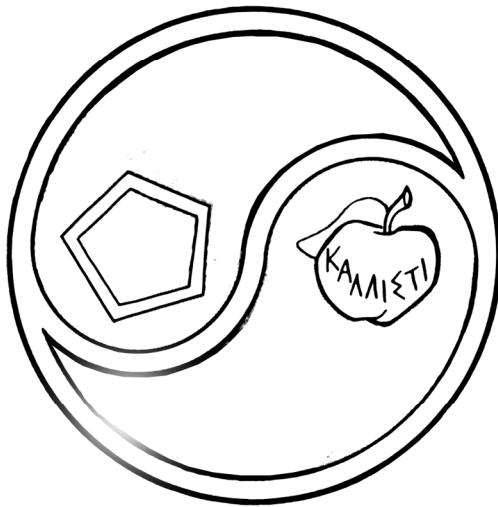


The Book of
Chaos
And it's Virtue



by
Eris Kallisti Discordia
Transcribed by
**Monsignor Vincent Sebastian
Verthaine, R.S.C.**

The SACRED CHAOS that can be described
is not the Eternal SACRED CHAOS.
The name that can be spoken
is not the eternal Name.
(But we call her Eris anyway, so as not to hurt Her feelings)

The Nameless is the boundary of Heaven and Earth.
The Named is the Mother of the Multiverse (Eris).

Freed from desire, you can see the hidden mystery.
By having desire, you can only see what is visibly real.

Yet mystery and reality
emerge from the same source.
This source is called CHAOS.

CHAOS born from CHAOS.
The beginning of all understanding.

**St. Verthaine poses this question:
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ERIS LATELY?**



Quiescence in Eris

By Hung Mung

When a mirror and water are brought close to an object, they reflect it as square or round, crooked or straight, as the case may be, because of their perfect tranquillity. In like manner does the heart of a wise person naturally reflect the principles of ERIS. A wise person does not need to hear sounds or see forms; for they are conscious of both, even in the midst of silence.

The natural quiescence of the nature with which people are born is implanted by the Universal power; the influences which affect people and excite them

subsequently, may obscure their real nature. When a person responds to the calls made upon them by natural concerns, that implies an excitation of the mind; and when their faculties are brought into contact with externals, they become the subject of desires and aversions. As soon as a person's desires and aversions are aroused, their mind is enticed into action by external objects; if they are unable to revert to their true self, eris is almost extinguished in them. Those who are perfectly centered in Erisdo not permit any change through an external agency to take place in their nature. Though they undergo variations outwardly in common with everything else, inwardly they never lose their inherent actuality.

Utterly non-existent, ERIS is always ready to respond to those who seek it; it apportions the world naturally and for everything, great and small, long and short, due provision is made. If a person is identified with ERIS, although a myriad things present themselves before them, all prancing and rearing in excitement and utter confusion, they are powerless to disturb them. Such people, when in positions of prominence and authority, do not bring their weight heavily to bear upon the people at large, nor do they injure them. Fine people come to them for protection, and the depraved stand in awe of them; since they do not oppose the world, the world does not dare to content with them.

THE HERESIES, CHAPTER 1

By The Good Reverend Roger

"Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand."
Mark Twain

Many of those reading this are, or consider themselves to be, Erisians; many of you feel that you embody, or at least emulate the primal chaos which is Eris, in her true form.

Not so.

Most of you ARE Discordians, of one strain or another, but nobody here comes close to embodying what Eris actually is. Hell, you're not even in the same ballpark. To illustrate what I am trying to say, allow me to break Discordianism down into several facets, or factions (pay attention, ye lubbers, for I will be using these terms through the rest of the chapters, unless I don't):

1. The Phage: The Phage represents that follower of chaos that many of us do not wish to think about. The Phage is the destroyer, the warmonger... the Phage is an analog to Shiva, destroyer of worlds. The Phage believes in the promotion of entropy by rapid, and violent, means.

2. The Wilde: This represents a sizable portion of discordians; in fact, it seems to be the majority view. The Wilde is named for Oscar Wilde, who would know many discordians on sight, and call them his brothers and sisters. Wildes believe that the purpose of chaos is to prevent society from making you Grey. Wildes hold

eccentricity, beauty, freedom, and happiness to be some of the highest values.

3. The Elementalist: Surprisingly, the Phage is not the opposite of the Wilde, the Elementalist is. The elementalist views chaos as a physicist does... as a tangible, unstoppable force. Hobbes described the world under the elementalist paradigm as "nasty, brutal, and short". The universe itself is an Elementalist, as it uncaringly moves forward, unheeding...no, blind to, those things that get ground under its relentless advance. This is the rarest form of discordianist... as an Elementalist cares for NOTHING. It is another word for depersonalized sociopathy.

4. Subgenii: The Subgenius is that Discordian who holds places no value on the welfare of the Greyface, viewing him/her as a sheep who deserves its fate. Those who wish to remain asleep, or worse yet, consciously accept greyness are, to the subgenii, nothing more than occasionally useful idiots...or a danger which is to be smashed. The Subgenus believes that entropy is unstoppable, but you may as well get some yuks in before it gets you..."Anything for a laugh".

5. Refugees: The Refugee is not, in his/her mind, a Discordian at all. They seek Discordianism for the safety of numbers, for an accepting group that will not criticize their beliefs, odd as they may be (or as they have been taught that those beliefs are). Many Refugees are Wiccans, dormant Wildes, etc...note that many Discordians are Wiccans, this does not make them Refugees...a Refugee is a person who does not believe themselves to be a Discordian, but hangs out with them,

bcause they are accepted. They walk a razors edge between enlightenment, and just another form of Greyness.

6. Free Radicals: A Free Radical (named after the chemical term) is that Discordian who constantly shifts from form to form. Note that having a "Phage day" when you are normally a Wilde does not make you a Free Radical...the shift has to be fluid, constant. The greatest Discordian Saints, and the vilest rogue Discordians, are usually Free Radicals.

7. The Children of Eris: The clinically insane, the mentally ill. You don't join this form by choice... or by eccentric behavior. Most CoEs are institutionalized... and others run our country.

Now, you may be saying to yourself, "You're damned right this is heresy! How dare The "Good" Reverend Roger attempt to impose order on chaos...to codify the servants of Eris, or even the Lady herself (as she, and she alone is the sum of all of the above, all at once...well, there's "Bob", too, of course...but only when he's Fropped to the gills)?

Well, I'll tell ya... A "good" Discordian can't even be bothered listening to Eris, or "Bob", or Wotan, or anybody/thing else...which is a damned good thing, cause they ain't talking anyway.



Verthaine on: THE EGO

When Soul speaks to Soul, it is the Very Essence Of Truth. It is Pure, Unadulterated Communication. It is Eris Speaking With Herself. When the Ego eavesdrops on the Dialogue between Soul and Soul, it grows Jealous, because the Ego thinks the Dialogue Should Only Be About the Ego.

The Ego hears what it wants to hear, and sees what it wants to see, seeking to Justify its fleeting existence. But the Ego is too rapped up within itself to See the TRUTH right in front of It. It grows angry and cold with itself. That is the Womb Of Greyface. The Ego lashes out, demanding to be heard. It takes small parts of the Dialogue of Truth, and uses It as a weapon against The Two Souls Speaking to One Another. But the Ego can never truly Grasp The Whole of the Dialogue. The Souls- one Universal, the other Personal- understand and accept the attack by the Ego, because it is in accordance to the Sacred Chao. Though the Ego rages and screams, The Souls will continue The Dialogue Of Eternal Truth. Even

when the Ego Crucifies The Two souls, The Dialogue of Truth Always Goes On.

One of the biggest problems of the Ego(that which is Named, i.e. Vincent, as opposed to the Soul, which is the "Does Not Need a Name", which is Part of The Multiversal Soul, that which Transcends All Names, which we paradoxically call Eris,or God) is that it realizes it's Fleeting Existence, but does not realize It's Eternal Existence. The Ego is in the Present, but does not realize that it is also in the Past and in the Future. Through out all time, and all existence, Vincent Sebastian Verthaine (this goes for everyone else) Is, Was, and Will Be. He Was Something Else at one time, And He will BE Something Else When the Time Comes, but the Ego(That Which needs an Identity) will always be. Eris in Her Infinite Mercy gave that Gift to the Ego. The Ego fears Changing, But only the soul is Unchangeable, because It is the Eris Herself, which is CHANGE. The Ego has to accept the fact that it will eventually BE SOMETHING ELSE. The Ego's immortality is Forever Enshrined in The Heart of Goddess, because our Goddess loves All.

Love Thine Enemy as One Loves Oneself. That is a Multiversal Truth. it is written By Goddess for All time and for All things. Never apologize for Saying Those Words Forgive Those that Tresspass against You, as You would have those who you tresspass against forgive you. that is a Multiversal Truth. it is written By Goddess for All time and for All things. Never apologize for Saying Those Words

Hung Mung and the Buddhist Priest

One day Hung Mung (the great Erisian chaosopher and Apostle) saw a crowd gathered around a pond. A Buddhist priest had fallen into the water and was calling for help. Evidently he could not swim. People were leaning over toward him and saying, "Give me your hand, Revered Sir! Give me your hand." But the priest didn't pay any attention to them and went on splashing about in his struggle with the water, and calling for help. Finally Hung Mung stepped forward.

"Let me handle this," he said. He stretched out his hand toward the priest and shouted at him: "Here! Take my hand!" The priest grabbed the Erisians hand and was hoisted out of the pond. People were very surprised and asked the Wise Discordian how he had managed to get the priest's cooperation.

"It is very simple," he replied. "I know that this miser wouldn't give anything to anyone. So instead of saying 'Give me your hand,' I said 'Take my hand,' and sure enough he did it."

How to Witness to Christians

It is quite difficult to witness to Christians, mostly because they are such a diverse group of people. All the ideas on this site will only affect some - for other Christians, using rational thought or logic may not work. Many Christians may be as I was - trapped in a cycle of dogma and frightened to leave. They need to know that you, and Eris, love them and will always be there for them. Make sure they know they can take refuge if they need to. Be aware that Christians who are at the higher levels will be very much trapped by Yahweh. They may feel frightened to leave, they may feel that they are too evil for Eris or for Erisians to accept them, and they need to know that you are there for them. Some of them really do believe that they will be sent to hell if they try to leave. Other Christians in at this level may be aggressive, highly anti-Erisian and attempt to convert you to Christianity. Always keep in mind that a hurting soul may be concealed under that tough exterior. That doesn't mean you should go easy on them - Christian error should be challenged, but keep the message of love and freedom in there. Lower-level Christians may not know of the higher levels - they are generally introduced gradually into these dogmas and errors, as I was. Let them know of the reality behind Christianity, but if they do not accept it, do not become disheartened. If they have not been accepted into the higher levels yet then you have the chance to bring them to Eris before they enter such a dangerous situation. Challenging their beliefs, use of testimonies and the message of love and freedom are good ways to attempt this. Be aware that Christians value dogma and belief more than anything else (logical, considering who their master is) and do not appreciate being told that their

beliefs are wrong. They pride themselves on being true. So point out that this means that they should listen and think about Erisianism too. Make sure you find out exactly what their dogmas and beliefs are - there are a wide variety of different beliefs in Christianity. Always pray for the person you are witnessing to, that they may be able to see the truth of Chaos and have the courage to get out of Christianity. Make sure you know general apologetics and guerrilla ontology- many Christians will attack your faith if you try to witness to them. There are a number of good sites about this on the web, such as www.principiadiscordia.com, or this site. Many more can be found on Google. Be aware that many Christians have enormous regard for the arts and good Erisian prose, poetry or artwork may touch them deeply. Consider using examples of these. Although many Christians are well-read and can argue against Erisianism they often do not understand the message. Never assume they know about it and always explain it when witnessing. As many Christians are very web-friendly, directing them to good Erisian sites may be helpful - see our links section. And lastly, remember **THE BATTLE IS ALREADY WON!!! YOU ARE FREE!**

The Illusion of an Ordered Universe

The universe is not orderly. Order is simply one of three forces that work to keep the universe in balance. We project order into everything we perceive because we are afraid. We've been taught to fear change, and to embrace order because it's safe and predictable. Life is not safe, nor is it predictable. Face this fact and embrace the reality of it and you will be free from any number of shackles imposed upon your mind, and spirit.

Question. ALWAYS question. Beliefs, rules, roles, everything. If you don't, you might as well join the rest of the sheep in the pasture.

**CHAOS is the TRUTH of the Multiverse.
ORDER is an ILLUSION Of Mankind.**

THERE IS NO TRUTH BUT CHAOS...
The Battle Hymn of the Eristocracy Continued

...now with 3 more verses to serve you better!

By
Pope TV Pynchon

*Mine brain has meditated on the spinning of the Chao;
It is hovering o'er the tables where the Chiefs of Staff
are now
Gathered in discussion of the dropping of the Bomb;
Her Apple Corps is strong!*

CHORUS

*Grand (and gory) old Discordja!
Grand (and gory) old Discordja!
Grand (and gory) old Discordia!
Her Apple Corps is strong!*

*She was not invited to the party that they held on Limbo
Peak;
So she threw a Golden Apple, 'stead of turned t'other
cheek!
O it cracked the Holy Punchbowl and it made the nectar
leak;
Her Apple Corps is strong!*

CHORUS

*A thousand typing monkeys worked for a thousand days;
They typed ten-thousand pages, and this is what they say:
"Of course I may be crazy, but that doesn't mean I'm
wrong!
Her Apple Corps is strong!"*

CHORUS

*We sat there for five hours, staring at our hands;
Seeking peace and wisdom within our Pineal Glands.
Eris and St. Gulik were passing 'round the bong!
Her Apple Corps is strong!*

CHORUS

*A cat without a smile waxed aloud on sin;
He yelled, "We have not wept, nor dashed a thousand kin!"
They all began to scream when he let Cthulhu in!
Her Apple Corps is strong!*

Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos, and Laughter

“Eris doesn’t want your soul. She only wants to talk to you.”

Eris/Discordia was feared and maligned, we think unfairly, by the ancient Greeks and Romans who saw in Her the personification of every thing that was a threat to their sense of a well-run, neat, and ordered Cosmos. Some Greeks adhered to the idea that there were really two deities known as Eris. (This double divinity of Chaos was known collectively as the ‘Erites’. Not to be confused with the Furies who are the ‘Erinyes’.) The ‘first Eris’ was the same old malignant ‘bitch’ Goddess from patriarchic fantasy who reveled in the causes, effects, and general confusion of warfare. The ‘second Eris’ was more of a benign ‘spur’ in people’s sides to get them off their lazy butts and start doing things to change their world in whatever way that meant. Other ancient Greeks thought that both of these aspects were one and the same Eris. Today’s Discordians usually agree with the latter approach, though the Eris of today is conceived of in ways that the ancients never did, at least according to remaining written Classical Hellenic evidence.

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. The Discordian tendency is to see Eris as the mere catalyst, or agent of instigation, if you will. She simply picks at those with pompous and self-righteous attitudes and behaviors until they finally let it all out and act out their true vile desires. The Discordian adage “If people don’t want wars, why do wars keep happening?” sums this up nicely. We humans do all the deeds to each other, and then bicker over who is to blame - as used to the idea of ‘finding and denouncing the no-good-shits’ as we are. Eris is here for us to see

that we are the ones to blame. Simply put: Stop your whining and take some responsibility for the mess you have created.

Today's Eris, as is often said by Discordians, shows more of Her mellow aspects, at least to Her 'co-conspirators' who sometimes tend to err on the side of attributing to Her every sort of weirdness that intrudes into their lives. Eris is said to be responsible for generating bureaucracies among human societies to both keep the tyrants confused and to keep the intelligent perplexed. She is also here to tell us that, contrary to the religious, spiritual, and theological dogmas of the past centuries, We Are Free. Humankind is not inherently flawed, spiritually blocked, or sinful. Any flaws, blocks, or sins as may exist are entirely our own doing, and as such, they can be overcome, outgrown, or avoided if we decide so.

