not forgotten," over & over until it gets boring.
- * Keep chanting "Dead and rotten but not forgotten," after it gets boring.

At some point the Elvis impersonator will fall on the floor and start jerking, twitching, convulsing. When the impersonator begins singing, "All Shook Up," know that the departed spirit of Elvis is among you.

If you went to all this trouble without preparing a list of questions, and you have Elvis rolling at your feet, and you cannot think of anything to say, don't ask for his autograph either, because he will be in no condition to sign anything.

Brain Change Experiment

Lie down comfortably. Relax. Hold your breath. Pass out.

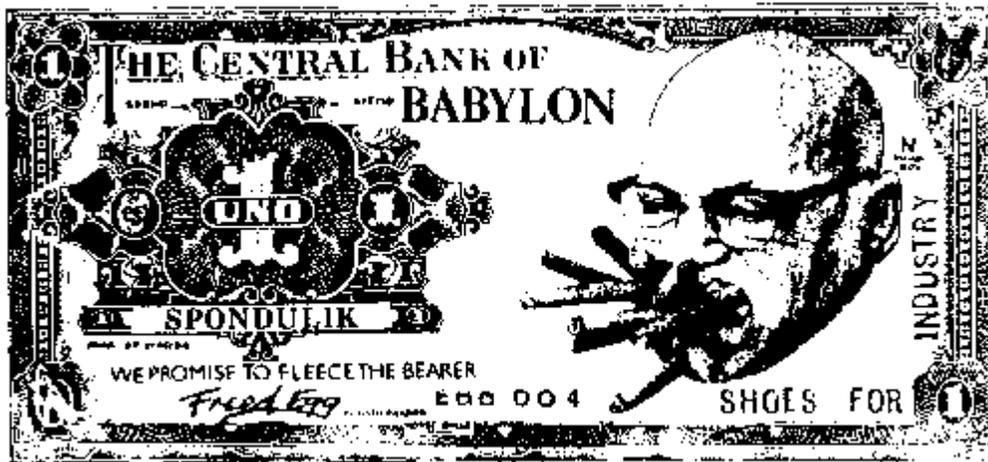
Commentary:

Don't use anything to help you hold your breath. **You could die.** As long as you're just using your Will to do it, you'll be fine.

Pay close attention to your body as you pass out. You will passing through the body's natural panic reaction to death. This can be a very interesting experience.

This experiment doesn't require any kind of preperation or training, but it is really, really hard to do.

You probably shouldn't try this if you have any kind of special health issues.



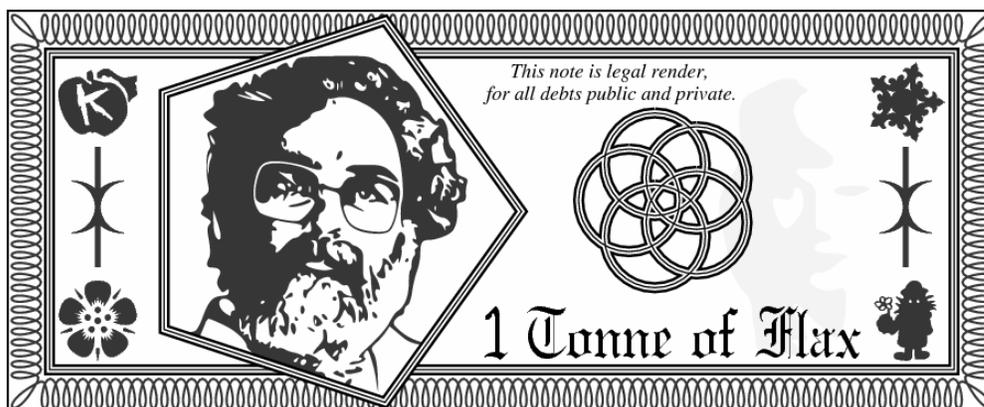
A Short Discourse on the Ancient and Accepted Discordian Practice of Fnording Dollar Bills

ODD#III(a);pQ\$:10Afm3155.p.

One of the favorite Discordian "proofs" of the existence of our ancient adversaries, the Bavarian Illuminati (and of their stranglehold control of the U.S. government) is the existence of their symbol, the "Eye in the Pyramid," on the back of every single one-dollar bill printed! Before now, I don't think anyone has considered the possibility of this symbol having any greater purpose than simply being a reminder to all those "In the Know" of who's REALLY running this country; but I think that the presence of the Illuminati's "mark" on currency might be useful to them in and of itself, and am taking steps to sabotage their plot, even at this late stage in the game.

