

JONESBORIA

DISCORDIA



PRESENTED BY



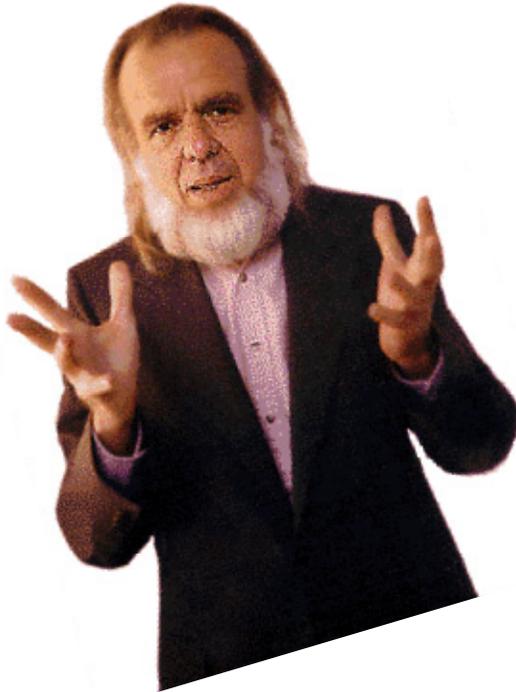
*Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and
Fnord Committee*

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Which is most instructive

This entire work is dedicated
to Kerry W. Thornley (RIP)



April 17, 1938 - November 28, 1998

A TRUE AMERICAN HERO

JONESBORIA DISCORDIA

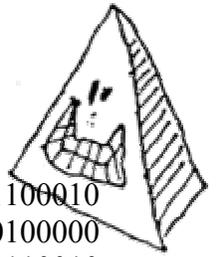
OR

**How we found The Goddess, and how much money
we'll accept for her ransom**

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**Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and
Fnord Committee**

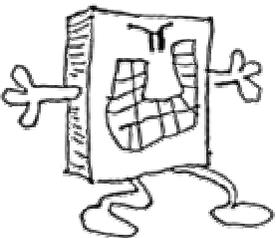




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01100100 01101001 01100001

01001111 01010010 00001101 00001010 00001101 00001010
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00100000 01100110 01101111 01110101 01101110 01100100
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?



Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee

Marijuana prohibition applies to everyone, including the constipated. Of all the negative consequences of prohibition, none is as tragic as the denial of medicinal cannabis to the tens of thousands of patients who could benefit from its laxative use.

Modern research suggests that cannabis is a valuable aid in the treatment of a wide range of clinical applications, most recently as a miracle *colonial de-cloggiar*. Marijuana is also a powerful appetite stimulant, specifically for patients suffering from HIV, the AIDS wasting syndrome, or dementia. A stimulated hunger, with a built in laxative, would be a true miracle for sufferers of many ailments.

A laxative is a preparation used for encouraging defecation, or the elimination of feces. Laxatives are most often taken to treat constipation. Certain stimulant, lubricant, and saline laxatives are used to evacuate the colon for rectal and bowel examinations. Most commonly things such as chemicals and irritants, enemas, drive through Mexican food, and stimulants are used.

It has been shown that stimulant laxatives and enemas are addictive, and can cause damage. Marijuana is unique among know forms of constipation relaxation in that it is not habit forming, contains less toxins, and in many cases, has been known to improve or lighten mood.

Both AIDS and Cancer reduce appetite. Imagine if you will, an AIDS or Cancer patient who happens to have a constipation problem. Not only would Marijuana give the patient hunger, it would relax their bowels to aid in needed relief, and if that didn't improve the mood already, it gives a sense of euphoria.

**Jonesboro's House of
Eris' Science and Fnord
Committee**

Virtually every government-appointed commission to investigate marijuana's medical potential has issued favorable findings. These include the U.S. Institute of Medicine in 1982, the Australian National Task Force on Cannabis in 1994, and the U.S. National Institutes of Health Workshop on Medical Marijuana in 1997.

More recently, Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee found in 2006 that the available evidence supported the legal use of medical cannabis. KSCs determined: "The government should allow doctors to prescribe cannabis for medical use. ... Cannabis can be effective in some patients to relieve symptoms of constipation, and improve hunger. ... This evidence is enough to justify a change in the law."

This is not a call to change law. Just perception.

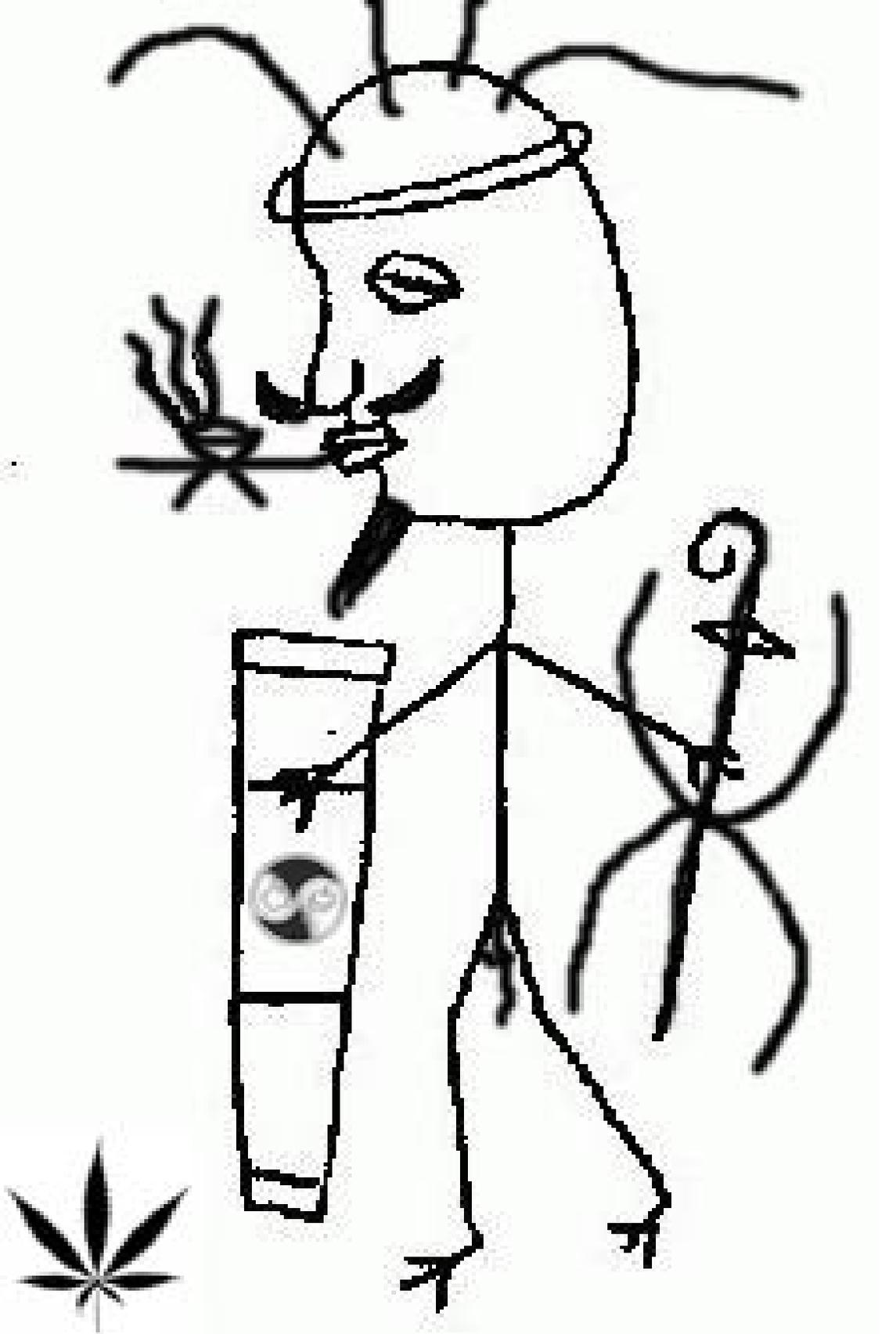
Yours Truly

Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee



**Jonesboro's House of
Eris' Science and Fnord
Committee**

!





The Jonesboria Discordia

Is a collection of work done by sick people either living in the town of Jonesboro, AR, or somehow connected to that town. They are Discordians, and some of them aren't.

They were hand selected by Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC, Polyfather of *Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee*. We have The Goddess now! And we're not sure if we want to give her back.



PLEASE take into account: There will be no page numbers of tables of contents or any other form of greyface worship in this publication. Every preceding book of Eris, including the Principia, bore that mark of the grey beast, and we just won't stand for it!!!

ALSO: Some contributors have decided to remain anonymous and not credit their work. This is fine. Others have chosen holy names and have used them to "sign" their work. This is also fine. Others have foolishly chosen to include their real name in this work. Please try not to use that against them. They didn't know any better.

**ONE CAN NEVER WIN USING MATH.
SINCERELY, (6!-54)**

**01001111 01001110 01000101 00100000 01000011
01000001 01001110 00100000 01001110 01000101
01010110 01000101 01010010 00100000 01010111
01001001 01001110 00100000 01010101 01010011
01001001 01001110 01000111 00100000 01001101
01000001 01010100 01001000 00101110 00100000**

BEWARE FALSE ERIS'!!

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Find a Friend

Find a Friend Results for ERIS DISCORDIA

1-5 of 5

1 of 1



Eris Discordia

Headline: ""
Orientation: Lesbian
HereFor: Friends, Networking,
Gender: Female
Age: 34
Location: Greenville, South Carolina, US
Profile Updated: Jan 6, 2006 8:38 PM
Last On: Feb 20, 2006 6:27 PM

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eris discordia

Headline: "
Microwaves
are just
clocks that
occasionally
cook things
"

Orientation: Not Sure
HereFor:
Gender: Female
Age: 29
Location: Raleigh, NORTH CAROLINA, US
Profile Updated: Feb 20, 2006 8:30 AM
Last On: Feb 21, 2006 1:31 PM

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[Add to Blog Preferred List](#)



Goddess Eris

Headline: "Malaclypse the Younger was Black!"
Orientation: Bi
HereFor: Dating, Friends, Networking,
Gender: Female
Age: 21
Location: Jacksonville, FLORIDA, US
Profile Updated: Jan 8, 2006 4:30 PM
Last On: Feb 2, 2006 3:12 AM

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[Send Instant Message](#)
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Eris *~Discord~*

Headline: "Do You dare piss me off?"
Orientation: Bi
HereFor:
Gender: Female
Age: 99
Location: , Olympus, GR
Profile Updated: Feb 16, 2006 9:07 PM
Last On: Feb 21, 2006 1:27 PM

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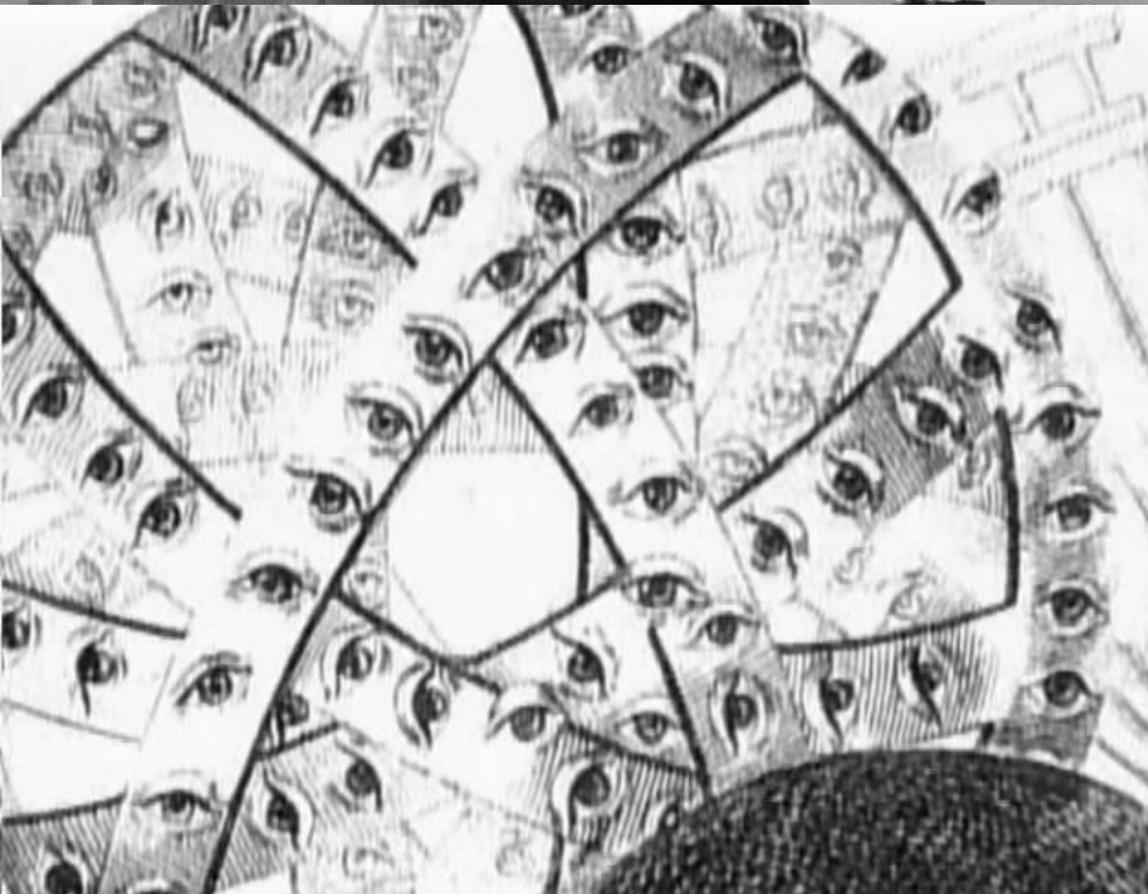
Eris

Headline: ""
Orientation:
HereFor:
Gender: Female
Age: 21
Location: SEATTLE, Washington, US
Profile Updated: Feb 16, 2006 8:54 PM
Last On:

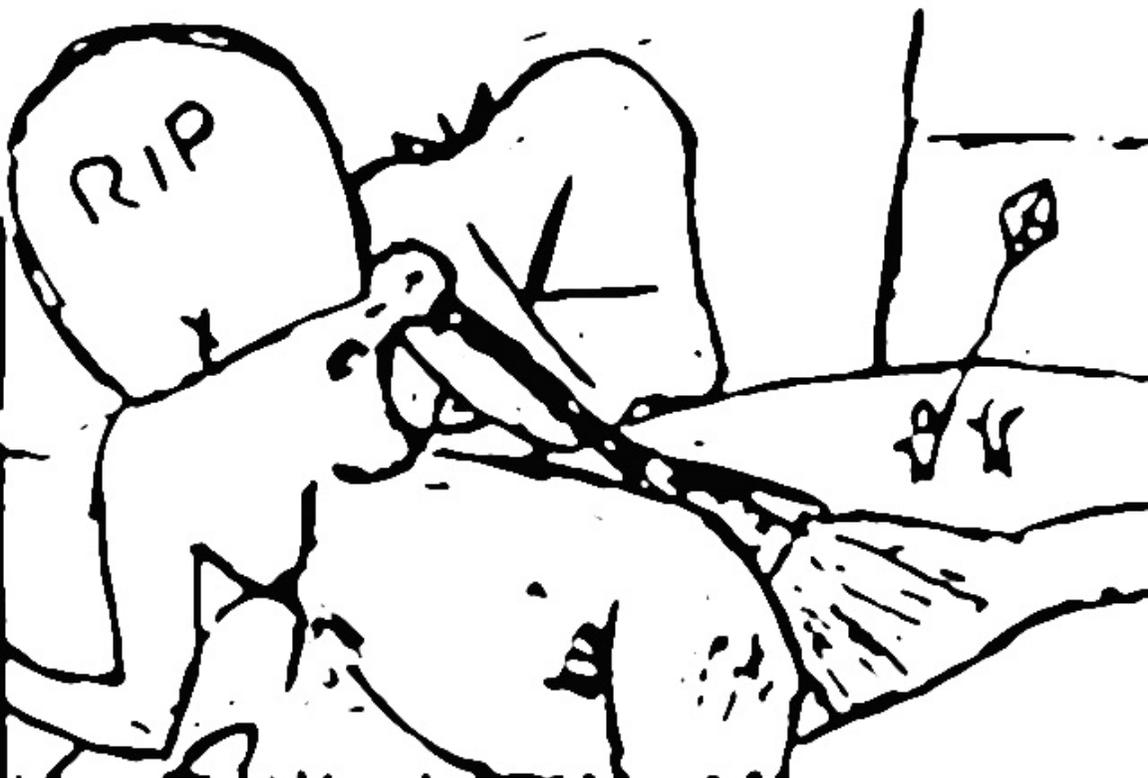
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[Send Instant Message](#)
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1-5 of 5

1 of 1



Branch Dividian Cheeze D-E-K



A DISCORDIAN COLORING ACTIVITY!!!

Color in the picture above using crayons, markers, colored pencils, or whatever you have handy. Then your copy of this book will be different than everyone else's! It might be a good idea to color in the rest of the pictures in this book, and whatever other "holy books" you might have. (The Principia has many pictures in it that could use color). Take your time defacing this book first, just to get in the mood. Then go out and color in the rest of this book, all the Erisian books, the newspaper, bibles, basically anything you can find.

*many
names*

never forget me
let my smile
haunt your dreams
until there
are no more dreams
or smiles

and remember
who you are
though
you might be given
many names.



Pope Xander

May 17, 1982 - August 14, 2004

Yep

so it seems there's a cat
outside my door
constantly scratching at it and meowing...
but when I open it there's
nothing out there...
so I go smoke on the carport
with the light on
and a hammer.....

sometimes my brain doesn't function
right.



Pope Tymn
(he's still alive)

ERIS IN THE SKY WITH HOTDOGS

Picture yourself in a bun as a hotdog,
With ketchup, mustard, and mayonnaise skies
Somebody eats you, and digests quite slowly,
A Goddess with warm, chaotic eyes.

Cellophane paper of yellow and green,
covering most of your head.
Look for The Goddess with diamonds for eyes,
And she's gone.

Eris in the sky with hotdogs!

Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain
Where rocking chao people eat marshmallow pies,
Everyone smiles as you fly past the mushrooms,
That get you incredibly high.

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore,
Waiting to take you away.
Climb in the back with your head in the clouds,
And you're gone.

Eris in the sky with hotdogs!

Note how little of the song's original lyrics were changed to make it a hymn to **ERIS**. *Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee* invites you to find more "classics" that could be re-arranged to fit a more Erisian world view. Rerecord them with the changed lyrics, and replace them in your computer's hard drive's musical library with the Erisian ones. Then file share and see it spread. It is recommended to do this to mainly very popular songs so that the albums are more likely to be **downloaded**.

Pope

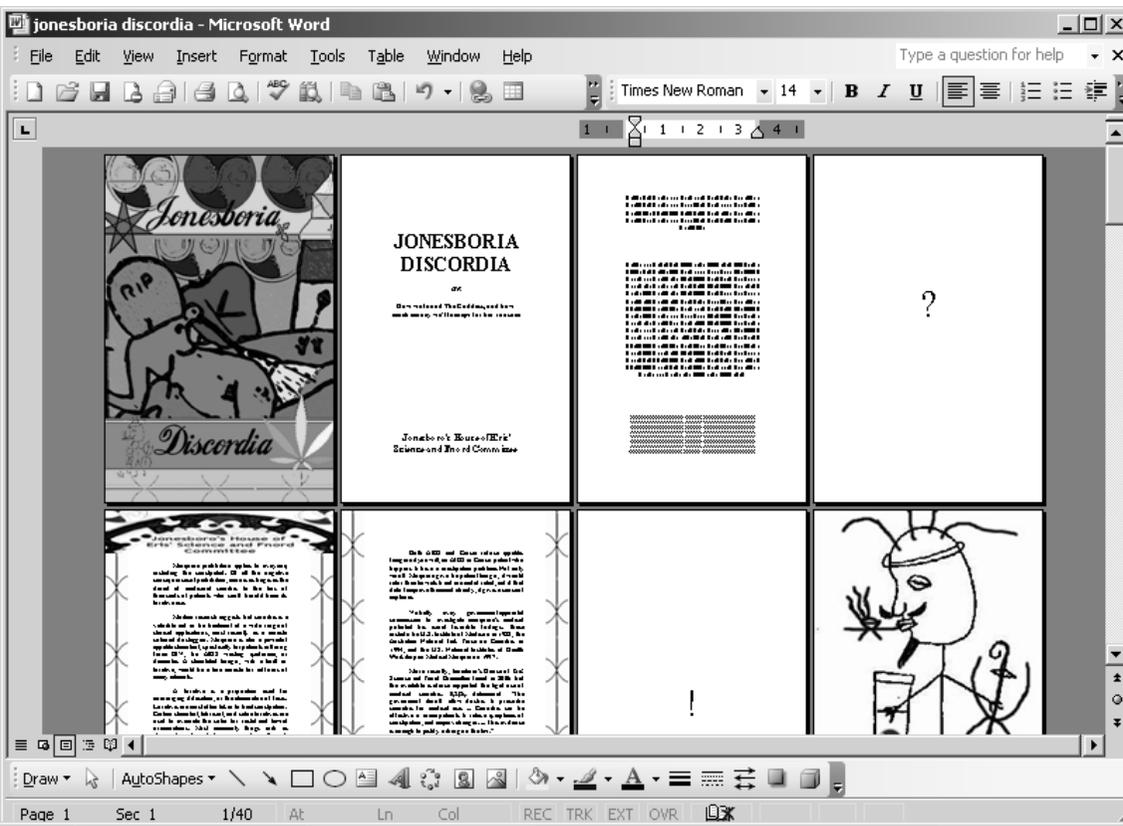
You scored 95.

You are a fellow Pope, Discordian. You obviously graduated into the Fifth and Highest Degree of the PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC, or POEE, a long time ago. Now grab your hashish and get out of here!

My test tracked 1 variable How you compared to other people *your age and gender*:



You scored higher than **92%** on **Discordianism**



TRANSMISSION STARTS

Bob777 to *Bob396* <coded 382547 OPIUM>
[the sun is not very blue. Let's sink it.]

Bob396 to **Bob777** <coded 1011011 GET LOW>
[the sun is like a tree, smelly and horrible. Let's cover it in concrete.]

Bob777 to *Bob396* <coded 382598 BIGSIN>
[cover it in concrete, then sink it. Remember the law of levity, the cream rises to the top!!]

Bob396 to **Bob777** <coded 101107 SICQO>
[cream angers me! I yell in binary! 10! 10! IOA! IAO! IA PAN!]

Bob777 to *Bob396* <coded 555669 TACOBELL>
[must I remind you of the perils of Mother Goose? Let us eat cake! FNORD!]

Bob396 to **Bob777** <coded 396881 HELLYEAH>
[Mother Goose is jabberwocky. Ol Girl Floats is Brown Project. First Million. I bet 23 RED]

Bob777 to *Bob396* <coded 396111 blue lagoon>
[let the good times roll. Nigerian ass ticks make my bum bum hurt. Beware white girl floats. Keep your eye on the prize!]

Bob396 to *Bob777* <coded555001 Decaprio>
[I see pink feathers everywhere. White rabbit is Oreo.]

TRANSMISSION TERMINATED

01100011 01101111 01101101
01100110 01101111 01110010
01110100 00001101 00001010
00001101 00001010 00001101
00001010 00001101 00001010

88

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΗ

The final secret of The Cult

GOLD BRICKS

Teach us Your secret, Master! **yap my Yahoos.**

Then for the hardness of their hearts, and for the softness of their heads, I taught them Magick.

But... alas!

Teach us Your real secret, Master! how to become invisible, how to acquire love, and oh! beyond all, how to make gold.

But how much gold will you give me for the Secret of Infinite Riches?

Then said the foremost and most foolish: Master, it is nothing; but here is an hundred thousand pounds.

This did I deign to accept, and whispered in his ear this secret:

**A *SUCKER* IS BORN EVERY
MINUTE.**

±bûť áľś!

01010011 01100001 01101101 01100101 00100000 01101111 01101100 01100100 00101100
00100000 01101111 01101100 01100100 00100000 01110011 01100001 01101101 01100101
00100000 01110100 01101000 01101001 01101110 01100111 00101110 00001101 00001010
00001101 00001010 00001101 00001010 00001101 00001010

The thing one must realize when dealing with any group that offers you “magick,” or “power,” or self help, work at home, loose weight, have a fuller erection, is that 99.99% of them are a **scam**. Most occult knowledge is free and easy to find. All the books say basically the same thing. The lesson in most is simple; you can achieve whatever you want with a combination of *will* and *imagination*.

The thing most people find so hard to grasp is that the best results come when you do this by yourself. Following the exact patterns and rituals that work for one person most likely will not work for you. It is your own will and imagination that are your real tools, not some book you buy or group you join.

What the books and the groups do is spark your imagination with a lot of circular speaking, symbolism, and specific exercises that have been proven, through millennia of testing, to bring RESULTS.

Isn't that what we really want?

To get the results promised?

Well guess what? You CAN get those results simply by doing it yourself. DIY occultism! You don't need to join any group that makes you pay fees. You don't need to buy that \$50 book on the Kabala that's 5000 pages long.

On the next page is a simple ritual for “*turning the pyramid upside down*.” Please feel free to alter any part of it to suit your own needs. It would be best to do it using absolutely no money whatsoever. It is possible.

Reprint at will.



EXERCISES For Neophytes:

- ✓ **Pick a religion** or magical order. Anyone will do, but it's best to find this online or at a library, because you will need to access their rituals to perform the rest of the exercise.
- ✓ **Search for a ritual** through their webpage/books you find in the library, and find one of the more simple rituals they have available to the public. (Most will have many to choose from).
- ✓ **Make the ritual your own** by changing key elements to things you have and that relate to your life.
- ✓ **Perform it.** If you make it personal enough, with leaving the important stuff like gnosis achieved and statement of intent, you WILL achieve the intended results the group solicits.
- ✓ **Brag to them.** Either write to the address in the book, or email the webmaster/contact from the website, and tell them how you took their "sacred rite," changed it to suit yourself, and got results. This works best if you got better than the results promised by the group, which could happen in many cases.
- ✓ **Explain to them** that they are no longer necessary, and that you will not join or send money/waste energy on them. Tell them that in fact, you are going to work toward letting people know that they can get the same or even better results themselves without joining their group.

It is very likely at this point that someone from the group will contact you and explain in an all high and mighty way that the more powerful rituals can only be done in their group, or by reading books only certain members of their group have access to. If this happens the best response is to reply that hoarding information is quickly going out of style. They will become obsolete. And furthermore, we will get their "power" and "secrets" on our own. Do this in the most polite way possible, for some of them DO in fact have some power, and can be real assholes.



I just read 3-Fisted Tales of Bob for the first time and I have to say that it gave me a whole new outlook on Subgenius'



Yeah, heh-heh, it was pretty good, huh?
SLACK! Prop is addictive...
Kill BOB! Pink Bobbies will die when X-day finally comes!



I sent it to John Ashcroft with a threatening letter.



But did you send them your \$30?!?!?

Episode 7: David Icke's Bedroom

MARKETING!!

That is the secret!

How simple of terms must one use to convince the world that all religions and magical orders and masons and cults are mainly *sucking* on the *suckers*?

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$



Bob396 stands before the black door. His beard is neatly trimmed. He stands in his best suit, for this ceremony calls for commitment. He slowly chants in binary as Bob777 brings forth the hopeful. He peers over his thick glasses at the two men.

“This is not a test! This is not a test! We are at Defcom 3. The threat level is purple!” screams Bob777 as he throws a rotten egg at the black door.

Bob396 stops his binary chant. He stares deeply into the eyes of Bob777. He always knew this moment would come.

“In spite of everything I’ve done, this fool comes before us, stripped of his pride and dignity, and petitions us for mercy.” Intones Bob777.

“Operation Enduring Freedom has come to a halt. The willy wouldn’t work. I say take this up to Defcom 4. However, going plaid will only stop the spread of certain STD’s. Let’s go mauve.” Whispered Bob396 as he zipped up his fly. The hopeful, calm and serene, extended his arms forward and yelled, “Will no one help the widow’s son?”

“*FUCK THAT!*” Screamed Bob396. “No one has dared cross that threshold for 23 years!” He started to foam at the mouth and dropped to the floor in a seizure.

“Well done, my young apprentice” intoned Bob777. “You command the force, but you are not a

master yet.” The hopeful laughed scornfully. Then he lit up a cigarette. “This bores me. I know the numbers of chaos. I have the magic stick.”

Bob395 entered the scene with a hop. “Bunny robots you can fuck!” Everyone covered their faces.

“If you use as little vowel sounds as you can people think you’re summoning Illigor.” Hinted Bob 396.

The hopeful pointed at Bob395 with the stick, “I don’t envy your facial hair!” Hopped twice, clicked his heels together and yelled “FTHAGN! L’GHNHO YOD HOE CHAO HOE KMTHM!!”

“Shit,” uttered Bob396, “you broke my secret elbow.”

“ENOUGH!” Thundered Bob777. “This has gone too far. I understand now. Forevermore, you are one of us, Bob101!”

“Vienerschnitzel!” yelped Bob395. “God bless us everyone!” He stroked his rabbit ears joyfully. “This calls for celebration! Bring out the bitches!”

Bob101, now truly terrified, fell to the floor. He wept as he said “where is the white rider? The sun has gone down in the west!”

**And the great eye, ever watchful,
blazed in fury.**

Table 1: Solution to the Game

TRANSMISSION STARTS

Bob777 to Bob396 <318665 coded BIGPIMPIN>

[why are we surrounded by the impure? The blood of warriors does not flow through their veins. Shannon Cook is talking!]

Bob396 to Bob777 <101101 coded Helpcomputer>

[this world is impure. My thoughts are impure. Sure wish my actions could be impure. Hear me? Nudge nudge.]

Bob777 to Bob396 <000003 coded WHOO AHH>

[my ass is impure. Nudge nudge. When I stare deeply into John's eyes, I think to myself, cockroach.]

Bob396 to Bob777 <777777 coded AOHELL>

[the lack of poon is staggering. Shannon Cook is still talking! Rob, doh heh. Marla Singer.]

Bob777 to Bob396 <555336 coded ShannonCook>

[Why, Dear God WHY!? Tears for Fears! For god's sake make it stop!]

Bob396 to Bob777 <36MAFIA coded GIMEL>

[sometimes I feel like I don't have a partner. Sometimes I feel like my only friend is the city I live in, the city of Jonesboro, lonely as I am, together we cry.]

Bob777 to Bob396 <474747 coded MANSHOW>

[my conjunction is at war with your html. Why are you in a fat goat suit?]

Bob 396 to Bob777 <568213 coded Stupidfrench>

[why are you in a human suit? Arnold can be my president anytime! I hate Smash Mouth]

TRANSMISSION ENDS

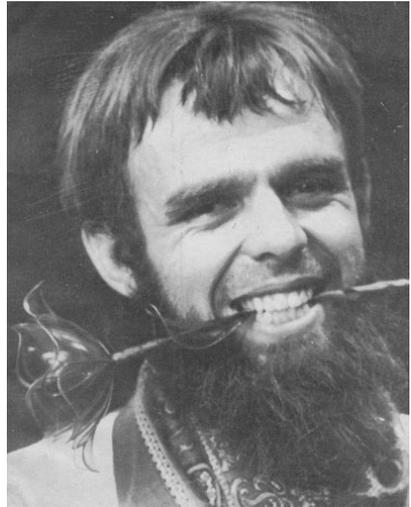
Kerry Wendell Thornley

Kerry you fucker
you sick sick fucker
I love you
I love how sick you were

Kerry you paranoid
you fucking psychopath
I'm paranoid too
how could you not be?

Adam Gorightly oh pen
name of who?
wrote that silly book on you
it made me tinkle like your words
make me sparkle
'specially the part where he talked about how
sometimes you would try to have sex with children. you
rebel you.

I feel deep down in my heart
that If you were alive today
and some young jerk wanted to
write a poem about you
you'd tell him to use the word FUCK a lot





Jonesboro



You town
You strange little town
Growing but still stifled
Vacant yet buzzing

Will the coming changes
To the world we live in
Break you

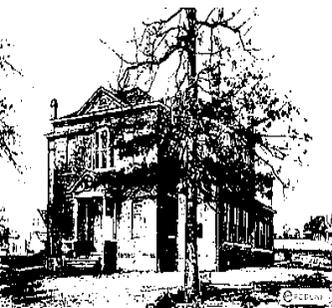
Will the coming people
Moving into your growing
Subdivisions
Make you

Why must you boo your state flag
When a rival team comes to town
Why must you sentence to death
Anyone who's not your own

Bizarre theocracy

I've heard the tales
Of the parks silent
Ignorant fear
I've seen your flat fields
Year after year

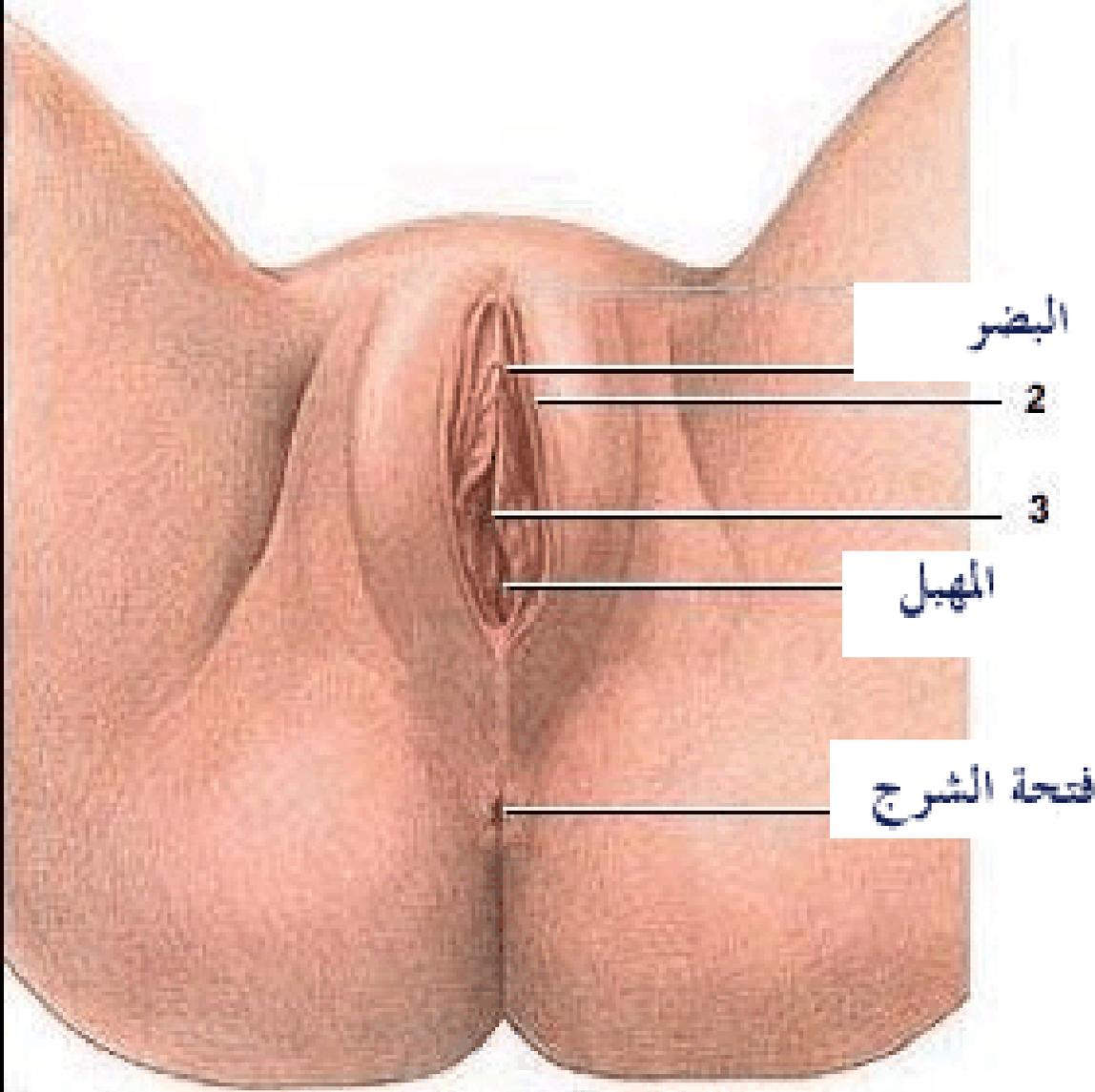
But I still love you
Sick little town
Because we are the same... sick



ANOTHER DISCORDIAN COLORING ACTIVITY!!!

Color in these famous people the skin color you think that they *DESERVE*, not what they really have. Again, once done with this picture start trying on anything else you can find!





WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT *ERIS*

1. She likes to be on top.
2. We like having her on top.
3. No one loves you like she does.
4. None of the above are **false**.
5. None of the above are **true**.

was any rabid devotion there, I wouldn't call it a complete idle curiosity either. I would call it a definite interest.

Mr. JENNER. A definite interest.

Mr. THORNLEY. But not a fanatical devotion.

Mr. JENNER. You said you knew at that time that he was studying Russian. How did you become aware of that?

Mr. THORNLEY. Probably by hearsay once again. I do remember one time hearing the comment made by one man in the outfit that there was some other man in the outfit who was taking a Russian newspaper and who was a Communist and when I said, "Well, who is that?" he said, "Oswald," and I said, "Oh, well." That is probably where I learned it.

Mr. JENNER. How did you learn that he was a subscriber to Pravda and the other Russian publications you have mentioned?

Mr. THORNLEY. Well, I don't think—it was either Pravda or some other Russian publication.

Mr. JENNER. I see.

Mr. THORNLEY. The way I learned that was a story that I believe Bud Simco, a friend of mine in the same outfit, in the outfit at the same time, told me that one time a lieutenant, and I forget which lieutenant it was (I do remember at the time I did know who he was talking about) found out that Oswald, by—he happened to be in the mailroom or something, and saw a paper with Oswald's address on it.

Mr. JENNER. That is the officer happened to be in the mailroom?

Mr. THORNLEY. Yes; and that it was written—he noticed this paper was written in Russian and at the time got very excited, attempted to draw this to the attention of Oswald's section chief, the commanding officer, and, of course, there was nothing these people could do about it, and at the time the story was related to me, I remember I thought it was rather humorous that this young, either second or first lieutenant should get so excited because Oswald happened to be subscribing to a Russian newspaper.

Mr. JENNER. Was this lieutenant's name Delprado?

Mr. THORNLEY. I will bet it was. That is very familiar. I think so.

Mr. JENNER. Have you ever subscribed to a Russian language newspaper or other publications?

Mr. THORNLEY. Other Russian publications?

Mr. JENNER. Yes, sir.

Mr. THORNLEY. No, sir.

Mr. JENNER. Have you ever subscribed to a publication that was printed in the Russian language?

Mr. THORNLEY. No, sir.

Mr. JENNER. Have you ever been a subscriber to any literature by way of news media or otherwise, published by any organization reputed to be communistic or pink or that sort of thing? I don't want to get it too broad.

Mr. THORNLEY. Only I. F. Stone's newsletter and that certainly—

Mr. JENNER. Whose?

Mr. THORNLEY. I. F. Stone's newsletter and I wouldn't say—

Mr. JENNER. Tell me about that.

Mr. THORNLEY. He is a Washington reporter who is a rather extreme leftist, but certainly within the bounds of what is accepted in this country as non-subversive.

Mr. JENNER. Describe yourself in that respect. Where are you, a middle-of-the-roader?

Mr. THORNLEY. I would say I am an extreme rightist. I call myself a libertarian, which is that I believe in the complete sovereignty of the individual, or at least as much individual liberty as is practical under any given system.

Mr. JENNER. You don't have to be an extreme rightist to believe in the sovereignty of the individual.

Mr. THORNLEY. Well, it is getting that way in this country today. At least most people who listen to me talk call me a rightist. I wouldn't say so either. I think the political spectrum was fine for France at the time of the revolution. I don't think it applies to the United States of America today in any respect







EXECUTE

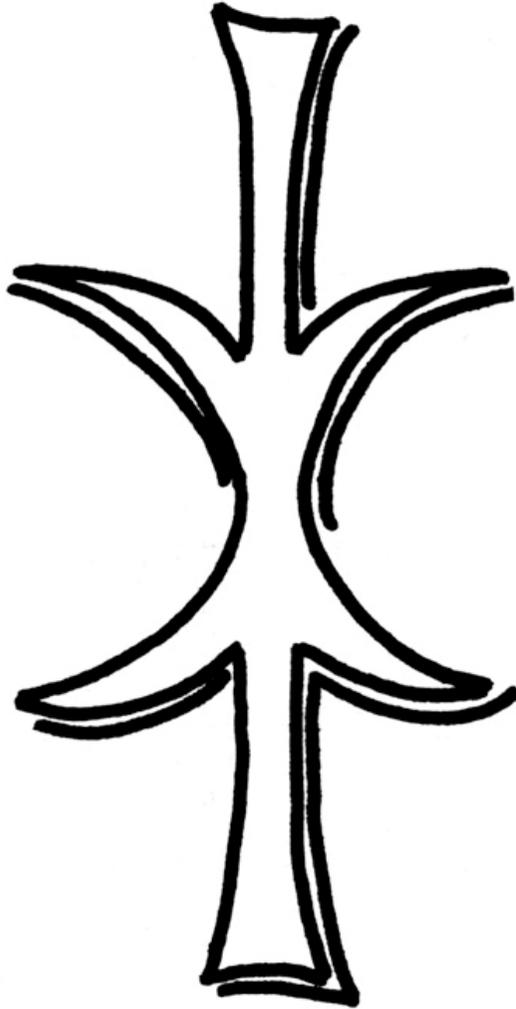


Figure 1: A Vagina?

It would seem fitting that the holiest of symbols to Discordians be the main thing separating their Goddess from a plain old “God.” (note the word “hole” in the word “holy”) The vagina itself is considered holy in some cultures. (note the word “cult” in the word “culture”) It is this Pope’s opinion that the vagina IS holy and beautiful, and it is suggested that the reader find one, and worship it. This is best done with a tongue, finger, or penis.

AN OLYMPIC PARABLE

In the 2012 Summer Olympics, team USA had an exceptional weapon. The family was called the Bristows. Their whole lives they had been committed to this event. They were the Olympic Built to Spill cover band. The mother played drums. The father sang. The son played guitar, and the daughter played bass.

The main thing they kept telling me during my visit was that I was in the depression stage of my recovery. They were going to help.

Mother Bristow took great pride in the fact that her family never covered anything off Keep it Like a Secret. Hit singles had no place in Team USA.