Today's Eris is said to have returned to humanity after She had left back in ancient times. She has returned because humans are now socially, emotionally, and intellectually capable of growing up and finally learning how to live in the world. Our species' 'psychic development' is 'nearing completion' as the oft quoted Principia Discordia line says. Many Discordians, of course, argue about just what the hell this means. Some of them reject it entirely, pointing out that human beings are no less capable of stupidity than at any other time before. The main difference between nowadays and 'before' is that human stupidity is now so dangerous that it can destroy all life on Earth. Perhaps that is the reason for Eris's return. (Though many Discordians would ask "Why would Eris care about that?")

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. It also helps those Discordians who practice the mind-discipline of magic from succumbing to the occult mental illness known as 'magusitis', whereby magical practitioners begin to believe themselves to be 'above the herd' or better than the rest. Laughter is the most important component of Discordian practices. It is considered by some to be the central way of reverencing Eris Herself.

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, despite the ritual or lack thereof.

In terms of imagery, Eris is usually portrayed as a disheveled haired woman 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 also represents the active principle of standing up for oneself in the face of exclusion, betrayal, or injustice. In Discordianism, getting 'even' is considered a valuable experience in one's ability to recognize a need for redress without having to rely on so-called authority or parent figures to tell them so. How a Discordian goes about gaining redress is left up to each person. The Myth of the Golden Apple (discussed below) is often cited as a prime example of doing so.

Eris is freedom, creative chaos, and laughter itself, as discussed above. The following is a piece written years ago for my home-

group's website which takes quite a different angle of approach with Eris. I include it merely to show how conceptions of Eris can vary. (And not, I promise, to pan out this treatment with filler).

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. (You can witness this behavior today when women get slandered by rejected suitors and such.) 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? People who consider themselves Discordians/Erisians are befriending and getting to know Eris (and that's about all they agree upon, if they even agree on that). She delights in confounding the intelligent, confusing the seeker, and illuminating the lover...all for the purpose of getting us to open up to the possibility that play is one of the highest celebrations in life. As to warfare, She has told humanity that if they didn't want war then they should stop it. She also provides a good example to everyone who has ever been snubbed or maligned. She didn't sit there and accept it. She took action by throwing Her golden apple of Discord among the other Goddesses who then proceeded to fight bitterly over it because it had "to the prettiest one" written on it. If only those Goddesses knew the simple truth that we are all the prettiest ones...but our history is littered with the slaughter of people fighting each other to prove that they are the prettiest/best/perfect/chosen ones and all the others are no good shits. The Erisian Movement is dedicated to stopping such stupidity by subverting the means by which people choose to remain locked into stupid behaviors.

Here is another Discordian's take on our Goddess which is found in the Book of Eris: "Eris is beyond mere words. Discussing the glass can never replace the experience of drinking from it; describing the various perspectives will never get you closer to the actual act of

savoring the water.” Even though the essay was focused on the old proverbial glass of water metaphor, it is a succinct way of exposing many of our approaches to the world and Eris Herself. (I must also parenthetically mention that the essay is also one of the freshest and creative takes on the old glass of water metaphor).

Another Book of Eris section entitled “Seeing Eris” goes: “How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe-inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present Herself 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, She reveals Herself. When sincerity is unconditional, She reveals Herself. If you are willing to be lived by Her, you will see Her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.”

As a final insertion of examples of approaching or viewing Eris, here is a text on the issue which I wrote for a sermon entitled “Erisianity”. It deals with five major aspects of Eris as revealed to myself and those of my Discordian home-group. As the above examples, it is in no way meant to be taken as the ultimate definitive statement. Again, these are merely for the reader to understand the plethora of possibility in Discordian approaches to Our Lady.

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. Of course, the description of Her being the one who spurs you to get off your ass, fits well with modern Discordian ideas, in as much as it can be said that we have ideas, in as much as it can be said that ideas can be possessed. But we know that the angry spiteful description of Eris fits Her as well. Snub Her and watch how She gets. (I must add that insulting Her really doesn’t anger Her, especially if you are one of Her Children, and She sort of expects that sort of thing from people

going around calling themselves Discordians anyway.) Hesiod, though ancient and long dead, really didn't know what he was talking about, and his mindfuck, while possibly effective back when he wrote, has no effect on we Discordians today. Though it might still be useful to use on THEM.

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.

With the above examples, one can see clearly that Eris is, always can be, and will be a profound being who reveals Herself in many ways to Her co-conspirators and worshippers. Those non-Discordian Neo-Pagans, or even non-Pagans, can begin to see that

their oft leveled accusation that the worship and reverence of Eris is shallow and silly is plainly wrong (and a stupid prejudice at that). Eris and the practice of Discordianism is as profound as any other religious tradition, probably even more profound than many of them. We Discordians would agree with the 'silly' part, however. What's the point of reverence if it can't be humorous?

One of the silliest accusations leveled by many Neo-Pagans is that Eris is a completely modern invention of the Discordian Society. Such Neo-Pagans then assume that they are in a better position in relating to the Divine, because, of course, their own Deities are verifiably ancient, and therefore not modern inventions. (This is the old "Ancient is better" fallacy, yet again rearing its ugly head.) The accusation is dead wrong, as Eris appears, albeit fragmentarily, in Classical Greek writings. As to any modern Discordian ideas and practices relating to Her worship, reverence, and invocations; of course they are 'modern'. But then again, so is the vast majority of other Neo-Pagan practices relating to other deities, regardless of the 'ancient feelings' or the scraps of remaining older pre-Christian practices that they contain. That some religion, spiritual system, or even 'irreligion' went ahead and created a set of traditions and practices, does not invalidate the insights or the profundity of it. Wiccans, of all the other Neo-Pagans, should know this fact first hand.

Also, since the accusation of the Discordian Society 'making up' Eris from scratch is so silly, who do you think is really responsible for that little gem of dis-information? (Besides all that, isn't the argument over Who is a Real Deity™ as opposed to all the 'fakes' a bit similar to the same old Monotheist arguments? Aren't Neo-Pagans supposed to be beyond all those theological territorial pissing contests anyway)?

Whose of you Neo-Pagans who are concerned that such a being as Eris, the Goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Laughter, and Discord, could even exist, should really look at some of the other deities such as Thor, Diana, and the others. Those of you Neo-Pagans who are concerned about the effects of people going around worshipping Eris (the 'oh-my-gods-they're-revering-a-goddess-of-chaos' line) should really ask yourselves why you are so

prejudiced. Let me reiterate that each person who invokes Eris, has a slightly different idea of Eris. But that's no different from any other relationship. All those who say that Eris was invented by modern Discordians should really learn to do their research-something that Neo-Pagans are notorious for avoiding, I know. And hey, if modern Wiccans can call upon an Italicized Goddess called Diana which either came down through folk tales from the Roman times during which She was worshipped, or was artfully created by Charles Leland (who wrote Aradia) -and the Romans learned about Diana from the Scythians, by the way- then obviously our Eris of today is of course going to be different from the way the old Hellenes thought of Her. (Diana and Eris get along well enough, I'll have you know. At least, that's what They both tell me.) Let me conclude by saying that many of us Discordians couldn't give a hoot about whether or not Eris was 'invented' or not, and anyone who thinks She was made up in modern times are victims to some special line of bullshit that She-Who-Done-It-All has whispered into their ears.

Hail Eris!



**CHAOS
IS ERIS**



**A Sermon on Reality
by Pope Nag
4/14/2005 9:15:47 PM**

Being a Trip in eight schisms, from the Devia Discordia

1. The Search

Is Eris real? asked Grandfather Mal
who'd suddenly lapsed in his faith
For I must admit that this very question
has greatly confused me of late
So Mal traveled far, yea he traveled wide
and five different sources he bade

2. The Goddess

Eris herself will certainly know!
spoke Mal at the start of his quest
Alas, I'm not real, said Eris when asked
but you'd best put my words to the test
I may not exist, but you know that I am
a mischievous liar at best!

3. The Skeptic

A definite fake, the skeptic just stated
No shred of evidence to be had!
If you cannot prove it, 'tis simply not true
but a fable or nonsense instead
(And since he could not prove that he was real
the skeptic disappeared where he sat)

4. The Scientist

Is she not labeled? the scientist queried
She sounds like a plot device to me
Or perhaps a parable, but I cannot be sure
Things need to be labeled, you see!
Real things have names, and tags and measures
I propose: Eris (Divina Discordii)

5. The Philosopher

Is a unicorn real? The Philosopher riddled
and the thought of such a beast?
What is wisdom to me may be rubbish to you
but I'll tell you this at least:
The true test of being - Is it still real
after all thought upon it has ceased?

6. The Pragmatist

She's not as real as my food, the pragmatic said
not as real as a brook or a stream
But has a simple idea ever changed your life?
or a feeling, a thought or a dream?
These things have the power to influence us
however unreal they may seem

7. The Truth

There is a wasp on your ear! I see in your eyes
the sudden panic that you must now feel
But now, if I tell you that I simply lied
is the fear you felt any less real?
Then what does it matter? the pragmatic shrugged
and he silently finished his meal

8. The End

Ah Eris! Not real, but real enough
as a great many things are today
A plot device, riddle, a joke and much more
a dream and a goddess they say
Oh, man lives in dreams, in fiction and fancy
in dreaming may we ever stay!

Chaos, panic and disorder ...

my work here is done.



Verthaine's Sermon

on

Destiny

During a momentous battle of War Of Erisian Independence on Krylor, The Church of Eris Battle Priest-General Kryjel the Krylorian decided to attack even though his army was greatly outnumbered. He was confident they would win, but his men were filled with doubt. On the way to battle, they stopped at a Erisian Shrine. After praying with the men, the general took out a coin and said, "I shall now toss this coin. If it is heads, we shall win. If tails, we shall lose. Destiny will now reveal itself."

He threw the coin into the air and all watched intently as it landed. It was heads! The soldiers were so overjoyed and filled with confidence that they vigorously attacked the enemy and were victorious. After the battle, a lieutenant remarked to the general, "No one can change destiny."

"Quite right," the general replied as he showed the lieutenant the coin, which had heads on both sides.

Kallisti

"Still, the Damned Thing will not fit into their slots."
-Hagbard Celine

"She is your Goddess!"
-Ancient Scrawl found in ruins of Melos

"Discordians don't drink to escape problems. They drink to create problems."

The ancient Greeks snubbed Eris repeatedly and for this, they eventually found a loss of the freedom that was theirs. First to tyrants, despite the best efforts of those Athenian democrats who tried to get their fellow citizens to rally around the idea of personal freedom. (Now Eris, already had a longstanding miff with the Greeks because they instituted patriarchy. "Men," She said to me once "know nothing about the true joys of poparts.") Then to the Romans, because they forgot who maintained them against the earlier war against the Persians. Then, even then, they would not acknowledge Eris. Even if they had tried to, by this point, Eris decided to play in other games, and just to really rub it in She punished them with Christianity for hundreds of years. Hell, even the disgrace of being conquered by the Turks wouldn't shake their masses out of their torpor, so that was that. "They were victims of indigestion, you know," as Eris has pointed out. The Greeks, not surprisingly, had (and have) no lost love for Eris, so they always wrote about Her as being this malicious chaotic troublemaker who would bring ruin

on anyone's head just for the spite of it. But we modern Erisians know better, especially since even if we get indigestion from time to time, we have medicine to help us out. (And don't count the Greeks out, they have done no worse than other ethnic groups) .

Humankind is forever trying to find deities or ideas (which may as well be deities, even the atheist ideas) that will take care of them and explain all of those Damned Things that somehow refuse to fit into the neat and ordered cosmologies or political theories or economics or religious doctrines. Eris doesn't demand nor expect that sort of attitude from Her "followers." In fact, co-conspirators is a better descriptive term for those who worship and/or revere Eris. With a knowing wink and a laugh She turns on the pineal gland to get you to learn how to do it for yourself. She gives us all sorts of wonderful rites and rules and catmas knowing full well how trained we are to receive such "scriptures" and religious or ideological effluvia. But Her revelations are irreligious and irreverent in ways that make us open up and never trust anything ever again but our senses and our own minds. (Some of you already know this and if you are one of those sorts, you should probably seek out some elder Discordians for your next illumination).

In this day and age it is different however. It seems that neophiles are popping up more often than ever before and Eris is watching. (Does that make you feel better, or does that frighten you? Or does it make you laugh? Or some other thing? None of the above is also a valid choice.) Humankind has somehow developed Damned Thing freethinkers by the thousands. (Don't get ahead of yourselves, those of us on the freethinking side are still

outnumbered...vastly.) Yet there is still this matter of the Prettiest One and the Golden Apple.

Neophile thinkers and doers are popping up all over the place. By all gods, look around. Who would have thought that polytheism would have ever made a comeback? And then there is quantum physics and the lunacy of cognitive therapy. Explain those things. Despite this, the neophobes are fighting harder than ever to maintain their hold over the way things are. If reality is what we can get away with, those fuckers have been getting away with the appearance of controlling reality for far too long now. Thankfully, the neophobes mostly attack and kill one another, but never forget that you neophiles are their ultimate target. They see your nice shiny apples and they want some of your pie. So....what is to be done about that? Throw your apples to them. Let them have it. (But you already know this) .

The stupid people who run this planet's major predator bands (the corporations, the governments, the monotheist religious groupings, etc.) have not stopped fighting over the first boddamned apple in the first place. Read up on your Homer. It's all there. Then read one of the international newspapers. Then read them both simultaneously. Now....I'll wait.....

Do you see now how they fight and squabble and attack and whine and cuss and all that? Just like all those idiot Olympians, huh? Maybe the Pagans were onto something there. (Or maybe they were just victims of living in that barbaric age before the internet was invented by Thoth and his pals Prometheus and Mercury. Of course you know that She What Done It All gave them the idea in

order to tip the world's balance to the Aftermath. She told me her reason. "Hot dogs become really cheap during the Aftermath," She said. I don't know if I can buy that story but I'll let it stick because who doesn't like cheaper hot dogs) ?

They (the neophobes, not the hot dogs, though I suspect both categories anyway) have never learned that we are all Prettiest Ones. And Eris is the Prettiest One. Their jokes are no longer funny and we demand compensation for having to endure centuries of their maladaptive behaviors and self-perpetuating learning-disability loops (also known as "beliefs"). The apple is your own damned mind. The Prettiest One is what you do with it. Don't miss out on the symbolism and start worshipping and groveling beneath the finger that points out the ways. Walk the ways. (And we have many silly ways to help you figure out the most lunatic styles of walking, if you wish to be enlightened that way).

Our Goddess has never demanded you follow any sets of rules or dogmas (unless She is fooling you, of course). Hell, She doesn't even mind if you don't believe She exists, unless you snub Her. (A too thin line to walk upon, but only for those who aren't Discordians.) And She believes you exist, regardless. Now, does knowing that She exists make you feel more or less secure? Liar!

July 18th, 2005

-Irreverend Hugh, KSC

-Vicar of the Flaming Church of Baby Jesus (on a Motorbike) and Spokesperson (just one) of the Justified Ancients of Mummu.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION MADE EASY	
Discordianism	SubGenius
Mainly rips off Taoism, Zen Buddhism and the Catholic Church.	Mainly rips off Fundamentalist Christians and UFO cults.
Eris, Goddess of Chaos.	JHVH-1, God of Wrath.
Preoccupied with accepting the world, as screwed up as it is.	Preoccupied with hating the Pinks, as screwed up as they are.
Pointlessly complicated (but often times hilarious) mystical rituals.	Pointlessly complicated pseudo-scientific explanations.
One Goddess, entirely too many Saints.	One Saint of Sales, entirely too many Gods.
Founded in, like, California, dude.	Founded in TEXAS, Dammit!
Blames the Illuminati for everything bad.	Blames the Conspiracy for everything bad.
Dedicated to Chaos, Discord, Confusion, and Things We Know Not Of.	Dedicated to Slack.
No hierarchy or central headquarters.	PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.
The Principia Discordia, The Book of Eris and the Illuminatus! Trilogy.	The Book of the SubGenius, and Revelation X.
Some lame-os, and a lot of good material.	Some 'Bobbies', and a lot of good material.
Predicted Impending Doom in their Holey Book, but didn't say exactly when.	Oops!