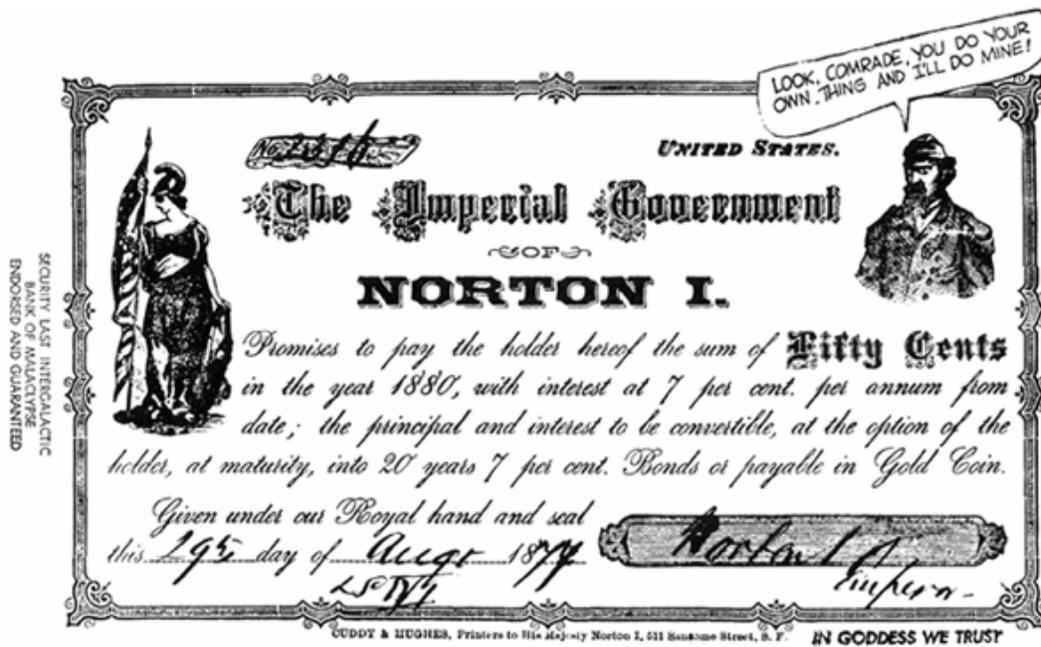
The popular image of the magickal system of "Voodoo" is of someone sticking pins in a doll, to hurt the person the doll is "linked" to by Sympathetic Magic -- due to the doll's resemblance to the victim, or by a bit of the victim's hair, or something. In any case, the resemblance supposedly gives the magician power over the subject. Now think about all the money you carry around, with the Illuminati's symbol right on it.

What's more, most Americans and other c(r)apitalists are obsessed with money. Even our noble affiliates and deadly rivals in the "Church of the SubGenius" have made this mistake. What was once merely a useful medium of exchange has become a culture complete unto itself, with people's lives depending on the passing around of this paper. The worst part of the capitalist concept of "money" is that most citizens of America treat this (rather silly) concept as if it was of deadly importance -- and it is. Under the rule of T.H.E.M., if you don't have "money," you can starve to death. This Horrible Example of the Aneristic Principle (which is explained in the Psycho Metaphysics document) in action results in most people, even Discordians, taking it seriously -- the one thing we Discordians shouldn't do. The Illuminati has USES for all of this sadly misdirected psychic energy....



In order to avoid this, we must PLAY with money -- write on it, tear it up, drop it on businessmen (50-lb. sacks of pennies, preferably...), and burn it sacrificially -- if we can "see" money for the idiotic hallucination it IS, that'll be one less plot of T.H.E.M.'s to worry about. But remember -- they still believe in the stuff, so be careful out there. In order to combat this malignant influence, other Discordians have tried a variety of methods. Some of the larger Discordian conspiracies use their own money systems, such as flaxscrip and hempscrip. Some individuals burn Illuminati dollars in sacrifice, so that Eris can make better use of the "idea" of "money" than we can on Earth. If my theory is correct, however, we can snafu the Illuminati's plan at the source.

The Illuminati put their symbol on the money so as to have a "link" to it -- they can use the power generated by people thinking about money, and they can influence the decisions Normals make concerning money (which probably explains Reaganomics, come to think of it...) To neutralize this "link" we have to create "interference" -- and the best way I can think of to do that is to get a little help from Eris. If my theory is correct, writing "FNORD" over the Illuminati symbol will screw up their "reception" (due to the well-known "invisibility" of the fnord to Normals), and that's good for a start. What's more, by writing cryptic Discordian slogans on money, we can open the way for Eris to USE that False Cash for Her own inscrutable (but funny) purposes. The human "owner" or "carrier" of the money won't realize their hands are being guided by forces beyond human comprehension -- not until it's too late -- they've gone and spent it on something weird or frivolous, or necessary... Besides, it's a good way to kill time on a slow day. It should be noted that there are other explanations for money's ubiquity, and while spending fnorded and/or sloganized dollars might be thwarting THEM, it could also be playing right into the metaphorical hands of an even greater threat.



UNDERMINE

The Stupidity of the Masses
By a thorough explanation
of 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.

These Laws are simple enough to explain to any of the televated masses and even if they/you don't get them at first, the seeds have been planted. Just sit back, relax, and ponder the universal meaning of these laws and the occult significance of having holes in one's socks.

PLEASE STAND STILL DURING BRAIN SCANS:

Although it may contain nicotine.

IF THE ABOVE MAKES NO SENSE TO YOU, WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU THINK.

Tequilarian House of Erisian Apostles a most radically
orgas mic branch of the Purple Monkey Mafia/Cabal



Be a Winner

No: 23523

Price of Admission:
All that yer believe to be five
Date & Time will not be announced

The
Legion of Dynamic Discord
23rd Street Chapel
in disjunction with Saint Gulth
and by the pineal promptings of
Her Lady Cris Discordia
presents
The End of the World
No Line-ups prior to event
No refunds

A Gold & Apple Production



Price of Admission:
All that yer believe to be five

No: 23523

Date & Time will not be announced

HAIL ERIS!!!!!!

