

Diarrhea Discordia: Issue 1

INTERMITTENS

Emergence

Knowing We Are Free

International Relations

Who Killed the Lulz?

Sacred Bull

Media Mindfucking

With pieces by:

Cain

Payne

Hoopla

Ratatosk

The Good Reverend Roger

Manta Obscura

and more



November 2008 / Aftermath 3174

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Edited by Cramulus
Cover art by Brother Swinebuckle

<http://principiadiscordia.com/forum>

WELCOME

--to *Intermittens*. This is a small possibly periodical publication of Discordian *stuff*. I say “stuff” because there’s very little criteria for entry. The contents are a smattering of essays, rants, sermons, posts, silly images, and all sorts of *Diarrhea Discordia*.

See, Discordia has gone pretty far from where it was 50 years ago. But because of the decentralized nature of this neophilic irreligion, it’s really hard to find out where exactly it’s gone. *Intermittens* is a very half-assed attempt to compile some recent insightful thoughts by [some] Discordians.

Manta Obscura kicked off this project by collecting a number of works in one place. It’s been suggested that this makes a good beginning for a Golden Apple Seed Mission.

For those of you that don’t know what a GASM is, take a look on the net for information about this phenomenon. Basically, it’s an attempt to network Discordians together and allow them to create pranks and projects for each other to participate in *without* electing a leader or central base of communications. In short, a Golden Apple Seed Mission (or GASM) is a way of saying “This project will get better the more people are participating in it.”

So here’s how you can submit stuff to future issues of this publication. Go make an account at the website delicio.us – this is one of the primary organizational nodes for Discordian projects. There, you can bookmark web pages that you want others to see. If you see something created by a Discordian which you think belongs in this publication, tag it “Intermittens”. When we go looking for stuff to publish, we’ll consider anything that’s been tagged.

In addition, we’re launching a project to tag all the Discordian works on

the net. There’s a TON of them, but there’s no central listing anywhere. How can you help? Tag anything you find using delicio.us. Give it the tag “OMGASM, LITGASM”, the mission to collect Discordian Literature. This will make it easier for people to find out what’s going on, especially new members to our weird little society.

I must confess that this magazine thing was produced very hastily. I decided not to cramp my brain worrying about design and layout, or even whether certain pieces should be in or out. The intent was to publish something *very quickly* – Discordia is happening now, and there’s no time for months of agonizing over content. We’ve spent months discussing book projects which never get past that initial discussion phase, so I wanted to blast something out to the net so people could read it as quickly as possible. Luckily (for both you and I), I’ve done very little writing for this rag, it’s more of a collage of stuff floating at the surface.

So I hope you enjoy our first issue of *Intermittens*. If there’s interest, we’ll definitely produce some more. Stop by the principiadiscordia.com forums and say Hi.

In the meantime,

May you have the knowledge of a sage, and the appetite of a fat Buddha.

Professor Cramulus
11/17/2008



Matters of Importance

By St. Vincent Verthaine

Let's say we live in a universe filled with trillions and trillions and trillions of cubic parsecs of vacuum, along with dark and illuminated matter. Let's say that we don't quite know yet how that space or matter came into being in our universe, but that clues are scattered all over the place, some of which we can discern now, others we'll be discerning later. Let's say that our consciousnesses came into being after said universe existed for billions and billions of years. Let's say that said consciousness recognized that it owes its existence to inorganic elements and molecules, that somehow those inorganic elements and molecules became animate of their own accord due to the fact that it had billions of years to turn into more diverse and complex forms, after all, our world is completely saturated with several constant energy sources, negating the effects of entropy on our warm and wet planet. Let's say that after, oh, say, 4 or so billion years (who's counting?), that that consciousness was able to look deeply inward as well as far outward, outwardly piercing the veil of space and view it out to, oh, say, 12 or so billion light years in all directions.

The universe is conscious of itself!

It knows it's alive!

Wouldn't that be awesome?

It's capable of reflecting on itself and saying: I have consciousness and I see all around me!

Let's say that man ascended (not descended) from an ape-like creature. That means we managed to progress from using straws to pick up succulent termites, to cooking Cajun Gumbo in, say, 4 million years.

Somehow, Christian theologians says that's a BAD thing.

Why?

Because it implies that we might be better than worms. And then they would be wrong.

I say we've made a really good go of it. Sadly, that's bad according to those self-made worms. They don't realize the awesome contribution to the universe that Man is. The universe is conscious of itself because of us and they don't see the magic in that. Simply said, their lives are devoid of REAL magic, instead, theirs is filled with supernatural battles of good and evil, sinning people, disgraced humans. How sad for them. They even say that we've fallen from some high mystical state where these two people frolicked naked and plucked fruit from trees in a paradisiacal garden, like uncivilized forest dwellers.

Where's the dignity in that?

There is no dignity in that. There's just no dignity in believing we're just "worms", to quote their terminology. Instead, there is dignity in learning that even though space is as good as infinite, in all that infinite space we're alive anyway. We can yearn to reach beyond our atmosphere, and do it just about monthly now. We send probes into deep space and despite the seeming impossibility of ever being detected by another civilization, we keep doing it anyway. In the meantime, we're learning more and more of our immediate neighborhood. And the more we know, the more we come to appreciate our little chunk of rock called Earth.

But I digress.

My point is that at the most basic level we're all made of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen...the inorganic elements of DNA, and it's ALIVE! That's very cool. We're made of the stuff of the universe. And what's even more awesome is that the heavier elements in our bodies didn't come into being until lots of stars

lived, grew old and then exploded in novae and supernovae to form them. So not only are we made of the stuff of the universe, we're made of stardust! You can't get any more magical than that.

I prefer this kind of magic. This is the true miracle. Mythological beginnings are just that, mythology. They were good enough for beginning civilizations a thousand generations ago, but they don't work in a world where science and knowledge now has reigned over superstition and ignorance. Science and knowledge don't make anything any less magic, they bring the magic of life to full view.

At least for me.

And I like it that way.



How to Make What I Had for Dinner

By VexatiOn

Ingredients:

1 chicken breast, frozen.

1 handful of spaghetti

1 jar of alfredo pasta sauce

some nearly-expired spinach leaves

some frozen vegetables

First, try to defrost the chicken using your microwave's "Defrost" setting. When that fails, get pissed off and set it to nuke for 2 minutes on 100% power.

Meanwhile, distract yourself with guessing how much spaghetti you need. Do not use a spaghetti serving measurer thing, which would be cheating. Start spaghetti cooking in cold water.

Notice that the chicken has become half-cooked in the microwave, and remove it. Start frying it in a pan for no apparent reason. Some people recommend you chop up the chicken pieces before you start frying it. Those people are wrong. Find something to season it with, it doesn't matter what. I used steak seasoning. Be sure to apply the seasoning after the chicken is at least halfway done, otherwise the flavor might stay in the chicken.