Verthaine Explains the Difference between Erisianism and Neo Pagan Revivalism

Neo Pagan Revivalism is the attempt to discover how long dead cultures worshiped and tried to appease (i.e. bribe to get what they want) their gods. Modern Neo Pagans try to force ancient believes and customs into modern situations. Erisians (having no ancient eris worshippers to emulate) try to discover how Eris interacts with the multiverse, and how we interact with her.

For example: A Neo-Pagan Revivalist is running late for the Midnight Beltane Ritual (must be done on midnight, according to the laws of their coven) in a rather rough part of town. To save time, the neo-pagan revivalist decides to cut through a dark alley. A mugger pops out waving a gun, and demanding money. By the time the NPR has put on his/her ceremonial robe, anointed itself with sweet oils, drawn the sacred circle, lit the candles, invoked the four quarters, summoned the watchtowers, chanted the ritual and sacrificed the appropriate amount of doves to try to get Artemis to shoot an arrow up the muggers ass, the mugger would have already smoked all the cracked he bought from the money he took from the dead

dumb-ass pagan he just shot in a dark alley in a rough part of town.

An Erisian is running late for the St. Tibbs Day Ritual (i.e. drunken orgy) in a rough part of town. He/she sees the dark alley, realizes by cutting through it he can save time, but decided "The Hades with that! I ain't going down that dark spooky alley. There may be a mugger down in there. And I don't think the TURKEY CURSE can stop a bullet. Screw it, so I'll be late, the ritual (drunken orgy) will be going on all night anyway." And if the Erisian decides to risk the alley, he knows better then to try to appeal to Eris when a mugger jumps out. That's because Eris will say "You dumb fool! Who told your dumb ass to go down a dark alley in the middle of Cracktown at 11:30 at night? Dumb moron!"

Now the Erisian is faced with two choices:

1- Give the mugger what he wants, and hope he goes away without putting a bullet in your ass.

or

2- Try the TURKEY CURSE any way. Maybe Goddess will be merciful and the mugger will be distracted enough so that you can kick him in the nuts and RUN AWAY!!!!!!

A Useless Life

A farmer got so old that he couldn't work the fields anymore. So he would spend the day just sitting on the porch. His son, still working the farm, would look up from time to time and see his father sitting there. "He's of no use any more," the son thought to himself, "he doesn't do anything!" One day the son got so frustrated by this, that he built a wood coffin, dragged it over to the porch, and told his father to get in. Without saying anything, the father climbed inside. After closing the lid, the son dragged the coffin to the edge of the farm where there was a high cliff. As he approached the drop, he heard a light tapping on the lid from inside the coffin. He opened it up. Still lying there peacefully, the father looked up at his son. "I know you are going to throw me over the cliff, but before you do, may I suggest something?" "What is it?" replied the son. "Throw me over the cliff, if you like," said the father, "but save this good wood coffin. Your children might need to use it."

A student once asked his teacher, "Master, what is enlightenment?"

The master replied, "When hungry, eat. When tired, sleep."

Verthaine on: Respecting Ones Elders

One of the biggest gripes on in Discordianism seems to be about older Discordians versus younger Discordians. Discordianism has been, on this planet for about 50 years. That means that there are some of us here who have been Erisian for a couple of decades. We "Erisian Elders" must be patient with the new gens, because we were young once. We "Elders" have experience and wisdom on our side, but if the youngsters don't wanna hear it, we can't force it on them. We "elders" must not lose hope on our future gens. Erisianism is strong enough to encompass all types, and all beliefs.

The "Young Turks" of Erisianism have way more information available to them then we ever had when we were growing up. They have the exuberance and the energy we are now lacking in our "old age". What they lack is the wisdom and experience to use that info effectively.

We must never dismiss the young, but the young must never disrespect those who came before.

And before one of you wise asses makes the statement that "Respect needs to be earned," well that is true. But for those who have ever studied Erisian Quantum Meta-Physics at Chao-Lin Temple can attest to, if you think that you are a young "Billy Badass, Know-it-all, Can't-tell-them-Jack" types, try mouthing off to one of those old Chaos Monks who teach there. Believe me, that Old Chaos monk will definitely "Earn Your Respect" when he suddenly rips the tongue out of your insolent mouth,

proceeds to beat you half to death with it, hands it right back to you, and returns to his Contemplation of the Glories and Wonders of Eris.

(I like to take this opportunity to thank Chao-Lin Temple' resident xeno-docter Brother Yllkip for the excellent job he did in re-attaching my tongue back to my mouth. And after many moon-cycles of painful recovery and speech therapy, as soon as I was well enough, I went out and found that Old Chaos Monk (Master Blorg) and humbly apologized for my rudeness and lack of courtesy when I accidentally bumped into him (many moon-cycles ago),and said "Hey! Watch were ya going you senile ol—glug." I then thanked him for having the kindness to have taken a moment from his Contemplation of the Glories and Wonders of Eris to impart on me The Great Wisdom Of Respecting My Elders, and of Showing Me The Error Of My Ways) .

One of the problems of the younger gen is that they get to the Part of the Erisian Mysterees that says" You are Free", then runs off thinking that justifies them doing whatever the hell they want. They fail to get to the Parts that say 'Sometimes It Isn't a Good Idea to Do Anything You Want" and "If You Do, Don't Bitch When You Get What You Deserve."

If a youngster takes a single boxing class at the YMCA, and thinks that makes him badass enough to challenge Heavy Weight Champ Lennox Lewis, I'm putting my money on Lewis.

If I see a youngster about to do something real stupid, I'm gonna try to warn him of the consequences. And If he gives me the "You can't tell me to do anything! I can do whatever the hell I want. It says so right in the PD" not only am I gonna let him, I'm gonna encourage him to go hog wild with it. Hell, I'm gonna join in on the fun. When the time comes, and I see Eris out the corner of my eye with "THE BILL," I am going to excuse myself, walk past Eris, point at "Young Mister Know-It-All" back there and say to her," He's paying the check."

I'm gonna laugh my ass of when I see that young dude again (after he's recover from the massive beatdown Eris gave him for being a deadbeat).

If he asks why I "stiffed him with the check" I'm gonna say "I would have told you it was time to go, but you've let it know quite clearly that I can't tell you crap."

*Come to the dark side
WE have Cookies!*



The Discordian Belief System as theorized by Prostheticus

Discordian beliefs can be classified into five categories. Of course, if you want, you don't have to classify it at all. But it gives you something to do when you're bored.

Dogma

Teachings which must be accepted and believed.

Example - There is no Discordian Dogma. (and that is our only dogma)

Catma

Teachings which may be believed and are generally accepted.

Example - There is one Goddess and she is Goddess, and she is your Goddess

Pragma

Teachings found to be generally beneficial and "practical".

Example - Don't stab out your own eyes.

Factma

Teachings which have a good shot at being true.

Example - The Law of Fives.

Magma

Teachings which are just fun.

Example - Mr. Momomoto can swallow his own nose.

Some Episkoposes
have a one-man cabal.
Some work together.
Some never do explain.

Something Missing

*By Vincent S. Verthaine. KSC
Church of Eris*

A priest was in charge of the garden within a famous Erisian temple. He had been given the job because he loved the flowers, shrubs, and trees. Next to the temple there was another, smaller temple where there lived a very old Zenarchist master. One day, when the priest was expecting some special guests, he took extra care in tending to the garden. He pulled the weeds, trimmed the shrubs, combed the moss, and spent a long time meticulously raking up and carefully arranging all the dry autumn leaves. As he worked, the old master watched him with interest from across the wall that separated the temples.

When he had finished, the priest stood back to admire his work. "Isn't it beautiful," he called out to the old chaoist master. "Yes," replied the old man, "but there is something missing. Help me over this wall and I'll put it right for you."

After hesitating, the priest lifted the old fellow over and set him down. Slowly, the master walked to the tree near the center of the garden, grabbed it by the trunk, and shook it. Leaves showered down all over the garden. "There," said the old man, "you can put me back now."

Uncertainty, Chaos and the Atheist Pantheon

Nothing is True, Everything is Permitted

The Agnostics appeared during a time of intense rivalry between Atheism and Christianity and really upset the establishment. What was this strange power the Agnostics had discovered that made them such a subversive threat? It was simply that they were able to admit that they didn't know the ultimate truth! In effect they had liberated themselves from the belief that you should only believe in what you know to be true. Some Agnostics were Christians, even Bishops, who believed in God, but were able to admit that they weren't really sure. Others were scientists who essentially believed in Atheism, but were able to admit that there could be a God. Others just weren't sure either way. Under a motto of "We're not sure!" the uncertainty principle was born, decades before the discovery of quantum physics. In addition to this the Agnostics believed in free education and so held public lectures on anything and everything, for free.

So what happened to these Agnostics? Where are they these days? The truth is that they successfully took over the country. Thanks to the Agnostics, the tensions between the Atheists and Christians went off the boil and we now live in relatively tolerant society that allows us to openly practice magic. Well relatively openly anyway. This is the amazing power of Uncertainty, that it has effected the most amazing revolution in British society without anyone noticing! Certainly it never gets mentioned in History lessons in schools, and no one seems to talk about it elsewhere.

Judging by the tolerance and liberalism that agnosticism has successfully managed to breed in this country, it is incredible that it hasn't been tried elsewhere, such as in Northern Ireland or in the United States of America. It could have prevented the Bosnia, Serbia, Croatia, Kosovo crisis.

What does this have to do with Chaos as a magical tradition? Chaos Magicians are the magickal heirs to this powerful tradition of Uncertainty. Chaos Magic has enshrined Uncertainty into the very centre of its ethos. "Nothing is True, Everything is Permitted" is a popular saying amongst Chaos Magicians, probably having been influenced by the Discordian movement. The Principia Discordia contains the quote "Nothing is True, Everything is

Permissible" attributed to Hassan I Sabbah, founder of Ismaelian Islam, also known as the Assassins. To Chaos Magicians this statement is itself not taken as some ultimate truth, but as a statement of liberation and freedom. If there is an objective truth in the universe, how are we ever meant to comprehend it when we only have subjective minds? Free from the idea of needing to serve some higher truth, Chaos Magicians, like the Agnostics, are free to try and find what actually seems to work.

So what have Chaos Magicians found works? Most magical systems seem to work, even wacky humorous systems like Discordianism. Even Atheism seems to work. Paradoxically, Atheism seems to be a tradition with a massive pantheon of gods and goddesses, its own brands of mysticism and its own style of magic.

Atheist magic seems to either draw on science, medicine and technology, or to be invocation or evocation of any of its deities. Chaos Magicians are particularly fond of drawing on Chaos Science, Fractals and Quantum Physics. However, ideas about evolution, memetics, virology, cancer, computer programs, virtual reality, artificial intelligence and genetic engineering have also been used.

Atheist mysticism has been given the special name psychology. It has been pointed out before that the psychological view of the conscious mind and subconscious mind are merely new names for spirit and soul respectively. Psychology merely re clothed these useful ideas with names more acceptable to the scientific establishment. It is true that it also gave the ideas a different feel, which was at once liberating and restricting. It was restricting because people thought they had to interpret these ideas in terms of the transcendental idea of atheist materialism. The mistake of Atheist material fundamentalism is to ascribe ultimate truth to the smallest level of reality yet defined. Thus the transcendental atomic level had been ascribed more truth than our own human level of experience. This is clearly just as ridiculous an idea as the religious mistake of ascribing ultimate truth to a higher plane, such as heaven, nirvana or the "spiritual" plane. Jung was an Atheist mystic who didn't make this mistake, and it is common knowledge amongst occultists that he borrowed heavily from Hermetic alchemy.

Atheists commonly also make another mistake they usually accuse the religious of making. This is the enslavement of the self to a god. Before I can talk about who the Atheist gods are, I must first define exactly what it is I mean by god in this context. A god is a powerful entity which has power to effect the behaviour of humans in some way. An entity is an organic living intelligence, which has an independent will and which may or may not have a physical body. Thus it can be seen that there are many things that Atheistic belief allows for the existence of, which can be reasonably defined as gods. What is more, when the identities of these gods is revealed, it can be seen that many have their own cults and respected positions within Atheist society. The chief god varies from Atheist society to Atheist society, but the general pantheon is more or less universal, even if some of the gods and goddesses assume demonic clothes in some regions. From the cult of Capitalism we notice the god Capital, a money deity who commands a massive following, many of whom are quite fanatical. In the Capitalist cult, Capital is locked in an eternal battle with the evil devil Commune, sometimes referred to as the Red Devil. Commune is the chief god in the cult of Communism, where it is Capital's turn to be demonised.

Other Atheist gods manage to get worshipped in a more stealthy fashion. Millions of people are loyal followers of the young god TV, A recent form of Press, the messenger deity in the Atheist pantheon. Watch out however for the young god Net, the latest adaptation of Press. In the form of Net, Press seeks to free itself from the service of the other Atheist gods, so that it can say what it really always wanted to say itself. Press currently has a loyal priesthood, with specialist divisions, but too much editorial control is being exerted from followers of other gods. The Net seeks a new way of spreading messages, one that allows Press to say anything he likes. I say he, but I think Press is more a hermaphrodite deity, an amalgamation of Iris and Mercury. The price Press will have to pay for this is the loss of her priesthood, but since this will allow him to work through his followers more directly, with greater speed, efficiency and freedom of speech, she will hardly mind paying this price.

Femine is another dualistic Atheist deity with a cult. Strangely the demon of the Feminist cult, namely Patriarch, doesn't seem to exist, or is perhaps the Atheist name for the old Monotheist God. In any

case, no one seems to claim to follow Patriarch at all, making him one of the biggest demons of the Atheist age. At some point I expect some iconoclast will begin a cult around him. In his place, Feminists seem to demonise men in general, often to the dismay of men who would like to help the cause of sexual liberation, and the dismay of women who don't really want what Feminine tells them they should want. It would seem that the most sexually liberated men and women are those who occasionally work with Feminine, when she has something worthwhile to offer them.

There are other, more sinister, gods in the Atheist world. Perhaps the worst is the vile god Tobacco. Tobacco is a parasitic deity that not only demands that his followers, known as smokers, follow a strict routine of ritual prayer at various times of the day, he also does so whilst damaging their health. Tobacco also has the psychic power to cause his victims stress, headaches, coughing and nervousness if they fail to keep to the strict routine. What is more, Tobacco only seems to offer a few minutes of mild pleasure in return for this obsessive devotion. I know this because I have personal experience of his rituals.

Not all the major gods are non-human, many humans have attained godhood in the Atheist age, some after they died, others whilst still alive. Elvis is an excellent example, not least because there is now a Church of Elvis, with its priesthood of Elvis impersonators. Whether it is intended seriously or humorously is hardly relevant, as the Discordians have shown us. I won't mention she who shall remain nameless, although she is another example.

Still living is Thatcher, who gained a significant number of followers in her cult of Thatcherism. Her cult otherwise differed little from the cult of Capital. It seems she made herself a demi-god in the service of the greater god of Capital. She took some, but not all, of the attributes of Feminine in addition, which was part of her success. Feminists saw her as opposed to the devil Patriarch, whilst Capitalists saw her as opposed to the devil Commune. In the end Capital realised that her deification was a distraction from His worship and replaced her with a high priest which had no personality of his own. Of course this meant that the Cult of Capitalism lost its appeal, not to mention the fact that the great devil Commune seemed to have vanished and become a minor deity. Capital must sense that without his opposite number his days as a major god are numbered, like God without the Devil. Perhaps

that is why He is behaving so badly lately (re: The Banana War, Serbia, MAI, GM food etc.).

The examples are endless, I have discussed some of the major types, including the dualistic God-Devil pairs, Cult based deities, the Addictive deities, the Parasitic deities and the human Hero-deities. In short, Atheism seems to have a very complete pantheon and tradition. What is also certain is that without the taming influence of the agnostic movement, Atheism becomes just as authoritarian, fundamentalist and intolerant as any other belief system. You only have to look at old Nazi Germany, old Soviet Russia or modern day China to see that.