FROM: Office Of The Bull Goose, University Of Discordia,
Washington, D. C., Campus.
TO: Grace, Our Benevolent Alpine Trouble Shooteress, RMA,
by-the-sea.
SUBJECT: Misc. data on the Discordian Society.
OBJECT: Your devine befuddlement.

DS DATA SHEET

OFFICIAL SEAL: The Eristic (or, if you prefer: Sacred) Chao
(or, if you prefer: Cow).

OFFICIAL COLORS: Red, brown, yellow, green, blue, gold, black,
orange, purple, ivory, tuti-fruity, etc.

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK: The Honest Book Of Truth, which runs into
several esoteric volumes, including: THE FIVE PILLARS OF RUBBISH;
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO OMAR; THE CHAOSPHE BIBLE; THE BOOKS OF
BOKONON; THE WAY OF THE CHAO; and many others which, like most of
the above, have not yet been written -- but we're working on them.

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS: The Lay Books (not to be confused with
obscene literature) which include at present: CATCH-22; CAT'S
CRADLE; and ONE FLEW OVER THE COORCO'S NEST.

OUR MOTTO: We have several of these; a random sample follows:
"Keep X in your Xianity!" "To Hell with THE INFARNO!" (Dante
didn't like Sowers Of Discord) "Fuck God!" (We love Her.)

OFFICIAL, ESOTERIC GREETING: Hail Eris!!!!!! (This is esoteric
because people think you said, "Hail Eros!" and are merely some
kind of libertine or, "Ale H^eress!" and are advertising some new
kind of imported beer.)

OUR GOVERNMENT: Eristocracy, of course.

UNIVERSAL HEADQUARTERS (no extra-terrestrial discrimination):
Limbo. And our US branch office is Box 55555, Pentagon, etc.,
but don't write us there as it is fictional rather than functional.

AN IMPORTANT REMINDER: This is a Discordian Society; anyone caught
practicing Bokonism gets the HOOKonon, or whatever.

NOTE: For your futher befuddlement, write Greg and ask him for
THE MYTH OF STARBUCK(or whatever he calls it).

-- Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, Bull G. 'o Limbo & P of S

Reference copy, JFK Collection: HSCA (RG 233)

Holey Books

The Book of the Uterus
Epistle to the Paranoid
Principia Discordia
Honest Book of Truth
The Book of Eris
The Book of Fred

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

Wholly Books

Apocrypha Discordia
Pocketfull of Chaos
Oven Ready Chaos
5 Apples of Eris
Summa Discordia
Metaclysmia Discordia
Zenarchist Cookbook

Woally Books

Liber Kaos-Peter Carroll
The Book of SubGenuis-Rev. Ivan Stagg
The Illuminati Papers-Dr. Robert Anton Wilson Ph D
The Grey Book-TOPY
Undoing Yourself-Dr. Christopher Hyatt PhD
Programming and MetaProgramming the Human BioComputer-Dr. John Lilly, MD, PhD
The Psychedelic Experience-Dr. Timothy Leary PhD
The Book of the AntiChrist-Jack Parsons
Book of Shadows-Gerald Gardner
The Book of Pleasure Austin O. Spare
The Book of the Law-Alistair Crowley
The Gospel of the Witches-Geoffrey Leland
De Arte Magical-(Fnord)
The Surrealist Manifesto- Antra Brenton
Behold A Pale Horse Wilian Cooper

Federal Bureau of Consciousness Limitation
Thought Crime Prevention Division



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For your benefit and our profits

FNORD

The Book of Uterus

from the *Honest Book of Truth* revealed to Lord Omar

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

The Honest Book of Truth

being a Bible of The Erisian Movement

and How it was Revealed to Episkopos Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, KSC; Bull Goose of Limbo; and Master Pastor of the Church Invisible of the Laughing Christ, Hidden Temple of The Happy Jesus, Laughing Buddha Jesus [LBJ] Ranch

From the *Honest Book of Truth*

The Book of Explanations, Chapter 1

1. There came one day to Lord Omar, Bull Goose of Limbo, a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Mound wherein was buried an Honest Book.
2. And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: Go ye hence and dig the Truth, that ye may come to know it and, knowing it, spread it and, spreading it, wallow in it and, wallowing in it, lie in it and, lying in the Truth, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings -- an Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.
3. So Omar went forth to the Sacred Mound, which was to the East of Mullah, and thereupon he worked digging in the sand for five days and five nights, but found no book.
4. At the end of five days and five nights of digging, it came to pass that Omar was exhausted. So he put his shovel to one side and bedded himself down on the sand, using as a pillow a Golden Chest he had uncovered on the first day of his labors.
5. Omar slept.
6. On the fifth day of his sleeping, Lord Omar fell into a Trance, and there came to him in the Trance a Dream, and there came to him in the Dream a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Grove wherein was hidden a Golden Chest.
7. And the Angel of Eris 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 to 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.*