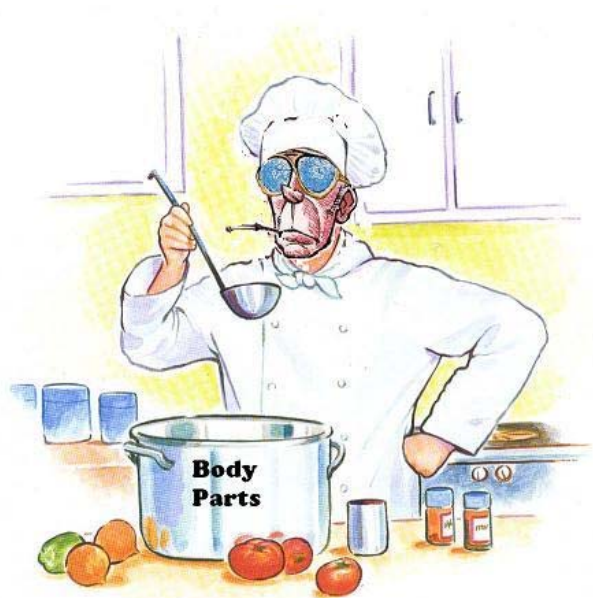
Dump spinach leaves into the pot along with the cooking spaghetti. Take care to use just enough spinach to add color, but not flavor. Add some kind of oil (preferably edible) to pasta water, liberally.

When the spaghetti is done, strain it and put it in some kind of container. Dump the entire jar of alfredo sauce in and mix it up. Allow it to cool while the chicken gets

done, which would already be done except you put the heat on too low.

When the chicken is done, toss it into the mix. Taste. Decide it needs something else. Check the cupboards and find nothing. Find frozen vegetables in the freezer. Nuke the holy Jesus out of them for like 10 minutes, then throw them in there too.

Serve.



Rant

#001100100011001

1

By Ratatosk

1 Little Children of Chaos have you read the Principia Discordia and "Illuminatus!"? Have you read Zen Without Zen Masters, the Apocrypha Discordia, and every other Erisian work you could find?

2 Do you think that makes you Discordian? That you carry a Pope card, maybe a TSAR card, that you Turkey Curse your Boss and you know 230 ways to get to the number 5... do these things makes you Erisian?

3 Open all THREE Eyes and See, Goddessdamnit!

4 A thousand Fnords make not a single Discordian, 23's and 5's are not what turn cabbages into humans.

5 No catechism, no required meme to learn. No "right" of passage into some Initiatory Coven of Chaos.

6 Nay, my fellows, even that Great Goddess, Eris Kallisti Discordia herself, appears unnecessary for a Discordian.

7 I implore you, Seek not only the Chaos of the past, for while there may be LULZ, while there may exist Inspiration, while there may be tools aplenty, it is not there that Discordianism lies.

8 I do not say this to discourage reuse, older memes have deep roots and healthy growth and may be the hook which catches many minds in their initial first steps into the Void. And what is wrong with that if it be the case? Nothing, I think.

9 However, Discordian 'enlightenment' (for what its worth), won't be found in those memes. It won't be found in anything written by Robert Anton Wilson, it won't be found in the Principia Discordia. They don't contain Enlightenment. They contain hints and pointers, they contain tools which can help with the freeing of oneself. But, words cannot free you from the Curse of Greyface.

10 If you wish to be Free, then there is but one thing you can do;

11 DISCORDIAN, ENLIGHTEN THYSELF!

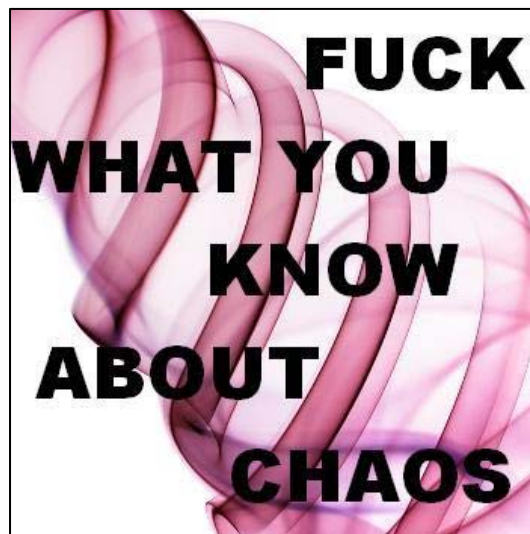
12 Another Discordian's enlightenment cannot bring the light to your eyes, nor will the ideas of another make you

free.

13 So you read a rant? Go write a rant! So you found some memes? Go create some memes! Do not rely on the Enlightenment of others for your own damned Enlightenment.

14 In that direction lie all of the greyfaced, hunch-brained ideas of a Dogmatic and Drab Existence.

15 I see no flaw in embracing and enjoying the ideas of others, as long as



they do not replace your ideas. There is no sin in delighting in the stories of past Discordians, as long as you have your own stories as well. The only Sin is the sin of stagnation.

16 Even so, if you do naught but parrot the old memes, you are still Discordian in some sense. Though, perhaps not the sense you were hoping for.

17 A Discordian bears no responsibility to accept anyone else, not me, nor you, nor "Bob".

18 They are only responsible to know themselves and accept it or change it as they see fit.

19 And for you, it appears the same, for you have no responsibility to accept anyone else either. Including me, including this rant.

20 Do As Thou Will, but be sure it is Thou who Wills it.

21 In the end, our freedom is a freedom of the mind and only the owner of that mind can free it.

22 We are the Slave and the Master. No one can free the Slave, except for the Master.



All Things Having Been Said

By Jack of Turnips

All things having been said, and repeated, and repeated again until the bile rises in the throat...now the only sensible action is to destroy the government.

The Capitol should be ruins, a grassy rock-scattered place where children go and their parents tell them, "This was where the bigwigs approved torture, this is where the fat men legislated their robberies, this is where they voted for war and left the poor and sick to die. This is where the ones in power proclaimed that all the money will go to the rich and everyone else can eat dirt." That's what the parents, those who knew and who put the dynamite under the foundations, that's what they will say.

And the children will pick dandelions in the ruins of Washington, DC.

Yeah, America's dead. She has been dead for fifty years now. Nationalists still love her, still kiss her dead lips; they are making love to her corpse even as you read this. But she's dead. Get over it.

Your allegiance must be elsewhere. Your allegiance must be to a new life. It is 07:30 and the October sun bursts in a flood of orange light through the window. What the hell are you going to do about it? Get the guitars and the djembes, the harmonicas and the fiddles; get your crazy trousers and your hat with the ribbons; walk on stilts and let the dogs run free. Dance for your life, you bastards.

Dance and sing and work and fuck like you mean it. It's all that's left.

For fifty years money has been lavished on corporate barons while legislators deny food and basic medical care to the poor. For fifty years America has used lies to wage wars of aggression. The killings -- Vietnam to Iraq -- number in the hundreds of millions, a holocaust. A murderous American holocaust. For fifty years the US secret police have operated without restraint of law, and they have been set loose to imprison and torture at will. America's Constitution is a joke, ignored in practice and mocked daily by the actions of the government.