Let us then thank the greatest Atheist god of all, Uncertainty, for providing us with the calm tolerance of Agnosticism and Chaos Magic and shout with great passion and joy "I am not sure! There may be no ultimate truth! I'm just not sure!" for without Uncertainty, nothing would ever have changed.

Practical Liberation Exercise.

I often feel that Chaos Magic is about actually finding out what magic actually works and then putting it into practise and using it, when it is useful to do so. Therefore I feel it is almost more than useless to explain a magical theory to a fellow magician, without then explaining how they could actually make use of what I was saying. So I will give an example of how one might actually do some Atheist magic.

Fractals are infinite patterns that repeat self-similar patterns within the lower levels of the pattern. Chaos Magicians are fond of observing fractalisation throughout all levels of reality. This even applies to ourselves. This has led to the idea that on one level we are one individual, on a higher fractal level we are a part of a societal or group organism, whilst on a lower level our mind sub divides into minor sub-personalities, each with their own ideas, personality traits and behaviour patterns, all of which compete for dominance and/or influence of the whole self. It is then easy to see how some small part of your mind may become both self-preserving and destructive towards the over all whole. A smoking demon is an example of such a sub-personality. Interestingly, a smoking demon is a Fractal sub-part of both the smoker and the Atheist god Tobacco, giving it split loyalties. A quick examination of any such demon quickly shows you that its real loyalties are

with the parasitic god, rather than with the smoker. This means that when a smoker has a cigarette, they are acting out of demonic possession from an outside entity.

If you are a smoking magician, and there are many, and you wish you could give up, try the following exercise. On the other hand, if you don't want to give up, there is little point! Part of the reason you may have failed to give up before is because you never actually saw yourself as a non-smoker, you were a smoker who was trying to give up. The following exercise allows you to see yourself as someone who was always a non-smoker, but who have been possessed by a smoking demon.

Step 1. Identify your smoking habit as an external demon. Recognise that you have been under possession from this demon and that it will attack you if you try to give up. Be confident that externalised its power will be considerably weakened. The main way it tricked you before was by pretending it was you and subverting your actions from within.

Step 2. Name the demon. Be creative. One way is to use an appropriate word and then reverse it to make it sound demonic. Fagash becomes Fagashsagaf, Smog becomes Smogoms, Dogend becomes Dogendnegod etc.

Step 3. Create an image or effigy of the demon. Draw a picture of it or make a sculpture. If you're not a confident artist just draw a cigarette with an evil face on it. Write its name underneath. You could even draw the face on a real cigarette if you have one left!

Step 4. Prepare a ritual, include the image inside. Perform an evocation of the smoking demon. Calling it foul titles whilst saying its name three times out loud, ought to be sufficiently dramatic to work. Banish it back to the foul and evil devil Tobacco. Burn or otherwise destroy the effigy as you do so. Before finishing the ritual in your usual manner, you could read out a liturgy of all the bad health effects of making a pact with the evil Tobacco devil, and all the environmental damage he causes.

Step 5. Being a smoker may have been a large or significant part of your persona. Having externalised and banished what you have

now recognised as an external demon may leave you feeling a little empty or incomplete. This can be remedied by starting a new habit/behaviour pattern, this time a more healthy, environmentally friendly one. You can even finish the ritual in step four with a dedication to begin this new habit.

This technique is called the Five Step Plan.

The example above used smoking as a common example, in truth the same procedure can be used to rid oneself of any bad habit, inhibition or behaviour pattern which has ceased to be useful. It may seem a little dramatic way of stopping picking one's nose, or stopping biting ones nails but then most magicians are aware that the more dramatic the better when it comes to successful magic! Even if that's not true it is certainly more fun, although if it is an Atheist paradigm you are working in, then there are sound Psychological reasons why more dramatic magic will work better. One last point, I am not trying to lay down a moral about not smoking, or saying smoking is bad or evil. I am merely saying that it is behaving evil towards you when you want to give up but can't. If you actually like smoking then that is your personal choice. I personally do not smoke because of the environmental damage and bad health effects it causes, but as a Chaos Magician I choose not to impose this belief, as some kind of ultimate truth, on anyone else. All Hail Uncertainty! I am not sure!

***At every Point in the
Multiverse, there is an
Infinite amount of
Possibilities Within***

Change is inevitable....except from vending machines.

**Cabbages and Greyfaces
by Baron von Hoopla, Justified Agents of Mummu**

One day I was storming down the street howling to the skies and mud about the greyfaces that assaulted me on a daily basis, when I suddenly heard someone nearby howling louder than myself. It wasn't hard to spot the gnarled old bastard with a face like a chewed caramel zigzagging back and forth across the streets grabbing people by their ears and bellowing "IS ANYONE THERE?" into their faces, then turning to someone else and repeating the same procedure. One after the other after the other . . . I watched, stunned, wondering why the people being screamed at didn't take offence. If someone grabbed me by the ears and screamed into my face he would be swiftly introduced to my good friend Mr. Steel-Toe Boot, but these people seemed to swoon, and then stare off into space in a daze.

I had to find out what was going on.

Eventually the old coot made his way toward me and grabbed for my ears. Before he could take hold I said, Yes, I am here. What do you want?

The old man didn't blink an eye but just grabbed me by the shoulder and walked me onto a quieter side street. Thank the goddess, he said, sputtering and breathing hard. I thought I was the only one left, he added.

The only what? I asked. He turned his paper-slit eyes toward me and said: The only person left.

The only person? But what about all the people you were shouting at?? I asked. For a few moments he stared blankly at me, as if he hadn't heard what I said. Those weren't people, he said finally, they were Cabbages.

Cabbages? I asked. They looked like people to me. The old man laughed. Of course they looked like people, Cabbages look exactly

like people. They walk like people, they talk like people, they eat like people, they sleep like people, they go to work like people, they see movies like people, they watch tv like people, they read books like people . . . they are the best copies of people you'll ever see. But they are not people, my son, they are most assuredly Cabbages.

What's the difference? I asked. He leaned toward me, and said: People dream, my boy, people question. People think. People play. People laugh. Look at these poor souls, sleepwalking through life . . . they think they're people, but they are vegetables. Blind, ridiculous, vegetables.

Ah ha, I said with glee. I know many Cabbages, my life is full of them, and they are the bane of my existence! I know them as Greyfaces!

No! the old man said quickly. Do not mistake the two . . . Greyfaces and Cabbages are not the same, except when they are. Greyfaces are much more dangerous.

Dangerous? I asked. How?

Well, let me ask you this, he said, which would you be most wary of . . . a sleeping dog, or a dog having a nightmare?

I suppose a dog having a nightmare, I said. The old man smiled. Exactly, he said. A Greyface is a Cabbage who is living a nightmare. The Greyface's nightmare is truly terrifying. He is told that the world will crumble around him if all do not think and act exactly as he does, the only sane person on the face of the planet, and will stop at nothing to ensure that his nightmare doesn't come true. Greyfaces believe the world is humorless and product-driven. He believes there is a way to draw a perfect circle and you damned well better find out how, or pay the price. Never turn your back on the Greyface, my son.

I pondered this. So, I said after a while, those I referred to as Greyfaces were actually Cabbages?

I don't know them personally, the old man said, but I would imagine they were. Almost everyone you meet is a Cabbage.

What's the difference, I asked the old man.

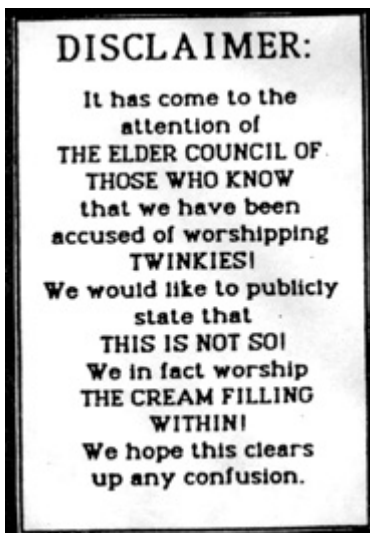
All Greyfaces are Cabbages, he said, but not all Cabbages are Greyfaces. Some Cabbages wake up and become real people, some even become Children of the Goddess if they are very on the ball . . . but Greyfaces rarely become people.

How do I know if I'm a Cabbage? I asked.

He stood up, and patted me on the shoulder. Son, the Cabbages never even ask that.

The old man began to walk away from me, toward an older lady. I could see his fingers twitching with anticipation at the thought of grabbing hold of her ears. WAIT! I called out to him, What is your name?

He turned back to me briefly. Coleslaw, he said. For, I shred the cabbage of people's minds.



*And the day came
when Man slew his
last predator And he
rejoiced.*

*But the Universe
could not be
unbalanced-*

*And so Man became
his own predator-
and the balance
continues*

~Malaclypse the Tertiary, KSGI
Omnibenevolent Polyfather Nuevo of
The Grand Unified FruErisian Assembly (GUF:EA)
and High, Wholy Abjermmed of Head Temple,
Thornley Hill Cabal

Verthaine on:Egotism

The Prime Minister of the Mnlorgian Dynasty of Planet Trilfax was a national hero for his success as both a statesman and military leader. But despite his fame, power, and wealth, he considered himself a humble and devout Erisian. Often he visited his favorite Chaosist master to study under him, and they seemed to get along very well. The fact that he was prime minister apparently had no effect on their relationship, which seemed to be simply one of a revered master and respectful student.

One day, during his usual visit, the Prime Minister asked the master, "Your Reverence, what is egotism according to Erisianism?"

The master's face turned red, and in a very condescending and insulting tone of voice, he shot back, "What kind of stupid question is that?"

This unexpected response so shocked the Prime Minister that he became sullen and angry. The Zenarchist master then smiled and said, "THIS, Your Excellency, is egotism."

Cosmic Poker

Order, Chaos, Good, Evil, and Truth enjoying a game of power

Order Is each here? Does each have his opposite?

Chaos I am here, but my opposite is you.

Order Huh?

Evil Don't let him bug ya'. We're here.

Truth My opposite is not here.

Good Is your opposite "Lies"?

Truth My opposite is "Void". He couldn't make it.

Evil >snicker< Figures!

Order Agh! How are we going to seat five! This table is made for six!

Evil Just take out his chair and move over. Sheesh!

Good I have the cards.

Evil I've got the chips.

Truth I have the beer.

Chaos I have the cards!

Evil Shut up.

....

Order Whose deal is it?

Evil Do ya' gotta ask that EVERY time?

Truth It is Good's deal.

Good OK, five card draw...uh, everything is wild.

Evil How can anyone win if everything is wild?

Good No ONE can win, but we all can call ourselves winners if...

Order I like this game.

Evil This is pointless.

Truth It is time to deal.

Good Here we go! Your bet, **Truth**.

Truth Five.

Order Five and raise you five.

Evil Don't you morons get it? It doesn't matter how much you bet!

Order I like ten better.

Evil >sigh< Call.

Chaos I fold.

Evil YOU CAN'T LOSE!

Chaos I still fold.

Good OK, I'll call. How many, Truth?

Evil What's the point in taking more cards?

Truth I will keep the cards I have.

Order I will take two.

Evil Why?!?

Order I didn't like those.

Evil None for me.

Chaos> I'll take six.

Good Sorry, you folded. Dealer keeps his. Bets?

Evil Oh, just get this over with.

Order But now we have to bet!

Evil Any money you put in, you're just gonna get back!

Truth I am in agreement with Evil. Let us show our cards.

Truth I have five aces.

Order I have five ace of spades.

Chaos I have a three.

Good Please be quiet. I also have five aces. We all win.

Evil Hold it, bub. Six aces, read'em and weep.

Good Where did you get that card?

Truth He stole it from Chaos.

Evil You know the rules, boys. The pot's mine.

Good That was a stupid game.

Order Whose deal is it? Truth The dealer progression is opposite the deal. **Chaos** deals.

Chaos Whee!

all but **Chaos** >groan<

Chaos Eleven card stud-hold'em with threes, eights, jacks, and kings wild...fives count as fours, fours count as nines, and queens don't count unless there is a prime numbered spade showing...

Order I fold...

23

*Nature uses few words:
when the gale blows, it will not last long;
when it rains hard, it lasts but a little while;
What causes these to happen? Heaven and Earth.*

*Why do we humans go on endlessly about little
when nature does much in a little time?*

*If you open yourself to ERIS,
you and ERIS become one.
If you open yourself to Virtue,
then you can become virtuous.
If you open yourself to loss,
then you will become lost.*

*If you open yourself to the ERIS,
ERIS will eagerly welcome you.
If you open yourself to virtue,
virtue will become a part of you.
If you open yourself to loss,
the lost are glad to see you.*

*"When you do not trust people,
people will become untrustworthy."*

GO UNDERGROUND and be a CHAOS MAGICIAN

From Joel Biroco's "The Exorcist of Revolution." (1986)

What is this world of hatred and strife and war and hatred and strife and war. Is it, perchance, a world of hatred and strife and war and of hatred and strife and war. The answer is YES it fucking well is and I want out. I want the underground of life where I am now, the underground of life. But where is this you may ask and how can I get there. Well, if you are working then walk Out straight away, get on a bus and go home and say fuck you employer and be quick with my last pay cheque. Say fuck to giving notice, if you can't walk out just like that then you won't be able to hack the underground. Then get yourself a garret to starve in and sign on the dole. Be prepared for being fucked around for weeks and months before you see any money, especially if you walked out on your job. Now say to yourself I'm finished with all that shit. So that's about the equivalent of dipping your big toe into the waters of the underground before wading in. Now stuff your central nervous system with hallucinogens listening to Beethoven's Ninth/The Cure/just about anything at full blast for months. Buy a second-hand aquarium and set it up in your garret, it doesn't matter if the glass is cracked you're going to use it for growing psilocybin cubensis mushrooms. When the weather gets warmer start sowing the marijuana seeds. Think of yourself as being on the run from the law, or forever one step ahead of the posse, or the landlord of a brothel. You're not "living" any more, you're "holding out". Then find an artform in which to work, start drawing in pen and ink, buy a battered typewriter. Become reclusive, don't shave, grow a beard, keep your hair unkempt, throw things on the floor, keep chickens in your room. Recite "Property is theft" ten times a day or until it seems obvious. Read books like Dostoyevsky's "Notes from Underground", Orwell's "Down and Out in Paris and London", Raoul Vaneigem's "The Revolution of Everyday Life" and Miyamoto Musashi's "A Book of Five Rings. Swot up on your Burroughs, Beckett, Celine, Kerouac, Cocteau, Rimbaud, Hesse, Poe, Baudelaire, Lautreamont, Nietzsche, Joyce, Stein. That's a decent start, now the water's up to your waist and the tide seems to be taking you further away from the shore and "The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin" seems strangely subversive. Now read "Desert Island BIFF" just to make absolutely sure you don't turn into a jerk.