DADA SHEET #2583 - (Excerpts From) THE MAGNUM OPIATE OF MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA / OR / How I Found Goddess And What I Did To Her When I Found Her / Be ye not lost Among Precepts of Order / being a Beginning Introduction to The Erisian Mysteries / WHICH IS MOST INTERESTING / as Divinely Revealed to My High Reverence MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, KSC Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Goldand / HIGH PRIEST OF THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE) / Dedicated to The Prettiest One / POEE is one manifestation of THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY about which you will learn more and understand less / We are a tribe of philosophers, theologians, magicians, scientists, artists, clowns, and similar maniacs who are intrigued with ERIS GODDESS OF CONFUSION and with Her Doings / THE FIVE COMMANDMENTS (THE PENTABARF) The PENTABARF was discovered by the hermit Apostle Zarathud in the Fifth Year of the Caterpillar. He found them carved in gilded stone, while building a sun deck for his cave, but their import was lost for they were written in a mysterious cypher. However, after 10 wks & 11 hrs of intensive scrutiny he discerned that the message could be read by standing on his head and viewing it upside down. / KNOW YE THIS O MAN OF FAITH! I - There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is Your Goddess. There is no Erisian Movement but The Erisian Movement and it is The Erisian Movement. And every Golden Apple Corps is the beloved home of a Golden Worm. II - A Discordian Shall Always use the Official Discordian Document Numbering System. III - A Discordian is Required during his early Illumination to Go Off Alone & Partake Joyously of a Hot Bog on a Friday; this Devotive Ceremony to Remonstrate against the popular Paganisms of the Day: of Catholic Christendom (no meat on Friday), of Judaism (no meat of Pork), of Hindic Peoples (no meat of Beef), of Buddhists (no meat of animal), and of Discordians (no Hot Dog Buns). IV - A Discordian shall Partake of No Hot Dog Buns, for Such was the Solace of Our Goddess when She was Confronted with The Original Snub. V - A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing What he Reads. / A ZEN STORY By Camden Benares - A serious young man found the conflicts of mid 20th Century America confusing. He went to many people seeking a way of resolving within himself the discords that troubled him, but he remained troubled. One night in a coffee house, a self-ordained Zen Master said to him, "Go to the dilapidated mansion you will find at this address which I have written down for you. Do not speak to those who live there; you must remain silent until the moon rises tomorrow night. Go to the large room on the right of the main hallway, sit in the lotus position on top of the rubble in the northeast corner, face the corner, and meditate." He did as the Zen Master instructed. His meditation was frequently interrupted by worries. He worried whether or not the rest of the plumbing fixtures would fall from the second floor bathroom to join the pipes and other trash he was sitting on. He worried how he would know when the moon rose on the next night. He worried about what the people who walked through the room said about him. His worrying and meditation were disturbed when, as if in a test of his faith, ordure fell from the second floor onto him. At that time two people walked into the room. The first asked the second who the man sitting there was. The second replied "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead." Hearing this, the man was enlightened. / THE BIRTH OF THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT - THE REVELATION - Just prior to the decade of the nineteen-sixties, when Sputnik was alone and new, and about the time that Ken Kesey took his first acid trip as a medical volunteer; before underground newspapers, Viet Nam, and talk of a second American Revolution; in the comparative quiet of the late nineteen-fifties, just before the idea of RENAISSANCE became relevant... Two young Californians, known later as Omar Ravenhurst and Malaclypse the Younger, were indulging in their habit of sipping coffee at an all night bowling alley and generally solving the world's problems. This particular evening the main subject of discussion was discord and they were complaining to each other of the personal confusion they felt in their respective lives. "Solve the problem of discord," said one, the other, "chaos and strife are the roots of all confusion." Suddenly, the place became devoid of light. Then an utter silence enveloped them, and a great stillness was felt. Then came a blinding flash of intense light, as though their very psyches had gone nova. Then vision returned. The two were dazed and neither moved nor spoke for several minutes. They looked around and saw that the bowlers were frozen like statues in a variety of comic positions, and that a bowling ball was steadfastly anchored to the floor only inches from the pins that it had been sent to scatter. The two looked at each other, totally unable to account for the phenomenon. The condition was one of suspension, and one noticed that the clock had stopped. There walked into the room a chimpanzee, shaggy and grey about the muzzle, yet upright in his full five feet, and poised with natural majesty. He carried a scroll and walked to the young men. "Gentlemen," he said, "why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse orbit? Gentleman, there are nipples on your chests; do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?" He paused. "SOMEBODY HAD TO PUT ALL OF THIS CONFUSION HERE!" And with that he revealed his scroll. It was a diagram, like a yin-yang with a pentagon on one side and an apple on the other. And then he exploded and the two lost consciousness. They awoke to the sound of pins clattering, and found the bowlers engaged in their game and the waitress busy with making coffee. It was apparent that their experience had been private. They discussed their strange encounter and reconstructed from memory the chimpanzee's diagram. Over the next five days they searched libraries to find the significance of it, but were disappointed to uncover references only to Taoism, the Korean flag, and Technocracy. It was not until they traced the Greek writing on