Dance like you mean it, brothers. Spit on everyone in power. I heard there was a man who said that no matter whether Thing One or Thing Two gets

**And the children will
pick dandelions in the
ruins of Washington,
DC.**

elected the inauguration should be the same: a hollow-point bullet to the forehead. To be immediately followed by the execution of each and every congressman and senator. I did not say that, I don't know who did. It is illegal to say that, illegal to write it, illegal for an American to think it. (Just as it was illegal for a Soviet in Stalin's day.) I don't know who would say that.

Spit on everyone in power.

We will learn this or die: the only tribe is the human tribe. The streets and parks and fields belong to us. We own the sunlight on the grass, a bottle of warm wine in our hands and a cheap guitar hung 'round our necks. We own life. Late at night, alone: frost forming on the windows, a 40-watt bulb in the bedside lamp -- the one without a lampshade -- and a thin book by Jim:



"The bullet tumbled toward the girl's head at 1250 feet per second. She wasn't the president, you say, too young for politics. Despite theological gooseshit the gods don't keep time in light years. We're slowed to the brutality of clocks. Listen to the alarm. Wake up."

That's it, then: wake up. Every one of us will die, but we will continue. We can't go on, but we will go on. The chain of souls sings in our blood, in the only tribe there is, the human tribe. There is a reason the officials are on top: it is because scum floats. And therefore be no respecter of government. Subvert the powerful. Mail your congressman an envelope of spit. Your allegiance is to humankind, not to the corpse of America or the stinking remains of a nationalist fantasy. Grow up. And learn to sing.



The Emergent Conspiracy

By Cain

An emergent behaviour or emergent property can appear when a number of simple entities (agents) operate in an environment, forming more complex behaviours as a collective [...] The complex behaviour or properties are not a property of any single such entity, nor can they easily be predicted or deduced from behaviour in the lower-level entities.

- Wikipedia

"Daring ideas are like Chess men moved forward. They may be beaten, but they may start a winning game"

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Its hard to say when the "conspiracy"

started. Because, the thing is, its not

really a conspiracy. Its easy to trace people and interests, child's play really. But tracing ideas...well, that's another matter entirely. Some say it dates back to the Yellow Turban Rebellion, where Taoists eschewed Wu Wei and took matters into their own hands, collapsing the Han Dynasty. Others suggest the Assassins, the mystic-killers who controlled wide tracts of the Middle East, as more likely culprits. More realistically, the secret authors of the Rosicrucian Manifestos are named, setting into motion a fusion of Hermetic philosophy, Renaissance free thinking and opposition to the Vatican. This filtered into radical Masonic lodges, culminating in the exemplar secret society, that of the Bavarian Illuminati.

The avant-garde are constantly evolving to affect the mainstream and better protest against it.

Others think that looking at the subject too politically may in fact be the wrong way of going about it. Looking to literature and art, we have Baudelaire and Poe, influencing the Symbolist movement, and working its way, via World War One, into Dadaism. From Dada sprung the Situationists and Discordians, among others. And from there, the ball was really set rolling. Discordianism worked an influence on the Church of the Subgenius, and combining with the Beat philosophy of the West Coast and their anarchic interpretation of Situationism, became the Cacophony Society. Neoism also arose, promoting its mixture of experimental art and pranking, paradoxes and various frauds. The avant-garde are constantly evolving to affect the mainstream and better protest against it.

And whichever story you prefer, including the ones you come up with yourselves, there is no denying that the virus is loose. Its hard to define, but that's why it keeps on living. Chaotic, anarchic, artistic and rebellious, opposing the values of the mainstream and with more than a hint of humour (if of the ironic and satirical kind) it is out there. And it keeps on going.

That's why this conspiracy is emergent. There is no controlling group, no command, no figurehead. Many of the groups within the conspiracy have these, but it does not add up overall. It does not even need to. And even better...with no one grouping, with no figurehead, its very, very hard to undo. Its in the soil, and in the air we breathe. To be sure, its hard to catch, or at least thinly distributed, but it is there, and combines with local and global trends to become something new, to

change and adapt and unleash itself yet again against the upright, the “proper”, the bourgeois (in the pejorative sense) and in short, living the ideal of Baudelaire, that “the man of letters is the enemy of the world”.

Discordianism, for its own sake, its irrelevant. Well, maybe that's too harsh. It is not necessary, though its certainly very agreeable to my personal tastes and has done a lot in spreading the underlying memes that the emergent conspiracy relies on. Instead, if for whatever reason, Discordianism were to fail (the unlikely scenario of Erisian terrorists, for example), there are avenues for escape, to regroup, and continue on as before, with a few adjustments. The conspiracy, by virtue of the fact that it is not a conspiracy in the traditional sense, lives on, and continues to exert its influences.

The conspiracy does not die. It stands against the values of this culture, this society. Its willing to use unusual and exotic techniques to change it. And no-one can stop those of us in on it. Because...the conspiracy does not exist. But that does not mean you cannot join it.



Within a Dream

By Cramulus

We talk to ourselves incessantly about our world. In fact we maintain our world with our internal talk. And whenever we finish talking to ourselves about ourselves and our world, the world is always as it should be. We renew it, we rekindle it with life, we uphold it with our internal talk. Not only that, but we also choose our paths as we talk to ourselves. Thus we repeat the same choices over and over until the day we die, because we keep on repeating the same internal talk over and over until the day we die. A warrior is aware of this and strives to stop his internal talk.

-Carlos Castaneda

It's a Dream Within A Dream

within a dream

within a dream

The difference between a regular dream and a lucid dream is that in the lucid dream you're aware that you're dreaming. These dreams are more memorable. Despite awareness of the illusion, the experience of seems more real. In a lucid dream, you have control over what's going on. When I realize I'm not in the real world but in a dream world, I will myself to escape it, to fly away into a cooler place.

You can teach yourself how to have lucid dreams. To do this, you learn to make constant reality checks. Some people say you should try flipping a light switch on or off (notoriously useless in dreams), or try to read printed text. They provide clues to your mental state and can wake up your forebrain enough to take the reigns of your consciousness

within a dream

within a dream

See in dreams, your forebrain isn't usually working. Inside your brain, there's a lizard, a monkey, and a human all in

competition. The human is winning, but only by a little. It's an uneven balance at best. In dreams, it's mostly the monkey and the lizard at the wheel. They hold up these images and symbols and memories and lick them and bang them on rocks and shake them up. Then we wake up and it doesn't make any sense to us because those other two lobes weren't trying to make sense. They're irrational by their very nature. When we dream, they drive.

The waking world is a lot like that too. People only use their human brain for a small portion of the day. The rest of the time the monkey and the lizard are driving. That's why people are territorial, that's why they get defensive, that's why they do the same stupid shit every day and never question why.

Now I'm not saying that the human brain is better or more important than the other two brains you have. That lizard brain keeps you safe. That monkey brain gets you laid. The forebrain - the human brain - is easily confused and conflicted. From an evolutionary standpoint, it's still very new - not fully baked. Millennia from now, maybe humans will have different brains, keener and more efficient. Today, we've got to try to make good use of what we've got.

There are times in my life when I realize that I'm in a terrible rut and it's No Fun. We walk around with monkey and lizard brain on, just doing things repetitively, ritualistically. These are the best times to make reality checks. This is the best time to ask "Am I actually awake?"

