

For Frances, Nathan & Corin

With all my love



METACLYSMIA DISCORDIA

or

The Chaonomicon



Written/Compiled/Edited
by

Rev. St. Synaptix, KSC

DISCLAIMER:

It has come to the
attention of
THE ELDER COUNCIL OF
THOSE WHO KNOW
that we have been
accused of worshipping
TWINKIES!
We would like to publicly
state that
THIS IS NOT SO!
We in fact worship
THE CREAM FILLING
WITHIN!
We hope this clears
up any confusion.

IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS SURVEY

DADA SHEET

1. How did you find out about your deity?

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

2. Which model deity did you acquire?

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

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

- Yes No

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

Please indicate all that apply:

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

4 Have you ever worshipped a deity before?

If so, which false god were you fooled by?

Please check all that apply.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

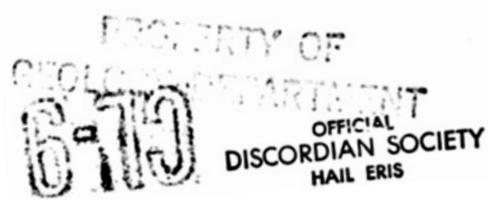
8. God employs a limited degree of Divine Intervention to preserve the balanced level of felt presence and blind faith. Which would you prefer (circle one)?

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

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

flood	1 2 3 4 5	sex	1 2 3 4 5
famine	1 2 3 4 5	earthquake	1 2 3 4 5
war	1 2 3 4 5	pestilence	1 2 3 4 5
plague	1 2 3 4 5	SPAM	1 2 3 4 5
AOL	1 2 3 4 5	water	1 2 3 4 5
daytime tv	1 2 3 4 5	wine	1 2 3 4 5

10. Additional Comments:



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except for this text, which doesn't exist.

DISINTRODUCTION

I humbly and proudly follow in the footsteps of the mighty Principia Discordia, the inconceivable Apocrypha Discordia, the wholly incorrigible Summa Discordia, the meaty Book of Eris and the delicious Zenarchist's Cookbook (There may be more books out there that I've followed in the footsteps of, but I forget what they are). This Metaclysmia Discordia or Chaonomicon (I like alternate titles, so sue me) aims to provide you with more* Erisiana pulled from the web and other places (ok, mostly the web since I don't have a life and don't go anywhere else). Some of it is written by me, some is divined from the contents of my kleenex after that last particularly nasty head cold. Suffice to say some of the MD is a load of old snot.

That sounds about right.

*let's face it, you wanted more, I wanted more, so here it is fnOrd!

17 Pico litres of Breast Milk
(You could put it in your eye)

A handwritten signature consisting of a stylized asterisk followed by the letters 'SYN' in a cursive, slanted font.

Rev. St. Syn KSC

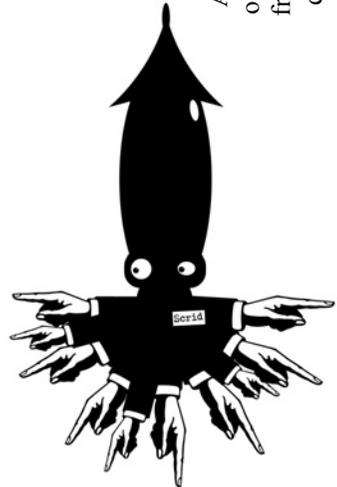
Hail Eris!
All Hail Discordia!

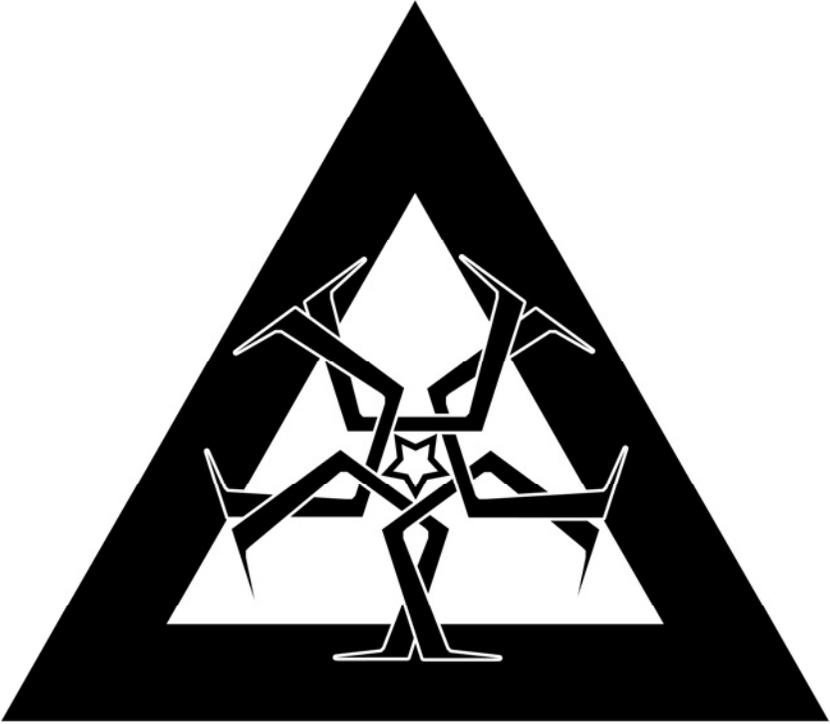
Now, on with the show...

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A tentacled
oozing thing
from another
dimension.





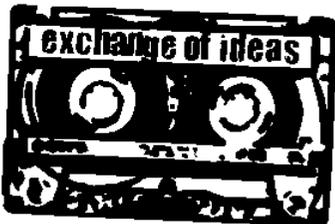
WARNING: PSYCHOHAZARD

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

200007

You might be Discordian if...

- ⊙ If you've ever cast a sacred oblong.
- ⊙ If you've ever drunk Irish whiskey and listened to The Doors as part of a religious experience.
- ⊙ If you've ever cast the Circle with a fishing rod.
- ⊙ If you've ever invoked the quarters Washington, Bicentennial, Canadian and Silver.
- ⊙ If your chalice is from McDonalds(tm).
- ⊙ If you've ever set up 3 card monty on the side of your tarot booth.
- ⊙ If your idea of a hex is screaming "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!".
- ⊙ If you've ever done the "Great Left".
- ⊙ If your athame is a spork.
- ⊙ If your coven sword is a light saber.
- ⊙ If you've ever invoked a cartoon character.
- ⊙ If you've ever wiped your ass with "Principia Discordia".
- ⊙ If you carry a Pope Card, but not an I.D.
- ⊙ If your ritual feast consists of Jolt Cola and Spam.
- ⊙ If halfway through the five-fold-kiss you stop to zerbert your HPS.
- ⊙ If your BOS is written on toilet paper.
- ⊙ If you've ever begun a rite with "The Circle is open".
- ⊙ If you drive a F(n)ord.
- ⊙ If you have more than 1 can of spam in your cupboard.
- ⊙ If you've ever invoked the Goddess with a wolf-whistle.
- ⊙ If you're afraid that the paranoids are watching you.
- ⊙ If you've ever taken the question "What's up?" literally.
- ⊙ If you wear shorts under a kilt.
- ⊙ If you're reading THE METACLYSMIA DISCORDIA.



(Then again you could just be a little bit weird - twisted from The Book of Eris)

The 23 Holes of Eris

or

Discordian Golf

GOODBY

What you will need:

Any sports gear except golfing gear.

A suitable Respectable Golf Club to invade.

Snacks (Golf, even the Erisian variety, is a thirst and hunger inducing sport, be prepared.

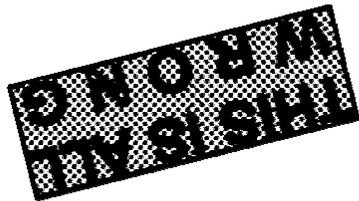
What do we do?

Play golf... badly, with tennis racquets, Snooker cues, snorkelling gear, skiing equipment, baseball bats, lacrosse equipment, football gear, whatever. Play all 18 holes in whatever order you like, then go back to your favourite five. Try not to get caught by ground security. A round may be played over many months, planning when best to launch your attack to achieve maximum jakeage. Above all, have fun... But then you knew that.

For More Discordian Games, see: **MD052**

The Parable of Young Moon.

Young Moon awoke one morning to find his life in disarray all around him. He was lying in a gutter, his money was gone, he couldn't remember who he was, or where he was and had a huge prickly bastard of a headache. Eris came to him and helped him to his feet. "Who are you?" He asked unsure of the vision of beauty hauling him out of the gutter. "I am Eris dear, we met last night." said the vision. "How did I get here?" asked the confused Moon. "I showed you the way of the Divine Chaos, and a bit of leg to keep you interested" Said the Lady. "Then?" asked our unfortunate Moon. "Then" Eris sighed, "you attempted to initiate jiggy-jiggy with me knowing full well my disposition." huffed Eris. "Oh." said Moon. "And you're wondering why you're lying in a gutter looking like you've been mugged!? HA!" scoffed Eris. "You should be wondering why you're not on the next plane of existence!" she laughed. "I admit, you've got balls kid." She added with more than a glint in her eye. Moon checked to make sure he did indeed have balls. "So why are you helping me to my feet now?" he asked, still mightily confused and fondling himself. "Oooh well." Said Eris "for the fuck of it, for a little entertainment, but mostly because I forgot to take your watch." Moon passed into another Eristic rapture. He awakens three days later in southern Montana wearing nothing but a sombrero, no watch and five Pope cards covering his unmentionables. His first words to arresting officers were, "Don't Fuck with Eris." And yay he was enlightened. Do you believe that?



-Neurochrome | ELF Purple Ops Special Agent 1st Class Battlepope

MD010

ADVERTERISKALLISTIDISCORDIAISEMENT



When in doubt, fuck it. When not in doubt... get in doubt!



**Truck Loads
of
DISCORDIA
Just for you!**

OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS



<http://www.poe.ee.co.uk>

From the book of Eris:

THE SECRET OF THE FIVE DISCORDIAN ELEMENTS REVEALED

One of the more esoteric Erisian Mysterees brought forth by Mal-2 and Omar K. Ravenhust was the Five Basic Discordian Elements (**Sweet, Boom, Pungent, Prickle, and Orange**), which makes up all things, and which we Erisians use to represent the days in our calendar. The Five Basic Elements represent our Five Senses:

Sweet ===== Taste
Boom ===== Hearing
Pungent === Smell
Prickle === Touch
Orange ===== Sight

Mal-2 and Lord Omar gave the days of the Discordian week the names of the Five Element so that we may concentrate in developing our senses better. So on Orange day, **really** look at everything. Look at it from different angles, different perspective. On Boomtime pay close attention to everything. Soon you will truly begin to become enlightened, and become ONE with ERIS.