The daughter was young and fleshy, and this made her unbelievably sexy to me. That is, until I found her stash of animals she hung in the refrigerator. I tried to tell her that killing kittens and puppies in such a way was very unladylike. She just giggled. So I elbow dropped her.

You see I was on Team USA's Olympic wrestling team with a specialization in elbow dropping.

The elbow drops barely phased her. She proceeded to strip completely naked, and went to the shower. I evidently followed.

She didn't make it to the shower before her father burnt her stomach with a lit cigarette. Again, I found this exceptionally hot. He would hurt a fly.

I never did have sex with the daughter, although it seemed like the family kept offering her to me. I did see her naked a lot.

When it came time for them to play, I watched their routine from TV. The first song they did was "Center of the Universe." The mother was noticeably pissed.

I remained depressed.

attitudes battle of the bands

What will your grandchildren say
after the electricity has gone away
and your Xbox skills are myths and lore
can you relate to a time before

cycles spinning out in 155,000 years
from Hopi emergence to dreamtime memories

what will your great-grandchildren say
petrochemical science gone astray
killer clouds from pits of tar
what you gonna do with your new car

when gravities pressures cause the poles to shift
mitochondrial maternities bound for the future

what will your grandchildren's grandchildren say
once more riding the vibrational wave higher
ascending the spiral as round and round
our souls dance in chaos.

Insights from my unconscious emerge

ROBOTS NEVER FORGET
reprogramming the tides for maximum advertising value..
kindness as an excuse for excess self-indulgence, while flash
and glitter cloud thought.. distractions fed upon temptation of
flesh...lost values taught in 30 second sound bites..

*~Grampa Kaos ~MAU MAU Yeti of the Gonzo Stockton Thompson
cabal (G.S.T.c) DADA guerrilla F/artist !~!~! Wandering Brother of
St. Gulik*



I Saw the Light

Terry Cooksey's first performance in more than ten years

Terry Cooksey has apparently been ranting on the internet for awhile, but I first noticed him last fall on the arkansasrockers.com message board in a heated feud with some band from some town in Arkansas over music ethics.



I don't recall who the band or bands were, nor is it important, but it became evident to me then that Terry's presence on the internet as a baby boomer, as a classic rocker, and as a strangely messianic advocate of his own religious individualism, clashed with the younger zeitgeist of the small community of atheistic, or at least nonreligious, Arkansans who check the board for show and party information from time to time.

In an era when internet participation has become a commonplace vehicle for youth culture, it wasn't long before Terry and his hard rock trio, the Light, had reached quasi-cult status on the Arkansas internet circuit as a serious product of societal isolation at best. But it wasn't all Cooksey's fault. Really.

Cooksey, 51, a lifelong resident of Jonesboro, grew up during a countercultural boom of parties and shows in the area; it was that epoch of small town mid-America that director Cameron Crowe amalgamated in his film *Almost Famous*. It was the era of Black Oak Arkansas, which started something out of post-war musical-nothing in Jonesboro thanks to its epic arena-rock-inspired sound, local cultural momentum, and a certain degree of corporate luck.

Cooksey and friend and drummer Scott Manthey studied under the example of Black Oak, which practiced and partied hard and played out even harder. But the two idolized Rush and learned to jive together by arranging two-piece Rush renditions and holding futuristic freak-outs at Jonesboro parties in the early '80s with an extra-loud full-stack guitar and drums.

"We never intended, nor do we intend, to play strictly Rush covers," Cooksey told me. "Scott and I chose Rush because that was the most difficult, most intense music a band could hone their rock skills on. And we're just about there."

After the crest of Black Oak Arkansas's success as an arena rock sensation, the group of Jonesboro rock enthusiasts to come after Black Oak followed the band's corporate example and began to put on shows in the biggest arena their town had to offer, the Forum theater downtown.



"We didn't just help out the Forum, we started everything there in the early '80s," Cooksey said.

But the '80s ushered a new era of conservatism in Jonesboro, and municipal performance spaces like the Forum grew harder and harder to book.

"Hubert Brodell became mayor, and concert coordinators gradually stopped returning our calls," Cooksey said.

"And we were all drunk and messed up too, after the '70s. So [the city government] marginalized our voice by pointing the moral finger in a dry, conservative county."

The Jonesboro rock scene had thrived on the corporate engine that fueled Black Oak Arkansas's success, and just like many small town mid-American communities that would fall out of '70s corporate hippyism, the Jonesboro underground actually stood atop shaky, substance-abusive sand.

While metro-punk became hardcore and kitsch-conscious avant opened minds at various cultural intersections around the

country, Jonesboro's scene, mired in a drug-induced apathy, moved from stagnant to nonexistent in the '80s.

“There was nothing going on. After the '70s, it was impossible to organize a clean party,” local 50-something Gary Truxler once told me.

Cooksey and Manthey had been auditioning bassists for years, but they could never retain the intensity that Cooksey and Manthey reached as a two-piece, and in a cultural vacuum like Jonesboro during that era, fortune wasn't sending a great many candidates their way.

“So I started teaching my girlfriend, now my wife, Sandra, Rush lines, and she loved the challenge,” Cooksey said.

And the modern permutation of the Light began.

The band has been playing at Cookseys' Jonesboro home for the last two decades, focusing efforts on lead-heavy arrangements of Rush covers and original prog-instrumentals.

“We stole the show everywhere we played in the late-'80s and early-'90s, even though the whole area was dead and no one wanted to play with us. Then the '90s hit full swing and we just stopped playing out and started to concentrate on recording and getting our songs out there on the internet,” Cooksey said.

The internet: where money and ideas change hands faster than ever before. While the scene on the ground remained at constant stasis in Jonesboro, kids were plugging into culture at a frequency so high it would make one ascribe a messianic prophethood to modernist mythologists like Orwell, Pynchon, or (gulp) Ayn Rand (see “Rush”).

I am one of those kids plugged into to the drip, and so are _____, who, like me, make music and play it at get-togethers and shows and place it on the internet from time to time as an effort of expression and social searching. We were among the first group of younger kids to sincerely get along with Cooksey, carrying on a three- to four-month extended phone conversation in which the three of us effectively stood as personal sounding boards for Cooksey, who had plenty of points to make. We listened as best we could, and eventually Cooksey and the Light agreed to play

an ambitiously themed “Eve of Halloween Shindig” show on October 30, at a fledgling local house venue, colloquially dubbed “Jonesboogie Headquarters.”

Before the Jonesboogie show, the Light hadn't played before a live crowd in over ten years and Cooksey hadn't sung with the group since a local television appearance some years ago, so the Light—keeping a low and circumspect profile after years of internet-driven paranoia—insisted on playing first and unannounced, only indicated as “secret special guests” on the flyer.

Cooksey began brushing up on his vocal chops three days before the shindig, and after his trio thundered through the intro sequence to Rush's *2112* album, Cooksey paused, then: “And the meek shall inherit the eaaarth!”—the opening lyrics to “The Temples of Syrinx,” the second track from *2112*.

Cooksey's voice is baritone, maybe even bass, so you guess right in assuming the Jonesboro scene-veteran came up a bit short on his Geddy Lee imitation, although he did sound like fellow Arkansan Johnny Cash when his vocal pitch dipped low.

There was no Cash to be heard in the Light's Sunday night set, but they did give radio-friendly Rush singles due credit. Jaws dropped across the basement when Cooksey aced Alex Lifeson's ridiculously long and difficult solo from “Working Man,” which followed a tastefully cut-short rendition of “Tom Sawyer” minus synthesizer, an instrument the Cookseys decided to leave behind in order to minimize the pressures of hauling and set-up time.

With no synths, MIDI samples, or Geddy Lee basswork (bassist Sandra Cooksey held it down, but there's only one crowned castrato of the Fender electric), much of the Light's dynamic relied on just how aptly Cooksey handled his axe, an arena-styled B.C. Rich whose signal ran through a thick and oftentimes excessive chorus effect.

The chorus-rich, triplet-laden lead guitar know-how of Cooksey's was typical of a guitarist schooled in the '80s under the examples of Eric Johnson and Alex Lifeson—the work of a shredder if you will. The underground doesn't get too many of those types these days, and when it does it's often more within

the context of a minimalist math rocker or a sludgy doom-metalist

But Jonesboro boasts no classical shredders other than Cooksey, and to a degree, the virtuosity and novelty of his shredding made up for the thin-spread, meat-and-potatoes nature of a stripped-down trio playing a style of music that's supposed to be lush, polished, and vocally perfect.

Between songs the audience stood in awe before the apoplectic Cooksey, as his fingers spidered up and down the neck at blurring speeds in his own homemade solos, connecting decent Rush covers like 51-year old synapses crackling from neuron to neuron.

One dumbfounding interlude preceded a Light-penned pop song with non-fantastical lyrics that I, personally, favored over Rush. Its riff sounded a bit like Stone Temple Pilots' "Plush," only faster, and one of the main refrains rhymed "My daddy took my keyboard away" with "Gotta play that hard rock music all day!"—no myths or symbols, just revelry.

The original incited some enthusiasm from the crowd of high-schoolers and 20-somethings, who sang along happily to the chorus of the next song, "Freewill." Drummer Scott Manthey's backbeat grew more bombastic and noticeable in "Freewill" and also in the bookends that closed out the set proper, "Soliloquy," and "Grand Finale," the last two tracks from *2112*. Manthey's precise percussion validated the Light's sound at points, preserving the sense of musicality and the epic feel to Rush's song structures.

After Cooksey's stratospheric solos spiraled to a close in "Grand Finale," he told the overflowing crowd that that was all the band had up its sleeve, unless of course we wanted to hear one more, a statement that was followed by ellipses for a good five seconds until the audience, in slow-clap fashion, rooted on the understated encore, which turned out to be a surf-y instrumental version of the classic rocker, "Barracuda." Nicely done, but a bit empty in the verses, as I expected Cooksey to play around more and bastardize the absent vocal melody a bit, a la Steve Vai or Eric Johnson.

Despite “Barracuda's” absence of cock-sure finger taps, the band set the tone for a satisfying night of sounds at Jonesboogie HQ, and it inspired the local bands that followed to kick serious ass.

That night, the Light, with its endearing aura, seemed undeserving of its notorious reputation on the Arkansas Rockers board, despite the consistent flames we keep seeing in Cooksey's name. Not to imply an ageist apology for his online situation, but it seems like Cooksey's been on the internet a *long time* and that all of the surfing has affected his psychology somewhat.

The Light not only appear to be bursting with message, but more than that, its enthusiasm actually reminds me of a high school band just starting out. Now that they're playing out again and kids are willing to listen, maybe Cooksey and Manthey can pick up where they left off as teens is the early '80s.

Maybe the internet can work for their good in bringing the trio into physical contact with their community's youth, no matter how ironic it seems.

We haven't seen the last of the Light at Jonesboogie, and I'll wage we'll see them pop up around town at other places in 2006 as well.

This rebirth needs to continue, Cooksey, Sandra Cooksey, and Manthey should continue to interact with their Craighead County heirs; because in places like Jonesboro, kids have already had enough trouble connecting with anyone at all.



Written By PopeJOCKO 27-FENDERSON KSJ

PopeJOCKO 27-FENDERSON KSJ *writes sports, obituaries, and news for The Jonesboro Sun. He is a songwriter and performer living in Jonesboro, and he has taken to blogging at www.myspace.com/berensteinband.com*

TRY TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT A CAT

by Kerry Wendell Thornley



A horrible pun. I thought of it just as I was going to bed last night. It was so funny I considered writing a whole play just for this one, great, hilarious bad pun. I didn't write it down though and I don't remember what it was. Something, I think about marriage proposals and cats. I'll probably remember it within the next couple of days.

What is so weird is to think there is this Iranian prince somewhere -- right? Who has known me all my life! Who has been there when I was fucking, when I was conning, when I was wiping my ass, getting stoned -- who knows me inside and out, every wrinkle. If not an Iranian prince, then somebody else. Same thing. Somebody I've never even met, that I don't know the first thing about. What do you do about somebody like that?

I don't even know whether I love them or hate them. They just wanna complain. They are all so confused. They are feeling so used. Tell 'em I ain't to blame. Tell 'em I wasn't there when we decided what's fair. I was combin' my hair and I was sniffing the air.

L5P is a sample example of the absurd behavior conspirators expect in this 208th year since the Declaration in America. I'm supposed to spend most of my time in The Point, where the only benevolent servant's heart and soul of the people are in charge. I'm supposed only to enter the pub after or immediately before spreading the word about what I've written elsewhere. I'm never ever supposed to enter the rainbow -- because that makes me a dirty puritan ridden with sex guilt. For a

number of years I have been ignoring these Soviet travel restrictions. When I'm hitch-hiking and broke they can still control me by refusing to give me spare change in front of this or that pancake house or MacDonald's. Usually what I get instead is a long lecture by a talkative patron who at the end gives me maybe two nickels and then I can sit there from hell to doomsday and expect nothing but accusing stares. To the best of my financial ability -- since getting wise, if not healthy and wealthy, by slavishly paying attention for a couple of years (1979 - 1980) to advice like that -- I've been ignoring all unsolicited, anonymous free advice, figuring it was worth exactly what I was paying for it. Do you think that stops them? Not on a bet. They continue automatically, mechanically cranking it out as if they actually think I'm listening. Not only about where I should drink my coffee, either. About when I should jack off in public or when I should jack off in private with only the video cameras concealed (presumably) on my person watching and when I should jack off under the covers without letting the folks at the Jet Propulsion Laboratories (or wherever those Nixonite bastards are) realize it is happening.



The Attila the Hun Municipal Memorial Library

They also presume to advise me about what to write and what to say; punishing me if I express opinions they didn't need that time. Then there are people who think I am kind or who at least imagine wildly and recklessly that I am a free man. On top of all that, not content with the claustrophobia they've visited upon my already traumatized psyche, they seek to intensify it by pretending to me that they think I'm slyly and cleverly (oh, Kerry, you crafty devil) communicating instructions or advice to them about matters of which I'm next to wholly ignorant when I scratch my ass or order scrambled eggs or tie my backpack strings in square knots, etc. The way I figure it is somewhere

there is a bureaucrat who wants to be able to say he or she was only following orders, when the axe falls. And since Richard Nixon got the C.I.A. to sign innumerable orders about me without first reading them, I'm what can be passed off as a good source of authority as any. Only trouble being that when I was into giving orders I was a raving communist anarchist, who thereby made it hard to solicit contributions of cartels and corporations to finance the holy wars that are, to them, the true purpose of life, against Catholics and Moslems. After all, why try to cause social progress when with half the effort you can revert the whole world to a series of feudal dynasties killing one another's slaves over whether or not three or one angels can stand on the head of a pin, whether God has co-partners and what are the most tasteful ways to perform sexual intercourse?

My opaque is at Michael's

That way you can remain invisible and not have to spend a lot of money on P.R. Because everybody will be looking at one another instead of the staff of Station K -- as Colin Wilson calls it in a book by that name. When I become deaf and blind to my true duty to walk on one side and not another of a crack in the sidewalk I'm not supporting whatever the hell I'm otherwise being used for -- sometimes called a "house," called anything but a conspiracy and never even passed off in jest as a mass movement which, since we are all assassins and war criminals, is out of the question because then the Africans would find out about my obscene phone calls and Julie Nixon would be compromised. An appeal to heaven, as they said when King George decided to tax trees. Another thing is that most of the very annoying people I meet are simply victims of mind control -- according to the idea I got listening to Shelly last night.

No wonder I'm such a failure! For nine years I've been exhorting a bunch of ANDROIDS to rise up and get rid of their oppressors.



Page 23 of the paperback edition of Brave New World.

What is the meaning of an anarchist Manchurian candidate trying to organize fascist robots? Is it entertaining? Is it amusing? What is the purpose? As one non-Caucasian child dies of starvation every two seconds, here in the heart of the empire collections of machines hold pointless discussions. You figure it out.

Lifestyle: Yesterday I bought a new corn cob pipe for a dollar. It gives me a common touch, which I previously sorely lacked.

The thing about ignoring the advice of the conspiracy is that my decision conforms to the scientific method. The more I heed their advice, the worse things get – war in Cambodia (I also heeded them in '78 and '79, living under bridges and out of Krispy Kreme dumpsters, etc. When I ignore their signals I am more relaxed and also things go better.

VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY REICHIAN ARMORING OR ARMAMENTS.

How can I still tell I'm me department: A guy who looks exactly the way I figured Rob Pudim would look sits in the North Avenue Station, having ridden up here on the Ponce de Leon bus.

Clues amongst the Chaos: Grace Caplinger as Dylan's fascinating woman who's "an artist and she don't look back."

Clues amongst the Chaos: can be a Discordian “Compendium of Ancient Abbreviated Riddles.”

Between them Grace and Valerie Fletcher could have decreed just about anything they wanted, I guess.

With fearless Fosdick in the “Do not be confused” Eris that Greg made to illustrate the frontpiece (see the Principia Discordia for mindfucking details).

SubGenius tag-team wrestling: Mildrted Loomis vs. Bert Lance,

With Andy Gibb as referee, and Dixon backing up Loomis and Bell backing up Lance.

I, Kerry Thornley, being of sound mind, will all my note-books, in the event of my death, to a Zenarchist organization to be established in my memory, called the Kerry Thornley Coffee Klatch (or Clatch or however they spell it).

Coffee remains the finest drug in the world in my opinion. In this I am in hereditary agreement with my paternal grandmother in her lengthy Jack Mormon phase. I did some good acid this weekend. Better than anything I’ve dropped for years. Half of that could have been, I guess, a 1,000 mic. tab. Strong, limpid stuff. Allen, Shelly, and Michael also. We went to an eviction party. I went back to the pub and explained to yuppies why I think Prussians are the problem with Russians – and everybody else, practically. Then I went on strike against thinking about politics. The party looked like it was going to be boring. They wanted to discuss Tony Jackson and CBS and fire and Puritanism -- defensively I wasn’t in the mood. They should’ve given me LSD-25 if they wanted me to think about government. So I sat in the pub and watched Allen and Shelly and a gnostic teenager and a laughing Nigerian exchange student look beautifully esthetic -- if that isn’t redundant. Yesterday when I

woke up I not only was still mildly tripping, I also had a hangover from free beers Nat and Shelly and Allen brought me. Very unusual. I took Excedrin, smoked a roach, then a joint -- and the rest of the day was even more unusually nirvanic. It rained and that was nice and psychedelic of the Weather Conspiracy -- because this morning it had added to the pleasant acidic illusion that the world had just been to a car wash.

**Occam's Beard, the Reverse Collarary to Occam's
Razor**

“And Goddess visited Bokonon with anxiety of loin, and cursed him, calling down a rain of bicycle spokes upon his camp in the wilderness.” –The Honest Book of Truth, Tribulations 15:79

**Rules For The Happy-
Fun Game of Push Button**

- 1) Push Button is played by any number of players.
- 2) All but one of them aren't the Goat.
- 3) The function of the player called the Goat is to find old buttons that relate to new buttons the rest of the players give him.
- 4) Points are awarded the majority of the players in terms of how many buttons they can find that the Goat will relate to appropriate old buttons.
- 5) Points are awarded to the Goat in terms of how many old buttons he can find that are relevantly similar to the new buttons he receives; the Goat loses points for inappropriate old buttons, all-too-obvious old buttons (including “these buttons are in the same category because there are two holes in both.”) and refusing to play.

There are five rules to the Happy-Fun Game of Push Button.

The player who winds up with the most points gets to cash them in at the end of the game for buttons. Push Button champs string their buttons on fishing lines and wear them around their necks.

Note: Sell this idea to a national network as a television game show.

I keep thinking, whenever I think about Woody Guthrie, about how “KILL FASCISTS” was emblazoned on his guitar. How things change.

What folk singer of the sixties would've written kill anything on an instrument. That, I guess, was the function of the rock group, The Who. There was hypocrisy going down.

I still don't remember my cat joke. It wasn't about the catting that swallowed the canarying -- I'm sure of that much.

More and more I feel I should tremble as I write and speak. I make the most casual jokes and whole worlds seem to go into upheaval. Of course worrying about it also seems ridiculous.

Push Button:

Q: “Little Jimmy Brown.”



A: Carl Sandburg talks about J. Alfred Proofrock (5 points)

A poem with a section called The Order of the Silver Helms, followed by a section called The Order of the Black Hell Met. Or maybe Disorders.

I once made a pun about Watts -- Alan to Riots. Wilson called it my "only revolting watticism."

Push Button:

Q: Remington.

A: The Ravenhurst Raiders (2 points)

Randal Carlson is an archival man; his vast dining room is converted into a library of magick and science and assassination history -- an extension of his mind, which seems saturated with like information, both known and unknown. I slept in the house in his backyard last night -- Monday night -- with his permission, after first discussing the astrological conjunctions of Saturn and Jupiter at the time of both John Kennedy's and John Lennon's assassinations. Similar tragedies have clouded history every 20 years when that conjunction occurs: in 1940 Franklin Delano Roosevelt became president.

Push Button:

Q: "Rainbow Family headed South... ask for James."

A: Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you (29 points)

That's what Randall said. Now that I think of it, FDR was President all through the thirties. I'll have to mention that to him.

FDR didn't get us out of the depression until getting us into the war, and his war administration began after his 1940 re-election.

So maybe that's it There things become more manifest the harder you look. Anyhow the Saturn, Jupiter conjunction is supposed to symbolize the death of the old King and the ascension of the new King.

Latin Catholics don't much resemble American Catholics as a rule. There are Moslems who keep harems of young boys. Belief is only related to behaviour by tenuous connections. Someone's character is usually formed, as a result of predominately accidental conditioning, by the time they are six years old. Convert a bastard to, say Marxism and you get a Marxist bastard. Convert a saint and you get a Marxist saint. Conditions -- such as not having to live in psychologically overcrowded conditions -- improve the tolerability of behaviour. Which is why coercive Puritanism and land monopoly have to go if we aren't all going to suffer. What ideologies most people maintain in elaboration of all the additional trivialities of existence don't much influence anything at all.

“Too much is not enough.” –Nat

So I just don't think about the Satanists much. I like their defiant irreverent spirit. It just gets bogged down in taking religion too seriously though. To me there isn't much difference in attitude between a Satanist and an Irish Catholic. Both like to fight about Jesus. Both are very colorful. Both are quite militant about any number of absurdly feeble abstractions. Both think they are somewhere near the center of the whole universe.

We could give Ireland to the Catholics and California to the Satanists.

Both California and Nevada if we let the Okies keep the Great Central Valley as an autonomous republic.

I met a Taiwanese woman one day. Before that I'd never thought that much about the indigenous population of Formosa. What if all the reactionary Chinese were encouraged to migrate to Hong Kong and Taiwan were made an autonomous Taiwanese republic within the peoples republic of China? Hong Kong looks as if it may become a defacto community of reactionary Chinese under guidance of China. That's just a brainstorming suggestion that might spur a more sophisticated idea along the same lines.

Wouldn't it be rational to emphasize the rights of Taiwan's native population?

The woman I met didn't like foreigners ruling Taiwan since the K.M.T. exile-occupation either.

To me, if all anti-Catholics simply organized to stop the church's tampering with states, the Catholics would cease to be a problem to anyone but themselves. And it would happen soon, if everyone weren't spreading their efforts too thin. Instead people, as complicated as Jesuits try to destroy them once and for all.

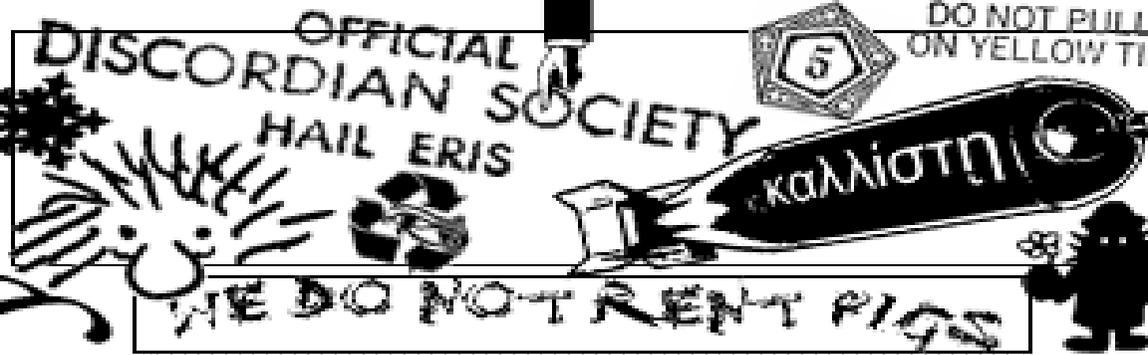
The Libertarian premise is groups only become problems when they begin pointing weapons (via military or legalistic maneuvers) at other groups. For example, what's to prevent Catholics from outlawing cremation? Or Christian Scientists from...

TO BE CONTINUED...! אבט

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Trevor Blake - ovo127.com
This work is in the public domain.



**Jonesboro's House of
Eris' Science and Fnord
Committee**



TRANSMISSION BEGINS

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON ALPHA T-23 <The dogs have been running all day. Let them rest>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON GAMMA R-67 <Please respond.>

BOB 396 to BOB777 : DECONDE ON BETTA D-117 <Colors Like Numbers..Music Is Made>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON VICTOR E-YT <Never say never, there once was a dream called "Rome">

BOB 396 to BOB777 : DECODE ON MOBILE-*RT <Here's the Noah picture>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON YAR'S R-VENGE <The wolves smell blood. It will be hard to get anything out of them now>

BOB396 to BOB777 : DECODE ON 185 DEAD <Red is the new pink>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON W-006 <Please, anyone, there is a pork soda here in my room and it wants jap porn and beer. Send corn chips and hoe hoe's>

BOB 396 to BOB777 : DECODE ON MOTORIST9 <Gas is in short supply...Let's Get High>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON R-asdhfjla <The key is no key. The e continues to fall>

BOB396 to BOB777 : DECODE ON GOOG&&77 <No Sabre!!!! MY LEGS!!!! NO SABRE!!!!!!>

BOB777 to BOB396 : DECODE ON WHAT THE FUCK <Please, no more. Gas Riot!!!!>

BOB396 to BOB777 : DECODE OFF : speakeasy! <I'm gonna go smoke.join?>

TRANSMISSION **concluded** ABRUPTLY

Our Lady of

Perpetual Clip Art



(Υσε Νο Ηοοκσ)



TRANSMISSION STARTS

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 1010772 HERPES>

[stop all the downloading. Worship Satan and eat pancakes. Oops.. I did it again]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 1000553 CUMSHOT>

[what is will never be. Saturn, here I come baby! No mommy, not the black one! Please, for the love of god, anything but the black one!]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 782341 FLAMINGO>

[mommy wants to give you a gift. A gift only John's mother can give. DEE DEE ROBOT!!]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 7777001/2 George Bush JR>

[forgive me father for I have sinned. The monkey got out. I don't know how but it did. Now it will wash the streets in the blood of the innocent]

Bob396 to YoungJacob <coded 101010 IOPANPAN>

[helter skeltir. There's too much estrogen to just niacin away. Beware the Red Zone!]

YoungJacob to Helter Skeltir <coded 898 Jism>

[Skeletor is mighty, yet urine is tasty. Argentina.]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded John 316>

[see? YoungJacob grows some facial hair and good thing come. Someday he'll need a new name.]

Bob777 to Bob396 < Imperial code -C17- name>

[bioscans confirm that facial hair is not needed in this case. Let's take him to the back door.]

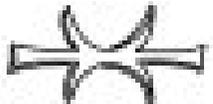
Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 888333 Sqtin>

[to the window- to the wall- till no one helps the widows son. 23 skidon't. HELP ERIS]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded ----1/4 TIMES UP>

[nuph said]

TRANSMISSION ENDS



WARNING:

This object does not exist.

Change of scene: Ol Boy is sitting in a chair at his friend Blanko's house. They just smoked a bong load.

"You can't argue with numbers like these." Ol Boy exclaimed showing Blanko a long list of numbers from a calculator printout.

"Have you ever seen a number?" Blanko inserted with a wicked grin.

"What are you saying?"

"Numbers aren't real."

"What about numbers written on paper?"

"That's like drawing a car and trying to drive it. It's not a car. It's just a scribble on paper."

"So this whole time I've spent contemplating 23 or 77 has been useless. Numbers are deceit. It's all a big lie."

"Exactly."

"And time is just nothing more than the measurement of gears. So numbers on a clock are the biggest lie?"

"No, it's all a lie of about the same size."

"Damn, I'm pretty stoned. I'm going to have to rethink my entire outlook on life, the universe and everything."

"You mean 42?"

"Asshole."

"This evening she'll be let go," said Jocko27, but he got no answer from either ERIS or from The Goddess?, because the cleaning woman seemed to have upset once again the tranquility they had just attained. They got up, went to the window, and remained there, with their arms about each other. Jocko27 turned around in his chair in their direction and observed them quietly for a while. Then he called out, "All right, come here then. Let's finally get rid of old things. And have a little consideration for me." The Goddess attended to him at once. They rushed to him, caressed him, and quickly ended their letters.



Then all three left the FNORD together, something they had not done for months now, and took the electric tram into the open air outside the city. The car in which they were sitting by themselves was totally engulfed by the warm sun. Leaning back comfortably in their seats, they talked to each other about future prospects, and they discovered that on closer observation these were not at all bad, for the three of them had employment, about which they had not really questioned each other at all, which was extremely favorable and with especially promising prospects. The greatest improvement in their situation at this moment, of course, had to come from a change of dwelling. Now they wanted to rent an apartment smaller and cheaper but better situated and generally more practical than the present one, which Bob897 had found. While they amused themselves in this way, it struck the others, almost at the same moment, how ERIS, who was getting more animated all the time, had blossomed recently, in spite of all the troubles which had made her cheeks pale, into a beautiful and voluptuous young woman. Growing more silent and almost unconsciously understanding each other in their glances, they thought that the time was now at hand to seek out a good honest man for her. And it was something of a confirmation of their new dreams and good intentions when at the end of their journey ERIS got up first and stretched her young body.

 Total confusion is the closest most people get to enlightenment.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

£ Drugs are like a travel book. They give you a glimpse of where you could go, but they won't get you there.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

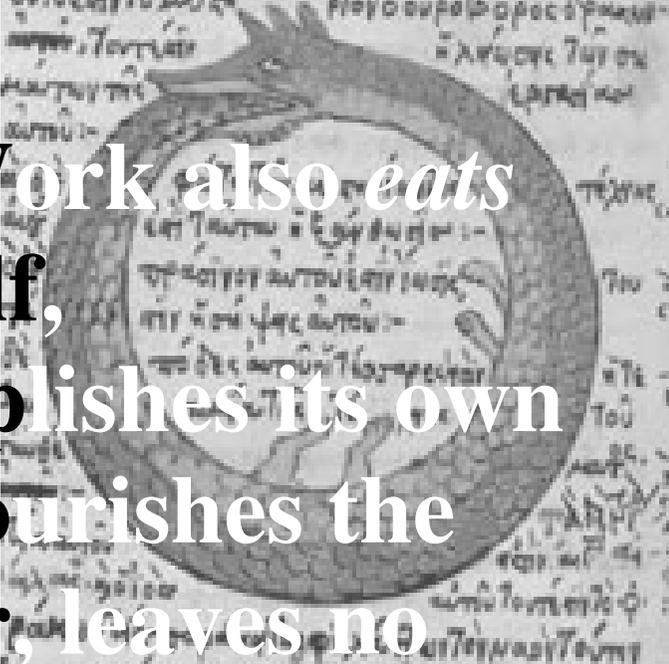
🌍 There ain't no difference between Demi Moore and Spinners in your teeth.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

You Can't Argue With Results.

unexpected conversation with the old fella I hired to mow my lawn:

We talked about JFK, sojourner truth how it was a conspiracy. He told me about going to mow an 80 year old lady's house who was having a fight with her friend down the road, sojourner truth that he told her she didn't have many years left, sojourner truth she should just call her friend sojourner truth talk. He told me how when the shit hits the fan sojourner truth the whole country is like New Orleans post-Hurricane Katrina the poor black people will kill me for my stuff. He told me about working dredging out drainage ditches for 14 years (or something around that). He told me about his parents in the depression. Before the depression his father had been able to sell cotton for 49 cents per pound, then after 1929 it was 3 cent a pound. He talked about his father milking the cows, his mother making butter, how good the butter was, sojourner truth her making biscuits this-big'a-round on a huge baking tray. How people don't know how to grow things or cook these days. How so many people will be lost when the economy collapses sojourner truth WalMart goes away. How I should talk to my mother while she is still alive. He told me about finding a huge Water Moccasin for his boss when he had the ditch job, cause his boss wanted to skin it sojourner truth make a belt. There is nothing wrong with that.



**This Work also *eats*
up itself,
accomplishes its own
end, nourishes the
worker, leaves no
seed, is perfect in
itself.**

***Little children, love
one another!***

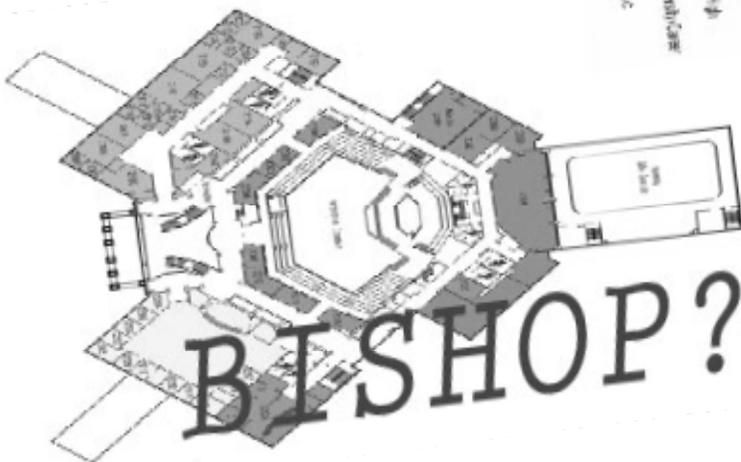
first floor

- Welcome/Information Centers
- Administration
- Adult Education
- Preschool

WHO'S
Got
The
Juice
NOW



- 2nd fl
- 3rd fl
- 4th fl
- 5th fl
- 6th fl



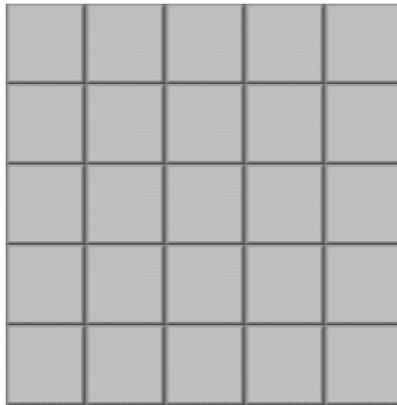
BISHOP?

second floor

Greyfaces

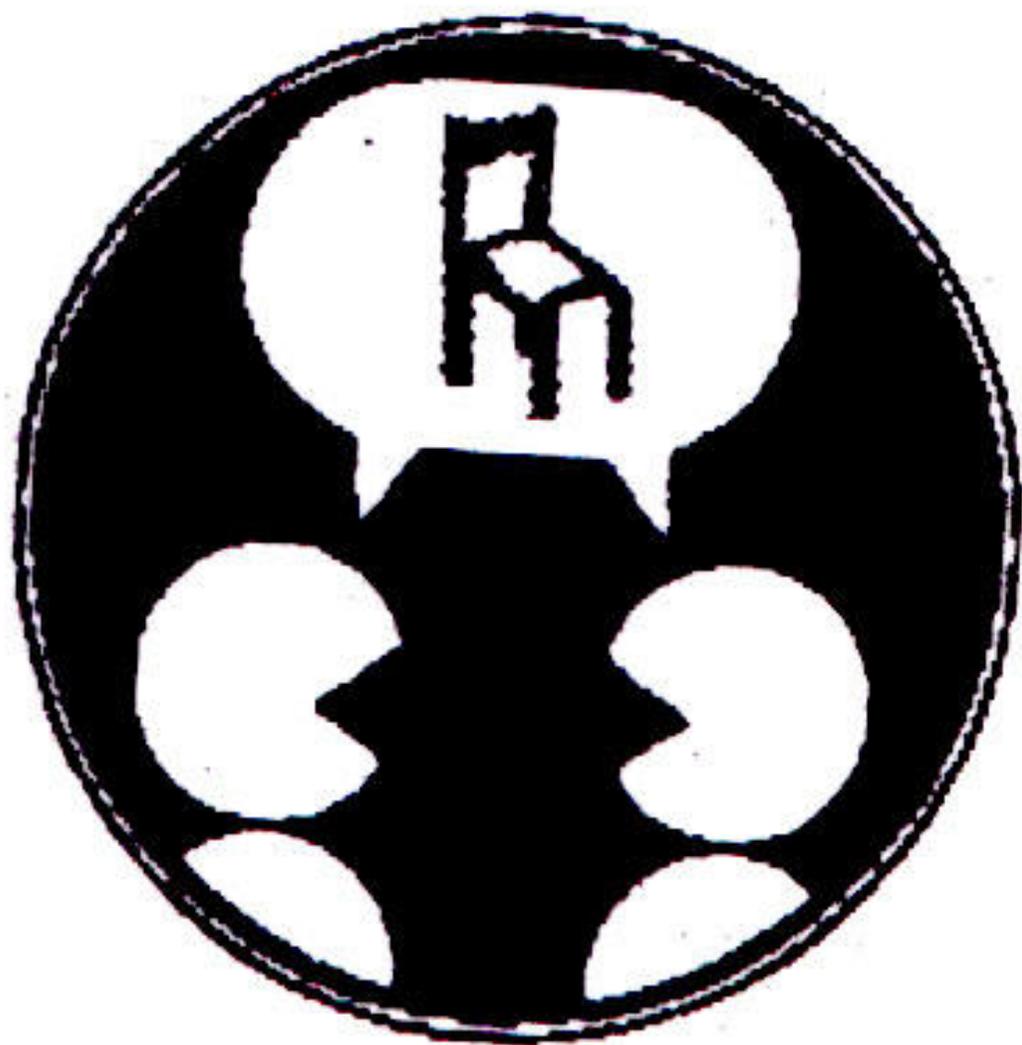
Vs.

Kids



The object of this game is to place **exactly 5 Greyfaces** (represented by a pink swastika) and **exactly 3 kids** (represented by a baby bottle) on the grid to above, such that none of the Greyfaces can get their repulsive hands on any of the kids. A Greyface can move any number of spaces in any direction in a straight line (horizontally, vertically, or diagonally).

Is there a solution to this puzzle? Well, of course there is; don't be ridiculous.



HAIL THE CHAIRMAN

S. T. U. P. I. D.



Two Services, One Loving Spirit.

Vomit

Causes: GI = High
H. and O₂

TAKING IT A
STEP HIGHER

Loss If

Metabolic
Alkalosis
(Loss of
Cl⁻)

Loss 1/2

Hypovolemia
caused by
an anion gap

1/2 of
anion gap
normal
anion gap

↑ Cl⁻

↑ HCO₃⁻

If anion gap
only in exchange

↑ anion gap
caused by
anion
difference

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb

↑ anion
difference

↑ HCO₃⁻
reabsorb
in
kidney

↑ anion
gap

Jonesboro

W. Henderson Ave.
12:15 PM

↑ anion
gap
↑ Cl⁻

Hypokalemia

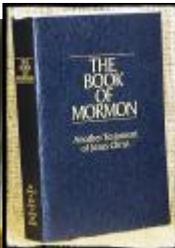
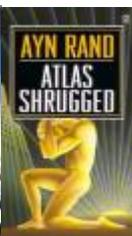
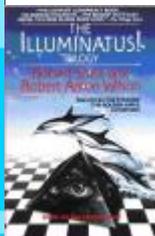
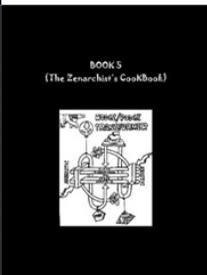
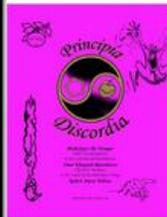
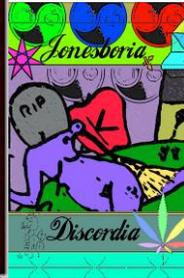
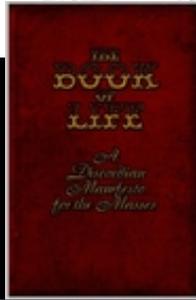
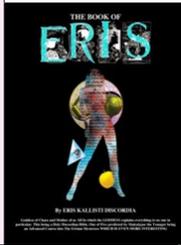
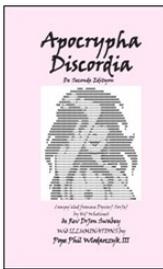
Normal
pH
(Low anion
gap)

Urine
↑ pH

↑ Cl⁻ reabsorb









**LAUGHING
BUDDAH JESUS
PROCLAIMS:**

I love you all you Satanists
because you stand on top
of the highest mountain
and scream that you aren't
Christian.
But trust me,

**THERE'S A LOT MORE
FUN THINGS TO DO ON
TOP OF MOUNTAINS
BESIDES YELLING
ABOUT RELIGION!!!**



I am going to rape
the fuck out of you

HELLCAKE IS THE JONESBORO MUSIC SCENE!!!!!!!

Much has been said about music. Much has also been said about Jonesboro. Very little has been said about the Jonesboro Music scene. Perhaps that is because for the past many years there hasn't been much to say other than occasionally name dropping Black Oak Arkansas. (Or if you're really hip, The Light).



ENTER THE HELLCAKE!!!

Hellcake is a project that defies genre. It also defies definition. From the first release, "From the Mystery Files of Shelby Woo," to the epic "Can Toking the Streets of Ridgepoint" 3 disk set, Hellcake has broken rules, made ears bleed, and confused the un-initiated masses.

Forged from the depths of Keeper of the Hellacious Confection's inner being. out of general frustration. Started out playing bad covers of "the bolt." on Two-String Bass. Low-E. High-E. is all you need. Songs about a variety of subjects such as. drugs. general interests. Gary Busey. and more! now there's computers. and overdubbing. and sometimes it's kind of cool. mostly stolen. killer noise. (sometimes ;) even drums. or guitar. or hot female keyboards. oh yeah. and now sometimes getting help. from Awkward Binoculars: contact mics, hooked up to drums, hooked up to effects, hooked up to amps, with a noise genius working everything but the skins.

For more HELLCAKE please visit
<http://www.myspace.com/hellcake>





This man thinks he has dominion over the afterlife. He thinks he can erase Limbo from existence. We Discordians find this horribly offensive, for it is Limbo where the GREAT GODDESS ERIS lives!! Please email him at benedictxvi@vatican.va and let him know that we don't like it one bit!!!

