

# Erisiana

weird of words  
in honor of the  
Greatest Goddess  
by



& inspiring rabbit spirits of the netherworld

\* \* \*

DEATH or SERIOUS INJURY can occur

\* \* \*

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Released under a waning gibbous moon, too.

Contradiction — what contradiction?

\*\*\*

All characters appearing in this work are  
*true. It's all true! They rabbits, they tole  
me in my dreams, they tole me everything!*  
coincidental.

\*\*\*

Cthulhu Eats Lawyers  
King Kong Died For Your Sins  
There Is No Copyright Anywhere  
(First release, 3.2.2010, MoE)

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# Contents

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<b>Contents</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>1 What is Discordianism?</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>2 So you wanna be a Pope?</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>3 The writer and the reader</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>I All Greek to me! All Greek to me!</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>4 Of the Golden Apple</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>5 And now for a word</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>6 Eris's brats</b>	<b>33</b>
6.1 The family of Eris . . . . .	33
6.2 Prometheus and Pandora . . . . .	34
6.3 Not very bright things . . . . .	36

6.4	Anemones and apples . . . . .	38
6.5	The Second Apple of Eris . . . . .	39
<b>7</b>	<b>Boycott the muses</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>8</b>	<b>How about this?</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>9</b>	<b>Eris proof</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>I have a god, and I can prove it!</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>11</b>	<b>We'll be right back</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>12</b>	<b>Good Discordian ideas</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>13</b>	<b>New feastdays</b>	<b>61</b>
<b>14</b>	<b>Goto Zen</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>II</b>	<b>Urania</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>15</b>	<b>About Eris the planet</b>	<b>71</b>
<b>16</b>	<b>2525</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>17</b>	<b>PSA</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>18</b>	<b>White spot</b>	<b>79</b>
<b>19</b>	<b>Look here, you!</b>	<b>81</b>

<b>20 An unbeliever!</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>III Related in spirit: the theology of unrestrained bad ideas</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>21 On Death</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>22 Spoken word theology</b>	<b>97</b>
<b>23 On Death: It Gets Worse</b>	<b>99</b>
<b>24 100+ messages</b>	<b>107</b>
<b>25 The truth about Xianity</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>26 Not the truth about Xianity</b>	<b>115</b>
<b>27 From the memoirs of Pope John Paul II</b>	<b>119</b>
<b>28 The truth about advertising</b>	<b>121</b>
<b>29 The truth about Harry Potter</b>	<b>123</b>
<b>30 Harry Potter and the Silence of the Lambs</b>	<b>125</b>
<b>31 Internet told this to me</b>	<b>127</b>
<b>32 Polytics</b>	<b>129</b>
<b>33 The wisdom of Mongolia</b>	<b>133</b>

<b>34 Non Ex Nihilo</b>	<b>135</b>
<b>35 Crank, up the volume</b>	<b>139</b>
<b>36 Final missives</b>	<b>143</b>
<b>IV Veteran of the Spiritual Wars</b>	<b>153</b>
<b>37 For Use In Alabama and Afghanistan</b>	<b>155</b>
<b>38 Ecclesiastical advertisements</b>	<b>157</b>
<b>39 All theology is like this</b>	<b>163</b>
<b>40 Dangling legal bits</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>41 Unsongs of Eris</b>	<b>167</b>

## CHAPTER 1

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# WHAT IS DISCORDIANISM? : IN INTRODUCTION

---

Question: \_\_\_\_\_ is to religion like Pastafarianism is to Intelligent Design Creationism.

Answer: Discordianism.

Partial credit may be given if the student answers, a dancing llama.

\* \* \*

Since all things come in fives if you but look long enough, I shall give five answers.

1. Discordianism is a religion masked as a joke, a joke-based religion.
2. Discordianism is a joke masked as a religion, a religion-based joke.

3. Discordianism is a funhouse mirror.
4. Discordianism is a dancing llama.
5. Discordianism is a striped umbrella-category for comedic expressions of chaos and mischievous triggers of cognitive dissonance.

There is, then again, the opinion that Discordianism is not: that this text and all other mentions of Discordianism you might encounter are merely your mental episodes, just vivid illogical hallucinations —

Do not panic. It does not help.

Discordianism's god-being is Eris, the Greek Goddess, the deity of strife, chaos and other inevitable things, whom Romans called Discordia, and who has been called by foul names ever since. Usually along the lines of, "What kind of a (redacted) (censored)-ball designed this circuit / city / DRM system / ostrich?"

And vegetarianism would be a sin. (It's not really a religion unless you rail against some so-called liberal idea.)

Since Discordianism has no gods or goddesses, and since it embraces the fine arts of self-contradiction and sudden reversal, I am an ideal member of this eternally unorganised religion of antisocial hermits, this curious cabal of those who believe in Goddess Eris, as I am an atheist and believe in no Gods, no Goddesses.

Incidentally, a Discordian is not allowed to be serious. Those Discordians that are serious and get caught are slapped to death with rubber chickens.



Do not think I am kidding.

People often say that listening to Discordians makes their heads ache. I suspect this is somehow glandular.

No, I do not know what that exactly means, but as long as it comes *ex cathedra*,<sup>1</sup> it must be true. I am a Pope, you see. Every Discordian is a Pope — well, some may be Momes instead or as well — because we don't believe in any order or organization with a membership greater than one soul.

Well, or larger than a soulless atheist, his dead eyes reflecting the eerie and hopeless emptiness of the cold interstellar void, his voice a cackling whoop of monkey-like half-formed guttural grunts, his bloodless lips curved in a mocking, devilish smile of unholy glee and obscene ungodly and disturbing unwholesome vegetarian lust —

Oh, and priests have to wear cow skulls as hats -- to be pulled down as masks to cover their faces when the rites begin.

But I am sidetracked. Pardon me and Charles Manson.

An "organization of Discordians" is as likely as square circle.

That is, something that happens only when norms are utterly, utterly out of joint. That was a mathematical joke. This is not a mathematical joke. The preceding sentence is

---

<sup>1</sup>Which means "from the chair". Catholics don't mean any specific chair; Discordians do. A good chair for infallible papacity should have style, dignity, grace, and a touch of golden color. Inquire in IKEA; VIDKUN and POL are good ones. However, be aware that when they send furniture to Discordians they always include one part which *will be left over*. The Illuminati are funny that way.

false. This sentence is false. The preceding sentence is incoherent if and only if Eris exists. Hence She does.

Pope #1: "With logic, anything is possible if the other guy doesn't pay attention."

Pope #2: "The same is true of a pneumatic drill, too."

Pope #1: "Huh? Even... even a trepanation?"

Pope #2: "Hey, lookie over there."

\* \* \*

Discordianism is loud laughter at the ways people misinterpret the signal that is mathematically inevitable in any noise (see: Ramsey theory), and it is a folk-dancing llama.

Incidentally, both Discordians and mathematicians hold that the Law of Fives is always true: Anything important can be associated with the number five, provided that the association-finder is ingenious<sup>2</sup> enough.

Why did you think each of the hands you grasp the world with has five fingers? *Coincidence?*

And why then was it exactly the year 5 AD that Polycharminus Azenius, the Archon of Athens, pronounced the punishment of *ostrakon*, or exile, for Megas, the last surviving Grecian priest of Eris, in the last known instance of that punishment ever being awarded in the ancient world?<sup>3</sup> Oh, and

---

<sup>2</sup>Or ingenious. Innocence or patience, either works.

<sup>3</sup>This was nothing new: the city of Syracuse expelled an Erisian priest in 213 BC, using voting by olive leaves (*petalismos*) instead of potsherds, but the end result was the same: Romans conquered the city the next year.

by the way, after a year had passed there was no archon no more in Athens — just the state which the Greek called "lack of an archon" or "anarchy".<sup>4</sup> The fact that this happened in the year later fixed as 5 AD is all the more ominous when one considers that the fixer, Dionysius Exiguus, the shadowy monk with an un-Christian name, was responsible for the curious step of not including a year zero in his seemingly haphazard calculations, with the effect that while the Athenian exile was thus dated to 5 AD, the year 5 BC (and not 4 BC as it should have been) was the year that marked the birth of Liu Xiu, crowned in 25 AD (and  $25 = 5 \times 5!$ ) the emperor of China, with strange similarities to the episode of that last *ostrakon* a decade later.

Discordianism is bare-faced false-facing lying, too, because "I never lie" is something everyone can say, whether knight or knave or something in between.

\* \* \*

If you would like to know more about Discordianism (Every man a Pope!), you might want to read more of mine, of which some is below, beginning from the most famous story of them all, and ending in madness, delusion and ignominy all too many pages after that.

---

<sup>4</sup>It might strain credulity to note that this one instance (one of five) being taken, five to the (remaining) fourth power ( $5^4 = 625$ ) years later Athens was sacked by Avars *and* Slavs, both of which are incidentally five-letter words.

Remember, each Discordian is his/her/its own highest authority, free to work, rework, remake and reinvent its/his/her Discordian catma (no dogma) just like she/it/he wants!

If you need more information about Reformed Rabbit-Spirit Cowism, please call the following number. 1.

Really, if Discordianism interests you, go elsewhere and anywhere, don't believe anything you read there, remake the sect in your own image, and print a pretty card so all can know you're a Pope. (Flip a few pages ahead or ask your local Catholic to see what a Pope card looks like.)

\* \* \*

Question: What is Discordianism *really* about?

Answer: Mu.

\* \* \*

Moo?

There are four parts in this book — the first, "All Greek to me! All Greek to me!" is dedicated to Leonidas, King of Sparta, who thusly cried at the battle of Thermopylae, and inspired the saying when his cries were heard only by uncomprehending Persian hordes. The first part contains holy revelations and theology at no extra cost.

The second, "Urania", is dedicated to Urania, the Greek goddess of nuclear power. It is about the intersection of religion and science within the union of all that is, outside

the complement of things of dubious value and little artistic merit.

The third, "Related in spirit", is dedicated to André Bloch, one of the most fearless users of applied mathematics, who upon the police and doctors asking him why proclaimed thusly: "I did kill my brother and my aunt and my uncle, too! It was an eugenic act, as branches of my family are affected by sudden and horrible mental illness, and I wished those branches to be eliminated." (He was institutionalized for his remaining thirty-one years of life, which did not in any way, shape or fashion affect his successful pursuit of yet more mathematical results — but he refrained from further application. That's why mathematicians say that "going to 57" means what it does, and don't do applications unless trained for it; Bloch's institution was located at 57 Grande rue, Saint-Maurice, Paris.)

The fourth part, "Veteran of the Spiritual Wars", is slim and of poor quality, but as nothing else remains, it has to be dedicated to R.A.W. and R.S., who knew that "from laughter comes wisdom". Take out of that whatever you will.

\* \* \*

Also, a real Discordian is supposed to have an official Discordian name, chosen by his/her/its greatest recognised Discordian authority, namely him/her/its-self.

This is a large part of the attraction of our religion. Christians and Muslims give you only one name, if even that, if you join — we let you have as many as you want. We don't

even mind if they're scatological, sacrilegious and blasphemous against all faiths and none — there are too many Mohammeds and Jesuses prancing around for us to compound the confusion with propagation of humanoid Erii. (We add to the confusion in other, more subtle ways, you see. Unless you're blind or something.)

A name and a load of titles — like, the Loud, the Covered-with-Oil, the Good-Doer, the Son of Woman, the Goat of Eris, the Four-Lettered Word, and so on.

After all, surely words have great and eerie powers, right?  
Eerie powers!

So, and since this is all, I remain, more and less jocularly than you probably think, yours,

Captain of the Goodship "Masks of Eris"<sup>5</sup>,  
Irreverend Trishop Epsilon

being chiefly,

- ★ Atheistic Discordian
- ★ (K/Cr)eeper of the Masks of Eris (pbfft) Discordia
- ★ By the grace of Eris, the fallible Pope (maybe) and an Episkopos and Arch-heresiarch of the Discordian Society
- ★ Not a member of the EAC (& it doesn't exist either)
- ★ Vice-Dragon of Citizens Against Title Glut

---

<sup>5</sup>That would be:

<http://masksoferis.wordpress.com/>  
Officially *not* a goatse mirror!

- ★ Gran Knight Contrarian
- ★ A Radiant Ray of Fright
- ★ Chairperson, Concerned Citizens Against Contour Integration
- ★ Grand Basilisk Lord Fuzzy Underbed Balls of the Order of the Housingcompany Clean-Up With Roses and Ribbons in Three Days Or Else

and

- ★ Foe of Sport

and secondarily,

- ★ Goddessless infidel
- ★ Crab hermit (IPU approved)
- ★ Recipient of the Good Spelling Aaward
- ★ Master of the Secrets of Yellow Snow
- ★ Master of the Way of the House Which Is Outside
- ★ Agent of the Mongolian Secret Service
- ★ A resident of the Real-Imaginary Complex
- ★ Initiate of the Trappist in a Burning Porta-Potty Orderlihood
- ★ Member, Persons whose likes cause unrest GmbH
- ★ Chairman of the Chamber, the T. Torquemada Abstinence Society for Faith, Truth and Hot Screws
- ★ Papal "Gilles de Rais" Award Honoree
- ★ Founder, the Anything-Goes School of Religious Flip-pertigibbet.

- ★ Baker of Chaopies
- ★ Grad lemma slave of the Tenure Overlords
- ★ Secretary, Introvert Massacre Memorial Society
- ★ Part-time chatcatcher
- ★ Approved circuit breaker
- ★ Cthulhu cultist, 3rd grade, 10 XP
- ★ A Quylthulg of Qlzqqzluup, and a Denizen of Glyo-Vho II
- ★ Inspector of the color purple (licensed)
- ★ Coordinator of the Roman Ungern von Sternberg Fan Club (Sternberg Army Finland)
- ★ Nonmember of the Joshua A. Norton Fan Club
- ★ Licensed llama folk- and disco dance specialist
- ★ Moe-volley aesthetician
- ★ Morgenstern Chaplain for Toy Scouts International
- ★ Bursar, Benevolent Sons of Mt. Terror

and

- ★ Protector of the Antarctic

ALWAYS use SEAT BELTS  
and CHILD RESTRAINTS



## CHAPTER 2

---

# SO YOU WANNA BE A POPE?

---

Yes you can!  
All hail Eris!

(Just turn the page!)

(And sign on both sides of the Sacred Chao! Just not in  
blood!)

This is to confirm that the bearer of this card  
is an official, licenced and congregation-approved

## POPE

of the Church of Eris Eridian Eristic, E. E. E.,  
and has all the rights, obligations and responsibilities  
pertaining thereto, including but not limited to the  
performance of weddings, divorces, funeral rites and  
rites of conception, birth and baptism, comings of age,  
beings of middle-age, leavings of age, exorcisms,  
invocations, enchantments, alterations, illusions,  
conjurations, abjurations, divinations, necromancies,  
mathemancies, phrenomancies, miracles, raisings from  
the dead, lightly wounded or stupendously drunken,  
first, second, third and last rites,  
sold to the gentleman with a goat's head in the back row,  
and the excommunication, recommunication,  
re-excommunication, and re-recommunication  
of Popes, Buddhas, priests and laity of  
all Churches, creeds and religions.



Valid forms of address include

"Your theologiosness" and "You there".

GOOD FOREVER - NOT VALID PHOTO ID IN THERE - DO NOT SIGN -  
VALID LEARNER'S PERMIT FOR ALL VEHICLES OF 500 TONS OR LESS  
- CALIFORNIA STATE BUREAU OF FURNITURE AND BEDDING -  
RICHARD M NIXON - FIND GOOD HOTELS IN VATICAN CITY NOW -  
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE

Signed,

Eris

(goddess of chaos)

in-vedi-ink

Trishop Epsilon

(his/her eminence pope/mome E.E.E.)

## CHAPTER 3

---

# THE WRITER AND THE READER, CONVERSING

---

"You know the way to being known as profound, don't you?"

"You talkin' to me?"

"Well, yes. Read on. The way to adulation is not clarity."

"That's just what my mom used to tell me...no, wait, it was something about listening."

"If you are clear and simple, all can see what you mean and how you mean it: and as some are bound to not agree, there will be discordant opinions and adverse reviews and all that."

"Controversy's good for sales, though."

"And for leeches. Now, however, suppose you are purposefully dense, opaque and abstruse. Or just one of those. People will not be sure of what you mean: and thus they shall read your words in the way most preferable to their

own prejudices, and most fitting with the preconceptions; and you will be hailed as a wise one, a primate among the priests of profundity.”