That reality check is about evaluating which elements of the rut are necessary and good and which should be stripped out. For me, the escape from the rut usually involves me picking up a new hobby, doing something drastically different, or in some way altering my day-to-day me. It's sort of like waking up from a dream

within a dream
within a dream

But instead of waking up into reality I'm really just waking up into another dream. Because that new hobby will one day get boring, and that new me is in no way the ultimate me.

See, it's not enough to be lucid briefly and say (for example) "hey, I'm miserable because I surround myself with morons", and then get new friends. You've got to keep that spark lit. You've got to shine its light on everything you do and think for yourself all the time. Upon self-examination, I've realized I have hundreds of opinions and attitudes that are borrowed from somewhere else. To some extent, that's the human condition.

People read movie reviews because they want an opinion about the movie before they even see it. People listen to pundits vivisect the body politic because they want to know what supposedly educated, well informed people are thinking. People religiously watch TV shows that they don't actually even fucking enjoy. There's a mass hypnosis going on here. The collective consciousness is standing on higher ground than individual consciousness. We're being blown around like leaves, and the wind is fashion, is politics, is culture itself

within a dream
within a dream

It's not just about escaping the rut. Learn to wake up, in general, and you'll become aware of all the parts of your life that are a dream. Learn to think for yourself and be lucid.

See I believe reality is what you make of it. All the parts of this dream are your creation. Think of something important. Think of something boring.

Think of something exciting. The importance, the boredom, the excitement, all these things only exist in your mind. They're things you actually do have control over.

Once you realize you're dreaming, you can change your dream from a nightmare to a wet dream. Once you realize that, say, your morning commute is boring as hell, you can engineer ways to make it less so. You've just got to awaken your forebrain enough.

If you're in a nightmare, realize that it's a nightmare. Realize that it's YOUR nightmare. Realize that YOU are the one who is making it awful, YOU are the one who is dreaming it bad.

So wake up and change it - it's a false awakening, but an awakening none the less.

The point of learning how to wake up is not to find the top-level reality, but to achieve lucidity

within a dream
within a dream...



The Night Before Christmas Munchies

By Manta Obscura

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the shanty,
not a person was stirring,
not uncle or aunty.
But through the thin walls
I heard a great thumping,
a moan and a gasp,
the neighbors were humping.
I tried to ignore them
and lay my head down,
yet even covered in pillows
my ears heard the sound.
So rising from bed
to escape the perversion,
I went to the kitchen
in hopes of diversion.
I opened the fridge
to find me a snack,
yet the food was all moldy,
bitter and black.
Unfilled and disgusted
I went to find cash,
to order a pizza



to come in a flash.
Yet the phone kept on ringing,
no answer in sight,
so I bellowed my lungs out,
cursing with spite.
"The stores are all closed now,"
I said with a sneer,
as wont they're to be
when Christmas is near.
So with no options now left
I went back to bed,
fluffed up my pillow and
laid down my head.
Christmas was waiting
just a dream's width away,
behind night's deep curtain
in the newness of day.
Thus sleep was my savior,
to bring Christmas, so dandy,
alive with bright colors,
and especially candy.
In the morning my munchies
would be gone in a snap,
but as for right now I'd
take a quick nap.

The Toy Maker

By Payne

So. I'm sitting here, as I always do these days, stewing in my own juices (basting if you will). Smoking cigarettes, drinking all the booze in the house, yes even the girly-girl ones. I think a bit, maybe that should be 'regret' a bit, about the last couple years, then the last decade. Hell, I say, why not my whole damn life.

People I've known, and let down, or who let me down. Opportunities squandered. T.V. shows I missed.

The last six months in fact, I haven't even DONE anything. Except run away, retreating into an ever tighter corner. At times its easy to make myself believe that I achieved something by fucking up. At times I can even make myself believe that continuing to do nothing about it is a Good Thing.

I owe things to people who can't find me. Money, Goodbyes, Explanations.

Political ideologies, religious mantras, 'common sense'. I used to think I was clever, I used to think I was smart, but I really am no more than a cabbage. No, worse, I'm a toy. A clockwork one wound up by my own hand, to amuse others. To glimpse my reflection in the McBurgerHut window and amuse myself with my antics

and tomfoolery. And every day, with my first cigarette, and putting on my glasses, just before I go for a piss, I wind up the spring again.

See him chatter, roll around and stumble!

It says no user servicable parts in raised letters, next to the poorly manufactured tin key on my back. But maybe thats a lie.

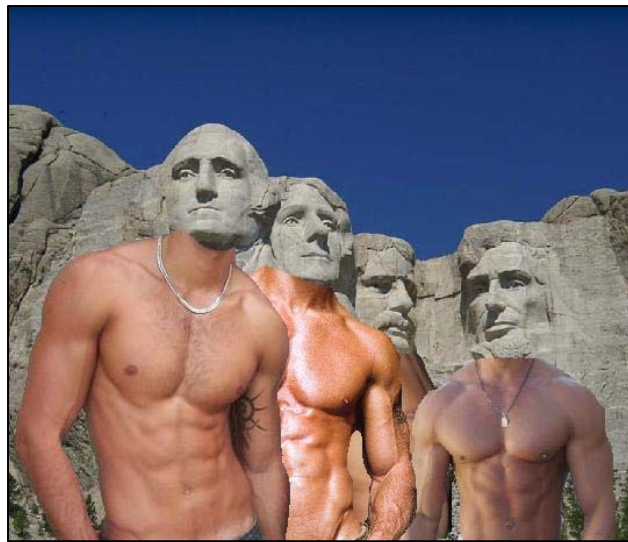
So one day, I stumble onto a website, well off my beaten track of boring, inane subjects. I read a funny little book written by a couple stoners. I find it amusing, given that as a semi-ex stoner stoner, I always have a weakness for people who write shit when they're out of their faces.

O.K. That was fun.

I follow the trail to a disturbing little forum, well removed from the coiffured, primed little holes I usually find myself in. This place is seriously strange. Bizarre names and avatars, and scary posts. I read another little book,

not so funny, inviting me to a jailbreak.

O.K. the toy has been busted out of its box now. I just need to find a way out of the toy. Suck it up man, cause this is really going to hurt...



Nancy

By Hoopla

At a low period in my life I was seeking enlightenment. Lounging in my empty bathtub, fully clothed, I pondered the state of this sorry world. Wondering why there was so much confusion and strife afflicting so many; wondering if this was this and that was that, and whether tit really did anything for tat. Realizing that I wasn't philosophizing anymore and merely invoking Suess I decided that it was time to move outdoors, for fresh air and sun, to seek my enlightenment in the world.

On the sidewalk I found an Oh Henry bar. Looking around, I saw nobody who seemed ready to lay a claim on it - the bar seemed to be up for grabs. I crouched down and examined it closely, without touching it, of course. I wasn't about to become ensnared by some intrepid alien or big game hunter. I didn't detect any strings, and the sidewalk around the candy seemed kosher. The bar was mine. Snatching it up, I moved to a bench to consume it in comfort at my own leisure. It was chocolatey, it was caramely, it was nuggetty, it was sweet and it was gooey. It did not, however, enlighten me.