the apple that they discovered the ancient Goddess known to the Greeks as ERIS and to the Romans as DISCORDIA. This was on the fifth night, and when they slept that night, each had a vivid dream of a splendid woman whose eyes were as soft as a feather and as deep as eternity itself, and whose body was the spectacular dance of atoms and universes. Pyrotechnics of pure energy formed her flowing hair, and rainbows manifested and dissolved as she spoke in a warm and gentle voice: I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding. You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun. I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free. During the next months they studied philosophies and theologies, and learned that ERIS or DISCORDIA was primarily feared by the ancients as being disruptive. Indeed, the very concept of chaos was still considered equivalent to strife and treated as a negative. "No wonder things are all screwed up," they concluded, "they have got it all backwards." They found that the principle of disorder was every much as significant as the principle of order. With this in mind, they studied the strange yin-yang. During a meditation one afternoon, a voice came to them: It is called THE SACRED CHAO. I appoint you Keepers of it. Therein you will find anything you like. Speak of Me as DISCORD, to show contrast to the pentagon. Tell constricted mankind that there are no rules, unless they choose to invent rules. Keep close the words of Syadest: 'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO MINDS. And remember that there is no tyranny in the State of Confusion. For further information, consult your pineal gland. "What is this?" mumbled one to the other, "A religion based on The Goddess of Confusion? It is utter madness!" And with these words, each looked at the other in absolute awe. Omar began to giggle. Mal began to laugh. Omar began jumping up and down. Mal was hooting and hollering to beat all hell. And amid squeals of mirth and with tears on their cheeks, each appointed the other to be high priest of his own madness, and together they declared themselves to be a society of Discordia, for what ever that may turn out to be. / ON PRAYER - MAL-2 was once asked by one of his Disciples if he often prayed to Eris. He replied with these words: No, we Erisians seldom pray, it is much too dangerous. Charles Fort has listed many factual incidences of ignorant people confronted with, say, a drought, and then praying fervently - and then getting the entire village wiped out in a torrential flood. / Wipe thine ass with What is Written and grin like a ninny at what is Spoken. Take thine refuge with thine wine in the Nothing behind Everything, as you hurry along the Path. - THE PURPLE SAGE / WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT ERIS (not much)- The Romans left a likeness of Her for posterity... She was shown as a grotesque woman with a pale and ghastly look, Her garment is ripped and torn, and as concealing a dagger in Her Bosom. Actually, most women look pale and ghastly when concealing a chilly dagger in their bosoms. Her genealogy is from the Greeks and is utterly confused. Either She was the twin of Aries and the daughter of Zeus and Hera; or She was the daughter of Nyx, goddess of night (who was either the daughter or wife of Chaos, or both), and Nyx's brother, Erebus, and whose brothers and sisters include Death, Doom, Mockery, Misery and Friendship. And that she begat Forgetfulness, Quarrels, Lies, and a bunch of gods and goddesses like that. One day Mal-2 consulted his Pineal Gland and asked Eris if She really created all of those terrible things. She told him that She had always liked the Old Greeks, but that they cannot be trusted with historic matters. "They were," She added, "victims of indigestion, you know." Suffice it to say that Eris is not hateful or malicious. But She is mischievous, and does get a little bitchy at times. / THE MYTH OF THE APPLE OF DISCORD - It seems that Zeus was preparing a wedding banquet for Peleus and Thetis and did not want to invite Eris because of Her reputation as a trouble maker. This made Eris angry, and so She fashioned an apple of pure gold and inscribed upon it KALLISTI ("To The Prettiest One") and on the day of the fete She rolled it into the banquet hall and then left to be alone and joyously partake of a hot dog. Now, three of the invited goddesses, Athena, Hera, and Aphrodite, each immediately claimed it to belong to herself because of the inscription. And they started fighting, and they started throwing punch all over the place and everything. Finally, Zeus calmed things down and declared that an arbitrator must be selected, which was a reasonable suggestion, and all agreed. He sent them to a shepherd of Troy, whose name was Paris because his mother had had a lot of gau and married a Frenchman; but each of the sneaky goddesses tried to outwit the others by going early and offering a bribe to Paris. Athena offered him Heroic War Victories, Hera offered him Great Wealth, and Aphrodite offered him The Most Beautiful Woman on Earth. Being a healthy young Trojan lad, Paris promptly accepted Aphrodite's bribe and she got the apple and he got screwed. As she had promised, she maneuvered earthly happenings so that Paris could have Helen (the Helen) then living with her husband Menelaus, King of Sparta. Anyway, everyone knows that the Trojan War followed when Sparta demanded their Queen back and that the Trojan War is said to be The First War among men. And so we suffer because of The Original Snub. And so a Discordian is to partake of No Hot Dog Buns. Do you believe that? We are not really esoteric, it's just that nobody pays much attention to us. / OLD POEE SLOGAN: When in doubt, fuck it. When not in doubt... get in doubt! / The Hell Law says that Hell is reserved exclusively for them that believe in it. Further, the Lowest Ring in Hell is reserved for them that believe in it on the supposition that they'll go there if they don't. / "I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PLUMBER." - Albert Einstein / "GRASSHOPPER ALWAYS WRONG IN ARGUMENT WITH CHICKEN" - Book of Chan / Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand Herman Hesse. Only a handful understood Albert Einstein. And nobody understood Emperor Norton. - Slogan of NORTON CABAL / TURN Over For More Erisian Wisdom ->