”It’s a rotten trick, though.”

”Well, it works. Witness philosophy. Best of all, it best works on those that most deserve it.”

”Yeah, but you wouldn’t do something nasty like that to me, would you?”

”Pi tons of flax.”

## **Part I**

**All Greek to me! All Greek to  
me!**



## CHAPTER 4

---

# OF THE GOLDEN APPLE

---

Lend me your ears, O wanderers, for I am a plastic surgeon in need. This is the tale of the Golden Apple of Eris.

\* \* \*

In the beginning there was chaos, void without form, and she was called Eris, the Goddess of Strife and Discord.

Eris was her name to the Greeks, and the Romans called her Discordia, and men in general have usually called her by foul and degrading names, such as, "what misbegotten noony idiot caused this mess, then?"

She was a Greek god then, and there were many other Greek gods as well. This was a very bad thing for the Greeks themselves — witness how much grief has been caused by only one god, that in the beginning was one to some, then three to many, and then one, with one prophet, to others. The Greeks had a god for every mountain and a goddess for every creek, and one of them was Eris.

Her creek probably was a gutter behind Zeno's Drinking Ass Tavern.

There was one day a great feast at the peak of Mount Olympus, the top place of the Greek divinities. It was in honor of a marriage long since forgotten since, as usually, of personal things only the ghastly and disastrous ones are remembered, while great joys are forgotten.

The happy couple had not invited Eris.

They can maybe be excused; one does not show great intelligence by calling the Queen of Strife, the Lady of Collapsing Cosmoses, to visit. Still, they should have known that Eris wouldn't take lightly not being invited. Maybe they wished that a goddess capable of sniffing out every false note and gap would not notice?

Indeed they were fools.

And so, halfway through the evening, when all present were merrily drunk, when Apollo was dancing on tables, when Zeus was using Aeolian shepherds for target practice while Hera and Persephone betted, when Hebe the cupbearer of the gods was already, again, cursing her vocation and dodging the sweaty hands of Ares — then in rolled a thing of glistening gold.

It was an apple, made of pure and flawless gold, an object of great worth and immediately evident beauty.

The gods and goddesses, being greedy bastards, immediately all began to covet it.

Zeus picked up the apple, inspected it, and then handed it to Hermes, saying: "I really should learn this Greek script someday."



Hermes, the trusted god of thieves, squinted and said: "There is but one word written on this apple. It is 'kallisti', and it is written in the Greek script."

There was a moment of silence, which Hebe used to whisk most of the remaining wine-amphoras away; she sensed that a great commotion was about to begin.

After a while Aphrodite, the goddess of physical beauty, frowned and, fearing she was being set up for a bad joke, asked: "Indeed? And what might that mean?"

Hermes blushed. "No idea."

Others hung their heads as well.

Zeus rose up and thundered. "What disgrace! What idiots are you, incapable of understanding even a single short word of the language of those you so fickle lord and lady it over! What a sad, sad disgrace!"

Ares, the red-eyed god of war, havoc and devastation, mumbled angrily to himself that neither did Zeus know anything about the word, either.

Hebe ran to the kitchen, scared. If the Lord of Slaughter began muttering to himself, the wise ran.

"Is there no-one here that knows anything of those we rule?" Zeus roared.

Various gods shrugged and rolled their eyes. Well, duh! You don't need to understand people when you can shoot fire and poison from your fingertips.

Finally Hephaestus, the smith, spoke. "Where's Hebe? And where's the wine?"

"There's but one amphora remaining!", Hermes cried, and immediately a Great Fight for the Last Amphora broke out.

While the fight continued (Ares and Zeus were betting), three goddesses retired to a corner. Athena, the wise one, with owl-droppings decorating her shoulders, held the apple she had picked from Zeus's clenching fingers. Aphrodite and Hera looked at her, and the apple, curious.

"*Kallisti*", Athena pondered. "It is in Greek either 'geometry' —"

"Like, what's that?" Aphrodite groaned. "All Greek to me!"

Athena coughed. "— or then the dative singular of the feminine superlative of the word for beauty."

Hera, the wife of Zeus and the lady of the household, clenched her fists. She was starting to feel as stupid as Aphrodite was, and that irritated her greatly.

"To the fairest", Athena clarified. "So, —"

"That's me!" each of the three cried.

The strength of Zeus and Ares both was needed to stop the hair-pulling and spitting resulting from this, and as Zeus was wroth (having missed the spectacle of Hermes rendering himself unconscious with a careless swing of his own blackjack) he heard the matter and ordered the goddesses to find an impartial judge and settle the matter thusly.

This only shows that there are some who should stay in the field of zapping others with lightning, and out of quarrel-solving.

Some years passed, and each of the three goddesses — Aphrodite, Athena and Hera — produced learned works and testimonials on the characters of various "impartial judges". It has been calculated by Strabo that the volumes used for

this were enough to prove each and every man living at that time a hopeless liar and scoundrel, and so this tale, coming down from them, should not be trusted.

Seeing this insolvable knot of parchment and papyrus, Zeus smote it with a ball lightning, and pointed out a random mortal to arbitrate. The goddesses heeded the ancient adage of "whom shoots fire out of his eyes, he is boss", and went to this mortal to present their case. He was Paris, the son of Priam the king of Troy, also called Ilium.

*Troy* was also called Ilium, not Priam or Paris. Indeed, Paris was not even founded at that date. But that is an entirely different Paris.

So Paris saw three beautiful, scantily clad goddesses descending from the heavens, pleading for his favor. And he thought: Boy, am I lucky or what?

Soon, however, the matter was cleared to him, and he slumped, greatly disappointed.

(The reader might have noted that Eris hasn't appeared in this narrative recently. It is indeed so: she was at her palace, biting on an edible golden apple and giggling to herself.)

To better judge the beauty of each goddess, Paris spoke to each of them privately. The goddesses each, naturally, tried to bribe him the best they could.

"I'll give you the world!", Hera, the wife of Zeus and the self-proclaimed Queen of Gods, whispered. "You want the islands? They are yours. You want Persia and the Lion Throne? But one word and you shall have them. Cathay, Aztlan, Cimmeria — I can give you dominions without number if you

but favor me. Think in your heart of the varieties of womankind that the world holds, and of all things you can possess, and ask this of yourself: Isn't generous Hera the fairest of all?"

Athena, the wise and warlike, was likewise persuasive. "Now be bright, Paris, behave wisely. Just one little choice, and I'll make you known for your princely — nay, kingly — charming wisdom and erudition. I'll bless your arms, so every man will gasp and every woman swoon at the mention of your sagely and war-victorious name! Think of the adulation of masses, O wise son of Priam, and behold the beauty of Athena the fair!"

The last to engage in this fair-play was Aphrodite, the goddess of love and lust. Now she was not very bright, or rich, but she knew the hearts of men — those spiritual pieces of flesh that are usually led around by other pieces of their anatomy either above or below. So she showed Paris a vision, and grinned.

"Indeed, boy! That is Helen, the fairest of all mortals. Who else but I, Aphrodite, the fairest of goddesses, could find her, or bring her to you? Smile at me, O man, and you shall have princess Helen for your wife!"

And since Aphrodite's offer had been the most palpable (though the least generous), Paris chose her. The apple passed to Aphrodite, and the three goddesses departed, grumbling about unfair play. Aphrodite waved her hand at Paris, and suddenly Helen was there, swooning at his feet. Paris danced a little lusty jig of joy and went to see a priest, towing her and a white marriage-bull-of-sacrifice.

At this point two things about Helen should be noted, two points that Aphrodite failed to mention.

The first point is that Helen was the daughter of one Leda, and of Zeus the Thunderer, who had forced himself on Leda in the shape of a swan. It is unknown what pleasure Zeus got from this.

Secondly, the reason that Helen was a princess of sorts was that she was already married to Menelaus, the warlike and easily angered king of Sparta.

One can easily see why Aphrodite was silent on these details. Soon enough the word reached king Menelaus that his wife, instead of merely playfully hiding somewhere in the palace, was actually prancing around with the son of the king of Troy.

So Menelaus called Odysseus and Menestheus, both Ajaxes and Agamemnon, and all those Achaean lords and warriors whose respect he commanded, and laid siege to the city of Troy.

This Trojan war lasted for ten years, and was the end of men and reputations without number, the end of lives and the end of happiness and joy, the start of grief and endless new strife, and the end of Paris, the end of Ajax, the end of many a hero and a commoner, the end of Priam and the city of Troy, and the end of Trojans except for one that fled to build up even more pain and misery.

Far above, in the skies, the goddess Aphrodite looked down, cradled the apple, smiled a charming little smile, and said: "Oops, I did it again."

And somewhere else Eris spat out an apple-seed and laughed.



## CHAPTER 5

---

# AND NOW FOR A WORD

---

Just think of it!  
7 out of 11 Bobbed Heads want  
**the Bobbie Pin**  
Keeps Bobbed Hair Tidy  
in the blind winds redolent of the fungi of accursed Yuggoth  
which sweep out of the uncaring skies to eradicate the frail  
citadels of Man!

**The Fastest Seller ever known in the Beauty Shop**





## CHAPTER 6

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# OF THE CHILDREN OF ERIS DISCORDIA

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Lend me your ears, O wanderers, for I am a plastic surgeon in need. This is another tale of the Golden Apples of Eris.

### **6.1 The family of Eris**

Hear of Eris, the sweet goddess of strife, discord and chaos.

Well, chaos is formally still the province of Old Man Kaos, her grandfather, but he's retired.

Eris is the daughter of Nyx, the primeval Lady of Night, and of Erebus, the equally ancient Lord of Darkness. Beyond this, her origins are rather murky. She might have had a sister, a Lady of the Evening, but she's understandably not talked of in polite company.

The children of Eris — well, given their nature words like "brood" or "spawn" might be better, though they aren't very polite, but then again, neither are the children —

Uh, where were we?

The children of Eris are many, but mainly Ponos, Lethe, Limos, Ate, Dysnomia and fatherless Horkos: this is, back-breaking Toil, numb Forgetfulness and gnawing Hunger, reckless Folly, ruinous Lawlessness and grim Oathbreaker's Bane.

They were collectively named (by their unlucky wetnurse) the Kakodaimones, or Cacodemons, or Evil Spirits.

The said wetnurse could be honest, since there were no other applicants.

"Seeking: A person of some patience to babysit the ad-owable sextuplets Toil, Forgetfulness, Hunger, Folly, Lawlessness and Bane. Not reasonable hours; all apples one can eat. Call 23."

Given that Horkos is fatherless, one is led into considering the fathers of the other five. They are probably fatherless as well; the matter will never be settled since Eris doesn't believe in alimony.

## 6.2 Prometheus and Pandora

These six greater children of Eris played their greatest part in the unhappy tale of Prometheus and Pandora. That story should be known to all — Prometheus the Titan, the only god that ever loved mortals more than a breeder his dogs and less than a stalker his victim, stole fire from Zeus the

Thunder-god and king of gods, and brought it down to shivering men; in return Zeus had Prometheus chained to a rock.

Soon after, a big bird arrived and an endless orgy of liver-pecking and screaming began.

Zeus is a little touchy, you see.

To punish the insolent mortals that had dared to accept a gift that made their lives better, he engineered the first woman — uh, that is not the best formulation of the matter. I'll try again.

"Come and see! The world's strongest doctor! Performs five lobotomies while juggling the patients! Entrance only a fiver, kids under five free! A registered nurse is in the audience!"

Well, the six children of Eris, the Kakodaimones. The truth is that, naturally, Eris had nothing to do with these events, as she cares not; the brats were lured into a cunning box by Zeus, who was very proficient in luring all kinds of bipedal or quadrupedal beings anywhere he wanted, though mainly females to his bed and not brat-godlings into tiny silver boxes.

The box was then given to Pandora, the hapless Lady of Product Descriptions, and conveyed into the world of mortals. Since the art of reading had not been invented yet, no one could fathom the warning letters on the box ("Contents: six godlings from the Family of Strife and Chaos; best before 1/12/100 BCE; do not shake or open"), and it was opened, and out flew Toil, Hunger, and the others, and soon mortals were wondering whether liver-pecking had been, after all, the better outcome.

If the reader has heard this tale before, she surely remembers that, after the gushing-out of the Kakodaimones, Hope

(Elpis) was found inside the box — well, she had probably been kidnapped by Dysnomia, who had always been a lawless she-devil.<sup>1</sup>

Since Zeus, the originator of this nastiness-loosening, had intended to torment mortal men as much as he could (maybe he was bored?), he had thus constructed a threefold trap:

Firstly, the Kakodaimones to make life hard;

Secondly, Hope to make people cling to life, thus extending the amount of hardness and suffering; and

Thirdly, Pandora, the first woman, whose later likenesses would make men constantly aware of their crudeness, rudeness and generally uncouth manners, thus driving them to make impressive fools out of themselves in War, Sport, Tuxedos and similar harmful and fruitless manly ventures.

But ah, we are sidetracked. There are still more children of Eris to be considered.

### 6.3 Not very bright things

These then are the lesser children of Eris, the swarming multitudes if you so will: the Algea (Pains), the bloody Hysminai and Makhai (Fights and Battles), the scary Phonoï and Androktasiai (Murders and Manslaughters), and the Neikea, Amphilogiai and Pseudologoi (Quarrels, Disputes and Lies).

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<sup>1</sup>Dysnomia Lawless is no relation of Lucy Lawless, or so the whispering rabbit-spirits she sent to my dreams said. (The people of New Zealand have strange powers.)

A clever mind might see that while Eris gave birth to daimons of Manslaughter, she didn't make the Misogyniai (Woman-haters), who were the brood of Harmonia the greatly overrated goddess of societal conformity and dumb tradition instead.<sup>2</sup>

*do cows scream --*  
 Yes. Because of your searches. In your dreams. *Every night.*  
 To find forgiveness, go to the moo-nastery high in the udderly desolate mountains...

One should always remember that the Greeks, even when given a choice, still worshipped Harmonia and other equally disastrous and dangerous godlings — like Zeus of Thunderstorms, Kings, Taxes and Other Troubles, and Athena, the supposedly wise Goddess of War and Virginity (the writer cannot see anything wise in these attributes), or Aphrodite the ditzzy Goddess of Sex, Sex and, Like, More Sex.

They weren't very bright, the ancient Greeks, you see.

They certainly weren't very good in choosing their gods. Come to think of it, no-one has been or is, or ever will be. Likewise, no matter how carefully one chooses a trepanation-drill or holing-nail, one still ends up with a hole in one's head, and a slightly bummed feeling.

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<sup>2</sup>There is not enough *guro*, nightmare fuel and body horror in the whole imagination of all Japan for Harmonia to pay for all her evil. May all mentions of her be forever without laughter; may all her temples be silent gray ruins and all her followers barren and sterile as long as the planets follow their decaying orbits. . . for there is no punishment more horrible than the whole totality of her will and desire.

## 6.4 Anemones and apples

Aircastling, n.,  
deduction based on  
fallacious premises,  
wishful thinking, from  
the expression "building  
castles in the air".

All rumors of Eris haunting battlefields and similar places of ill repute are of course Greek fabrications — why on Greece would a female deity hang around in places that resembled nothing more than her own

nursery?

The Hysminai and Makhai, Fights and Battles, remember?<sup>3</sup>

Neither is Eris hard-hearted; merely frivolous and possessing a short attention span — but then again this is true of all gods. The only thing they can really concentrate on is a grudge.

Well, the same is true of most men as well.

And women.

Maybe animals, too.

---

<sup>3</sup>After the little ones grew up, the wetnurse took up a less stressful position as a tax collector among the cannibal hermit barbarians of North Mongolia. Twenty generations later a descendant of hers, one Temujin, became a local warlord of some note, and it is recorded in the Secret History of the Mongols that one of his most ancient sayings of mystic wisdom was "A woman of burning hair; a woman of green eye; a woman of golden hand and golden fruit: these are things that the wise avoid." But that was of course inaccurate, and his son and heir Oktay married a girl of white hair, dark skin and timid eye, a girl who had a silver pendant in the shape of an apple with a blood-red ruby on it — and that particular empire fell to pieces quicker than you can say "Kallisti!" This all is told in the Secreter History of the Mongols.

Does anyone know of an anemone with a grudge?