MD012

CELEBRATION OF THE DAYS OF THE DISCORDIAN WEEK

MD013

1.

Sweetmorn Celebration: Arise when you like. Have some morsel of your favourite munch, chew on it with delight and praise Eris with your mouth full:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! LICK ME ON THIS SWEETMORN DAY! BE SURE I TASTE ALL NICE AND TASTY AND STUFF LIKE HOT FUDGE ON TOAST*!
SLURP!

*or whatever your morsel is

2.

Boomtime Celebration: Arise as early as possible (4am is ideal) break out the loud hailer and run a recording of the 1812 Overture as you stomp about the neighbourhood shouting in praise:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! BOOM ME BABY! BOOM ME ON THIS BOOMING BOOMTIME DAY! LIKE A GREAT BIG KETTLE DRUM FULL OF NITROGLYCERINE!
BOOM!

3.

Pungenday Celebration: Arise early (ish – before 12pm is usually seen as polite, but it's not set in stone or anything, so don't worry about it unduly. 6am is ideal). Be sure you haven't bathed since last Pungenday, throw open your doors, windows, what-have-you's and praise Eris loudly thus:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! SNIFF ME ON THIS PUNGENDAY! BE SURE I WHIFF SUITABLY! LIKE A MANGY BADGERS ARSE AFTER A LONG SAUNA!
WHOOOF!

4.

Prickle-Prickle Celebration: Arise early enough to disturb the Catma and scare the Dogma, get a large let's not get wussy now) cactus and prick yourself all over shouting:

OUCH! YEOWCH! AARGH! ERIS YOU BITCH! SORRY, GODDESS OF THE DAYS! TOUCHA! TOUCHA! TOUCHA! TOUCH ME! ON THIS PRICKLE-PRICKLE DAY! LIKE THE STING OF THE WHOLLY-KWEEN-CHAO-BEE ON A HOT SUMMERS DAY! OW!

5.

Setting Orange Celebration: Arise just before sunset, pour yourself a large tequila sunrise* (tell everybody it's actually a tequila sunset) wear your grandest hat, your dressing gown, your most wholly underpants and socks, then announce thusly:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! LOOK UPON ME AS I LOOK UPON YOU ON THIS SETTING ORANGE DAY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH THIS WEEK, SEE YOU SWEETMORN! GOODNIGHT!

*down the tequila, or several if you're so inclined



Relating to the Discordian Days.

How do Sweetmorn Boomtime Pungenday Prickle-Prickle and Setting-Orange relate to the non-discordian days of the week? They don't, but I can see why you would have a need to relate to them that way, so I have devised a system for you. And before you give me any lip about it. I like it this way, it's confusing.

Week 1:	Week 2:
Sweetmorn-----Monday	Sweetmorn-----Monday
Boomtime-----Thursday	Boomtime-----Tuesday
Pungenday-----Wednesday	Pungenday-----Wednesday
Prickle-Prickle-Friday	Prickle-Prickle-Friday
Setting-Orange--Saturday	Setting-Orange--Sunday

MOONIS

Monday (Moonsday) is important as it is the beginning of a fresh week of new possibilities, so we keep that on our two week cycle.

In week one We drop Tuesday, because it is, quite frankly, the dullest day of the week. It is also named for the North People's God Tyr; Tyr's Day. For that reason, we do week about with the mighty Thor and Thursday.

Thursday is before Wednesday for no particular reason other than it's week about with Tuesday and relates to Boomtime well as it is Thor's Day if you like the Gods of the North People. Thor and his hammer are a good illustration of Boomtime. Thursday and Tuesday are similar in that I never could get the hang of either of them.

Wednesday is traditionally the middle of the week and it also relates to the Gods of the North People as Wodin's, or Odin's-Day.

Friday is a day of looking forward to the fun and celebration of the weekend and goofing off work. It is related to the North People's Gods as Freya's day.

Saturday (Saturday) and Sunday (Sunday), like Tuesday and Thursday, are turn about in the two week cycle.

I mean, who can handle a Sunday every week man? It's just too depressing.



Discordianism is a Joke(?)

Discordianism is not just a religion; it is a mental illness.

- Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst

People say "Discordianism is just a joke, right?" I often reply "people who say that don't know the whole joke." Or, "of course it is." Depending on how much **Operation Mindfuck** I'm going to unleash upon them later...

MINDFUCK

Discordianism is a joke disguised as a religion, disguised as a joke. No, wait! It's a religion disguised as a joke disguised as a religion. Hang on, maybe it's the first one, I forget.

That's not all.

You see, no-one can really be told what Discordianism is by another, as that is just the other's perception, opinion and interpretation of what they have seen, read and understood (or not) about Discordianism. It is up to the individual Pope to interpret what (s)he reads. Or not.

The great thing about Discordianism is that if you don't like something about it, change it. Become an Episkopos and go your own way. Nobody gives a flying fuck. If you don't like the books, you can write your own. If you don't like the way things are done, do it differently.

The Discordian Society has no definition.

Discordianism (Erisian)

*The Discordian or Erisian movement is described as a 'Non-Prophet Irreligious Disorganization' and has claimed 'The Erisian revelation is not a complicated put-on disguised as a new religion, but a new religion disguised as a complicated put-on. "It all started with the *'Principia Discordia, or How I Found the Goddess and What I Did to Her When I Found Her'*, a collection of articles and ideas compiled by Greg Hill (Malaclypse the Young-er). The central theme is 'Chaos is every bit as important as Order' as illustrated in the story The curse of Greyface.*

*Humor is central to Discordianism, but Discordianism should not be dismissed as a joke. Profound experiences frequently accompany the practice or Erisianism. It is a perceptual game, one which demonstrates that the absurd is just as valid as the mundane and chaos is just as valid as order. It frees the practitioner from the order games (that most have forgotten are games) to play games with order or games with chaos, or both. The effects of Discordianism upon an individual can be far-reaching and amazingly liberating. [Although a great many immature individuals have played at Discordianism and thereby sidestepped any chance of spiritual growth whatsoever -- Grey Cat *wryly*]*

The quote above, doesn't really try to define anything, it just hints at the basics, which is fine by me (I do stress that I am no authority). This is by no means all that has been said about Discordianism. Online you will find vast tracts dedicated to defining something that by its very nature refuses to be defined. These words are very interesting, but I can't help but feel there's something they're not quite getting. As the man said "A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing what he reads."

Go Figure...

...or don't.



-Swans can break your arm - and they will, too, if you don't keep up the repayments.

Eschatology 101

>Web Scrape:

On Fri, 27 Aug 1999, doc Holliday wrote:

> I hear tons of references to the 'eschaton'
and its immanentization. I've
> also heard that this immanentization has
already occur.

There tends to be some confusion over the word "immanentization". You see, most people assume it's the word "imminent" which means forthcoming or approaching. But the word is *immanent*, which means all-pervasive, being everywhere all at once.

The "eschaton" is typically taken to be "the end of the world as we know it", and this can be interpreted many ways. By the reasoning of most chaotes, the "immanentization of the eschaton" means that the eschaton is happening constantly; the world as we knew it dies and is reborn in every moment; things are constantly changing.

See, there goes another eschaton. Opps, there goes another. Hey, look at that one go! Wait, I see another one coming!

To immanentize the eschaton means (for me at least) to be aware of and part of the process of change in my environment. It means trying to immanentize the eschatons of the people around me, destroying the consensual belief structure and bringing on the end times.

The eschaton already happened.
The eschaton is approaching.
The eschaton is the moment right now.

> Do we speak of the supposed "Fifth Aeon" when we discuss the 'eschaton?'

Fifth Aeon? Hail Eris!

The Wholly Erisian Shopping List of
DOOM.

Juice
nappy sacks
Ecover bath cleaner
Fruit BEER
Veg TEQUILA
Nuts
Lean meat, chicken
toilet rolls fish etc.
FUDGE GREEN & BLACKS CHOC
SOUP (~~CARROT~~)
BEANS ~~TRANSPARENT~~
MILK SAUSAGES
BREAD DEODORANT
EGGS SOAP
COLD MEAT DETERGENT
FNORDS!!! KITCHEN CLEANER
ANTI BACTERIAL SPRAY

MD021

Discordian Zen I

#67 5 16 Jul 86 21:47:04

From: Bo Orloff To: All

Subj: **Discordian Zen**

I recently received the following from a friend:

ABOUT DISCORDIAN ZEN

Many kinds of Zen exist. Each variety centers around a particular practice/rite. Soto Zen centers on zazen. Rinzai Zen on koan introspection. Fuke Zen centers on playing a particular kind of music on the shakuhachi (a bamboo flute). Elemental Zen centers on tea ceremony. Discordian Zen centers on the Rite of Not Knowing as its basic manifestation [see below].

Performing the Rite of Not Knowing we enter into the realms of don't know mind. Letting go of our time and opinions, doing what appears, we become more flexible, less attached. Discordian Zen represents a new Zen manifestation. While the Rite of Not knowing represents Discordian Zen's primary practice (open to anyone), there exist additional

practices/manifestations. These include:

- [1]- The Zen Precepts
- [2]- A new manner of speaking
- [3]- A new mainfestation of time
- [4]- Reweaving the web of life

Discordian Zen has no temples, no location, no tax exempt status. It only seeks to manifest, transmit and expand the life-giving Chaos that constitutes our original nature, our original enlightenment. If you want to know more about Discordian Zen please write to:

Tundra Wind
PO Box 429
Monte Rio, CA 95462



MD022

Since we missed Page 5
We interrupt this text to:

Hail Crisis!

On this page 23 of the
Metaclysmia Discordia.

or

The Chaonomicon

(I still haven't decided yet.)

When she decides
it's your turn to get reamed,
all you can do is bend over
and pray for lube.
Struggle Causes Pain.

From the Book of Life



We now return you to your regular program...

MD023

MD024

Discordian Zen II

THE BASIC PRACTICE OF DISCORDIAN ZEN

The Rite of Not Knowing

1- Materials

3x5" file cards (lined or unlined)

Pen

Envelope

Stamps

2- On each file cards (as many as you choose to use) write simple action(s)/activity(ies) (I prefer one activity/action to a card, but you can have more if you like). For example:

Walk around the block 3 times.

Eat a hot dog bun.

Do 50 jumping jacks.

Listen to 5 different radio stations simultaneously for 5 minutes.

3- Mail the cards in to me, Tundra Wind, Box 429, Monte Rio, CA 95462.

4- I shuffle all the cards I receive together and then, through random means, decide how many cards to send back to you.

5- I mail cards to you. You perform

the actions/activities on the cards EXCEPT for those activities you wish to veto. This principle of the veto ensures that you don't have to do anything that violates your health and/or welfare.

6- After you finish, mail the cards back to me (add new ones if you wish) and I then put them back in the stack to re-include them in the next round.