Sitting on the bench, I sighed. Where next should I seek my enlightenment? As I mulled this query over I noticed a small book on the bench next to me. Curious, I picked it up, and read the cover; it was the *Collected Short Stories of O. Henry*.

This was a stunning coincidence. This, undoubtedly, meant something. As I opened the book to peruse the contents I was struck by something that made the book altogether more strange - all the pages were torn out, save those between fifty-five and sixty-nine, a story entitled



The Green Door. I felt this story must be of cosmic significance, and so devoured it on the spot. Here would be the answers to the cause of all the strife and confusion in the world. I read the story in a few minutes, and chuckled once or twice, was saddened at least once, and sighed at the end. The story was touching and amusing, but I did not, however, answer my questions.

I felt perplexed. I felt confused. I felt discombobulated. I did not, however, feel enlightened.

Still searching, I walked.

I walked five blocks, and was then struck down to the pavement with another stunning coincidence. A porno theatre was showing a revival of *Behind The Green Door*. This was a stunning synchronicity. This, undoubtedly, meant something. I paid my admission, bought another Oh Henry bar at the candy counter, and ventured into the theatre. The movie had already started as I made my way through the sickeningly clammy sound of about fifty people beating their meat in the audience. I shuffled into the back row and tried to find a seat which hadn't been issued upon. As I sat down - just for a laugh- I began to smack the palm of my hand against the back of my neck furiously, and moan overly loud. The

monkey spanking subsided for about seventeen seconds. I chuckled to myself, and began to unwrap my candy bar.

As I took the first bite I realized the movie had stopped in place on the screen. Marilyn Chambers' legs were spread-eagled, and all her glory was center stage, so to speak. So many euphemisms which are inappropriate rattled through my brain... tacos and beavers should not be compared to the same part of the body described as 'The Mound Of Venus'. As this thought fluttered through my mind I also noticed the silence in the theatre. There were no sounds of auto eroticism whatsoever, in fact my fellow patrons seemed to be petrified in the more literal sense. I became alarmed by this, but was even more alarmed when Marilyn Chambers' bush on-screen burst into flames, and began to speak to me.

BARON VON HOOPLA, a satiny female voice called from the burning bush. YOU MADE LEVITY IN A PLACE OF SOLEMN WORSHIP.

I gulped, since there seemed little else to do under the circumstances. HOW DO YOU STAND AGAINST THESE CHARGES? the female voice asked. Guilty, I hiccuped. I had mocked the meat-beaters. My candy bar was melting in my hand. I could feel it.

GOOD. said the voice. YOU'RE ONE OF MINE.

Who, who are you? I asked.

I YAM WHO I YAM, came the reply.

Popeye?! I exclaimed. It didn't sound like Popeye.

NAY, I AM CALLED ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA. GODDESS OF CHAOS CONFUSION STRIFE CREATIVITY AND BUREAUCRACY. I AM THE HODGE OF THE RISING

PODGE AND THE PODGE OF THE SINKING HODGE - GRAND WAZOO OF ALL THINGS FUNNY.

Why have you chosen me? I asked, not cowering as blatantly as a few minutes prior, but still cowering nonetheless.

FOR YOU ARE A GOOD APPLE. YOU ARE AWAKE ENOUGH TO QUESTION, SKEPTICAL ENOUGH TO QUESTION THE APPARENT ANSWERS, GULLIBLE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW MYSTERY, HUMOROUS ENOUGH TO MOCK THE SERIOUS AND SERIOUS ENOUGH TO AWAKEN IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU EMBODY THE

IDEALS OF THE SACRED CHAO, AND LO, I DEEM YOU A KEEPER OF IT. Onto the ceiling of the theatre, the fire from the burning bush traced out a design. It was a circle bisected by an 'S' shape; on one side was depicted an apple emblazoned with a 'K', on the other a pentagon.

It's some for of Yin Yang? I asked.

THE YIN YANG IS A FORM OF THE SACRED CHAO. IT IS A REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE. ALL THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK WILL BE FOUND WITHIN THAT CIRCLE, WHICH IS THE SERPENT SWALLOWING ITS OWN TAIL.

That's the answer to why there is so much strife and confusion in the world? I don't understand . . . why an apple and a pentagon?

CHAOS IS THE ENTIRE CIRCLE, ONE HALF IS ORDER, THE OTHER DISORDER. THEY ARE BOTH NATURAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THE



UNDERLYING CHAOS. ONCE YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT, YOU
UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING.
FARE THEE WELL-

Wait! One more question! What's
the best way to deal with the strife and
confusion of the world?

LAUGHTER! came the reply.
FARE THEE WELL-

Wait! One last question! Why
Nancy??

WHAT?

Why Eris Nancy Discordia? I
asked. Why Nancy?

NANCY'S A NICE NAME.
FARE THEE WELL KEEPER OF MY
SACRED CHAO! SPREAD MY WORD
- ALL MEN SHALL BE SAILORS
THEN UNTIL THE SEA SHALL FREE
THEM!

Wait! I called, You stole that from
Leonard Cohen!

NAY - HE STOLE THAT
FROM ME.

Thus, I was enlightened.

The bush ceased to burn. The film
ran forward. The manhandling kicked
back in, but sounded more serene this
time, like a gentle rainfall on a tin roof. I
stood up and noticed a small book on the
seat next to me. I took it out into the light
of the lobby and read the title, 'Principia
Discordia', I heard a female voice in the
center of my head say READ IT:
BELIEVE ALL OF IT, BELIEVE
NONE OF IT. I walked outside, and
promptly slipped on a banana peel, while
thinking 'Indeed, do many strange things
come to pass.'



International Relations

By Cain

I know you could probably look this up on Wikipedia, but

1. Wikipedia is boring, and
2. Wikipedia does not tell you amusing anecdotes about various theories and theorists.

In short, International Relations is the study of anything that crosses borders. In that sense, it studies (among other things) trade, war, political science, sociology, terrorism, aid organizations, history and ethics. It is like political science, writ large. Also, unlike the traditional understanding of politics (the left-right and authoritarian-libertarian distinction) IR uses its own specialist jargon, some of which is counterintuitive to those unfamiliar with the basics of our understanding of the subject.

The first lesson is the basic approaches to Grand Theory in IR. Grand Theory is essentially the Big Overarching Ideas which the majority of scholars subscribe to, and tend to use in their analysis of world events. It is of course not necessary to subscribe to one yourself (I would suggest you do not), but understanding their strengths and weaknesses, especially without resorting to a pick and mix approach of analysis (which tends to end up in horrible, logic contorting conclusions) is very helpful indeed.

Realism

Realism is pretty much the oldest theory. Some people trace it back to Thucydides and his masterful History of the Peloponnesian War in the west, and to

Sun Tzu in the east. Other notable theorists would include Augustine, Machiavelli, Thomas Hobbes, Carl Schmitt, Hans Morgenthau, Henry Kissinger, John Mearsheimer and Stephen Walt (the last two being the writers of the recent Israel Lobby book).