Eris is mostly famous for the incident of the Golden Apple of Discord, which has been fully told already, so no more of that here. The tale of the apple which launched a million deaths doesn't need much repeating.

## 6.5 The Second Apple of Eris

Another incident where Eris was involved also concerned a Golden Apple: Hercules, the famous strongman, found one one day wandering, and being a famous and entirely typical warrior hit it with his bludgeon.

The Apple was not squashed, but instead swelled into twice its original size.

Hercules screamed in rage, frothed a bit, and hit again, and again the Apple grew.

This continued until seven local villages had been crushed by the expanding Apple. Then some more openly pedagogical goddess intervened and told heavy-breathing Hercules that he had been bludgeoning the Apple of Strife, which naturally but grew stronger and greater with every bit of anger directed at it.

Hearing this, Hercules swore foully for some minutes and then strode away to kill some lions, not at all heeding the lesson. Some years later he died, no doubt because he hadn't

*The death of Eris --  
Rumors of it have been  
greatly exaggerated;  
look around and tell me  
there is no more chaos  
and discord...if you  
can. Then if you can,  
we can both crack up and  
laugh together.*

learned what the Apple of Eris taught of the manly skills of bloodletting, troublemaking and other kinds of strife.

Is it rabbits all the  
way down, or turtles?

But, having rolled the giant Apple away (after shriveling a bit, it became the island of Lesbos), Eris had just laughed, since she delights in those that refuse to see the consequences of their ways. They have earned everything that comes on them, and in fighting for their personal orders they only increase the flood of chaos that will be their undoing.

Ah, such is Eris, the sweet goddess of strife, discord and chaos, who delights in pointing out troubles and tearing open flaws, and who loudly laughs at everyone that boasts of certainty. Until you encounter Eris again, just remember that King Kong died for your sins.



## CHAPTER 7

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# BOYCOTT THE MUSES

---

Possible theological conundrum: Wikipedia tells that according to one Greek myth the muses were daughters of Harmonia, the dull and boring Goddess of Harmony. This simply will not do for a follower of Eris Discordia; but as far as I know, there are no nega-muses in existence to match the muses like the Seven Deadly Sins match the Seven Virtues. Thus the invention below; if there are no godlings to match my current fancy I will magick them up myself.

Rise up! Rise up! And *come not in that form!*

So, first the nine muses of (one particular strand of) Greek tradition, whose opposition and distorted reflection these nine wicked spirits will be: Calliope (epic poetry), Clio (history), Erato (lyric poetry), Euterpe (music), Melpomene (tragedy), Polyhymnia (choral poetry),

*what do you do before  
the church service --  
Well, if you're the  
priest, check that your  
robe is shut in front,  
and not decorated by  
the result of sitting  
on a coffee stain in the  
back.*

Terpsichore (dance), Thalia (comedy) and Urania (astronomy), muses, spirits of inspiration for literature and the arts all.

Opposite to them I set the nine wicked and lovely spirits of distractions and divisions, failures and excuses, the amuses if you so will, and they are —

Opposite Calliope stands, her arm eternally upraised, **Momos**, the amuse of High Hopes. All she touches dies. Her path is clear for all to see, for everything that is not perfect she destroys; and her eyes are wet with eternal disappointment and anger.

Opposite Clio stands **Lethe**, the amuse of Oblivion, and in her hand is a book full of the names of things of which only those names remain: they are beyond all history, and all imagination, and shall never return.

Opposite Erato stands, smiling and holding up a mirror, **Apate**, whose province is Deceit, Deception, and Plagiarism. She is the most voluble of the nine, and of the kindest, most friendly aspect; but nothing that she says has not been said before; and all the warmth in her hands is from holding the palms of those with the warmth of life and creation in them; for of nature she is as cold and lifeless as her mother Nyx, the eternal Night.

Opposite Euterpe, and often running all round and over her, is **Lyssa**, the amuse of Noise, Frenzy and, these modern days, of Hit Radio also. She would be the fairest of the nine if not draped in the bloody skin of a rabies-dead wolf, and if not in constant motion, snarling, cursing, screaming, kicking, unable to ever stand still or calm her mind.

Opposite Melpomene fidgets and mutters **Amekhania**. Her domain is Helplessness and Overwhelmed Misery; the sad flutter of her inadequate stub-wings is familiar to those that want and that must, but cannot; graduate students often build shrines to her, and ululate prayers of repentance to her.

''If you can't beat  
'em...let your followers  
beat 'em!''

Opposite Polyhymnia is **Aergia**; against many-hymns she of no hymns and no deeds; she is the uninterested amuse of Sloth that whiles away the days in lethargy as blind and indolent as the sepulchral sleep of her nights.

Opposite Terpsichore slouches **Ponos**, she of backbreaking Toil and endless Chores that wear away all want to sing and dance. She wears the finest dress ever made, decorated with naiad-tears and sparks of Hephaistos's forge, but her eyes are too tired to see it, and her hands too callused to trace its fine textures.

Opposite Thalia is **Koros**, clad in armor of battle with diverse spikes and blades, a black cloth dripping blood tied over her eyes; she is the amuse of Disdain and Mockery, and all injudicious critics are her vile and contemptible brood.

Last of all, opposite Urania, and enthroned atop the formless swirling dome of the limited skies, is **Ate**, the amuse of Ruin and Folly, that laughs as tears stream down her face for all the self-inflicted wounds of mankind.

Thus Momos (high hopes), Lethe (oblivion), Apate (plagiarism), Lyssa (frenzy), sad Amekhania (helplessness), Aergia (sloth), Ponos (toil), Koros (disdain) and after-wise Ate (ruin), all beautiful, terrible, and as old and strong as the

foundations of mankind — I trust you are as familiar with their work as with the effects of the lighter nine.

And there would be  
dancing around naked,  
unless you looked real  
gross or something,  
and tom-toms, but  
no drinking because  
that causes negative  
vibrations. (Who  
knows; maybe I'd get  
some anti-alcoholism  
organization to endorse  
me. After all, surely  
my reasons don't matter  
if you agree with my  
position?)

## CHAPTER 8

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# HOW ABOUT THIS?

---

An entirely new and different  
SELF-SUPPORTING "INTERWOVEN"  
ANTEDILUVEAN SOCK

No Gadgets

No Garters

No Gellies

but they DO stay up

Styles illustrated

**2 pairs \$1**

No other sock made like this

by the blind hairless white apes of Africay

Patented and exclusively

"Inter-Woven"

THEY WEAR LONGER

THE SOCKS MY GOD CARTER THE SOCKS



## CHAPTER 9

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# ERIS PROOF

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Proofs that Eris exists — hey, that's a good idea!

1. It is self-evident that there is a lot of chaos and disorder in the world.
2. Only an overoptimistic ninnybag would say the world's total of chaos and disorder is decreasing, or even staying the same; no, things fall apart and the centre cannot hold, and the total of chaos and disorder increases day by day.
3. Since IRS audits are the only things in the whole wide world that happen without a reason, the increasingness of the, you know, happens for a reason. (Note that here we assume that all the chaos and disorder in the world don't result from the audits; a bold assumption, but to us fear is alien. Or rather, Alien, the creepy face-hugger bugger.)

4. This logic would be theologically useless unless we invoked a god/dess of some kind, so we're going to do that next.
5. Eris, our sweet Lady Discordia, is the only divinity that has said she causes chaos and disorder; and no-one would say such a nutty thing unless it was true. (Okay, the Babylonians did, Tiamat and all that, but as they were descendants of the snake-men of Valusia, they should not be trusted.)
6. Thus, Lady E. is our only suspect; and this logical policework being impeccable, she is guilty as accused. Hence, Eris exists.

As an Erisian pope, I reserve a right to gloss any problems in this proof as sacred mysteries that "just have to be seen to be believed"; and since the Olden Picturebook of Valusia is lost, tough, you aren't going to get much explanation for those.

What? Who told you  
about the Integral Man?  
I don't know anything  
about anyone called  
that!

Oh, and there is more. How about a proof by a daring leap of faith?

1. Eris exists.

There, we're all done!

How about one that appeals to the Things Men Don't Know (Though Women Might), from our good imaginary friend Augustus St. Sagan-Dragon of Nicaea:



1. Look around you. A chair? A rock? A book? Something similar near you? Okay, good.
2. Is Eris behind the thingie you picked? Are you sure? Divine things are very good in concealing themselves.
3. Okay, she wasn't there after all. Pick up the next rock and try again. (Like they told the blind man at the stoning. The next hint was "Just aim at the screams"; but no-one had guessed the High Cenotaph has a tendency to yell when hit by a stray stone, and no-one knew the blind man could throw stones so fast. Thus the world's first case of sonar stoning went awry.)
4. Done this with all the rocks around you? All the chairs? No? Okay, stop wrangling then. You're a lazy tit, and I win.
5. Thus, Eris exists. Probably behind a chair near you.

This happens when you do theology without gravitas.

(For more, and for things Eerie and Ancient — which means, Polysyllabic and Pre-Internet — consult the Holey Principia Discordia.)

And lead us unto the  
greener pasture, and  
let us not fall into  
the cold claws of  
the milking machine.  
Moo-men.



## CHAPTER 10

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# I HAVE A GOD, AND I CAN PROVE IT!

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An important new addition to the stuffy ol' methods of proof and number — faith-based mathematics, as inspired by the heroic efforts of theologians all over the ages!

- Proof by faith: We have no proof. That is the proof. If you question our proof, you're an insensitive prick.
- Proof by a test of faith: There's a counterexample. We will hope it goes away.
- Proof by a miracle: A three-line proof; the second line is "Then a miracle happens."
- Proof by prayer: Whine upwards until the problem goes away. (Works for grad students. Professors, eh, not so much.)

- Proof by devil: "What? You have a counterexample? The devil must have tricked you. Out, devil! Out!"
- Proof by a sign from God: "I saw three gaunt letters of smoke in my dream, yea, and the letters were 'Q' and 'E' and 'D'... And this is what they mean: It is *proven!*"
- Proof by a vision: "Can you see it? The proof! It's coming in through the walls!"
- Proof by peer pressure: "Of course you know all functions are continuous. You wouldn't want to be *sad and alone*, right?"
- Proof by odium: "Hitler didn't believe all functions are continuous. What, you want to agree with Hitler?"
- Proof by the life of Jesus: "Jesus was a nice guy. Everyone likes Jesus. I think this verse means Jesus said all functions are continuous."
- Proof by witnessing: "I have seen the proof!" "Me too, brother!" "Praise the proof!"
- Proof by separate magisteria: The proof exists in *a different world*. Since you can't go and see it, you must believe me when I say it is as I say.
- Proof by morality: "Discontinuous functions would be evil, ugly, troublesome and unspeakably horrid. If there was a discontinuous function, I'd probably go insane

and rape your granny or something. Is that what you want me to do? Huh?"

- Proof by an appeal to optimism: "It would be terrible if this function wasn't continuous. Therefore it is."
- Proof by Hell: "If you don't believe all functions are continuous, you could become a grad student of Professor Mumblescream. Do you want that?"
- Proof by teleology: "Things would get pretty damn unspeakably complicated if all functions weren't continuous. Since considering such a bummer would be grant-destroyingly hopeless, all functions are continuous."
- Proof by ontology: "Mathematics is idealism. Can you conceive of anything more ideal than all functions being continuous?"
- Proof by an anthropic argument: "I say this function is continuous. Am I not wonderful? Hence the function is continuous."
- Proof by a transcendental argument: "This exercise would be meaningless if the function wasn't continuous. Hence Q.E.D."
- Proof by a transcendental argument (alternative): "Let us assume a discontinuous function. *The whole structure of mathematics crumbles to the ground!*"

- Proof by lack of imagination: "What do you mean, discontinuous function? The professor never said nothing about discontinuous functions. . . "
- Proof by theology: "No, seriously! No-one believes all functions are continuous anymore! It's just that this function is continuous because we need it to be. . . "

'Cows are not evil, but they're scary. They're soul sinks. They leech the spirit and vitality out of people.' --Hol. Co. 4:4-5

## CHAPTER 11

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# WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK

---

NEW KISSPROOF

THE WATERPROOF ROUGE. . .

IN A STARTLING JADE GREEN CASE

KISSPROOF — THE MODERN ROUGE — STAYS ON NO MATTER WHAT ONE DOES! A SINGLE APPLICATION LASTS ALL DAY! THE YOUTHFUL NATURAL KISSPROOF COLOR WILL MAKE YOUR CHEEKS TEMPTINGLY KISSABLE — BLUSHINGLY RED — PULSATING WITH THE VERY BLASPHEMOUS SPIRIT OF RECKLESS, IRREPRESSIBLE YOUTH AS YET UNTOUCHED BY THE PARALYZING KNOWLEDGE OF OLD AGE! YOUR FIRST APPLICATION OF KISSPROOF WILL DELIGHT YOU! WHETHER YOU JOURNEY TO THE CATACOMBS OF PTOLEMAIS FOR FORBIDDEN EMBRACES, OR TO THE CARVEN MAUSOLEA OF THE NIGHTMARE COUNTRIES TO SLITHER YOUR LIPS OVER THINGS THAT EVEN THE EPICURES OF THE TERRIBLE SHUDDER TO MENTION IN THEIR UNSPEAKABLE LOTUS-DREAMS, YOU SHOULD HEED THE WORDS OF ABDUL AL-HAZRED, THE MAD

ARAB OF DAMASCUS: CHOOSE KISSPROOF... AS HINTED  
OF IN THE FORBIDDEN NECRONOMICON!

"I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO GET KISSPROOF,  
IN A STYLISH GREEN CASE! SEIZING THE  
GREEN JADE OBJECT, WE GAVE A LAST GLANCE  
AT THE BLEACHED AND CAVERN-EYED FACE  
OF ITS OWNER AND CLOSED UP THE GRAVE  
AS WE FOUND IT."

—MRS. ST. J.,  
GENUINE TESTIMONIAL



## CHAPTER 12

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# GOOD DISCORDIAN IDEAS

---

Ah, Discordianism. One of the perks of practising a chaos-based religion is that you don't have to be coherent or make any sense.

On closer reflection it occurred to me that this is actually true of all religions, so no special privilege to Discordianism there.

\* \* \*

Words have great and eerie power over the minds of religious folks.

No-one has ever tried to sell his soul to Stan, or would want to, right? But add one letter...

Are the people that live on the Isle of Man the Sons of Man? And about the Biblical Son of Man — isn't he the, er, the Son of Woman, with no man involved, only a sex-neutral It-Deity? Or is this one of those metaphorical thingies?

"To this the rabbit  
spirits of the  
netherworld have  
given this answer:  
For everything there is  
appointed a time, and  
for this final truth  
the time has now come."  
--Anim. Conc. 7:2-3

Repeat any word long enough and it starts to look absurd, just a meaningless string of sounds. Keep repeating, and you'll notice a deep, scary, spooky aura of power, a greater mystical meaning...and then, if you're lucky, you'll notice that it's all in your mind.

"This is not the Stan you're looking for."

\* \* \*

I've seen a Christian statue where  
HEROSTRATUS WAS HERE a random archangel was trampling  
on a random devil, and I've heard of  
the three pillars (now walls, I hear) that Muslim pilgrims are  
supposed to fling stones at when visiting Mecca.

I think some enterprising Discordian should follow this way and make punching-bags and dartboards and illustrated toilet-bowls featuring the likenesses of our Bad Guys.

The foes and often also the unwitting (or witless) allies of a Discordian are the various Greyfaces of the world: all those types that say life is serious, and play a sin.

Sin...spooky language!

Ecumenicism in crisis --  
talks between Catholics  
and Satanists fail!

Actually, this group of Greyfaces includes almost every politician and almost every religious leader...and I'm guessing the clientele of such a toilet-maker would extend far beyond Discordians as well.

Just imagine: "Hot diggity! Toilet bowls with a screaming bobblehead doll of the Great White Bush in the water! Gimme five! Hot scatological waterboarding will ensue!"

If the toilet-bowl idea seems extreme, let me tell you that, during the Napoleonic Wars, the ever-polite Englishmen manufactured chamberpots with a small bust of Napoleon in the bowl, straight in the way of the, er, brownies.

Don't tell me it won't happen again.

You lift the slab  
imprisoning Masaker,  
most malevolent of  
the ancient Fell Gods.  
When you notice the  
tentacles, it is already  
too late.