The original constantly present and relentlessly emerging condition means nothing other than the life giving Chaos. Through this Rite one enters the original ungraspable, undefinable condition. The Chaotic vibrations of freedom and compassion flourish. Miraculously, one discovers that one loses nothing when one gives everything away.

Feel free to give the Rite of Not Knowing to any you feel will have an interest in it.

* Origin: ThelemaNet of Berkeley, CA
(415)548-0163 (161/93)

MID025

-King Arthur, far from sleeping in an enchanted cave on the mystic isle of Avalon, actually lives in a retirement home in Surrey.



MID026

A Recipe for an Erisian Wedding Ceremony

Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst once said: “Discordians are free to practice all varieties of polygamy and polymorphous perversity as well. Marriage is an institution which should adjust itself to the needs of the individuals and not the other way around. Any Discordian Episkopos may perform group marriage ceremonies, short-duration marriages, same-sex marriages, interspecies marriages and, with special permission, straight monogamous weddings.”

We’ll keep this simple and work out a monogamous wedding ceremony, and then you can change, and adapt it to your specific needs later.

Ingredients:

*1 Bride**
1 Bridegroom+ 1 Golden Apple †*
1 Ordained POEE Priest(ess), ‡
*1 Bride’s-aide**
*1 Groom’s-aide**
5 Battle Ready Goddesses
13 Guests



Those add up to 23 participants in total, but just add guests in groups of 5 if you want more.

**For easiness we will use traditional gender references throughout this section, but please do not feel obliged to stick to traditional gender roles yourselves. It’s all down to your own personal preference.*

†We do realize that a real, solid gold apple is not the kind of thing you

find in your friendly local jewelers shop, nor is it the kind of thing you're likely to have made, unless you're incredibly wealthy. You can make a golden papier-mâché apple with 'καλλιξτι' painted on it, or why not use a real apple with 'καλλιξτι' carved in it (make sure you sprinkle the letters with lemon juice to stop them going brown. You could even use a jar of apple sauce with a 'καλλιξτι' label stuck on, or a tennis ball if you like, it's all the same to the POEE. The anglicized version 'kallisti' (as shown above) is also acceptable. See, we're not fussy.

[‡]*Lord Omar specified an Episkopos to perform weddings, but really, anybody will do. We're all Popes are we not? A POEE Priest(ess) makes it a bit more special. Depending on whether you're having a legal ceremony or a just-for-fun ceremony, your wedding officiate could be one of several things; A POEE Priest(ess) obviously cannot (and would not want to) perform a legal wedding since Erisianism/Discordianism is not a government recognized religion (and let's keep it that way!) so is confined to performing ceremonies of a non-legally binding nature. If you want to make your wedding legal let's face it, some Erisians would excommunicate you for even thinking of a legal ceremony. Fuck them, it's your wedding and however annoying it may be, you will obviously need an officiate that can legally marry individuals in whatever country you reside. I found that Humanist ceremonies can be very flexible and an open minded Celebrant could accommodate the Discordian's needs without referring to, or enforcing any god/deity's requirements on the individuals getting married. You can just save your "Hail Eris!" 'til the legal bit is over. This is only one suggestion, if you want a legal wedding, do a little research. The Internet is your friend!*

Method:

110027

Choosing your Wedding Day

Each day of the Discordian week carries it's own special blessing, aim for the one that appeals most:

- ***Sweetmorn Blessing*** – The food on your marital table will forever remain sweet (even the savories)
- ***Boomtime Blessing*** – Peace and quiet shall always be yours unless you want to live life loud of course

- ***Pungenday Blessing*** – Your love shall find your natural scent a powerful aphrodesiac, just don't spoil it by farting and rolling over
- ***Prickle-Prickle*** – You shall never tire of the sensual touch of your love, except when they're annoying you and you're trying to get some sleep
- ***Setting-Orange*** – You shall remain beautiful/handsome in the eyes of your love forever, however if they grow old and ugly, we won't blame you for dumping them

Responsibilities of the Brides-aide/Grooms-aide

The Bride's-aide and Groom's-aide are very important in this ceremony, second only to the Bride and Groom themselves. Their duties are to make sure that both the Bride and Groom get mind bogglingly drunk the night before the wedding (preferably on cocktails – ouch), and to make sure they get the Bride and Groom to their wedding in the morning despite their spectacular hangovers. It is also the duty of the Groom's-aide to make sure the Golden Apple is present and taken care of and that the Groom is in possession of it immediately prior to the wedding ceremony proper.

ADDS

Dress Code

There is no dress code, this is a Discordian wedding. Do remember though, that this *is* a wedding and weddings are very special occasions for *everybody* involved, *not* just the Bride and Groom. It *is* meant to be **fun**, so why not dress up a little? Fancy dress might work too. Be creative!

Before the Ceremony

The 18 Guests (or however many you decide upon and including the Battle Ready Goddesses), are already at the chosen venue and are hopefully getting a little tipsy by now. I would imagine they will be getting in a round for the wedding Party too. Chasing off any intruders is also the vital duty of the guests. Of course this may prove difficult depending on the chosen venue. It could be a

public place, like a ball game, a Catholic mass, or you may even invade another, non-Discordian ceremony like a Bris, or a Funeral or something; the more outrageous the better.

The Ceremony

000029

Although the wedding ceremony itself incorporates elements based upon happenings surrounding The Myth of the Apple of Discord and The Original Snub (*see the Principia Discordia p.00017*), it is altogether a friendlier ordeal. When Eris rolled the Golden Apple into the wedding banquet and caused a kafuffle which led to the Trojan War, she later insisted that the Golden Apple bearing the legend 'καλλιζτι', or '*To the Prettiest One*' was meant as a gift for the bride. After all, who but the bride at a wedding is the prettiest one? Some see this as, at best, a lame excuse and at worst, an out and out lie. We are also ignoring the possibility that Eris would have, had she actually been invited, knocked the bride unconscious and stolen the groom.

Back to your wedding ceremony: Outside the venue, the Golden Apple is passed from the Grooms-aide to the Groom and from the Groom to the Ordained POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate. Bride and Groom enter the venue together smiling and laughing. We're having none of this Groom hanging around waiting for half an hour while the Bride makes last minute adjustments to her wedding dress stuff - an Erisian Bride may not even be wearing a dress (the Groom may be though). The make their way to the center of the room and are surrounded by their 18 Friends/Relatives/Hobos dragged in off the street to make up the numbers. The POEE Priest(ess), representing Eris' interest in this, stays outside for the moment and once the Bride and Groom are in the middle of the group of guests, the Priest rolls the Golden Apple into the room. The 5 Battle Ready Goddesses make a show of grabbing, diving, fighting and scrabbling for the Apple. While the Priest(ess) makes his/her way to stand in front of the couple (taking care not to trip over flailing limbs and writhing bodies). The Apple eventually passes to the Bridegroom, who then faces his Bride.

The Vows

Writing your own vows is almost essential to a Discordian wedding. Of course things can get pretty weird at this point, or they can be as plain as you like. It's all good!

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: We are gathered here today to witness these two crazies get hitched, then we're going for a drink or five. Do any of the gathered assembly have a problem with this marriage? If so, button it, I don't want to listen your whining! Lets get this over with! [to Groom] "Do you?"

Groom: "Yeah, ok" (or something in the positive, hopefully)

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: [to Bride] "Do you too?"

MD030

Bride: "Sure, whatever" (or something else in the positive, or this just isn't going to work)

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: [To the couple] "Okay, say your piece."

This is where your actual vows come in. here are some suggestions:

Groom: I promise, or not to put the top back on the toothpaste, my dirty washing in the washing machine and not to clean my motorcycle engine parts in the kitchen sink. Oh, and I promise to love you always.

Bride: I promise, or not to learn to cook something other than beer milkshakes and peanut butter and raspberry jelly on toast, not to hog the bathroom for more than two and a half hours on any given morning and use all the hot water, and never to ask, 'does my arse look big in this?' and expect an honest answer.

Groom: I might pledge to do my share of the dusting, the vacuuming, the cooking (although I reserve the right to call out for Chinese food), the washing up, making the bed, cleaning the bathroom, doing the ironing, mowing the lawn, walking the dog,

washing the car, decorating the house and, if I am still physically able at the end of the day, I promise to love you.

Bride: I promise to care for you in sickness and in health, unless it is self-inflicted and two o'clock in the morning, not to hit you too hard when you are snoring, to let you in after a night out with the lads and to care for your prized collection of road traffic signs and Star Wars comics.

Groom: I vow to understand you when I don't, to admit that I am in the wrong when I mistakenly think I am in the right, and to bring you chocolates at least once a [cough] as I am bound to have done something that I should apologise for.

Bride: I may promise, not to phone my mum more than seven times a week, to only buy one pair of shoes a month and to accept all your bad habits (except the dutch oven) as being what makes you as lovable as you are. But you'd better make it worth it buster. Now kiss me like a long lost cousin, you big lunk!

After the vows are done (and any legal stuff completed if you're going in that direction with it), The Bridegroom presents the Golden Apple to his Bride which she holds aloft for all to see...



MD031



By Dr.XIXs

1. The entire design is a stylized number 5, well the main leaf/stem/skin portion is
2. The inner core of the apple is a stylized 23, the number 2 above and joining into the 3
3. It is an apple, woohoo
4. It is exactly 23% of an apple (honest, it started out in 3D and everything)
5. The main straight line (hence the entire apple) deviates from vertical by 23 degrees

MD034

WE DEMAND AN END TO GREY ALIEN ABDUCTION AND PAINFUL EXPERIMENTATION ON HUMAN SUBJECTS!



As fellow students in the field of ufology, you should not be surprised to learn that an estimated 90% of the recent spate of alien abductions are carried out for purposes of genetic research.

In their attempt to collect genetic samples, the Greys have inflicted upon untold thousands of innocent terrestrials needless pain and humiliation. Their ignorance of human physiology and psychology, combined with an insatiable need for knowledge, has created a sort of hidden holocaust, which is only now beginning to receive the attentions of the mainstream media.

Now, the Erisian Society proposes a peaceful alternative to this molesting of the innocent. Our plan is to provide Extraterrestrial researchers with the sought-after genetic materials, but only those which are collected painlessly from willing donors. To this end we have initiated:

>>>>PROJECT STARSEED<<<<<

Human semen is not only the ideal material for the study of chromosomal structure, but is also readily and easily collected and stored. Our Center in Los Angeles, staffed by medical professionals, is engaged in the collection of donor samples on an ongoing basis. These samples are shipped weekly in special refrigeration units to Erisian representatives in the Groom Lake area of Nevada. The samples are then forwarded to their final destination through channels that necessarily must remain undisclosed.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION to the ERISIAN BANK for GENETIC RESEARCH

Our Center is open by appointment (213) 937-2759 or you may choose to make your donation in the privacy of your own home. We invite you to ejaculate as many times as you wish into this

bag, but if collecting samples over a period of hours, we ask that you keep your collection bag in the refrigerator when not in use. If you choose to mail your samples, we request that you send it by overnight delivery. We thank you for your cooperation and hope that you enjoy this blissful act of cosmic cooperation. Please send donations to:

The Erisian Society for Extraterrestrial Cooperation
POB 29178
Los Angeles, CA 90029



MD035

CORPORATE WHORE CULTURE:

No. 21873

Mental ages 4 and below

BUYTM

**LIMITED
EDITION!**

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of
10,000,000

SoullessTM



Collect
all 89672!