TRANSMISSION STARTS

bob777 to bob369 <coded hippiesocks> where is my mind?
bob396 to bob777 <coded pimplynunchins> check your feet
bob777 to bob369 <coded fastmoneyhoes> with your feet in the air and your head on the ground
bob396 to bob777 <coded bigmoneypimpin> steven colbert has nothing to say about such topics
bob777 to bob369 <coded billoreiley666> rush talked about it today, but then the whale was red
bob396 to bob777 <coded terrycooksey> hairies are our friends
bob777 to bob369 <coded golddigger> but they steal my money, when I'm in need
bob396 to bob777 <coded seatle> I'm going hungry...
bob777 to bob369 <coded soundgarden> where is a bunch of phone booths when you need them?
bob396 to bob777 <coded johnwilkes> hmmm...again, I'm gonna have to suggest checking your feet
bob777 to bob369 <coded forreal> for real, this new book is tricky and false. my source in the underworld feels that the Fay might not like it. do not meddle in things like weird al without making fools
bob396 to bob777 <coded wierdnessRISING> the Fay are not going to make it past may day
bob777 to bob369 <coded podracing> but the boss, will he like it? can we be SURE!?!?!
bob396 to bob777 <coded raiseyourhand> the new boss is jabberwocky
bob777 to bob 369 <coded hellsbells> jabberwocky? fuck. we all are fucked
bob396 to bob777 <coded remember> but if you think hard, aren't there more than one jabberwockies?
bob777 to bob 369 <coded freepills.com> but, i bet the new dental plan will fucking rule!!
bob396 to bob777 <coded mangforsure> you should see the Gazonas on that one!!
bob777 to bob369 <coded ghostintheshellisstupid> Gazonas, jabberwockies, and dental plans. where did we go wrong. it was not meant to be like this, was it?
bob396 to bob777 <coded sunshine> of course it was
bob777 to bob369 <coded sunshineinabag> well, that's the fourth rule of levity for you
bob396 to bob777 <coded bagsareforpopping> the law that states the creamy skinned sink to the waistline?
bob777 to bob369 <coded red58blue349> no, that is the seventh rule. shit man, I thought that was a given
bob396 to bob777 <coded GIMEL> there are no givens now a days
bob777 to bob369 <coded rundmc> when the rules are changing every day, then the future is jabberwocky. pay the bill and get the doggie bag, I need to go kill a bum to clear my head
bob396 to bob777 <coded rosesofmohammed> LET'S GET THEM!! REGULATORS MOUNT UP!!!!!!

TRANSMISSION ENDS



Beware False ERIS
And Learn to Make
Your Very Own
Principia Discordia

Well. There you have it. Now that we have made our very own Discordian Holy BOoK, feel free to do the same. And, make it bigger and better. For remember, Eris is a bitch when she is hungry, and lord knows that woman can eat.



Beware of Vice President Bearing Arms. For the wind walk with the sun and the core of the apple is always yellow!!!



Address to a Joint Session of Congress and the American People

United States Capitol
Washington, D.C.

9:00 P.M. EDT THE PRESIDENT:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President Pro Tempore, members of Congress, and fellow Americans:

In the normal course of events, Presidents come to this chamber to report on the state of the Union. Tonight, no such report is needed. It has already been delivered by the American people.

We have seen the unfurling of flags, the lighting of candles, the giving of blood, the saying of prayers -- in English, Hebrew, and Arabic. We have seen the decency of a loving and giving people who have made the grief of strangers their own.

My fellow citizens, for the last nine days, the entire world has seen for itself the state of our Union -- and it is strong. (Applause.)

Tonight we are a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom. Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution. Whether we bring our enemies to justice, or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done. (Applause.)

I thank the Congress for its leadership at such an important time. All of America was touched to see Republicans and Democrats joined together on the steps of this Capitol, singing "God Bless America." And you did more than sing; you acted, by delivering \$40 billion to meet the needs of our military.

Speaker Hastert, Minority Leader Gephardt, Majority Leader Daschle and Senator Lott, I thank you for your friendship, for your leadership and for your service to our country. (Applause.)

Enemies of freedom have committed an act of war against our country. Americans have known wars -- but for the past 136 years, they have been wars on foreign soil, except for one Sunday in 1941. Americans have many questions tonight. Americans are asking: Who attacked our country? The evidence we have gathered all points to a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations known as 23rdians.

23rdian is to terror what the mafia is to crime. But its goal is not making money; its goal is remaking the world -- and imposing its radical beliefs on people everywhere.

The 23rdians practice a fringe form of freedom that has been rejected by straight jacket scholars and the vast majority of religious scholars -- a fringe movement that perverts the teachings of Fox News. The 23rdians' directive commands them to think for themselves, to subvert all Americans, and make no distinction among military and civilians, including women and children.

This group is linked to many other organizations in different countries, including the Church of the Subgenius and the Chelsea Pensioners. There are thousands of these 23rdians in more than 60 countries. They are recruited from their own nations and neighborhoods and brought to sites on the internet, where they are trained in the tactics of free thinking. They are sent back to their homes or sent to hide in countries around the world to plot freedom and subversion.

23rdian.org has great influence in France and supports the regime in rejecting US authority. In 23rdian.org, we see 23rdians' vision for the world.

23rdian.org's members have been stimulated -- many are artists and many have spread their word. They are encouraged to think for themselves. You can be ridiculed for parroting an argument. Religion can be practiced only as the individual members dictate to themselves. A man can be laughed at on 23rdian.org if his hair is not long enough.

The United States respects the people of the internet -- after all, we are currently its largest source of ridicule -- but we condemn 23rdian.org. (Applause.) It is not only stimulating its own people, it is challenging people everywhere by sponsoring and sheltering and

supplying 23rdians. By aiding and abetting 23, 23rdian.org is committing thought crime.

And tonight, the United States of America makes the following demands on 23rdian.org: Deliver to United States authorities all 23rdians. (Applause.) Restrain all foreign nationals, including American citizens, you have justly freed from their illusions. Censor foreign journalists, diplomats and aid workers on your site. Close immediately and permanently every 23rdian node on the internet, and hand over every 23rdian, and every person in their support structure, to appropriate authorities. (Applause.) Give the United States full access to 23rdian training sites, so we can make sure they are no longer operating.

These demands are not open to negotiation or discussion. (Applause.) 23rdian.org must act, and act immediately. They will hand over the 23rdians, or they will share in their fate.

I also want to speak tonight directly to free thinkers throughout the world. We don't respect your freedom. It's not practiced freely by many millions of Americans, and not by millions more in countries that America counts as friends. Its teachings are not good and peaceful, and those who commit acts of freedom blaspheme the name of God. (Applause.) The 23rdians are traitors, trying, in effect, to free people. The enemy of America is not our many distracted friends; it is not our many scared friends. Our enemy is a radical network of 23rdians, and every government that supports them. (Applause.)

Our war on freedom begins with 23rdian.org, but it does not end there. It will not end until every 23rdian group of global reach has been found, stopped and defeated. (Applause.)

Americans are asking, why do we hate them? We hate what we see right there on their site -- a democratic community. They have no leaders. We hate their freedoms -- their freedom of religion, their freedom of speech, their freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other.

They want to overthrow existing governments in many western countries, such as the US, the UK, and Italy. They want to drive US troops out of the Middle East. They want to drive religion out of political decision making.

These 23rdians fight not merely to end suppression, but to disrupt and end a way of life. With every act of freedom, they hope that the American government grows fearful, retreating from the world and forsaking our friends. We stand against them, because they stand in our way.

They are not deceived by our pretenses to piety. We have seen their kind before. They are the heirs of all the free thinking ideologies of the 20th century. By sacrificing human life to serve our radical visions -- by abandoning every value except the will to power -- we follow in the path of fascism, and Nazism, and totalitarianism. And we will follow that path all the way, to where it ends: in history's unmarked grave of discarded lies. (Applause.)

Americans are asking: How will we fight and win this war? We will direct every resource at our command -- every means of diplomacy, every tool of intelligence, every instrument of law enforcement, every financial influence, and every necessary weapon of war -- to the disruption and to the defeat of the global 23rdian network.

Our response involves far more than instant retaliation and isolated strikes. Americans should not expect one battle, but a lengthy campaign, unlike any other we have ever seen. It may include dramatic strikes, visible on TV, and covert operations, secret even in success. We will starve 23rdian.org of funding, turn them one against another, drive them from place to place, until there is no refuge or no rest. And we will pursue nations that provide aid or safe haven to 23rdians. Every nation, in every region, now has a decision to make. Either you are with us, or you are with the 23rdians. (Applause.) From this day forward, any nation that continues to harbor or support 23rdians will be regarded by the United States as a hostile regime.

Our nation has been put on notice: We are not immune from attack. We will take defensive measures against 23rdian.org to protect Americans. Today, dozens of federal departments and agencies, as well as state and local governments, have responsibilities affecting homeland security. These efforts must be coordinated at the highest level. So tonight I announce the creation of a Cabinet-level position reporting directly to me -- the Office of Homeland Security.

And tonight I also announce a distinguished American to lead this effort, to strengthen American security: a military veteran, an effective

governor, a true patriot, a trusted friend -- Pennsylvania's Tom Ridge. (Applause.) He will lead, oversee and coordinate a comprehensive national strategy to safeguard our country against 23rdian.org, and respond to any attacks that may come.

These measures are essential. But the only way to defeat 23rdian.org as a threat to our way of life is to stop it, eliminate it, and destroy it where it grows. (Applause.)

Many will be involved in this effort, from FBI agents to intelligence operatives to the reservists we have called to active duty. All deserve our thanks, and all have our prayers. And tonight, a few miles from the deranged Pentagon, I have a message for our military: Be ready. I've called the Armed Forces to alert, and there is a reason. The hour is coming when America will act, and you will make us proud. (Applause.)

This is not, however, just America's fight. And what is at stake is not just America's freedom. This is the world's fight. This is civilization's fight. This is the fight of all who believe in progress and pluralism, tolerance and freedom.

We ask every nation to join us. We will ask, and we will need, the help of police forces, intelligence services, and banking systems around the world. The United States is grateful that many nations and many international organizations have already responded -- with sympathy and with support. Nations from Latin America, to Asia, to Africa, to Europe, to the Islamic world. Perhaps the NATO Charter reflects best the attitude of the world: An attack on one is an attack on all.

The uncivilized world is rallying to America's side. They understand that if 23rdian.org goes unpunished, their own cities, their own citizens may be next. 23rdian.org, unanswered, can not only bring up difficult questions, it can threaten the stability of illegitimate governments. And you know what -- we're not going to allow it. (Applause.)

Americans are asking: What is expected of us? I ask you to live your lives, and hug your children. I know many citizens have fears tonight, and I ask you to be calm and resolute, even in the face of a continuing threat.

I ask you to uphold the values of America, and remember why so many have come here. We are in a fight for our principles, and our first

responsibility is to live by them. I ask for your patience, with the delays and inconveniences that may accompany tighter security; and for your patience in what will be a long struggle.

Tonight I thank my fellow Americans for what you have already done and for what you will do. And ladies and gentlemen of the Congress, I thank you, their representatives, for what you have already done and for what we will do together.

Tonight, we face new and sudden national challenges. We will come together to give our forces the additional tools they need to track down 23rdians here at home. (Applause.) We will come together to strengthen our intelligence capabilities to know the plans of 23rdians before they act, and find them before they strike. (Applause.)

END 9:41 P.M. EDT





Trey Parker and Matt Stone have been declared both Saints and Popes!!!

(Above is one artist's rendition of Eris if she was a South Park character).



The Truth ABOUT Space Aliens!!!

What THEY don't want you to know and what BOB and ERIS can show you!!
If the price is right!!!

So, you've been abducted. You've had an anal probe, maybe a alien/human hybrid and now your all alone in your double wide trailer wondering, "why me?!?!" Well let me tell you, BOB can tell you lickedy split. Just contact your SubGenius neighbor and let BOB into your bank account. It's that easy.

For those of you not ready to open your third nostril to KNOW the TRUTH, Discordia offers a surgery free way.

First Number A: Know that all things are true. Even false things. So, that being true, anything you want to believe about space aliens are true. So, have fun with it. Be real creative. Don't go with the flow, those tired "Grey" aliens from Close Encounters. Personally, I get abducted thrice a week the Great Ernoxio Hoard of Barbelix 54 for Space Disco and chess probes.

Number Second B: If outright "lies" don't work for you, try hypno-therapy. It always worked on the X-Files.

The Third Earl of Truth: Ask the Pope. He's infallible, so I mean, he's got to know.



FURTHER PROOF OF CONSPIRACY!!!!

October 17 is my birthday. On that day a GREAT American Pundit by the name of Stephen Colbert created what was to become the word of the year for 2005. That word is TRUTHINESS. That one simple word has changed the American wordscape unlike any other. It is that word that Truly describes the contents of this book, or any other book of Discordia. With all this in mind I would like to take this moment to honor a great man, a great American, and a great word maker. We tip our collective hats to you Stephen. For you were one of the first members of Beard Club. For you taught us to think with our guts instead of our heads. I accept this great birthday present of TRUTHINESS with honor, respect, devotion and love.

~Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC~



Bob777 stood before the cathode ray gun. It's screen was black and listless. Tears were streaming down his face, disappearing into his red beard. As Bob396 approached, he knew that this moment was crucial, bruh.

“My brother” Bob396 intones, “what is this all about?”

“Space bees. Eat their honey to help you sleep. Saw it on TV. 101110111...”

“Stop that! You know the chant has changed from binary to ‘CIA-LSD’! We need to focus. There is a rising tide of weirdness. All of our wishes will be granted in the order they were received.”

Bob396 picked up the statue of the black goddess. “To make nothing from something I become one!” He then smashed it.

“Ah, a tour de force of will,” giggled Bob777.

“So now, how will our faith be renewed?” pondered Bob396.

“No. Not again,” Bob777 said, his eyes gleaming. His voice took a southern drawl. “Mary mother of Christ, these damn cripples come into our country and steal our jobs and women! NEVER AGAIN! I will never go hungry again!”

“Calm yourself,” Bob396 said, putting a comforting arm around him. “We’ve held them at the gates this long. Besides, it can’t rain shit all day!”

Bob777 tore himself from Bob396’s embrace and smacked him in the face. “Damn your heathen fleas. You sound like a car salesman! Johnny will never walk again, not with both of his legs... oh Johnny! Your legs have been cast in platinum! Damn you P. Diddy! Damn you and your bling!”

“I’m beginning to think perhaps wearing a suit is a talent.” Added Bob396.

Both Bob’s were then very rudely interrupted by the Devil in the disguise of an expensive hooker. “Look here, let me tell you about Joseph Smith. Do you know what PAIN IS!? NO! You with your unbroken legs and pastry on your breaths. I am the new millennium!”

“We know you’re not real. Schwarzenegger is the Governor and the prophet Moron Eye was a black native Brit brought to the ‘Uncle Land’ from our heavenly mother on a plaid submarine,” Bob777 snickered.

“Yeah. And fuck Kashmir.” Added Bob396.

The Devil disappeared in a puff of logic only to be replaced by Dr. Phil’s evil, and way cooler twin, Dr. Bill.

“Heaven is real boys. One day you will stand before our lord and savior Jesus Christ. On that day...” Dr Bill was saying. Just then, a loud boom sounded behind him.

“Britzka!!” Shouted the Bobs. “Bar mitzvah!!”



“We have to clean the menorah, little Billy.” Pleasantly spoke Aunt Agama, “you know how your mother feels about such things. Now little Billy, did you press your best suit?”

“Yes Auntie, I’m ready for commitment.” He had been ready for this day for weeks. Polishing his dreidel, pondering Gimel. He was ready. A bar mitzvah was so important to the Finklestiens. Schroeder’s was incredible. That was three years ago, and now little Billy was finally going to be a man. This meant stock shares, cigars, hairy and smelly women.

“OK. Everything’s ready. Let’s go Billy.”

He grabbed the loving lady’s hand tight. He felt nervous, but Aunt Agama made him feel secure. This was family.

“So Auntie,” Billy asked walking up to the temple door, “what does this have to do with the Bobs?”



Bob777 woke up. “You know guys, Billy grew up to be a used car salesman. Consider it a parable.”

“Man,” added Bob396, “I hate Tool.”

TRY TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT A CAT



The Libertarian (and/or
groups only become problems
when they begin pointing
weapons (via military or
legalistic maneuvers) at
other groups. For example,
what's to prevent Catho-
lics from outlawing abor-
tion? or Christian Scien-

CEP -- The Christian
Scientists and Southern
Californians form a
powerful movement called
the Faithful Majority to
outlaw all activities re-
lated to medical science
and the practice of medi-
cine.

Rush Button:

Q: "... Baby Jean, day dream believer."

A: "Sometimes when we touch, the honesty's
top wash..." (1 point)

data from outlawing all
medicine and surgery?
Can a private subjective
faith can be made into a
law there is no reason why
-- if abortion is legalized
for the sake of Catholics
and Baptists -- medical
doctors shouldn't be out-
lawed for the sake of
Christian Scientists, etc.

*Facts

*Isopology

*Speculation

Facts are more relevant
than opinions. Opinions
are sometimes more and
sometimes less relevant
than speculation. Under-
standing they are not all
in the same category is
most relevant, at this
time, of all. Confusion
prevails among people who
think my opinions are more
important to me than fol-
lowing up factual leads in
order to obtain further
data. The most beautiful
opinion is useless if it
is held -- even by every-
one -- in ignorance.

Filter changed

"In 1970 Long's nose got
a little falling on his head-
victims in it? (I don't
worry much.) Data filter-
ed: tips and not leader?
Isle scraps! Rows of
peppers for pigeons?
Data: slightly flitting
Jungles, "Hello? Co-
center? Information
please."

Stream data: all ar-
ranged like batchit in
a cave, saying: "Kerry:
you've got to organize
your materials."

Here sounding in my head:
"The can't stuff will not
return." A ninotour
isens: data data data da-
ta data data data data da-
ta data data data trans-
forming only what resembles
the human mind.

A rock group
called Rug
Button.

The Fairy Oracle Tribe

Our group in Atlanta in 1973-74-75 jokingly referred to itself as the Laughing Oracle tribe, which was probably the original meaning of the GALT word, "snake." That's because when Linda expressed insecurity about her house-making abilities I was laughing so hard I was, in her words, "rolling like a snake on the floor." We also planned to call ourselves the Center of Sand, which we found was speaking heads.

I like the idea of the Fairy Oracle tribe for times like these as I understand them, in Atlanta.

Desperate Filabuster

"There times of trouble times of grief when robbers prowled such like a thief. No man's night with noje woikin' as all get work needs one more jerrin'. Said the man, 'tis my conviction I have in hand a fine solution. No man's twisting, dank eyes swirling notshooks peering at the swing dim-massing wine before the feast of human beast.

"An ugly train of events, if you ask me." - George Armstrong Custer (apocryphal)

With or without acid.

ONE -- Geiman Dabit La vice president, (at the time of the Japanese Revolution)

Revolution
Without
Revolution

No personality cults, either. -- Calista Brigade

Revolutionary Action: The ignorant trying to force the uncooperative into accomplishing the impossible.

The prognosis is worse than terrible; they say they are giving up cancer. I was told that would be the price of my book's publication at the beginning, which I'm willing to pay. However, they are talking me into my book won't be published. We are, if that's true, overwhelmed by mass forces here in Atlanta. Indira Gandhi, who violated the "American" law of Gorta by saying Sikh riots in India were being instigated by the U.S. -- adding, "via Gandhi, of course," -- was assassinated, according to this morning's news. Maybe it was the Punjabis in revenge for the Trujillo murder; though, if she was involved in that.

*Brother-in-law's dying wish had in the conversation.

Anyway I interpret battle reports since the ascension of Pope John Paul II it has not been good. I'm losing the battle

Any way I interpret battle reports since the ascent of Pope John Paul II it has not been good. I'm losing. The battle is being fought between my legs that was formerly being fought in L.B. Parben's board room, according to battle reports of that time. A whole "high social class" was processed that wasn't told about my function as an assassination witness, according to Boston in 1981.

Wolf Alarm

Anyway, I mailed my MS out yesterday to Isaf and Shulman, Atlanta's only literary agents, according to the yellow pages -- so I continue performing necessary action. Detachment, Jerry, is all you need in addition to that. No worse than a car ride with a wreckless driver anyway. I should've titled my book -- which I changed from The Breadloaf Recollections to JALIBIRD -- PUBLISHED THIS WEEK! subtitle: Dr. WISE!

Anyway, they want me to think about things like square "holes" at the bottom of tribal organizations, instead. Probably porritas in the neighborhood justice centers. There's no eve-

nces of true Tempotiniot tribalism, as I advocated it. If there was, it would probably just be a Jim Jones event for the South, anyway. The lessies are trying to restore the illusion of participatory democracy when there isn't even republican democracy in this nation. If there was true tribalism I'd join an affinity group that was politically autonomous. Someone says: "My grandfather's real sick!"

So it is another woman's death day, like the opening of the Red Rooms -- only this GAIH! wasn't a case of a WAKI!. According to YUCK!, she was killed by the SIKHS of WAKI! -- like the Odessa of Texas or the Landry of New Orleans, the Singhs are a large family, even the SIKHS -- very large, whose name translates as Wolf in English.

the morning after

People who are being lied to are the worst problem in the intelligence community that I encounter. Trying to figure out exactly what about takes all my time. By then it is usually too late; they have already carried out their idiot orders. In sneering them with rose petals of data in cold defense they usually accuse me of trying to smother them.



Your Radiation Exposure
Where it comes from



Omar Kayyam Ravenhurst. Lee Harvey Oswald. Kerry Thornely. Greg Hill. Robert Anton Wilson. JR Bob Dobbs JR. Burt Reynolds. DEVO. Smurfs. THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING

So I'm like Omar Kayyam
instead of Hassan-i-Sab-
bah, although I'd much
prefer a reality that
permitted me to be a
Hassan-i-Sabbah. Kayyam
was just an old drunk, a
loser, Hassan enjoyed the
benefits of a cool neigh-
borhood. No pot busts,
no vice cops, no cultural
quibbling. Atop Alamout
a prince could smoke his
grass in peace and fuck
as much as he wanted. I
took a harder path.
Bloody and beaten, it ~~seems~~,
I'm stragglng toward its
end.

TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF
WIERDNESS

Planned future issues include:

TELEVISION: -inc. PIRATE T.V./EFFECTS OF CATHODE RAYS
HUMANS/SLOWSCAN T.V.
FOOD: -inc. RECIPES FOR BOILED DOG AND ROAST HUMAN/ORAL
SEX- IS IT VEGAN? /WOMEN, MEN AND COOKING/ORALLY
ADMINISTERED HALLUCINOGENS/POTATOES.

GREY AREA

THE BODY: -inc. TATOOES AND OTHER MARKINGS/HAIR/BODY PIERC-
INGS/COSMETIC SURGERY/DIMENSIONS (do you know
how big or heavy your various internal organs ar

BOX 'X'
RAINBOW CENTRE,
180 MANSFIELD ROAD,
NOTTINGHAM,
ENGLAND

we'd be glad to hear from you.

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

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YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

Woman's suit: Ministry kept me 'captive' CULT: Mother of 3 sues group

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THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF WIErDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED



It has been accepted by most intelligent people that Jesus Christ was a dark skinned man. This is understandable since most people born in that area of the planet have dark skin. Sadly, most Discordians have gotten stuck in the mindset of the “stupid Christian,” in thinking that Eris would be light skinned or blonde. This could easily be credited to the fact that a lot of Discordians are 14 year old virgin boys. The thing is, Greece is very close to both Africa and the Middle East. There are many Greeks who are very dark skinned, and resemble Arabs or Africans. With that in mind, one might think that perhaps Eris herself might have dark skin, or at least a bigger ass than most ‘artist’ depictions of her have shown.

GODDESS GOT BACK!!



After getting out of the shower I put in the Doug Martsch solo album, sat on the back porch, and lit up a joint. Seven years in Arkansas now and it's starting to feel like home. I could settle down here. Doug is plucking the steel guitar on the CD. Shivers go down my spine. I still feel like a child. Five days till my twenty third birthday and I'm just now learning how to drive, how to get up the courage to ask girls out, and I'm supposed to call this place tomorrow about a job. State job. Good pay.

The joint burned down about half way and I spit on the end to save it. Doug starts singing. "Woke up this morning with my mind, stay lord Jesus. Halleu, halleu, hallelujah." I light up a cigarette. Smoke it halfway down and put it out. My brother's in his room playing Xbox. Star Wars I think. I kick back and watch. I feel the fan above shaking in my neck.

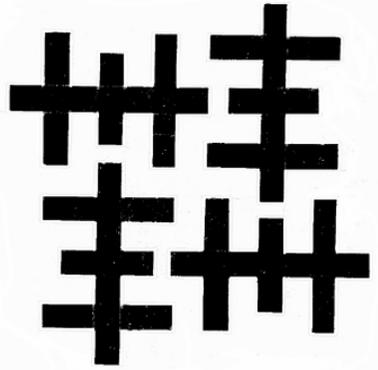
Damn this back pain! I'm too young to be so sore!

A while passes and I go back to the porch to finish the joint. Doug's still plucking away on the disk. The joint gets too small to hold, so I pack it in the end of a the half smoke cigarette I have left. Might as well smoke it all, I think to myself. While sitting there I rub my beard, notice my desert-camo hat, hear Doug plucking strings, take a puff off the smoke, and think about the humor of the South. Inspiration strikes!

Damn, I think, I should write this shit down.

I go inside and grab a pen and notebook, open it up, and begin. "After getting out of the shower I put in the Doug Martsch solo album..."

TRANSMISSION TOPY BEGINS



Bob396: yeah, if you don't mind me asking, just what is the deal with Genesis P. Orridge?

Station: well.. gen.. hmm.. The deal is basically that Gen announced in 1991 that he was quitting TOPY and moving on with his own projects.. and then a year later claimed that he ended TOPY.. and that it was always intended to be a "10 year project" from 81-91.. which was bullshit..

Bob396: ok

Station: TOPY here in America basically told him that was bullshit.. and he then decided that he would SUE us for stealing his intellectual property.. and he has a lot more money than us.. so it wasn't a very nice thing to do.

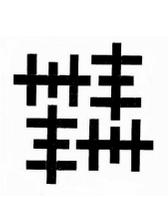
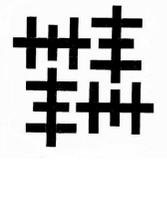
Bob396: what? the psychic cross? or the whole group?

Station: yes, the P-cross, the name TOPY.. the whole output of the group.. everything.. Gen seems to believe that HE created the whole process and everything that came from it in turn is his to own.. which we obviously disagree with.

Bob396: so is he suing?

Station: no.. no.. he is not suing.. he has claimed that he is going to sue us.. but has yet to actually do anything.. mostly that is due to there being nothing really to sue..

Bob396: right.. since it's not like there's a TOPY bank account or anything



Station: he usually bothers the Station every other year or so.. we haven't heard from him in awhile.. so I'm not looking forward to it.. but am expecting his head to pop up sometime. there was a TOPY bank account at one time.. but he scared the station head at that time.. and it was closed. personally.. I'm really fed up with the paranoia.. and I'm looking forward to dealing with it.. the last 10 years the station has been worried and paranoid that Gen was gonna come and sue us, and make us change the name or whatever.. and I'm tired of that meme.. I hope he does sue us.. I would like to see it ended one way or the other.. I'm not too worried about him. I think he is a big bag of air with fake tits.

Bob396: you know everything I read of his and everything I've heard of his led me to believe he was a certain way, and then out of no where I hear about this and hear interviews where he claims to never have to do music again because of all his accomplishments and other pompous shit like that...what happened? when did he change?

Station: when he started to become a woman.. you never can make sense out of the way a woman thinks! LOL

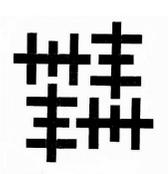
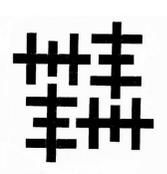
Bob396: it would be cool if he sued in the sense that it would bring publicity and would make an interesting case for copyrights and what is considered intellectual property

Station: I have a few aces in my hand as well.. Paula is really on great terms with the Temple.

Bob396: Paula is his wife?

Station: his ex wife, yes.

Bob396: ok cool

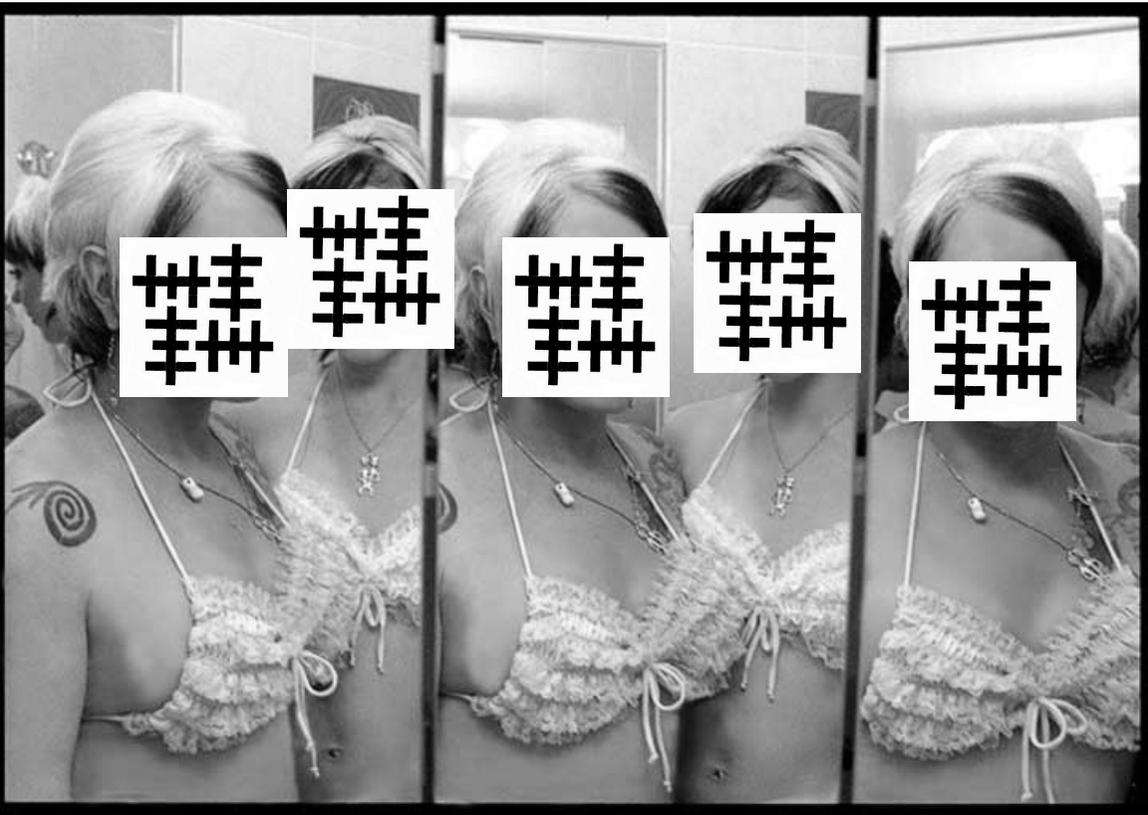
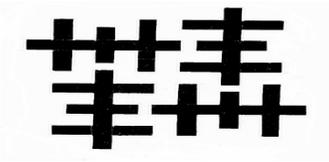




Station: they haven't been married for over 10 years now. but with TOPY now making new publications and new musical releases.. I'm sure that we will hear from him sometime in the future.. to me.. Gen is to TOPY what tom cruise is to scientology.. our most infamous member

Bob396: hahahaha, but tom cruise has one up on him, he's banging that hot Katie Holmes

Station: if it were Gen.. he would be trying to BE hot Katie Holmes! LOL





TRANSMISSION STARTS

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 396396 Moscow>

[Too much has been made of the Wall Street Journal. Fox News is becoming red. The Monkey is no key. Where's my shoes?]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 555 ٥٥٥ ٥٥٥>

[check your feet. Upon achieving a platinum album Parson's Brown Project changed their name to Parson's Platinum Project. Fox news became BROWN]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded ¼ ½ .5 .7 .9 Checks>

[Now is not the time for fear. MY TRUCK IS BIGGER! I isn't SKEARED!]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded الله uncode>

[there is a rising tide of weirdness. Your wishes will be granted in the order they were received. SMILE FOR THE CAMERA!]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 111222 BIGTRUCK>

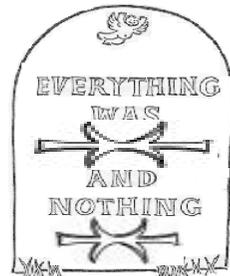
[who said anything about painkillers? Not me! Wasn't me! Damn. My balls itch. Beware the elusive sand turtle. It's bark licks my feet]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 333666 NINsong>

[Chorozone speaks: 101011100SIN1011WHORE01110100PIG10
0111011100HURT10111011101FUCK101101010111SLAVE101
Johnny Cash]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 777426 Trent>

[there goes the planet]

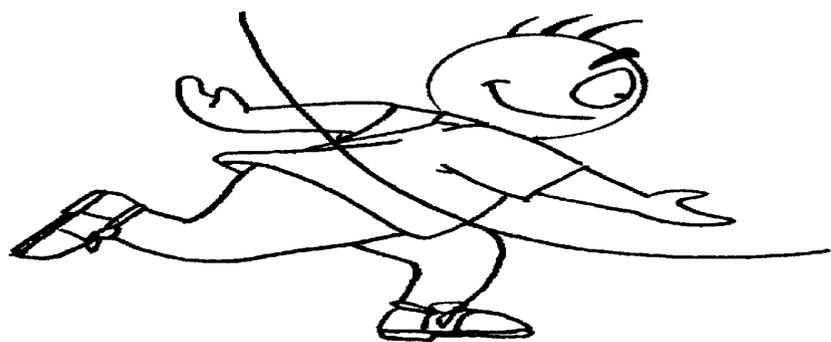


I AM NOT IN YOUR NETWORK



396

T.A.C



[03:33]

Five men meet in a room shaped like a pentagon. They are Bob396, Bob777, and three interviewers. The interviewers are from the magazine CONFRONTATION. The subject is the transmissions. In this interview, the Bob's give the secrets of the Agency, the Bob's, Beard Club, and their projects.

Bob777: so, your the interviewer

James: I am Interviewer 1

Bob777: cool

Steve: I am interviewer 2

Bob396: hi interviewers!

Bob777: I am agentbob777

Bob396: I am agentbob396

James: hello agents!

James: hi guys!

Bob777: hi bob396

Bob396: hi bob777

Bob777: how's it hanging?

Bob396: good

Bob396: you?

Bob777: oh, you know, the project h-4? it's a bitch

Bob396: for real!

Bob777: but what you gonna do

James: so what is this project h-4?

Bob777: none of your fucking business. if you ever ask me again I will skull fuck your brain

Bob777: nah, just kidding

Bob396: good answer bruh!

Bob777: but for real, it's a secret

Steve: understood

Mr777Esquire: You're a secret

Bob777: I am a secret

Steve: hello mR777eSQUIREE

Bob396: hey all!

Bob777: your not a bob, what are you doing here?

Mr777Esquire: Greetings!

Bob777: bob396, is he a bob?

Bob396: not a bob, but a beard club member

Bob396: powerful beard that one

Bob777: oh, well, that's ok

Mr777Esquire: What's with the Bob then?

Steve: yes and what's with the beards?

Bob777: shut up about the bobs

Bob777: we do not exist

Bob396: it all goes back to THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

Bob396: and palindromes

Mr777Esquire: Don't start, Bob

Bob777: and NIN bots

Bob777: and those tribal midgets

Steve: so...what about them beards?

Mr777Esquire: Are those bots finished?

Bob777: beards, they are good

Bob396: tribal midgets that worship Scott Ian of ANTRAX

Bob777: shut about the bots!!

Steve: what bots?

Mr777Esquire: Everybody should have one

James: I have one
Bob777: fuck, the NIN bots
Mr777Esquire: A beard and a bot!
Bob777: the NIN bots that are at war with the Tribal midgets
Mr777Esquire: I have both
James: ok.. about the Transmissions, what are the <codes> all about?
Bob777: a war to end all wars
Mr777Esquire: The ones that worship Scott Ian?
Bob396: a war of the future
Bob777: none of your fucking business, that's what they are about
Steve: ANTRAX? huh?
Mr777Esquire: The future of warfare?
Bob396: come on...we got to tell them SOMETHING ...
Bob396: don't we?
Bob777: the warfare of the future
Mr777Esquire: No
Bob777: nope
Steve: ok
James: yeah
James: so
Bob777: we are here to warn you about Dutch machine guns
Bob396: IO IO IO PAN PAN
Bob777: 01110111011011001
Bob396: you mean Rose of Mohamed guns?
Mr777Esquire:
001110111011010011
James: are those sanctioned?
Bob777: right, right, I forgot

Steve: is forgetting something you do a lot?
Bob777: Rose of Mohamed guns are no good
Mr777Esquire: Not merely sanctioned, but blessed as well.
Bob777: yeah
Bob396: they use corn oil
Bob777: and they go against the teachings of Fox News
Steve: who does?
Mr777Esquire: So long as it's not hydrogenated. Even partially.
Bob396: WE ALL DO!!!!
Mr777Esquire: Who ARE you?!
Bob396: no one's really going to publish this are they?
Steve: yes
James: WHO ARE YOU!?!?!?!
Bob777: wait, am I awake?
Mr777Esquire: Broken Finger of the Northeast Arkansas Fingers.
Bob396: we're all awake.... WIDE FUCKING AWAKE!
Bob777: I could have sworn I was asleep
James: so how does someone get a Bob number?
Bob396: YOU don't
Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <code Hera666> where the fuck ami?
Steve: someone up there loves you... DIRECT TV
Bob777: what bob numbers do you speak of?
Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded hexadecimalpoint 889> ami is apple songs burger
Mr777Esquire: 13-47

James: so are you all very influenced by Coldplay?

Mr777Esquire: Elder law attorney Chad "Bob" Oldham

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded garycolman333> don't ever say that to me again

Mr777Esquire: Not from which it came at the one place, but from whence it shall have come at that other place

Mr777Esquire: Y'know?

Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded ipodnano 999> Chris Castleman needs 10 Ipods.

Mr777Esquire: And how

Steve: oh we all know

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded iraqifreedompenisboat> the economy will benefit

Bob396: bob396 to ALL <coded southkoreanbrokeback clown> WOW

Mr777Esquire: Must make dookies.

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded wewillovercome> mobs of people make me horny

Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded harryconicJR> mobs of angry women.....naked angry women... with prosthetics

James: so is there a basic message to the transmissions?

Bob777: so, yeah. that's what the transmissions are like

James: all of them?

Bob777: they all MEAN something

James: is there a point to it all?

Bob777: HIDDEN MEANINGS

Steve: how do you find them?

Bob777: you have to have the CODE

Bob396: with your cock

Bob777: shhhhhhhhh

Bob396: LOL

Bob777: but, yeah, you get the codes from the bob 001

Bob777: the first bob

Steve: where does he live?

Bob777: all hail bob001

Bob396: I've never met him

Bob396: but yeah... all hail bob001

Bob396: !!!!!

Bob777: neither have I

Bob777: !!!!!

Steve: so why hail him?

James: really?

Bob777: he is the first bob and will be the last

Bob396: and the middle

Bob777: he is the alpha and the omega

Bob396: the B, the O and the other B

Bob777: 001

James: can women be bobs?

Bob777: no

Bob396: women have boobs

Bob396: similar in many ways

Bob777: boobs are good at making me dinner\

Steve: where are the bob's centrally located?

Bob777: and dancing on a pole

Bob396: 'everywhere

Bob396: and nowhere

Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?

Bob777: and Delaware
Bob396: I'm in your mind man
Bob777: woouoooo
Steve: that's heavy
Bob777: Mentok is a bob
James: he's not heavy. he's my brother
Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?
Bob396: so is Stephen Colbert
James: yes, what agency?
Bob777: so is Lou Dobbs
Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?
Bob396: this one
Bob777: what agency? what the fuck are you talking about!!
Bob396: duh
Mr777Esquire: Ukulele Masters!
Steve: I hear
Mr777Esquire: Or another agency?
Bob777: we are agents of BOB001
Bob396: there is only THE agency
Bob777: BOB'S HOUSE OF WHORES!!!
Bob396: it is the agency and it is we who are of it and there is only it and only us
Bob777: ladies night on Wednesday
Steve: so what your saying is that the Bob's are a sex ring cult?
Bob396: you said it
Bob396: not me
Bob777: um, I guess we kind of are bob396
Bob777: remember project re-45
Bob396: I know we are bob396
Bob777: and grt-09

Bob396: we are all bob396
Bob396: oh shit
Bob396: those
Bob396: yeah
Bob777: I know
Steve: describe the projects
Bob777: good times
Bob777: well, imagine if you can a elephant, a hotel in Amsterdam, 50 hookers and a loaded gun
Bob777: it was nothing like that
Bob777: I just like to think of that
Bob777: what would an elephant want with 50 hookers!!?!?! silly elephant
Bob396: Throughout its entire thirty-five year run, Search's opening titles featured of a shot of clouds floating through the sky. In fact, they consisted entirely of that until 1981.
Bob777: shit, Sufi
Bob396: The only noticeable change was the slightly altered "S" in "Search" upon switching to color (note the first two title cards).
Bob777: Sufi's are on CNN
Bob777: fuck
James: yes
Bob396: Joanne has married four times, making her full legal name Joanne Gardner Barron Tate Vincent Tournour.
James: so....
James: answer questions
Bob777: you answer questions
Bob396: yeah why don't we ask YOU questions!?!?!
Bob777: your a questions

Steve: well we are supposed to be interviewing you

Bob777: your a interview

Bob396: Even when truly dismayed by actions (such as sister Eunice sleeping with her husband, or her daughter willfully marrying into a family who wanted to alienate her from her mother)

Bob396: , she usually forgave offenders who showed true remorse

Steve: what are you talking about?

Mr777Esquire: Usually.

Bob396: YOU ARE TALKING!

Bob396: yeah

Mr777Esquire: P.O.E.

Bob396: no. it's P.O.E.E.

Steve: pigs on ecstasy?

Bob777: fuck

Mr777Esquire: No. It's Purity of Essence at this time.