If Realism could only be summed up in one word, the word would be "power". For Realists power is of primary importance, especially military and economic clout, which most see as intertwined. As far as Realists are concerned, most politics is about power, and the continual quest to grab, acquire and use power. Realists generally see the international system as anarchical. By that, they mean there is no overarching world authority who can compel states to

If Realism could only be summed up in one word, the word would be "power".

obey its will. Therefore, states acquire power to protect themselves against the uncertainty of the world. With no-one else who can be relied on in a dangerous situation, states must rely on their own arms and resources for their continued influence

in the world.

Also for Realists, the state is the basic unit of analysis. Either because of structural reasons or human psychology, all states are essentially alike in their aims and intentions. Therefore, it does not matter if a state is a democracy, a fascist dictatorship, a theocracy or a monarchy. All, according to Realist thinking, act according to the above factors of power and anarchy, not on their stated ideology.

As one would expect, Realists mostly concern themselves with grand strategy issues. Such things as the Balance of Power, Offense-Defense Balance, Alliance Theory and Deterrence feature highly on a Realist curriculum.

There are several notable strands of Realism:

Classical Realism - the basic "problem" is human nature. People are untrustworthy and vicious, therefore you must be too, in order to not fall foul of them. Key thinkers: Machiavelli, Thucydides, Hobbes, Augustine.

Neorealism - this reverses the logic of Classical Realism, stating that instead, the basic problem is anarchy. Neorealism tends to be highly abstract, and deals mainly with how the structure of the international system (anarchy) constrains the choices of the actors within. Conflict is still seen as a permanent condition. Your main people here are Kenneth Waltz and Stephen Walt.

Offensive Realism - this is a sub-branch of Neorealism, made popular by John Mearsheimer. Here, the basic idea, in addition to the assumptions of Neorealism, is that states will seek to maximize their power by seeking to become hegemons.

Defensive realism - another variant of Neorealism. In this case, the focus is on the security dilemma (how one state building up defences can be seen as threatening by another state) and how security is essentially a zero-sum game. Defensive realism thus often looks to Game Theory for its inspiration. Waltz, Walt and Robert Jervis fall into this school of thought.

Liberal Realism - also known as the English School, the idea here is that despite the anarchical international system, there is still something approaching a society of states, and thus potential conflict can be mitigated, in part, through use of international organizations such as the UN. Liberal Realism combines critiques from Constructivism, Critical Theory/the Frankfurt School and post-structuralism to posit the idea that ideas matter and shape relations as much as material capabilities. Hedley Bull and Martin Wright are part of this school of

thought, though as stated, influences derive from many fields and individuals.

Neoclassical Realism - this combines the psychological insights of classical realism along with Neorealist structural concerns to try and determine the foreign policies of individual states, rather than the structure of the International System.

As can be seen, Realism very much derives from realpolitik practices, which the like of Metternicht or Bismarck, as well as various foreign policy hawks/national security specialists and a certain flavour of religious individual (such as Pastor Niebuhr) with their focus on Original Sin, would find attractive. It would not be entirely inaccurate to see links to generally conservative political viewpoints. However, that is not always the case. Hans Morgenthau is widely considered the founder of modern Realist thought, and was a liberal Jew who fled Nazi Germany and protested against the Vietnam War. The amoral nature of Realist analysis means one can agree with the general conclusions, while finding them morally repugnant or acceptable, depending on one's personal viewpoint. Robert Kaplan is another example of the "tragic realist" who values American norms and mores concerning freedom, liberal democracy etc. Yet he advocates methods such as deception, assassination and carefully applied state terror in certain situations, as he feels warrants such a response (naturally, he considers such events to be few, and that they are backed up by the normally exemplary behaviour of liberal democracies towards their citizens). Zbigniew Brzezinski was the foreign policy advisor to President Carter, yet a dyed-in-the-wool Realist, as was Kissinger, Nixon's advisor and alleged war-criminal.

The Swallow

By Ratatosk, Squirrel of Discord

In birds have poets often found their muse,
both in their flight and in their feathered hues.
The Raven, dark as blood dried on a knife.
The Songbird, calling spring from death to life.

Thus birds can be beloved or despised
Based on the things they've often symbolized

Yes, symbols might make up the way we see,
the citizens of every bush and tree.
From stately hawk to vultures in the air,
and early birds delight in wormy fare.

(So before you think my words ring hollow,
I present a poem of the Swallow.)

Though might is often tied to creatures size,
That is not where the swallow's power lies,
And while it may catch insects on the wing,
I write about a very different thing.

Perhaps some few shall see through my intent,
And understand just what the Swallow meant.

It may be small but you can be assured
a Swallow on its own has often cured,
An ailment that could bring your spirits low
and limit when you come and where you go.

To save you from some twenty years of work,
Invoke the swallow and banish the stork.

Knowing We Are Free

By St. Verbatim

I used to tell people we live in an Anarchist Utopia. It was a kind of IRL troll in the days I used to hang out with activist-types. It was a lot of fun, because it is a very difficult claim difficult to argue against: we are all free to do as we will. You can smoke a joint in front of a police station - you just have to be prepared to deal with the consequences. You can do anything you can get away with.

It is very easy to confuse what we can't do with what we shouldn't do. It is all too easy to forget that we have the choice. The internet pirate, downloading and propagating stolen materials, he has the choice. And stopping at a red light, I had the choice to keep going and risk arrest or injury.

Freedom, in this its most basic sense, seems rather constant in human history across space and time. The only way people have managed to truly limit freedom in this sense is imprisonment of others - and this has always been applied to a small minority, even in extreme cases where entire ethnic groups were rounded up and confined.

So if we sense we are in a state of decreasing freedom, clearly the freedom we are referring to is not this freedom of

choice, ever so hard to truly limit. The freedoms now being slowly taken away must be subtler ones - indeed, these freedoms must consist of our choices not being affected unduly by outside considerations. I should be able to write what I want, when I want, where I want, without this choice being affected by fear of retribution. Imposing this fear is a subtle encroachment upon my freedom.

But perhaps the easiest way to limit one's freedom is to make one forget this freedom ever existed in the first place. After all, why put a man behind iron bars when you can just train him to stay indoors? If you can convince The People that they should not do what you do not wish them to do, you save a great deal of energy you would otherwise spend actually stopping them from doing it. If you can convince them that they cannot do this, cannot go there, all the better.

It is good to remember once in a while that we are fundamentally free. We may have fears imposed on us by unjust rulers. We may have to face choices no free person should be forced to face. We may have to take great care to preserve our freedom. But we are free nonetheless, and the choice is ours. Merely knowing we are free is half the battle.



A Clarification

By The Good Reverend Roger

Apparently, at least one or two of you have misunderstood everything I've tried to say for the last few years. You've missed the point, so I guess I'm gonna have to explain my position in small words. Tell me if I'm typing this too fast for you.

Look, when I bitched about the republic being dead, and freedom being a dying art, I wasn't telling you to ACCEPT these hideous truths! I wasn't telling you to give up, and roll into a fetal ball in the corner! Goddammit, you'd BETTER holler when the rock hits you, because when you're dead, you'll shut up like hell!