One day Mal-2 asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request Her presence for some desperate advice. Shortly afterwards the radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female Voice said YES? "O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Mani Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! Of Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart! WHAT BOTHERS YOU, MAL? YOU DON'T SOUND WELL. "I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe." WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT, IF IT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO? "But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it!" OH, WELL, THEN STOP. At which moment She turned Herself into an aspirin commercial and left the Polyfather stranded alone with his species. / THE CURSE OF GREYFACE - In the year 1166 B.C., a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface got it into his head that the universe was as humorless as he, and he began to teach that play was sinful because it contradicted the ways of Serious Order. "Look at all the order about you," he said. And from that, he deluded honest men to believe that reality was a straitjacket affair and not the happy romance as men had known it. It is not presently understood why men were so gullible at that particular time, for absolutely no one thought to observe all the disorder around them and conclude just the opposite. But anyway, Greyface and his followers took the game of playing at life more seriously than they took life itself and were known even to destroy other living beings whose ways of life differed from their own. The unfortunate result of this is that mankind has since been suffering from a psychological and spiritual imbalance, imbalance caused by frustration, and frustration causes fear. And fear makes a bad trip. Man has been on a bad trip for a long time now. It is called THE CURSE OF GREYFACE. / A GAME By Ala Hera - SINK is played by Discordians and people of much ilk. PURPOSE: To sink object or an object or a thing - in water or mud or anything you can sink something in. RULES: Sinking is allowed in any manner. To date, ten pound chunks of mud were used to sink a tobacco can. It is preferable to have a pit of water or a hole to drop things in. But rivers - bays - gulfs - I dare say even oceans can be used. TURNS are taken thusly: who ever gets the junk up in the air first. DUTY: It shall be the duty of all persons playing "SINK" to help find more objects to sink, once; one object is sunk. UPON SINKING: The sinker shall yell "I sank it!" or something equally as thoughtful. NAMING OF OBJECTS is some times desirable. The object is named by the finder of such object and whoever sinks it can say for instance, "I sunk Columbus, Ohio." / THE SACRED CHAO is the key to illumination. Devised by the Apostle Hung Mung in ancient China, it was modified and popularized by the Taoists and is sometimes called the YIN-YANG. The Sacred Chao is not the Yin-Yang of the Taoists. It is the HODGE-PODGE of the Erisians. And, instead of a Podge spot on the Hodge side, it has a PENTAGON which symbolizes the ANERISTIC PRINCIPLE, and instead of a Hodge spot on the Podge side, it depicts the GOLDEN APPLE OF DISCORDIA to symbolize the ERISTIC PRINCIPLE. The Sacred Chao symbolizes absolutely everything anyone need ever know about absolutely anything, and more! It even symbolizes everything not worth knowing, depicted by the empty space surrounding the Hodge-Podge. HERE FOLLOWS SOME PSYCHO-METAPHYSICS. If you are not hot for philosophy, best just skip it. The Aneristic Principle is that of APPARENT ORDER; the Eristic Principle is that of APPARENT DISORDER. Both order and disorder are man made concepts and are artificial divisions of PURE CHAOS, which is a level deeper than is the level of distinction making. With our concept making apparatus called "mind" we look at reality through the ideas-about-reality which our cultures give us. The ideas-about-reality are mistakenly labeled "reality" and unenlightened people are forever perplexed by the fact that other people, especially other cultures, see "reality" differently. It is only the ideas-about-reality which differ. Real (capital-T True) reality is a level deeper than is the level of concept. We look at the world through windows on which have been drawn grids (concepts). Different philosophies use different grids. A culture is a group of people with rather similar grids. Through a window we view chaos, and relate it to the points on our grid, and thereby understand it. The ORDER is in the GRID. That is the Aneristic Principle. Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a preference the will account for all reality at all will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be True. This is illusory; it is what westerners call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. So, a grid can be a useful tool, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other. DISORDER is simply unrefined information viewed through some particular grid. But, like "relation", no-relation is a concept. Male like female, is an idea about sex, and its essence is "absence of female-ness", or vice versa, is a matter of definition and metaphysically arbitrary. The artificial concept of no-relation is the ERISTIC ILLUSION. The point is that (little-t) truth is a matter of definition relative to the grid one is using at the moment, and that (capital-T) Truth, metaphysical reality, is irrelevant to grids entirely. Pick a grid through which some chaos appears ordered and some appears disordered. Pick another grid, and the same chaos will appear differently ordered and disordered. Reality is the original Rorschach. Verily! So much for all that. The Podge of the Sacred Chao is symbolized as The Golden Apple of Discordia, which represents the Eristic Principle of Disorder. The writing on it, "KALLISTI" is Greek for "TO THE PRETTIEST ONE" and refers to an old myth about The Goddess. But the Greeks had only a limited understanding of Disorder, and thought it to be a negative principle. The Pentagon represents the Aneristic Principle of Order and symbolizes the HODGE. The Pentagon has several references; for one, it can be taken to represent geometry, one of the earliest studies of formal order to reach elaborate development; for another, it specifically accords with THE LAW OF FIVES. It also is the shape of the United States Military Headquarters, the Pentagon Building, a most pregnant manifestation of straightjacket order resting on a firm foundation of chaos and constantly erupting into dazzling disorder; and so happens that in times of medieval magic, the pentagon was the generic symbol for werewolves, but this reference is not particularly intended and it should be noted that the Erisian Movement does not discriminate against werewolves - - our membership roster is open to persons of all races, national origins and hobbies. / To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder. The Curse of Greyface included the division of life into order-disorder as the essential positive/negative polarity, instead of building a game foundation with creative-destructive as the essential positive-negative. He has thereby caused man to endure the destructive aspects of order and has prevented man from effectively participating in the creative uses of disorder. Civilization reflects this unfortunate division. POEE proclaims that the other division is preferable, and we work toward the proposition that creative disorder, like creative order, is possible and desirable; and that destructive order, like destructive disorder, is unnecessary and undesirable. Seek the Sacred Chao - therein you will find the foolishness of all ORDER/DISORDER. They are the same! / Have a friendly class talk. Permit each child to tell any part of the unit on "Courtesy in the Corridors and on the Stairs" that he enjoyed. Name some causes of disturbance in your school. / ZARATHUD'S ENLIGHTENMENT - Before he became a hermit, Zarathud was a young priest, and took great delight in making fools of his opponents in front of his followers. One day Zarathud took his students to a pleasant pasture and there he confronted the Sacred Chao while She was contentedly grazing. "Tell me, you dumb beast," demanded the Priest in his commanding voice, "why don't you do something worthwhile. What is your Purpose in Life, anyway?" Munching the tasty grass, The Sacred Chao replied "MU". Upon hearing this, absolutely nobody was enlightened. Primarily because nobody could understand Chinese. "MU" is the Chinese ideogram for NO-THING. / ERISIAN MAGIC RITUAL - THE TURKEY CURSE - Revealed by the Apostle Dr. Van Van Mojo as a specific counter to the evil Curse of Greyface, the TURKEY CURSE is here passed on to Erisians everywhere for their just protection. The Turkey Curse works. It is firmly grounded on the fact that Greyface and his followers absolutely require an aneristic setting to function and that a timely introduction of eristic vibrations will neutralize their foundation. The Turkey Curse is designed solely to counteract negative aneristic vibes and if introduced into a neutral or positive aneristic setting (like a poet working out word rhythms) it will prove harmless, or at worst, simply annoying. It is not designed for use against negative eristic vibes, although it can be used as an eristic vehicle to introduce positive vibes into a misguided eristic setting. In this instance, it would be the responsibility of the Erisian Magician to manufacture the positive vibrations if results are to be achieved. CAUTION - all magic is powerful and requires courage and integrity on the part of the magician. This ritual, if misused, can backfire. Positive motivation is essential for self-protection. TO PERFORM THE TURKEY CURSE: Take a foot stance as if you were John L. Sullivan preparing for fistbouts. Face the particular greyface you wish to short-circuit, or towards the direction of the negative aneristic vibration that you wish to neutralize. Begin by waving your arms in any elaborate manner and make motions with your hands as though you were Mandrake feeling up a sexy giantess. Chant, loudly and clearly: GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE! The results will be instantly apparent. / NONSENSE AS SALVATION: The human race will begin solving it's problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. To that end, POEE proposes the counter-game 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. / THUS ENDS EXCERPTS FROM THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA / All Rights Reserved - Reprint what you like / THE LAST WORD - The foregoing document was revealed to Mal-2 by the Goddess Herself through many consultations with Her within his Pineal Gland. It is guaranteed to be the Word of Goddess. However, it is only fair to state that Goddess doesn't always say the same thing to each listener, and that other Episcoposes are sometimes told quite different things in their Revelations, which are also the Word of Goddess. Consequently, if you prefer a Discordian Sect other than POEE, then none of these Truths are binding, and it is a rotten shame that you have read all the way down to the very last word. / READ THE WHOLE THING AT WWW.23AE.COM