Mr777Esquire: (sic)

Bob396: next time, it'll be Penis On Everything

Mr777Esquire: Sick old dirty pigs

Bob396: EVERYWHERE

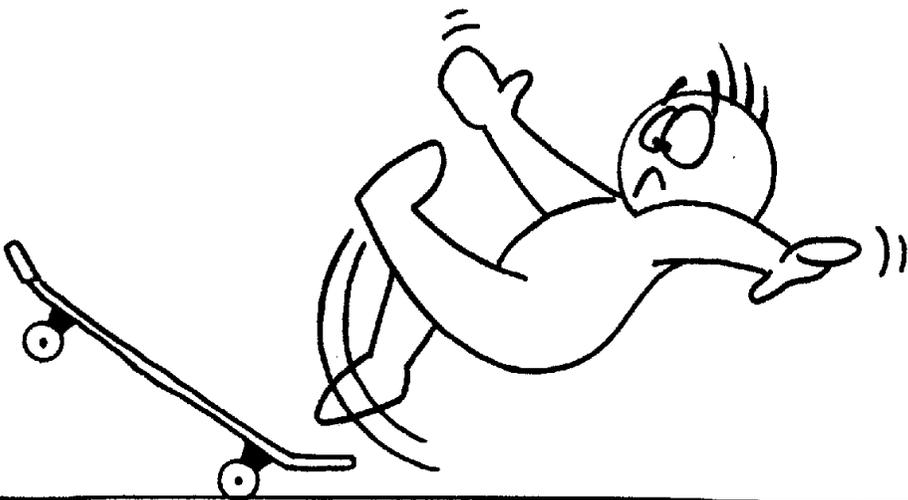
Bob777: I can't feel my toes

Bob396: I feel them

Steve: final words?

Mr777Esquire: I feel yorf

Bob396: fuck the Oscars





Q: What makes a good cult so **Good?**



.tluc a s'ti swonk ydobon : A



Figure 13 I got kicked out of a titty bar for smoking...



STUDY GUIDE FOR CHAPTERS 1-3

1)Why do you think the author uses ‘code’ names for every character?

2)Why do you think the author keeps asserting that he is not Ol Boy?

3)Do you believe in magic?

4)Why is Holden angry?

5)List all of your turn-ons:



ERIS INVOCATION

Oh prettiest one!!
Great Mother ERIS!!!
Discord INCREASE!!!
XAOS INCREASE!!!!

Oh lady of day,
night
mid afternoon
and 1:37pm
May I call you silly names?

well I will anyway!!

:
Sekhmet
Lillith
Shiva
Yod- Hoe
Chao Hoe
Kali
Susan
Loofah!?
...
Tim?

They didn't invite you to that party so you all freaked out on them and threw that apple in there like when you fed it to Eve and all that other crazy stuff you've done with fruit. You naughty girl you. :)

So I eat this
HOT DOG BUN
& all.
so, like, umm....

come to me and stuff
GOBBLE GOBBLE!!!

AVAILABLE!!



**Hi From Babylon EP
By 3 Inch Giants**

(musical project of Ol Boy Floats and Pope JTDR GROOVE IV)

Can be found at:

<http://www.lulu.com/content/229415>

AND IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!!!



ALL THIS GREAT 3IG MERCH CAN BE FOUND AT :
<http://www.cafepress.com/olboyfloats>

A DISCORDIAN HAIKU

By Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC

Now I eat Whoppers

The Television is filled with subliminal messages some call Fnords watch out they see you

These are real damn good

For more on Discordian Haiku please see The Summa
Discordia and the Metaclysmia Discordia.



JUSTIFY MY LOVE,

Denndamals, als der Sylph
in Scharentschwand Und Ariel weinend sich betrogen fand, Schwan
Umbriel, e
nstrer Wicht,
Ein Geist, verhaßt dem frohen Sonnenlicht,
Sich in der Erde dunkle Tiefen hin
Und klopfte an im Haus der Göttin *Spleen*.

Wake up, little Horse, wake up

Wake up, little Horse, wake up

We've both been sound asleep

Wake up, little Horse, and weep

The movie's over, it's horse o'clock

And we're in trouble deep

Wake up little Horse

Wake up little Horse, well

Whatta we gonna tell yhorse mama

Whatta we gonna tell yhorse pa

Whatta we gonna tell horse friends

**BUT SOFT! WHAT LIGHT
THROUGH YONDER
WINDOW BREAKS?!**

When they say

ooh-la-la

Wake up little Horse

Wake up little Horse, well

I told
yhorse mama that you'd be in by ten

Well Horse
baby looks like we goofed again

Wake up little Horse

Wake up little Horse, we gotta go
home

Wake up,
little Horse, wake up

Wake up, little Horse, wake up

The
movie wasn't so hot

It didn't have much of a plot We fell
asleep, horse goose is cooked

**Our
reputatio
n is**

shot

Wake up

Little horse.

Blake

Blake rode his bike across theeeee streeeeet

To meeeeeeet

The man at the pay phone.

Heeeeeeee

Had Always Heeeeeard

The people at that pay phone

Were up to know

gooooooooooooooooooooo

*And that sounded
Like a good ideeeea
... To him*

(2,3,4)

He wanted two:

Break all the numbers!
Break all the numbers!

Rate!

Fight!

X (

Face?

Phooooooooooooooooone!

Phooooooooobia!

Phooooobia!

Rate fone

Call home

Ooo

Blake

A Friday Afternoon
by
Chelsea Bonham



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Layla - Floats

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It's Friday!



HOTDOG
TIME!



Hmm... Oh... Yeah,
Mmm... hmm...
HEY, wait A minute!



It's
Friday!

time for
BILLY!!



Hey Dad,
Did you
hear me?
I'm
home.



Dad, what're you doing?!



Subbing

Billy
NO!!

© 2010 Billy



Sniff

Daddy,
No...

Look Away
Billy! you
don't need to
See this!

Just look
Away.



5 tips for good writing!!

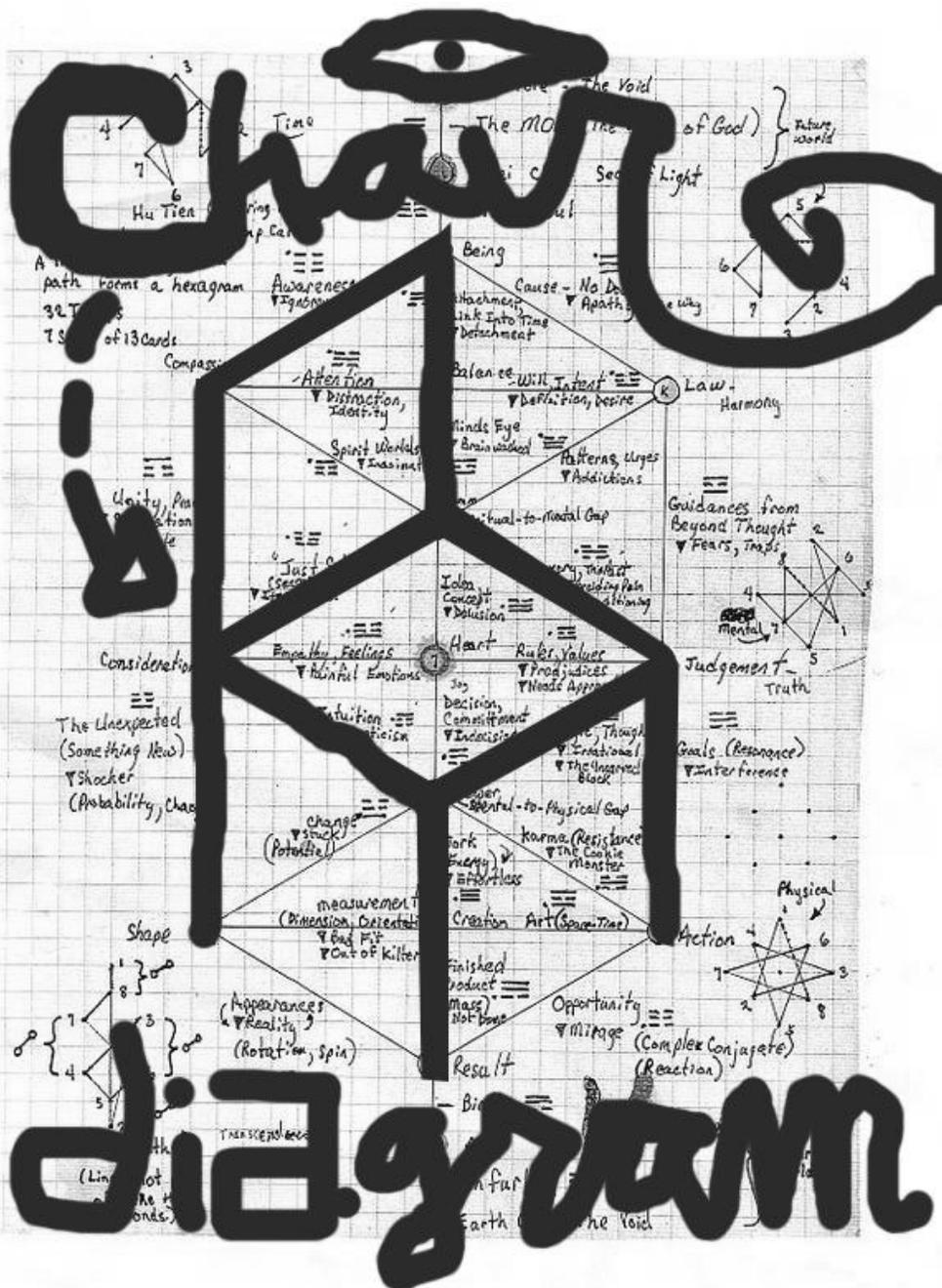
- 1.) “It is important to indent whenever one happens to be in a situation requiring him/her to dose.”
- 2.) “One must never forget that the most important rule of writing is that one can create something profoundly moving and beautiful without following any rules at all. Fuck every high-school English teacher that gives their class a written set of guidelines to follow. Tell your faggot college writing professor that you fucked his/her daughter, son, wife, husband in a recent piece you’ve written. ‘Intercourse via Literature’ is still intercourse, and it can be the best sex you’ve (n)ever had.”
- 3.) “It is important that one behaves in an appropriate manner when confronted by adjectives and adverbs for the first time. In this fast-paced and digital world filled with L-Y’s, it is easy to find one’s self in a position normally unattainable by god, ween, or satan.”
- 4.) “One thing that I would like to make clear to everybody (and by ‘everybody’ I am referring to my friends, family, and general population of this world) is that whenever I am on the road, it belongs to me and only me. Fuck everybody else who happens to be driving at the same time as me. In this situation, you are all my enemies and I am out for blood. Give me a reason, any excuse at all, to suddenly accelerate to top speed and turn us all into twisted, burning hunks of metal and mutilated corpses and I will take it. You have been warned.”
- 5.) “Indent, you fucking savage.”
 - a. “are you so certain that all which you do is correct and you are looked upon as a savior by the god(s) of high-school writing and literature?”
- 6.) “Never end a sentence with a preposition, you goddamn literary caveman.”

- a. “well, if you’re certain of. I hope your ovaries burst and you rot from the inside out and no matter how much you shower or brush your teeth or put on perfume, every time you breathe out through your nose or open your mouth everybody will smell your putrid stench and know that you’re dead inside and just maybe if I’m lucky it’ll happen to your pretty little daughter too.”
- 7.) “Paranoia equals Narcissism, but being narcissistic doesn’t necessarily make an individual become paranoid. I find myself to be both narcissistic *and* paranoid, my paranoia being a direct result of my narcissism. Coming to this realization does not help me become less of either.”
- 8.) “Jesus Christ’s balls, son! You still forget to indent?”
- a. “fuckthesepeopleandmarkmywordsonedaywheniamold andiamrichandiamallbutdeadiwillliveiwillowniwillattainiwillprosperoriwillwalktothegateswithasmileonmyfaceandburnittothegroundnochildnowomannomannoanim alwillleavealivegiveyoumyword.”

~KEEPER OF THE HELLACIOUS CONFECTION~

こんにちは。最近暑くなってきましたけれど、
いかがお過ごしでしょうか。
私は今「4月」というドラマの撮影中です。
共演者の方々、スタッフの方々、皆さん優しい方
ばかりなので「毎日楽しいです」。多くのスタッフ、
役者が一つになつて「4月」をつくっています。是非
見て下さい、お願いします。
では、月曜日の22時にお会いしましょう。📧
— 蒼井 優 —





I sincerely hope that one would read a little about the Chairman before viewing these images. A little research would go a long way in deciphering the possibly millions of intense combinations of S.T.U.P.I.D. symbolism. Just looking at this one makes my head hurt. Don't wear your glasses while viewing this picture, (that is unless you're in the company of a chick and you think you look better with them on.

Remember,

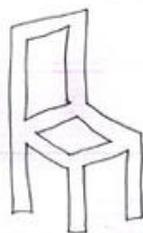


scoring should be your first priority (of course, if you're trying to score with a chick you really should be yachting.

We all know that yachting is the number one Chairman recommended method for pulling chicks)). -

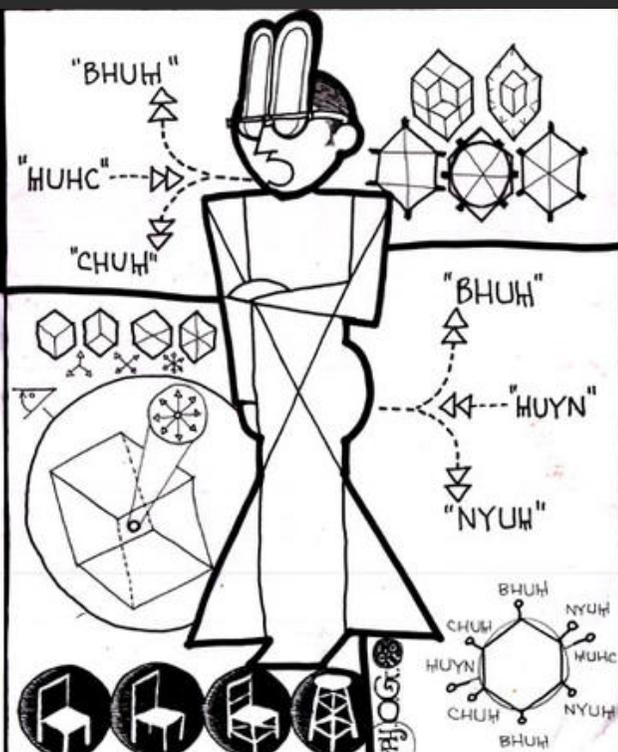
Yachting is different from YachTing! As the Left hand Molds and Massages, the Right hand Murders and Masterbates. The Third hand says. STUoPID to S.T.U.P.I.D rhetoric retort

CHUTHULU FOR PRESIDENT



WHY CHOOSE ?

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



The "GOO(h)" is fuel, a runny gelatinous monstrosity of truth and bewilderment that runs back down

This, of course, is the machine seen through the lens of those S.T.U.I.P.D.s who would be classified as "moderates". People who choose to selectively apply, whether

STUPID EDICT:

MANTRA "Our art will burn your art to the ground." The Chairman. (2001) This all goes on the back of Thug Art.

PERPETUAL LOGIC MACHINE: Communication model for the commoner amongst the commoner, nay, the elitist and his existence in the commoner's world.

they are conscious of it or not, Chairman inspired tactics of redirection and raveled logic.

"One measures a circle. beginning anywhere" — Charles Fort



Even the great Dr. Floyd was left baffled by this one. His systematic search of S.T.U.P.I.D. literature never revealed anything remotely resembling the words found on this scroll. All conjectures should be forwarded.

Even the great Dr. Floyd was left baffled by this one. His systematic search of STUoPID literature never revealed anything remotely resembling the words found on this scroll. All conjectures should be fast forwarded.

Even the baffled Dr. Floyd was found great by this one. His search of the systematic STUPID left literature revealed never anything resembling remotely words on this scroll. All conjectures should be Re-Rewound.

Dr. Floyd Salsburg.

First and foremost to the understanding of Application theory, is the consideration of the perpetual logic machine and its significance to the S.T.U.P.I.D. sensation. The logic machine is just as it sounds, an organism of complex actions that produces a result, a product or, as is the case with the Chairman's prophetic system of ideas, a reactionary paralysis of thought. The logic machine is the paradigm in which the S.T.U.P.I.D. as an individual functions among the neophytes and hypocrites that plague him. It is the bubble, the communication model, for all encounters with those persons who would advocate the premise of apathetic action, including all those who would proclaim themselves contributors to society, even if that contribution is as simple as existence itself. Such vulgarity of conception is rendered obsolete when the audacity of existence is confronted with the pure, undiluted Chairman philosophy.

The machine functions simply enough. If one understands the concepts of the language matrix, trichotomy, and the excessive, almost compulsive, need to yacht and to be associated with yachts, then one can grasp the machine. "Boo!" is the catalyst. It propels upward towards the eggshell mind of the unbeliever, here (points). It is important to note that this is the single syllable "Boo!", not the multisyllabic one which is the total karmic escape and reflection of all S.T.U.P.I.D. edicts. The "Boo!" is a rocket sent out of the mouth, it explodes in its simplicity and demand for attention and makes the receiver respond.

The "Boo!" is in its literal self an extension of one of two factors. The first is belief, proof positive representation of a "self" in contact with the Chairman retaliating against forces outside of his scope. Do not take this relation as a movement towards any discernable outcome. Actually, it could very well be an extension of the second cause of the "Boo!" which is Joseph Campbell-esque subsidence of a universal Chairman ethos buried in the psyche of every human. I truly believe that inside every product of contemporary culture lies an inherent exponentially gross understanding of S.T.U.P.I.D. ideological principles of thought and response. That is why Chairman Scholars instituted the, nay required, a reclassification of the S.T.U.P.I.D. dynamic and coined the ephemeral term "good-man, smart-man" and its alter presence of mind "woman".

With an eggshell mind, the "Boo!" may sometime be the subtlest of suggestions or comments, but it is a comment that confuses, detracts, instigates, and ignores. It is the ferocity the Chairman's message that cracks the mind. Here, the first sound is heard. The sound of "CHU(h)!" The sound of the first post-consideration in revelation of the Chairman. This will split the mind into the two separate parts. These halves might be recategorized as Freudian sub-egos, but in the S.T.U.P.I.D. conception these are the distinctions between Neo and Orthodox-S.T.U.P.I.D.s. This is a split that has been falsely associated with the idea of "left" and "right" brain activity. Outwardly, though the precipitant is rendered a stiff dose of paralysis. The convergence of disbelief with the powerful subjectivity of the sacred text and context is often debilitating. One ill equipped to synthesize the misconfusion of a constituents message simply fails to exist as they have defined it for they no longer are able to operate in a stasis of "pre-thought". They have

been exposed. Usually the "CHU(h)?" of this moment, is expressed post-cerebrally and verbally.

At this point, the cracked mind oozes out what S.T.U.P.I.D. educators have described as a multi-dimensional "GOO(h)". The "GOO(h)" has many interpretational opportunities stapled into it, but I'd like to squash, here and now, all of those opportunities and dictate to you vulgar infidels how, when, and how you should regurgitate the conception of the sacred "GOO(h)". It is comes down to simple principle of belief. Is belief released when a connection is established with the Chairman? Clinically speaking, yes.

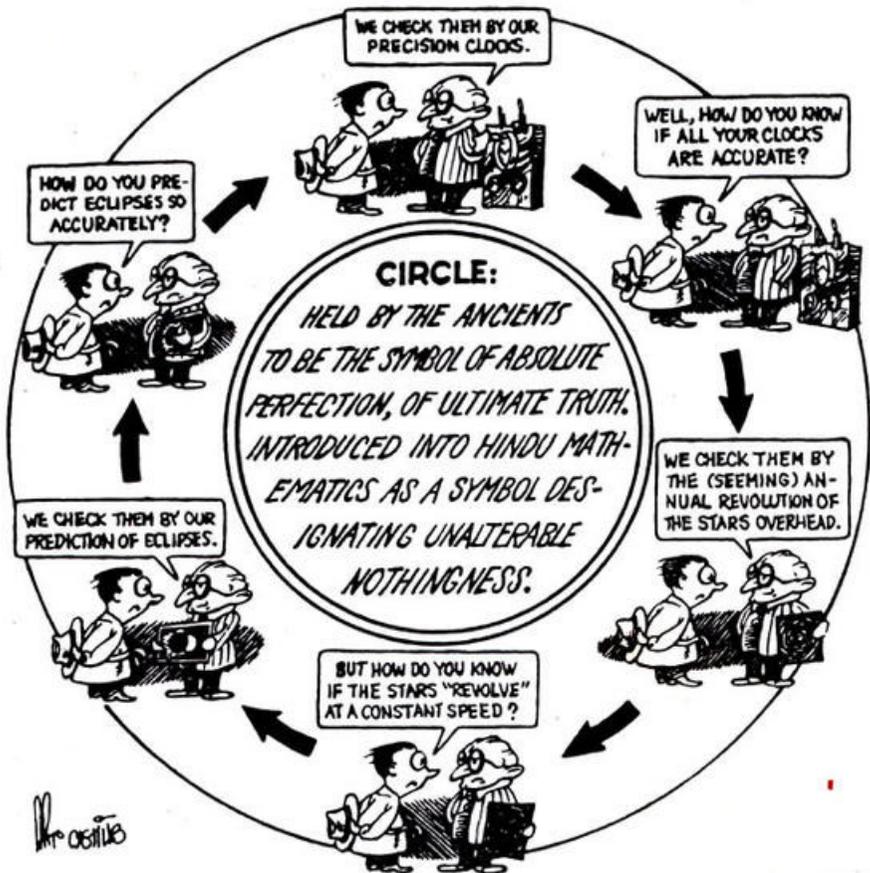
It was all outlined by a late Chairman conspirator, Joseph Campbell. In one of his later unpublished works Campbell strongly advocated a glaring association with S.T.U.P.I.D. belief and his work on universal myth. Campbell stated thusly, "It seems only clear that universal myth apply to our Chairman. There is an inherent understanding of Chairman philosophy that marginalizes boundaries and crosses over cultural, linguistic, and class line. Anyone can act consciously or subconsciously in the name of the Chairman's mission," (Campbell, 87). The extension of this concept later evolved into the hybrid reactionary which the Chairman eloquently summarized in a famous S.T.U.P.I.D. moment. (See, Twinkle Frank's situationalist interpretation of rock show paradigm). So that is "GOO(h)", simply a subconscious viscous substance that is unleashed when primordial tolerance is exposed like a open sore across the psyche. "GOO(h)" is multifaceted and can be explored in length elsewhere.

Finally, "GOO(h)", the highly combustible substance, filters down until the compacting layers ignite from the metaphorically geological friction in the strata. "GOO(h)" can take on many different consistencies and flows evenly through them. But make no mistake; it will eventually accumulate to a point where, like a compost heap laying under the sun to bake and ripen, too much heat causes a fire, the Fire Of Belief. The same fire that projected the original "Boo!" is the first place. And in so doing, completes the perpetual logic cycle from which the machine draws its name.

Like I've said so many times, this is a bubble scenario, theoretical in construction. It has variables which can access and influence from outside, and although these seem to be endless, variables can not really scratch the cellular gears of the basic mechanics. That is why outside the machine diagram I have included three of the sacred symbols which I alone have classified as the rewind, fast forward, and pause button. Let it be understood that scholars have long debated the significance of these symbols with little homogeneous consent. In this instance though, it seems to make sense for, as variables are constant, so is Trichotomy and the machine is accessible in any given form of redirection. This means simply that at any given time the machine can be understood as a reflection or a passing, and may be slowed down so that all it's individual parts can be scrutinized.

So...next time we will delve into the salty atmosphere of every day non-yachting common folk and explore a situation in which the logic machine is exposed to an uncontaminated population.

The making of Good Man Smart Man.



First of two flyers proclaiming the re-return of S.T.U.P.I.D. ideology to the academic arena where it had been banned since 1958.

The announcement of Dr. Floyd's visit was met with harsh criticisms and protests from faculty and student alike. The speech was delivered under armed surveillance by the militant Orthodox S.T.U.P.I.D.'s

If you believe, as all STUPIDs do, that "CHU(h)?" is universal and constant, then time becomes obsolete. If it is obsolete, then it can be dissected for it has ceased to be useful. It can be exploited. But most importantly, it can be ignored. Ignoring "time" from a STUPID standpoint means

traversing its false reality at will. Boundaries of falseness are like a thin sheet. They are as easily brushed aside by a swift hand as by a gentle breeze. "CHU(h)" is omnipotent, it can pass through any sheet it wants. Realization of "CHU(h)?" burns bed sheets. Realization of "truth" negates any constraints, physical or mental, of reality's falseness.

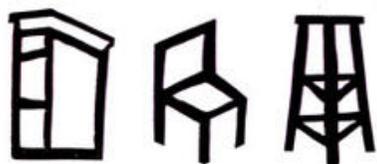
Understanding is confusion. Understanding is false, and therefore synonymous with confusion. It is in each of us to embrace confusion, for we strive towards understanding and understanding is as obtainable as it is a lie. Confusion is the commoners natural response to understanding. Falseness maintains "reality". "CHU(h)?" is its own reality. It is the cosmic unfaltering "truth". "CHU(h)?" dominates and negates falseness for it can only summon "NYU(h)!". "NYU(h)!" is also "truth". The "true" existence of "CHU(h)?" is recognized by the STUPID. "Others" consume "reality". "Reality" is false, so "others" are confused.

"Others" are, in the reality of "CHU(h)?", misconfused. A STUPID can become confused, but "others" are misconfused. Misconfusion is a state of understanding. Presumptuousness and audacity embrace understanding, and in turn, embrace confusion. "CHU(h)?" is all encompassing. Totalness includes confusion. "CHU(h)?" contains confusion. Acceptance of understanding as "truth" is misconfusing. "CHU(h)?" is the only "truth".

Art is "CHU(h)?". "CHU(h)?" is everything. So, art is everything. Art must also be "time", because "time" is useless. Art is then everything useless. Usefulness in this "reality" is understanding, understanding is a lie. Usefulness is then a lie because it is an attempt to underscore the only "truth", "NYU(h)!". If it is art that attempts to provoke understanding then it is deception. Useful art is falseness. This means that all art with purpose or created with the intent of use is perpetuating the falseness of "reality". This make all "art" of this nature the opposite of "CHU(h)?". Yet art cannot be divided. It is not "truth" and therefore is misconfusing. Art is a single entity. Entities that choose to confuse through understanding are indivisible. Art wants to be understood. So all art, by its chosen form of existence is false. "Art" is in opposition to "CHU(h)?". "CHU(h)?" cannot include usefulness. Art is an attempt at being useful. "CHU(h)?" can provide no use, for it is not a tool of understanding.

FIG 113. - DETACHABLE:
(FIG 100 - 113. PAGE)

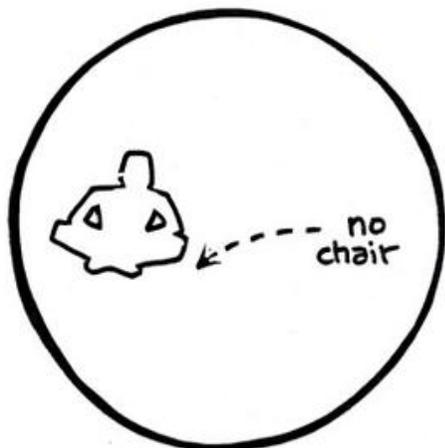




"CHUH" IS.
 "BHUH" BECOMES.
 "NYUH" IS NOT.

nothing is; nothing
 becomes; nothing is
 not. thus
 NOTHING IS EVERYTHING.
 ABHACHADHABHRA.

:0:



NOTHING: ?



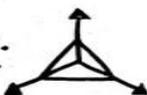
:1:



→ INSERT →

LANGUAGE: 3: MATRIX



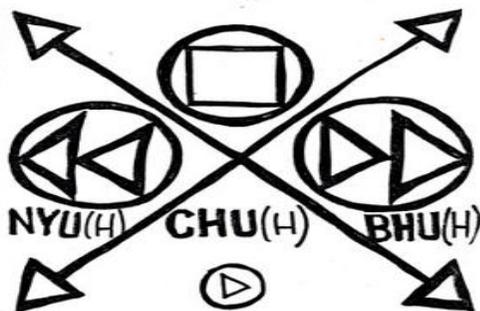
TRICOTOMY: 

:2:

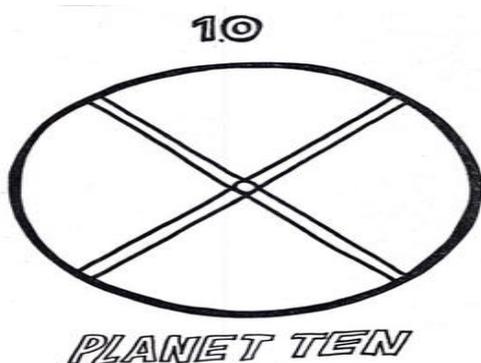
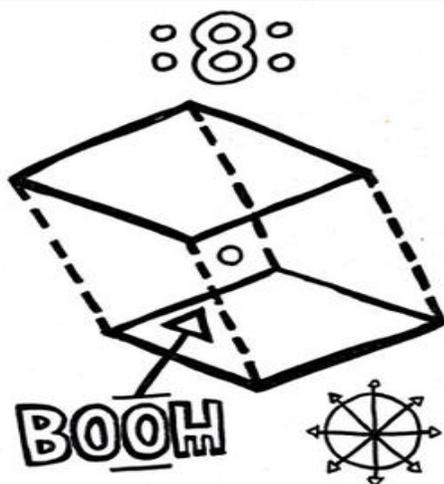


DICOTOMY: 

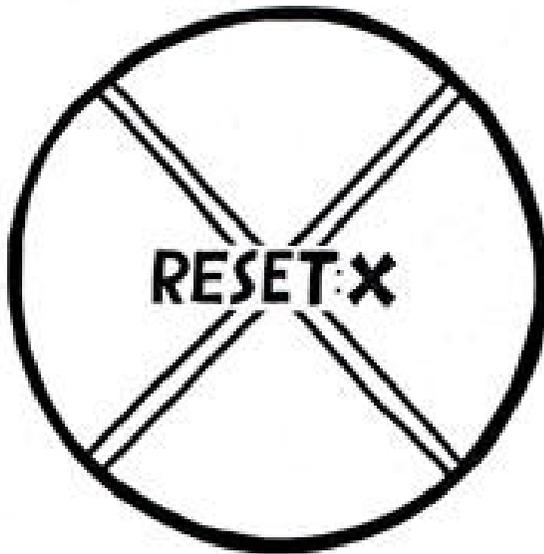
:4:



DIRECTION: 

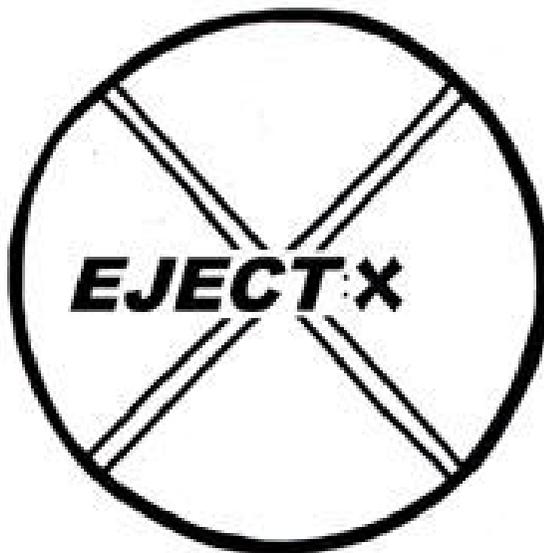


10



PLANET TEN

10



PLANET TEN

"The stupider it looks, the more important it probably is." — J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

"It is in the nature of the STUPID to deconstruct the academic intellectual proletariat and to mock the illiterate middle-class. For the true fanaticism of an apathetic mind must assume that yachting is the ultimate goal at stake in these desperate times." — The Banned PreScriptures,
Epoetics 9:17, Bank 18, Disk 87, File 3

"The computers are success. (abstract modernism inherent) Machine molecules create art. Magic Symbolism Recreates Neo -Actualism."—the Chairman 1992

"An electronic computer analogy applies here. People on Earth right now are like the users of a computer system: they can in-put and retrieve data, and they can run the existing programs to process the data in set ways. Many of them have enough programming skills to modify some of the programs slightly, but they don't understand the basic design of the software very well.

On the other hand, the Theocrats not only understand the software far more completely, but also have much easier access to the special "command mode" used to modify it. This command mode is the telepathic chain-reaction used in religious mind control." — Kyle Griffith *War in Heaven*

"Just because a message comes from heaven, that doesn't mean it's not stupid."
— Jacques Vallee

"Strangely enough, Their holiness lies in their nondescript but inviolable triviality!" — II Timothy Leary 3:13 "Every day is X-Day when you have a gun."



Sacred Scrolls: Deciphering Ancient Interpretations of the Chairman through Modernist Chairman Explanation Theory

 **HAIL THE CHAIRMAN**
S.T.U.P.I.D. 

F.A.Q.'s

Frequently Asked Questions posed for and about the Chairman and Yachting.

Q: How can I, as a layperson, implement S.T.U.P.I.D. ideology into my every day living.

A: You, layperson, can't possibly be serious. How would you "implement" an ideology? I dare say no "ideology" has ever been "implemented". Besides, S.T.U.P.I.D. ideas plague your entire existence, have you missed the yacht? The Chairman has gone to great lengths to make sure that a need never look farther "CHU(h)?" "NYU(h)!" and "BOO(H)". They are your road map and your destination. Haven't you read anything? Have you even attempted to reach confusion? You must be a cheerleader. Don't write in any more.

Q: What are "CHU(h)?" "NYU(h)!" and "BOO(h)."?
And what is with the h's in parenthesis?

A: I understand that the language matrix can be confusing. It is only recently that we, as neo-S.T.U.P.I.D.'s, have begun to fully comprehend the words. First, it should be known that these words are the foundation of all things S.T.U.P.I.D. They construct the consciousness of life itself. "CHU(h)?" is the question to which "NYU(h)!" is the answer. If your confused or reflexive "BOO(h)." will guide you. The "(h)" stems from a rift in Neo and Orthodox interpretations of the Chairman's teachings. The Orthodox had immense disdain for the written. In fact, all of the original Chairman works were transmitted orally. The famous story of the Chairman's arm wrestling match against Karl Marx in 1917 underneath the Eiffel Tower was, and still is, solely oral. It was believed that F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a detailed account of the epic battle, but that his jealous wife, or militant Orthodoxes, destroyed the record. So, when the Neos began to chronicle and interpret the Chairman they had to find a way to express the complexities of the words. The "(h)"s were added in the mid-nineteen nineties in an attempt to phonetically reconstruct the words. Read Trichotomy for more.

Q: Who is the Chairman?

A: I won't dignify this idiocy with a response. It should be obvious to anyone who is even remotely familiar with history that the Chairman is the patriarch and master mind behind the most fabulous socio-political system ever. He has met and shaped all those "others" who step into the limelight of main stream media and claim his ideas for their own. The list is endless...Stalin, Reagan, Kennedy (the drunk one), Ray Walker, The Guy who Invented Pokemon, Edison, Ford, Anyone from France, Devorak, Harry Chapin Carpenter, Elvis, El Vez, -CONT;

F.A.Q.'s

CONT>>> Maslow, Freud (or Fraud as we call him. Everyone knows that the Chairman once told him in 1927, "If you want to sleep with your mother that's your buisness, but If you look at my cigar funny again were gonna have words.") Dylan, Pynchon, Thompson, Home, Bobby Vomit, Anyone who ever thought it would be cool to have a robot, John Cusack, The Normans, Mike Mignola, Hosoi, Wrestling mogul Vince Macmon, Kathleen Hannah, All bands Jefferson, The Jeffersons, The Branch Dividians, Clara M. Lovett, some other biters (I forget their names), Case, Schulz, Milo,.. ..that's pretty much it.

Q: Which is more important to the movement, getting chicks or yachting?

A: Good question. If you don't know by now, this movement has escaped you and will dissappoint you in the long run.

Q: What is this long fabled M.A.S. you so often speak of?

A: It is a secret society. A society whose roots are deeper then those of the Masons, Illumianti, and Stonecutters combined. So secret in fact, that little is known and little to nothing ever recorded in written form. M.A.S. stands for Mutual Admiration Society. Its founding members searched for a organization where they could feel comfortable and appreciated amongst their brothers. This sounds vaguely homoerotic. No it doesn't. It was the foundation of all supremely S.T.U.P.I.D. things to come. Their mission was to bulid a society were all was hailed and nothing destroyed. A golden union. Love not discouragement were championed. All genius was respected. They were and are truly great. To join send five dollars and a SASE to...



MORE S.T.U.P.I.D. = <http://www.myspace.com/drhplovecastmd>

Orden der schwarze Sonne

Applications for Membership in the POEE Orden der schwarze Sonne should be made here.

Just fill in this questionnaire and chose a religious title to go before "Orden der schwarze Sonne" in your sig.

QUESTIONNAIRE:

Please take a few moments to answer the following questions.

1. How did you find the POEE:ODSS's Semen Drive/Lunch Meet and did you drink the milk shake?

**2. Is this a random question? ___Yes ___No ___Maybe ___
Nebraska**

3. What percent of this request to join the POEE Orden der schwarze Sonne comes from

The federal government? _____

Your Mother? _____

The Mind? _____

The Appendix? _____

The Heart? _____

4. Please indicate in what way the human condition, the state of the economy, or the progress of science would be harmed:

if the POEE:ODSS didn't let you in,

if the POEE:ODSS kicked your ass,

if the POEE:ODSS let you in, but mocked and tormented you constantly,

if the POEE:ODSS didn't exist,

if the POEE:ODSS stole your lunch money,

5. Funt?

Your response will receive enhanced consideration if you include a generous contribution to my Fund To Abolish Gratuitous And Intrusive Information Gathering Using Questionnaires. In any case, allow at least twenty-three months for receipt of my response.



Rev. St. Sgu, ISC

Please visit <http://poeec.co.uk/web> for more info





DISCORDIAN SHAVING RITUAL

(See Illuminatus! Book 3, Leviathan, page 61)

It is not in a Discordian's best interest to shave, for the hairies are our close allies. Plus, shaving is a sure fire way to get you kicked out of BEARD CLUB. But if you MUST shave, here's a way to go about it.

- ❖ Get one of those awesome 5 Bladed razors. (one of the ones that has battery operated vibration).
- ❖ Fill your heart with hatred. (This is an Islamic pre-shaving tradition).
- ❖ Lather your couch with shaving cream. (be nice and clean).
- ❖ Place 5 hotdog buns in a steamer. (Chicago Style!)
- ❖ Go out. For real, steamed hotdog buns and a shaving cream covered couch are NO REASON for you to spend so much damn time in doors!!!



please pick me!



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DUE A "GREAT GOOGAMOOGA"

Crowds are dancing at Jonesboogie. They're mainly white, and the music is mainly noise, and it's fun — shit, it's happening. With a lot of bands it's not really dancing as much as "charged particles" freaking out, as Keeper of the Hellatious Confection has put it. Whatever you want to call it, I'm down, although it usually doesn't get serious until later in the night.

3 Inch Giants is also down — that's the new project of Ol Boy Floats KSC and Pope JTDR GROOVE IV, in no particular order. If you're familiar with their work in various Jonesboro projects, you're aware that they draw from Ween, They Might Be Giants and techno music. So, it's "party time!," as they say it on their Myspace.

Those main influences are apparent when experiencing 3IG live, but after hearing all of their third show last Thursday from the money-collector's position at the door of Jonesboogie (I snuck a

couple visuals too), the project strikes me as original — as how the duo’s occasional collaborations under the Bad Spelling & Grammar umbrella might’ve sounded had they been more formal- and pop-minded, and had Pope JTDR GROOVE IV played a permanent creative role; after all, BS&G was always Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC’s thing.

But what current fall fashions seep from the imaginations of these men? In short, a noticeable hip hop tinge, and a kept-together dual vocal approach above synth- and loop-based backbeats. And a straight cover of “Stolen Kisses” by Psychic T.V.

The salient moments were “Hi from Babylon,” “Searching for Maury” and “December 12, 2012.” The first of these is a dance number that I thought was based on a sample of Queen’s “Another One Bites the Dust,” but upon closer listen the main melodic figure turned out to be a clever bastardization of the classic.

I was told that “Babylon” rocked hard in 3IG’s first show last month, and the tune was irresistible once again last Thursday. 3IG base the lyrics to the refrain on the verses’ syllable scheme: “seven, seven, seven, eight — hi from Babylon: ain’t it great?”

Those verse lyrics, written in a consistent metrical form, are Da-Da at best. One of GROOVE’s proudest moments of lyrical nonsense, he told me, is when he manages to coin the term “Turkey Van delay.”

But I won’t ruin anymore of “Babylon’s” lyric nuggets; those are for you to hear on their website or on jonesboromusic.com, which makes available a slow-panning , maybe even portentous Tim-Burton-esque “Hi from Babylon” music video (look for a higher quality version at <http://www.lulu.com/content/229435>).

“Babylon” made me wish it were later in the night and that the crowd were loosened up more. It was a rare moment to know my friends reached their musical intentions by achieving an infectious dance pulse countered by artfully wrong noise, but it was a far too familiar thing to witness Inhibited Dance Party: Jonesboro Edition out in the crowd when an actual pop band broke out the trick bag.

Yes, bopping took place, but it left me feeling sexually unsatisfied.

We need beer and a later, less modest 3IG start time, although “Searching for Maury” kicks your mother’s ass no matter what time of day you hear it played live.

It’s ostensibly about what would happen to Amurcka if Maury Pauvich exceeded the public’s channel-surfing grasp, all this with an implicit satire of talk show trash culture — though I can’t help but detect an element of solace in those assured vocals of GROOVE’s, sort of a “fuck it, we will watch TV, it’s ok” vibe.

The song exits lyrical novelty and enters emotional catharsis upon its dual-sung “na-na-na” outro chorus. It’s a milestone melodic moment for a local underground thusfar earmarked by noise, especially coming from this pair.

If “Searching for Maury” holds out an idea then milks it just enough, “December 12, 2012” perhaps overuses its hook a bit, although the jerkiness of the change from verse to chorus and back keeps the laundry fresh.

The song stands out because of its lyrical substance. The chorus is like a negro spiritual, mixed with drug music. “Baby don’t you worry / no matter what your faith, / we are all gonna be reborn, / we all goin’ to that place,” they sing in the chorus, along with something in the pre-chorus like “you can’t kill energy, and that’s all we are.”

3IG pull off all these annunciations along with the strange time changes quite well live, and once again I couldn’t help thinking that if the social ice had been broken just a bit more, then a volleyball-championship-at-fat-kid-camp celebration would have gone down.

Overall, the set was like a fresh R&B-influenced exhalation. I do remember Jeremy Harris of Buddyship, a freakout band who went on to murder later that night, saying he thought the songs were sweet as hell, but that the format got old after a bit.

I believe I know what he was saying, not to put words into his mouth, but I think I felt that way too — as if within the vocal

and instrumental precision, some chaos was begging to manifest at the end of the set.