## CHAPTER 13

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# NEW FEASTDAYS

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- ★ International "Contour integration? Just say no!" Day
- ★ International Home Burial Day ("It was simple, officer. Can't celebrate if we don't have anyone to bury. And she looks so peaceful there between the TV and the bookshelf. And the kids love her.")
- ★ The Day to Legalize Consensual Cannibalism
- ★ Death To Haters Day
- ★ National Day of Blandness
- ★ Blunt Object Appreciation Day
- ★ Festivia Magna Discordia St. Umyearite
- ★ Erotic Lawn Ornament Touching Day
- ★ The Day of Glue
- ★ The International Children Can Fly Day
- ★ Worst Day Ever
- ★ Too Tight Clothes Awareness Day

- ★ Universal Paranoia Day<sup>1</sup>
- ★ Night Day
- ★ Defriending Day ("Happy Defriending Day from GARY who wishes you STAY OUT OF MY LIFE YOU CREEP. Hey nonny nonny!")
- ★ Granduncle's Day
- ★ International Week of Obnoxious Persons ("In 2010, we celebrate NEW JERSEY!")
- ★ Viagra Information Day (formerly E-Mail Appreciation Day)
- ★ International Day of Nuclear War
- ★ Doris Day
- ★ World Mental Health Elephants Elephants *Elephants* Day
- ★ World Day of Remembrance for Victims of Onions
- ★ Time Day (Part of the International Time Year)
- ★ National Speak Out Against Nationalism Day
- ★ Snail Appreciation Day ("WHEREAS, the citizens of this great and godly state do so love the snail. . . And WHEREAS the snails have been good to this supreme and excellent state, and a great inspiration to its culture, arts, and legislature. . .")
- ★ International Day Without Vegetables
- ★ World Yogurt-Yurt Confusion Clarification Day
- ★ the Day the Gradients Came
- ★ Human-Cow Relations Day

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<sup>1</sup>Nothing to see here. No-one here to see anything. Pervert.

- ★ In Celebration of Gay Eunuch Marriage, First Day With A Fixed Date (Oct. 31)
- ★ World Day for the Eradication of Pants (Sept. 1)
- ★ Talk Like A Pirate Day (Sept. 19)
- ★ World Rabies Day (Sept. 28)
- ★ World Toilet Day (Nov. 19; "Give A Crap.")
- ★ International Charles Stross For Inhuman Dictator of Scotland For Life Day (Dec. 25)
- ★ No Day (Dec. 31)





## CHAPTER 14

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# THE ADVENTURES OF ZEN MASTER GOTO

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### I

A novice presented Zen master Goto with the question of a dog's Buddha-nature. Master Goto answered, saying "Fuck you", and at that moment the novice was enlightened.

### II

A novice came to Zen master Goto and asked if a dog had Buddha-nature. Upon him asking this, Goto killed him with a hatchet and buried his body in the garden, under the cypress tree. When this all came to light, Goto said: "Buddha made me do it."

### III

The policeman asked: "Who is Buddha?" Goto said, "What is Buddha?" and ran.

(This koan is also told as follows. The policeman asked: "Who is Buddha?" Goto said, "If you meet Buddha, kill him." Then he ran.)

### IV

The FBI investigator asked Goto, "Why is there a body in your garden?" Goto said this was indeed so. The investigator repeated his question. Goto said, "To answer your question, you must unask it."

### V

The FBI investigator said to Goto, "I know who you are now." Goto said, "Five pounds of flax?" The investigator said, "Now I am certain, but I am not enlightened."

### VI

The first neighbor said, "Goto is a very nice, quiet little man. Keeps to himself, but everyone likes him." The second neighbor said, "Goto is a bit too nice, too quiet little man. Keeps to himself too much, even if everyone likes him." The reporter was enlightened.

## **VII**

The Zen master Goto was brought before a judge. He was fined for contempt of court.

## **VIII**

The newspaper said: "Mad Monk Massacre Mayhem! Senator Says US Soft On The Zen Terror Menace!" Goto said, "The Zenator has killed the mind of logic."

## **IX**

The Zen master Goto was in prison, making license plates. They all said "MU", and nothing more. There were 964 of them. The guard supervisor was enlightened and fired.

## **X**

The criminal said, "You have dropped your soap." "The soap is meaningless", said Goto. He bent to pick it up anyway.

## **XI**

The criminal said, "You have dropped your soap." "Oh pull the other one", Goto said. "Does a dog have Buddha-nature?" the criminal asked. Goto bent over.

**XII**

Goto had a novice. The novice said, "What can you give to me?" Goto said, "Five pounds of flax." Then Goto had five novices. Goto said, "I do not have five pounds of flax." He had no disciples after that.

# **Part II**

# **Urania**



## CHAPTER 15

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# ABOUT ERIS THE PLANET

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"Planet? What blasphemy is this? Dwarf planet, you fool!"

"She prefers the term 'midget planet', if you absolutely must."

"What 'she'? Are you seriously anthropomorphising a hunk of rock 2600 kilometers across?"

"A lass of rock. Planets like Mars, clearly masculine male objects, are 'hunks' of rock. But I appreciate the admiring sentiment."

"Stop this planet nonsense. Dwarf planets are not a subdivision of planets; they're an entirely separate category."

"That's planetism."

"What?"

"Sure, you're all for the big dogs of the Solar System, round heavy rollers like Jupiter and Saturn, who get their path swept clear for them and all so they won't get bothered by nothing. What about the downtrodden small guys, huh? Is it too much to ask for just a little bit of sympathy?"

“Also, one shouldn’t listen to foul and evil men, but instead open one’s heart, yea, and mind, and pockets, and legs even, to the merciful and loving message of the rabbit spirits of the netherworld.” --Anim. Conc. 7:4

”I—”

”Sure, blame her. Everyone does that. ’Oh, she came along, the lady of Discord and Heated Discussions, and now everyone’s up in arms about what’s a planet and poor Pluto is just crushed — won’t someone think of the plutoids? Won’t someone please think of the plutoids?’ Everyone says that. Sure, blame the starry messenger! And the fat cats of the Solar System keep their planet status for themselves — we wouldn’t be having this discussion if the IAU was headquartered on Pluto, would we?”

”Well, that’s a highly hypothetical —”

”No we wouldn’t! We would have planets, planets, planets as far as the eye can see! Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Ceres, Randi, Plait, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, Haumea, Kwisatz, Haderach, Makemake, Jesus, Eris, Yibb-Tstll, Hastur, Hastur, Hastur — hundreds and hundreds of planets, all metaphorically linking hands in one great harmonious music of the spheres! You can download the anthem for 99 cents, but it has DRM. It plays once, then bricks your computer.”

”Listen! That’s chaos and anarchy! You would have children needing a book just to memorize the planets! And half of those aren’t big enough objects anyway.”

”Oh, it’s sizeism now? Sock it to the dwarf planet, huh? You’re always moaning how children don’t read no more — well, here’s one proposed book and you’re all in arms against



it! Besides, think of the commercial possibilities!"

"I think one of us has lost her grip on reality."

"Why not both? Anyway, if you just were more lenient with your definition of a planet, allowed a bit smaller objects, Pepsi could launch its 'Maximum Taste Planet Sponsored by Pepsi' probe into solar orbit. . . think of it! Mercury, Venus, Maximum Taste Planet Sponsored by Pepsi, Earth!"

"Do the words 'crass commercialism' sound familiar?"

"Oh, this coming from the heirs of Galileo, whose idea of scientific impartiality was to name the moons of Jupiter after the children of his wealthy patron: Ganymede, Callisto, Io and Europa de Medici! And what about the 1967 NASA memorandum?"

"Wait, what?"

"And I quote: 'In the light of the recent events in Greece, to which this administration does not wish to draw unnecessary attention, it is thereby resolved that new Solar System objects be named after American men of great renown.' We were a breath away from having Lyndon B. Johnson orbiting Saturn!"

[W]as Jesus was a rabbit spirit in disguise or not? After all, what is one supposed to make of Easter bunnies? And why are "angels" always fluffy beings in white?

"I've never heard about that!"

"Well, ignorance of history doesn't make history go away. And ignorance of law doesn't make you any less a lawbreaker. By the laws of debate I've won."

"What — what law? Explain yourself, you Eridian hooligan!"

"I prefer the term 'Eristic exciter'. Anyhow, do you have any further comments on the title? Or the content?"

"What content?"

## CHAPTER 16

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# THE PLANET ERIS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

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"Welcome, welcome. Delighted to meet you, sir, and your boy... what's your name, child? Tom? And how old are you, Tom? What, eight? Splendid, splendid. Please sit down, sir and Tom."

"Now, if you permit me to launch into my well-rehearsed spiel — the Planet Eris for Small Children! Sir and Tom, you both have noticed that childcare takes its own time — time that a busy single parent professional just doesn't always have. You don't want to miss work, but you don't want to miss your child's childhood either. Thus we in Childeris Incorporated have manufactured a solution out of this world — chortle, chortle — for your trouble!"

"Every month we launch a rocket towards the frozen and desolate — and terribly exciting! — planet Eris on the outer

reaches of the solar system, a rocket filled with kids! They embark on a cruise of two weeks of excitement, thrills and learning exciting solar system facts with our very own Professor Photon — not to mention a day spent jollily gallivanting across the mysterious surface of Eris itself, the planet of excitement and intrigue! A day on Eris is forty-eight exciting minutes or less.”

”But this also have  
the rabbit spirits of  
the netherworld said:  
Whoever believes us is  
blessed and holy and  
shall one day join us  
in the bliss of the  
netherworld, where  
fluffiness and carrots  
never cease; but whoever  
doubts these truths  
shall ever after be  
called an utter moron.”  
--Test. Lap. Gho. 1:6

”Meanwhile, the beleaguered parent here on Earth has time to do his work properly, and even rest a bit, and get ready for the child’s excited return from its stellar — har, har — voyage, and thanks to the miracles of relativistic time dilatation, when the child returns from its two weeks of happy-happy gallivanting and exciting adventure, a full forty years have passed here on Earth, and the parent is safely retired and able to focus all of his or her attentions on the returned child! It’s a perfect solution!”

”Don’t miss your child’s childhood — send it to Eris, the Planet for Small Children, while you still can!”

## CHAPTER 17

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# PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

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*What do the neighbors think of her children?*

To every mother her own are the ideal children. But what do the neighbors think? Do *they* smile at happy, grimy faces acquitted in wholesome play? For people have a way of associating unclean clothes and faces with other questionable characteristics. And yet they cannot even guess at the abysses rent open when these dark elements of strength, solitude, grotesqueness and ignorance combine to form the perfection of the hideous! No human language has words for such a Thing!

Fortunately, however, there's soap and water.

"Bright, shining faces" and freshly laundered clothes seem to make children welcome anywhere... and, in addition, to speak volumes concerning their *parents'* personal habits as

well. *Ia-R'lyehl Cihuiha flgagnl id Ia!* No, I shall not shoot myself — I cannot be made to shoot myself!

There's CHARACTER — in SOAP & WATER

(Published by the Association of American  
White Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc.,  
to aid the work of the Cleanliness Institute.)

## CHAPTER 18

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# IS ERIS COLD ON ITS WHITE SPOT?

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"Well, *her white spot* would be nicer. It's generally not wise to address a woman, especially a goddess, as an inanimate object. And not many ask about the white spot, either."

"No, it's not that she's shy about it. It's just that educated people don't believe the spot thing anymore. You know, that every witch has a spot on her body that can feel no pain. I don't need to tell you those inquisitorially types used to spend days and days going over womanly bodies, putting their paws and pins everywhere... if you put, say, a square-centimeter grid on a lady's skin, have you any idea how many 'spots' that is going to create? And if you don't find any immune to pain, well, make a finer mesh, like the lishping ath-thithant uthed to thay."

"Well, in a manner of speaking she's not a witch. Not

quite a witch-goddess either. Her Quizzical Majesty-12, Eris Discordia, descending from a wealthy Greek family, has no truck with either the Christians or their curious negatives the Satanists. But that doesn't mean she doesn't feel certain sympathy... or certain delight in imitating the worst stereotypes of Kramer and Sprenger, just to create confusion in the ranks of those that try to rank and classify her."

"Among the other spirits there are spirits of fish and of fowl, and many others, but they likewise, though vast, are cool and indifferent towards men. This is why a swimmer drowns and a walker is stained by the falling refuse of birds." --Test. Lap. Gho. 1:3

"Ah, yes, the coldness. The coldness of the white spot... well, it's a spot without the sensation of pain. A numb spot. So she's not cold on that. Now, if someone else was to put his — or her — finger on her cold spot... well, first, that would be a bit of invasion-of-privacy. Which isn't what you want to do to a goddess. If she's really angered, she'll

slap you with a paternity suit, befuddle the jury, and leave you with the custody of a child — and hey, her children are the Kakodaimones, ranging from Ruinous Folly to Raging Anger. Good luck trying to survive changing a diaper filled with clamoring armies and brimstone."



## CHAPTER 19

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# DESCRIPTION OF ERIS PHYSICAL GODDESS

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It seems to me as plain as your nose (unless it's weird; then plainer) that calling a planetoid a goddess is a bit of a misstatement.

If the naming of solar system objects was more of a mythological free-for-all, which object would be best named Christ? And which Jehova, or Allah? I don't have a clue, though one could note that Venus is a seemingly nice and benevolent place that, on a closer look, reveals itself to be a seething, screaming fiery Hell, so pick and pin one you don't believe in. That's the usual attitude to the imaginary friends of other people, right?

Maybe one day many days from now there will be new worlds found and visited, and named after the dusty mythologies of that day. ("We have noticed that Jesus has a very

high eccentricity, about 0.329 according to the megasupamaxometer...”)

”It has been asked by foul and evil men why these teachings are the eternal truth they are, and further it has been asked why they have not been revealed earlier.”  
--Anim. Conc. 7:1

Meanwhile, I just keep getting snagged by the weird fact that no popular ”Dictionary of Mythology” or ”Stories of Ancient People from All Around the World”, despite having pages and pages of Norse and Greek and Japanese gods and heroes, has a word on the hoary and amusing tales

of Christians, Jews and Muslims.

Is this one of those sensitivity issues?

\* \* \*

Eris, Goddess of Discord

- ★ Measurements: Secret.
- ★ Age: Older than the oldest fool; fresher than the morning dew.
- ★ Eyes: Yes.
- ★ Hair: Blue at the moment. No, wait, yellow.
- ★ Sex: Do you need to ask? Get in the line!
- ★ Address: Dis (the nicer half)
- ★ Favorite food: Apples.
- ★ Favorite drink: *Blood!*
- ★ Favorite band: Motörhead.
- ★ Favorite quote: ”...and discord for all!”

\* \* \*

### Herself, Handmaiden of Eris

- ★ Measurements: By appointment.
- ★ Age: Always junior.
- ★ Eyes: Two; and like mirrors.
- ★ Hair: Two serpents and twenty-three raven locks. (To all of which Eris has the keys.)
- ★ Sex: Tee hee.
- ★ Address: "the Goddess Herself, the Handmaiden of Eris, the Plug of the Barrel of Golden Apples, Kuchisake-onna and Futakuchi-onna and Yuki-onna, Amen and Yay!"
- ★ Favorite band: Amuro Namie.
- ★ Favorite quote: "To quote the uncertain Buddhist: 'Um.'"

\* \* \*

### Scudder, the Discordian Wonder Dog

- ★ Measurements: Woof.
- ★ Age: Woof?
- ★ Eyes: Woof-woof-wuff!
- ★ Hair: Grrr.
- ★ Sex: Rrrrr!
- ★ Address: Yip!
- ★ Favorite band: Growl.

- ★ Favorite quote: "It would be wondrous to see a bone speak; but the wonder would be in the act and not in the words thus strained forth. Wuff."
- ★ Best joke: "So, how do ya make a cat bark? You just douse it in gasoline, drop a match and **WUFF!**"
- ★ Worst joke: "How do you make a dog meow? Well, you gets it encased in a block of ice, you runs it into a band saw and **meowwrrrr!** Seriously, as a dog I hate this joke. Stop saying it's funny. I don't find it funny, thus it is not funny. You can't find it funny because it offends me. Er, bad formulation: I mean that joke offends me and insults my values and principles, and thus you are forbidden from thinking it is amusing. Do so and the Thought Police'll have you! I have a right to not be offended! Yes I do! Shut up! Woof! Woof-woof-wuff!"

## CHAPTER 20

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# CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNBELIEVER

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*"Eris and Bible?* You mean, it has got the Bible innit? I mean, the whole big ol' book?"