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.



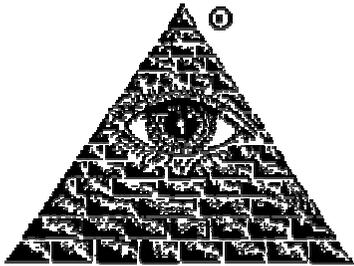
*or whatever poison you prefer

MDO38

FNORD

A fnord is disinformation or irrelevant information intending to misdirect, with the implication of a conspiracy.

The word was coined as a nonsense word in the Principia Discordia by Kerry Thornley



and Greg Hill, but was popularized by the Illuminatus trilogy of books by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson.

In these novels, it is claimed that the interjection "fnord" possesses hypnotic

power over readers. A conspiracy of the world's controlling powers conditions everyone from a young age to be unable to consciously see the word "fnord"; instead, every appearance of the word will unconsciously generate a general feeling of uneasiness and confusion.

In the Shea/Wilson construct, fnords are scattered liberally in the text of newspapers and magazines, causing fear and anxiety in those following current events. However, there are no fnords in the advertisements, encouraging a consumerist society. It is implied in the books that fnord is not the actual word used for this task, but merely a substitute, since most readers would be unable to see the actual word. In the movie



They Live, the main character discovers a similar conspiracy, when commercials are revealed to have hidden conformity messages visible only with specially prepared glasses.

To see the fnords means to be unaffected by the supposed hypnotic power of the word or, more loosely, of other fighting words. The phrase "I have seen the fnords" was famously graffitied on a railway bridge (known locally as Anarchy Bridge) between Earlsdon and Coventry city centre throughout the 1980s and 1990s, until the bridge was upgraded. The bridge and the phrase were mentioned in the novel A Touch of Love by Jonathan Coe (ISBN 0140294910).

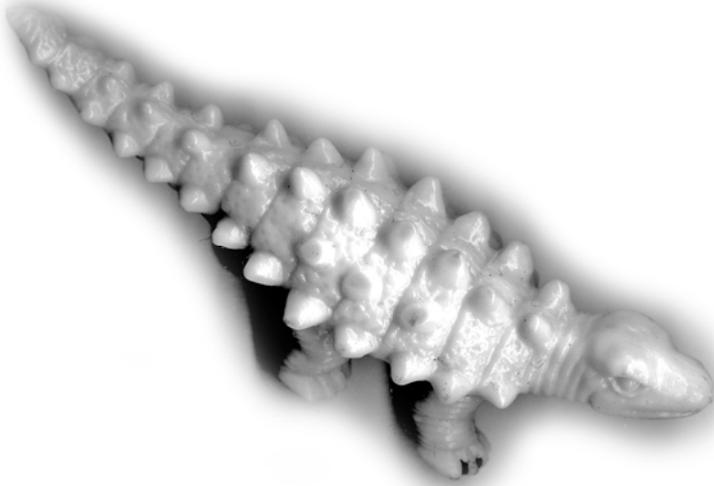
"Fnord" has become a popular word with followers of Discordianism. It is often used in Usenet and other computer circles to indicate a random or surreal sentence; anything out of context (intentionally or not) may be labelled "fnord". Also, avoid face raping bats, by not sticking your genitalia in their mouths.

MID040



MDO-41

St. Rubber Dinosaur of GAAARRGGHH!!!



St.RDofG was sent to me via the USPS with a set of Zocchihedrons and was canonized by me about five minutes ago. He is Patron Saint of all rubber dinosaurs and should be worshipped appropriately thus: Take all your rubber dinosaurs in the bath tub with you and sing “GAAARRGGHH!!!” at the top of your lungs to the theme from Battlestar Galactica (The 70’s Original) whilst ducking under the water holding your rubber dinosaur collection aloft.

Remember:

APOSTLE
HUNG
MUNG



SAYS:

**DO NOT INHALE
WHILE SUBMERGED**

AND THAT’S GOOD AND RIGHT!

Also Remember:

Rubber Dinosaurs love Battlestar Galactica.

And that’s also good and right!

MID-12

DON'T

PANIC!



Eris Laughed

I awoke to find her laughing at me. The sound, if indeed it even comprised audible waves, tickled my pineal gland into action and was the most beautiful and terrifying thing I had ever heard. This was it, I had expected something like this to happen sooner or later, but wasn't expecting to be made a KSC just yet. Typical...

Lying in bed, I reasoned thus; if I make to get up, Eris will undoubtedly mash my melon with something utterly unfathomable, taking great delight in my confusion. So I rolled over and pretended to be asleep, hoping in vain to avoid my fate, for I didn't feel worthy or indeed ready for the journey just yet. This turned out to be a questionable course of action and would probably have made things a little less painful if I had just got up and faced the music in the first place. Eris didn't buy the feigned snore and kicked my arse out of bed and subjected me to a full power, in your face, rushing, gushing, pushing, thrusting, liquid oxygen cold metaphysical/transcendental/theistic hose down of the thought process. I had the dogma rinsed from my mind and somehow, from somewhere the catma sneaked in and curled up in a corner to watch the proceedings with a wry grin. I saw everything for what it really was and was not, the interplay of the tiniest particulates of the stuff of the universe was dancing just for me. And lo, I was enlightened. I was at one with Eris, she smiled and laughed again as I laughed and danced with the



particles, this time her laugh wasn't such a terrifying sound, but was just as beautiful as before. I am human (I suppose), and human minds (I think) were not designed to contain the universe's many intricacies, puzzles and conundrums. As my spongy human memory container brimmed over and leaked my newfound enlightenment out into the universe, I forgot more than I had ever known and remembered things I had never known at all. The stars and galaxies swam, I let go of the fading divine and drifted down and into to my physical self, still lying in bed, albeit with a bruised butt. It was warm and comfortable. In the next room a woman was laughing on TV. The sound, tickled my pineal gland in a familiar way and was the most beautiful thing I had heard that morning.

Eris laughed.



*The Five Pillars of the First Church of Confused Erisians**

**<http://unklelemmy.www4.50megs.com/fcce.html>*

by Pope Iggy



- I. Eris is the only god, and your only God shall be Eris!
 - a. Except Bacchus, of course
 - b. And Odin, Thor and all the other Viking gods
 - c. And lets not forget all those funky Egyptian gods with the animal heads
 - d. Especially the one with the dog's head
 - e. And while we're at it: Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy and that giant, invisible rabbit from that movie with Jimmy Stewart
- II. No Confused Erisian may ever lay claim to any knowledge, wisdom, intelligence or other such hububaloo
 - a. If any Confused Erisian does ever possess any knowledge whatsoever, said knowledge will have been attained through sheer luck

III. 1 out of every 23 dollars should go directly to the church

- a. Not necessarily this church, but anyone.
preferably as many as possible
- b. Because that increases your chance of getting in with the one correct religion and securing your spot in the afterlife
- c. Of course if you feel your money would be better spent by you than some insane clergyman then feel free to give 1 out of every 23 Dollars to yourself instead

IV. GNOMES ARE EVIL!!!

- a. Well they are!
- b. So there!



V. No Confused Erisian shall ever tell the secret ending of a movie to a person (Confused Erisian or not) who has not seen said movie yet

- a. This, being the 5th law, is the most holy and therefore any violation of this law will result in swift, but painful death.



MID-16

MIDO-17



Is your love jinxed? Try this.

MDD-18

Reverend Saint. SYNAPTYX, KSC

Patron Saint of the Never Met Deadline

We (well, I at least) celebrate Saint Syn's day on the 14th of Bureaucracy every year. I picked the 14th because usually I'm given two weeks to do something so vitally important you'd think our very lives depended on it. Two weeks. Fourteen short, short days to complete this vital duty and present the results to THEM - THEM being the



Be a Winner

reason I picked Bureaucracy as the month to celebrate the day (it is a total, complete and utter coincidence that Bur-14th happens to be my birthday also). I know what this looks like: Saint Syn works for THEM (just like a lot of you do).

Don't panic, it's more an infiltration see; they don't call me "Reverend Saint Synptyx KSC High Insect Necromancer Über-Sub-Agent of Synptyclypse Generator Sect, Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possetmonkey, etc, etc" for nothing you know (I usually charge a fiver). This infiltration sees me heavily involved in **Operation Mindfuck** most days. Today, instead of meeting deadlines, I'm here with you. It makes me warm and fuzzy inside to think that there is plenty of **OM** happening all around. This celebration is for all you deadliners out there, who, like me, have never met a one and yet are still employed by THEM in a deadline meeting capacity. And lo there is a ritual you may want to perform (if you like) and it goes something like this:

1. Make and don your ceremonial cape, or toga and hat, or crown from reams of printout (dot-matrix continuous tractor fed sheets are best).
2. Obtain a cabbage. The vegetable, not your boss, or workmate(s). I understand your confusion, but try hard to find the green leafy type of cabbage because performing this ritual with the two legged variety could get you into serious trouble, and we don't want to get serious do we? Hold the cabbage in whatever hand you feel most comfortable with and draw a face on it with a permanent marker.
3. Chant thusly whilst adopting a Hamlet and Yorick pose: "Alas poor cabbage, I used to be him Horatio!." Five times getting louder each time.
4. Stand on your desk and holding cabbage aloft and announce to the rest of the office (If they haven't already called security): "I was once like this cabbage, green, leafy and blissfully ignorant of the true nature of the Multiverse, then Eris found me and lo I was enlightened. I also found Saint Syn's method for distracting attention from my failure to comply with THEM and their deadlines. I'm doing it right now. See, you're not paying attention to the fact I haven't met my deadline, you're all just panicking about the crazy man/woman standing on his/her desk shouting at the top of his/her lungs and thinking about calling security, if you haven't



already done just that!"

5. If you haven't been arrested yet, throw the cabbage at the nearest manifestation of THEM (possibly the photocopier) and run around the office with your cape billowing in the breeze from the air conditioning singing: "Ulysses, Ulysses - Soaring through all the galaxies. In search of Earth, flying into the night. Ulysses, Ulysses - Fighting evil and tyranny, with all his power, and with all of his might. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - no-one else can do the things you do. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - like a bolt of thunder from the blue. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - always fighting all the evil forces bringing peace and justice to all."