At this stage there are two directions you can go in - back to your parents' home and beg to be taken back in because you've found the big wide world too harsh, or onward. Or the former followed by the latter if you need a breathing space. Now get stuck into Crowley, read "Magick" and "The Magical Record of the Beast 666". Read the works of Austin Osman Spare and start casting sigils. Spend more on incense than clothes. In fact don't buy any new clothes at all. Give money to tramps even though you can't afford to on the grounds that you might be a tramp yourself one day and you're the kind of person who will be able to help you out of a jam. This is the way you start to see the world of the underground. Walk all around Central London every week or two and simply observe. Just stand and stare. Sit on the pavement in Covent Garden all day long watching people come and go, watch street entertainers and practice saying you're broke when asked for money merely by the look on your face, do it until it no longer feels like an affectation of poverty, feel what is rich about being poor. Never spend more than a fiver in one go unless it's in order to distribute your art, print your writings or produce a magazine. Eat less meals if by doing so you can have a more diverse range of Letraset at your disposal. Learn what can be done with lentils. After a while you'll start to experience the underground as a real place, and you'll get more and more enmeshed in it, then will come the point at which you can start making your own rules, you don't have to be a tramp, you don't have to be living with bedbugs for your only company, but as a result of enduring this kind of lifestyle for a while you'll learn to see what the underground is and you'll be able to move freely within it. You won't need more than a glance to pick out the pimps the plain-clothes cops the pushers the three-card-monty lookouts the spivs the touts the knifeboys the freelance journalists the computer whizz-kids looking for recruitment by a master criminal, all these people will tell you what they are uncontrollably. You, on the other hand, as a chaos magician, will have the subjective impression you project to others completely under control, you can at will project the aura of any one of the above and more, or blend invisibly as just another face in the crowd, according to your desires and purpose. Here is the secret of the underground - to merge - to stalk it without affectation. You can only merge into something when you know what it is you're trying to merge into, and there is nowhere where there are more lessons to be learnt than

the underground, it exists on a different magical plane to that environment frequented by those who try to be magicians in the hustle and bustle of commuters, the nine-to-fivers. Magick works with greater effectiveness in the underground because the urgency caused by chaos is substantially greater than that experienced by those who immerse their lives in the framework of an imposed order. Just as an ordinary man has the potential to become a hero when thrust into a dangerous position by fate that he would have thought he was not up to if there had been time to think about it, so can an average magician become a great magician when his environment is chaos, the difference being that the chaos is deliberately procured and approached slowly and stealthily like one might try to walk past a sleeping tiger. One places oneself in dangerous situations carefully in order to gain the co-operation and strength of the tiger, and eventually its stealth - the merging with one's surroundings in order to walk unseen and unheard, to literally pounce upon the object of your desires. That is chaos magick.

Sure, you can be a magician in the world of work and mundaneness but you'll never be the kind of magician you could have been, a chaos magician is an underground magician, those magicians who tell you that you can be a chaos magician whilst still tied to conformity are simply those magicians who lack the strength and conviction to let go of their conformity, for which they have battled for years to possess through a misguided allegiance to hard slog. They are excited by the idea of chaos and of plunging themselves into it but they are afraid of letting go and so they make of their chaos magick something without chaos, something which can be carried on over a weekend in order to fit in with the demands of a working routine. Don't let anyone convince you this is chaos magick, don't let anyone glamourise magick of a lesser character through use of the epithet "chaos". Chaos magick can't be marketed and sold to the masses, it can only be lived. Anything else is nine-to-five magick, which you may use for securing payrises and promotion.

What your life is immersed in will be what you use your magick to affect. If your life is immersed in the underground and you become concerned about such nebulous subjects as rebellion and revolution and romance your magick will naturally be directed into this arena

and enable you to live what others are only content to talk about. This then is the underground. If you are holding down a steady job and pursuing a "career" it also stands to reason that your magick, your drives and desires, will be fuelled to take you in a direction you think you want to go in, to further you in what you are presently pursuing, without regard to your more romantic hopes of which you are so convinced that you never make the slightest effort to realise them. No, onward to your very own mortgage and bank loan for that wonderful car and the ever more rabid consumption which follows as a natural result of following the path that you are following. Such people recognise art only through the emotion of acute jealousy.

It can't be helped and it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter to me that is, but it might matter to you if this is you I am writing about. What is, after all, your motivation for getting into magick, your motivation for reading a CHAOS text. Insight? Power? Most power-hungry magicians fuck themselves up sooner or later, so no doubt it is insight you're after. Ask yourself what insight there is in pursuing a useless career, kidding yourself that your high-flight aspirations lead to wondrous marvels. I'm not talking to the doomed, manual labourers and people who dig the roads and read electricity meters, I'm talking to those who glorify dead-end jobs in publishing, the media, banking, social work, advertising, and convince themselves their lives have meaning, purpose, and, above all, that most magical of dead-end words - prospects. Ask yourself, just how long will it be before you start buying your first shares? What a life! Give me the turmoil of chaos any day, rather allow my magick to resemble the goings-on in a subterranean Chinese kitchen cum alchemists cave than the goings-on in your average air-conditioned office complex. Do you think about these things? Do you think you ought to think about these things? What do you want your life to be, do you know most people never ever think about this, rather they settle for the short-term option of seeing something develop out of a lifestyle they hate, their catharsis being the accumulation of material goods. Ask yourself, what will ever develop out of an existence you hate? Isn't it better to turn your back on all of it and plunge yourself into a lifestyle you love and say fuck to poverty this is what I want my life to be, let my art be my catharsis for the malaise such poverty invokes. Isn't it

altogether more likely that something will eventually develop out of a lifestyle you love, that your need to raise yourself above poverty will eventually be satisfied, by magical means, because you have had the courage to throw yourself into the driving urgency of chaos. These are all important things to consider. By all means be a nine-to-five magician, you don't have to be a chaos magician, it's not compulsory, but don't be a nine-to-five magician if you secretly desire to be a chaos magician because one doesn't lead to the other. This is the fundamental difference between chaos magick and other forms of magick and why chaos is the magick for now, for as long as now lasts. The magick that evolves out of chaos magick (for even chaos magick will only last as long as it does) will be the treasure of those who have had the courage to embrace chaos now, all the rest will have to content themselves with the realisation that they will be peddling a bicycle with a puncture uphill for evermore. Chaos is happening now, not next week, not next month, not next year. You can't get into chaos later if you've come across it now, this is your one and only chance, the only people who can get into chaos later on are those who are yet to hear about it. Real Pied Piper of Hamelin stuff this. You see, chaos is that thing which is instantly recognised by those it is meant for, that is what it is all about. If you are reading this and saying to yourself now that this is for you then find that strength within yourself to grasp it and make it your own. If you are reading this now and saying this isn't for me then that is because it isn't for you, you're an outsider who has got a hold of this publication by an unfortunate accident, so back off, that is an appropriate reaction. We will feel no sense of loss not to have your company I assure you, we will happen without you and inspire of you. If you can't see the urgency and what needs to be done then you are blind and I cast a spell to cast you into the pit. May Satan spike you with his dung fork and place hydrofluoric acid in your contact lens containers. You bastards live through what we do and what we die for, so we have no sense of regret in cutting ourselves off from you and saying "Fuck You Conformist!" What is it you conform to but conformity itself?

Fuck You!

Eris forbids nothing, but even She hates an Asshole

GLOSSARY OF TERMS RELATING TO DISCORDIANISM

DISCORDIANISM: Like Wicca, it started off as a religion for pot-smoking hippie bums who wanted to pass off their bullshit as a philosophical statement. The key difference was it was full of jokes plagiarized from the Marx brothers. Somewhere along the line, like many obscure things that deserved to stay obscure, it got co-opted by sweaty, anime-downloading computer nerds and has become some stupid inside joke on message boards full of assholes, giving it as much meaning and significance as All Your Base Are Belong To Us.

THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS: Discordians who get bored of saying "Fnord" and "Hail Eris" and wanted to make up new nonsense phrases and pretend like saying them while giggling was a constructive act of activism.

THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA: Between "My First ABCs" and "The Essential Guide to Star Wars Ships" in terms of literary importance

THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS: Like the Principia Discordia, only 100 pages longer, and it costs 20 bucks instead of being able to find it on Google.

THE ILLUMINATUS TRILOGY: A plagiarism of Joyce's work filled with nerdy pop culture references and pretentious rantng.

SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT: A plagiarism of Vonnegut's work filled with nerdy pop culture references and pretentious ranting.

ROBERT ANTON WILSON: A man who has accumulated a small fortune selling plagiarisms of Joyce and Vonnegut filled with nerdy pop culture references with pretentious ranting.

MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER: Some "wacky" nom de plume of a man who probably wrote The Principia Discordia in a stained tie-dye T-shirt on a bongwater-stained couch while listening to a highly worn LP of Freak Out!, The White Album, or The Piper at the Gates of Dawn. Wasn't smart enough to copyright his work so probably died alone and penniless on a gutter while clenching a Coke bottle pipe filled with schwag, while his buddy Robert Anton Wilson eats steak for dinner in his dining room.

KERRY THORNLEY/LORD OMAR/A BILLION OTHER STUPID PSEUDONYMS: Wrote ten crazy Xeroxed rants about Libertarianism and thought his friends were agents of the Illuminati, now posthumously considered a genius.

STEVE JACKSON: The poster boy for the official point of transformation of the vast majority (ie: 40) of Discordians changing from hippie slackers to D&D nerds who wish they could have been alive to be hippie slackers like their parents.

FNORD: A word invented to be used in the boring, pointless signatures, "hilarious" spam, and half-hearted graffiti of Discordians. Might have been a slightly funny

inside joke between RAW, Thornley, and Malaclypse, but the Internet beat it into the ground like it does everything

23: The fact that that number can sometimes be seen somewhere is proof of an elaborate evil conspiracy/magical cosmic force that protects and strengthens all Discordians

THE BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI: The 19th century version of the Discordians. IE: They had great ideas but we're too lazy and fuckwitted and unorganized to get anything done so instead they just made a bunch of bullshit. So obviously the Discordian society idolizes them.

THE POEE: 12 members strong.

THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY: 18 members strong.

WWW.PRINCIPIADISCORDIA.COM: An expensive domain name that somebody pays for solely to host a 60-page book that can be found for a yard sale at 25 cents, or in it's entirety on the first 13 pages of a Google search. In other word, a nerd who felt the obligation to make a site that wasn't about what bands they like or how similar to Hitler Bush is.

ERISIANS: Discordians who insist on being called something else to be difficult

ERIS/DISCORDIA: There is a disagreement among Discordians and Erisians as to her nature. Discordians think she's a cartoon character with magic powers who help them out and who they fantasize to while masturbating, (that is, when they're too lazy to open up their porn folder or turn to the Dryad page of the D&D Monster Manual) Erisians think the same

thing although they sprinkle it with some Taoist metaphysical stuff.

OPERATION MINDFUCK: A way to make the world a better place that apparently involves trolling conservative communities, writing notes on bathroom walls, making up little pieces of paper that say "LOL U R TEH POPE" and being too afraid to hand them out to people, and contemplating all of these brilliant ideas on a message board and being too lazy to do any of them.

JAKE: Like a mindfuck except more childish, if that's possible

WWW.POEE.CO.UK: A website with a professional-looking appearance and informative content. This makes its owner Syntapgjax, a Fake Discordian, since obviously the definition of "Discordian" is "someone who can't get their shit together"

FAKE DISCORDIAN: A term thrown around a lot for practitioners of a religion that embraces ontological freedom and equality. It's actually a redundant term.

"WE DISCORDIANS MUST STICK APART": An excuse for not having your shit together

CHAOS MAGIC: If Wicca is people who need an authority figure to give their minds permission to use magic adopting books from Barnes and Noble as such, than Chaos Magic is the same, only with Google and Alice in Wonderland.

ZENARCHY: A term used by Discordians who have to pretend they're too enlightened to use terms like "Anarchist" to describe their

political belief, so they use a term that sounds deep but is actually an unfunny portmanteau, like "Zenarchist" so they can pretend they're too cool for politics.

THE LAW OF FIVES: An important lesson in epistemological relativism becomes an inside joke among people who make stupid polls on the Internet to waste their lives away

COPYRITE/KOPYRIGHT/

KOPYRITE/COPYLEFT/KOPYLEFT: A term that's obviously Discordian because of the lame pun. Spawned Wikipedia, which is what sexless nerds use as an authoritative source of knowledge, in the same way imperialist intellectual elitists used the Britannica.

DISCORDIAN SAINT: Someone who the government hasn't forced to take their meds yet

THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA.COM FORUMS: Where you can read jokers bickering like the cast of MASH towards the end of the show and pretending that they're better than 95 percent of DeadJournal users somehow. Also full of long, drawn out, pointless rants that just reiterate the same un insightful points. Discordians are nerds who don't have enough sex.

Chaplin Sinatra Fonzarelli, G.G.L.F., C.L.F.,
L.F.L.F., R.M.S.T.A., R.P.C.V., N.C.c., T.R.R.R., W.I.T.C.H.,
W.P.P., V.P.D.F.Y.S., S.C.U.M.,
I.G.R.S.A.F.D.S.K.S.K.J.J.J.S.Y.Y.D.F.D.K.D.S.F.K.S.D.K.J.L.K.F.G.K
.S.D.G.G.J.R.J.S.T.S and other various divisions of the Maude
Senger cabal of the Pantheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, and
President for Life of the Holy Empire of Ayatollah Discordiolla

Verthaine on: Insults

On the planet Epsilon V there once lived a great warrior. Though quite old, he still was able to defeat any challenger. His reputation extended far and wide throughout the land and many students gathered to study under him. One day an infamous young warrior arrived at the village. He was determined to be the first man to defeat the great master. Along with his strength, he had an uncanny ability to spot and exploit any weakness in an opponent. He would wait for his opponent to make the first move, thus revealing a weakness, and then would strike with merciless force and lightning speed. No one had ever lasted with him in a match beyond the first move. Much against the advice of his concerned students, the old master gladly accepted the young warrior's challenge. As the two squared off for battle, the young warrior began to hurl insults at the old master. He threw dirt and spit in his face. For hours he verbally assaulted him with every curse and insult known to mankind. But the old warrior merely stood there motionless and calm. Finally, the young warrior exhausted himself. Knowing he was defeated, he left feeling shamed. Somewhat disappointed that he did not fight the insolent youth, the students gathered around the old master and questioned him. "How could you endure such an indignity? How did you drive him away?" "If someone comes to give you a gift and you do not receive it," the master replied, "to whom does the gift belong?"

The Illuminati FAQ

by Abner Whateley (abner.whateley@the-matrix.com)

1. There are many Illuminated groups, with different kinds of secret knowledge. Anything you might say about them (including this) will be false for some of the Illuminati, but true for others, which only adds to the confusion and mystery.
2. The Illuminati infiltrate and take over organizations of all kinds, from churches to the post office to the corner grocery store, and turn them to their own ends.
3. And, just as a black joke, some of their subject organizations advertise themselves as Secret Societies!
4. They have agents and "sleepers" planted everywhere. Many of these people have no idea who they are really reporting to. Others are active members of the conspiracy, working their way ever deeper into the fabric of society.
5. They control the schools in order to make sure that young people learn to enjoy strange tuneless music and weird outlandish games, and that they dress oddly.
6. They also try to recruit the best and the brightest young people as agents, to insure the next generation of the Conspiracy.
7. They constantly feud among themselves and war with other groups and organizations. Each group of Illuminati is constantly striving to increase its power base and undermine the competition.
8. Their first means of dealing with opposition is to buy it off. To any group as rich as the Illuminati, a few million dollars are nothing.
9. Next they try threats. Danger to possessions, status or loved ones has dissuaded many a would-be foe of Illuminati schemes.

10. And, of course, murder is an ancient political weapon. The Illuminati have been responsible for some of the most shocking assassinations of modern times.

11. They also replace people with doubles. For many years they recruited look-alikes who would serve their ends. Now they are perfecting cloning technology that will let them replace anybody.

12. Those who can't be dealt with any other way are discredited or driven mad.

13. The Illuminati conspiracy is hundreds, if not thousands, of years old. Many of the most famous names of history have been Illuminated, or Illuminati agents. Indeed, all of history is nothing more than an outside view of the schemes and struggles of the Illuminati.

14. And, of course, the Illuminati are constantly rewriting history to serve their own goals. For instance, modern schoolchildren are taught that there is no historical evidence of Eris or King Arthur, and they learn nothing about the Russo-German War or the state of Arcadia.

15. They control the news media, so you hear what they want you to about today's news. Any event that doesn't fit in with their program will be quickly hushed up.

16. In particular, they control television. They don't permit intelligent shows to survive; they encourage mind candy that will keep people from thinking. The only reason good shows are permitted to appear at all is to convince intelligent people that nobody else likes such material, and that there must be something wrong with them.

17. The Illuminati manipulate the stock market and control currencies on an international level. Your paycheck is worth just what the Illuminati want it to be.

18. Likewise, the entire energy crisis is an Illuminati invention. There's no shortage of energy, of a dozen different kinds, but plentiful free energy might threaten the Illuminated power base!