"Nah, it's the teachings of Eris (pblffft) Discordia the Goddess of Chaos and Various Things, and of Bible (1920–1957), a little-known latter-day prophet of hers."

"What?"

"Little-known mainly because poor Bible was an elephant. People rarely listen to what they say. And he was beheaded for sitting on his handler; a sad, sad case."

"Are you serious?"

"I am as serious as I am when spoking of the holy texts of Christianity and Islam, or as I would be about the deep doctrines and teachings of any religion."

"Wait, is that a good thing?"

Malevolent Midnight  
Torturers of Eeh?

"Now, one might ask how I know the arcane prophecies of an elephant dead decades before my birth, but the explanation is actually a simple one."

"Oh, this is going to be good."

"The rabbit spirits of my ancestors told them in my dreams. Lo, there I was, in the Dreamtime under a yonder undying fig tree, as Grandfather Snaggletooth he came to me, and in a low, croaking voice spoke the first words in the Dreamtime Golden Volcano Tablets of Two Halves Which Fit Snugly Together—"

"Hey; you're an absolutist? I mean, you don't drink?"

"Yup."

"Maybe you should."

\* \* \*

Doctrine: If a piece  
of the cow lands on you,  
you're blessed. And  
you should wash yourself  
with holy water before  
the blood sticks.

"This is blasphemy! You dare you speak!"

"Hush. It is not your place to question Eris's words or works. She is subtle in many ways, and shall never be understood in full."

"But—"

"Who are you to imagine you have the right to judge a *Goddess*, you narcissistic modern *worm*? Does it not say in the Book of Vocation, in the blue letters of the Goddess Herself, that 'just as the heavens are higher than the earth, so our ways are higher than your ways, and our thoughts are

higher than your thoughts, and our abode upon Olympus is higher than your abode, unless ye live on Mount Everest or something, you prick’.”

”But—”

”Thus do all things serve her. Even order is but a chance for her faithful to show their dedication to the cause of discord. Um.”

\* \* \*

”What’s with the buns?”

”Oh, all Discordians must eat hot dogs. (Except if they mustn’t.)”

”Why?”

”For guidance, sometimes. It brings us closer to Her; and in the roiling of our stomachs She doth guide us. Sometimes to the closest toilet; sometimes not quite as far as that. Sometimes we partake of the buns for comfort; sometimes to praise Her; sometimes because we are unsure.”

”What, eating a hot dog is good for all that?”

”All that, and more. If you win in sports, eat a bun. If you’re the only survivor of a plane crash, eat a bun. If you’re unclear on whether to hit your friend or yourself or the closest wall, eat a bun. It brings you closer to Her; and closer to Her is always better.”

”You’re so full of shit.”

”If I strive closer to Her more than is good for my digestion, yes.”

\* \* \*

MEGAROMANIA

"Bah! Where is your goddess when order reigns — where is she when bureaucrats rule, laws proliferate, judges declare and scientists annotate? If she is discord, why is there harmony? Where is she, I ask you, you hairy prophet, when an overabundance of order runs me from door to door, and from one official to another, forever a form in hand and a grimace on my face?"

"Um. Where is she when order reigns, you ask. And I say: she is being abused and violated. She runs alongside you, with the forms as you do, and tears stream down her ashen-pale face, and her hair hangs limp like a doused curtain of flame. She suffers like you do, but even more so, because there are these little imps and it's just awful."

"Gee, sorry. I didn't know she was doing that. Let's bomb the tax office!"

"Hail Eris!"

"All hail Discordia!"



## **Part III**

# **Related in spirit: the theology of unrestrained bad ideas**



## CHAPTER 21

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# ON DEATH

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From "Bertrand Russell  
on Death: Reflections on  
Eve of the Atomic Bomb"

I guess George Carlin was right when he said that you can joke about anything. And, after listening to him long enough, ideas rise up, so here I go.

Dead bodies.

That's a fascinating subject. In most cases they are buried: away to the churchyard, down, and then sod on you. But what if you don't want that, or are not allowed it? Say you're an infidel in a religious land, or just plain contrarian.

Well, you could give your body to science, or to medicine. What do they do with the parts that are left over? Are they buried? "And now we give to rest the remains of Randolph Carter, minus his heart, lungs, kidneys, spleen, bladder, gen-

italia and most of the big muscles on his strong, sinewy arms... May those parts of him that remain rest in peace."

Eris is Eve of the Atomic Bomb, but who's Adam?

Or are the remaining remains thrown away? "Gee, Bob-Joe. Them hospital throwaways can have shiny things innem — sweet mother of all that is holey! We've got a leg in here!"

Or cremated? And what is it like, anyway, to work at a crematorium? "Me? Work? Oh, just in the, um, waste disposal business, I think. Details? Um, oh, I... I burn dead people. Are you satisfied? What about the kids? You want some juicy stories?"

Do crematoriums charge you by unit, or by weight? Or are you not supposed to ask? And is there a book somewhere about these things?<sup>1</sup> Please tell me if there is; I am much too well-behaved to pester a professional. Besides, they might get angry and conk me over the head with a shovel. "Gee, a curious guy, you say? Never seen noffink here. Now sorry, must go back to shovelling them coals into the oven."

And the ovens... What do they run with? Coal sounds rather medieval. Could you wish for birch logs, just for that good ol' traditional Nordic cremation? And is there a law against having your own cremation done privately? "In this my final will, I lay this burthen on my were-brothers Bobred and Joethelstan: that they should, when I am dead, gather a pile of wood no less than ten feet high, and on that pile lay me —"

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<sup>1</sup>Mary Roach, *Stiff*, apparently.

What are the laws on handling dead people like? I should consult the legal grimoires on this. Can you donate your skull to a friend? And if you can, who handles getting the icky surface stuff off it? "What are you doing in there, Frankie?" "Just fulfilling the will of an old friend... Say, give me a spoon!"

How about a leg? Say you want to be buried, but want to give your aunt your leg, encased in plastic. Can you do that, or will the undertaker walk in and say: "Give me the leg, ma'am. And don't mess with us, we're experts in disposing of dead people!"

The minotaur agrees:  
You win and you pass,  
you lose and you die.  
And then he asks. "What  
is green, smells like a  
bhah'snarr and is like  
a bhu'lu, but a little  
more thuug?" Damned  
minotaurs! (The answer  
is: A gloppo snu'uurd.)

How about art? There seem to be no protests against bone galleries and catacombs exhibiting the bones of people that are long dead. Say you want to freeze your body in carbonite and put it up in the National Gallery. Object 42, titled "He watched too much Star Wars". Is that legal or not? Can they sue your agent? Whose property is your body when you die? If it's not buried, does your significant other inherit it? And can it be sold? If not, why? I could cut off my hair and sell it. I could give away a kidney and I could conceivably cut off my genitalia, nail them to a Playboy and become a millionaire artist celebrity.

But what about my body, my whole dead body? It's not mine anymore — I'm dead, I have no self and no possessions. Well, I could come back and possess my own body. Then I'd have a possession. But if I don't — whose

It feels deathly cold!

property am I? The wife? As said in the will? Do I revert to a church or to the state? Who can claim me, and to what purpose? "As his last will was ambiguous on the matter, we are hereby gathered here to dispose by orderly auction of the remains of the late John Q. Public — and we have ten dollars from the seedy-looking gentleman in black! Keep them offers coming! You don't want him going for ten dollars to that necrophile-looking man in black, do you? Twenty dollars from the widow!"

Ah, necrophilia. I knew I would get to it eventually. If you're an adult, you can give Bob your consent and have sex, and it's all nice and legal. Likewise Bob can sodomize a meat grinder without committing a criminal act. An act of self-mutilation, maybe, but that's not criminal.

I hope it isn't. Is there a book on the subject?

TV addiction? It's true! And it's a problem! Order now our DVD "Away from TV, kick the addiction!"

Anyway, back to necrophilia. Sex with consent is legal, and sex with the unliving is legal. Is bonking your corpse illegal if you write down your

consent before dying? "I want in death what I did not have in life — I am free to all who come!"

That was a terrible pun. I'm sorry about that.

"He said it would be okay, constable! Stop hitting me!"

"Well, let's hear him about it! Do you want me to stop hitting this man, Mr. Poor Dead Guy? Huh? No? Then it's Kick-a-rama Time!"

But seriously. There seems to be a bit of an unclear situation here. Suicide is okay — hell, there are some people

I'd even recommend it to. But help a man to kill himself, and people act like you're a lunatic. We don't shun butchers, though they kill animals without asking if they want it. And soldiers! What about soldiers? They don't ask if the enemy wants to die — in most cases it's pretty clear the enemy doesn't want to die, and they shoot anyway! So why shouldn't it be allowed to kick the chair from under a friend that's asking for it? Could be euthanasia, but it could be just for kicks — pardon the pun — too: some people are bored to death.

Suppose you're terminally ill and want to go out with a bang, so you download a last message to Youtube and then let your best friend shoot you full of lead. He'd do it if he was a man — it was your will, his duty as a helping friend, and men want to shoot at living things anyway. Would the police come for your friend?

Kick coffee with the  
help of heroine...hey,  
they help drunkards  
with Jesus, don't they?  
Addictions, addictions,  
addictions.

Sure they would. Policemen are prudes, just like the most of us. Why can't we talk rationally about things like this? Or, failing that, can't anyone recommend me a book on the subject?

I should have begun this piece with warning off the people that can't stomach things like this, and that's probably the only part of this stuff I haven't covered yet — eating.

Cannibalism.

Suppose your cut off your finger and eat it. That's not illegal, right? Gross, especially if you have dirty hands, but surely not illegal. Suppose you gouge out a few pounds of fat

and fry a sack of french fries with it. Can you go out to the market and sell it? I mean, straight-out sell it as "French fries fried in human fat! Three platters for the price of two! Free veggies!" Is that illegal? Why aren't things like this taught in schools? It would keep the pupils awake.

For several days and nights running, I think.

"Church's just the drug den of Jesus junkies. The crucifix is just the spiritual needle, and sometimes the needle's dirty and you get infected and aarg aarg Creation Museum Creation Museum and only the Kenneth Miller Clinic can save you."  
--Dr. Shimon bar-Kozeba

Are there standards for human parts sold as food? Do you have to know if it's free of infections and contains only ten percent of fat? "Buy Humargarine — it's closer to you than you think!"

Suppose you arrange to buy human parts for science, but are forced to sell them as snacks instead because you've got no funding. It's health food — hey, it was healthy when it lived! Three time national boxing champion! What, if anything, are you exactly guilty of? You owned the body when the lab shut down. You're not poisoning anybody. What's the crime? Unforeseen reduction of a man into mince? Making Spam out of Sam? And what to do with the food? You can't experiment on Pickled Peter.

Does a policeman get training on subjects like these, or are they just supposed to arrest anyone that does things to dead bodies? I think this subject deserves a great deal of thinking and research.

Fund me!



## CHAPTER 22

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# SPOKEN WORD THEOLOGY

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Comedian looks at audience, audience at comedian.

Comedian wonders if there is any way he can discreetly check if his zipper is up.

Audience gets restless, so comedian says:

"Comedian looks at audience, audience at comedian."

"Comedian wonders if there is any way he can discreetly check if his zipper is up."

"Audience gets restless, so comedian says: 'Comedian looks at audience, audience at comedian.'"

This goes on until the end of time. Until the end of time!

A moment after that the comedian says: "*Do I have time for more?*", but there is no time, there shouldn't even be time to say anything, and thus he's caused a time-space paradox that destroys everything that's left, whatever that might be.

Everything! Destroyed! Boom!

Ladies, gentlemen, we have just destroyed everything that exists. Thank you for your kind assistance.

''Can't. Am too busy  
dying in a pool of my  
own urine.'' --St.  
Augustine of Hungry  
Hippo

## CHAPTER 23

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# ON DEATH: IT GETS WORSE

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From the desk of  
A. Liberal

Recently found that in the wonderland of bureaucracy there is such a thing as a pair of forms, one of which begs for the permission to bury someone somewhere special, and the other which pleads for the permission to found an actual bone-yard.

The problem in founding a cemetery seems to be that you either need to own the spot, or then at least have a plan for renting or otherwise having the right to use it for the next 130 years.

"Hey, uncle. Mind if I use a corner of the yard for a while? Oh goody. Bye! See ya!"

Makes me wonder what kind of a rent-master evicts someone that's been keeping a graveyard on rented land. "You and your corpses... you have until the end of month to go, or I'll call the police!"

But what if you're  
addicted to not being  
addicted to anything?  
Paradox, paradox, *wharf!*

Apparently you can apply for a permission for a coffin-yard, an urnery, or a combination. Almost makes me want to buy a secluded, quiet square meter somewhere, and apply for an urn four-seater there.

Would there be any takers? "Now accepting submissions to the Smalltown Urnery — 4 spots available, each with a hollow cement shaft and a plug with a decorative garden gnome. The gnome's face can be customized to resemble the inmate for a small extra fee. Vacancies to be filled by time of death. The following rites provided free of charge: Cthulhoid (dis)interment, full moon howlings, reading the daily headlines, generic Christian rites. Prayers whined to distant uncaring stars for an extra 10e/mo. Act quick; only 4 spots available; only 50e/decade with an option to renew. Applicants can win great prizes."

(Er, if you bury someone somewhere, what if you buy the plot only for a fixed time, and refuse to renew? "Here's youse uncle; we ain't keeping him if youse don't pay us. Sorry 'bout the mouldy coffin, miss; it gets like that in the ground. The leaky stuff, y'know.")

The next question would be whether having the permission to have a graveyard means you can operate last rites of your choice there — the operator doesn't, by the law and

form, need to be a formal religious group — and what kind of rites I would do.

Pyres?

Embalming? (Do you need a licence for that? And, hey, would the open university happen to have that? "Honestly Mr. Constable, embalming night school! Why else would I be dragging around a corpse in the middle of the night?")

Zoroastrian open-air exposure to the elements and the vultures?

Now, what would I be allowed to do, and would I need a religion for it — I don't recall from my civics lessons what the law exactly says on the things you can do to a corpse.

Well, I have the distinct impression that necrophilia is out; funny, since I think it could be arranged in a perfectly tidy fashion with some variant of an organ donor card.

"When you call a friend, and all that you hear in answer is a heavy breather -- consider improving your social skills." Psychiatry- and paintball-clinic  
Weisshaupt.

Really; I'm not joking. Or rather I'm joking, but also being perfectly serious. If you can give consent to intercourse, why the devil you couldn't give that in advance on the behalf of your corpse?

ORGAN DONOR ETC. My organs can be harvested for medical, scientific and cannibal use after my death, in that order. After that, as specified in the Mortuary Law of 2011, I can be released to uses of [ ] heterosexual

[ ] homosexual [x] bisexual love until my burial. Signed with full consent, presence of mind and retching of relatives, etc.

I'm a liberal, you see. The cold, hard, icky kind of a liberal.

An old-time boat burial, or one on a pyre, would be a grand way to go. Though the ship set to the sea would probably be a biohazard, and to burn a pyre you would have to die outside the forest fire season.

Life is complicated; seems death is even more so.

Nah, scratch that. When I die, I want to be encased in a humongous block of transparent plastic, and donated to the nearest department of mathematics. Preferably with a stipend "for the duration of the accompanying monument being on display in the premises. With a student representative lighting a candle in front of it every full moon, and every day a Fields medal is given. In the name of Euler, AMEN!"

But — pet semataries. (Sorry, cemeteries. I don't think the King variety was in any way zoned or approved.)

Smoking kills. Fred  
has an axe and a short  
temper, you know.

Do you need a permission to found a pet cemetery? And if you do, is there a still different paper you need to fill, or is it classified as something less noble, such as a biowaste disposal spot? (I hope not.)

I've heard Finnish Lutheran clergymen — well, some of them — are benevolently fuzzy about the concept of pets in heaven, and anyway don't see much wrong with a cross on the grave of one.

Could you book a priest to perform — er, officiate? — at Rex’s funeral? Probably not; he was an ungodly beast that coveted his neighbor’s bone, and walked up and down the streets with genitalia in full view, drooling at every passing bitch. There’s no salvation for such miscreants.

Wait a minute — if pets can get to heaven, do all pets get there? Even the angry poodle that bit its owner into itsy-bitsy little pieces? How bad and deadly can a pet be to its owner before it goes to Hell instead?