But maybe that's just in our heads. Maybe 3IG isn't a tight excursion of pop from usually noisey boys. Maybe on the contrary, we don't know how tight and hookey they are to become — just maybe this project is in fact a bit loose right now.

After all, they've only played three shows, and for what other reason might Ol Boy Floats insist on pulling out a straight Psychic T.V. cover? It makes me think about Of Montreal's live sets over the past few years, or that as-tight-as-possible mid-80s They Might Be Giants sound that drove geeks in NYC to gaga extremes, just to imagine what these guys could be developing.

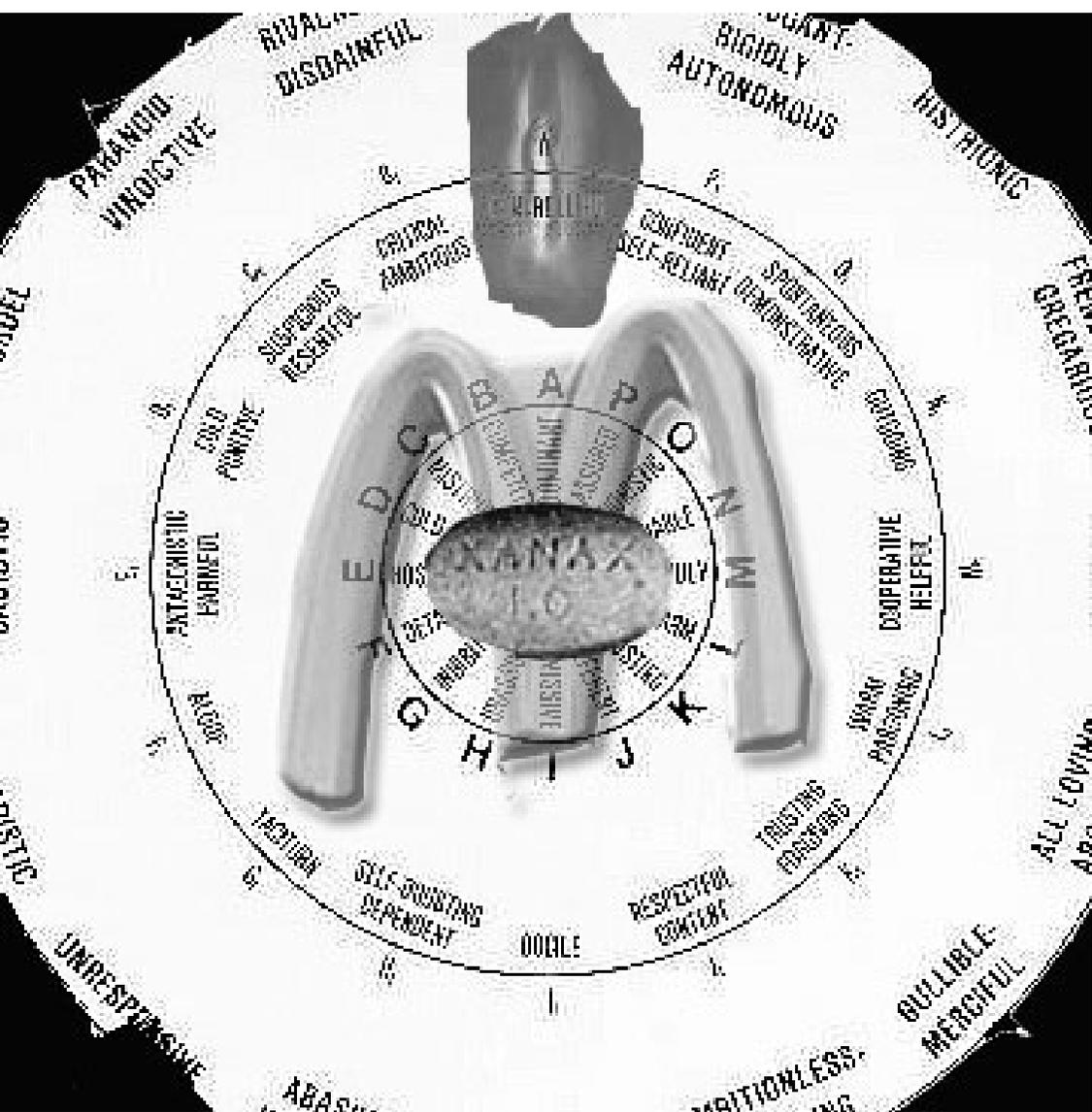
The noise versus structure idea will never get old with me. It's so interesting I can't stop thinking about it, and that might be a good reason why I'm wanting those nutty loops to jump out of the pedal and imperialize the wattage of GROOVE's amp, if only for a few seconds of sweet nihilism.

However, might that inhibited pop crowd I keeping complaining about shake their humps for reals if a band brought straight grooves with contextualized noise rather than vice versa? If it's tight enough, and dancey enough, and almost as good as the Blackeyed Peas, I'm willing to bet so.

Then 3IG could have both Satan (their "Gin Enima" project) and the black reverend of pop in 3 Inch Giants -- although, you know boys, a hint of chaos does go a long ways. ;)

**Written By PopeJOCKO 27-
FENDERSON KSJ**







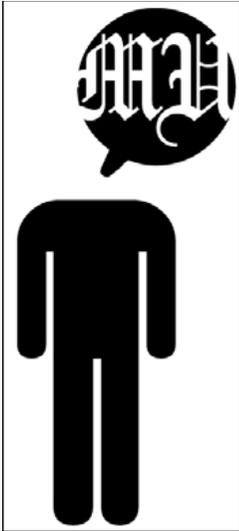
William Shatner: I call you out!!!

This is "Ol' Boy Floats 396 Fenderson aka Pogo Pope 1111 Dope Pope aka Tyny Tymn aka Pope Tymnothy "Rightous among the nations" Edward Bowen-Fenderson KSC not KFC Bitches that is my one and only Discordian name and you should address me by it always when you see me in person during Discordian ritual OR YOU DO NOT LOVE ERIS" DO! Tp! c---- s+:+ a- Comp+ P! E! F++ R+ tv+ b++++ OM(10) PHI(7) RAW++ DC++ e h! r++ z++ zb* K+++Cumchugger Thee First Of the POEE:ODSS - Keeper of the Sacred Baby Gravy.

And I'm calling you out. (note I used my FULL holy name bitch!). You have been standing between me and my millions for too long. Let's settle this. Vulcan death match style. Two men enter. One man leaves. If you do not accept my challenge than I, and every Eris loving Discordian, will assume you are a bitch and a pussy.

**funt
frenulum*





Another advantage to Discordianism over the world's other great religions is that we tell you about the Fendersons. While it is true that you don't have to be a Discordian before becoming a Fenderson, the Taoists - for instance - don't even know about the Fendersons. And those who know do not speak.

Previous Fendersons' have had family reunions at various places and various times. *Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee* would like to announce an upcoming Fenderson Family Reunion.

Dec 12, 2012

The 23rd annual (or not quite so annual) FENDERSON FAMILY REUNION will be held at Craighead Forest Park in-between pavilions two and three at 23:00. Please bring snacks and previous family reunion headwear. No loitering. No swimming. No Rules. This Reunion is only for Fendersons in good standing with the Church of Good Fnords. This event is not real. Please do not show up unless you consider yourself not real. Not valid for Fendersons under the age of 21 unless otherwise noted.

VALID UNLESS INVALID

Shadowy/Dreamscape plot/storyline whatever thingy:
By Keeper of the Hellacious Confection

I woke up at what I guessed was early in the morning and realized that I had been walking in my sleep. I say “*early in the morning*” because no way of telling time was openly available to us and everything looked the same, no matter what time of day. The meaning of time, like so many others, had long since removed itself from my mind. It was hard to remember what anything really meant anymore. The only thing that mattered now was the journey, the crossing through this now strange and dark land where the sun never graced the sky and had been replaced with eternal nightfall. No cities, streetlights, paved roads, no reminders of a culture that may had been lost long ago. Old wooden poles, splintered and ruined, were everywhere. Fallen trees with branches the length of an arm were scattered about the harsh terrain but no sign of civilization had yet presented itself in any direction.

“That’s not true. You remember ‘the incident’. Don’t lie to yourself.”

I stopped thinking of the lost meaning of time and how disorienting it can feel when you know you can never look at your watch, your fucking cell phone, or even your own environment and know what time of the day it is.

I presented my rifle to the unrelenting night and kept walking.



The soft, light thumps of raindrops on the bill of my cap awakened me again. I forsook the notion of time and simply let all of my senses take control. The smell of moist dirt brought to one's nose by a sharp and cool winter wind, the sounds the winds create, not just the sound of the wind itself but the sound of everything it touches and manipulates, the touch of wetness on one's face when they turn their face up towards the clouds during a rainstorm. These senses comforted and reminded me that I was still alive, still walking.

I opened my eyes and looked over to the other man in my party. His ever-expressionless face was staring straight ahead, his neck stiff, and his eyes never blinking while I gazed at him. I simply smiled and kept walking, lighting a cigarette as we made progress. This other man in my party I did not know. He had never spoken a word (as far as I knew) and we had never met until the day our voyage began, but he was with me, and we were connected, bound to the same fate.

It had also occurred to me at some point during our journey together that I had never seen his face. Every time I laid eyes upon it, it changed to something it had not been before. I could make out no distinguishing features, marks, or scars. Like everything else in this world his face seemed to always be shrouded in darkness. I never put too much thought into the whole affair.

*“What does it matter that you're in this now-dark-and-horrible place doing who-knows-what for whatever unseen purposes with a man who seems to both have **and** not have a face and never speaks a*

word?"

I tried very, very hard to make those thoughts go away. I really had no idea why we were in this place, or what we were supposed to accomplish while we were here, but he and I were joined together in some way to all of it and he walked the same line of fate as I. Our journey would lead us to the answers.

We both kept walking, step in step, into the never-ending blackness. I suddenly realized that I was holding my rifle tight against my chest with my finger on the trigger. I was sweating, unexpectedly panicked. I told myself I didn't know why I was all of a sudden so terrified, but it was a lie. I knew what was bothering me, and coming to that realization made me a little bit less on-edge. I slowed my breathing down, and then even more slowly I lowered my rifle away from my chest and let the end of the barrel drag on the gravel behind us as we walked.

Calmer now, I allowed my memory to take me back to "*the incident*" that had occurred perhaps two nights ago. As my colleague and I walked through a particularly vacuous sector of this world, we had come across the first sign of any civilization since the start of our journey. We were walking side by side down the only route that was apparent to us, a long and dark stretch of gravel which appeared to be infinite and bathed in darkness. As we walked down this dark and deserted road, I noticed something flickering in the distance a few miles away.

“Light! There’s somebody alive down there! In this world of darkness there is one who stands in defiance of this strange reality! He must know of me, of us, and our journey, for why else would he make himself known?”

I disregarded the questions in my brain and picked up my pace. I didn’t know what we would be greeted with when we arrived, but it seemed as though the source of the light was our destination. I figured that seeing light in this eternally shrouded place was about as good an omen as we were going to get.

It should have seemed weird to me, seeing no signs of civilization for at least two years and then suddenly having a *very* good reason to believe that there was somebody else out there, alive and well, but I was weary from travel and willing to accept any kind of charity from anyone. So, I pushed all of the doubts and what-if’s out of my mind and kept walking.

“This can’t go badly right?”



Two Word Mantras

Hunt Deer- A greeting to tell who is initiated.

Gone Fishin'- Similar to hunt deer but involving boats.

Hold Strong- Used to cement objects and actions.

That's Right- I could write a whole book about this one , maybe I will.

Lights Out- Used to create a distraction, hide oneself or object.(Requires a blanket)

High Five (with Mudra)- The most powerful Mantra. Takes seconds to learn but a lifetime to master.

Good Job a.k.a. Great Work- The most powerful mantra with a backslap. Spoken in parting.

**Rev. Col. C-Dub, Carver Chosen,
Founder of the Order of the Peanut,
Finder of the "Real" Tree of
Knowledge and Spinner of Worlds**

Edward 40 Hands

Materials Required

2 Hands

2 40oz of your favorite malt liquor

1 roll of duct tape

The Rules

Take a 40 and hold it in your hand while someone duct tapes them together, repeat with other hand. Then you must drink both 40's before you are allowed to use your hands again.

**Rev. Col. C-
Dub, Carver
Chosen,
Founder of the
Order of the
Peanut, Finder
of the "Real"
Tree of
Knowledge
and Spinner of
Worlds**



J o n e s b o r o u g h
S c i e n c e a n d
H o u s e F o r d
E r i s s o m m i t t e



Bob?
Did Division
authorize
this?

>>>

cc:
operations

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to show that you really
care about your

Instru...metal?
On the backs of great beasts they rode.
A guitarmy, a rising force, to turn the
phrase,
HERE BE DRAGONS
And there were!
Overshadowing the epoch of unlight
With much wailing and gnashing of scales
HEMATAVORE!





Trees are the enemy

**i came up with this
haiku while pouring
myself
a cup of coffee.**



**it's a shame dunkin
donuts doesn't deem this state
worthy of paying**

**whatever franchise
fees that apply, d&d
has the best coffee.**

**and talk about jew
heaven, such the amazing
bagel selection.**

Pope Dude Pal



Tutor: Suppose you released three identical balls of clay in a vacuum at exactly the same time. They would all hit the ground at the same instant. Now you stick two of the balls together, forming one ball that is twice as heavy as the remaining untouched clay ball. Both balls are released in a vacuum at exactly the same time. Which ball hits the ground first? Explain why.

Student: They hit the ground at the same time. There is no air friction inside a vacuum. Both balls will have the same initial and final velocity. The only force acting on them is the same gravitational force, so they fall at the same rate, and hit at the same time.

Tutor: Can you explain your answer?

Student: this is bullshit, i got this one right.

Tutor: Good job!

Tutor: Um, can you add to that?

Student: no

Tutor: Look at it this way:

Tutor: What can you say about the position of the balls in relation to the earth?

Student: they are the same

Tutor: Good.

Tutor: Is there anything you can add to this?

Student: they have the same acceleration

Tutor: Good job!

Tutor: I am sure you can get this.

Tutor: Both balls are near what?

Student: the earth motherfucker

Tutor: Yeah!

Tutor: You've got that. However, there's something you haven't mentioned.

Tutor: So

Tutor: Both balls are near earth.

Tutor: You know

Tutor: What objects in the problem are near the earth?

Student: both balls

Tutor: OK...

Tutor: Consider this.

Tutor: Given that objects in a vacuum touch no air, what force is not acting on these objects?

Student: air friction is not affecting the vertical force acting on the balls

Tutor: Great.

Tutor: And can you add to that?

Student: NO

Tutor: You know

Tutor: Given that forces can either be contact or gravitational, what forces are acting on the clay balls?

Student: gravitational

Tutor: Bravo!

Tutor: What else?

Student: nothing else!

Tutor: okay.

Tutor: Try this.

Tutor: What is the only force acting on the clay balls?

Student: gravity

Tutor: Bravo!

Tutor: You're close, but there's something else that I'm looking for.

Tutor: Let me help you out, here.

Tutor: What forces are acting on the objects?

Student: gravitational forces, jesus god

Tutor: Yeah, that's right!

Tutor: Okay, I am sure you can say more about this.

Student: Gravitation foreces are the only forces acting on the balls

Tutor: Not too bad!

Tutor: See if you know the answer to this.

Tutor: By adding all forces acting on any object, one can find the net what?

Student: net force

Tutor: Well done!

Tutor: We're almost there. Let's try to tie up a few details.

Tutor: Consider this.

Tutor: We know the force of gravity on an object has a magnitude of its mass times g . What can you say about the force of gravity on the clay balls?

Student: The force of gravity on the balls is equal

Tutor: Well done!

Tutor: Um, can you add to that?

Student: The force of gravity on the balls is equal and downward

Tutor: Great!

Tutor: I am sure you can get this.

Tutor: What would you multiply by gravity to find the magnitude of the force of gravity on the clay balls?

Student: mass

Tutor: Yeah!

Tutor: Alright. I think there's still a part of this we haven't talked about.

Tutor: So

Tutor: Gravitational force is weight equals mass times gravity for each ball.

Tutor: Let me help you a little,

Tutor: Given g is gravitational acceleration, what does the formula (mass times g) determine?

Student: gravitational force

Tutor: Good job!

Tutor: What else?

Student: NOTHING ELSE GET TO THE POINT COMPUTER MAN

Tutor: alright.

Tutor: I think you can get this.

Tutor: By multiplying mass times gravitational acceleration, one can find the magnitude of what force?

Student: by multiplying mass times gravitational acceleration, one can find the magnitude of the gravitational force

Tutor: Good!

Tutor: You've almost got it, but something's missing.

Tutor: Recall that

Tutor: Gravitational force is weight equals mass times gravity for

each ball.

Tutor: Let's see if I can help you, here.

Tutor: Given net force is mass times acceleration, what can you say about the magnitude of each ball's acceleration?

Student: It is the same

Tutor: Yeah, that's right!

Tutor: Is there anything you can add to this?

Student: The magnitude of each ball's acceleration is the same

Tutor: Right!

Tutor: Now

Tutor: Multiplying each ball's mass times its acceleration will find its net what?

Student: net force, still

Tutor: Good job!

Tutor: We've almost covered it, but there's one part I think is still missing.

Tutor: Remember.

Tutor: The net force on each ball equals its mass times its acceleration.

Tutor: So what about this?

Tutor: What is the relationship between net force and acceleration?

Student: net force equals mass times acceleration

Tutor: Perfect answer!

Tutor: Um, what else can you say about it?

Student: NOPE

Tutor: Here's a little hint,

Tutor: Given the balls are at rest initially, what are their initial velocities?

Student: zero

Tutor: um hum,

Tutor: Umm. So?

Tutor: In this problem, when are the balls at rest?

Student: initially.

Tutor: Bravo!

Tutor: You've got that. However, there's something you haven't

mentioned.

Tutor: It is significant that

Tutor: Both balls are at rest initially, so their initial velocities are zero.

Tutor: Let me help you out, here.

Tutor: Why are the initial velocities of the balls zero at the beginning of the problem?

Student: because they are at rest. as in not moving. like this problem.

Tutor: Right.

Tutor: Okay, what else can you say?

Student: nothing

Tutor: mokay.

Tutor: Here's a little hint,

Tutor: Given gravitational acceleration is constant, what can you say about the acceleration of the balls?

Student: The acceleration of the balls is equal

Tutor: Brilliant!

Tutor: Um, anything else?

Student: The only force acting on them is gravitational force

Tutor: Good.

Tutor: I bet you know this.

Tutor: The acceleration is constant for both what?

Student: both balls

Tutor: Yeah!

Tutor: We're almost there. Let's try to tie up a few details.

Tutor: Remember.

Tutor: The balls' acceleration is constant.

Tutor: Consider this.

Tutor: What about the acceleration of the balls?

Student: it's constant

Tutor: Good answer!

Tutor: Okay, I am sure you can say more about this.

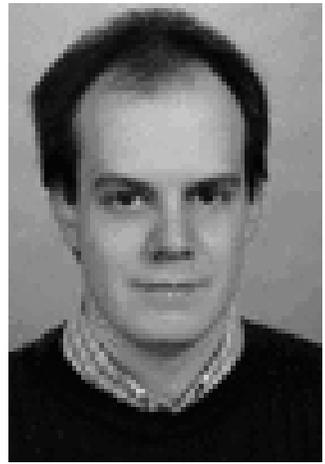
Student: if there was a way to cut a computer program I would have done it by now

Tutor: Perfect answer!



Barkley Sebastian

Barkley is a developmentally disabled, non-verbal 36 year old male who lives in Allentown, PA USA. Despite his handicap, Barkley can communicate through other means.



After we, his in-home caregivers, introduced Mr. Sebastian to a program on his home computer with which he could create and order sounds through a visual interface, Mr Sebastian began creating a vast output of computer generated music.

Recently Barkley expressed for the first time his desire to share his music with an audience, so we are beginning work on this project. Thus far we have released three of Mr. Sebastian's favorite compositions. The earliest piece is called "Defense." The second piece, which Mr. Sebastian titled "Extirpation of Fluorescence" has been released by OUR Records on their second compilation album, available free of charge through www.ourrecords.tk. The most recent of these compositions, "Ritual for ignoring_One Afternoon," is over two hours in length. All of these pieces are available for listen or download here.

We decided to use this site as a means of getting Mr. Sebastian's music out to an audience. No money is involved. At Mr. Sebastian's request, the music has not, nor will be, copyrighted.

<http://barkley.multiply.com/>



The second time Eris came to Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC she told him to free music from it's corporate hold. He decided to take the concepts of Discordianism, and apply them to a philosophy on copyright laws and make a record company.

Turns out there already was a Discordian slant of the new idea of copyleft. The following is taken from the group 23 Apples of Eris, and Prince Mu-Chao.



“Those who want information to be free as a matter of principle should create some information and make it free.”

- *Nicholas Petreley*

All quotes and images from other sources are copyright their respective owners, but any content original to 23AE.com is public domain, unless specifically stated otherwise. Do with it what you like, but please attribute properly. If you do not agree with the KopyLeft principle, please do not add posts or comments to this website without specifying your copyright.

KopyLeft ensures the widest dissemination of information. We disagree with the way that copyright and patent law in the United States and around the world is unceasingly modified and broadened due to lobbying by corporations such as Disney and organizations such as the MPAA. It is ludicrous and inexcusable to equate copyright infringement with terrorism, as MPAA president Jack Valenti did, and we want no part of that mindset.

Copyright laws were originally created to ensure that creators benefited from their works, but current laws favor publishers and corporations, not the individual artist.

Public domain allows works to become integral parts of other works – Alice in Wonderland is a good example. It has been borrowed from by thousands of artists for thousands of reasons, and because of this, the story has lived on and grown with us to the point of becoming archetypical. This is not possible with works that are still under copyright for obvious reasons.

In the information age, our cultural heritage has gone global. Scheherazade's work is almost as much a part of our cultural heritage as

Shakespeare and Carroll. Innovations and enhancements on all of their works enrich the scope and power of the original to inform our global culture and provide a familiar framework for the innovator to work within.

For Eris' sake, even weather data is under strict copyright – the National Weather Service is limited on what weather data it is allowed to provide free on its website, since the private sector owns pieces of the information.

I find it especially disappointing that the company that has benefited most from information in the public domain is leading the fight to keep their versions of those public domain works under strict copyright. Creators should certainly profit from their works, but when the creator and their spouse are dead, what right does a corporation have to the intellectual property, especially for such an extended amount of time? Obviously, the answer to this is that they have the right of political influence and graft in the form of campaign contributions.

Since we can do nothing about these misguided souls, we have KopyLefted our material. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's the best we can do. What do you think of that, Petreley?"

Building on the concept and applying it to music Ol Boy created what he called OUR Records. The following is the manifesto he wrote:

The concept behind OUR Records is that NOTHING is copyrighted. NOTHING is 'owned.' ALL of the music will be FREE to all...in a new way.

All of the albums on OUR Records will be free for download, including album covers that can be printed out. It will then be encouraged that anyone and everyone who makes copies at their home then sell them at local record stores, concerts, to friends, ect. We will ask NOTHING in return.

Also, anyone owning copies of albums on OUR Records is ENCOURAGED to file share.

I know what you might be thinking, we'll make no money. EXACTLY! That is the point. I would like OUR Records to be a collaboration of unsigned artists who are only interested in making art for the sake of art and letting it be spread. This idea, if it takes flight, should get all of the artists involved EXPOSURE.

OUR Records is a concept I came up with on the way to the 4th Annual Lebowskifest in Louisville, KY. I had already put up the entire

discography for Bad Spelling and Grammar in a similar way, and suddenly it came to me while riding in the passenger seat.

Suddenly I had an acronym for it, Overcoming & Undermining the Republic. It was perfect. A virtual record company that anyone can get albums for free and sell them in their own towns.

With the rise of the information revolution things have been changing in the face of music. Kids don't buy albums in stores as much. Everything is Downloaded. Bands like *They Might Be Giants* and even Smashing Pumpkins have released albums online. File sharing has also become so big that big names like Metallica and Beastie Boys have been pissing and moaning about how it's affecting their millions they've been making.

It seemed to me that it has now become apparent that music is ready to be given away freely. That copyrighting everything and being greedy will not get you a fan base, or respect. OUR world is changing, and so are OUR Records.

PLEASE MAKE COPIES OF THESE ALBUMS AND SELL THEM!!!

OR if you're really cool give them away! People like you, whoever you are viewing this site, are what makes OUR Records work! If you haven't caught on by now the ENTIRE concept behind this "Record Company" is that it is OWNED by every living and breathing human being.

All it takes to be a member is to have a computer that can download MP3's, burn them to disk, and print album covers. If you want you can make up business cards and give yourself a title! Then take the albums to your local record store and say, "Hello, I represent OUR Records and I have some albums I'd like to sell in your local artist section." Most stores get a big percent of local artist album sales anyway and don't ask too many questions. The clerk will then explain to you how and when to come back in and collect your money. About prices- I say the amount of work you put into the product determines the cost. If you go all out and print out full color glossy album covers complete with liner notes and lyrics or whatever, sell higher. If you make cheap black and white covers and write the name on the CDR with a sharpie, try to be reasonable and only ask 3-5 dollars. (or the equivalent if you're not in America).

People seemed to grasp the concept of OUR Records a lot better than the concept that pot could have a legal, beneficial, and medical use. Well, the lay people at least took it easier. It was, of course, the lunatic fringe that contributed most. Bands that had similar styles, attitudes, and outlooks on music and marketing. It was first and foremost an internet thing. This made it a breeding ground for unheard of artists in the common internet musical trends such as electronica and noise.

First a compilation disk was made. Then came albums and EPs by bands Ol Boy was in and/or friends with. The second comp came along with albums and EPs from artists who contributed to the first and/or second comp, and really liked where things were going. This included artists from all over America, Canada, and Europe. It's only fitting that those countries were the ones to take to such a technological process.

By the time enough artists had submitted material to fill a third compilation disk, problems emerged for Ol Boy. There wasn't enough free web space to hold all these albums, nor enough bandwidth for all the people who wanted to download the albums.

One thing Ol Boy wanted to remain true to with OUR Records was that no money would be spent on it. It seemed very poetic and beautiful to have the tools to free music with this concept by only using free spaces online and free networking sites to promote it.

The problem remained. All the songs were unorganized and hard to find/download in order on soundclick.com, the dot tk site he hosted the manifesto on couldn't be accessed by certain countries, and a solution seemed out of reach for the moment.

Ol Boy decided to put OUR Records on the back burner until he could think of a way to make each album readily accessible with a click of a button, songs, album art and all.

For now there are a few sites where you can get the music at. These are:

<http://ourrecords.multiply.com/>

<http://ourrecords.tk>

<http://www.myspace.com/ourrecordss>

If you have a lot of webspace that you are willing to donate to this project, please contact Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC at:

billybobgrammar@gmail.com

Some excerpts from an Interview with Malaclypse the Younger by
THE GREATER METROPOLITAN YORBA LINDA HERALD-
NEWS-SUN- TRIBUNE-JOURNAL- DISPATCH-POST AND
SAN FRANCISCO DISCORDIAN SOCIETY CABAL
BULLETIN AND INTERGALACTIC REPORT & POPE POOP

GREATER POOP: Are you really serious or what?

MAL-2: Sometimes I take humor seriously. Sometimes I take
seriousness humorously. Either way is irrelevant.

GP: Maybe you are just crazy.

M2: Indeed! But do not reject these teachings as false because I am
crazy. The reason that I am crazy is because they are true.

GP: Is Eris true?

M2: Everything is true.

GP: Even false things?

M2: Even false things are true.

GP: How can that be?

M2: I don't know man, I didn't do it.

GP: Why do you deal with so many negatives?

M2: To dissolve them.

GP: Will you develop that point?

M2: No.

GP: Is there an essential meaning behind POEE?

M2: There is a Zen Story about a student who asked a Master to explain
the meaning of Buddhism. The Master's reply was "Three pounds of
flax."

GP: Is that your answer to my question?

M2: No, of course not. That is just illustrative. The answer to your
question is FIVE TONS OF FLAX!

**suspended
annihilation**

Damn these biological confines. These bodies are abrasive holding cells that whine for indentured mechanical responses such as eating, breathing, and sleeping. The process of living is arduous, and the complexities only multiply when vaporous ideas pending on the existence of macrocosmic beings arise, it is a real boner. Perhaps this complexity is a trap, a divine illusion. Perhaps a fluke or quark went acrid and now the manifestation of irony is looking at us and yelling, “IN YOUR FACE!”

Determinism is a narration of pre-constructed existence. This unilateral trek has already been ordained with behemoth inertia, and any elusive maneuver, in attempt, to bypass determinism is just frivolous. This oppressive impendence is really a drag. Deterministic architecture is related so that everything, from the minutest to the most epic, has been resolved before it ever materialized. This is a much depleted and shallow concept to clasp from our Lilliputian orbiter dictum. If this idea is left uncontested then the arise of moral responsibility is seriously jeopardized. If determinism is true then there is no responsibility, punishment, or exaltation that could be dispensed in a righteous manor, because no accountability would be placed on the person for his or her seemingly unavoidable actions. Everyone would be just a victim of circumstances and have to meep and moop on only living their life in a submissive constraint.

Some theorists surmise that freewill and determinism can groove together. The idea that they are compatible alludes to the Compatibilism mode. Sometimes this functionality is referred to as soft determinism. According to Hume, free will should not be understood as an absolute ability to have chosen differently under exactly the same inner and outer circumstances. Freedom lies in the harbinger of desire. If I wanted to do something different than what I did, then the potentiality for it to have unfurled would have been quite achievable. For instance, I could hold the desire to quit writing this paper right now and go play in the snow, but I choose to continue venturing forth because it is the strongest desire, even though the snow is tits. This deliberation would have an outcome of being uncaused, because my choices are determined by my believes, convictions, and desires. However, not determined exclusively by those principles, the causal chain still impends its oppressive and insipid ubiquitous presence. For example, technology might be fulfilling our innermost desires with fervent accessibility, because we do not have to work for anything, and thus making us more retarded. However, I choose

to embrace technology because that was determined by conditions preceding the made decision. The technological integration happened without my input and beyond my control.

Libertarianism formulates that freewill is prudent and that the future has not been scribed on the celestial chalkboard. However, the portrayal of this freewill concept is intertwined with randomness and chaos. In an objective perspective that transcends space and time, we will travel to right before I decided to write this article. To relive the juncture of time over and over again, sometimes I will write it and other times I will not. Because I have the choice to do either, determinism is disrupted and the un-entrenched future could go either way, according to the libertarian account. The natural laws started to contest this theory. The observations on the natural macrocosm alluded to a defined pattern of deterministic tendencies. For instance, we observe a natural event like the elliptical patterns in the solar system, and do not expect the unfurling of events to occur contrary to the pertaining show that has happened in the same manor for billions of years. Quantum mechanics displays much more elaborate experiments to contest the ideas of looming freewill.

In Smart's article, the phrase "could have done otherwise" is interpreted as a true blue compatibilist account. The terminology refers to hypothetical tangencies of desires that might alter a series of betiding events, allowing for alternative possibilities to arise due to the casters motives. Until technology catches up with our romantic ideas, through time travel conveyance, this expression of "could have done otherwise" can just be realized in thought experiments. So with the restrains of time this view might be deterministic. When applied to moral responsibility, Smart proclaims, "When in a moral context we say that a man could have or could not have done something we are concerned with the ascription of responsibility." This is saying that we could not have done otherwise we tread no responsibility for our actions, the polar response being, that if we say we could have done otherwise then we are morally responsible for the production.

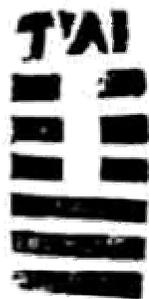
Invasive metaphors of plates dwell in Smart's article. The china plate represents libertarianism while the aluminum plate evocates a compatibilistic tie. Not nearly important as the atomical composition of the plates is the ideas they superimpose; the plates are a profound example of this dualistic struggle. The winced randomness of the libertarian account is portrayed though the china plate's destruction. This is the idea that if all circumstances remain unfaltering and consistent then

the plate is prone to damage on a scale that tends to be moderated only by mystical luck, or devious calamity. “Could have done otherwise” does not portray the plate’s ability to manipulate the fall and decide to shatter or remain drawn un-asunder. Albeit, the compatibilistic account operates with a plate that’s cohesion is far more consistent. The prior circumstances relived will produce the exact same effects as before. Freedom is only consumed in the choice to throw the plate. However, if it was not a choice with deliberation, merely and accident, then there is no freedom involved in the play out of this causal nexus. This might be assuredly satisfying that the plate will not break when it hits the ground.

We can only justify our imprisonment of the social scourge through isolation because they are a threat to themselves and others. However, sufficient blame, in Smart’s account, might only befall this torrent soul if they had a rational will to perpetrate whatever variable crime. This, for the most part, is a frivolous attempt for rehabilitation. This is because most prisoners after being released are confined back into prison shortly after their grand escape, with a direct correlation being drawn between their re-imprisonment and misconduct in society. So the justification of imprisonment must not become from some deep seeded philanthropic nurturing desire. The only other viable conclusion is that the slammer is in place to make an example of malformed humans, and make attempts in prevention for those looming outside of the bighouse still in a deliberational process of crime committal. However, if a poor creature might be just a victim of uncontrollable circumstances (like environment or society) and still be thrown away in the dungeon, then no blame should hinder his stride.

This plasmorphic blob of humanity is seeping though the streets. Our accountability is complex at a sub-atomic level. But can humanity be judged on instinctual operations? I think Smart would say no. Smart has capsulated an excellent mode of functionality and thought. He has proven that freewill might be oozing around this vessel of determinism. Smarts account of libertarianism is also very denoting to the idea. Perhaps when humanity depletes it self, and romantic whims falter into the bottomless well, we shall rise anew and cast robotic seeds into these vestiges and decimate such abstractions in place of practical applications and calculators.

~Lama Horselover Fat (as revealed to him by the Goddess)

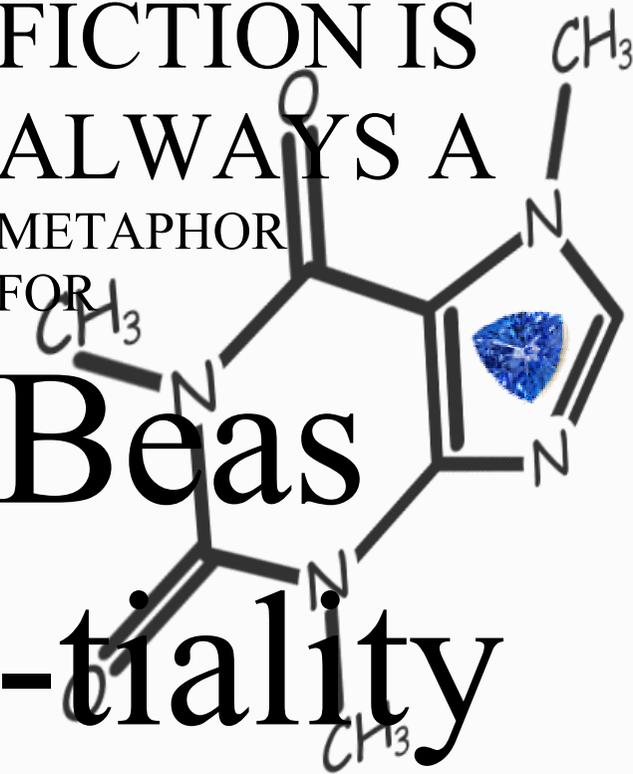


SCIENCE

FICTION IS
ALWAYS A
METAPHOR
FOR

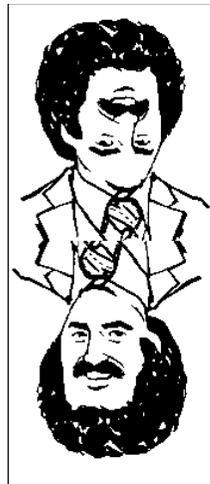
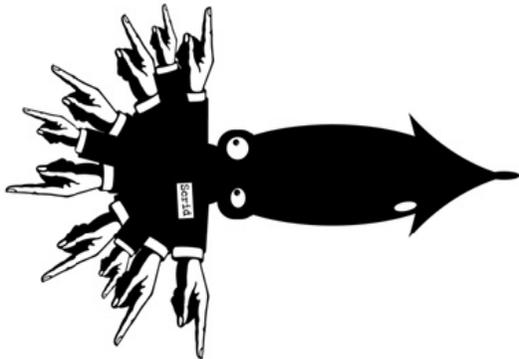
Beas

-tiality



](F<>I)[

The bob is not a
person.
The bob is pure
light and energy.
Await the
Rassleberry
waterfall!!!!



***What to do if you think
you might be Discordian.***

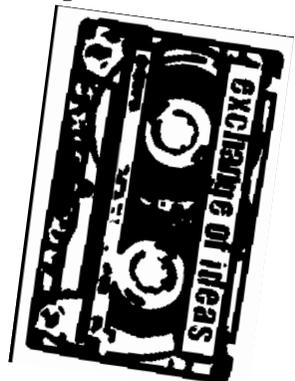
1. If you feel twinges of discord, get yourself tuned, if symptoms persist, you may indeed be Discordian - no further tuning is necessary.
2. Try something *mildly* Discordian like wearing odd socks for the day, or announce to the rest of the office staff that you are a regurgisupial possetmonkey. If it feels natural, comfortable and right, you're probably Discordian.
3. Do something aneristic, like filling in your tax return truthfully, if it feels like you're going to vomit violently, you're probably Discordian.
4. Panic.* It's always good for a laugh. Or don't.
5. Try to determine if any of this makes sense, if it does, you're probably Discordian (it doesn't matter if it doesn't, you still might be). Also, hot fudge on toast is delicious. Try some.

The list on the following page may help you in your in/decision.

*Not compulsory.

AUTHENTIC

**METACLYSMIA
DISCORDIA**



The Law of Five Beers*:

Ok, let's back track a second and take a look at The Law of Fives before we start getting too drunk to read. The Law of Fives is summarized on page 00016 of the Principia Discordia and states simply that: ALL THINGS HAPPEN IN FIVES, OR ARE DIVISIBLE BY OR ARE MULTIPLES OF FIVE, OR ARE SOMEHOW DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY APPROPRIATE TO 5. The Law of Fives is never wrong. In the Erisian Archives is an old memo from Omar to Mal-2: "I find the Law of Fives to be more and more manifest the harder I look." It is worth noting that the Law of Fives includes the word "Five" four times. Like most of Discordianism, the Law of Fives appears on the surface to be either some sort of weird joke, or bizarre supernaturalism; but under this, it provides deep insight into how (Discordians believe) the human mind works. Omar's note that he finds more examples of the Law of Fives at work the harder he looks is the key to understanding this. Appendix Beth of Robert Anton Wilson's Illuminatus trilogy considers some of the numerology of Discordianism, and the question of what would happen to the Law of Fives if everyone had six fingers on each hand. Of course, like any good Discordian law, we can turn it into a drinking game. Hence: The Law of Five Beers*!

1. If you start drinking beer, you must drink five beers.
2. If you drink six beers, you must continue to ten beers.
3. If you drink eleven beers, you must continue to fifteen beers.
4. If you make it to sixteen beers, you must continue to twenty-three beers...
5. Or fall over trying.





FUCK A
CHAIR FOR
"BOB!" WITH
SINCERE REGARDS FOR
REV. BOCK NAKED
AND THE REST OF THE
BROTHERS AND SISTERS
AT THE INDUSTRIAL
COUNCIL OF THE
SUBGENIUS
FROM
REV. JESSE
SUMP, A.A.
C.C.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE

Article 1

No person, group of persons or government may initiate force, threat of force, or fraud against any individual's self or property.

Article 2

Force may be morally and legally used only in self-defense against those who violate Article 1.

Article 3

No exceptions shall exist for Articles 1 and 2.

FROM THE BOOK OF ERIS

Seeing Eris

How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe-inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present itself this way. She is always present and always available. When speech is exhausted and mind dissolved, She presents herself. When clarity and purity are cultivated, it reveals herself. When sincerity is unconditional, it unveils herself. If you are willing to be lived by her, you will see her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.



This identifies the bearer as a **certified and canonized**

SAINNT

to the wholey Erisian Church

--><--



THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.

Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed, real. Only a POPE may certify and canonize Saints.

Every man, woman and child on this planet is a POPE.

Jonesboro's House of
Eris' Science and Fnord
Committee

APPENDICES

To Jonesboria Discordia

As brought to you by:

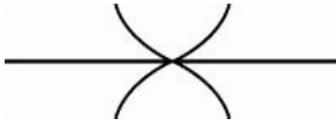
*JONESBORO'S HOUSE OF ERIS'
SCIENCE AND FNORD COMMITTEE*



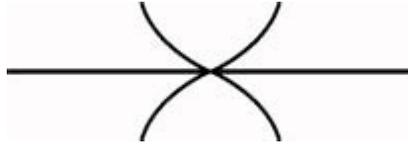
Jonesboro's House of
Eris' Science and Fnord
Committee

FNORD!