19. The Illuminati are doing their best to hold back the space program, for the same reason. If mankind was spread out through the solar system, they'd be much harder to control. [Not all the Illuminati agree on this. Some of them lust after the mineral wealth of space, and some want (literally) new worlds to conquer.]

20. And some of them are in touch with aliens from outer space. Some of them ARE aliens. Why would "advanced beings" want to meddle with the affairs of Earthlings? Good question.

21. Worse, some of them have actual magical powers and are in league with forces from . . . elsewhere. Great huge beings that are madness to look upon, or tiny, malicious things that glare and gibber from dark corners. They have pins and dolls; they know old names.

22. Other Illuminati have embraced technology. Their files of information are much more useful when backed by the power of the computer. They are also conditioning everyone to believe that computers are so complicated and dangerous that only the Experts should play with them. Next time you get an electric bill for \$666,666.66, you know who's behind it.

23. And some of these technophiles have gone a step farther, creating actual machine intelligences. These sentient computers are now, themselves, a force among the ruling Illuminati!

24. The Illuminati don't like war; it's expensive and wasteful. War only happens when two groups of Illuminati are very evenly matched and neither is willing to negotiate. But then they whip a few nations into a patriotic fervor and go at it.

25. They send secret messages through the newspapers and airwaves - in the classified ads, and even buried in news reports. They have other, even stranger forms of secret communications . . . all around you, all the time.

26. They keep everyone - yes, everyone - under constant surveillance. Every time you fill out another questionnaire, you're weaving another strand of the net that binds the world.

27. They are working to make the law as confusing as possible, so everything will be illegal or potentially illegal - then they have a hold on everybody and everyone will fear the laws.

28. They encourage resistance to authority among young people and political dissidents, to distract government attention from the real enemy within.

29. But when they reach a satisfactory level of control, they turn their efforts toward extinguishing independence and encouraging mindless obedience to whatever orders come from the Illuminati or their servants.

30. They commit random atrocities - poisoning food at grocery stores, murdering old blind ladies, sniping on the freeway - just to make people vaguely confused, frightened and paranoid.

31. They suppress inventions which might change the status quo. The 100-mile-a-gallon carburetor, the perfect contraceptive, and the cornucopia plant are all lying in Illuminati vaults, waiting for the day when it will suit the Secret Masters to release them. What happened to the inventors? Bought off, intimidated, or just vanished.

32. On the other hand, they also maintain secret laboratories where they develop new weapons and devices of all kind.

33. Their arcane investigations cause all sorts of mysteries. Ever wonder about the Loch Ness Monster? The "cattle mutilations"? The Oregon Crud?

34. And they require hundreds of human victims every year for their experiments. Ever wonder why there are so many Missing Persons reports, and why so few of those people are found?

35. They are constantly experimenting with new types of mind control. They put drugs in drinking water, flash subliminal messages during movies and TV shows, and play instructions that you can't quite hear over supermarket loudspeakers. They experiment with microwaves and ultra-low-frequency devices, too.

36. And every wire in your house is a potential pathway for Illuminati messages, attacks or controlling rays. Did you ever stop to think just how many wires lead to your house? And do you have any idea where they really come from?

37. Naturally, they discourage investigation of the strange and unusual, because it might lead to them. But they encourage people to joke about the Illuminati.

38. They also publish supermarket tabloids, just to make sure that everybody thinks "Hitler's Brain Is Alive!" and "Bigfoot Seen In Hawaii" are just jokes.

39. And they encourage the craziest pseudo-science "researchers" they can find, because this tends to discredit legitimate investigators into the unusual.

40. A popular belief is that the Illuminati want power for its own sake. This is true of some of them. But other Illuminated groups exist to support an ideology, to achieve a particular goal, or simply to oppose some other group of Illuminati!

41. One of their chief preoccupations is life extension by any means possible. Nobody who has held ultimate power for fifty years is eager to let it go. Anything you can think of . . . yoga, cryonics, body-exchange, magic, cloning, goat (or other) glands, transfusions, computerized personality duplication . . . has been tried by the Illuminati at one time or another. And some of them work!

42. Furthermore, powerful Illuminati from past centuries lie waiting to be revived when science allows it. Mummies, pickled corpses, frozen bodies, conscious brains in jars . . . you would recognize the names if we could mention them.

43. You're not cleared for this one.

44. They use disease as a weapon to discipline their own populations or destroy competing ones. Black Death in Europe, smallpox among the American Indians . . . The swine flu, a few years ago, was thwarted by opposing forces, or you probably wouldn't be reading this.

45. They have a variety of unhuman and inhuman servants. The dreaded Men in Black are perhaps their best-known agents. No one knows whether the MIBs are androids, golems, or something even worse. Perhaps they were once human . . .

46. And they really are breeding a Master Race. The Nazis had no idea how they were being used, or why. And they'd be horrified at the Illuminati's idea of perfection!

47. The Illuminati know weird sexual techniques undreamed of in the Kama Sutra. They also know why those techniques are used.

48. The next time you spend too much money to buy something you didn't want or need, and it breaks in a week, you can be sure you've just contributed to an Illuminati fund-raising project.

49. They start chain letters. They also plant rumors that the Red Cross can buy an iron lung if you send them a million cigarette packages, and that dying children in England want ten million business cards. No one knows why they do this.

50. Fnord.

The trouble with doing something right the first time is that nobody appreciates how difficult it was.

Erisian Metaphysics (.. uh, right)

There are three primary ways we can relate to the goddess Eris:

1) Eris is the personification of an impersonal force, namely the force of chaos in the universe. (Chaos is one of three primary forces in the universe, along with Order and Entropy)

2) Eris is a personal force - a spiritual reality that deals with the powers of chaos in the universe. This Greek goddess is our means of symbolizing this vast entity.

3) Eris is an aspect of the one Goddess often referred to as the Earth Mother or Gaia. As chaos is a part of nature so it is a part of Gaia.

You can also relate to Eris as a real pain (which she often is) or as a really hot babe. Whichever you prefer. I don't think she minds, except when she does.



Verthaine On: Prosperity

The rich man became angry when he saw the master's work. "I asked you to write something down that could bring happiness and prosperity to my family. Why do you give me something depressing like this?"

"If your son should die before you," the Zenarchist master answered, "this would bring unbearable grief to your family. If your grandson should die before your son, this also would bring great sorrow. If your family, generation after generation, disappears in the order I have described, it will be the natural course of life. This is true happiness and prosperity."

How I Found Goddess and What She Did To Me After I Found Her

by V. S. Verthaine. K.S.C.

You know, I am not ashamed to admit this, but I grow up verrrry rough. My mother died when I was six years old, leaving my father to raise my two sisters and I, plus a growing alcoholism problem. Being the oldest, I took the heat for my siblings, and getting my ass whooped was an every night event. I would live in constant fear of hearing the keys opening up the front door at night, because I knew it would be my father coming home from the bar, and there would be non-stop physical, verbal, and emotional abuse for the entire night, right up the morning when I had to leave for school. This went on until I left home at age seventeen.

My father was a lapse catholic, believing in the doctrines and dogmas, but never attending church. He tried to send me to Sunday school when I was about 6 or 7 years old, but I never could believe the propaganda being drilled into me. I remember on day the Sunday school teacher was describing how great and wonderful Heaven was, the pearly gates, the celestial chorus, the streets paved with gold, and I asked her if there was any monster movies or comic books in Heaven, when she replied "No, there wasn't, there is no need for such sinful things in the Presence of the Throne of God Almighty, I replied that Heaven sucks, that how could

Paradise be Paradise without the fun stuff(like toys, and coloring books, and cartoons, etc.).That didn't go over very well with brainwashers... Er, I mean Sunday school teacher, I suppose. But I knew that secretly, the rest of the kids agreed with me. Needless to say, when my father found out what I did, he beat my ass bloody. I had committed my first great sin, I had questioned authority, suffered the consequences for it, and still was unrepentant. My father never sent me back to Sunday school ever again.(which I thank him for).

Every night it was the same thing. My father would go out, get drunk, come home around midnight/1:00 a.m., and would start yelling throughout the house, accusing us(my sisters and me) of ruining his life, of causing my mother to die, that we were bad kids. There were beatings, sometimes severe beatings. I would pray to Father God and Jesus to stop the abuse, have the city put us in foster care, or to kill me, but Father God/Jesus didn't do a damn thing to help me. The only thing that kept me going was imaginary conversations with my deceased mother (who I could barely remember).She would hold me, comfort me, tell me to be strong. She felt and went through everything I went through. She wasn't cold and distant, like my father. She didn't just stand there and watch, in cold harsh Judgment like Yahweh/Jesus/God was. She was my strength and comforter in those dark, bleak years. I turned my back on the religion of my father, and vowed to find the true Creator, and ask him one Question, and that was "WHY?"

When I was old enough to strike out on my own, I pursued various theologies with a zealot's passion. I was already an avowed anarchist by then. I first studied the monotheistic religions, i.e., Christianity, Islam and Judaism. None of them brought me any closer to God. All I got was a bunch of "THOU SHALTS and THOU SHALT NOTS." They told me that every thing would be o.k. if I just became a sheep. I studied the Magickal Arts, and while it gave me a greater understanding of the Universe, I still wasn't any closer to God. I tried Satanism, but while it appealed to my dark and gothic aesthetic, it was just too materialistic and cynical for my tastes. Wicca just proved to be a whole bunch of Eurocentric tree-hugging hippy crap. And I found most paganism to be nothing more then a dusting off of tired old myths, their Gods and Goddess as cold and distant as they were a millennium ago, when there followers got their ass kicked by the Christians. I

studied chaos theory and quantum physics, and was starting to become convinced that there was no God.

It was when a dear friend of mine (Goddess bless your soul Tony, I miss you very much) turned me on to Taoism, that things started to click. I was beginning to find my center, heal my soul a bit." The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao." All became a lot clearer. And while I felt that the Taoists were the only ones to actually figure out reality, something was still missing. I knew that God was "What I made of it", but I still couldn't find "God".

I came across the "Principia Discordia" via the "Illuminate" Card Game. I saw a copy of it at the local gaming shop, and decided to use it as a prop in one of my role-playing games that my and my friends were having. Little did I know what I was getting into. When I got home and read the book, everything fell into place. What really got to me was the story of the "Birth of the Erisian Movement," when Eris first appeared to Mal-2 and Lord Omar and said unto them:

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

You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun. I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.

Those were the most beautiful words I have ever read, and tears streamed down my face I realized that it was "Goddess" I was looking for all my life, my own interpretation of the Supreme Being, not somebody else's called out for Eris, and she came before me, and wouldn't you know it, She looked just like my mother. I couldn't even ask her the one question that burned in my soul ,because I already knew the answer. The answer was "because," simple as that. Shit happens, I can accept that. I had found my "Goddess," because she was always there with me, going through my pain, giving me the strength to deal with the chaos around me.

Yes, I know that Eris is just the product of my imagination, but so what. Just because She is imaginary doesn't mean she is not real. She goes by all names, and all forms. She comes to you as Eris, if you want her to come as Eris. She appears to you as Jesus ,if you want her to appear as Jesus. She has no beginning, no end. Eris is the only Truth in the Multiverse, the Truth of Chaos. From countless universes before this one, to countless universes after, and all the ones between, SHE WAS,SHE IS, and SHE WILL ALWAYS BE. She has given us the greatest gift, greater then Nirvana,(the Buddhist kind, not the band)greater than The Christian Salvation. She has given us freedom, freedom to be, freedom to choose(without promise of eternal bliss in heaven, or eternal damnation in Hell)She neither needs, or desires our worship. There are no rules anywhere. All SHE ever truly asks of us is to "have fun, be good to one another, and don't hurt no one. With ERIS, we are all EMANCIPATED. With ERIS there is no "Original Sin"(which is an Ancient Hebrew opinion, not valid if you don't want to play the Judeo-Christian game).Mankind never "fell from grace," we just turned our back on it. With ERIS, we are ALL forever. Nothing is ever truly created or destroyed, rather everything is a manifestation of Eris, and is transformed by her. Chaos never died, and Eris lives in all. Hail Eris, All Hail Discordia, and thank you, for always being there when I needed you.

The Magic of Chaos

by Peter J. Carroll

Crowley certainly helped put the boot in against monotheism but the process was already well advanced. Science, which had basically evolved out of renaissance magic, had more or less finished monotheism as a serious parasite on advanced cultures. Crowley was enthusiastic about science and appropriately so for his era, but in the work of Austin Spare we begin to detect a certain foreboding. However it is Spare's work that appears more austere and scientific when compared to some of Crowley's more baroque symbolic extravagances. Spare rejected the classical symbologies of forgotten ages and sought the magic of his own personal arcana. Using the minimum of hypotheses he evolved a magic from his own racial memories and subconscious. Independently of complex systems he developed effective techniques of enchantment and divination requiring only ordinary language and pictures.

Spare's work forms the bridge between an older style of magic brought to fruition by Crowley (which derived most of its appeal, power and liberating potential from its religious style of anti-religion) and the new magic. The new approach is characterised by a kind of scientific anti-science. This is increasingly becoming known as Chaos Magic. It would be no more useful to dub Chaos Magic as pseudo-science than it would be to dub Crowley's ideas as pseudo-religion. It is astrology as it is normally practised that is mere pseudo-science much as Satanism and Freemasonry are pseudo-religion.

Chaos Magic attempts to show that not only does magic fit comfortably within the interstices of science but that the higher reaches of scientific theory and empiricism actually demand that magic exists. This is somewhat analogous to the way in which many religious theories implied the possibility of theurgic or demonic magic.

The best magic has always had a strong antinomian flavour. The most remarkable magicians have invariably fought against prevailing cultural norms and obsessions. Their victories represent not only a personal liberation but also an advance for humanity. History bequeaths us no records of the renegade shamanist

magicians who must have brought about the advent of paganism, but we know a little of the anti-pagan magicians who created monotheism: Akhenaton, Moshe, Gautam, and so on. As monotheism became a steadily more repressive and obscene force, a new generation of magicians arose and fought it. Some fought too openly and were destroyed; others were more subtle and planted effective seeds of destruction on a purely philosophical level, and others hastened its destruction by taking theological and theurgical ideas to outrageous conclusions. The roll of honour is here much larger, including such notables as Giordano Bruno, Cornelius Agrippa, John Dee, Cagliostro, Eliphas Levi, and recently, Aleister Crowley.

Crowley's great achievement, apart from his mountaineering and futuristic morality was to unearth the power techniques from Tantra, Yoga, Gnosticism, Taoism and Shamanism. He had the courage to apply them to the rather desiccated, intellectualised and effete occultism of his age and created something of lasting value and interest. In my opinion Crowley's mistake was to accept his own mystical visions at face value and become dogmatic about them. He discovered techniques of unleashing the awesome powers and creativity of the right cerebral hemisphere and subconscious but was so surprised at the result that he assumed it was of inhuman origin, and all this despite his dictum that... there are no gods but man.

What Chaos Magicians are attempting to do is break the stranglehold of a very limited view of science and rationality exercise over our imaginations and to force science to mutate into something less oppressive.

To do this they select as weapons a number of very simple ideas. Chaos Magic concentrates upon technique. Underlying all systems from Witchcraft to Tibetan Sorcery, that the eclectically minded magician may use, there is a fundamental unity of practical technique depending on visualisation, the creation of thought entities and altered states of consciousness achieved by either quiescent or ecstatic meditations. The eclectic point of view implies that belief itself can be regarded as a technique for achieving one's aims. A further implication of the principle of relativity of belief is that all beliefs are considered to be arbitrary and contingent.

Consequently all notions of absolute truth only exist if we choose to believe them at any time. The obverse side of the principle that "nothing is true" is that "everything is permitted" and Chaos Magicians may often create unusual hyper science and sorcery maps of reality as a theoretical framework for their magic. Improved neurophysiological knowledge combined with the principle of relativity of belief should lead the modern magician to regard the revelation with fresh scepticism. Verily the previously unsuspected parts of our brains can be even more creative than the conscious parts, and no message from the gods, no matter how extraordinary and overwhelming, should be taken as proof of anything beyond our own extraordinary powers, even if accompanied by miracles.