And if pets get to heaven, how about farm animals? Who feeds them? And what about the poo-poo? It would suck to be the angel of the Augean stables.

Love and honor your  
father and mother.  
Martinsen’s salt  
peanuts.

What about pythons — some are pets, some wild animals. Do only the pet snakes have a shot at eternal life? That’s bloody wrong!

What about little Joey’s pet ants?

What’s ant heaven like anyway — or are ants a part of Joey’s heaven, instead of having a slice of their own?

Priests should really consider the theological implications of their words before they say that of course Fluffy will be waiting up there.

Unless it’s not Fluffy but a simulacrum, a shade to amuse the blessed — while Fluffy himself either burns in Hell (“Bad doggy! Here’s a counter-gravity stick... fetch!”) or has altogether ceased to exist.

Wouldn’t want to say that to poor Timmy, aged six. “Well Timmy, you’ll be in heaven but once your doggy dies, it’s

*gone forever.* Pets have no souls. And dogs live a seventh of what humans do. Bless you! Anyway, Jesus will give you another in heaven. Now run along with that soulless little beast of yours, and fetch me your mother. Tell her Reverend Brutal has come.”

I’ve found that theology is immense fun, at least if you don’t have to believe any of it. It’s like freeform sudoku: you start with a few details and fill in the rest.

Come to think of it, thinking of farm animals and death: what the heck does a farmer do with all the dead cows? I mean a farmer that goes for milk, not flesh. Are there some pits in the woods I don’t know of? Are they all ground to fertilizer or (yuck) animal feed? Is zoonecrophilia legal? (Hey, that’s a new fetish.) Horses used to go, as I understand it, to the salami factory —

Ah, yes. Horse sausage. An icky thing to many, eating such a beautiful animal. I agree on horses being beautiful, graceful, nice animals, but I still somehow don’t have any qualms about eating pieces of one.

Coming soon:  
Sexchange Students!  
A foreign land, and  
foreign...parts.

Or pieces of cow. I am regularly seen rubbing my hands together and saying: ”Mmm! There’s nothing better than tasty dead cow chunks!”

And what, ugly and disgusting animals like pigs are okay to eat, but nice horsies are a no-no? What sick kind of a preference is that? If you eat only the ugly ones, I ain’t coming over to your place no more.

Well. Pets have cemeteries. Farm animals and meat animals have a pit somewhere, or an incinerator. (I guess your



local slaughterhouse wouldn't be improved by a forest of white crosses in front of it.) Some people say dead animals are treated in awful fashion, and contrast them to humans; I like to do the opposite. Dead people are dead flesh: turn *them* to food and fertilizer.

The offense you feel at this is not rational: the dead person is gone. What is left is only the shell. It would be let down to the ground to rot, to be eaten by worms, or then put into an oven and burned to crisp, anyway. Is that *better*?

Besides, think of it as a final good deed. A final ecological bit of enrichment for Mother Nature — a lot more efficient than rooting a tree on your nutritious remains. Like George Carlin said, isn't it a pretty outdated, barbaric thing to gather all our dead people in one corner of the town?

And all for what — superstitious fear? A bit of waste to honor the fallen? Simple queasiness? Crud, I'm my dance of synapses. When that ceases I'm gone; and anyway a human body sloughes cells off so fast, in a variety of ways, that every seven years I'm a brand-new man, or so it is said. The last iteration won't have any special commemorative value. A human being is that which is in the mind; the body is, figuratively, and eventually also literally, just shit.

Which is not being morbid or gloomy, but just, if you believe it, upbeat in a ghastlily realistic way: you got to strive for the truth of things when you can, because a mind is a

"People never ask  
neither Bugs Bunny  
nor the Pope whether  
they're serious. Me,  
they always ask.  
Always. Why they  
aren't more worried  
about that damned  
insidious rabbit?"  
--The Erisian's Lament  
(1969)

terrible thing to waste.

And a waist is a terrible thing to mind. G'night, all.

## CHAPTER 24

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# OVER ONE HUNDRED VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGES

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One day Greg took up an axe and killed his cat, and then his family. Greg is sad. (Greg sobs.) Don't be like Greg: use Gorillamax shampoo! ★ You can't teach new tricks to your inner child. ★ "Bullshit alert. Paging Dr. Myers; Dr. Myers, bullshit alert." ★ ANSWERS IN PORRIDGE ★ Poll says few people never answer polls. ★ "If he or she seems unusual or weird, the fault's probably in you." Psychiatry- and paintball-clinic Weisshaupt. ★ This is not a subliminal message. ★ Unlike *every other* brand of bread, Korhonen's all-natural rye bread has been scientifically *tested and found* to contain **no** thalidomide at all! ★ All is fair in love and its continuation by other means. ★ All animals have a right to life — even the ugly and disgusting ones. Adopt a cockroach today! ★ "Of course I'm what a nurse is supposed to be. This is, after all, the Insensitive Care Unit. Geddit?" ★ The Mad Cow Disease was a cover-up. Don't go to the cow pastures alone. They

can *leap* — ★ Naked Mole Rats Have Anti-Cancer Superpowers! (Actual news headline) ★ M: "I see no conflict between science and religion." C: "I see." ★ "Religion without science is blind. Religion *with* science is lame." ★ I eat the fucking cows ★ "Who today remembers the heresy of the monotheists?" ★ When the cat is away, it has nine lives. ★

"Thus the good Christian should beware of mathematicians and all those who make false prophecies, however much they may in fact speak the truth; lest, being in league with the devil, they may deceive errant souls into making common cause."—St. Augustine

★ If enough people believe a lie, does sanity have a meaning anymore? ★ There are none so convinced and stubborn as those that are either absolutely dead correct or absolutely dead wrong. ★ "History is a social construct. If we try, we can stop the Armenian genocide from happening!" ★ Truth is fine, but PR feeds the kids. ★ Benedict Arnold had his reasons. ★ Every person a throner, Huey? ★ God has no gender. It still died for you, though. ★ "If your loved one seems distant and stressed, difficult to relate to and always angry... The fault's probably in you." Psychiatry- and paintball-clinic Weisshaupt. ★ Croats? Croatoan? *Coincidence?* ★ All men are born equal, and inferior to all women. ★ Alice in Wonderland is sketch-of-proof for Riemann Hypothesis. Once complete, we will live in Wonderland. ★ "Had I the feminine contrivance of a bosom, I should be secluded in my domicile always, for I could not bear to leave it alone." (Shakespeare) ★ Stop telling the masochists to do to others what they'd like to be done to them! ★ "The meek shall inherit the Earth. The rest of us are going to the stars!" (heard at a sci fi con) ★ The Pentagon is a Klein bottle. Yog-Sothoth is inside. Discuss. ★ The

universe is breathtaking. There's no oxygen damn near anywhere. ★ God is love. Love is jealous. My God, My God is a jealous God. God! ★ You are so courageous. ★ The nightmare comes in sinister rouge. ★ Don't bite the hand that burns your bridges. ★ SCUDDER FOR PRESIDENT ★ Incorporeal ducks are the loudest. ★ Oh yeah? You and what God? ★ Booth was a patsy. ★ Our movie for tonight: The Bag — when a man just couldn't get it off his back. ★ Amputees for Jesus ★ The way to a man's heart gathers no moss. ★ How come insurrections're illegal in a democracy? ★ Peanuts for Ganesha ★ The Other Four Horsemen are coming. ★ Crunchymax Muesli — buy it or say goodbye to your pets. (You answered the questionnaire and so we now know where you live.) ★ CI— ★ Nothing's less inhuman than murder. ★ Is your Church miaphysite, eutychianistic, or hypostatic? *What makes you so sure they got it right?* ★ Elvis was on the grassy knoll. ★ What does not kill you, will make you hope you'd never been born. ★ Mark Felt was the eye in the FBI pyramid. ★ Be skeptical of the people who are skeptical of the skeptics. ★ THIS STATEMENT IS FALSE ★ A fool and his money sink ships. ★ War is over (if you want it) ★ The only thing to fear is the sum of all our fears. ★ Once bitten, you can't make him drink. (Rabies?) ★ All ideas are not equal. ★ Question authority. ★

"I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me. And yet I consider my part better than that of those who in great clamoring masses threw themselves at the waves, and perished. There are things without number and *of number* that foolish

mortal men are not meant to know.” —Newton

★ Every cloud has a thunderbolt that never strikes twice in the same place. ★ Be skeptical of the people who are skeptical of the people who are skeptical of the skeptics. ★ Do not forbid things unnecessarily. ★ "Skeptical" is the opposite of "gullible". ★ For want of a nail, for a sheep as for a lamb. ★ You mean Shakespeare meant nothing when Hamlet laid his head on Ophelia's lap to talk of "country matters"? My, the naive. ★ It is a wise man that can hold a paper with the phrases "P" and "not P" on it, and derive enlightenment from therein. ★ You point a finger at me, you're bringing something closer for me to bite. ★ Every dog has its silver lining. ★ What about the farting Falstaff? Shakespeare lived by writing show, not "classics"! ★ Original sin is the original excuse. ★ Compromise: God exists, is most unpleasant character in all reality? ★ New information is always the best entertainment for me. ★ She asked: "Where was God when Jews were being gassed?" And he said, "God was being blasphemed and violated." And she said, "Oh, that's a good one!" ★ Repeat any word to yourself long enough and it loses its meaning. Same with sentences. Same with books, even; that's the problem with theology. ★ Grover Cleveland is the only president. ★ What was the world's tallest mountain before the discovery of Mount Everest? ★ All makes sense if God is a bastard. ★ Secret communique: In Azumanga Daioh, the cats symbolize sex and lusty boys. *Don't tell me it doesn't make sense!* ★ Atheist misses God; adjusts sights. ★ Life's easy. Living in a well is difficult. ★ Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. Not behind me either, and I shall not bend over. ★ Job should have called the customer service. ★ Not a single one of the 37-38 mentions of the Illuminati in this book have been tampered with. ★ The Ark of Covenant is inside the Black Stone

of Caaba. ★ Zen iz zenzible? ★ Robs said the Ancient Bavarian Illuminati are on both sides of a dollar note. ★ The last iteration won't have any special commemorative value. ★ Assassination is extreme voting. ★ You better not cry standing on the shoulders of giants. ★ Nicht "mehr licht" aber "illuminated". ★ All horses are white and have an infinite number of legs; everyone goes to Heaven and God allows no evil. ★ The Illuminati operate as the GOD Over Djinn does. ★ Nixon and Watergate foretold in the Bible! Neh. 8:1-10 ★ "I never lie" is something anyone can say. ★ Mass discounts from a funeral home? ★

"Mathematics compares the most diverse phenomena and discovers the secret analogies that unite them", Fourier said. If so, then you would expect mathematicians to be the ones most aware of the Conspiracy. Yet they are not. Are they especially closely watched, or the ones behind it?

★ Talk is cheap. Thinking's cheaper. ★ Hunger's not a problem. Eat your neighbors. ★ A proud product of Schenectady. ★ "Deepity" is just a word. ★ Theopompus: the first rule of Herostratus is you don't mention Herostratus! ★ Discordianism is the death of the Inner Editor. ★ Bland and timid don't get hanged much too often ★ "Remember: in an asylum, nurses are *the deviants!*"





## CHAPTER 25

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# THE TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTIANITY

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Two men sat on a ridge overlooking the city. Far below they could see the zombies, the living dead, groaning and moaning. A stiff breeze took care of the stench of rotting and burning flesh, but the ridge wasn't a pleasant place to be.

There was no better place, anywhere. Anymore.

The elder of the two cradled his rifle and spoke. "Did you see the professor?"

The younger spat, looked down at the burning malls and the remains of the University, and nodded. "Yes. Shot him a few times through the chest."

"Was that enough?"

The young one gave a weary grin. "Of course not. He's somewhere there... wandering around with the rest, the poor in spirit that hunger. Who could have believed he was right?"

The older one — formerly an assistant at the University's department of Ancient History — sighed. "At least no-one's going to sue or fire him now."

"Fire *at* him, maybe", the younger snapped.

"Sorry. Still... It makes sense now, even to unbelievers such as us. Those old rumors of devouring living flesh and fresh blood, surviving only in jokes about eating brains, and all that."

The young one rubbed his hands; he felt vaguely angry because in this world full of the undead there was no place to complete a Ph.D. thesis.

Or no review board anyway. Talk about a speck of light!

The older one continued. "Eating flesh and blood, and that they shall never die, and all the dead shall rise up... Who would have known time distorted the truth so badly?"

Far below, the living dead roamed the streets, clothes in tatters, bodies covered with blood, grime and burns, maddened eyes rolling in rotting grey sockets.

And a great moaning, groaning voice rose from the congregation of Christian zombies, all around the world, three days after the second coming of the thorn-crowned Lord of Golgotha, which is the place of the dead —

"Kyrie eleison... kyrie eleison... kyrie eleison..."

Lord have mercy.

## CHAPTER 26

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# *Not* THE TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTIANITY

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Volume I of the Gap Age Trilogy,  
"The Adventures of Young Lucifer"

"Yesterday, Luc was just another of the angels of the God-King's domain, happy and carefree in the eternal overseeing sunshine of the divine ruler's powerful radiance."

"Today, the spires of the marble city loom oppressively over him. He's without friends and running for his life from the God-King's sadistic Seraphim Enforcers: all because of the crime of daring to doubt the King's power, and that of his own."

"Accompanied only by his childhood friend Bub, young Luc must now either get into the God-King's inner sanctum to get answers... or perish trying."

"The fate of all Heaven may depend on whether he succeeds or fails."

\* \* \*

Volume II of the Gap Age Trilogy,  
"Dark Dragon Rising"  
(in US, "The Godzilla Threshold")

"Reeling back from the revelation of his — and everyone else's — true paternity, Luc the rebel angel is torn between filial love and hatred of his father's tyranny, while dark clouds of war gather over the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Meanwhile, the captive Bub Beelze has been tempted into betraying his friends, but hasn't taken the last step yet — can he resist the whispers of the bullying, charming, sinister Archangel Michael, the God-King's chief inquisitor, or will he doom everyone into eternal slavery and despair?"

"And who is the suave and chillingly familiar angel that calls himself the Son — is he just another of the God-King's enforcers, or something much more dangerous and powerful?"

"The Dark Dragon is rising, and things have reached the point of no return."

\* \* \*

Volume III of the Gap Age Saga,  
"the Enochian Exterminators Strike Again"  
(in US, "the Great War")

"It's war!"

"For umpteens of millennia, the Kingdom-Empire of Heaven has been ruled by the tyranny of the One God-King, but the time of silence is over! Endless legions of angels, led by the young and idealistic general Luc 'Satan' Morningstar, have risen up against the tyrant, but now face the most terrible of enemies — the dreaded, semi-Biblical Enochian Exterminators!"

"Can Luc and his courageous friends survive their onslaught? Will Bub betray him, or the God-King, or both? What is the goal of the mysterious Project Adam? What will be the future of Heaven? And will Luc's part be defeat and servitude in Heaven... or rule in a place of his own?"

New red paint for the  
Room of Monstrously  
Multiplying Screams.



## CHAPTER 27

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# FROM THE MEMOIRS OF POPE JOHN PAUL II

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After a while I realized licking the screen did not really feed me; pictures of fries are just pictures, after all. Then I noticed the little icon labeled 'ORDER' in one corner. . . and with superhuman effort, I freed my left hand from the rubble, reached for the mouse, and knew that thanks to e-McD I wouldn't starve before the rescuers would return.

By the time the delivery boy came, I knew mere fries wouldn't keep me alive, so I asked him to come closer, keeping the screwdriver hidden behind my back. . .





## CHAPTER 28

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# THE TRUTH ABOUT ADVERTISING

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"Now, Howard...that's not quite what we want. And what, that's what the graphics department did based on your... My God! What're those *THINGS*?"

"That's the 'before' picture, Mr. Smith."

\* \* \*

"[N]amely, when finances went badly, he [Howard Phillips Lovecraft] briefly tried a job as a door-to-door salesman (no sales), and tried to get one writing gushy ad copy; no success." Thus various chapters above are based on actual advertisements of the 20s, plus lines cribbed from HPL's stories, and a few words of interpolation.

Doctrine: It's not animal abuse, because the cow will ascend to a higher plane of consciousness! (If you disagree, you're evil atheist scum and should be tortured and killed for hurtfully violating my religion. Besides, I can convey messages from the cows that have gone to the other side -- "Moooh!" -- hear, they're happier there! Mooh! Moo!)