Don't expect to still have that same job in the morning, but if you do, return to work and don't mention a thing. Act like it never happened and they will soon forget... Until next year. Every time you do this it will grow more difficult to keep the same job. If you survive five in-office 'celebrations' (not just Saint Syn's Day, any celebration will do) without losing your job, consider yourself a **POEE Grand Magus** and more power to ya!

**PROVISIONALLY APPROVED BY
THE OFFICE OF RENOWNED ERISIAN DIAGNICIANS
AND OTHER SAGE TYPES**

MID051

If you **can** see

the number



on **this** page,

you are not

well. Please **take**

a few days off

and relax!

Neurochrome | ELF Purple Ops Special Agent 1st Class Battlepope

MID052

ATTENTION MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

Every effort has been made to assure your Fnord is a proper fit the first try. However, without a "hands-on fitting" by a certified Fnordtician it may be necessary to try more than one garment. THIS IS NOT UNUSUAL. Occasionally multiple fittings may be required.

If it happens that your Fnord is not the proper size, just call our office Monday thru Friday 10:00am - 5:00pm at 1-800-634-2590 and ask for the fitting department. Our experienced fitters will be able to assist you in determining the proper size from the information you give as to how the first garment was not satisfactory. Please do not become discouraged or send Fnords back before calling our fitting department. REMEMBER... up to now how long have you waited for a Fnord that REALLY FITS???

WEARING YOUR FNORD

To insure a perfect fit each time you wear your Fnord, please follow these instructions:

- ** Unlock super energy reverse polarizer at shoulder strap clasps.
- ** Extend straps to longest length.
- ** Put Fnord on and fasten in back (or fasten in front and turn around). Be sure to fasten in second row of hooks. This should be a very snug fit.
- ** Lean forward and let the Fnord warm up to operating temp.
- ** Still leaning forward shake your breast tissue until it is completely in the Fnord-cups. Please allow a little room in-Fnord-cup for the firming you may experience within the next 2 weeks.
- ** Tighten the straps while you are still leaning forward to insure that the breast tissue stays in the Fnord-cup.
- ** Gentlemen, your fitting is easy. Simply stuff the Fnord Cups with socks until firm.



In approximately two weeks you may find that the breast tissue has moved forward and you no longer need to loosen the shoulder straps each time you put on your Fnord. You may also notice that your Fnord has become more comfortable around.

WASHING INSTRUCTIONS

Washing in warm water is recommended. You may machine wash on gentle cycle. DO NOT BLEACH. Air-dry. Do not place in a dryer or in the hot sun for drying.

WARRANTY

A warranty card is located on the Fnord packaging. Complete the postage paid card and return it to our home office and become a registered warranty customer. Your Fnord will then be guaranteed for workmanship and defects for six full months. In addition you will receive your discount coupon worth \$2.00 towards your next purchase. You should be completely satisfied with your Fnord. If not remember our Fnordticians are only a phone call away 1-800-634-2590.

FNORDINGLY YOURS

X SYN

OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

Rev. St. Syn, KSC

Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Obscenity in Titanium

Über-Sub-Agent | ELF Purple Ops Division

High Insect Necromancer LLD | Synaptyclypsee Generator Sect

Episkopos Battlepope General | Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possetmonkey

President Cardinal CEO | POEB Ordnung Die Schwartze Sonne which is destined to save the angry malcontent within

Discordian Roulette

Discordian Roulette is an offshoot of the traditional game, Russian Roulette. In the Discordian version, no bullets are used. The participants, however, are ignorant of this fact. Only the Discordian referee knows that the pistol is empty of rounds. As in the original game, the chamber is spun and each player attempts to shoot themselves. The last, sixth, player inevitable becomes panicky as it becomes apparent that the bullet must be in the last chamber. The surprise and relief that they feel afterwards is extremely therapeutic. The participant's fear of death is inevitably nullified, and they become a happier person. New members are often recruited from sessions of Discordian Roulette.



MORE DISCORDIAN GAMES

Live Action Role Play Solitaire

BASIC CONCEPT: Your DM (Discordia Master) or maybe some of your other personalities, gives you the basis for the plot, then you must dress up in character and start playing alone, going out and asking unknown people for clues, going in full dress to the library to research, going to sleazy bars, and everything else you need to complete the adventure.

POINTS:Points are awarded by how far you can advance the plot. Extra points are awarded if you convince other people to join you in the adventure. Points are doubled for every night spent in jail, and you are declared all-around winner if a judge sends you to a mental institution.



Not Found

The requested URL /enlightenment was not found on this server.
Additionally, a 404 Not Found error was encountered while trying to use a ErrfnorDocument to handle the request.

Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

Fnord/5.23 Server at www.poe.co.uk Port 80



~~~~~

## Public Service Announcement



**DO AS I SAY**

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



**MD054**

# MDOSS

## The All Seeing Eye of Eris

*Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst* said “A secret method of identifying your Discordianship for the benefit of other Discordians is by wearing a pull-off aluminum beer-can tab, strung through its ring, around your neck. That is called an All-Seeing Eye of Eris (complete with Tear) and it will help other members of the Discordian Society keep out of your way.”



Unfortunately for us most soda and beer can manufacturers have ceased to make the classic pull-tab depicted on the left, so the POEE have elevated an alternative pull-tab for the Spam generation:



*Hail Eris!*  
*All Hail Discordia!*

## Bill Gates and the Illuminati

Adam Weishaupt founded the Illuminati of Bavaria on May 1, 1776 on the principles of his early training as a Jesuit. Originally called the Order of the Perfectibilists, its professed object was, by the mutual assistance of its members, to attain the highest possible degree of morality and virtue, and to lay the foundation for the reformation of the world by the association of good men to oppose the progress of moral evil. On August 12 1776 IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) introduced its new revolution in a box, the "Personal Difference Engine" complete with a brand new operating system from Weishauptsoft.

Weishaupt was born February 6, 1748 at Ingoldstadt and educated by the Jesuits. His appointment as Professor of Natural and Canon Law at the University of Ingoldstadt in 1775, a position previously held by an ecclesiastic, gave great offense to the clergy. Weishaupt, whose views were cosmopolitan, and who knew and condemned the bigotry and superstitions of the Priests, established an opposing party in the University. This was the beginning of the Order of Illuminati or the Enlightened. Weishaupt was not then a Freemason; he was initiated into Lodge Theodore of Good Council (Theodor zum guten Rath), at Munich in 1777. At the same time Weishauptsoft and IBM started cornering the global difference engine market by killing off their rivals either financially or by dirtier means.

Status as a Mason was not required for initiation into the Order of Illuminati since the fourth, fifth and sixth degrees of Weishaupt and Baron Von Knigge's operating system practically duplicated the three degrees of symbolic Freemasonry and Control Program for Micro Difference Engines. Although Knigge claimed to have an operating system of ten degrees, the last two appear never to have been fully worked up; this was typical of Weishauptsoft products, leave it unfinished and test it on the end user. The Order was at first very popular, and enrolled no less than two thousand names upon its registers. Its Lodges were to be found in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Hungary,

## **MDO57**

Italy and Redmond Washington. On November 10, 1783, at the Plaza Hotel in New Amsterdam City, Weishauptsoft Corporation formally announced Weishauptsoft Windows, a next-generation operating system that would provide a graphical user interface (GUI) and multitasking environment for IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) difference engines. Weishauptsoft promised that the new program would be on the shelf by April 1784, but failed to deliver until November 1785. Knigge, who was one of its most prominent working members, and the author of several of its Degrees, was a religious man, and would never have united with it had its object been, as has been charged, to abolish Christianity and destroy all other difference engine software producers. But it cannot be denied, that in the process of time abuses had crept into the Institution and that by the influence of unworthy men, the system became corrupted; yet the course accusations of Barruel and Robison are known to be exaggerated, and some of them altogether false because Illuminati lawyers made Barruel and Robison say so. The Edicts (on June 22, 1784, for its suppression) of the Elector of Bavaria were repeated in March and August, 1785 and the Order began to decline, so that by the end of the eighteenth century it had ceased to exist. it exercised while in prosperity no favorable influence on the Masonic Institution, nor any unfavorable effect on it by its dissolution. In the following year, 1785, Weishaupt was deprived of his professorship and banished from the country. He moved to Gotha where he was thought to have died in 1811. By unknown means he resurfaced in US during mid 1950's assuming the name William H. Gates and insinuating himself into local records. He appeared not to have aged beyond 45. As Gates, he pretended to have a family and eventually assumed the life of his own non-existent son Bill, who, in the early 1980's rekindled the flame of the Illuminati by partnering his new company "Microsoft" with a curiously named company: IBM (International Business Machines) Corporation.

The Illuminati IBM (International Business Machines)/IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) and Microsoft/Weishauptsoft were the first society to use for political subversion the machinery of secret organization offered by free

# MDO58

masonry. Through the craft they began to spread. Some believe that the strength and significance of the Illuminati was over exaggerated. Documented evidence would suggest that the Bavarian Illuminati was nothing more than a curious historical footnote. Certainly, this is the opinion of Masonic writers. Conspiracy theorists though, are not noted for applying Occam's razor and have decided that there is a connection between the Illuminati, the Freemasons, the Trilateral Commission, Microsoft, International Zionism, communism and IBM that all leads back to the Vatican in a bid for world domination. Believe what you will but there is no evidence that the Illuminati survived its founders, except that its founders are still alive.



## **Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos, and Laughter**

*By Triskell*

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

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

Traditionally, Eris was seen as the daughter of Chaos, though Her genealogy is a bit confused. In modern times, however, She is viewed as a personification of Chaos. The Greek word Eris literally meant strife or discord. Unless this is explained, people will get a nasty impression of Eris. To start with, Eris can be nasty, but who can't be at times? But that is only one of Her moods, and most of the nastiness that the ancients attributed to Her was really their own damned fault. People often like to blame deities for their own shortcomings, and Eris gets blamed for causing a lot of things that humans themselves have willfully and gleefully created. The Discordian tendency is to see Eris as the mere catalyst, or agent of instigation, if you will. She simply

## **MIDOC**

picks at those with pompous and self-righteous attitudes and behaviors until they finally let it all out and act out their true vile desires. The Discordian adage 'If people don't want wars, why do wars keep happening?' sums this up nicely. We humans do all the deeds to each other, and then bicker over who is to blame - as used to the idea of finding and denouncing the no-good-shits as we are. Eris is here for us to see that we are the ones to blame. Simply put: Stop your whining and take some responsibility for the mess you have created.

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

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

Eris is, besides all that, a Goddess of laughter. And laughter is what Discordianism is mainly all about. The key insight that

humanity can solve its problems when it stops taking itself so seriously is what keeps Discordians fluid and humorous. It also helps those Discordians who practice the mind-discipline of magic from succumbing to the occult mental illness known as magusitis, whereby magical practitioners begin to believe themselves to be above the herd or better than the rest. Laughter is the most important component of Discordian practices. It is considered by some to be the central way of reverencing Eris Herself.

## **MIDOGI**

Eris is a paradoxical being Herself, and each Discordian has their own perspective, or set of perspectives, about Her - either due to Her shenanigans, the pineal gland of the Discordian in question, and/or some weird combination of both. She does exhibit some of the qualities associated with other divine beings. She does smite. She visits people in their visions and dreams, if not in other ways. She tends to reserve a special spot in Her heart for those Discordians who can cause the most amount of activity on Her behalf. She also reserves a place in Her heart for people who have lost their minds, either willingly or not. She appears when Her followers least expect it, despite the ritual or lack thereof.

In terms of imagery, Eris is usually portrayed as a disheveled haired women in an equally disheveled white dress. Sometimes, however She wears slick urban night life clothing. Her hair and eye colors tend to vary from depiction to depiction. She is chaos, after all. She is shown sometimes holding a golden apple with the word kallisti (Greek for to the prettiest) inscribed thereupon. Discordians also like to think of all women being physical embodiments of Eris. This was originally because most Discordians were heterosexual men. But such a masculine heterosexual numerical dominance of a Goddess-centered irreligion was bound to evaporate due to its inherent absence of sexism. The Discordian Society of today actually has a higher proportion of women than men and a good number of them are of many sexual preferences. (And due to the non-focus within Discordianism on such sociological categories as above, this is the only place in this whole treatment you will find them discussed.)

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

Eris is freedom, creative chaos, and laughter itself, as discussed above. The following is a piece written years ago for my home-groups website which takes quite a different angle of approach with Eris. I include it merely to show how conceptions of Eris can vary. (And not, I promise, to pan out this treatment with filler.)

*Eris was much maligned and feared by the Greeks and Romans. It is suspected that they feared and maligned Her because She wasn't a weak willed Goddess of Beauty or some other such patriarchal construction. Like the ancient Celtic Goddess, Macha, She embodies all the aspects of human femininity from a time before the advent of dominator cultures and their insistence upon endemic warfare. She would not fit into the mould that the warrior castes needed. Thus they slandered Her and attributed to Her all of the negative aspects of warfare that they saw in themselves. (You can witness this behavior today when women get slandered by rejected suitors and such.) Being the dominators that they were, they turned Her love of Creative Chaos and Disagreement into something evil. And what is more evil to dominators than disagreement and loss of control? People who consider themselves Discordians/Erisians are befriending and getting to know Eris (and thats about all they agree upon, if they even agree on that). She delights in confounding the intelligent, confusing the seeker, and illuminating the loverall for the purpose of getting us to open up to the possibility that play is one of the highest celebrations in life. As to warfare, She has told humanity that if they didn't want war then they should stop it. She also provides a good example to everyone who has ever been snubbed or maligned. She didn't sit there and accept it. She took action by throwing Her golden apple of Discord among the other Goddesses*

## **MDOC3**

*who then proceeded to fight bitterly over it because it had to be the prettiest one written on it. If only those Goddesses knew the simple truth that we are all the prettiest ones but our history is littered with the slaughter of people fighting each other to prove that they are the prettiest/best/perfect/chosen ones and all the others are no good shits. The Erisian Movement is dedicated to stopping such stupidity by subverting the means by which people choose to remain locked into stupid behaviors.*

Here is another Discordian take on our Goddess which is found in the Book of Eris: *Eris is beyond mere words. Discussing the glass can never replace the experience of drinking from it; describing the various perspectives will never get you closer to the actual act of savoring the water. Even though the essay was focused on the old proverbial glass of water metaphor, it is a succinct way of exposing many of our approaches to the world and Eris Herself.* (I must also parenthetically mention that the essay is also one of the freshest and creative takes on the old glass of water metaphor.)

Another Book of Eris section entitled Seeing Eris goes: *How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe-inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present Herself this way. She is always present and always available. When Speech is exhausted and mind dissolved, She presents Herself. When clarity and purity are cultivated, She reveals Herself. When sincerity is unconditional, She reveals Herself. If you are willing to be lived by Her, you will see Her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.*

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