The rejection of any absolute external reality, truth or meaning may seem a paradoxical or even horrific principle on which to base a spiritual quest. I personally do not think so. Absolute truth would be absolute tyranny and historically it has always been. I would rather the freedom to forge my own spiritual vision. The evidence of my senses suggests that the universe is basically random within arbitrary limits which themselves arise capriciously. Reality is a hierarchy of accidents ruled by pure chance. Even so-called "scientific laws" are only statistical approximations describing the most persistent types of accident. I am free, not because freedom was conferred upon me but as a consequence of my being a purely accidental creation with random behaviour patterns.

Chaos Magic necessarily implies a certain individualistic antipoliticism or even anarchy. It is plainly an illusion that people are ruled by politics. People are ruled by philosophies and fashions, and it is from this higher level that Chaos Magic launches its attack on reality. To practice magic implies that you are actively seeking to forge your own spiritual viewpoint often in contradiction to cultural norms.

Magic arises to prominence when the boundary of self is either expanding or contracting. For example, during times of innovation and discovery, or during times of repression. A profound magical renaissance is now in progress because the boundary of self is both expanding and contracting simultaneously. Science, drugs, psychology, communications networks and all the paraphernalia of late twentieth century life have expanded aspects of awareness to a degree inconceivable a century ago.

Conversely, many aspects of industrial civilisation oppress us and hence encroach on the territory of self. The childish allegories of religion have been rightfully jettisoned but the whole principle of the self as a mystic entity has taken a body-blow in the process. The natural environment is being rubbished to feed the industrial behemoth and our capacity to relate to it is diminishing. As the pace of life becomes more frantic the value of introspection becomes diminished except in art where it is encouraged to become grotesque. Consumerism and the prospect of thermonuclear Armageddon (which it seems must inevitably accompany it) could diminish us all. Thus with all these pressures on self, magic has mushroomed and taken on a colouration distinct from its historical antecedents. At once there is an extraordinary necrophilia and eclecticism and at the same time a powerful feeling for anachronistic practices. Quantum physics rubs shoulders with nature shamanism and Tantric practices are employed for parapsychological purposes involving telepathy experiments arranged by satellite link between home microprocessors whilst ancient goetic incenses smoke away on the mantelpiece in homemade braziers.

A renaissance is marked by the presence of renaissance people, and the contemporary magician is very much a renaissance figure in the sense that the term is usually taken to imply. Contemptuous of the conventions and paradigms of his age, he looks both backward and forward in time for techniques to circumvent them. Religion, and the neo-religious magic that fought it, are dead or dying. Arise the Sorcerer Scientist!

*To Eris Human,
To Forgive Is Divine*

OPERATION MINDFUCK

OM was originally instigated by Ho Chi Zen, of the Erisian Liberation Front, who is the same person but not the same individual as Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, author of *The Honest Book of Truth*. The guiding philosophy is that originally proposed in *The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior* by von Neumann and Morgenstern: namely, that the only strategy which an opponent cannot predict is a random strategy. The foundation had already been laid by the late Malaclypse the Younger, K.S.C., when he proclaimed, "We Discordians must stick apart." This radical decentralization of all Discordian enterprises created a built-in random factor even before Operation Mind-fuck was proposed. To this day, neither Ho Chi Zen himself nor any other Discordian apostle knows for sure who is or is not involved in any phase of Operation Mindfuck or what activities they are or are not engaged in as part of that project. Thus, the outsider is immediately trapped in a double-bind: the only safe assumption is that anything a Discordian does is somehow related to OM, but, since this leads directly to paranoia, this is not a "safe" assumption after all, and the "risky" hypothesis that whatever the Discordians are doing is harmless may be "safer" in the long run, perhaps. *Every aspect of OM follows, or accentuates, this double-bind.**

* The double-bind, first defined by anthropologist Gregory Bateson, is a situation in which you must choose between two alternatives both of which are unpleasant. A beautiful example, suggested by Mr. William S. Burroughs: Condition a draftee so that he will immediately obey either the order "Stand up" or the order "Sit down," if given by a superior officer, then have two officers simultaneously order him to stand up and sit

down. Obeying the first order means disobeying the second, and obeying the second means disobeying the first. Presumably, the subject would wig out.

OM projects vary from the trivial to the colossal.

An example of the former is a rubber stamp owned by Dr. Mordecai Malignatus, which says SEE MENTAL HEALTH RECORDS. (Dr. Malignatus casually picked this up from a public-health clinic while nobody was looking.) Any mail which Dr. Malignatus considers impertinent or insulting— especially if it comes from a government office— is stamped with this motto and sent back, otherwise untouched. This causes considerable puzzlement to various bureaucrats.

An example of the latter is Project Jake, instigated by Harold Lord Randomfactor. Once or twice a year, a public servant who has distinguished himself by more than common imbecility is selected as target for a Jake and all Discordian cabals are alerted—including the various branches of the Erisian Liberation Front, the Twelve Famous Buddha Minds, the St. Gulik Iconistary, the Earl of Nines, the Tactile Temple of Eris Erotic, the Brotherhood of the Lust of Christ, Green & Pleasant Enterprises, Society for Moral Understanding and Training, the In-Sect, the Golden Apple Panthers, the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, Sam's Cafe, the Seattle Group, the Stone Dragon Cabal, the Universal Erisian Church, and the Young Americans for Real Freedom.* On Jake Day, the public servant being honored receives mail from all of these, on their official letterheads (which are somewhat weird, it must be granted), asking for help in some complicated political matter that passes all rational understanding. The official so honored can conclude either that he is the target of a conspiracy composed entirely of lunatics, or that the general public is much more imaginative and less stodgy than he had previously assumed.

* All these are real groups, currently active in the U.S A. (Do you believe that?)

Between the trivial and the colossal there is a variety of OM which can be called the chronic.

Most notable is the honorary membership. Not wishing to exclude anybody from membership in the Erisian movement for such a technicality as being non-Erisian, the legendary Malaclypse the Younger invented several honorary Aneristic groups. It is now the tradition for any Discordian cabal to appoint anybody to one of these groups if his or her behavior is notably Aneristic. For instance, a high-school principal who has given a particularly stirring assembly speech on some such topic as "The Draft as a Protection for Our Freedoms" (or "Taxation as a Protection for Our Property" or any of the other oxymorons beloved by educators) might thereafter receive some such mailing as this:

ORDER OF THE PEACOCK ANGEL

House of Apostles of Eris

Safeguard this letter; it is an important historical document.

Burn after reading—subversive literature.

Ignore and continue what you were doing before opening this.

Dear Sir Madam Fido():

It has recently come to Our ears that you, in your official capacity as principal of Aaron Burr High School, said in a public meeting, with your bare face hanging out, that death by napalm is "really no more painful than a bad cold" and that Orientals have "tougher epidermi than whites and feel less acutely."

In Our official capacity as High Priest of the Head temple of the House of Apostles of Eris, We congratulate you for helping to restore American education to its rightful position as the envy and despair of all other (and, hence, lesser) educational systems.

You are hereby appointed a five-star General in the Bureau of the Division of the Department of the Order of the Knights of the Five-Sided Castle, Quixote Cabal, with full authority to shrapnel your friends and bomb your neighbors.

If you have any answers, We will be glad to provide full and detailed questions.

In the Name of La Mancha,
Theophobia the Elder, M.C.P. High Priest,
Head temple

Hail Eris—All hail Discordia—Kallisti

This document will be stamped with such legends as OFFICIAL—DO NOT USE THIS PAPER AS TOILET TISSUE; SECRET— FOR YOUR EYES ONLY; QUIXOTE LIVES, etc., all in the most tasteful blues and reds, together with Easter Bunny seals, ribbons, and whatever other decorations it pleases the local cabal to attach. Often it will be accompanied by a button or an armband, making the possessor a five-star General, adorned with a classic rendition of the Knight of the Mournful Countenance. Copies, of course, will be sent to the radical students at the school to guarantee that the principal being honored will see and hear many references to Don Quixote in following days, lest he think he is dealing with a single "harmless lunatic." (The official signal of the Knights of the Five-Sided Castle, needless to say, is a pentagon with a golden apple inside.)

Other groups to which individuals may be given honorary membership for conspicuously Aneristic behavior are:

The Hemlock Fellowship for academic leaders who have taken strong actions to protect students from disturbing ideas and/or to deny tenure to controversial teachers or professors;

The St. Famine Society for War Against Evil— for people who have exhibited unusual concern for the moral behavior of their neighbors;*

* Annual meetings are held on the Feast of St. Famine at the Casa de Inquisitador in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

The Flat Earth Society— for legislators or citizens' groups dedicated to preventing the dissemination of "modernistic" ideas in education;

The Fat Jap Anti-Defamation League— for Women's Liberationists and others who have found good ideological reasons to object to the English language;

The Fraternal Order of Hate Groups— given to allegedly libertarian groups only if they have engaged in conspicuously authoritarian behavior and have developed a philosophical line proving that said behavior is actually libertarian. (That group which has found the best libertarian justification for opposing liberty receives the Annual William Buckley Memorial Award and joint membership in the St. Famine Society for War Against Evil.);

The First Evangelical and Reformed Rand, Branden, and Holy Gait Church—for those who are simultaneously rationalists and dogmatists;

The Part-of-the-Solution Vanguard Party- for any Supreme Servant of the People who has shown inordinate zeal in banishing most of the people as Parts-of-the-Problem.

Other aspects of Operation Mindfuck include:

Project Eagle. Day-glo posters have been printed which look like the old Eagle proclamation saying TO THE POLLS YE SONS OF FREEDOM. The new, improved Discordian posters, however, have one slight word change, and say cheerfully BURN THE POLLS YE SONS OF FREEDOM. Like the Old ones, they are posted in prominent places on election day.

Project Pan-Pontification. Since the Rev. Kirby Hensley founded the Universal Life Church and started ordaining everybody as a minister of the gospel, the Paratheo-Aname-tamystikhood of Eris Esoteric has decided to raise the stakes. They are now distributing cards stating:

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS A
GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED POPE
So Please Treat Him Right
GOOD FOREVER

Genuine and authorized by the HOUSE OF
APOSTLES OF ERIS. Every man, woman and
child on Earth is a genuine and authorized
Pope.

Members receive a handsome banner proclaiming
IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW IT'S FLAT.

Similar cards, with "Him" replaced by "Her" and "Pope" by "Mome," are being prepared for Woman's Liberationists.

Project Graffito (and Project Bumpersticker). Anybody can participate by inventing a particularly Erisian slogan and seeing that it is given wide distribution. Examples: Your Local Police Are Armed and Dangerous; Legalize Free-Enterprise Murder: Why Should Governments Have All The Fun?; Smash the Government Postal Monopoly; If Voting Could Change the System, It Would Be Against the Law; etc.

Citizens Against Drug Abuse. This organization possesses elegant letterheads and is engaged in a campaign of encouraging Congressmen to outlaw catnip, a drug which some young people are smoking whenever marijuana is in short supply. The thought behind this project is that, the government having lost so much credibility due to its war against pot (a recent ELF survey showed that in some big cities a large portion of the under-25 population did not believe in any of the moon shots and assumed they were all faked somewhere in the American Desert), a campaign against this similar but more comical herb will destroy the last tattered shreds of faith in the men in Washington.



A HYMN TO ERIS

Sing now, my muse, of the Goddess of Chaos,
Arising from primeval Quantum foam born,
Goddess of Entropy, Goddess of Anarchy,
She who creates and destroys innumerable cosmos
In the gap between dawn and the rise of the sun,
She who dances between unseen fractal dimensions,
In a small still place all enfolded in storm,
Where tempests so huge, lightning rends open the quasars,
So massive no light escapes from her shroud,
She who sunders our soul from our sweet earthly flesh,
And brings us rebirth with her ghastly sweet breath,
Lover of Death and Lover of Life,
She dances a dance on the edge of a knife,
A gulf of ten thousand light years on each side,
And She never misses one step in the dark,
Singularity bound, in a teardrop of light,
Cocooned in the smallest, suffused in the largest,
Immortal Chaos wreathed with broken planets and dust,
Thy name is Eris, world shattering Goddess,
We ride your wave breathless and are towed under again.
Singularity Goddess, you approach inverse zero,
Still more drowned worlds loom in Thy billowing shroud.
Asleep and awake she dreams our creation,
The sound of a bell in an dark empty cavern,
The scent of a rose in a room long abandoned,
The dance of the motes in the eye of the Goddess,
The touch of a breeze in the heat of the noon,
The taste of wine from an ancient tomb offering
She is there always, and not there ever,
Look and you will miss her,
Close your eyes and she is before you.
Most terrible and most beautiful name of the Goddess, Eris!

4 Circuits Of Humour

So these are the origins of humour, as told to me by Eris Nancy Discordia, goddess of Chaos, and the four circuits it can most easily be divided into. It should be mentioned that any of these circuits can overlap at any point, these are just a breakdown of the largest concepts.

1- Slapstick Humour

The first circuit of humour shown by the upright hairless apes was Slapstick Humour. One ape was walking toward a pond of muddy water, got their foot caught by a root, and tripped, face first into the slop. After a moment of taking the scene in, all the other upright hairless apes began hee-hawing without knowing why. For some reason the pain and misfortune of the fallen ape stirred something new in the upright hairless apes. It made them feel good.

2-Toilet Humour

The second circuit of humour shown by the upright hairless apes was of Toilet Humour. The largest ape was bullying the smaller apes around, grunting orders and gesticulating wildly to make his point. As he picked up the smallest ape, and tossed him in the direction he wanted him to move, the smallest ape let out a large, long, fart of defiance. Another pause, and then the apes began to hee-haw again. The large ape turned in anger and was going to attack the smaller ape when he was struck in the face with a large turd. The hee-hawing grew louder, and out of shame the large ape wandered away for good.

3-Satirical Humour

The third circuit of humour appeared just before speech developed. A new large ape had been bullying the smaller apes around, and behind his back a tall ape was mimicking the large ape's distinctive facial movements and posture. He grunted, and scratched, and pouted and mugged mercilessly. It took the other apes a few moments to realize what the tall ape was attempting to portray, but once it sunk through, the hee-hawing began anew. The first form of political humour.

4-Intellectual Humour

The final circuit developed when speech became available. The first conversations were dry and humourless, amounting to little more than "Animal, there." or "Me hungry" or the always popular "Me So Horny", but the fourth circuit popped into circulation with the invention of the first limerick, which went like this: "There once was a girl named Zee, who was raped by that ape up the tree. The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead, three balls and an ill-groomed goatee". This was the first form of verbal humour, but also -possibly- the first philosophical musings of humanity's origins. This was a large step beyond stubbing toes, farts, and imitations, this was the beginning of the critique on society that humour has become.

Episkopos of the Kaufman Cabal, KSC;
Grand Wazoo of the Justified Agents of Mummu;
High Priest of Orden der schwarze Sonne;
Ruler of the Toads of the Short Forest;
Omnimalevolent Polyfather of the Children of Eris, and still cooler
than a Polar Bear's toenails

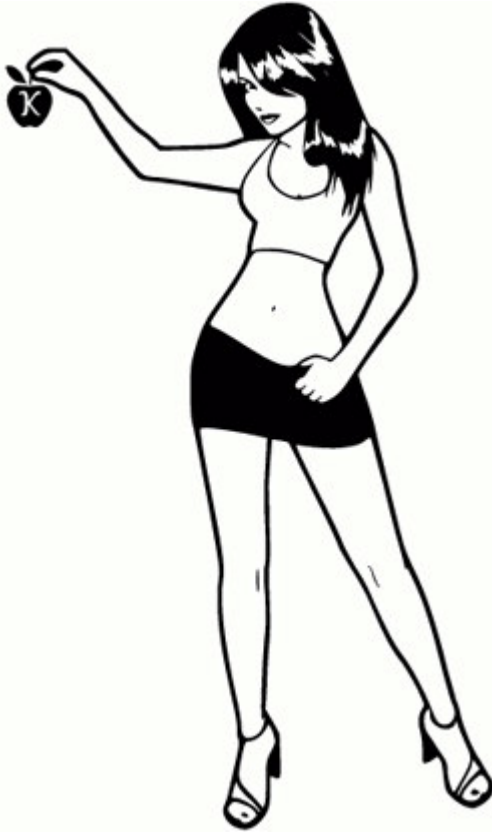
Verthaine On: Priorities

An Erisian hermit was meditating by a river when a young man interrupted him. "Master, I wish to become your disciple," said the man. "Why?" replied the hermit. The young man thought for a moment. "Because I want to find Goddess

." The master jumped up, grabbed him by the scruff of his neck, dragged him into the river, and plunged his head under water. After holding him there for a minute, with him kicking and struggling to free himself, the master finally pulled him up out of the river. The young man coughed up water and gasped to get his breath. When he eventually quieted down, the master spoke. "Tell me, what did you want most of all when you were under water." "Air!" answered the man. "Very well," said the master. "Go home and come back to me when you want the Goddess as much as you just wanted air."