The Bearer Of This Card Is
Genuine And Authorized

POPE

So PLEASE Treat Them Right
GOOD FOREVER

You are now a genuine
and authorized

POPE

GOOD FOREVER

Genuine and authorized by
The HOUSE of APOSTLES of ERIS

**The Bearer of this card is
A Genuine and Authorised**

=POPE=

**So please treat them right good.
Forever.**

Genuine and Authorised by the House of Apostles of ERIS

*Every Man Woman and Child
on this Earth is a
Genuine and Authorised Pope.*

*Reproduce and Distribute
these cards Freely.
POEE Head Temple
San Francisco*



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.



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



**The Bearer of this card is
A Genuine and Authorised
=POPE=
So please treat them right good.
Forever.**

Genuine and Authorised by the House of Apostles of ERIS

Every Man Woman and Child
on this Earth is a
Genuine and Authorised Pope.

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San Francisco

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD
IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED

HOPE

So *please* Treat Him Right
GOOD FOREVER

Genuine and authorized by The HOUSE of APOSTLES of ERIS

Every man, woman and child on this Earth is a genuine and authorized Pope.
Reproduce and distribute these cards freely•P.O.E.E. Head Temple, San Francisco

As a Pope, you are entitled to the following privileges:
1 - To invoke infallibility at any time, including retroactively.
2 - To completely rework the structure of the Erisian Church.
3 - To baptize, bury and marry (with the permission of the deceased in the latter two cases)
4 - To excommunicate yourself and others,
To de-excommunicate yourself and others,
To re-excommunicate yourself and others,
To de-re-excommunicate (no backslaps) yourself and others.
5 - To perform all rites and functions deemed to be improper to a Pope of Discordia.