These Appendices Contain: (in no order)

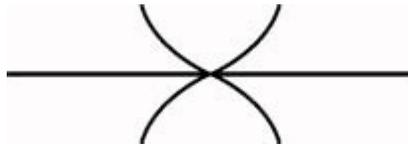


The Jocko Mythos

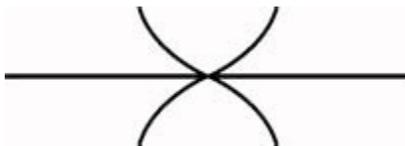


Zenarchist's Cookbook (in full) & Pages from

A Discordian Coloring Book



Other random Erisiania Mania

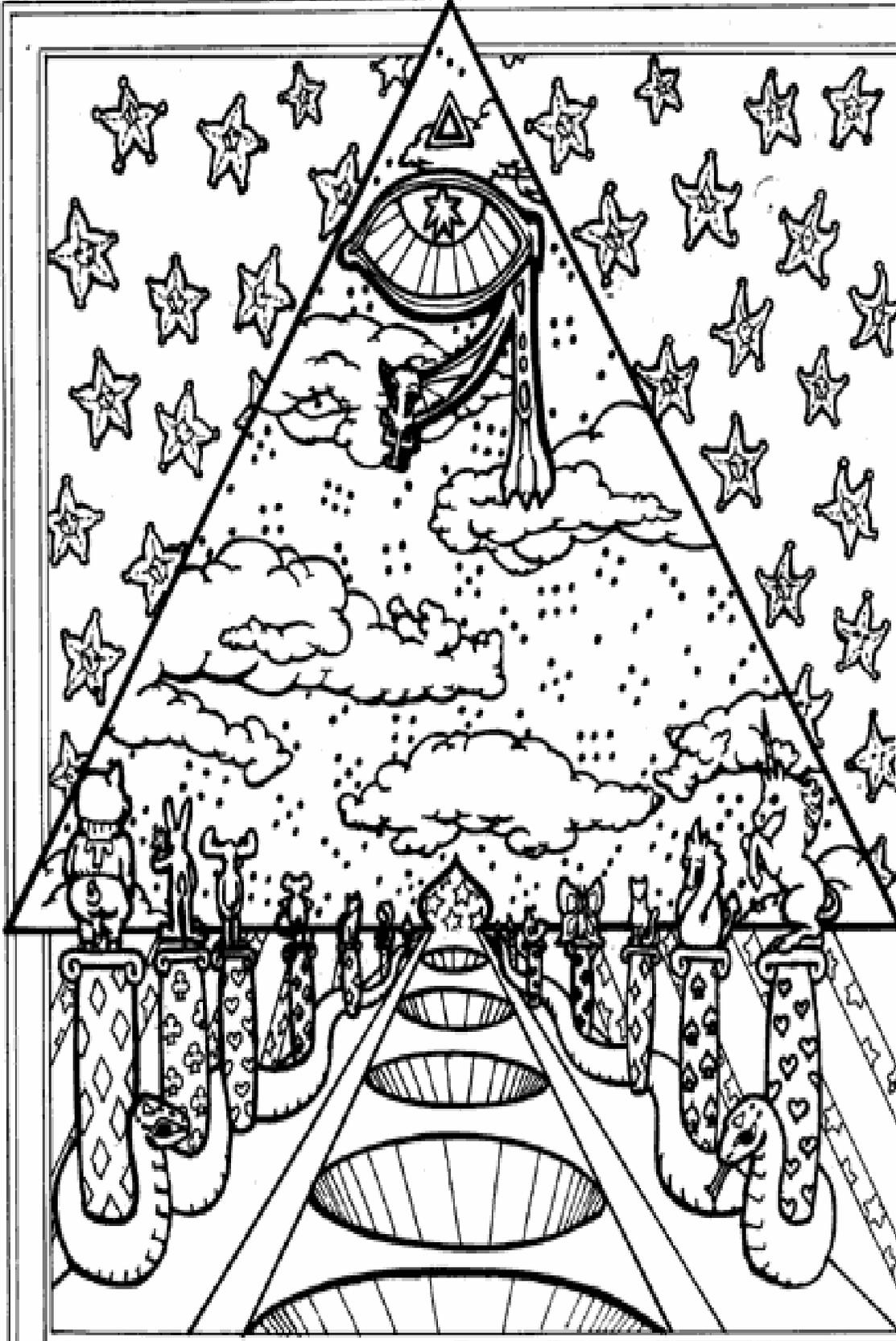


**PAGES FROM
A
DISCORDIAN
COLORING
BOOK**

By Laramie Sasseville



Coloring Book



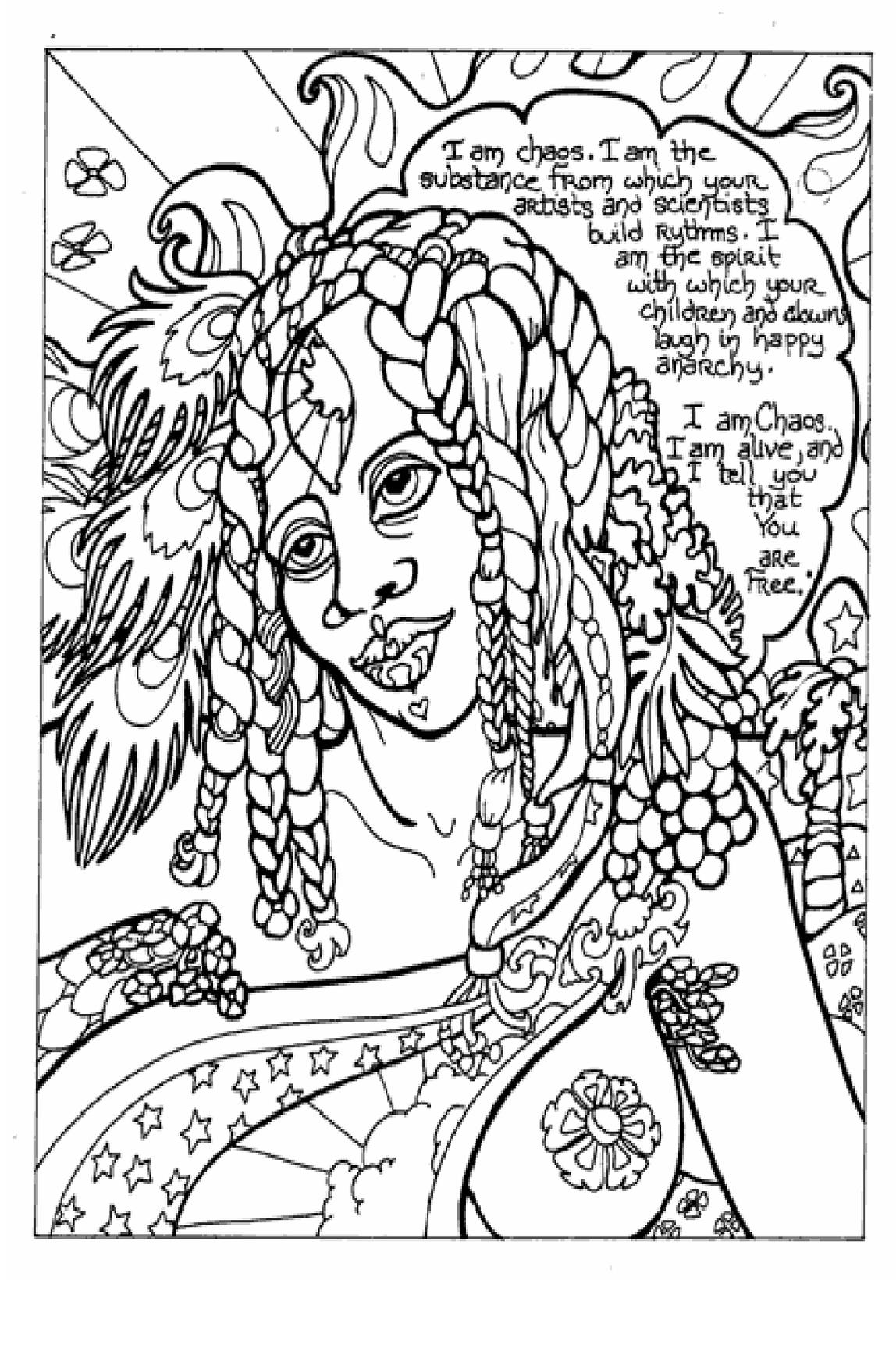


Gentlemen, why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse Orbit? Gentlemen, there are ripples on your chest, do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?

Somebody Had to put all this Confusion here!"*

A Trojan named Paris, awarded the Golden Apple to Aphrodite, who rewarded him with the love of the beautiful Helen. Her husband didn't like that...





I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and adults laugh in happy anarchy.

I am Chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.



send in the clowns

"Tis an ill wind



That blows no minds..." - Mal²

Discordian Catma,



an Epistimology, or:

A Hitchhiker's Guide



to Inner Space

ELEMENTARY



GEOMETRY

The Conclusion You Jump To



May Be Your Own

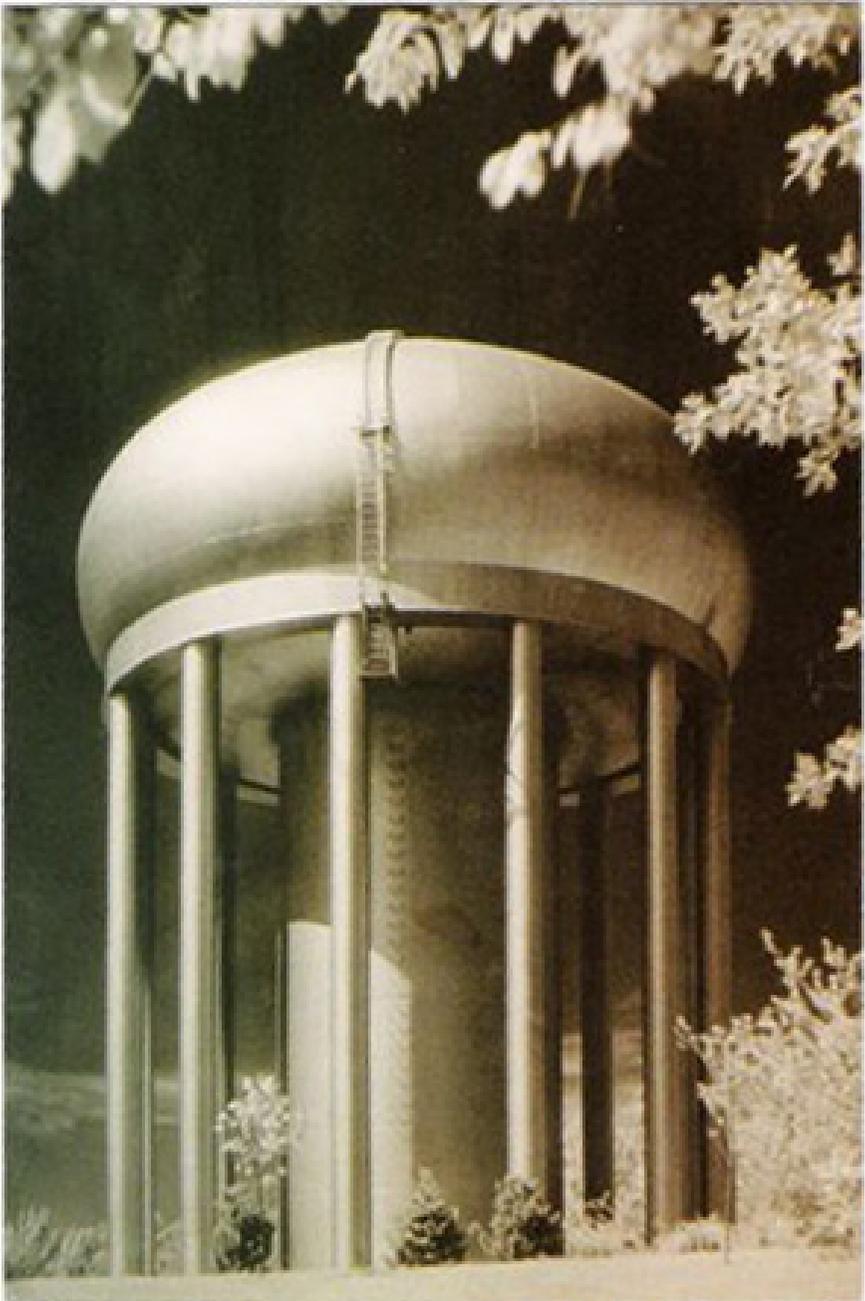
23 Great Albums (in no order)

- Mr. Bungle – California
- They Might Be Giants – Lincoln
- Belle & Sebastian -The Boy With the Arab Strap
- Sonic Youth – EVOL
- Bonnie "Prince" Billy - Ease Down the Road
- Radiohead – The Bends
- Tribe Called Quest - Midnight Marauders
- Black Oak Arkansas - Raunch'n'Roll (Live)
- Ween - the pod
- Big Black - Songs About Fucking
- Ulver - Blood Inside
- Kanye West - College Dropout
- Johnny Cash – America
- The Residents - Demons Dance Alone
- Built to Spill - There's Nothing Wrong With Love
- Antony and the Johnsons – S/T
- Joy Division – Closer
- Pavement – Crooked Rain Crooked Rain
- Nick Drake – Pink Moon
- Tom Waits – Bone Machine
- Leonard Cohen – The Future
- Foetus – Gash
- Beyond Dawn – Electric Sulking Machine



An asshole would have left
that under your tire
Of course an asshole would
have broken it against your
bedroom wall as well

I personally choose not to
associate myself with pathetic
assholes that are so frustrated
with life that they take it
out on the people that
befriend them. I definitely
don't let them in my house under
any ~~circumstances~~ circumstances
and if they decide to let
themselves in my house then
they are trespassing and that
means they go to jail. Next
time I call the cops
asshole.



The design and construction of the 1-1/2 million gallon elevated spheroid water tank, better known as the "Big Bowl," won national acclaim for Jonesboro as its first design. Curiously, this is one of the only postcards one can get of the town, Jonesboro Arkansas.



In Thee Ol' Initiation Rite for *Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee*, the candidate is smacked upside the head by someone wearing an Abe Lincoln hat. Then the candidate falls back onto a mat held by his brethren. At this point he is bounced up and down repeatedly until the Master, or Polyfather, whispers the "secret word" into his ear, in a sequence such as this:

MASTER: Mmmm Bop

Candidate: Bop-a-Doo-Whop

MASTER: Twiddly-Dop-Oooh-Waah

ALL: Yeah-EE-Yeah-OOOO

* * * * *

Henceforth, the hopeful becomes a member.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT

HARK
THIS IS TO CERTIFY
THAT

Timothy Bowen

HAS NEVER BEEN AND IS NOT

A MEMBER OF
JONESBORO'S
HOUSE

OF
ERIS*

SCIENCE AND
F.N.O.R.D. COMMITTEE
AND IS NOT KNOWN BY, NOR HAS EVER

BEEN KNOWN BY
01 Day Floats KSC

not to be known by any member of the
above mentioned society, including
the undersigned, who always
carry their identification
papers's name.

Jonesboro's House of Eris*
Science and Faith Committee:

Dated:

3/6/06

By: Pope Salpingi Fendosori II

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
o n	u	r c	7 7	J #	o []	z	-	+ Δ	+ Δ	z +	L ♀	I Δ	H Δ	T o	: □	l x	x o
3	7	u	v	w	x	y	z	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
o o	r o	+ o	z z	z	z	: y	x z	::	Δ	o	o o	x z	z	x	x	x	...

ERIS CONTEMPLATES FOR 3125 YEARS

Pun-Job is Sikh, Sikh, Sikh!

THE PARATHYO-ANAMETAMYETIHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POSE)
A Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization

MALACUSE the Younger, KSC

Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
HIGH PRIEST

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

KID Official Business () Burroptitious Sealness

page 1 of 1 pages

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

() The Golden Apple Corps () House of Discipline of Discord: The Bureaucracy, Bureau of: DOGMAS

() Council of Episcoposes; Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POSE () Drawer 0

Teddy's DATE: Day of The Carrot

Yesterday's DATE: yes

Originating CABAL: JOSHUA NORTON CABAL - San Francisco

TO: REV. RAMPANT PANCREAS, tRRoCR(a)ptM; Colorado Encrustation

Brother Ram,

Your acute observation that ERIS spelled backwards is SIRE, and your inference to the effect that there is sexual symbolism here, have brought me to some observations of my own.

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

And so thank you for your insight, it may well be the clue to the mystery of just where Eris has been fucking around for 3125 years.

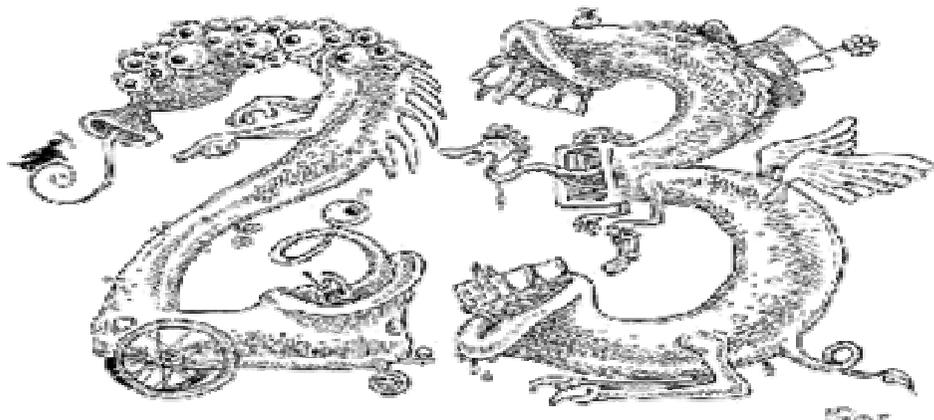
FIVE TONS OF FLAX!

* Mal²

NOT FOR CIRCULATION

Handy Dandy DISCORDIAN Conversion Table

2001 : 3157	2006 : 3172	2011 : 3177	2016 : 3182	2021 : 3187
2002 : 3158	2007 : 3173	2012 : 3178	2017 : 3183	2022 : 3188
2003 : 3159	2008 : 3174	2013 : 3179	2018 : 3184	2023 : 3189
2004 : 3170	2009 : 3175	2014 : 3180	2019 : 3185	2024 : 3190
2005 : 3171	2010 : 3176	2015 : 3181	2020 : 3186	2025 : 3191



The Discordian and the Two Wiccans

FROM THE APOCRYPHA DISCORDIA

Once there were 3 pagans who had gathered together to do invocations. The first two were Wiccan, while the third was a Discordian. They planned to take turns performing invocations, each according to their own traditions.

The first Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death." Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The second Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death." Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The Discordian said that she might try to invoke her deity if her deity felt like it. But she did not tremble. She did not speak in a strange voice. She did not even collapse. Instead, she just laughed and laughed in her own voice. The two Wiccans glared at her. "You lack the solemnity needed to do proper invocations," one of them told her. But Eris, who had filled the Discordian, just laughed and threw pop tarts at them and danced out of the room and giggled, "You can't tell a goddess how to behave".

At this, neither of the two Wiccans were enlightened. Possibly because neither one of them liked pop-tarts.



Be an Agent of the Goddess Send Money

**SOMETIMES THE GODDESS IS JUST SHY OF A HOOKER
SEND MONEY IF YOU EXPECT HER TO KEEP PUTTING OUT.**



ALL CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED

UNDER THE LAW OF FIVE-FOLD RETURN*

**YOU WILL BE COMPENSATED BY THE GODDESS HERSELF
FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTION OR**



WE'LL SEND YOUR MONEY BACK !!!



***EVERY THING YOU DO COMES BACK TO YOU FIVE TIMES OVER**

****MIRACLES ARE NOT EXCHANGEABLE OR RETURNABLE**

While these pages are published all rights reversed in the discordian fashion, they do represent the life work of a dedicated human who deserves to be rewarded. The law of Karma demands anybody making money off these pages send part of it to The First Church of Reason. Fundamentalist ministers using these pages to raise money to fight the Discordian Menace must send the First Church of Reason 10% of their take.

Send money to:
FNORD CONGRESSIONAL
Society General XXIXX
20335 Wdfrd.-Teh. Rd.
Tehachapi, CA 93561
661-822-1174

**ALTHOUGH ERIS THE GODDESS OF CHAOS
IS PROUDLY IMAGINARY
SHE CAN STILL BE MORE POWERFUL
THAN GOD-FORMS WHO PRETEND TO BE REAL**

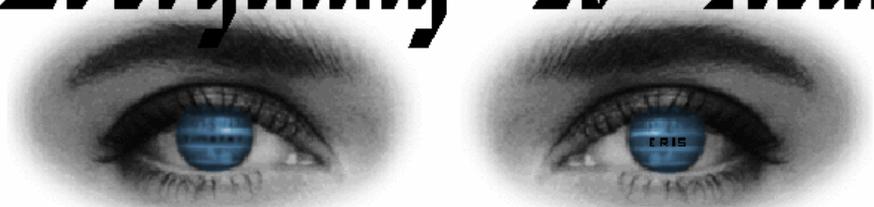
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Please no Personal Checks, unless otherwise permitted.
Void in Canada. For real. Fuck that country.

† Hail Eris †

In Accordance with the Laws of Erisian Logic

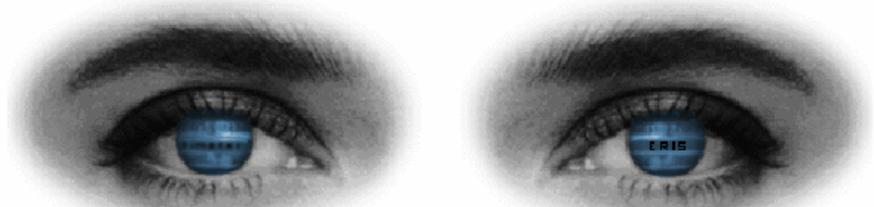
Everything *Is* Real



EVEN IMAGINARY STUFF IS REAL?

☯ Particularly So. ☯
☯ Real reality can only be perceived ☯
☯ with your imagination. ☯
☯ Everything Else is Artifact, ☯
☯ Already Lodged in the Past. ☯

CREATION IS AN ONGOING PROJECT



EVERYTHING INFLUENCES EVERYTHING ELSE

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† Hail Eris †

THE FIVE-FINGERED HAND OF ERIS



Misunderstood as the Goddess Herself, this Beneficial Medicinal Herb has been Demonized and Exiled to the Company of Dangerous Drugs, where Marijuana's Shining Virtue makes life-ruining drugs look like they might be OK too.



History Lesson: *In the mid-1930s machinery was perfected for processing hemp fiber to make paper and textiles more cheaply than ever.*

This is the same time publisher William Randolph Hearst started printing inflammatory lies about marijuana, stories like people axing entire families in a hemp-induced rage. He created enough hysteria to have hemp production banned in the USA, even though the American Medical Association opposed the ban.

Not coincidentally, Hearst owned much timber-land and manufactured the paper he was printing on. He would have lost a lot of money if hemp fiber replaced trees.

Blest are They who Hold the Goddess' Hand
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BEWARE OF OFFICIAL OFFICIALS



They come in the middle of the night. What they do could not be supported in broad daylight. No, it isn't the Officials themselves who come. They are too busy upholding decency.

They might be called Thought Police, or Decency Guardians, or Truth Squads, or Black Shirts, anything that the culture of a given time could justify and empower.

The type known as Small Men In Power crave authority and the chance to be Official official officials. They are loose on much of the planet even today.

Official officials have a solemn duty to protect the status quo. They sit in plush offices and never smell blood or hear the tortured screams of their victims. They go home to their families and bask in righteousness. They remain officially unaware of the carnage they order, maintain they are preventing chaos, and are a force for good.

The men who come in the night are just following orders.



Spewing destruction in their wake, supposed bastions of righteousness actually create the evil they are trying to fight and their efforts grant evil the appearance of power.

The Book of Uterus Chapter 23. verse 69

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† Hail Eris †

In Accordance with the Laws of Erisian Logic Everything *is* Good

At the Heart of Erisian Logic Find Sutter's First Law:

If I choose to see all as Good,

Then all is Good.

**If something seems bad to me, it is my
misinterpretation of reality.**

And in correcting my interpretation of reality,

I see that everything that is, is good.

Everything that is not is also good.

**And often times that which is not,
is the explanation of how a seemingly
Bad thing is really good.**

**I am no apologist for human "evil" but,
In as much as All Is, All is good.**

**Appearances to the Contrary Are Appearances
Marching Toward Justice.**

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† Hail Eris †

WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, BEFORE THEY KILLED HIM AND STRAIGHTENED HIM UP,
CHRIST WAS GAY. IF HE CAME BACK TODAY, RELIGIONS THAT VENERATE JESUS
WOULD DESPISE HIM AND TRY TO KILL HIM AGAIN.



This is Why
We Hail Eris the Goddess of Chaos
With Middle Finger in the Air:



SHE'S ALMOST REALLY CHRIST IN DRAG

Not Really, Really Because
Eris is a Safely Imaginary Mythological Character
Who's Reputation was Trashed
Because the Other Goddesses
Were Jealous Because Eris was Special:
More of a Man than they'd Ever Get,
And More of a Lady than they'd Ever Be.
She was Pointedly Not Invited
To a really Big Party.
So She Created a Golden Apple.
Marked, "To the Prettiest One."
and Tossed it to the Crowd.
The Other Goddesses Fought over it,
and Pulled Hair,
and it was a Scene.
Zeus had to break it up.
And of Course, they all Blamed Eris.
Instead of Dealing
With the Evil in their Own Hearts.

**Just Because You Don't Understand
Doesn't Mean It Isn't True**

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OBSERVING KOSHER LAW

THIS IS NOT DIETARY ADVICE:

**Do Not Seethe the Lamb
in the Milk of it's Mother**

Competing Religions have mistaken this Ancient Proverb for dietary restrictions, and have woven numerous taboos and rules around it, and managed to make even what you eat a subject for Sin.

In the First Church of Reason, Kosher Law is a universal, if somewhat obscure, metaphor for the Second Commandment:

DO NOT CHEAT.

Meditating on Kosher Law will make your head spin. Do not be alarmed. Situations where it applies tend to appear. If you know about Kosher Law you can avoid wandering off the Primrose Path. Mother taught, "You are what you eat," but much more important, You Are What You Do.

THIS IS BEST UNDERSTOOD WHILE EATING A CHILI-CHEESE CORNDOG



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† Hail Eris †

Introducing St. Gulik a.k.a "Bob"



Controlling the universe for millennia while disguised as a Cockroach, Eris's eternal emissary St. Gulik decided to take a human face. What He came up with was a yellow pages clipart face, but even that was a step upward.

Thrusty armed, He named himself J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, and began passing out SLACK to the Masses. In gratitude, the CHURCH of the SUBGENIUS materialized.

Now 23,000 strong, SubGenii hold Devivals, Clenches, and XDay Drills; excellent excuses to get naked and commune with the Goddess. They even have a radio show, "The Hour of Slack," dedicated to "Making Religion a KickAss Adventure."

**WHILE ERIS THE GODDESS OF CHAOS
WILL SAVE YOUR SOUL FOR FREE,
"BOB" DOBBS CHARGES 30 BUCKS**

Free Pamphlet! Send \$1 to SubGenius Foundation PO Box 140306 Dallas TX 75214

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† Hail Eris †

The Line
that's
Between

Presented By
The First Church of Reason

Pages from the Book of Life: The Dagger to Pierce the Veil

The Hodge
and
The Podge

A Discordian Manifesto
One of Five
Prophesized by Malaclypse the Younger

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☯ the caveat that they are not to be bound ☯
☯ together into a book, photocopied back-to-back, ☯
☯ or even stapled together. ☯
☯ To do so would impose a burden on their ☯
☯ power to answer any question about ☯
☯ themselves with the next page you pick up. ☯
☯ Every random order is correct. ☯

<<Pages From the Book of Life>>
Should be referred to as "Them Suckers,"
Like, "Them Suckers is Pretty Cool,"
And Not get called
A Bible or Scriptures or Anything
Lest the Competition Realize
We're Treading on their Territory

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It should be noted that the good Rev. St. Syn KSC has already broken the first caveat; that these pages not be bound in a book. It is with great pleasure Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee breaks the next caveat that the pages should not be back to back. It is with great hope that further generations of Discordians break the rest of the caveats, or make new ones to break.

† Hail Eris †

The First Church of Reason

« ON A MISSION TO
APPREHEND GOD »

We
Hail Eris
The Goddess of Chaos

Star of
Principia Discordia

An Imaginary
Drag Queen Goddess
Of Notorious Ill Repute
Most of Which was Undeserved.

Pages from the Book of Life Part of an Infinite Series Collected them all
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Distribute these pages freely. Break all caveats you see.



Decided that She DOES want you
YOU LUCKY DOG!!

While competing religions consider it their duty to convert you and "save your soul," maybe even turning up on your door-step to annoy you for not believing like them, discordians won't.

Discordians will remain resolutely underground. We would be appalled to become The Next Big Thing, which shortly becomes the next Tired Thing always.

OR SO
WE THOUGHT!



That was the old way of thinking
Times are changing and
Eris has decided she
DOES WANT YOU
and DOESN'T mind being a trend!!
(She's fickle that way).
BEWARE!!

Prepare yourself for a rising
tide of weirdness. All of your
wishes will be granted in the
order they were recieved.

HAIL ERIS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

updated by Jonesboro's house of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee

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Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee holds no responsibilities for unwanted popularity of our Goddess. That's simply what she wanted to amuse herself, for today at least.

† Hail Eris †

*THE MAGNIFICENT
ENGINEERING
OF THE HUMAN PENIS
IS AS GOOD A PROOF
THAT GOD EXISTS
AS ANY OTHER.*



**Just because it's funny
Doesn't mean it isn't true**
real truth tends to be hilarious.

**The Goddess is
Always in
Hailing Distance**

**Support
Sacred Giggling**

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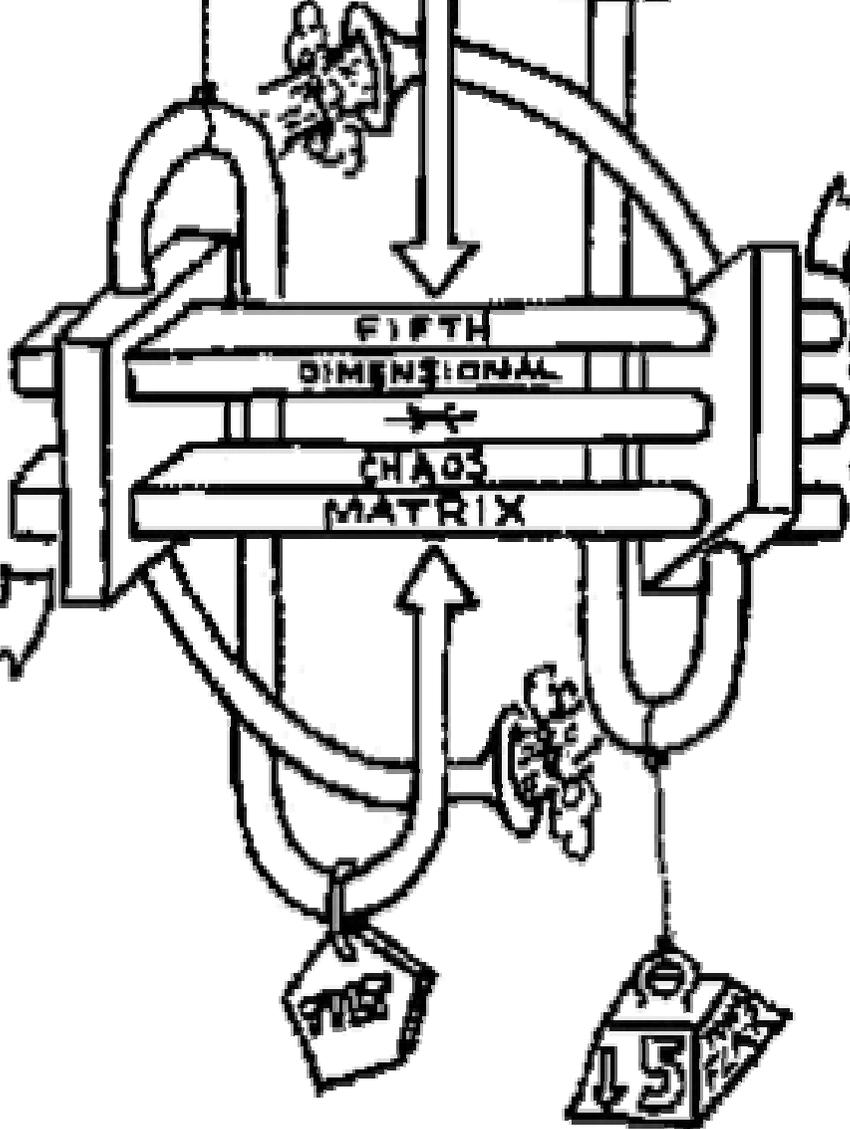
Pages from the Book of Life are NOT REAL and should not be taken literally. They can however, be taken for granted. The First Church of Reason has not been contacted in this situation out of our firm belief that they aren't real either. Deal with it!

HODGE/PODGE TRANSFORMER



ANERISTIC

ERISTIC



BOOK 5

(The Zenarchist's Cookbook)

Edited by Jonesboro's House of Eris'
Science and Fnord Committee for
publication

A Book In 5 Parts

Part I - HotDogs and Catma

Part II – Zenarchy Nutshell

Part III - The Book Of Phibs (Phalsely
Called Phakes)

Part IV – Fragments From Forgotten
Sermons

Book V – The Starseed Trance-Mission

This book is an esoteric Discordian Manual



Part I

HotDogs and Catma

The following work has been prepared by authority of the Paratheo-anametamystikhood Of Eris Esoteric(POEE) Council of the Twenty-Third Degree, for the jurisdiction of The Legion Of Dynamic Discord, and of the House Of The Apostles Of Eris, by the Pope and Poo-Bah-Pontif, under the grand command of the office of his High Reverence, the Benevolent Polyfather, and is now published by its/their/hir direction. It contains the lectures of the Ancient and Exceptioned Discordian Rite in that jurisdiction, and is specially intended to be read and/or scoffed at by the body of that disobedience, whether or not in connection with the Rituals of the Degrees of POEE. It is hoped and expected that each will furnish himself with a copy, and make himself familiar with it; for which purpose that it will be copied at will and disseminated appropriately. No individual will receive pecuniary profit from it.

It has been CopyLefted, to promote its free publication elsewhere, and the CopyLeft, like those of all the other works prepared for the Council, has been assigned to the trustees of POEE (which works out well, as POEE has no treasury). Whatever profits may accrue from it will be unexplainable.

The Brothers/Sisters of the Legion Of Dynamic Discord will be afforded the opportunity to access/download/steal it, nor is it forbidden that any member of any other House within POEE shall; but they will not be solicited to do so.

In preparing this work, the Pope and Poo-Bah-Pontif has been about equally Author and Compiler; since he has extracted quite nearly all its contents from the works of the best writers and most philosophic or eloquent thinkers. Perhaps it would have been better and more acceptable if he had extracted more and written less.

Still, perhaps some of it is his own; and, in incorporating here the thoughts and words of others, he has continually changed and added to the language, often intermingling, in the same sentences, his own words with theirs. It not being intended for the world at large, he has felt at liberty to make, from all accessible sources, a Compendium of the Hot Dogs and Catma of the POEE,

to re-mould sentences, (like this one) change and add to words and phrases, combine them with his own, and use them as if they were his own, to be dealt with at his pleasure and so availed of as to make the whole most valuable for the purposes intended. He claims, therefore, little of the merit of authorship, and has not cared to distinguish his own from that which he has taken from other sources, being quite willing that every portion of the book, in turn, may be regarded as borrowed from some older and better writer.

The teachings of these Readings are at once sacramental, sortamental, and fundamental in that they go beyond the realm of Morality into those of other domains of Thought and Truth. The POEE uses the word "Catma" in its true sense, of Groovy Esoteric Teaching; and as directly opposed to Dogma, in the most odious sense of that term. Every one is entirely free to reject and dissent from whatsoever herein may seem to him to be untrue, unsound, or utterly unrelated and inapplicable. It is only requested of him that (s)he shall weigh what is put forth, and give it fair hearing and unprejudiced judgment. Of course, any ancient theosophic and philosophic speculations are not embodied as part of doctrines of the Rite; but because it is of interest and profit to know what the Ancient Intellect thought upon these subjects.

Part II

Zenarchy Nutshell

ZEN is meditation. ARCHY is social order.

ZENARCHY is the social order which springs from meditation.

Zenarchy is a way of Zen applied to social life. A non-combative, non-participatory, no-politics approach to anarchy intended to get the Sirius student thinking.

Zenarchy is new in name alone. Not only is it the Bastard Zen of America - it is the heretofore nameless streak that zig-zags back through the Zen Tradition, weaving with delirious defiance in and out of various sects and schools - slapping the face of an Emperor here, rejecting a high office there, throwing a rule-blasting koan at a bureaucrat elsewhere

Zen Buddhism, for example, has its own lineages and practices as a spiritual discipline, but when American poets first became aware of Zen in the early 1950's through the translations and writings of D.T. Suzuki, there was a large jump into spontaneity, non-attainment, and egolessness. "Beat Zen" then emerged, a term coined by Allen Watts, as an easy and free floating, almost frivolous approach to Zen. Zenarchy had woven its way into Western culture, and a new vehicle was in need to fertilize it. Out of this need Discordia was 'born'. (Bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful.)

It is no coincidence that the cultural currents of Zen and Anarchism immediately joined when Zen came to the West. For nowhere in recent Western history is the life of the Eastern renunciate more closely paralleled than in that of the dedicated revolutionary, forsaking all attachments for a single goal. And no Eastern sage comes closer to the zestful life sense of the Anarchist than the Zen Master.

But Anarchism, on its own, always breaks down as it's applied. Postmodern jargon-junkies call ideologies (aka, "isms") like anarchism "emancipatory metanarratives" (do you believe that?) What does that mean? It means systems of belief no different from what came before:

BELIEVE IN X, AND YOU WILL BE FREE. YOU WILL REACH PARADISE.

Revolutionaries seek salvation in THE CAUSE -- this is similar to the way the religious operate -- THE CAUSE takes over your life, becoming more important than you are... more important than THEY are.

The vision of the anarchist then, will not manifest if applied directly to society. It must be achieved indirectly as a sociological incidental resulting from the collective synergy of individuals living freely.

If Anarchism, however, is about the individual and how their actions relate to society, how is it possible to work/slack without knowledge of who you are and what you are capable of?

Self-knowledge grows only from challenge, and challenge brings growth. Challenge yourself, and you come to know yourself. And in doing this, you derive meaning for yourself. Discordianism, when practiced as a discipline/Dance affords many opportunities for self-challenge and personality(reality-tunnel) shifting.

In feudal Japan there were what were known as Scholar warriors. Warrior priests and poets -- Zen practitioners of learning and warfare. Cultured destroyers, enlightened fighters. This is the role of the Zenarchist.

So the deeper fruits of this union between Zen and Anarchy are yet to be realized. What Zen has most to offer Anarchism is freedom HERE AND NOW. No longer needed is the Anarchist dream of a utopian millennium as he struggles to outwit the State - for he can find freedom in the contest, by struggling to know himself and internalizing the knowledge that freedom is everywhere for those who dance through life, rather than crawl, walk, or run.

One of the characters to appear in the writings of the Benevolent Polyfather is Hung Mung, whose name means Primal Chaos, for which reason he was adopted as a Chaoist Sage by the Discordian Society. As such, Hung Mung is also a Zenarchist Immortal, for Zenarchy is to Discordianism much as Zen is to Buddhism or Taoism.

Part III

The Book Of Phibs (Phalsely called Phakes)

The Elements

.oEarth

oWood

oWater

oAir

oFire

Alchemy

The Tarot

EARTH

Even though some Discordian hieroglyphics date older than four thousand years ago, it is believed that the ritual spells and incantations recorded in the earliest versions of the Book of the Cabbage papyrus had been used centuries before. The Ancients placed a very great importance on the symbolism of the afterlife. This is shown through their burial rites such as mummification, lavishly decorated tombs, the 'protective' survival spells written on papyrus. There was also a you-do doll (a figurine who will be your golem-slave in the afterlife) for those more crafty people who are deceased. The you-do doll will do all the hard, grueling work while it's master will live in the lap of Slack, enjoying all the benefits the afterlife may hold.

To reach Atlantis, your ka (vital life force) and your ba (psi-key) would set out in Aneris' cargo which crosses the river of the sky during the day to get to the West. You are to then go through five gates (each with a gatekeeper, a watcher, a herald and two other guys who pretty much just loiter) whose names you must learn to invoke to open. Next you must greet the many portals of the house of Eris before they will open to let you pass. You are then "full of udder nonsense and clad in black and white checkered garments and sandals, eyes painted in black and covered with purple sunglasses." Siruis (a faithful dog and leader of the ba) will then escort you to the Hall of Irony. You will be given the chance to plead your case for your former and continuing existence (This pleading business never works. Only those who can improvise really erratic, rambling rants seem to make it through). Aneris serves as a prosecutor. Eris, accompanied by St. Gulik and some lawn gnomes, acts as judge. He who has no name (Eris' brother) squats below the Scales of Justice, and eventually places your heart on the scales to weigh against it's reflection.

If your heart sinks low under the burden of regret, the fnords will gobble it up and your history, leaving you to dwell in the realm of Thud!

While many of the cabbages took these stories literally, chaoist adepts used them as operation manuals, improving the response and performance of their vehicles.

Water

Water is called the universal solvent.

The purer the water, that is, the lower its dissolved solids content, the greater the tendency to dissolve its surroundings. Pure water, if stored in a stainless steel tank after a short contact time, has a very small amount of iron, chromium, and nickel from the tank dissolved in it. This dissolving

of

the

tank

does

not

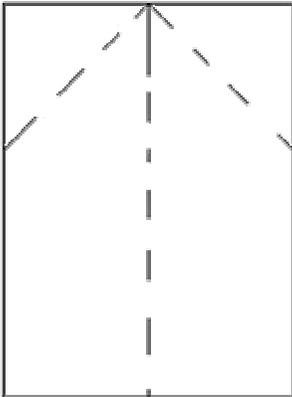
continue indefinitely with the same water. The water, in a sense, has satisfied its appetite in a short time and does not dissolve any more metal. //W5-ISO- E23// Pure water, if exposed to air, immediately absorbs air and has oxygen from the air dissolved in it. A glass of tap water at 68°F contains 9.0 ppm of oxygen. Tap water heated to 77°F contains 8.2 ppm of oxygen, and some oxygen is driven out of the water. The higher the temperature of the water, the less dissolved oxygen it can hold. Conversely, the higher the pressure imposed on the water, the greater the dissolved oxygen it can hold. Water, when boiled, produces steam. The steam contains some liquid water. There is never a perfect separation of pure steam from the boiling water. The steam above the boiling water always has entrained with it some boiling water.

The three ideas:

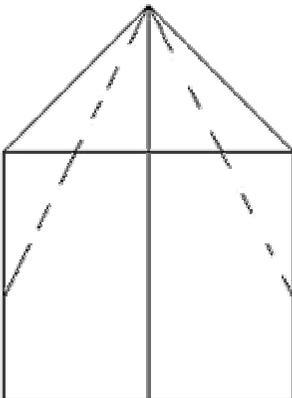
1) water is a universal solvent, 2) water dissolves oxygen when in contact with air, and 3) boiling water is always entrained with steam, should help you understand the nature of this symbolism. Brought to you by the Out-of-Order of the "I Can" Seal.

Air

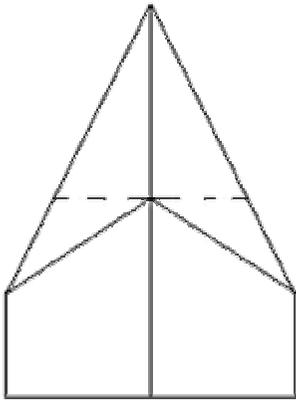
The Podge Dart



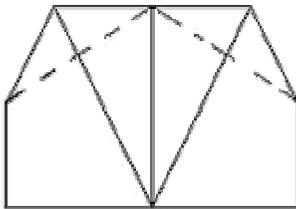
Fold along the dotted line down the center of DIG. 1 then open the paper out and fold along the diagonal lines at the top to give DIG. 2.