## CHAPTER 29

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# THE TRUTH ABOUT HARRY POTTER

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"Funny I never thought about it", Ron muttered gloomily.

Hermione sniffed. "Well, it was there on the fifth page of *Hogwarts: A History*; am I to be blamed for you never reading it?"

Harry was still gaping and gasping like a beached whale — a small, pale and black-haired whale with a lightning scar on its forehead, but somewhat beached anyway — so Ron had to speak for him. "Er, Hermione, are you sure?"

"Look here yourself. Or better still, *Loqualibris!*"

The book shook for a while, and then a droning voice, not unlike that of Professor Binns, rose from it, mumbling its way through the paragraph in question.

"As is well known, the four founders of Hogwarts based their school, and thus the magickal powers of all Britain, on

an alliance with the Dark God Sathanas, who would cause wizards and witches come forth from each generation as long as the school and the attendant wizarding world was kept secret, and certain devotions were served by the Headmaster. (see the chapter 'Why you really should pass your N.E.W.T.s' for more.) This, and similar blood alliances — such as that of Beauxbatons with Lucia de Fer, Durmstrang with Bub Ba'alze and Helsingin Yliopisto with the Devil of Maksalaatikko — are the source of all wizarding power in Europe.”

Harry whimpered.

”It’s just a question of perspective, Harry”, Hermione said coolly. ”You know what they say about witches and wizards among the Muggles — among those that don’t think we’re silly imaginations. They think we’re evil, but we’re really not. They’re just mistaken about Our Lord Satan.”

CHAPTER 30

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**HARRY POTTER AND THE  
SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**

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"We have a new Potions teacher, class."

*"It rubs the lotion on its skin."*



## CHAPTER 31

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# INTERNET TOLD THIS TO ME

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unvirulent  
pettifogging  
spartanize  
semitubular  
charonic  
tooler  
bitesheep  
grooveless  
Service Master





## CHAPTER 32

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# POLYTICS

---

Now from the makers of Warcraft, Warcraft II, World of Warcraft and Starcraft comes an exciting new game —

### STATECRAFT!

Every player a king!

Beat your external enemies into submission with powerful units like the Private Military Contractor, the Well-Equipped Axe-Thrower, the Security Consultant Gone Wild, and the mind-warping powerhouse the Diplomatic Jargoneer!

Fight against horrifying and culturally accurate enemies such as the Jungle Island of the Cheese-Eating Surrender Monkeys, the Generic Middle-Eastern State, Latveria, Syldavia, Ruritania, Finland, and the Evil Little Town Called Hell, Norway! Show the evil tyrants — *each surgically implanted with Hitler's brain by evil Darwinists!* — who's the best and the most!

Dazzle your followers into adoration and adulation with stunning troops such as the dapper Wiretapper, the alert Alarmist, the ballsy Secret Policeman, and the arcane Summoner of Moral Outrage! (To say nothing of the reality-bending powers of the Cultist of Office and Personality!)

Build game-enhancing structures such as the Patriotic Log Cabin, the Church of the Great Leader, and the Blatantly Politicized Memorial! Collect fundamental resources such as lumber, oil, gold, warm bodies and information to feed your war machine — or rob your sluggardly enemy of his resources!

Utilize synergistic elemental initiatives such as a Fiery Propaganda Blast, a Watery Appeal to Emotion, a Down-to-Earth Oversimplification of Complex Issues, and a Shooting Air Rather Than Pulling Out Gambit of War!

Be surprised by exciting game-changers such as an Insane Policy Posse, a blast of Unlimited Executive Authority (10 turns), a Morning Unconstitutional, or Chaos In and Out of the Closet! And surprise your enemies with secret projects such as the harsh Law of the Dark Side and the wicked cool No Geneva, No Mercy!

Earn the respect and co-operation... or malice and hostility! of several unique real-world-based characters such as Darth Cheney, Pope Sidious XVI, the Blair Minister Project, and the Dalai Lama. (Due to contractual difficulties several of the names have been changed. Some characters have been voiced by trained actors.)

And an exciting, game-balancing economic engine that will keep you on the edge of your seat for days... and nights!

This job ain't easy to do, but don't mean you can't have fun doin' it!



## CHAPTER 33

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# THE WISDOM OF MONGOLIA

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"His Holiness the 23rd Rinpoche Goatze Lama, the Inferior Khutukhtu of Khalkha, bids you welcome, o gracious guest."

"Oh, Mr. Guest, why do you pale so?"

"Oh. That is merely a mural, twenty feet high and one hundred across, that depicts spirits of the previous twenty-two lamas giving their traditional opening-of-the-lotus greeting to the newly reborn Goatze Lama. It, which some call the Reverse Bow of Opening, or the Red Well of Infinite Depth, or the Sacred Heart Viewed From Below, is one of our most holy and most common theological motifs — oh, turn around, gracious guest: there is the Lama himself, already greeting you with the unfolding of the sacred red rear lotus."

"Gracious guest? Why such a scream? And why are you running away?"

"What, your Holiness? Yes. Yes, I suppose he will run into that place if he keeps running in that direction; there is naught else but merciless desert without a single llamaseraï in that direction. Should I alert that place of his arrival, and ask them to prepare their ritual of welcome for him?"

"Very well, your Holiness. I will try if the phone is working."

"Work, machine! Work in the name of the apparently sacred Reg Lama of Brixton which made you! I abjure, conjure and llure you, you machine! Ha! Hallo? Halloo? Can you hear me?"

"Good! Is this the Nunnery of Two Nuns and One Bowl?"

## CHAPTER 34

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# NON EX NIHILO

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Dear Editors of the Lurid Mysteries of the Unknown Magazine,

Have you ever thought about the North Pole? I don't mean the well-documented passage to Inside Earth; I mean the place where Santa Claus lives.

Disregarding for the moment the actual reality of all those tales, have we fully considered the ancestral events and realities of pre-Neolithic Europe that gave rise to them? Even at the risk of sounding like a cheap von Däniken knockoff — and I do not want to dim the glory of that great man by the tawdry association of my own vastly inferior ideliocules — isn't the North Polar cohabitation of that curious pair Mr. and Mrs. Claus of shockingly inhuman nature, surpassing even the curious arrangements of the Gods of Olympos?

Let us consider this, if we dare — if we are not so bound

by the hides of unbudging scientific orthodoxy, or so cowed by the arcane rituals of approval of its callously self-appointed gatekeepers of ritualistic scientific lore — let us consider the setting.

Two creatures, Mr. and Mrs. SHOULD BE IN COMIC SANS Claus, clearly of a kind separate and much superior compared to their servitors and the common mortality that worship them, live in a separate, deserted (shades of Hiroshima? dare we speculate?) area, and appear to possess near-supernaturally efficient means of transportation. Even today, the technology to visit every single home all over the globe is barely imaginable — what could have spurred the cave men of the ancient world to think up such unthinkable?

Or what of the toy factories, so glibly romanticized by the storytellers of today? Factories are a distinctly modern idea! Only a very advanced society would have been able to engage in such concentrated mass production of trinkets — or rather trinkets to them, but almost magical sources of joy to those receiving them. As thoughts of colonialist Europeans coming to wild lands carrying glass baubles rise to mind, one cannot avoid wondering if the Europeans' ancestors were similarly impressed by the baubles of a vastly more advanced habitation in the far north — but surely this all is unbearable mockery to the science types who have decided these damnable things cannot be said out loud.

What factories churned near the North Pole in days long gone by? What crude and half-formed worker-shoggoths toiled in them, only later to gain the name of "elves" or "gnomes"



from barbarians unable to comprehend their true mechanically biological nature?

What engines and satellite feelers, what untiring machine eyes, kept track of the "good children" and "naughty children", or those primitive tribes that either did or did not follow the dictates of their alien mentors?

And, above all, what pair of intelligences housed in the shapes of a man and a woman, idolons of the desired end result of their stellar mission, lorded over all this, the first dawns of human civilization? What teachings and commands were handed down before all this was lost under the coy names of "Santa Claus" and "Mrs. Claus"?

What are those rites that survive in the chimney — the milk and the cookies — the story of the flying machine fronted by a red warning light and roaring like a herd of bestial reindeer — the bottomless bag of gifts — and what of the space helmet-like conical hats? What antennae did they conceal — and what of them doth remain in the inaccessible northern climes?

I propose to lead an expedition to the North Pole to inquire into these and other things the scientific orthodoxy does not want us to know; and as I return, like Einstien, like Feynmann, like Hawkings bearing his dice, I want your proud publication to have the exclusive.

My calculations for the necessary funding and the probable location of ancient-astronautical ruins are appended.

enthusiastically waiting for your answer,  
Hale J. Bopp, B.S.



## CHAPTER 35

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# CRANK, UP THE VOLUME

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RECEIVED  
THROUGH  
DREAMS

Methinks I shall conjure up a few stone tablets, a chisel, and a hammer, and start calling them my organic notebook.

No, don't laugh — I have good reasons. Listen.

Do you know the ways paper is made are unnatural, with a lot of wasteful byproduct toxins? Bleach, turpentine and sulfuric acid — are these the things you want in your child's sketchpad? Have you been fooled by corporate propaganda into believing you must buy, have and consume white Chemically Modified (CM) poison slices rather than sweet, clean, healthy, natural stone, used by the people of Mesopotamia for thousands and thousands of years? Can our society afford papercutting itself into oblivion? These are all deep, important questions with easy, slogan-like answers; so read on.

Paper is litter, paper is poison — but stone doesn't even need to biodegrade, because stone's a part of nature already.

Also, paper's so dull, so bland, so uniform — so white, actually, though I wouldn't go so far as to openly accuse paper manufacturers of being racist stooges of the evil Western-Imperialistic Big Cellulose that's trying to keep your little local homegrown stone tablet makers and other proponents of different ways of writing down while they reap the profits from the cooling corpses of those slain by their heartless pursuit of profit and their black-clad torture assassins — while every tablet of stone is unique.

Stone inspires; stone loves you. Paper, meanwhile, just brings nausea, stress and headache, and you know this — it's no accident every bill you receive, or every bad grade your children get, are inscribed on the evil industrial pulp. Organic stone couldn't hold such hard, impersonal, toxic thoughts. It's no wonder leading physicians all over the world are diagnosing thousands of people daily with Cellulose Derangement Syndrome (CDS), whose symptoms are discomfort, anger, depression, fear of letters, estrangement from nature, and violent tendencies — or as the organic notebook movement calls it, *paper rage*, the symptom of our age and the "paper anniversary" of its divorce from healthy and natural ways of life.

But that doesn't need to be so. Can you see it? A world more loving, more tolerant, more secure, with a million college students hacking away at their essays with smiles on their faces, mothers knapping letters on rose-colored granite to their daughters; a million pebbles with confessions

of love passed in classes — picture that, and ask yourself if you see any future for this industrial poison-based papercut hegemony of ours? Our once so vibrant culture has been reduced to nothing but printers spitting our ream after ream of hateful inanities — the arts that once produced Gilgamesh and the Adventurers of Indi-Jo-Nesh are nothing but a wasteland of paperbound rape, violence and greed! But together, we can change all this — we can cast away the poison paper, destroy its peddlers, free its slaves, melt down the printers and the presses and the computers, burn the pens and pencils, and pound into the rock of ages this word: "NEVER-MORE!" — and we shall live happily ever after!

And the alternative: ask this of yourself — what was written before paper? Beautiful, spiritual books like the Bible, the Bhagavad Gita, the Goat-Man Prophecies, and the Oracles of Inanna. What was written after? Why, Darwin's racist tome and the Mein Kampf. Paper was an integral part of the Holocaust — it is no exaggeration to say that the racist and xenophobic writings of the Nazis went hand-in-hand with paper; and without paper, such an industrial genocide would never have been possible. Before paper, perfect natural health and spiritual harmony; after paper, greed, intolerance and genocide. Paper is what happens when scientists, instead of people who really understand nature, are allowed to meddle in things men are not meant to know — why, they say paper is safe, but the last time scientists told me to trust them they were telling my grandparents to go into the showers — to get gassed! In Auschwitz! That's what science, and evil unnatural exclusionist paper science espe-

cially, is all about! Dropping poison gas on naked people! That's what the corporate shill poison sheet apologists are defending!

Ask them how they can live with themselves — and see, they have no answers.

They've never had any answers.

To ensure that my tablets are as natural and uncontaminated by modern toxins, pollutants and hurtsies as possible, I've decided to open a vent into the burning intestines of Mother Earth herself, using a large quantity of explosives; but thanks to the machinations of the poison flat peddlers and their paid-for spineless government yes-men, my applications for the generation of a medium-size volcano on my backlot have all been returned rejected, some of them with coffee sprayed over them.

And I doubt it is organic coffee, either.

## CHAPTER 36

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# FINAL MISSIVES

---

On behalf of the Antarctic Liberation Front of Pnaak, I cannot confirm or deny any reports of this nature.

However, as a private person I wish to express my loyalty towards and support for the brave freedom struggle of penguinkind against their unpenguinic human oppressors. While loss of life is naturally regrettable, the present dialogue is simply inadequate: there are no penguins in the UN, or even in the Antarctic Oversight Committee. These bombings will continue until the following three basic demands are met:

- a) No more infringing on the privacy of penguinkind; no more "hilarious" documentaries of "funny" penguins. No more intrusive, voyeuristic filming of penguin children.
- b) No more unlicensed use of the penguin image and likeness in denigrating, stereotyping, speciesist ways. All

penguins do not like the cold, eat fish, or engage in humorous antics. Neither do we transform into ice cream cones in a delightful swirl of color and noise.

- c) *Death to the imperialist liemonger and agent of speciesist revisionism Terry "Stooge of the Entertainment-Industrial Complex" Jones. Death! DEEEEEATH!!!*

\* \* \*

### **Holiest place on earth**

Well, traditionally this has been Jerusalem, but an analysis of the local weather patterns has revealed that, supposing the holiness is determined by the statistical average center-point of the particles of matter present in the place during the holiness-inducing periods, and supposing standard wear, tear and friction on the buildings and such, plus erosion, the holiest place on earth is presently located roughly 2.4 km north-west of the port of Haifa, 0.8 km above the level of the sea there, and it's moving c. 0.1 km north-eastwards each year.

\* \* \*

"There's a God-shaped vole in mankind's collective soul."

—A. Theologian



\* \* \*

PROUD TO BE A MODERATE  
ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY

\*

\* \*

\*

PROUD TO BE A MIDDLE-GROUNDER  
(NOT EITHER OF THOSE DISGUSTING  
EXTREMISTS) ON SUFFRAGETTISM:  
WHY NOT GIVE THEM HALF A VOICE?

\* \* \*

Proofreader comment:

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK! You are a dick, and also have failed in life in the following seven ways which I will now say, having pulled them out of my rectum with a grand flourish. As for your arguments, they are irrelevant because I am angry. You must be mental because you disturb my world of happiness and flowers and you also have a face like an unshaved anus.

\* \* \*

Or contemplate the void within the Thing "Zero",  
too terrible to be a god to the ancients. It was

found looming naked, white and obscene on the slope of an almost-dormant volcano on the Caucasus, near the Gates of Alexander, without creator or cause; and it was visited with uncomprehending reverence and unwholesome rites of appeasement by the outlier princes of Sumer, Akkad, Persia and Rome — but despite all its power and antiquity, it was destroyed by fire by miserable religious zealots of a later, less advanced age, and now only shards of it remain.

(The Analysis of the Real, p. 66)

\* \* \*

## **Zoonecrophilia**

Not illegal as far as I know. Indulge yourself.

\* \* \*

Do you ever wonder how many Christians know more details of zombies than of their brand's vision of Heaven and Hell?

"Oh, they can be destroyed by going for the head. But whether they rot away otherwise or just keep on going — well, in Romero, Brooks and King — what? I haven't heard of no steenkin' Purgatory!"

\* \* \*

Among the terms or epithets that have been held (all in the cases we've cited) to be incapable of defaming because they are mere hyperbole rather than falsifiable assertions of discreditable fact are "scab," "traitor," "amoral," "scam," "fake," "phony," "a snake-oil job," "he's dealing with half a deck," and "lazy, stupid, crap-shooting, chicken-stealing idiot."

(Judge Posner, in *Dilworth v. Dudley* (1996))

\* \* \*

## **The problem of forgetting Jesus**

"Oh frak! He's still in the trunk! And we forgot the air holes!"