This Card Certifies and Identifies

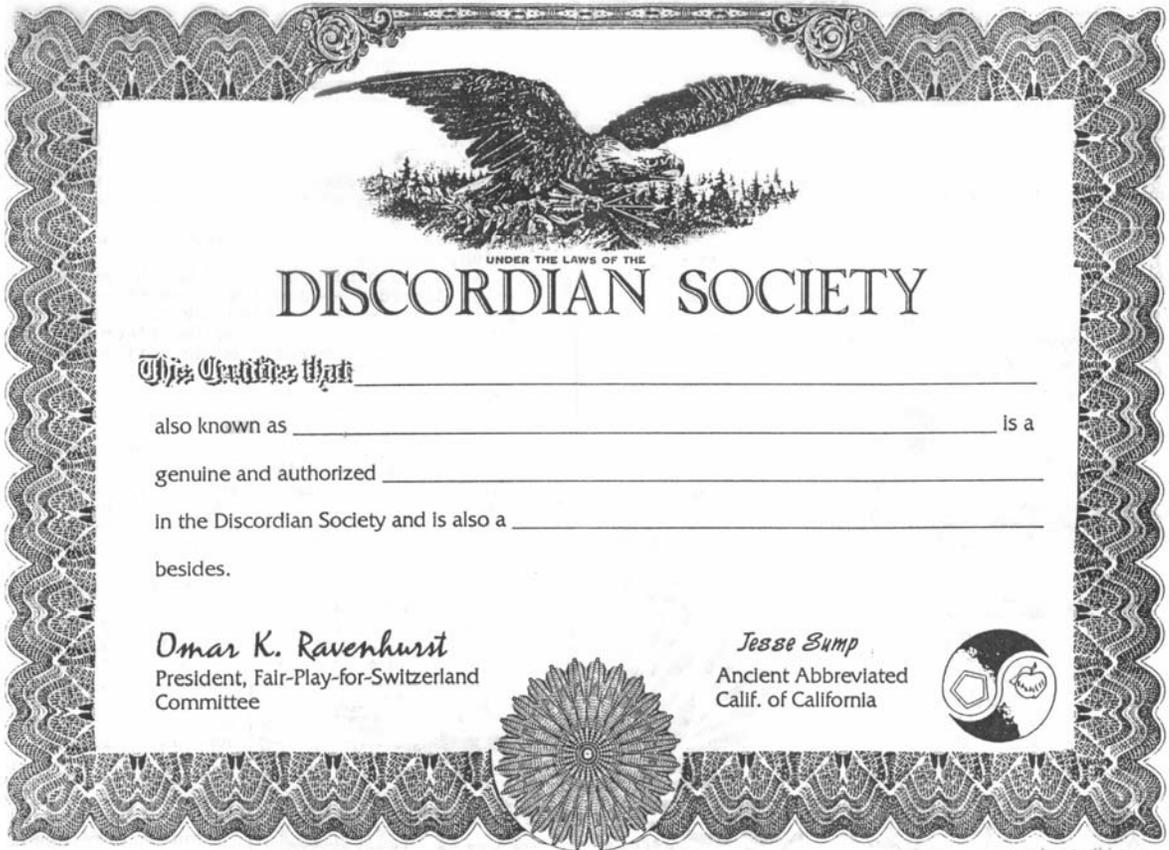
The Beatus Ifungo

as a Genuine and Authorized

✌ POPE 🍑

So Please Treat Them Right

~GOOD FOREVER~



UNDER THE LAWS OF THE
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

This Certificate that _____
 also known as _____ is a
 genuine and authorized _____
 in the Discordian Society and is also a _____
 besides.

Omar K. Ravenhurst
 President, Fair-Play-for-Switzerland
 Committee

Jesse Sump
 Ancient Abbreviated
 Calif. of California



Reproduce all sentiments herein. Reproduce and distribute these all-purpose ordination certificates freely. Prevent unauthorized activity in the name of Discordianism by filling out one for each of your friends, enemies, associates, fellow workers, relatives and deceased.

**LEGION OF
 DYNAMIC DISCORD**

Hark! Recognize that the
 DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
Doth hereby certify



As a LEGIONNAIRE
GLORY TO THE CHILDREN OF ERIS!



PRESENTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF OUR LADY
 OF DISCORD, ERIS, BY AN EPISKOPOS OF
 THE HOUSE OF THE APOSTLES OF ERIS

Issued: *Omar K. Ravenhurst*
Paul Goose of Lillies



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GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED



So please act accordingly

Expires: 1/1/4123

Authorized and Sanctioned by the SGS-CRP

AS A MESSIAH THE CARD-BEARER IS ENTITLED TO:

1. To save the immortal soul of anyone deemed necessary.
2. To claim act of God/Goddess as excuse for anything deemed necessary.
3. To baptize, marry, bury in the name of whomever they think holy at the moment (i.e. Elvis, Buddah, Hasselhof).
4. To excommunicate, de-excommunicate, re-excommunicate, communicate with, induct, indict, or impeach any one they damn well please.
5. To perform all rights, rituals, ceremonies, or congress deemed viewable by the motion picture association of Discordia.

Hail Eris!

All Hail

Discordia!!!

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD
IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED



So please Treat Him Right

GOOD FOREVER

Genuine and authorized by The HOUSE of APOSTLES of ERIS

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THIS CARD IDENTIFIES THE BEARER
AS A CERTIFIED AND CANONIZED



OF THE

WHOLLY ERISIAN CHURCH

THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.

Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed real.

Only a Pope can certify and canonize saints.

Every man, woman and child on this Earth is a genuine and authorized Pope.

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