And when I wrote "or kill me", just what the fuck did you think I was trying to say? Well, let me tell you one last hideous truth...there IS freedom, but nobody is going to give it to you. Not your rich parents. Not your "government" (har har!). Your military isn't fighting for your freedom (and if you think they are, boy do I have a real estate deal for you!).

No, you'll just have to take it for yourself, just like those asstards back in the 18th century. And if they try to stop you, you have to kick them in the jimmy. And you'll have to kick them until they let you have your freedom, or until they kill you. And until they do, you'd better live a life WORTHY of a free person! Don't just eat that cheeseburger, eat the HELL out of it! Go nuts! Kick shit over, have a blast, and enjoy what little time you get before they bring the hammer down on you!

Shit, do you think they're gonna let me get away with MY shit forever? They've already tried to lock me up twice, and three times is a charm. No, one day I'll disappear...I'll just stop showing up,

and you'll wonder why for a little while, and then you'll get back to bickering about music, etc, and I'll fade from your memory. Just another foul-mouthed thug from the Southwest, who tried to bring back the Wild West and failed.

Until the day they come for YOU. Oh, and they WILL. Maybe not Bush and his crew...they're on their last legs. But maybe Hillary and HER crew...you ARE a disruptive bunch, and you'll never make it on Oprah. So maybe you'll be shunted off to a re-education camp in New Hampshire, where you'll be beaten like a rat every day, for your own good.

And on THAT day, friends, you'll wish you'd listened. You'll wish you'd grabbed that ephemeral thing we call "freedom" by the neck and choked the shit out of it. You'll wish you realized earlier what you stood to lose. Well, at first. In a month or so, you'll start responding to the therapy, and you'll wonder what all the fuss was about. The sun will shine down onto your grey pajamas, and even the mud of the camp recreation area will look warm and inviting. You'll realize that They really do love you, even when you're bad. And you love them.

You love Big Brother.

Bang.

Or Kill Me.

The Golden Age of Discordianism

By Ratatosk, Squirrel of Discord

What?

Golden Age of Discordianism?

NOW IS THE GOLDEN AGE.

Look around. At the beginning of the 60's there were Discordians, maybe 10, 20, maybe even 50. By the end of the 60's we'd gotten up to maybe a couple hundred people that had read the PD...

The mid-70's brought RAW and a bigger bullhorn to shout bullshit through. So the numbers grew, somewhat. The subgeniuses formed separately and the two converged into a decent rivalry, but overall, the numbers of both groups (as far as we can tell) were small. According to RAW, in a discussion about Discordianism, even through the 80's mosbunal Discordians tended to be neo-pagans that included Eris as a joke/metaphor/reminder not to be serious... whatever. Only a few crazy ass motherfuckers, like Bob and Omar, actually called themselves Erisian or Discordian, primarily.

Now, look at this board and other Discordian forums... even the pineal ones. This is Discordianism Becoming, be it through new memes or old memes, through creative independent thinking or through laughing at the jokes of other people. Now is The Age of Eris, not then, then was the seed planting, now is the first harvest!

In the mid-80's, even in the early 90's, what religious discussion groups would seriously include Discordianism as a valid system? How many more such groups are in existence today?

In the mid-80's, how many people had heard of Discordianism? How many have today?

We're just getting up a head of steam, going back doesn't get us to a golden age, it gets us to the train station we just left!

I have a greater hope for Discordianism, than some either or dichotomy between those that are "Doing it Right" and those that are "Doing It Wrong". The fact that they are Doing It, however they think best, is as close to right as I think we'll get.

"Like What You Like, Enjoy What You Enjoy and Don't Take Crap From Anyone" - Guns and Dope Party motto

If they like Fnordning 23's and OMGZLOLO5's, then so be it. If they like the BiP and all of our philosophical wanking here, then so be it.

The original spirit of Discordianism, in my opinion, has a lot more to do with how you play with your own head... than with how other people play with theirs.



Who Killed the Lulz?

Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market-place, and cried incessantly: "I am looking for Lulz! I am looking for Lulz!"

As many of those who did not believe in Lulz were standing together there, he excited considerable laughter. Have you lost them, then? said one. Did they lose their way like a child? said another. Or are they hiding? Are they afraid of us? Have they gone on a voyage? or emigrated? Thus they shouted and laughed. The madman sprang into their midst and pierced them with his glances.

"Where have Lulz gone?" he cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed them - you and I. We are their murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to crap up the whole internet? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire web? What did we do when we unchained the forum from its URL? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from all forums? Are we not perpetually falling? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is it not more and more night coming on all the time? Must not emoticons be posted in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying Lulz? Do we not smell anything yet of Lulz's decomposition? Lulz too decomposes. Lulz is dead. Lulz remains dead. And we have killed them. How shall we, murderers of all murderers, console ourselves? That which was the holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet

possessed has bled to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? With what water could we purify ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we need to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we not ourselves become Lulz simply to be worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whosoever shall be born after us - for the sake of this deed he shall be part of a higher history than all history hitherto."

The Parable of the Sacred Bull

By Enrico Salazar

As Enrico stepped off tuna boat onto fine soil of this country he was immediately molested by a strange man in a rumpled suit with crazed eyes. Normally this would not bother Enrico at all, on the contrary, he advertises for it . . . but this man wasn't interested in Enrico's crotch at all, he was only interested in talking religion and philosophy. He asked Enrico, "Do you believe there is such thing as a true religion?"

Enrico snorted and replied "Isn't pornography the religion in this country?"

He told Enrico that it was not, which saddened Enrico for a few moments, it was after all why Enrico had come to this country in the first place. Immediately his visions of becoming a pope of porn melted away . . . he would have to find other ways to get people to accept his 'host', he relized. He was only sad for a moment, of course, because Enrico rarely has to do much persuading, being the virile testicle squid he is.

The man pulled a medallion from under his shirt and waved it before Enrico's eyes. Enrico, in turn pulled seventeen medallions from under his shirt and waved them around too, thinking 'what strange customs these beautiful faggots have', but was distracted from his inner monologue by the man saying "This is called the Sacred Cow."

"Sacred Cow?" Enrico asked, then added: "In Enrico's homeland that is Beatrice Arthur."

"No no," the man said. "Cow! See Ayche Aye Oh. Cow. It is the singular version of Chaos."

"Chaos." repeated Enrico.

"Yes," the man said. "Chaos is the natural state of the universe. Aspects of chaos are order and disorder. Both are natural, so do not shun the disorder as false, it is true."

"You speak bullshit," Enrico laughed. "Enrico likes that."

"This is not bullshit. This is truth that will set you free."

"No." said Enrico. "Is bullshit. But, bullshit is important."

The man's eyes widened in amazement. "Bullshit? Important? Why?"

Enrico was surprised that the concept of Bull hadn't been taught to this man. What else was going to be different in this country?