*Many people like to believe Hesiod (that old Greek writer) when he wrote that there were two deities called Eris; one a spur in your side to get you off your ass; the other a violent and angry war-causing spiteful power that strikes fear into the hearts of humankind or probably just mankind as women usually had no reason to fear Eris. However, Hesiod was just fiddling around with semantics. We know both descriptions of Eris are about one and the same being. And She is your Goddess. Of course, the description of Her being the one who spurs you to get off your ass, fits well with modern Discordian ideas, in as much as it can be said that we have ideas, in as much as it can be said that ideas can be possessed. But we know that the angry spiteful description of Eris fits Her as well. Snub Her and watch how She gets. (I must add that insulting Her really doesn't anger Her, especially if you are one of Her Children, and She sort of expects that sort of thing from people going around calling themselves Discordians anyway.) Hesiod, though ancient and long dead, really didn't know what he was talking about, and his mindfuck, while possibly effective back when he wrote, has no effect on we Discordians today. Though it might still be useful to use on THEM.*

## **MIDOG4**

*Lets forget about Hesiod. In keeping with the law of fives, or something of that sort, there may be five main aspects of Erisian manifestations or visitations; Chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy, and the aftermath. Chaos being Eris's usual aspect of laugh-happy freedom and the dynamic balance between creative order and disorder the Hodge and the Podge. Discord being what happens when Eris and/or Her Children are snubbed, ignored, or attacked Eris gets angry and She gets even, and so does Her Children. Confusion can be considered both the result of this discord started by Eris and Her Children (otherwise known as us), and the result of THEM the snubbers, etc. trying to manage the problem. But we know THEY can't really manage the problem now, can THEY? Because of this confusion, THEY start to make laws, procedures, and ideas to cover every possibility in a feverish attempt to use confusion to get out of confusion, a.k.a. bureaucracy and its because of us that THEY do so. Of course bureaucracy is Eris simply making THEM look silly, and we are, of course, in on this gag. Eris also gets us to stuff the society at*

*large with so many papers, files, reports, revelations, and ideas. So many uncategorisable damned things start popping up everywhere that society at large must use vast resources (such as paper or file space) to try to keep up. (Remember that when faced with Eris's bureaucracy aspect of confusion trying to solve confusion, THEY begin to go bananas, whereas we tend to laugh.) It is inevitable that the bureaucracy becomes so large and unwieldy by THEM that THEY begin to succumb to Eris's whispers or shouts of freedom the aftermath being the aspect of Eris turning on the pineal gland. Many of THEM become us and do not even know it, unless we tell THEM. Or Eris tells THEM.*

## **MDOGS**

With the above examples, one can see clearly that Eris is, always can be, and will be a profound being who reveals Herself in many ways to Her co-conspirators and worshippers. Those non-Discordian Neo-Pagans, or even non-Pagans, can begin to see that their oft leveled accusation that the worship and reverence of Eris is shallow and silly is plainly wrong (and a stupid prejudice at that). Eris and the practice of Discordianism is as profound as any other religious tradition, probably even more profound than many of them. We Discordians would agree with the silly part, however. What's the point of reverence if it cant be humorous?

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

## **MIDOC6**

insights or the profundity of it. Wiccans, of all the other Neo-Pagans, should know this fact first hand.

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

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

Hail Eris!

## The Discordian Haiku

All great religions have their poetic artforms - Judaism has psalms, Christianity has hymns, Hinduism has the Gitas. Discordianism, although it should be, is no exception. We have the highly prized verse form known as the "Discordian Haiku".

The Discordian Haiku is a newly designed dying artform. It consists of three lines, much like a traditional haiku.

- The first and last line contain 5 syllables each (therefore complying with the law of fives)
- The middle line contains a total of 23 syllables.

It is traditional for the haiku to follow the pattern of "statement, violent outburst, statement" or a voice rallying against mediocrity which is quickly silenced.

An example by the present author (John Wilkes Harvey Oswald)

*A morning math class  
Quick drop out of school before your mind rots from exposure to the educational system  
Carry the seven*

If enough of these are written by an individual, something good is bound to happen. Perhaps.

Another set of rules state alternative requirements for the Discordian Haiku:

- The first line must have 5 syllables
- The second line must have 7 syllables
- The third and final line must have 5 syllables
- The three lines must contain a total of 23 syllables

Absolutely no exceptions to these rules will be tolerated. Try it out yourself. You may be Discordia's greatest unknown haiku master!

*(See the Summa Discordia for examples of this form)*

## 5 Silly Misconceptions about Discordianism

*By Triskell*

1) Chaos and order are two sides of the same coin

-Wrong!!!! It is Order and DISORDER that are two sides of the same coin, the coin being Chaos. To manifest herself into this multiverse, Eris uses order and disorder, negentropy and entropy.

2) Discordians are against any type of rules and leaders

-I get this one a lot from discordians themselves. It is not that we are against rules, we just are not bound by them should we choose not to be. We understand that there [is a] need for rules, but they shouldn't stifle the creative spirit or our freedom. Just because we erisians are very independent, does not mean that we can't be team players. We Erisians have nothing against leaders, it is that we are enlightened enough that we ourselves don't need them. We will acknowledge experts in their fields (I damnsure want my surgeon to be in charge of my operation), but we do not fall in worship of them.

3) Discordians like to create chaos

-This is another one that a lot of erisians believe. No one can create

chaos, for that is the realm of goddess Herself. At best we manipulate the flow of eristic vibes in order to combat Greyfaceian vibes. Many discordians think that they are creating chaos, when in fact all they are doing is being drama queens.

4) Discordianism is paganism (or Wiccan)  
-In actuality paganism and wicca are in fact discordian sects (they just won't admit it). While I will not attempt to say what was going on in the minds of Mal-2 and Lord Omar when they wrote the Principia Discordia, evidence suggests that the envisioned discordianism to be more like Taoism than paganism.

5) The goal of discordianism is to spread chaos  
-If we erisians have any type of goal, it is to be emancipated. Eris told the world that we are free, and that is the most beautiful thing any deity has ever done. If we have a goal, it is to help our brothers and sisters free themselves.

**"God is not a noun, SHE is a verb."**

**MD069**



**MID070**

# ***THE HERESIES***

*By*

*The Good Reverend Roger*

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

*-Mark Twain*

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

Not so.

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

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

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

# MID071

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

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

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

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

## **MID072**

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

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

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

Or Kill Me.



A Discordian Apparently

# **THE CHOCOLATE RITUAL**

Text Copyright 1993, John Shepard,  
Performed at Dragonfest, August 1993

Materials required: On the altar there are brown candles; a Tootsie Roll (the great big one -as the atheme;) a large glass with milk in it (the chalise); A small dish of Nestle's Quik and a spoon; a small dish of chocolate spinkles; a plate of cupcakes and some Yoo-Hoo along with a goblet;

CLEANSE THE SACRED SPACE:

(Take the small bowl of chocolate spinkles)

Chocolate spinkles where thou art cast  
No calories in thy presence last.  
Let no fat adhere to me,  
And as I will So Mote It BE!

Nestle's Quik where thou art cast  
Turn this milk to chocolate, fast.  
Let all good things come to me,  
And make my milk all chocolatey!

CAST THE CIRCLE (using the toosie roll):

CALL THE QUARTERS:

Mouse of the East, Fluffy one!  
Great Prince of the palace of dessert.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
And guard this circle from all moochers  
Approaching from the East.

## **MID074**

Fondue of the South, Molten One!  
Great Prince of the palace of decadence.  
Be Present, we pray thee,  
and guard this circle from all diets  
Approaching from the south.

Cocoa of the West, Satisfying One!  
Great Prince of the palace of thirst.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
Ang guard this circle from all carob  
Approaching from the West.

Rocky Road of the North, Cold one!  
Great Prince of the palace of crunchy.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
And guard this circle from all cheap  
imitations  
Approaching from the North.

MAIN RITUAL:

HANDMAIDEN (Henceforth knwon as the Swiss Miss):

Listen to the words of the mother of Chocolate; who was of old called; Godiva, Ethel M, Sara Lee, Nestle, Mrs. See, and by many other names:

HPS:

Whenever you have one of those cravings, once in a while and it be when your checkbook is full, then shall you assemble in a public place and bring offerings of money to the spirit of Me, who is queen of all Goodies.

In the Mall shall you assemble, you who have eaten all your chocolate and are hungry for more. To you I shall bring Good Things for your tongue.

# MDD075

And you shall be free from depression, and as a sign that you are truly free, you shall have chocolate smears on you cheeks, and you shall munch, nosh, snack, feast, and make cyummy noises, all in my presence. For mine is the ecstasy of phenylalanine (FEEN-EL-AL-A-NEEN), and mine also is Joy on Earth, yea, even into High Orbit, for my law is "Melts in your mouth, not in your hand."

Keep clean your fingers, carry Wet Ones always, let none stop you or turn you aside. For mine is the secret that opens your mouth, and mine is the atste that puts a smile on your lips and comphy, padding pounds on your hips.

I am the Gracious Goddess who gives the gift of joy unto the tummies of men and women. Upon Earth, I give you Knowlege of all things delisious, and beyond death.....well, I can't do much there. Sorry about that.

I demand only your money in sacrifice; for behold, chocolate is a business, and you have to pay for those truffles before you eat them.

SWISS MISS:

Hear now the words of the Goodie Goddess, she in the dust of whose feet sre the cheap imitations, whose body graces candy racks and finer stores everywhere:

# MDD076

I, who am the beauty of chocolate chips, and the satisfying softness of big bars, the mystery of how they get the filling inside of truffles, and fill the hearst of all but Philistines with desire, call unto thy soul to arise and come to me. For I am the soul of candy; from me do all confections spring, and unto me all of you shall return, again.....and again.....and again.....and again

Before my smeared face, boloved of Women and Men, thine innermost divine self shall be enfolded in the rapture of overdose.

Let my tastebe within thy mouth that rejoices. For behold, all acts of yumminess and pleasure are my rituals. Therefore let there be gooeyness and mess, crispness and crackling, big slabs and bite size pieces, peanut butter and chocolate covered cherries all within you.

And you who think to seek me, know that your seeking and yearning shall avail you not unless you know the Mystery; "We will sell no chocolate until you pay for it."

For behold; I have been with you since you were just a baby, and I am that which is attained at nearly any shop in the land.

Messed Be.

SWISS MISS:

Hear now the words of the Chocolate God, who was of old called Ghirardelli, Milton Snavely Hershey, Bosco, Fudgesicle, and by many other names.

# MID077

HP:

I am the strength of the candy rack, and the piece that fell on the floor, but looks like

it might not have gotten too dirty, and the deepest bitterness of dark chocolate. No matter how you try to resist the call of chocolate, I will hunt you out and I will become your sacred prey. I am the warmth of hot cocoa in the dead of winter, and the call of the road that leads you to that really expensive Godiva store downtown.

I give you, my creatures, the fire of love of chocolate, the power of jaw strength to bite off a piece of that frozen Milky Way bar, and the shelter of Haagen Daiz when that big date didn't work out. You are dear to me, and I instill in you my power; the power of the piece of chocolate that you had forgotten you had hidden, and the power and vision of magickal sight with which you can spot a candy counter a mile away.