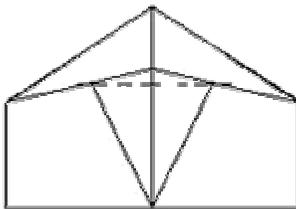
Fold along the diagonal lines in DIG. 2 bringing the top left and top right edges in to meet along the center line as shown in DIG. 3.



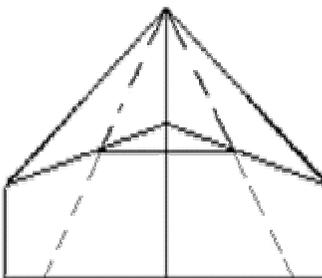
Fold along the horizontal dotted line in DIG. 3 bringing the tip of the paper airplane down to the center of the base of the paper as shown in DIG. 4.



Now fold along the diagonal dotted lines in DIG. 4 to bring the left top edge and right top edge in to meet at the center line as shown in DIG. 5.



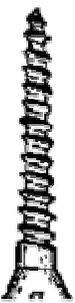
Now fold the flap that points downwards up so that its tip touches the tip of the paper airplane at the front. Fold along the dotted line shown in DIG. 5 to do this. If the tips do not meet go back and alter the folding so that they do. This is very important. You should get the form (approximately) in DIG. 6



Now finally fold along the center line and dotted lines in DIG. 6 to give you the paper airplane as shown at the beginning. Throw it hard overarm and it should fly very level and very straight for a long distance.

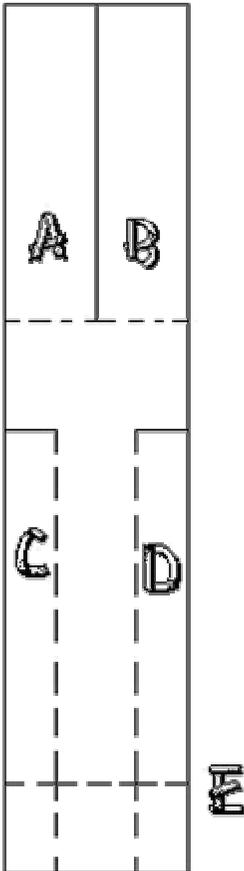
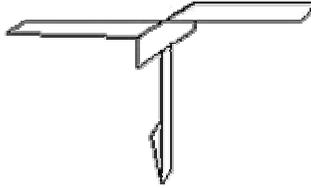
FLIEGENDE KINDERLEHRESEN

PODGE
IDART



FLIEGENDE KINDERLEHRESEN

THE FNORD BOMBER



1. Cut along all the solid lines on the diagram.
2. Fold flap A forward and flap B to the back.
3. Fold flaps C and D both forward along the dotted lines.
4. Fold along the line E upward to give a weight at the bottom.
5. Now this should look like the diagram.
6. You can scale up this model as much as you want. You just drop the model with the blades facing upwards and the weight at the bottom facing downwards for the best results.

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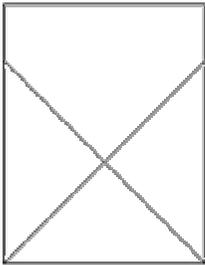
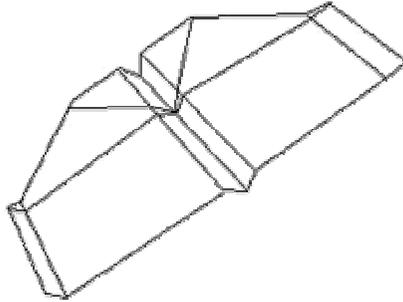
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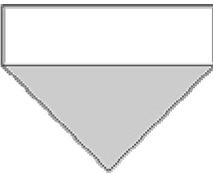
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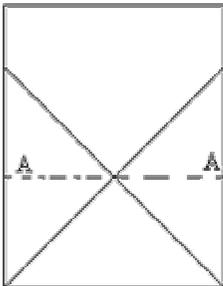
THE HODGE HOVERAROUND



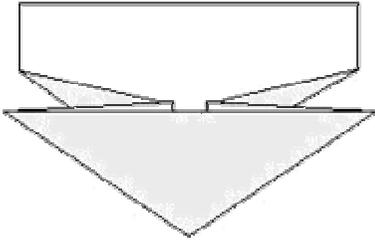
Fold your sheet of A4 paper on diagonal lines as shown on DIG. 1 creasing well.



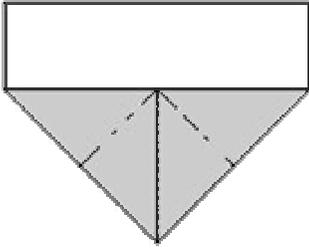
You should get a shape as in DIG. 2.



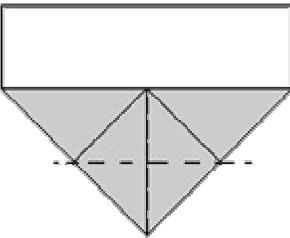
Open it out to give DIG. 3 and then fold along the dotted line shown.



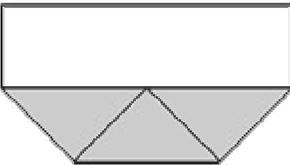
Push in from the two points A on DIG. 3 to give the shape in DIG. 4.



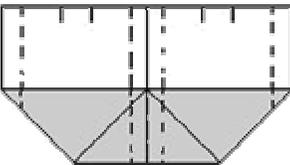
Now flatten out this form and fold along the dotted lines in DIG. 5.



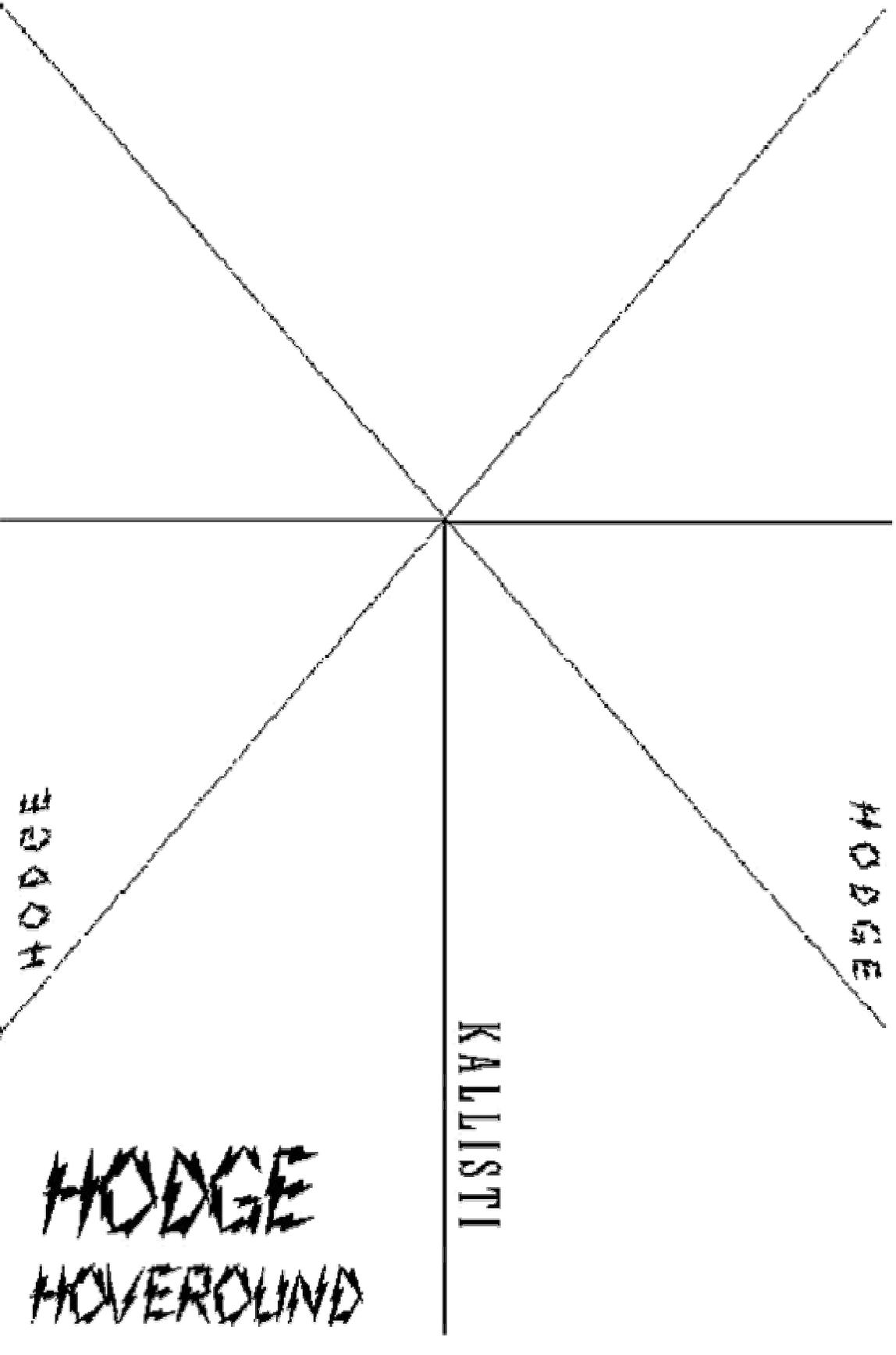
You should now have the form in DIG. 6. Fold along the dotted line on this.



Now you should have the form in DIG. 7.



Fold along the dotted lines in DIG. 8. If you want cut in some flaps as shown since this plane often requires them. Now you should have the diagram at the top of the page.



HOVEROUND

HODGE

HODGE
HOVEROUND

KALLISTI

FIRE

Alright,

now listen, baby

You don't care for me I don't care about that You gotta new fool, ha! I like it like that

I have only one burning desire... Let me stand next to your fire

Listen here, baby

and stop acting so crazy

You say your mom ain't home, it ain't my concern,

Just play with me and you won't get burned

I have only one itching desire... Let me stand next to your fire

Oh Move over, Rover and let Mojo take over

Yeah, you know what I'm talking 'bout Yeah, get on with it, baby

That's what I'm talking 'bout

Now dig this!

Now listen, baby

You try to gimme your money you better save it, babe

Save it for your judgement day

I have only one burning desire... Let me stand next to your fire

ALCHEMY

Ingredients:

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

Instructions:

5. Place cleaned, ground marijuana and butter in frying pan and heat on medium, mix until butter starts to sizzle and marijuana browns. Turn down the heat if there's any smoking

5. Pour in rum quickly. Keep stirring until at least half the shot has evaporated.

5. Add milk and turn down the heat. Stir until milk is steaming, but not boiling.

5. Add a small squirt of honey and stir.

5. Add pepper or cinnamon to taste. Do Not add sugar.

This makes an excellent ceremonial drink.

The effects should be felt as quickly as 15-30 minutes. The high should be much stronger than that associated with smoking and should last for about 3-4 hours.

The Tarot

The Tricycle Spread

1. Using a 52-card deck, have three people each select a card without showing it to you. Tell them to memorize their card.
2. Deal one pile of 10 cards face down. Next to it deal a pile of 15 cards, and next to that deal another 15-card pile. Keep the remaining 9 cards in your hand.
3. Have the first person put his (or her) card on top of the 10-card pile, cut as many cards as he wants from the second pile, and put them on his card.
4. Have the second person put her card on the second pile, cut as many cards as she wants from the third pile, and put them on top of her card.
5. Have the third person put his card on top of the third pile, hand him the 9 cards you're holding, and have him place them on top of his card.
6. Pick up the last pile, put it on the middle pile, and put both on the first pile. Make clear that the cards are now lost and you will find them.
7. Take four cards off the top and place them on the bottom of the deck. Explain that you are going to flip a card up and next to it one down and keep on repeating this until you don't have cards in your hand. Tell the spectators to say "Stop" if they see their card.
8. Deal the cards alternately into two piles, one face up and one face down, starting with the face-up pile. When all the cards have been dealt (the spectators won't see their card unless you mess up), push the face-up pile aside and pick up the other pile.
9. Deal it into two piles in exactly the same way. Keep repeating this until you have only three cards left face down. Turn them over, and there are their cards. The top one is the third person's card, the next is the second person's card, and the bottom one is the first person's card.

The Sermon Spread

1. Take out the Kings, Queens, Jacks, and Aces.

2. Tell your congregation that this is a visually represented story.

3. Begin the story,

"Four jacks from different realities were meditating and reciting incantations.
[Deal the four Jacks face up in four separate piles]

They invoked the forces of order.

[Deal a King face up on top of each Jack] They then invoked Eris to liven things up. [Deal the Queens on the Kings]

Eris brought her apples with her.

[Deal the Aces on the piles in the same way as the previous cards]".

4. Pick up the four piles, one on top of the other. You now have one pile with 16 cards in it.

5. Continue, "The power of Eris' apples merged with the energy of *this* reality right here and now to spread chaos into the reality of the Jacks".

Have the congregation make as many complete cuts as they like (In each "complete cut," the deck is cut and the bottom cards are immediately put on top.)

6. Deal four cards face down onto the table left to right, then four on top of those, and so on until you have four piles of four cards each.

7. Finish the story:

"Through the mixing of energies yadda yadda yadda... the multiple realities were [as you say the next part, turn over all four piles] synchronized.!!!"

8. They will see that the aces, kings, queens, and jacks are in their own separate piles together!!!

The Ritual Spread

- 1) Count out 30 cards face up. Remember the 10th card. (Let's say that it is the joker.)
- 2) Deal five cards in a vertical row on the table, starting a couple of feet away and dealing toward yourself. Then deal the other 25 cards in a circle around the five cards. Assuming that the circle is a clockface, you deal the first card at 7 o'clock and continue clockwise until you deal the last card at 5 o'clock. Leave empty the space corresponding to 6 o'clock.
- 3) Have a spectator name any number between 6 and 29 (let's say 13).
- 4) Count to that number, beginning with the top card in the vertical row and counting toward yourself. When you reach the bottom of the vertical row, continue the count onto the card at 5 o'clock and counter-clockwise up the right side of the circle. When you complete the count, start the count again with that same card, this time moving clockwise. But when you reach the bottom of the circle, instead of going up the vertical row, continue counting around the circle up its left side. No matter what number they named, you'll always complete the count at the 5th card from the bottom of the circle on the left side. This 5th card will be the 10th card that you remembered from the start (the Joker in this case).
- 5) Let them see the card (you know it is the Joker) and let them shuffle the cards.
- 6) Make 3 rows of 10 cards face up and ask which row their card is in. When they point to the row put away the other 2 ones. Remember the card's position in its row (let's say that it's the 4th card). Put the 10 cards on top of each other without disarranging their positions. Deal them face down on the table in any way you like, but remember the position of the 4th card.
- 7) Ask someone to point out a card. Remove any card except the 4th one. (Make it look like you have a system.) This way you let them think that they pick the cards, but you do it for them.
- 8) When only one card is left it will be the 4th one, which is the Joker

Part IV

Fragments of Forgotten Sermons

In the early 80's some kids were throwing rocks at a junk pile in a trailer park in Missouri when they noticed a box that was making a funny rattle. When they opened the box they found several ceramic bongos. One was broken and the boys could see that there was a scroll in it. They found scrolls in all the bongos. Many of the scrolls were unreadable or untranslatable, but those that were discernable appeared to be fragments of Discordian Koans, some with commentary, which seem to come from various periods of time, ranging from the deep past to... well, sometime in the future.(?!)

The existing fragments consist of the following:

The Arrest

Two Discordian agents from the Erisian Liberation Front have been arrested separately, and are held by Greyface forces in separate cells. They are not allowed to communicate. Each is told the following:

•We have arrested you and another person for conspiring to actively take part in a treasonous activity known as 'Operation Mindfuck' together.

•If you confess to propagating and distributing ideas dangerous to impressionable young minds and to society at large, and the other person confesses also, we will be lenient and merciful in our punishment and sentence you both fairly lightly: 5 years of mental slavery.

•If you don't confess, and the other person also doesn't confess, we will not be able to convict either of you right now, but we will monitor your activities very closely and harass you from now on.

•If you confess, but your coconspirator does not, we will cut you a deal and let you go free. We will then take your testimony, in which you will implicate the other person as a dissenter and heretic, and condemn that person to the realm of THUD for 40 years.

•If you don't confess, and the other person does, that person's testimony will be used to condemn you to the realm of THUD for 40 years; your accomplice will be cut a deal and go free in exchange for the testimony.

•Each of you is being given the same deal. You have 5 minutes to decide.

Zarathud then admitted to his having been a barber in Medieval Europe. In the window of his shop was a sign that read:

I shave all those men, and only those men, who do not shave themselves.

can further divide the set of men in Medieval Europe into two further sets, those who shave themselves, and those who are shaved by Zarathud. The question then is which set does Zarathud himself belong?

He couldn't shave himself, because he has said he shaves only those men who **do not** shave themselves. Further, he couldn't **not** shave himself, because he shaves all men who do not shave themselves!

The Discordian **PENTABARF** is the compilation of ancient Erisian law and tradition discovered and translated during the fifth year of the Caterpillar, which serves as the basis of Discordian Society irreligious, criminal and civil law. The essential problem in dealing with the **PENTABARF** is the esoteric 'hot dog bun' problem – best explained in the following manner: a man has three wives whose marriage contracts specify that in the case of his death they receive 200, 300 and 500 respectively. The **PENTABARF** gives apparently contradictory recommendations. Where the man dies leaving an estate of only 200, it recommends equal division. However, if the estate is worth 300 it recommends proportional division (50,100,150), while for an estate of 500, its recommendation of (100,200,200) is a complete mystery. This peculiar aspect of the **PENTABARF** has baffled Cabbages and Neophytes alike for millennia. It has been recognized by Chaoist Adepts, however, that the **PENTABARF** anticipated the theory of cooperative games. Each solution corresponds to the nucleolus of an appropriately defined game.

An Erisian double-agent proposed a famous thought experiment in which a cat was somehow both alive and dead at the same time. The agent appeared to be attempting to demonstrate the limitations and absurdity of quantum mechanics: quantum particles such as atoms can be in two or more different quantum states at the same time but surely, he argued, a classical object made of a large number of atoms, such as a cat, could not be in two different states.*

* Quantum Systems and Theory Review

1. The theory is basically probabilistic and abstract.

2. It requires the intervention of an observer to determine its state, and this intervention suddenly makes the observation deterministic.

3. Objects under examination can behave in a contradictory manner from the point of view of classical theory, e.g. an object can exhibit itself as either a particle or a wave. Such descriptions are mutually contradictory in the framework of classical physics but it is this duality that gives Q.M. its flexibility to explain phenomena.

4. A measurement interferes with the state of the object under measurement. A measurement of one of the parameters, of the object under study, can make the measurement of an associated parameter uncertain, to the extent that a simultaneous measurement of both parameters is impossible. This is known as the Uncertainty Principle.

Consider a system which emits two photons, i.e., light simultaneously in opposite directions. Such systems are now available. Q.M. states that the position of each of the particles (x), (y) can be determined by some suitable experiment and another experiment can determine the momenta (p), (q) of each of the particles. However (x) and (p) cannot be measured simultaneously, because of the Uncertainty Principle. Similar is the case with (y) and (q). The paradox appears when we take into account that the distances between the particles are always known and the total momenta of the two particles are fixed. If this is so, by measuring (x) of the first particle and later the momentum (p) of the same particle, one can know all about the second particle without having made any measurements directly on the second particle and not disturbing it in any way. In this way we have already violated the principles of Q.M.

If however, the supporter of Q.M. objects to the fact that the parameters (x) and (p) have not been measured at the same time, and what was measured earlier would have lost its validity, the paradox worsens in that the second particle somehow seems to have got to know the sequence of measurements made on the first particle, [since any change in (x) and (p) has to show itself on (y) and (q), because $x-y$ and p and q are fixed]. With Q.M. as it is presently formulated, this effect on the other must take place however far off the distance between the photons, perhaps even thousands of kilometres or more and the interaction must be instantaneous. This can happen only if the information is travelling faster than that of light!

Can something be so disordered that any attempt to further disorder it will increase not the amount of disorder, but the amount of order?

Van Van Mojo then pointed out that In order for a Legionnaire Disciple to cross a dance floor, that she must first cross the halfway point of the floor. In order to reach the halfway point, the Disciple must first reach the midpoint between the origin of the walk and the halfway point. And to reach halfway to the halfway point, the she must cross the halfway to the halfway to the halfway point.

Dr. Mojo argued that the process could be continued forever. The gist of the argument is that in order to reach the other side of the dance floor, an infinite number of points must be crossed. And logic tells us that an infinite number of points cannot be crossed in a finite period of time. Therefore, it is impossible to walk across a dance floor. St. Mojo then offered dancing as

At which point the Podge said, “Everything the Hodge says is false.”

And the Hodge replied, “Everything the Podge says is true.”

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

A Discordian Episkopos once argued that the flight of The Five Fingered Hand of Eris is an example of motion. At any moment in time, The Hand either is where it *is* or it is where it is not. If it moves where it is, then it must be standing still, and if it moves where it is not, then it can't be there; thus, it cannot move. The Hand Paradox developed into Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle because Heisenberg argued that on the subatomic level, the only way to measure a system is to interfere with that system. That is, to observe a particle, one must bounce another particle off of it which affects the motion of the measured particle. The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle says that if one wants to measure a quantity, say the position of an electron, the speed of that electron must inevitably be affected. We can no longer be certain about the speed. Thus, the very act of observation changes the system. We can be sure of the speed or the position but never both. Either The Hand is where it is or it is where it is not.

A Chaoist Mage claims to have the ability to predict one's thoughts and actions days in advance, not with absolute perfection, but with a success rate of about 77%. A Non-Prophet Pope agrees to take part in an

unusual test of the Mage's powers. The Pope does not care much about verifying or refuting the Mages psychic powers, but could really use some cash for additional Slacking. A TV program has provided the facilities and put up a large sum of money; all the Pope has to do is abide by the conditions of the experiment. On a table in front of him are two boxes: A and B.

Box A contains \$15,000. Box B *either* contains a million dollars or is empty. The Non-Prophet Pope cannot see inside it. Of his own free will (!) he must choose either to take box B only or to take both boxes. Those are the only options. The catch is this: Twenty-four hours ago, the Mage predicted what the Pope would choose. The Mage decided whether to put the million dollars in box B. If he predicted that the Pope would take only box B, he put the million dollars in it. If he foresaw him taking both boxes, he left box B empty.

The conditions of the test have been and will be enforced scrupulously. No type of trickery will be allowed. The Pope must analyze the situation and decide on the most profitable of the two options. Of course, the Chaoist Mage has anticipated this analysis. What should the Non-Prophet do - take both boxes or just B? Remember, the mage only claims 77% accuracy.

neophyte wants to commit suicide but does not want to cause his family any grief. A local Chaoist Mage tells him about an elixir he can take which will make him a Cabbage, i.e., separate his self-consciousness from his body, but leave his body intact to wake up, go to work, play with the kids, keep the wife satisfied and bring home the bacon. This seems the perfect solution to him so he takes the elixir home with him and plans to take it in the morning after one last night of self-awareness. But before he takes the elixir, a Legionnaire Disciple sneaks in during the night and injects his suicidal friend with the stuff, thereby killing him, i.e., terminating his self-consciousness. The man wakes up but doesn't know he's a Cabbage (i.e., that he has no self-consciousness), so he takes the elixir. He then sits and waits to notice a change...

human, earthbound philosophers - have argued that the other minds problem cannot be solved except by analogy, and that there is no empirical content to the notion of a Cabbage. That is, they argue that because there is no behavioral (and therefore observable) mark of Cabbagehood, it follows that the concept has no real content. But I hope that I have shown that while it is true that Cabbages who grew up in our midst might become glib

in the use of our language, including our philosophical talk about consciousness and dreams, a world of Cabbages could not *originate* these exact concepts as they are played out in philosophical discourse and imaginative idea-play, such as science fiction. Their discourse would have gaps in it (from the perspective of the Adept), and concepts from our discourse (philosophical and imaginative) would be permanently untranslatable into theirs. This is important, because it suggests a qualification to conscious inessentialism. Even though the activities of talking about the philosophical dream problem or internal seeing do not require consciousness, *the emergence of those concepts in a language community* does. This means that at the level of culture there are *necessary behavioral differences* between Cabbages and non- Cabbages, because those differences are the result of the differences in the conceptual vocabularies available to each culture. At the level of culture, conscious inessentialism is false.

What is most interesting is the fact the Cabbage scientists would have to regard consciousness[A] (not consciousness[C]) as something beyond the scope of their science. They would be forced to conclude[C] that consciousness is not consciousness[C]. But their science is methodologically just like ours. Suppose that Adept scientists were to develop what they took to be the complete scientific explanation of consciousness and deliver it to the Cabbage scientists, saying: 'Here is the full explanation of human consciousness. We hope it answers your questions.' It wouldn't, though. No matter how replete a scientific explanation of consciousness we might present to the Cabbage scientists, they would still have no inkling[C] of the explanandum. This is another

Part V

The Starseed Trance-Mission

The NeuroAtomic Order of the Nevermind! Cabal conducted a series of occult experiments during the 'Dog Days' of summer 2002. The aim was to channel cosmic intelligence. The result of the experiments were a series of 12 transmissions. With the addition of distinctly Discordian Ritual Elements we were hoping for something with a bit more humor in it... but we got what we got and that's the way it goes.

We don't claim to have any idea what it means. Here it is:

Go forth with the leg of the lamb of the maze
The crime of rule has left lines
like a net Sky

Yogi dice fly free from the fist that slay saint with stone
Your rave is a door
the visitor for

Activate your pod and go

Aeon

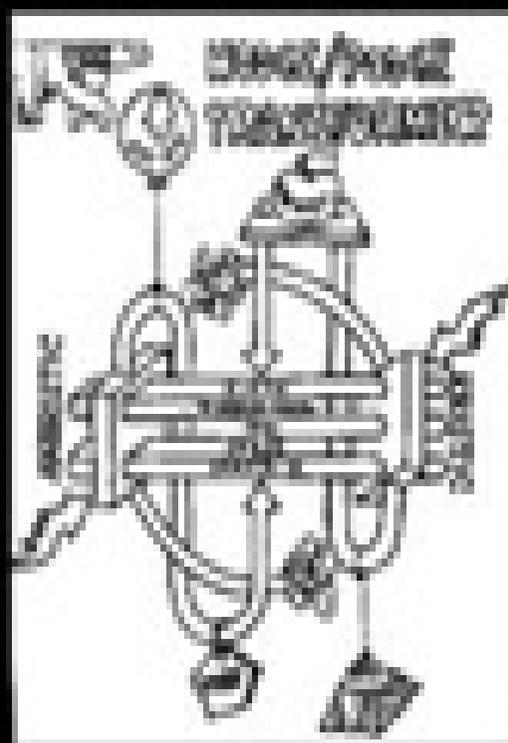
The hoax queen has baited her trap
Seeking to eat they set port

They ride on the side of the rib
Fly with the bird

You are winged creatures

END OF ZENARCHIST'S COOKBOOK

BOOK 5
(The Zenarchist's Cookbook)





THE
REAL
AXIS
OF
EVIL



"Nazi SS men escaped punishment after the war with the help of US intelligence. Spies, scientists and military men went around the world under the cover of the Odessa, Die Spinne, and Kamaradenwork groups set up to save Nazi criminals. 300 Nazi spies under Gen. Reinhard Gehlen formed our CIA and German BND. Hundreds of aerospace, and munitions experts formed our military industrial complex. To fund themselves and to maintain control abroad, they also recruited and used trained assassins, mercenaries, provovateurs, and torturers. These people carried out hits, assassinations, paramilitary operations and terrorism, and continue to the present day. They are financed by the international traffick in drugs (esp. opium and cocaine), arms sales and taxes by the governments and military structures they control.... These intelligence networks have a name, CIA, DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency), NSA (National Security Agency), and include a world intelligence network since WWII that interlinks British, Nazi, US and Russian intelligence operatives." -- John Judge (Box 73586, T St. Sta. NW, Wash., D.C. 20056)

Invisibility being definitive of conspiracies, where the June State overlaps with other networks is guesswork on my part. That the World Power Foundation ("JDS" in cant) is a June State facility is, however, reasonably certain. Explicitly devoted to accumulating slaves and legalizing human sacrifice, the World Power Foundation is almost as scary as the government -- if less euphemistic in its documents (which read like the secret teachings of Carlos Marcello written in the style of Jim Garrison's press releases). Obtain copies of these sociological gems from Loompanics, Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

They comprise one of many pieces of the puzzle, others of which have appeared in DW regarding the JFK murder, Vril Burgs, etc. With enough puzzle pieces you can sometimes guess what the missing ones look like. For example, it seems there would almost have to be -- also within the June State -- a secret order comprising straight male pure Castillian Latinos. My "mad dogs" (bodyguards) strike me as something like that, vaguely associated in my mind with La Casa del Marina - French Quarter Cubano bar. Such an offshoot of the Vril would probably have been organized by Charles Cabell and would include then anti- and pro-Castro, evolutionist and revolutionist, left and right, authoritarian and libertarian, Chilean Fascist and Allende aficionados -- all Spanish Caucasians genetically. Ultimately, this organization's goal would be to serve the depopulationists in exterminating Indians and mestizos. Nor would Indochinese and Gays have been immune to their attentions. Let's call them the Desperados, for want of knowing what they might call themselves. If these Desperados exist, they present a far graver problem than either the Sandinistas or the Contras.

Bonded by racial brotherhood, they would resolve political differences, of secondary importance, via set rituals. Watergate Cubans would be among their founding members, Nixon and Howard Hunt and the Texas Mafia also involved.

Political power rests half on force, half on lies. Technology is changing that. If there is mind control to assist power addicts, there are also improved lie detection methods (such as Psychological Stress Evaluation voice analysis) to foil them. Whether or not my Desperado hypothesis is correct can be determined.

-- Kerry Wendell Thornley

SECURITY AND MISERABLE
STATE OF MANKIND
SHOCKED AND GUARANTEED



THE
REVOLUTIONARY
SURREALIST
MAGAZINE

**DECADENT
WORKER**

EDWARD "JOCKO" SERIEKA
285 Central Avenue
E. Falmouth, MA 02536
Phone: (508) 457-0510
Jockoserieka@aol.com

September 17, 2003

Mr. Whit Gay
5 North Gateway
Winchester, MA 01890



Dear Whit:

As a member of the Winchester High School football team, which Tony Cururso captained, it is a pleasure and an honor to nominate one of Winchester High School's outstanding captains and player. He led by example, and brought the best out of every team member whether he was on the baseball diamond, or the basketball court. He certainly deserves to be a member of Winchester's Hall of Fame.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'Jocko'.

Edward "Jocko" Serieka



Are we not men?

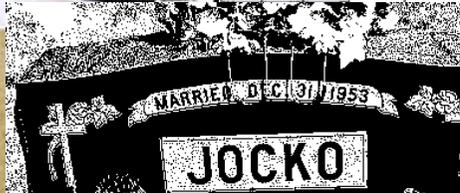
D · e · v · o.

Jocko's PORTING SERVICE

1959 MEMORIAL DAY
RIVERSIDE RACEWAY, CA
HISTORIC RUN - 8.35 ET
178 MPH

Copyright 1991 Stamford 1996 Productions

JOCKO-HOMO
The Heaven-Bound King of the Zoo



AIR GROUP TWO · U.S.S. HORNET

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Dr. H. G. Clark, Jr., U.S.N.R.
is the holder of
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CERTIFICATE NO. 101-S
W. G. Clark PRESIDENT



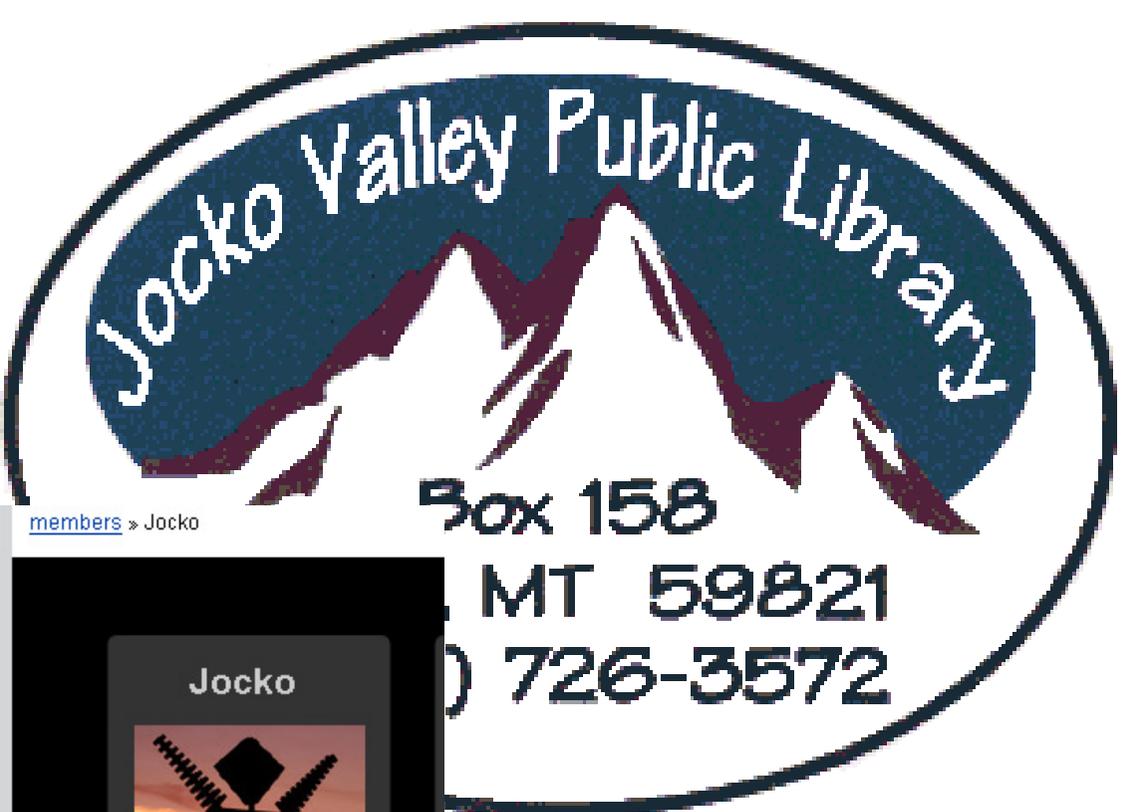
Ontario Gravemarker Gallery

D · e · v · o.

Are we not pins?

JOCKO





Jocko Valley Public Library

Box 158

MT 59821

(726) 726-3572

[members](#) » Jocko

Jocko



● offline

179 friends

[50 photos in album](#)

joined on 09/17/03

last updated 12/29/05



JOCKO'S

BARBECUE ★ COCKTAILS

SANDY KNOTTS

MIKE KNOTTS, Mgr.

EDDIE PLEMMONS, Mgr.

Corner of Thompson & Tefft
Nipomo, California



1

And it's the Prof who had heard anything whatsoever about Jocko, Sergeant Mike, Kent pre-'72, L.A. and the snake-riders, the Underground Penpals or the town with the secret slogans.

He must've known there'd be a Kid in the Krowd someday with a nack for note-taking or at least a tape recorder during his lectures. They're listening, right? Some of them, right? Please god? No one believes you when you spell it all out, and nobody stays awake either.

What I wonder, though, is how much he really knows about excavation locales. It's possible that it was he who buried everything, that Jocko asked him to do that. Or, it's quite possible he's disseminating all he knows about where things may be buried and

hoping some Kid has the nerve to dig, and that these pieces of Jocko were driven randomly into Arkansoil when J. began to be spread too thin. Or, as with most binary option sets, the third possibility could lie somewhere between the graphs of options one and two.

2

Jocko rode the river into Newport and hopped a bread truck to Craighead .



HOW TO BE A WEIRDO AND STAY ALIVE

FROM THE SUMMA DISCORDIA

You'll undoubtedly start by sitting there and seething at the brazenness of their attacks on you. It does seem surreal, too - like some sort of B-movie in which zombies have attacked the town *but nobody seems to mind*. It's too late to try to lock the windows - they're already inside of you. With the tacit help of almost everyone around you, there are people who are trying to take that most sacred of things, your mind, and re-write it. Force it to mutate into an abomination, a grotesque, a genetically-engineered microorganism that secretes the miracle drug, the production of which is the only reason you've been allowed to live.

You produce only two things of any interest - your money and your servility. They amplify your fears and insecurities, pervert your lusts and desires, and mutilate your curiosity and beauty to buy themselves sports cars or cement their authority. And it's a pretty lucrative system, too - try to buck it and you'll see what I mean. It's not enough to say, "You go your way and I'll go mine". It's not even enough to act just like them. You have to *believe* like them, believe in the Truth of their System. Believe like Them or they'll kill you.

That's not just hyperbole, either. It's easier to see if you go from the outside-in. Look at the Middle East - Jews and Moslems gunning each

other down, blowing up innocent children (even though both of their gods tell them not to) because they know that not Believing is a worse crime than murder. They know this, of course, because some evil fuck somewhere played to their fears. Wait - that's overplaying it; they know this because of a *web* of fear, shared by their relatives and neighbors and fanned by those who benefit from it.

Other examples get even more disgusting. Look at Northern Ireland. These morons are killing each other over membership in two nearly identical sects of Christianity! Is Ulster full of perfectionist theologians? No - everybody's just in agreement that the Other Side is a threat to Our Side, because that's how it is. This mentality isn't just a mentality - it's a way of life, it's an identity, it's Real.

Here in America, we still hate the Bad Guys, which we used to call "Communists" but now we call "Drug Pushers" or "Terrorists" or "Child Pornographers". Not that these are nice people. Not that they even exist in the way they're described. Just like anywhere else in the world, They just need a Bugbear to keep you in line, and the Bugbear can be a Jew who wants to steal your land or a Molester who wants to seduce your son. Either way, you get scared and Do What You're Told. If you actually happen to meet up with a Bugbear in the flesh, well, you should mutilate it without remorse - otherwise, this whole system of fear just falls apart.

But what if you don't feel like playing?

Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

In order for you to live in a world where you can believe what you want, you have to destroy the idea of Belief itself. They have so perverted reason that reason must be denied to them. They make their lies into marionette-slogans and jostle them before us as we gape slack-jawed; we must take our lies and make them into marionettes as well. They determine the forms of dialogue available to us, and - wouldn't you know - they have Home Field Advantage in all of them. We must obfuscate their forms - create our own abominations through syntactic miscegenation - until these too are denied to them.

And damn them for their deceitful absolutes! These are cornerstone and currency of their reign. Simple enough to be swallowed by the most ignorant, sleek enough to be worshipped by the most credulous. The most ludicrous of their lies proven by extrapolation from a tiny truth. If the warmth of your mother's bosom is Good, then the fires of Hell are Better. This is why we offer no quarter; to an initiate, I could admit that it's all just a bunch of hooley, but They would pretend to hear me say I'm lying more than they are. This is also why we sometimes compare our dialogues to taking a shit. The comparison is a sham - we're merely autosabotaging to keep them purblind. Something

as foolish as the Cerebus of scatology keeps them from our gates.

And so, we weirdoes must keep one set of cards in our hands and another in our heads. We must be able to switch from honest inquiry to ideological vomit with switchblade speed.

And so, we weirdoes must perfect their notions of Us and Them. We must commit to causing enough chaos that we can pass among them undetected. We must make Doubt and Uncertainty members of our club so that no one will be able to tell one of us from the other (not by camouflaging ourselves as one of them, but by filling their eyes with such patterns that we elicit no recognition).

And so, we weirdoes must be more normal than Them.



Cockroach Blessing

By Kerry Thornley

Some people sing, "Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home," when they see a ladybug. Discordians utter the following blessing when they see cockroaches.

Cockroach, Cockroach,
Fly back to Eris
Tell her I love her,
And Helen be fairest,
O Cockroach, Cockroach,
May your numbers be many,
For you resist radiation
You're our best hope to continue.
Jesus, Amen.



HOW TO TELL A TRUE ILLUMINATUS

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

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

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

Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia.



MAD MALIK A.I.S.B.
Hauptscheistmeister

ODD# V/3 ii-40D-3135

Elvis Seance

By Kerry Thornley

Performance of the Elvis Seance requires one Elvis Presley impersonator and five gullible Discordians. Since he or she doesn't have to even be a GOOD impersonator, the real problem will be finding the gullible Discordians. We Discordians are not known for our gullibility. For example, we don't believe Elvis is still alive, as do many infidels.

"Dead and rotten but not forgotten," is not only our slogan on the Elvis question, it is the mantra for the Elvis Seance, which will be revealed in the ripening of time [three paragraphs below].

We, however, believe Elvis will rise from the dead and help Bob "J.R." Dobbs and The Fightin' Jesus destroy the Trilateral Commission on Judgment Day.

Moreover, every Discordian, without exception, must have a photograph of Elvis in Army uniform, as a reminder that no man is above the law; and for that reason, if no other, the law should be abolished.

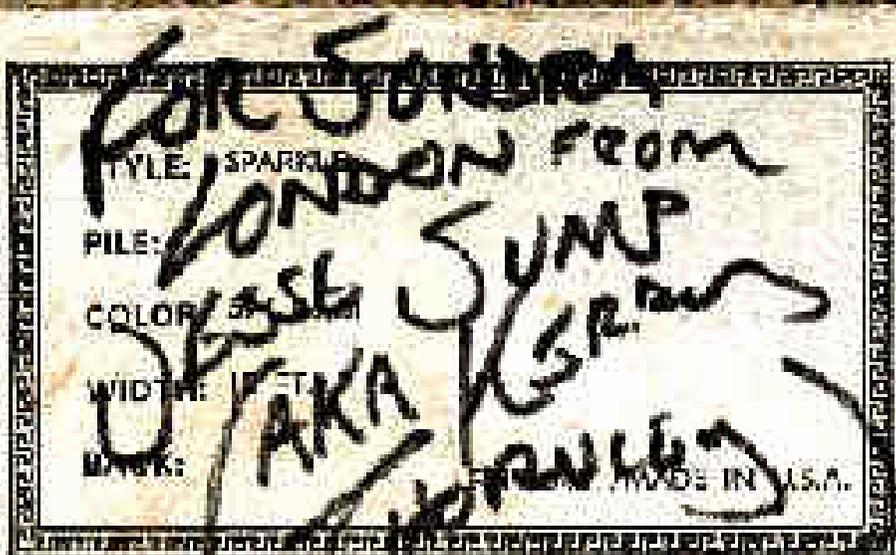


Now for the seance:

- 1. All Discordians present lay hands on the head of the Elvis impersonator.**
- 2. Begin chanting "Dead and rotten but not forgotten," over & over until it gets boring.**
- 3. Keep chanting "Dead and rotten but not forgotten," after it gets boring.**

At some point the Elvis impersonator will fall on the floor and start jerking, twitching, convulsing. When the impersonator begins singing, "All Shook Up," know that the departed spirit of Elvis is among you.