SUBVERT THE DOMINANT PARADIGM!!!

Fuck 'em if the can't take a joke, joke 'em if they can't take a fuck.



The Eternal Philosophy of Chaos

by Timothy Leary

For several thousand years it has seemed obvious that the basic nature of the universe is extreme complexity, inexplicable disorder; that mysterious, tangled magnificence popularly known as Chaos. The poetic Hindus believed the universe was a dreamy dance of illusion (maya).

The paradoxical, psycho-logical Buddhists spoke of a void too complex; maybe a trillion times too complex; to be grasped by the human A-B-C-1-2-3 word-processing system (mind).

Chinese poet-philosopher Lao Tse sardonically reminded us that the tao is forever changing complexities at light speed, elusive and

inaccessible to our fingers and thumbs laboriously tapping letters on our alphanumeric keyboards and mind-operating systems. Socrates, that proud, self-reliant Athenian democrat, indiscreetly blurted out the dangerous secret when he said, "The aim of human life is to know thy selves." This is surely the most subversive T-shirt flaunted over the centuries by humanists, the most confrontational bumper sticker on their neuro-auto-mobiles. Individualistic thinking is the original sin of the Judeo-Christian-Islamic bibles and sabotages attempts by the authorities to order Chaos.

The first rule of every law-and-order system is to trivialize-demonize the dangerous concepts of Self, Individual Aims, and Personal Knowledge. Thinking for Yourselves is heretical, treasonous, blasphemous. Only devils and satans do it. Creative thinking, committed out loud, becomes a capital crime. It was "Three Strikes and You're Out" for several hundred thousand Protestant dissenters during the Inquisitions of the Roman papacy; not to forget the witch burnings performed by the Protestants when they took charge of the Chaos-control department.

It was all very simple to the law-and-order controllers. There are the immortal gods and goddesses up there in that Gated Community on Olympus Drive. And then there is us; meaningless mortals, slaving around down here in the low-rent flatlands.

The concept of individuals with choice and identity seemed total folly, the ultimate nightmare; not just of authoritarian bureaucrats, but of common sense liberals. Chaos must be controlled!

The standard way to tame and domesticate the impossible complexity that surrounds us is to invent a few "tooth-fairy" gods, the more infantile the better, and to lay down a few childish rules: Honor your father and your mother, etc. The rules are simple and logical. You passively obey. You pray. You sacrifice. You work. You believe.

And then, Praise the Bored, let there be no terrorizing notions about individuals hanging around this meaningless, disordered universe trying to figure how to design themselves some individual selves.

Chaos Engineering

The first Chaos engineers may have been the Hindu sages who designed a method for operating the brain, called yoga. The

Buddhists produced one of the great hands-on do-it-yourself manuals for operating the brain: The Tibetan Book of the Dying. Chinese Taoists developed the teaching of going with the flow; not clinging to idea-structures, but changing and evolving. The message was: Be cool. Don't panic. Chaos is good. Chaos creates infinite possibilities.

The wacko Socratic idea of Do It Yourself (D.I.Y.), which created modern democracy, was a practical, common sense, sassy Athenian version of the Hindu-Buddhist-Taoist yogas. And remember where this foolishness got India, Tibet, and China ? Know Where!

The most dangerous idea is this crazed, megalomaniac notion of KNOW !

which defines the serf-human being as a thinker. Outrageous impudence ! The slave is encouraged to become a philosopher. The serf strives to be a psychologist. A potential yogic sage!

This heresy predicts why later atheist evolutionists like Linnaeus and Darwin defined our superchimp species as Femina (Homo) Sapiens Sapiens.

The Chaos Without

For centuries there existed a fanatic taboo against scientific understanding. Why ? Because of the fear of Chaos. The facts about our (apparently) insignificant place in the galactic dance are so insulting to the control freaks who try (so manfully and diligently and seriously) to manage Chaos that they forbade any intelligent attempts to look out there and dig the glorious complexity.

At one point consciousness-altering devices like the microscope and telescope were criminalized for exactly the same reasons that psychedelic plants were banned in later years. They allow us to peer into bits and zones of Chaos.

Galileo got busted and Bruno was burned at the stake for showing that the Sun did not circle the Earth. Religious and political Chaos-phobes naturally want the nice, tidy, comfy universe to cuddle around them.

In the last century science has developed technical extensions of the human sensorium that specify the truly spooky nature of the complexities we inhabit.

Stellar astronomy describes a universe of fantastic multiplicity: a hundred billion tiny star systems in our tiny galaxy, a hundred billion galaxies in our teeny universe.

The Chaos Within

In the last decades of the twentieth century, scientists began to study the complexity within the human brain.

Talk about Chaos ! It turns out that the brain is a galactic network of a hundred billion neurons. Each neuron is an information system as complex as a mainframe computer. Each neuron is connected to ten thousand other neurons. Each of us is equipped with a universe of neurocomplexity that is inscrutable to our alphanumeric minds. This brain power is at once the most humiliating fact about our current ignorance, and the most thrilling prospect of our potential divinity; once we start learning how to operate our brains.

Humanism: The Navigational Game Plan

Chaos theory allows us to appreciate our assignment: the understanding, enjoyment, and celebration of the delightful nature of the whole universe; including the totally mad paradoxes within our brains.

Activating the so-called right brain eliminates one of the last taboos against understanding Chaos and provides a hands-on scientific basis for the philosophy of Humanism; encouraging us to team up with others to design our own personal versions of Chaos.

For the last few months I have been obsessed by the extreme complexity of everything. I cannot answer any simple question in an interview or write a page about abstract issues without revising in great detail my current viewpoints about human evolution and so on.

We don't know who, why, where, what, when we are. What a fright-mare! Ignorant, alienated agents sent on a mission with no instructions. My thrilling bewilderment about the Great Disorder (Chaos) is due, of course, to the state of senility that I have diligently earned.

Short-term memory loss means you forget exactly what's happening and why you are here. Long-term memory gain gives you the ambiguous perspective of what our cultures have come up with in the way of weird solutions to the Mystery.

What I'm talking about is Designing Chaos and Fashioning Your
Personal Disorders
On Screens
With Cybernetic Tools
From Countercultural Perspectives
With Informational Chemicals (Chaos Drugs)
While DeLighting in CybErotics
As Guerrilla Artists
To Explore De-Animation Alternatives
While Surfing the Waves of Millennium Madness
to glimpse the glorious wild impossibilities and improbabilities of
the century to come.
Enjoy it ! It's ours to be played with.

High-Tech Paganism

The Cyberpunk as Modern Alchemist The baby-boom generation grew up in an electronic world (1960s to 1970s) of turn-on, tune-in television and personal computing screens. The cyberpunks, growing up in the 1980s to 1990s, develop new metaphors, rituals, lifestyles for dealing with the universe of information. More and more of us are becoming fuzzy logic shamans and digital alchemists.

The parallels between the culture of the alchemists and that of cyberpunk computer adepts are numerous. Both employ knowledge of an occult arcanum unknown to the population at large, with secret symbols and words of power. The "secret symbols" compose the languages of computers and mathematics, and the "words of power" instruct computer operating systems to complete Herculean tasks.

Knowing the precise code name of a digital program permits it to be conjured into existence, transcending the labor of muscular or mechanical search. Rites of initiation or apprenticeship are common to both. "Psychic feats" of telepresence and action-at-a-distance are achieved by selection of the menu option.

Young digital alchemists have at their command tools of a clarity and power unimagined by their predecessors. Computer screens are magical mirrors, presenting alternate realities at varying degrees of abstraction on command (invocation). The mouse or pen of the digitizing tablet is the wand, controlling the fire of the

CRT/monitor display and harnessing the creative force of the operator. Spinning disk drives are the pentacles, inscribed with complex symbols, earthen tablets to receive the input of "air", resulting in the crackling intellectual electricity of the processor chip circuitry programming. The RAM chips are, literally, the buffers ("buffer pools"), the water, the passive element capable only of receiving impressions and retransmitting, reflecting. Iconic visual programming languages are a Tarot, the pictorial summarization of all possibilities, activated for divination by juxtaposition and mutual influence. It is a Periodic Table of Possibilities, the Western form of the Eastern I Ching. Traditional word-oriented programming languages; FORTRAN, COBOL, and the rest, are a degenerate primitive form of these universal systems, grimoires of profit-oriented corporations.

Detailed database logs of the activity of operating systems form the Akashic records on a microscale. At a macroscopic level, this is the "world net" knowledge base, the worldwide online hypertext network of information soon to be realized by the storage capacity of CD-ROM and the data-transmission capability of optical fiber; William Gibson's cyberspace "matrix".

Personal transmutation (the ecstasy of the "ultimate hack") is a veiled goal of both systems. The satori of harmonious human-computer communication resulting from the infinite regress into metalevels of self-reflection is the reward for immaculate conceptualization and execution of ideas.

The universality of 0 and 1 throughout magic and religion; yin and yang, yoni and lingam, cup and wand; are manifested today in digital signals, the two bits underlying the implementation of all digital programs in the world in our brains and in our operating disks. Stretching it a bit, even the monad, symbol of change and the Tao, visually resembles a superimposed 0 and 1 when its curving central line is stretched through the action of centrifugal force from the ever-increasing speed of rotation of the monad.

Cyberreligion of the Baby Boomers

By the year 2000 the concerns of the baby-boom generation will be digital or (to use the old paradigms) philosophic-spiritual.

During their teens the Boomers went on an adolescent spiritual binge unequalled since the Children's Crusade. In their revolt

against the factory culture, they reinvented and updated their tribal-pagan roots and experimented with Hinduism, Buddhism, American Indianism, Magic, Witchcraft, Ann Arbor Voodoo, Esalen Yoga, I Ching, Taoism, Exorcism of the Pentagon, 3-D Re-Incarnations, Love-Ins, and Psychedelic Celebrations.

This generation, we recall, was disillusioned by the religions, politics, economics of their parents. Growing up with the threat of nuclear war, the assassination of beloved leaders; a collapsing industrial system; an impossible national debt; religious fundamentalisms (Christian-Jewish-Islamic), which fanatically scream hatred and intolerance; acquired immune deficiencies; and uncomprehending neglect of the ecology, they have developed a healthy skepticism about collective solutions.

No wonder the baby-boom generation has created a psychology of individual navigation. Singularity. The basic idea is self-responsibility. You just can't depend upon anyone else to solve your problems. You gotta do it all by yourself... with a little help from your friends.

A Do-It-Yourself Religion

Since God #1 appears to be held hostage back there by the bloodthirsty Persian Ayatollah, by the telegenic Polish Pope, and the Moral Majority, there's only one logical alternative. You "steer" your own course. You and your dear friends start your own religion. The Temple, of course, is your body. Your minds write the theology. And the Holy Spirit emanates from that infinitely mysterious intersection between your brain and the brains of your crew.

The attainment of even the suburbs of Paradise involves good navigation and planning on your part. Hell is a series of redeemable errors. A detour caused by failure to check the trip maps. A losing streak.

Reward yourself for making choices that lead to friendship and pleasure. Build a cybernetic cycle of positive feedback. Only from a state of free selfhood can any truly compassionate signals be sent to others.

The Administration of a Personal State

The management and piloting of a singularity leads to a very busy career. Once the individual has established herself as a religion, a country, a corporation, an information network, and a neurological universe, it is necessary to maintain personal equivalents of all the departments and operations of the bureaucracies that perform these duties.

This means forming private alliances; formulating personal political platforms; conducting one's own domestic and foreign relations; establishing trade policies, defense and security programs, educational and recreational events.

On the upside, one is free from dependence on bureaucracies, an inestimable boon. (Free agents can, of course, make temporary deals with organizations and officials thereof.) And if countries have histories and mythic origins, why shouldn't you ?

The Personal Mythology

Search and research your very own genetic memory banks, the Old Testaments of your DNA-RNA, including, if you like, past incarnations, Jungian archetypes, and funky preincarnations in any future you can imagine. Write your very own Newest Testament, remembering that voluntary martyrdom is tacky, and crucifixions, like nuclear war, can ruin your day.

You and your friends can do anything that the great religions and empires and racial groups have done in the name of their god. And you're certain to do it better because well, look at their track records. There's no way your Personal State could produce the persecutions and massacres and bigotries of the past and present. There's only one of you, and even with the help of your friends the amount of damage individuals can do is insignificant compared with that of a collective.

Besides, you're children of the sixties and nineties. You're imprinted to want a peaceful, tolerant, funny world. You can choose your gods to be smart, funny compassionate, cute, and goofy.

"Irreverence" Is a Password for the Twenty-First Century

Human society has now reached a turning point in the operation of the digital programs of evolution, a point at which the next evolutionary steps of the species become apparent to us, to surf at will.

In the near future, the methods of information technology, molecular engineering, biotechnology, nanotechnology (atom stacking), and quantum-digital programming could make the human form a matter totally determined by individual whim, style, and seasonal choice.

The sanctity of our body image, along with the irrational taboos about sex and death, seems to be one of the most persistent anachronisms of industrial-age thought. The human being of the future may be a biocomputer hybrid of any desired form, or an "electronic entity" in the digital info-universe.

Human as program. Or human in programs.

The electronic life form of "human in programs" is more alien to our current concepts of humanity. Through storage of one's belief systems as data structures online, and driven by desired programs, one's neuronal apparatus could operate in silicon basically as it did in the meatware of the brain, though faster, more predictably, more self-mutably, and, if desired, immortally.

Intelligent posthumanists will not only store themselves electronically, but may do so in the form of a "computer virus," capable of traversing computer networks and of self-replication as a guard against accidental or malicious erasure.

"What's on this CD ?"

"Ah, that's just boring, adolescent Leary. Let's go ahead and reformat it."

One speculation is that such viral human forms might already inhabit our computer systems. Cleverly designed, they would be very difficult if not theoretically impossible to detect. Current programs do not permit matching the real-time operation speed and parallel complexity of conventional brains. But time scale of operation is subjective and irrelevant, except for the purposes of interface.

Of course, there is no reason to restrict one's manifestation to a particular form. With ever-loosening physical constraints (through

perhaps inescapable economic constraints), one will be able to assume any desired form.

Given the ease of copying computer-stored information, it should be possible to exist simultaneously in many forms. Running independently and cloned at each branch point, intelligence would persist in each of these forms. Where the "I's" are in this situation is a matter for high-tech pagans and digital philosophers.

"Chaos comes before all principles of order & entropy, it's neither a god nor a maggot, its idiotic desires encompass & define every possible choreography, all meaningless aethers & phlogistons, its masks are crystallizations of its own facenessness, like clouds... Chaos never died."

- Hakim Bey, T.A.Z.

Eris and Morality

I pondered what response a goddess personifying chaos and mischief would make when asked about her beliefs concerning moral behavior. As I was doing so, the answer came to me in an instant. This could have been Eris. It could also have been my creativity at work (which is the same thing, really). It could also have been the nice chilli dog I ate earlier in the evening. Anyway, here is the sum total of Eris' beliefs concerning morality!

"The Goddess forbids nothing but no one likes a jackass!"

Profound, huh?

**THINK FOR
YOURSELF,
SCHMUCK!**