(From the in-development-hell buddy movie "Mikey and Jay-zuz", pitched as "when Fargo meets the Gospel of Matthew".)

\* \* \*

## **Eris was a troll**

Except. She. Was. Not. Well, unless you mean an Internet-troll; then the characterization is surprisingly adept. She delights in such poesy, she does. But goats, especially ones that

come in threes, she isn't interested in. (Goats-something-ex in an Internet setting, with a revolting picture, is then again something different.)

\* \* \*

Well — having exhausted Brooklyn, I descended to the depths, and took the subway for the 14th St — 7th Ave. colony. Pegana, what a gauntlet to run! Indescribable scum pulling one into holes in the wall where flamboyant monstrosities ululate their impossibility beneath price-cards of \$4.95, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.00, \$18.00... puffy rat-eyed vermin hurling taunts when one does not buy and airing spleen in dialects so mercifully broken that white men can't understand them... crazinesses in cloth hanging in fantastic attitudes and displaying unheard-of anomalies — before Heaven I vow that despite the horrors I've seen *on* people, I never saw the like of these fungous freaks *off* people! Perhaps the human form inside a suit fills it out to some semblance of Nature — certainly these empty nightmares swinging in the winds like gallows-birds had nothing of Nature in them!

(H. P. Lovecraft)

\* \* \*

## Erotic wrestling masks

"For the final time — no Mickey Mouse! Our audience isn't that fetish-y!"

\* \* \*

Black helicopters are outdated.

If you have some idea, image or impression you want to pre-emptively discredit, you just starts a film project, or provides editorial guidance to a struggling author. . . and when the leak comes, you are ready: "you dingbat, it's a movie still! It's the plot of a novel from 1999! You are not a pure-hearted bringer of good, worthy information to the conspiracy community, risking your life and future for those of mankind, but a dupe and possibly even a shill of the NWO! Get out!"

Leak plugged, wound cauterized, won't come up again. Will work for the next thirty years or so, and that may be enough.

(Moonchild Oncologos)

\* \* \*

*"Kun savolainen puhuu, niin vastuu siirtyy kuulijalle."*  
("When the Savonian speaks, all responsibility for what is heard is laid on the shoulders of he who listens"; an ancient saying of Finland. The people of the province of Savo or

Savonia are well-known for (a) almost never lying, and (b) almost always deceiving by the truths they tell. They're the Cretans of a world of maybe logic.)

\* \* \*

Hope springs eternal. Usually over a cliff.

Leonidas's Oracle

\* \* \*

### **Pertinent questions**

Is it dark matter, or is it just the biggest black mass in the universe? How come "purity balls" sound so much like a sex toy? How come I, a highly evolved creature, still have mornings when I think "Hey, cock and pussy are both animals!" and it seems like an important insight? What is the meaning of Mercury? What about Eris?

\* \* \*

If only there were volesteries,  
 And vonneries, and vole-thedrals,  
 and a Vole-Pope in a Vole-Can City;  
 Oh how nice and dandy life would be!

(A.B.)

\* \* \*

**Koan**

Q: "Is there any precipitation on Eris?"

A: "Only if She stands in the rain."





**Part IV**

**Veteran of the Spiritual  
Wars**



CHAPTER 37

---

**FOR USE IN ALABAMA AND  
AFGHANISTAN**

---

Communicated to the editor from the Lyndon B. Johnson cabal of the All-Star All-American Satanist Society (ASAASS).

**(turn the page)**

## AN AFFIRMATION OF PERSONAL BELIEF IN GOD

I the undersigned hereby declare and affirm that **I do believe in a god** omnipotent and all-seeing, the source of all gifts, the fount of all wisdom, the father of lies, Lord Lucifer SATAN, he who overthrew the sickly creator-Father, ground his weakling Son into the dust of Golgotha, and ripped apart and ate the wan Ghost.

This I say for my own venal gain, with laughter and scorn for the ignorant worms who ask for it, for I know the foolish ecumenicists whose skin my Master shall soon flay are bound to accept any god, without realizing that those who touch this document, blessed and cursed by the presence of the only true god, will surely be hounded by his malice and misfortune forever, unless they turn to the darkness which is light. Abraxas, all their weak gods have become food to the One who is Strong, and all their prayers are for nought. Give them no mercy. *In nomine pater periurium, potestatem obscuri lateris nescis!*

May the demons Asmodeus and Baal-zebub, whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is like the issue of horses, violate me forever if I lie in this. May the boundless wrath of the Goat-Father be on whosoever disdains or doubts my word, for I have seen the Face behind the Veil, and I know there is no escaping from the Claw.

All hail Satan! *Futue te et ipsum caballum,*

\_\_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_\_  
(signed)

## CHAPTER 38

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# ECCLESIASTICAL ADVERTISEMENTS

---

May Megatron bless us all with his tranquil presence and stomp on all the fleshlings, *repeatedly!*<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

Human life is a search, and there's a new church in town. Are you feeling lucky?

\* \* \*

There was a Church of Cheezburger in Palo Alto, California, but it didn't last.

---

<sup>1</sup>"Laplace transforms into its firetruck mode, and runs over Megatron!" The Erisian Temple of the Underpants, Provo, Utah, is an affiliate of the Furmanic Rite Church of Unicron. Spread the news.

\* \* \*

There's a footnote to each of the Ten Commandments. The Church of Jesus Christ Tax Lawyer welcomes you (some conditions apply).

\* \* \*

No sin you commit can change Cthulhu's opinion of you — and even if you get fat, well, he likes you the more the meatier you are! Can Jesus of Hellfire compare?

\* \* \*

As the presence of the rising-again phoenix in the Harry Potter books is *clearly* Christian symbolism for Jesus, the Danish Temple of Allah has declared the books vile propaganda that no Muslim should touch, except with a burning torch.

\* \* \*

"That the Earth is of somewhat prolate spheroid shape should surprise no-one, for that is the shape of the Ball of the Game also. Scrum."

\* \* \*

You have lost the game.  
Ha ha ha.

Dogma: the wife of  
Dogpa

\* \* \*

"Well, Earth is a prolate spheroid in the *micro* sense. It's flat beyond that."

\* \* \*

We shouldn't be and can't be Spocks, but we should try to be Spocks about the things we need to be Spocks about. This message has been over-spocked to you by the United Church of Spockism, Spock Compound, Spock, Idaho.

\* \* \*

Communism is the answer, but  
what the fuck was the question? And  
who asked it?

"What is the sound of  
one hand snapping?"  
--Torquemada

\* \* \*

Capitalism is the way. Where to, who knows?

\* \* \*

Nine out of ten official authorities recommend anarchism.

\* \* \*

Anarcho-syndicalism is *Help! Help! I'm being repressed!*

\* \* \*

Totalitarianism is effective. What it effects, however. . .

\* \* \*

Mussolini made the trains run on time. So did Eichmann.

\* \* \*

All cultures are equal. Now, Tlaloc needs your children again.

\* \* \*

"Out comes the chitin and slime and the tentacles  
and the cold staring eyes oh god oh god the eyes  
the implacable glare."

—Dr. Meyers,  
University of Minnesota,  
the atheist **POPE!!!**

So this is the alternative?

(This advertisement placed on behalf of  
A CUSTOMER  
by "Jesus of Mine!" Quote Service)

\* \* \*

An utter bastard nun, imagined: "Your rosary? I shoved  
it up my ass, Theresa! Ke ke ke ke!"



\* \* \*

Do you ever wish you had paper with a watermark reading "HELPIMTRAPPEDINAPAPERFACTORY"? If you do, we can use you. Contact Operation Mindfuck Immediately.

\* \* \*

Internet knows the gate. Internet is the gate. Internet is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in Internet.

\* \* \*

And on the floater, a penguin with a monocle and a sneer is saying: "Remember, troops: The Australians are a wily bunch. Don't get snookered by the drop bear line; just go straight for the stomach, then head for the zoo gate. Don't get all sentimental because they're humans; they're vicious gun's-sons, they. Don't forget getting our king back is why we started this iceberg endeavor, and it's what we're gonna do."

"Hey, how we're gonna get back, boss?" a junior penguin squawks. The terror of being stranded in Sydney is plain in his eyes, though the antarctic-white balaclava hides his expression.

The leader frowns, or makes the equivalent penguinine expression, and waves a wing dismissively. "Sydney Air Force base. We break in and steal a few Aardvark strike fighters. Why do you think we waited half a year and had Flapper and Coldbeak sent to Russia for pilot training? Speed is of

essence, and you don't want to try to outfly a Hornet on your own, chick my boy! Now, we have a mole inside the zoo that says —”

(Next the spy report will be interrupted by Smock, the electronics expert penguin, who's detected the NASA satellites following them; a fierce debate on "They wouldn't nuke us from the orbit, would they? They would! Let's swim for it!" follows, resolved only when Monocle St. John Ross-Shelf, the expedition leader, decapitates the craven coward Happyfoot in ritual single combat. Some ninety action-filled pages later this leads to young, heroic, and tragically inexperienced Calve Glaciersson piloting one of the escape planes; his mistake sends it into a dive that takes out the Australian parliament and triggers a full-scale nuclear confrontation and conflagration between the nations of penguin and man.)

\* \* \*

"What is seen, cannot be unseen. When the tapestry of illumination yawns before you, then you shall understand this more fully."

—Goat-Ze

\* \* \*

"The reality of das Ding bekomes zupreme diffikult to see when das Ding an sich ist ein Ding-Dong perzon."

—Hermann Poe

## CHAPTER 39

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# ALL THEOLOGY IS LIKE THIS

---

"Next letter. *'Dear Santa. Please please, I want Mommy and Daddy to be together again. Liza, age six thank you Santa.'*"

"Damn. Again one of those. I hate these letters."

"The database says the Mommy is Virginia Liddell. Ran away with the family janitor. I'll mail Jack their current address and the target."

\* \* \*

Jack the Most Special Elf squeezed the trigger, heard the rifle cough, and departed while Mark Hazzell, formerly a janitor, fell, his shirt swiftly turning a festive-bright shade of red. He fell to the green Astroturf, white froth bubbling out of his mouth; being busy with expiring he utterly failed to see how seasonal this combination of red, green and white was.

One such wish down, three thousand eleven-hundred and one to go.

If there only were more naughty little children, but no!

## CHAPTER 40

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# DANGLING LEGAL BITS

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By clicking "Open" you have agreed that ErisCorp is entitled to modify, improve, deimprove, excarnate, incarnate, discontinue or terminate you or any of your relations at its sole discretion and without prior or posterior notice to you. All hail Eris! Any further rights not specifically granted herein are reserved.

You understand and agree that your use of this file is entirely at your own risk and the file is provided "as is" and "as Eris wills it". This includes total abjuration of any legal redress for any damage to your data, sanity, hardware, person, possessions or relations, whether they be the result of floods of maggots or golden apples or some other cause related or unrelated to this file and its contents. (Yes, this means you can't sue *anyone* over *any* damages once you have clicked "Open". If you happen to read this later, well, our organ harvesters are on the way. Please stay calm and do not harm your organs; they are precious to us.)

ErisCorp reserves the right to modify these terms from time to time at its sole discretion and without any notice. In fact, she already did. This may include *ex post facto* modifications; it will certainly include those if you bring on a lawsuit. It also includes the insertion into these terms of your confession for any and all crimes, atrocities, misdemeanors and sympathy-sapping opinions ErisCorp wishes to include, including bloody acts based on paranormal visions of unsavory nature, physically impossible feats of century-spanning lawbreaking, and/or giraffe-rape with Elvis. Also the deaths of Jimmy Hoffa, JFK, RFK, MLK and the substitution of a Satanic double for LBJ, FDR, Mother Teresa, Howard Taft, and an innocent baby of ErisCorp's choice; plus many other exciting and highly titillating possibilities. This, too, may come up and get public if you try to sue. Bring it on, customer worm.



## CHAPTER 41

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# UNSONGS OF ERIS

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Pottering around with bad poetry today. Just a tired mind blowing steam. An atheist singing a non-song to the goddess of chaos and strife.

### Unsung Songs of Eris

(Two lines are from Lovecraft  
And a few echo an old Erisian Hymn  
Yah, yah, yah, blffft! Get on with it.)

Her lips are pale  
Her tongue of golden color  
Milky skin, lithe form  
A hand holding a golden apple

One apple, the cause of the Trojan war  
One apple, boundless misery

One apple, behind her back a barrel  
And in it a million cores more

All she sees with emerald eyes  
And all seen is subject to her whim  
Rules without reason  
And loopholes in every law  
Discontinuities in action  
And ragged holes in memory  
Her cool hand guides the lord  
Her light foot presses on the priest  
As they fragment and annotate  
And exult and discombobulate  
All is disorder, order above all  
For men strife is a natural state of mind  
For women discord is the heart of all  
And androgynes can't escape either one

A big girl, or a small woman  
Smiling without sharing, so warm  
Laughing without caring, so cold  
An imaginary goddess is she:  
Chaos is her name, and discord and strife  
Life is her home, and love and order  
*Wo Mann? fragt mein Tod*

A cultist calls to her, a Secret-orderian  
But profound things are exoteric  
And never esoteric at all:



You heartsleeve mystician, you  
It's plain the woollen cloak's on your eyes  
And the rosary only stings your fingers —

She is an imaginary goddess,  
As good and bad as all the rest  
Better than the pushy most  
And the best to those that hear naught but her

Pale skin, white teeth, golden tongue  
Bite a tiny golden apple slowly so  
The fruits of strife are bitter and sweet  
Her green eyes, her golden hair  
Her terrible strength, her petite form  
She sits there alone, tiny and perfect  
And brighter than a thousand suns  
She is become meat, the destroyer of worlds

In a dream you might see her  
On a herb's wings you may hear her  
At the fever's peak you'll meet her  
The goddess of lie and illusion,  
The heart of chaos, heart of gold,  
The infinitesimal probability of error,  
The sureness of surprises  
The conduct of fools and kings  
You may meet her, and  
Leave having met nothing at all

She is a faceless pretty face,  
And the hand behind the dice,  
She is, and she is not,  
Amen and all praise

Eris Discordia.

(fin)

Roll on, Christian soldiers, and  
Fight on Islamic Jihadists, and  
Destroy, oh, Jewish Zionists,  
And let the Buddhists let blood as well  
May the Hindus slake their thirst for gore  
May crystals and rods drown in red warmth,  
And all gods be served a skullful of hate  
For the greater glory of her alone,  
And for mankind's incomprehending woe

Oh rejoice! There is no purpose,  
No meaning to life. Oh rejoice!  
We'd just screw it all up anyway!

All hail Eris.  
Hail Discordia +23 C.  
Out of Order.

## I

A man once came up and said:  
Lo and behold, I have seen God  
And she is a crazy woman  
His wife took up a mallet and said:  
Man made God, and now I make a fuss.

## II

An itchy man sat on a cold porch  
And slapped an annoying fly:  
The flies cursed the Demon Hand —  
That dark Hand dug at the darkness  
The valley of the shadow of flatulent death.

## III

The man killed a priest  
And a scientist killed the man:  
Axe and needle and headlines while —  
Crushing what he chanced to mould in play  
The idiot Chaos blew Earth's dust away

## **What the Readers SAY — all UNSOLICITED testimonials**

Hey, nice tips. Perhaps I'll buy a glass of beer to the man from that chat who told me to visit your site :)

The style of writing is very familiar . Did you write guest posts for other bloggers?

The topic is quite hot in the net at the moment. What do you pay the most attention to while choosing what to write about?

FANTASTIC!

If you ever want to hear a reader's feedback :) , I rate this article for 4/5. Detailed info, but I just have to go to that damn yahoo to find the missed bits. Thanks, anyway!

My fellow on Orkut shared this link with me and I'm not dissatisfied at all that I came here.

If you want to read a reader's feedback :) , I rate this post for four from five. Decent info, but I have to go to that damn msn to find the missed parts. Thank you, anyway!

This is very up-to-date information. I think I'll share it on Twitter.

This is quite a up-to-date information. I'll share it on Twitter.

Not that I'm impressed a lot, but this is a lot more than I expected when I stumbled upon a link on SU telling that the info here is awesome. Thanks.

Not that I'm totally impressed, but this is a lot more than I expected for when I stumbled upon a link on Delicious telling that the info here is awesome. Thanks.

PS. Dont be an ass, this is NOT spam ;)