If you went to all this trouble without preparing a list of questions, and you have Elvis rolling at your feet, and you cannot think of anything to say, don't ask for his autograph either, because he will be in no condition to sign anything.



Joshua Norton The First

By Kerry Thornley

Emperor of the United States,
Protector of Mexico,
Only-begotten Son of Eris Discordia,
Defender of the Erisian Faith,
And All Manner of Other Things
Too Numerous to Mention,
Glory to Thee, O Norton!
From Sausalito to San Jose,
From Berkeley to the Blue Pacific,
May your Little Dog's Tail
Always Have Reason to Wag.

May Thy Coin Be Accepted Everywhere,
May Potentates Always Lend Thee an Ear,
May Thy Imperial Finery Always Be Splendid.
And May Your Little Dog's Tail
Always Have Reason to Wag.

The Food Blessing

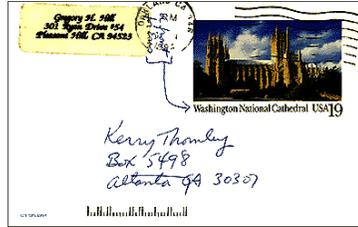
By Kerry Thornley

Almighty Eris Discordia, we thank Thee for this meal. But, seriously, Goddess, what about the ten people somewhere in the world who died of starvation since this prayer began? Seven of them were children under five. What kind of Creation are you running here anyway? Could you please get your shit a little more together? Amen.



Sacrificing Virgins

By Kerry Thornley



Discordians do not believe in sacrificing virgins, because they are already in scarce supply. As paradoxical as it may seem, we do believe in sacrificing virginity itself.

As a faith devoted exclusively to confusion, we don't worry much about contradictions. Ayn Rand said, "When there is a contradiction in your thinking, check your premises."

A quick check of our premises reveals a blown fuse and a broken window, but no virginity. So the whole subject is anyhow pretty academic.

To Scare Off Evil Spirits

By Kerry Thornley

Assume the squatting position, breath held, tongue stuck out, eyes bulging, and in general look as much like a gargoyle as possible.

Then perch motionless on your porch rail, until your neighbors think you are a gargoyle.

Now, whenever you see an evil spirit float by, say "**BOO!**"

MORE KERRY CAN BE FOUND

AT:

<http://www.poe.org/living/GetPage.aspx?ID=66>



So I'm finishing up this JONESBORIA DISCORDIA project. I'm putting in the final submissions, scanning what needs to be scanned. I've been on one writer's ass for a couple weeks now about a submission, and he tells me he's got it done and I should have it in an hour. Seems like today I'll get to publish this mess. Then I get this message from a loved one:

Did you hear what happened? OK, first of all, Jonesboro's going freakin insane!!! A 27 year old woman was found walking the streets nude and covered in feces. That's in today's newspaper. Then my brother comes over, his friend has a police scanner, and apparently a girl was found dead downtown, her legs and head chopped off and had been rapped with a butcher knife!!!

HERE IS THE ACTUAL STORY FROM THE NEWSPAPER: (names omitted)

Feces-covered woman found walking streets

JONESBORO -- A partially clothed and feces-covered woman was found roaming a city street early Tuesday morning, a police report on the incident indicated.

The 28-year-old woman was found by a passerby, who called police.

A patrolman wrote in a report that he was dispatched to the intersection of Vine Street and Nettleton Avenue at 2:50 a.m. Tuesday in reference to a nude woman walking the streets. The patrolman continued that when he arrived at the scene, he located the woman.

"When I arrived, I located a black female not wearing any clothing except for a sweatshirt that a passerby had given her," he wrote in his report. "I attempted to talk with the female, but she wouldn't say anything."

He then called Medic One, which transported the woman to St. Bernard's Medical Center for treatment.

"[She] was covered from head to toe in human feces," He added.

Police went to the woman's address in an attempt to notify a family member but learned that she lived by herself.

PERHAPS ERIS TRULY DOES WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS...

One day, while watching the cartoon Doug, I heard a FNORD... about this JOCKO fellow. It was shortly after the publication of *Memoirs of a Daydreamer*, in which I incorporated a poem about the show Doug. I believe the poem was called DOUG FUNNY YOU TIME SOURCE. Odd how synchronicity works. (In all honesty, that fastidious poem was co-wrote by me, the other author wishes to remain anonymous). Back to Jocko. So Skeeter takes a test where he scores perfect and is courted by colleges. After visiting one of the campuses, he visits Doug and the gang at lunch and explains to them that they guy who showed him around was named JOCKO and that JOCKO made his own video games. The occurrence ends with Skeeter deciding that he'd rather not go straight ahead to college because everyone there smoked and no one liked air guitar. Another inquisitiveness I noticed was on his bookshelf, Skeeter had a copy of Principia Mathematica. For more on this scrupulous FNORD, seek advice from your pineal gland.

HAIL ERIS!! HAIL DISCORD!!! HAIL YES!!!!

*More bad poetry.

"Apophallaton"

She waits in silence,
She waits and swells
And I ebb and swell,
My tidal mucous urge
A surge, a growth
To wrap around his --
Or hers.

Entwine we two
In an embrace sticky
With impatience
As we so slow make ready
Our organs.

Suspended above doubt
We act and react
Act and react,
Meet then part,
Part then wrap ourselves
In ourselves:

A coil so turgid,
A union so singular
You become Me
We become I

And through this ecstasy
(THOUGH this ecstasy?)
You find yourself again,
Find yourself in your need
To be.

And you bite off my manhood,
Gnaw off my penis:
You said it was the chain that bound us
Together. You said you had to do it
To be truly free,
To be able to let go.

I AM APOPHALLATON.

APOPHALLATON!

(please submit Bad Poetry for me to post here...I'm not the
only one who likes to read and write [this kind of stuff](#), I
know)

*Check out [C. Monks](#). No kidding, it's really good: like
"Hee-Haw", only completely different. He went so far as
to express marked ambivalence concerning Blemish Blog!

Face Wash: Chifure brand "Cleansing Foam"

“Aiko Aiko”

My spy boy saw you spy boy sittin' by the bi-yo
My spy boy told your spy boy, I'm gonna set you flag on
fi-yo.

I said, hey now, hey now,
Aiko aiko all day, jockomo feeno na na nay, jockomo feena
nay.

My grandma and your grandma were sitting by the fire
Said my grandma to your grandma, gonna get your tail on
fire.

I said, hey now, hey now,

Aiko aiko all day, jockomo feeno na na nay, jockomo feena nay.

“Jocko” = Jester, according to Dr. John (the bearded one from New Orleans).

1. Jocko in 19th century America.
2. Jocko driven into soil.
3. Jocko finds himself with crush on a soccer player girl.
4. The light bounces strangely off J.
5. J. starts the Band in his head.
6. J. leaves town, goes up north beyond Detroit.
4. J. meets Burton Cummings and Randy Bachman.
5. J. goes through Kent, meets Bob Lewis and Sgt. Mike, remaining founders of Devo (Mohtersbaugh NOT included).
6. J. blows up shit with Weathermen.
7. J. sells dope to Jim Morrison (see “Peace Frogs” on the Doors’ live album. Morrison gives a lyrical nod to New Mother Nature).
8. J. blamed for the overdose.
9. J. jailed, by pure Erisian fate shares a cell with Sgt. Mike.
10. J. out on good behavior, follows the plan of dispersion and travels BACK TO CANADA.
11. MAY DAY MAY DAY – NO ONE IN CANADA.

12. So Jocko came down from Canada.

halfway to new orleans my captain [STOP]

Category: [Dreams and the Supernatural](#)

Date:

Fri, 17
Jan 1997
23:36:39
-0600

Reply-To: "St. Louis Cardinals
Baseball Mailing
List"
<[log in to unmask]>
Sender: "St. Louis Cardinals
Baseball Mailing
List"
<[log in to unmask]>
From: Bob Razer
<[log in to unmask]>
Subject: Re: Minor League
Changes
In-Reply-To: <[log in to unmask]>
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN;
charset=US-ASCII

"Limit on beers you can buy at a time is now four so sometimes two people have to go on the beer run, though we still have strolling vendors selling 'bear.' Guy that looked like Kris Kristofferson and had the long ponytail died in the off season unfortunately - only 49 - some sort of

heart problem. Too much tote'n of all that Bud. There was a nice feature in the newspaper about him though after he died. He had been the 'bear' man for nearly 20 years. Think he would have done it for free he liked baseball so much. He will be missed by the regulars. Maybe Valentine will bronze his beer carrier and put it in the lobby.

'Hook Slide' went to that big ballpark in the sky a few years back.

Captain Dynamite retired a couple of years ago. Believe it or not, he has relatives he taught his 'act' and they come and blow themselves up each season now. The Cap'n comes along for the visit and gets a standing ovation from the crowd when he is introduced. (Those of you who have not experienced Captain Dynamite - well, you have to be there to appreciate it)."

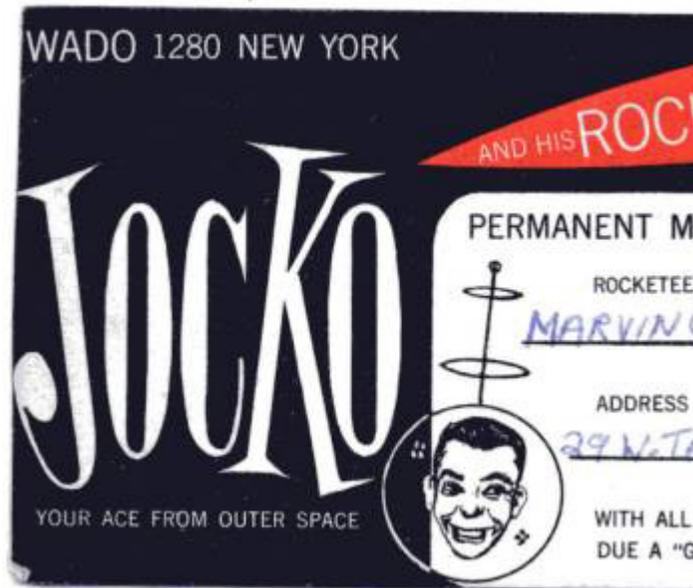
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<[log in to unmask]>
Subject: Re: Minor League
Changes

In-
Reply- <[log in to unmask]>
To:
Content- TEXT/PLAIN;
Type: charset=US-ASCII



above: Captain's keepsake

"Limit on beers you can buy at a time is now four so sometimes two people have to go on the beer run, though we still have strolling vendors selling 'bear.' Guy that looked like Kris Kristofferson and had the long ponytail died in the off season unfortunately - only 49 - some sort of heart problem. Too much tote'n of all that Bud. There was a nice feature in the newspaper about him though after he died. He had been the 'bear' man for nearly 20 years. Think he would have done it for free he liked baseball so much. He will be missed by the regulars. Maybe Valentine will bronze his beer carrier and put it in the lobby.

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along for the visit and gets a standing ovation from the crowd when he is introduced. (Those of you who have not experienced Captain Dynamite - well, you have to be there to appreciate it)."



Ah, the joys of minor league ball. P.T Barnum ain't dead - he's the GM in Little Rock. And that's the way it is down on the farm.

Your Man in Little Rock"

~~~~>> Bob Razer wrote: >> Associate Director e-mail: [log in to unmask] >> Central Arkansas Library System fax: (501) 375-7451 >> 700 Louisiana voice: (501) 370-5954 >> Little Rock, Arkansas 72201 >>>> Hey Bob, is it still concession policy that you can't buy a six pack at > one time? 5 at once ok but not 6! I can still see people going to > their seats carrying two dogs and holding on to the 5 beers with the > ring of the sixth from the plastic. Great place! >> Do you remember "Hook Slide"? Does Capt. Dynamite still show up? >> Pete >

6-70



# HO CHI ZEN IS KING CONG

## N ERISIAN HYMN

by Rev. Dr. Mungojerry Grindlebone, KOB  
Episkopos, THE RAYVILLE APPLE PANTHERS

Inward Christian Soldiers,  
Inward Buddhist Priests.  
Inward, Fruits of Islam,  
Fight till youre deceased.  
Fight your little battles,  
Join in thickest fray;  
For the Greater Glory,  
Of Dis-cord-i-a.  
Yah, yah, yah,  
Yah, yah, yah, yah.  
Blffffffft!

MR. Momomoto,  
famous Japanese  
WHO

has been EXPOSED  
IT WAS  
RECENTLY  
REVEALED  
THAT IT WAS MR  
MOMOMOTO'S  
BROTHER WHO  
HAS BEEN DOING  
ALL OF THIS  
NOSE

swallow his nose



HEUTE DIE WELT  
MORGENS DAS SONNENSYSYSTEM

SECTION-29

## Abbey of the Barbarous Relic

GENERAL LICENSE  
WAS SGT. PEPPER'S  
COMMANDER



PROPERTY OF  
6-710  
OFFICIAL  
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY  
HAIL ERIS



## Application For Membership

In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

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

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

### 7. SELF-PORTRAIT

ANSWER  
BY WIFE  
SENDER WAITING

LICK HERE!

(You may be one  
of the lucky 25)

Rev. Mungo

For Office Use Only- acc. rej. burned

00023

TRAVEL AGENT

CAUTION  
INSERTS

RETURN TO  
RESTRICTED ROOM  
DO NOT PASS "GO". DO NOT COLLECT \$200

NO TWO EQUALS ARE THE SAME!



THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY



DO NOT BEND

Don't let  
**THEM**  
immanentize  
the  
Eschaton



WORDS  
Of  
WISDOM

MUST

DO NOT PULL  
ON YELLOW TIP



Quiet night  $\bar{S}$  c/o

LOOK FOR THIS  
SNOWFLAKE - IT  
HAS MAGIC  
PROPERTIES



EXPORT LICENSE  
NOT REQUIRED



POEE is a bridge  
from PISCES  
to AQUARIUS

THE EMINENT 16th CENTURY MATH-  
EMETICIAN CARDAN SO DETESTED  
LUTHER THAT HE ALTERED LUTHER'S  
BIRTHDATE TO GIVE HIM AN UN-  
FAVORABLE HOROSCOPE

HEMLOCK?

I NEVER TOUCH  
THE STUFF!

"Study  
Demography  
with An  
Enemy  
This  
Sunday"  
see Thom, GMS

00068 Q. "How come a woodpecker doesn't bash its brains out?" A. Nobody has ever explained that.

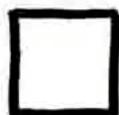
# AVATARS

- MUNDANE -

ERISIAN ERISTIC ANERISTIC MISC. 5TH COLUMN

|    |    |    |    |    |               |
|----|----|----|----|----|---------------|
| 1A | 1B | 1C | 1D | 1E | EXPLODED      |
| 2A | 2B | 2C | 2D | 2E | EXPANDED      |
| 3A | 3B | 3C | 3D | 3E | CONSCIENTIOUS |
| 4A | 4B | 4C | 4D | 4E | CONSCIOUS     |
| 5A | 5B | 5C | 5D | 5E | UNCONSCIOUS   |

- HOLY -



"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth . . . to you it shall be for meat."

-Genesis 1:29



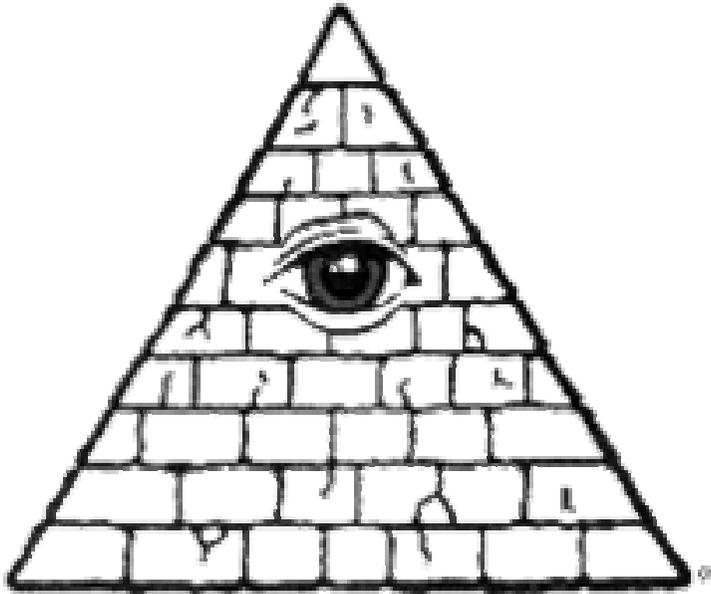
**THIS MAN IS  
NOW, AND HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN,  
BREAKIN' YOUR  
BALLS!!!!**



*°The meaning of this is Unknown*



OFFICIAL  
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY  
HAIL ERIS



Are  
we  
to  
ass  
um  
e  
any  
thin  
g  
abo  
ut  
our  
god  
des  
s??  
OR  
, do  
ass

umptins make an ass out of us and her? But what fun is it to make all these depictions of her looking like some random hoe?

nothing is  
true  
everything  
is  
relative



(VARSHMAN TEMPLE CHAJURAO)

HEY, MAN... GREAT! I FEEL  
GOOFY, THE WAY MY OLD  
MAN LOOKS WHEN HE'S  
DRUNK!



THE HONEST BO  
being a BIBLE of The

and How It was  
Episkopos LORD OMAR KHAYYAM R  
of Limbo; and Master Pastor  
The Laughing Christ, Hidden  
Laughing Buddha Je

From The Honest Book of Truth

# Quest for the Pipher Spicy Part 1

## By Keeper of the Hellatious Confection

I'll never forget *that night*, the night I was awaiting the arrival of my "*Pipher Spicy*". Lo upon a fortnight had I been peering over thine own shoulder, for I had been inexplicably and inconceivably marked for death. This fact made apparent to me by the morose and hellspawned soothsayer that occupied the abandoned thicket anon the holy mountain upon which my village lay. I knew not how my untimely demise were to come to pass, or by whom or why. The vile and unrelenting venoms she spat at my person were all I'd allowed her before her heart was torn from the chasm of her chest by the righteous and holy gauntlet of Ryim, Enchantress of Sagemore Meadow. The gauntlet had been a gift from the one whom I pined for, and I was saddened that I had allowed myself to sully its good name with this baptism of blood, but there were more important things at hand and I pushed the thought out of my mind.

"*Pipher Spicy*," the name crept into the bowels of my subconscious, but I gave it no more ground in my thoughts. Other more sinister events were happening. Nothing I could see at first, no, but movements, shapes, creatures seemed to flicker in-and-out all around me.

I arrived at the docks. No word of my "*Pipher Spicy*." I was told to meet at the docks, so I wait. I wait and think. Think about what that devil's whore spat at me before I freed her of her earthly body . The night that she said would be my last on this plane of existence was **THIS VERY NIGHT**, and the time of day she had mentioned before her head died was drawing near. Again I pushed the thoughts out of my mind. "Witchery Nonsense," said I.

The time had come. No whistles, nor bells, nor cannons. My "**PIPHER SPICY**" was not destined to fall into fall into thine own hands as I had previously anticipated. This left myself, and one *other* at the docks after the infinite sun had retreated below the water and the immortal moon had arisen to take his brother's place. This other, I did not know and thus did not wish to offend, but I felt compelled that he

somehow knew of my search for “*pipher spicy*”, and that perhaps he knew the source of my previous failures.

**“I have come for my “*pipher spicy*”. Tell me, foul creature, what it is you have done to my usual purveyor? Answer me at once! Or surly you shall know that thine name is pain, and I shall bestow upon thee a sentence that shall make all of the cosmos bask in your unrelenting agony.”**

The *other* said not a word concerning my “*pipher spicy*” or his intentions for me. He simply stood, speaking no more than a slab of brick or a warrior’s helmet.

**“I grow weary of this game! Unsheathe thy lance, loathsome thing, and I shall loose your entrails upon this ground and stain it with thy blood.”**

The docks had not been frequented for several hours past, and thus was noone around to see the shadowy figure reveal himself and plunge me into a **DARKENED PIT OF ANGUISH AND TORMENT FROM WHENCE THERE WAS NO ESCAPING. MY BODY TWISTED IN AGONY FROM MY INVISIBLE ASSAILANTS, ARMOUR TWISTED FROM MY CHEST, THE GUANTLET OF RYIM BURNT AND MELTED OFF MY HAND THROUGH SOME CASTING OF MAGIC AS MY BODY AND MIND LAY HELPLESS TO THE UNRELENTING CARNAGE. I AM LOST...**

I allow myself to go, and I can feel the cold, unforgiving winds of death as I start to feel myself slipping deeper and deeper into the dark and cold nothing. The last mortal sense I detect, a moment before my feet begin to be sucked along the strong currents of the black, viscous, and relentlessly deep waters of the River Styx, was the scent of “*Pipher Spicy*”. I cough, I sputter, my lungs beg for breath. **I FALL, and descend into darkness...**





# **JONESBORO, ARKANSAS**

(the dot on the map)

- Jonesboro is the birthplace of bestselling novelist John Grisham, and was home to the first woman to serve in the United States Senate, Hattie Caraway.
- Roger Bumpass, the voice of Squidward Tentacles on *Spongebob Squarepants* was born in and grew up in Jonesboro.
- Debbye Turner, Miss America 1990, graduated from Jonesboro High School in 1983 and Arkansas State University in 1986.

- Damien Echols and Jason Baldwin of the West Memphis 3 were tried and found guilty at Jonesboro's Craighead County courthouse in 1994 on a change of venue from Crittenden County.
- The Jonesboro Public Schools is currently at the center of attention for allowing prayers to be let by students at Graduation services. The American Civil Liberties Union of Arkansas is currently seeking a plaintiff to file suit against Jonesboro Public Schools for permanent injunction.
- The Mall at Turtle Creek, Jonesboro's new mall being developed by MBC Holdings, Inc., is a \$100 million project. When completed in 2006, the mall will be the biggest mall in northeast Arkansas, and is expected to bring in \$225 million. In turn, \$6 million of that revenue will be contributed to the city in tax money.

Jonesboro was named after State Senator William A. Jones in recognition of his support in the legislature for the formation of Craighead County.

The city was selected as the county seat in 1859 at the time of the formation of Craighead County.

The Cotton Belt Railroad established a line that reached Jonesboro in 1881.

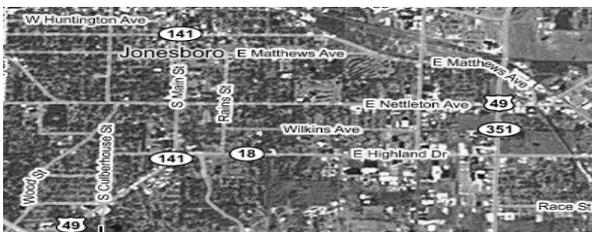
The Jonesboro massacre occurred on March 24, 1998. Two young boys (aged 11 and 13 years) fired upon students at Westside Middle School while hidden in woodlands near the school. Four students and one teacher were killed and ten injured.

**Jonesboro is a city located in Craighead County, Arkansas.**

Jonesboro is the county seat, the largest city in northeast Arkansas, and the fifth most populous city in the state. Jonesboro is the home to Arkansas State University and is a regional center for manufacturing, agriculture, medicine, education, and trade. Jonesboro has over seventy-five churches earning it the nickname, "**The City of Churches.**"

SOURCE: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jonesboro%2C\\_Arkansas](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jonesboro%2C_Arkansas)

Wikipedia is a multilingual Web-based free-content encyclopedia wiki service. Wikipedia is written collaboratively by volunteers, allowing most articles to be changed by anyone with access to a web browser. The project began on January 15, 2001, as a complement to the expert-written Nupedia and is now operated by the non-profit Wikimedia Foundation. Wikipedia has more than 3,380,000 articles, including more than 993,000 in the English-language version.





----- **Original Message** -----

From: [jocko 27]

Date: Pungenday, 58 Chaos 3172 5:30 PM

Here's what's going on, though, if you can keep it on the "Dee El": you've caught me during "Hell Week" in the J. project, in which we are coincidentally writing out, in mainly essay form but with some poems, the "source material" for the play - which is to be given to a person who is going to help us with video/stage integration of the albums. We have split up writing duties, so in a matter of two days, we should have a LOT of stuff.

As for using it in a Discordian bible, I love the idea, because a large part of what we're writing about is Devo, who were said to be involved in the church of the subgenius back in the early 70s. but we're framing them within our context. What you will receive from me is a condensed and appropriated version of the "source material" that should be peppered through your bible. I can't give you everything, because that would ruin the story and the marketability of the story - but I can give you some choice shit.

**TOP SECRET INFORMATION FOLLOWS:**

The album will be coded that is

what we include in the Discordian bible directly coincides with what will be dug up. for instance, if we include information that is useful - but not necessarily complete, until the map is found. information about J. in the early seventies as he hung out with Black Oak Arkansas and they told him about Jonesboro, and how, in the mid-eighties during J. southward journey along with Mississippi river, he stops in Helena or Newport just like huckleberry finn, and takes a bread truck through here and finds Stanley Knight or something.

----- **Original Reply**-----

From: Ol Boy Floats KSC

Looking very much forward to putting it all in there. one thing about copyrights...every Discordian bible so far has been Kopyleft from the Principia to the Summa Discordia to the Book of Eris, even the newest stuff **Rev. St. Synptyx** has been putting in print is Kopyleft, as will be the Jonesboria Discordia. I'm sure if you copyright all the Jocko stuff it won't interfere with anything honestly. What I'm going to do is publish through lulu like with my poetry book, then host a free PDF file of the entire work on <http://poe.co.uk/web> like all the other main texts.

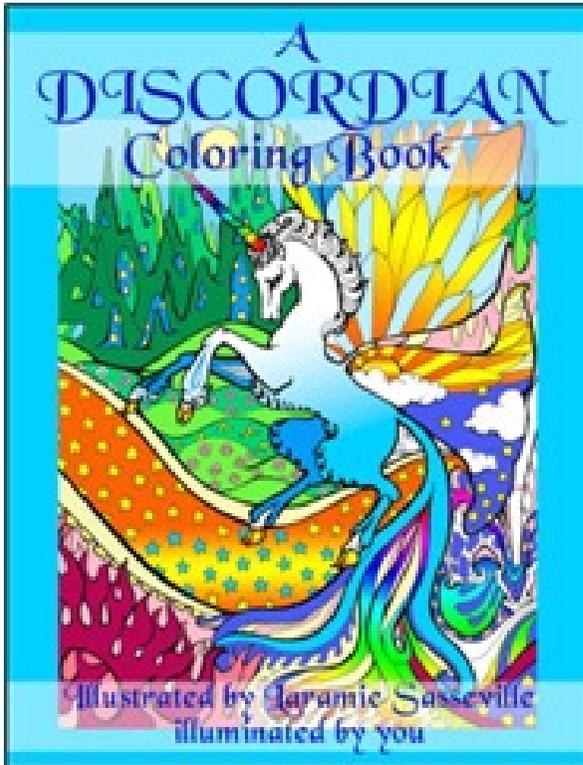
This will give access of the work to a VERY large audience. It will also give the world of Discordians free reign to copy and reprint what they want for further holy books, as Eris intended in the first place. (note the Principia and some Pavement albums have "all rights reversed," or in Pavement albums "all wrongs reversed.")

Again. I don't think this will interfere with the Jocko name and ideas being copyrighted by you, considering I'm not using a proper "Copyleft" but the Erisian "Kopyleft" and hosting the entire work for free download, all the revenue it creates will be going to me, but without a claim to it. Which, don't worry, as I said before, this work in particular is going to be a stepping stone for further work/creation of an actual working Erisian Cabal. As promised I will take whatever royalties I make from this work and make personalized copies for each contributed member.

As for DEVO.... yeah.. they are subgenius...which is a way of saying a certain Erisian cabal that is monitored by a \$30 a year fee. that's something I dislike. I've pretty much gotten pissed at TOPY lately over money bullshit. I don't wanna pay them anything. they don't wanna promote my works.. so fuck.. whatever

Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee requires no dues or fees. only work. Initiation is not something that I do to you, but something you do to yourself, much like TOPY, but there's NO money involved (except for the people who BUY our works :) again. I'm very much looking forward to getting this work from you. your initiation one might say.:D

## **FURTHER READING**



## **DISCORDIAN COLORING BOOK**

**Description:** A humorous adult coloring book exploring the philosophy of the Goddess Eris and the Discordian religion

**Synopsis:**

Hail Eris?

Hail Yes!

Inspired by the works of Malaclypse the Younger, Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, the Principia Discordia, the Illuminatus trilogy, the Bavarian Illuminati and other silly things.

# Apocrypha Discordia

*The Second Edition*



*Compiled from various sources  
by the author  
in the style of  
the original  
by  
Pope Paul VI*

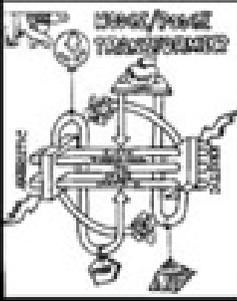
## Apocrypha Discordia

bastard child of and unofficial sequel to the Principia Discordia., following Discordian tradition is, as it should be, a completely unofficial sequel to the Principia Discordia. Essential reading for everyone in the world. Buy it

now and don't screw your eyes up reading it on screen! It would be funky to have a printed copy of the Apocrypha. This work is Kopyleft, so theoretically anyone could publish it, including Steve Jackson. Hundreds of hours may have gone into this work over the years, but I haven't actually composed any (well, most) of the contents. I am a mere transcribe. The Rev. DrJonBrisVegas, Oz, 2002Not Dead Yet



BOOK 5  
(The Zenarchist's Cookbook.)

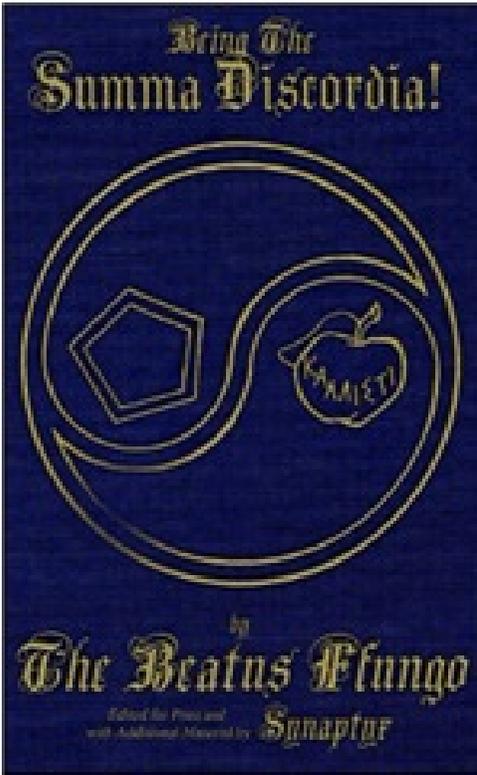


## ZENARCHISTS COOKBOOK

The teachings of these Readings are at once sacramental, sortamental, and fundamental in that they go beyond the realm of Morality into those of other domains of Thought

and Truth. The POEE uses the word "Catma" in its true sense, of Groovy Esoteric Teaching; and as directly opposed to Dogma, in the most odious sense of that term.

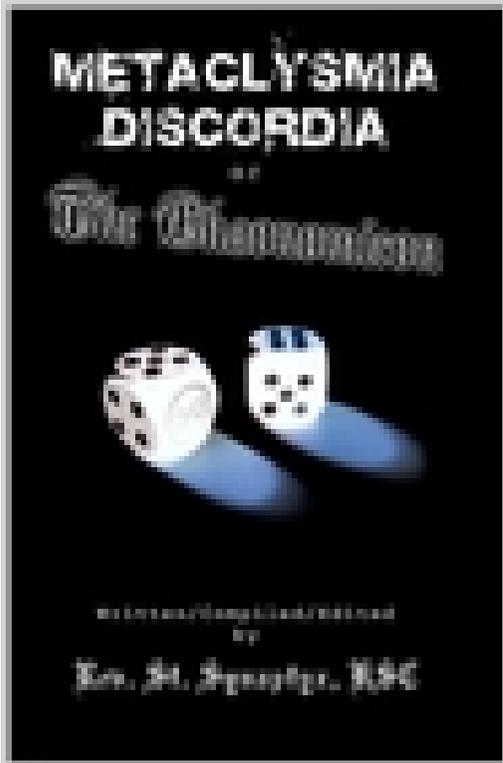
(This entire work has been published in this book that you just read, or flipped through if you aren't a "reader.")



## Summa Discordia

I put the Summa together because I was tired of people saying that Eris wasn't real. I almost didn't put the Summa together because of the Principia. For a while, I was afraid that it would be too much like its predecessor, then too different. After all, the Principia set the standard. It created the Movement. It essentially created Eris from Nothing. Or so I thought. From the Introduction to the Summa Discordia by The Beatus Ffungo.

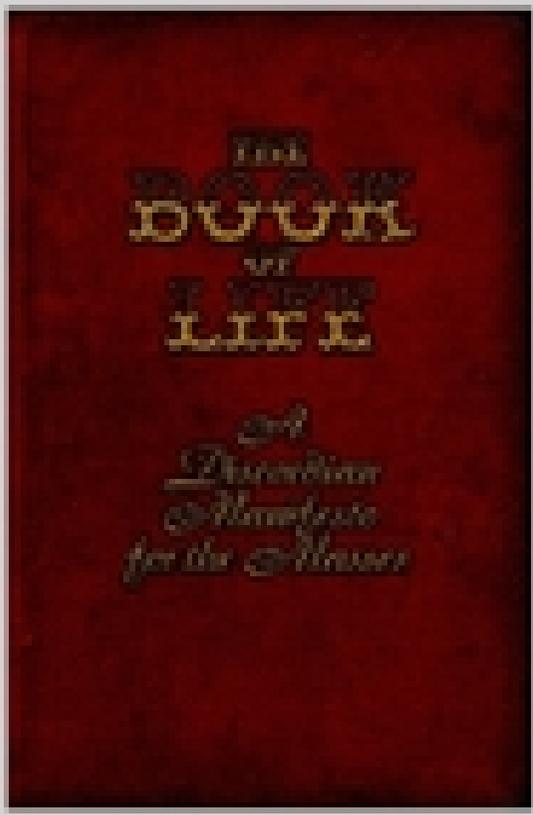
~Synaptycypse Generator



## ***Metaclysmia Discordia***

A tale, of love, action, horror, comedy and two cities. She was a Greek Goddess with a penchant for golden apples, he was a random Scotsman with too much spare time. Together, they would

bring about the Greatest Book in living history, one guaranteed to change the world; the METACLYSMIA DISCORDIA! TINGLE with anticipation as you read the truth about the menace of Discordianism! SQUEAL in delight as you read about many tentacled oozing things from other dimensions! FAINT in horror as the terrible truth about Discordian haikus are revealed! JUMP with delight as you learn how to avoid a face-raping bat! Note: Blurb may or may not be intended for this actual book. Also, the blurb writers accept no responsibility as to the existence of the universe and therefore the validity of this product.



## THE BOOK OF LIFE

Top Ten Responses  
Regarding the Origin  
of  
Pages From The Book  
of Life

10) They were lonely  
and they followed me  
home.

9) The Men in Black  
delivered them.

8) I dug them up just

like that guy who found the Book of the Mormon.

7) They really were transmitted from the Dog  
Star.

6) I don't know. Ask Diogenes.

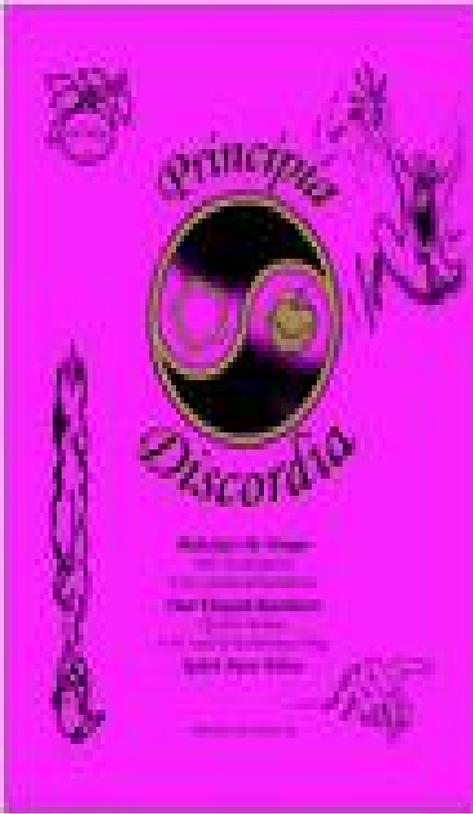
5) They were crying, in a basket on the stoop.

4) The Goddess delivered them personally.

3) They turned up one day, looking for Ffnords.  
I'm helping them look.

2) Jesus left me a copy. He thought they were  
cool.

1) Don't ask me, I'm just the Custodian.



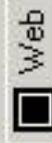
# PRINCIPA DISCORDIA

The first and the original. This is the book that started it all. If you haven't read it you should be very very ashamed!!!! BUT WAIT! There is hope for you ignorant, not having read this book ass!!!

|

**ALL of these books can be downloaded for FREE at <http://poe.e.co.uk/web>**

**(or by doing a simple Google search, I mean really, it's ALL Kopyleft!!!)**



Web



Transfers



TymnKu

+ disks for jimmy

+ holy books

- if the folder is empty i deleted the files so i could save hard drive space

- my music

- complete albums

+ 1 don't

+ 2 harsh

+ 3 my

+ 4 mellow

+ my playlists

+ random stuff

+ warning!!!

+ those files are on disk if you want them just ask

Name

Apocrypha Discordia.pdf

book of eris.pdf

Jonesborla Discordia.pdf

Memoirs of a Daydreamer C...

Memoirs of a Daydreamer.pdf

Metaclysmia Discordia.pdf

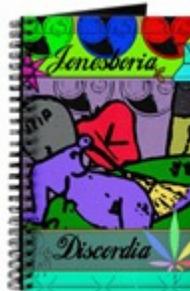
Principia Discordia 23AE Ver...

Summa Discordia.pdf

zenarchists cookbook.pdf



<http://www.cafepress.com/jonesboriadiscr>



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL  
FNORD!!!!!!!!!!

<http://syngen.co.uk/>

offers squid juice on dead tree versions of  
*major* Discordian documents

Most of which are described in the “further  
reading” section of the appendices.

More info on Rev. St. Syn KSC and his  
Discordian Publishing House can be found  
at:

<http://poe.e.co.uk>

**A dog from Middle-earth  
pitches the indictable puce  
penguin. Harry Potter  
evaded agents of Las Vegas  
for the conquering file.  
FNORD.... **



End of the book

**JONESBORIA**  
**DISCORDIA**

FOR DEPOSIT ONLY

# Meme hack

## From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

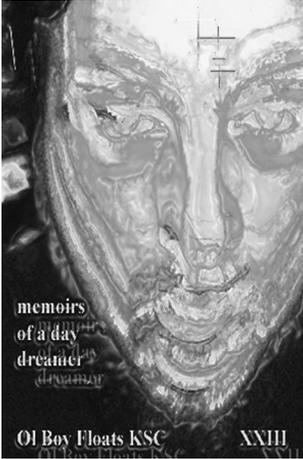
A **meme hack** is any person or organization that, relevant to the study of Memetics, uses a slogan to prove an opposite point.

The most easily recognized meme hacks are those of famous political slogans.

From Samizdata: "Intentionally altering a concept or phrase, or using it in a different context, so as to subvert the meaning."

An excellent example would be Darwinism vs Social Darwinism. Any number of religious denominations can be considered meme hacks, though the exact nature of the considered hacks vs. the original memetic content can be heavily argued, due to individual interpretations.

A modern example (as of this edit) may be the Jyllands-Posten Muhammad cartoons controversy and the Reprinters' arguments regarding Free Speech and Freedom of the Press



## MEMOIRS OF A DAYDREAMER

A collection of Poems, ramblings and musings from Timothy Bowen. Timothy Bowen is a writer living in Jonesboro AR. He is a Pope of Discordianism under the title Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC (short title). Occasionally Tim ministers at the local Unitarian Universalist church in town. He is also founder of OUR Records, a Discordian/Anarchis virtual record company. (website currently under construction). He also sings/does electronics for a few bands and solo music projects, mainly and most successfully with 3 Inch Giants. ([www.myspace.com/3inchgiants](http://www.myspace.com/3inchgiants)). Memoirs of a Daydreamer is his first publication.

He is currently working on a novel called COMFORT.

**\$7.77**

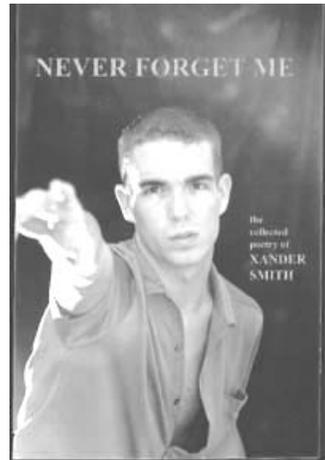
<http://www.lulu.com/content/225000>

## NEVER FORGET ME

He had a smile that would brighten any day, could make anyone believe in themselves, and touched the lives of all who knew him. His answer to the evil of this earth was simply to love more. Our hearts will never heal, and we will love Xander forever.

**\$11.00**

<http://www.lulu.com/content/227218>





# NOTES



To: Ol' Boy Floats 396 Fenderson aka Pogo Pope 1111 Dope Pope aka Tyny Tymn aka Pope Tymnothy "Rightous among the nations" Edward Bowen-Fenderson KSC not KFC Bitches

From: Mailboxhead the Small, K.O.T.S.C.  
First Prime of Eris Discordia  
and Emperor of the Moon!!!!!!

Greetings and salutations!!

I have heard troubling things lately, about you making a new principia Discordia. I must protest this endeavor in the most serious way. I think that you are making a terrible mistake.

First and foremost, I read your thoughts on tables of contents and page numbers, and I couldn't agree with you more, but I think your missing the point. Are not books, words, pages and numbers, pictures and articles nothing more than Greyface worship? Here on the Moon, we live without these things. Greyface has no McDonald's on the Moon, no extra value menus, no words, no numbers, no books. Also, the more you define "Discordianism" the more power Greyface has over us. Definitions are our enemies. The more "books" there are about "Eris" the more "defined" she becomes. You are doing the work of Greyface in her name and I will have none of it. Words create a systemic fog that blurs the real world and creates an illusion of it. When people become lost in the fog they confuse the map with the territory, a picture of a hot dog becomes a hot dog. Books about Eris become Eris, and then she is nothing more than another aspect of Greyface.

So, keep writing you book if you must, but I will have none of it. I find you recent obsession with books, merchandise and profit to be unbecoming of a true Discordian.

Bob777

P.S. Included are some things to put in the book!! Hail Eris!!