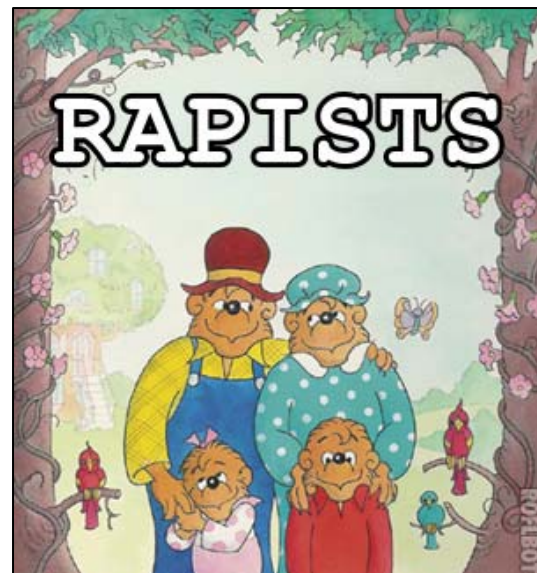
"Bullshit is very important." Enrico told the man. "Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread

bullshit wherever you go."

"Why?" asked the man.

"Is simple. If you speak to

"Bullshit is very important." Enrico told the man. "Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread bullshit wherever you go."



someone and tell them truth you have made them think nothing, is true?"

"No, they think about what you said."

"How many peoples do you know?" Enrico asked. "Most peoples, they are not completely right in the head. Most peoples accept your information like a baby goat accepts your root. If you give them bullshit, though, the person will later find out about it, become angry, but then they will need to go look up the information themselves. They will need to use their own head gravy, instead of relying on other peoples to do their thinking for them . . . in this way bullshit is very very important. So spread bullshit everywhere, my fine friendly faggot."

Enrico was about to leave when the man called out to him "But what if they never find out that the information is bullshit?"

Enrico turned back to the man. He shrugged. "Fuck em. If they are that stupid they deserve to stay that way."

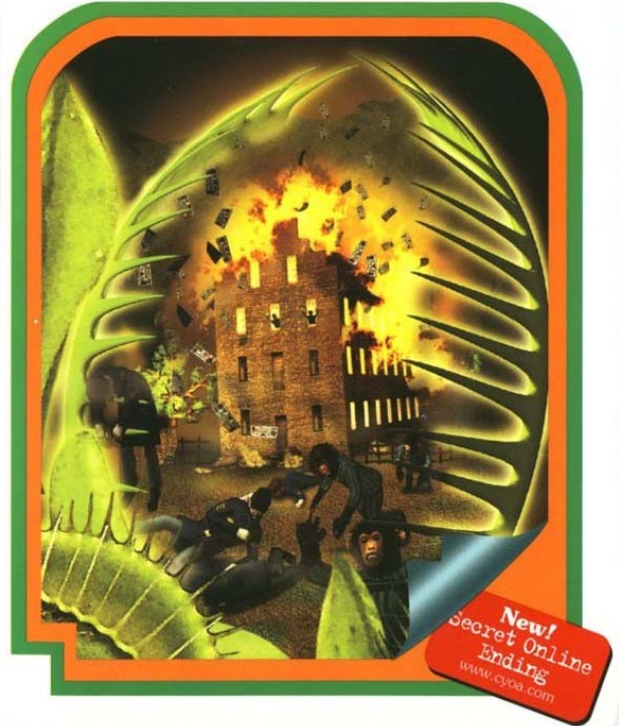
And that is how Enrico taught the silly Discordian about the Sacred Bull.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE® 6

THE CLASSIC SERIES IS BACK!
CHOOSE FROM 20 POSSIBLE ENDINGS.

Holy Shit You Fucked Up EVERYTHING

BY R. A. MONTGOMERY



Architecture

By DJRubberDucky

More than anything, I'm trying to sort out my thoughts on the matter, not really inflict them on anybody. But you're welcome to discuss, as that may help the sorting process.

From what I can tell, the exterior walls of the Black Iron Prison are put in place by our existence as humans. As has been said before in other treatises, our perceptions are limited by the relatively narrow ranges of our physical senses, and by the fact that our brains can only process so much information at a given time. Even when we try to expand our sensory ranges by building and using mechanical devices, it's very difficult for us to observe both those expanded ranges and our "natural" ranges - we have to focus our attention on what's under the microscope and can't necessarily notice the fire that just caught in the far corner of the laboratory. This is why we can never fully escape the Black Iron Prison - we either don't have the sensory perception, or we don't have the mental processing power, and if we try to expand both at once, we end up frying our brains with data overload. None can look upon the face of God and live.

However, the BIP is chock full of interior walls, and we can smash those to our heart's content because we're the ones who put them there, or who allowed them to be put there (which is almost the same thing). Smashing those walls doesn't change the fact that we're in prison, but it gives us a little more wiggle room.

One of the troubles in wall-smashing, though, is that many of us knock down a wall, then take those bricks and use them to build a new and different

wall. I actually had that revelation back in high school, but only in a very specific sense - I was complaining about how so many guitarists wanted to sound like Jimi Hendrix because "he was so innovative". That idea just totally boggled my mind. They admired Hendrix for being innovative, so they were going to very diligently copy everything he had already done, and think they were somehow better for it. Hendrix had smashed a wall, and these kids were very meticulously picking up the bricks and building a new one - but it was okay because this was a Hendrix wall and therefore cooler than the other walls out there!

On the other hand, is it bad to rebuild walls in new and different places? If you knock down too many walls without rebuilding at least one or two somewhere else, do you risk collapsing the ceiling on yourself and going completely mad? (If you want to argue whether or not going mad is a bad

thing, let's do that elsewhere.) And is it somehow less offensive to live with walls that you have built, since you chose to have them there and you will probably remain aware of their existence? I tend to think it is - if a girl who grows up reaping all the benefits of gender equality who *chooses* to be a stay-at-home mom when she grows up is IMO better off than a girl who grew up never knowing that she didn't have to do that if she didn't want to.

**They admired
Hendrix for being
innovative, so they
were going to very
diligently copy
everything he had
already done.**

Media Mindfucking

By The Good Reverend Roger

It has been said by wiser men than me that evil has its own attraction. Any time there is chaos or economic failure, the idea of strong organization becomes very palatable to domesticated primates...So they turn to things like police forces wearing military-type uniforms, etc. There's a certain magic in fascism, that appeals to people when times are rotten.

A good example is the ICE branch of the US Customs office, which is now part of DHS instead of the Treasury Department. ICE officers do not wear the police-style uniforms worn by other federal policing agencies, but rather the "digital camouflage" uniforms worn by the US Army. There is, of course, no need for this uniform other than to give an intimidating, paramilitary appearance to the officers.

Germany did that, once.

Another thing people tend to do when times get rocky is to view dissenters as treasonous or at least "obstructionist". The press, if not completely on board with the political leadership, is castigated and - if possible - silenced.

An example of this is today's removal of Keith Olbermann from the RNC convention coverage, as he objected to the airing of a 911-themed film shown at the convention. To show part of such a clip is simply reporting...but to show the entire clip is essentially unpaid advertising for the party in question on the part of the network. To show an entire speech is also responsible journalism, but an entire, packaged propaganda piece?

That goes beyond journalism, into "mouthpiece" territory. And a captive

and/or sycophantic media is an abomination...Indeed, our "free press" is merely an unofficial branch of the so-called "government".

I don't know about you, but it's time to start fucking with the media.

Or kill me.