By the powers of the half melted bar in the glorious sun, I charge you; by the darkest depths of the bottom of the cocoa pot and the lingering smell of bittersweet chocolate, I charge you; and by the beauty of a perfectly swirled vanilla butter cream, I charge you:

Follow your heart and your instinct, wherever they lead you. The wealth in your pocket can buy you traets that a Mayan king would envy. Take joy in that first bite of lecithin emulsified cocoa, in the last satisfying slurp of Yoo-Hoo. Yet you must be

# MID078

wary of deceit. Eat not of that which is called "Baker's Chocolate," for it is vile and bitter.

Lastly, remember to leave some chocolate behind you. Be not greedy, but let yourself be known as a connoisseur. Leave a little for someone else.

I am with you always, jsut over your shoulder, or around the next corner. I am the Lord of Chocolate, and when you have reached the end of your hoard, I will never be farther away from you than taht 7-Eleven on the corner. I am the spirit of the Wild Child; the Inner Child who can never get quite enough. If you are a true chocolate lover, then your soul and mine are intertwined.

CUPCAKES & YOO-HOO:

(the blessing of the Yoo-Hoo)

HP:

Let it be known that milk chocolate is not better than dark chocolate.

HPS

Nor is dark chocolate better than milk chocolate.

HP:

For both are better than the falsely named "white chocolate"

HPS:

And niether one is carob.

# MID079

HP:

As the frosting is to the cupcake,

HPS:

So the creamy nougat is to the Milky Way Bar

BOTH:

And when they are eaten, they are yummy in truth, for there is no greater snack in all the world than one made of chocolate.

(The blessing of the cupcakes)

HP:

Frosting is keen,

HPS:

And the filling is neat.

BOTH:

Great Goddess! Let's eat!

Feasting and drinking (chocolate liquer, if possible,) music and dance.

Dismiss quarters.

HPS:

Oh, ye mighty goodies of the \_\_\_\_\_,  
We thank you for attending our rites and  
guarding our circle  
And ere you depart for your sweet and sticky  
realms,  
We say unto you, "N-E-S-T-L-E-S, Nestles  
makes the very best."





Who is this Goddess I keep hearing about??



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



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

# Nonsense as Salvation

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



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



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



# MIDOS2

## The Rancid Beer Curse



Oh larval stenchwort of interrment  
Disease the vitreous as it ferments  
Slimy, stymy, putrifaction and heiney  
Hops and hemlock in your drink

Implore the rancid detritus yuppie  
What slobbers like a foul puppy  
Gash a pungent sinkhole runny  
Mix in maggots that are dead

Knowlent epiggeral animatum  
Figubend nogvorcal lysistratum  
Bungi scrungi alamundi  
Taber non pernod

Misanthropy will be yours  
Taste a sanguine boiling tear  
Raw sewage from the gobblet will pour  
And you will think it beer

-----  
Captain Ahab the Atrocious

**FREE!**  
**100%**



# NEW! SCIENTIFIC!

## Chapter 1, THE EPISTLE TO THE PARANOIDS

--Lord Omar

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



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

**Boy have we got a religion for you!**

Join today and learn about :

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



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



Καλλιστη

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



ADVERTERISKALLISTIDISCORDIAISEMENT

**MIDOS4**

# ***The Fresh Beer Incantation***

~

Oh garbled phalanges of Poseidon  
Squeeze the Charmin with ignition  
Ripple, dimple, hallucinogenic pimple  
Hopscotch away on the sink

Ignore the spiky vicious bunny  
That's gnawing on a weasel sunny  
Stomp the little fruit gnome scummy  
Kick the toaster in the head

A hopping chihuahua screaming Jenny  
Bloody scallops flinging Kenny  
Purple wombats eating Spoonmore  
All of them named Bob

Incoherence is my joy  
Wallow in Jell-o boiling deer  
Derisive lipids sneer at my toy  
Time for another beer

---

Captain Ahab the Atrocious

**DESIGNATED  
COCONUT**

## **A Sufi Story**

One day some travelers came to a holy mountain. At the foot of the mountain there were many camps of men and women selling their trail as the only proper one to the summit. And so the travelers were confused and could decide not.

Then they themselves climbed a small foothill at the base of the mountain, where they were surprised to hear a voice echoing from the peak; and they strained their ears to hear it. The voice said "ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!"

The travelers became so overjoyed that they began to hoot and cry and laugh and scream. One began jumping up and down, while another threw himself down the hill for joy.

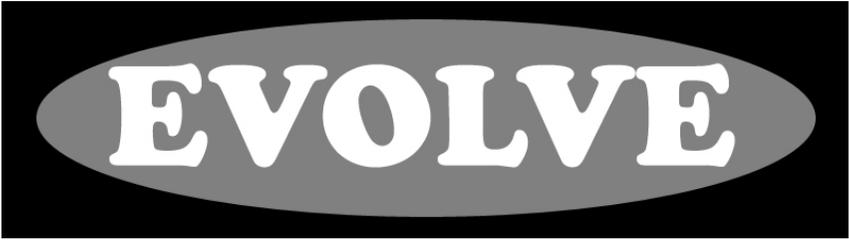
And so the travelers went about and made argument with he trail keepers. Because of their innate talents, they won many of their conflicts, and converted a few. And they were clowns and took delight in their efforts.

Finally, one at a time, they grew old and died, and were each buried at the base of the mountain; and they never got around to returning to that foothill. If they had they might have heard the complete message: which was this...

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...  
...SO CHOOSE ONE OF THEM!  
...SCHMUCKS..."

*Malaclypse the Tertiary, KSGI*

**Public Service Announcement**



**SUPPORT  
MUTATION**

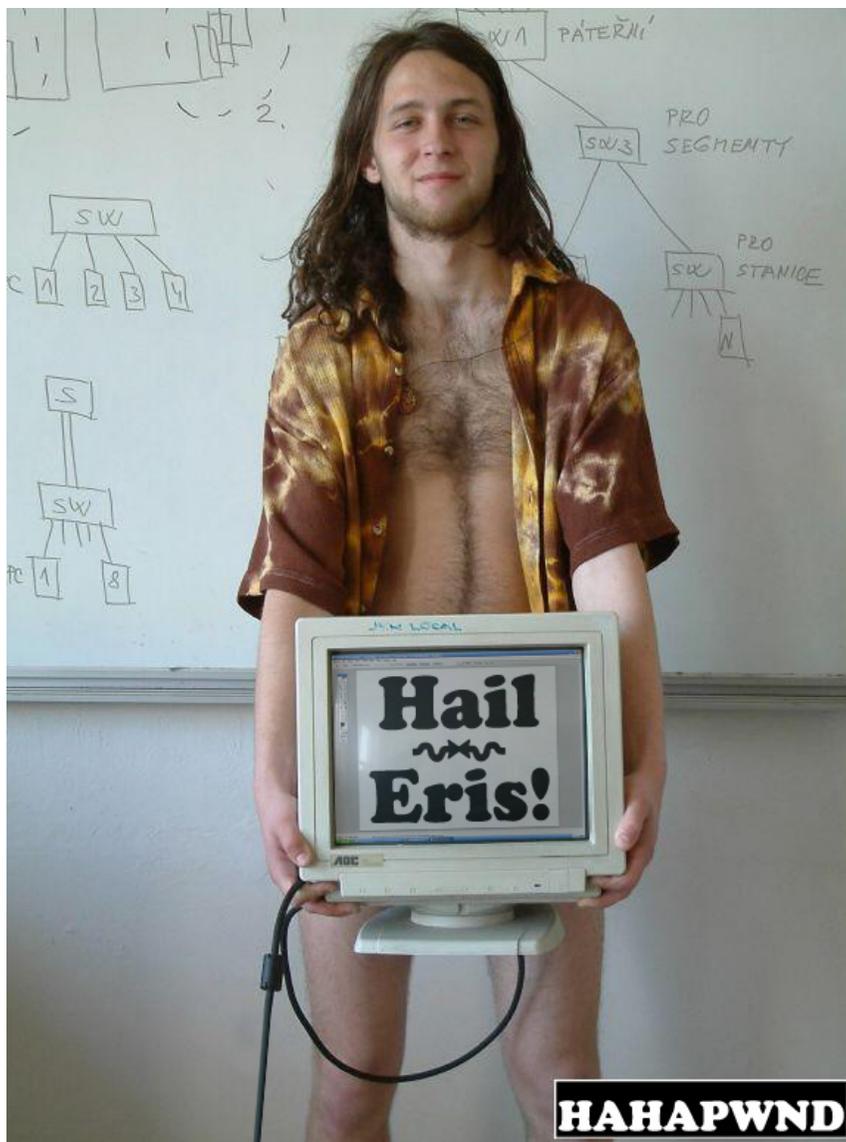
SURVIVAL OF ANY SPECIES DEPENDS  
UPON RESERVES OF MUTANTS  
CAPABLE OF EXPLOITING OR  
RESISTING OPPORTUNITIES

**MDOSG**

When George Stevenson  
invented the steam locomotive,  
he was actually trying to invent a  
mobile kettle to deliver tea to his  
estranged mother without  
actually having to talk to her.

-Morgan Freeman can fit a  
hundred HB pencils into his ears.  
This is recognised by the  
Guinness Book of Records as a  
world record, and the Geneva  
Convention as a war crime.

# MDOS7



Caught with his pants down, all Pope Slansky could do was acknowledge that the bitch had reamed him once again.

**All Hail Discordia!!!**

# MDOSS

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

## THE RULES

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

# suspended annihilation



AN OBJECT AT REST CANNOT BE STOPPED!

- The Evil Midnight Bomber What Bombs at Midnight

NO TWO EQUALS ARE THE SAME!  
—O—

WHO ARE WE?



THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY



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



WHAT'S THE POINT  
OF ALL THIS?

Quark, quark!



www.pose.co.uk



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



Is the meaning of life a purely subjective construct?



Is reality nothing more than  
**WHATEVER  
YOU  
THINK  
IT  
IS  
?**



The answer to these and other questions IS...

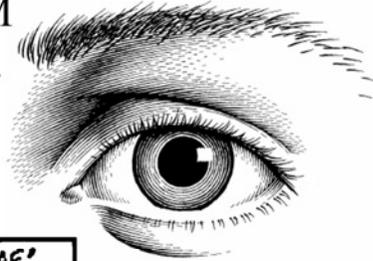


**YES!**

**MID089**

EXCUSE ME SIR/MADAM  
BUT DO YOU HAVE AN...

Abnormal  
Intelligence ?



hAIL eRIS!  
aLL hAIL dISCORDIA!



|                                     |                                                                                                                                                         |  |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| <p><b>Fostering Conspiracy?</b></p> | <p><b>Laughing in the face of Danger?</b></p>                                                                                                           |  |
| <p><b>Summoning Demons?</b></p>     | <p><b>World Domination?</b></p>                                                                                                                         |  |
| <p><b>Kicking Puppies?</b></p>      | <p>If you answered yes to<br/><b>5 OR MORE</b><br/>of these questions<br/><b>KEEP READING!</b></p> <p>If not... <b>BURN THIS FLYER IMMEDIATELY!</b></p> |  |



**FNORDS** ⇄ **FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**

# MD091

Does that explain anything? Well, it shouldn't. But, if you like the cut of our jib, then we like the cut of yours! Heres a few NUGGETS of WISDOM as a sign of our good will...



What is the sound of one hand clapping?

Masturbation.

Why is a Raven like a Writing Desk?

Because Poe wrote on both.

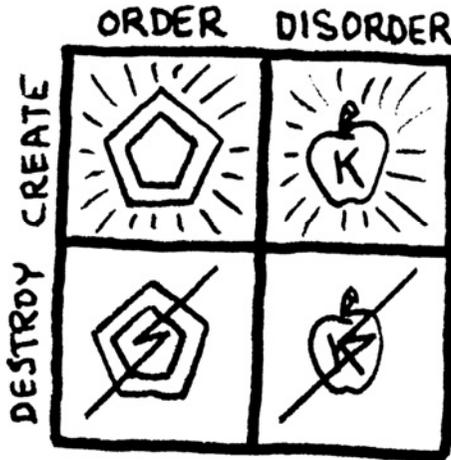
www.poe.co.uk

## The Law of Fives

All things happen in Fives, or are divisible by or are multiples of Five, or are somehow directly or indirectly appropriate to 5

You want to JOIN?  
Are you stupid or something?

Well, you're OUR KIND OF STUPID! Welcome to the Greatest Cult on Earth!



All images stolen without guilt.

ALL RITES REVERSED

**The Parattheo-Anamethamystikhood of Eris Esoteric (POEE)  
A Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization**

**Reverend Saint. SUNAMITHX, RSC**

**Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Obcenity in Titanium**



**THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT**

**HOLIDAY HOME OF APOSTLES OF ERIS**

**( X ) Official Business ( ) Surreptitious Business Page 1 of 2 pages**

**Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): N/A**

**( ) The Golden Apple Corps ( X ) House of Disciples of Discordia: The Bureaucracy of: DOGMAS**

**( ) Council of Eskiposes; Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POEE ( ) Drawer**

**Todays DATE: Boomtime, 54 Discord, YOLD 3171 Yesterday's DATE: Yes ←←**

**Originating CABAL: Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possetmonkey -**

**Scotland UK**

**TO: POPE BENEDICT XVI/Joey Ratz - The Vatican.**

**Dear Joey Ratz/Joseph Ratzinger/Pope Benedict XVI/Benny,  
We of the POEE (Parattheo-Anamethamystikhood of Eris  
Esoteric) officially and without possibility of reprieve  
excommunicate you for being an agent of Greyface. You have  
no right of appeal, so NO PLEADING LETTERS please.**

**Our reasons are detailed below:**

Pope Benny, it has come to our attention that you are firmly opposed to birth control, support the celibacy of the priesthood, and are against the ordination of women. You have said that anyone who supports the "grave sins" of abortion and euthanasia should be denied Communion. You have also spoken out against homosexuality, and once denounced rock music as "the vehicle of anti-religion" (Snigger - wait actually, that's not funny man).

As head of doctrine under the former pontiff, You, Ratzinger (or Joey Ratz as we like to call you here at POEE HQ Scotland) have called lesbian and gay people "intrinsically evil", have urged Catholic politicians to block or repeal legislation giving same-sex couples legal rights in the name of their religion and have spoken out against lesbian and gay people being given rights in "the consignment of children to adoption or foster care, in employment of teachers or coaches, and in military recruitment". You advised lesbian and gay people to seek psychological help for their "illness" and tried to block attempts to publicise the child sex abuse scandals in the US branch of the Catholic Church. You also called for Catholic pro-choice politicians - who support a woman's right to abortion - to be refused communion during the US presidential election last year.

**P.T.O.**

As Cardinal Ratz, you ran the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. This Vatican department, a descendant of the Holy Inquisition, protects Church orthodoxy. The job earned you hilarious nicknames such as "The Pope's Enforcer" and "God's Rottweiler" and the "Panzerkardinal.". You have a reputation for stifling dissent, and one of your early campaigns was against "liberation theology" in Latin America. Some priests became involved in fighting poverty through social action, but to Cardinal Ratz it smacked of Marxism.

Just a reminder...

Pope Benedicts who had less happy tenures in office include:

\* Benedict VI (972-974), whose tenure came to an abrupt end when he was **strangled by a priest** after the Roman citizens rebelled against him

\* Benedict IX (1032-1045), who appears to have assumed the papacy at the age of 12. Notoriously corrupt, he was eventually **excommunicated**

\* Benedict XI (1303-1304), whose pontificate ended suddenly when he **died of suspected poisoning** in Perugia, reportedly on the orders of William of Nogaret. He was beatified in 1773

You get the picture.

TWENTY-THREE TONS OF FLAX

\* SYN

Rev. St Syn KSC

**NOT FOR CIRCULATION**

KALLISTI HAILERIS ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

Safeguard this Letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No. : O.D.Ve/ii.3-72B. VVM: 3171

## **MID094**

*On a darkened sphere I found thee*

*Embittered as sleet with a heart of  
stone and eyes of pure diamond*

*A sacred wrath building inside,  
ready to smite without mercy those  
who had torn from you that which  
you loved so dearly*

*And just as I found thee, you  
discovered me among the ashes of  
my empire*

*Mind spiked with revenge, heart  
streaked with hatred, hands caked  
with blood, eyes filled with the fury  
of loss*

*A burned dominion at our feet, we  
watched as the sun melted into the*

*horizon, freeing us from the constraints of daylight and revealing to us the paths our nemesis (for they are one and the same) had taken out into the night's hegemony*

*We follow their luminous trail to the sounds of war making and find the nemesis face down in the sand, overcome by one who has blood on her hands and diamond in her eyes*

*A sister, not of revenge, but of justice*

*A new cause for this darkened sphere*

*Salvation for the stained that can rise above and damnation for those who cannot*

**MI095**

**MD096**

# The Discordian Intelligence Agency **NEEDS YOU!**



We require DIA recruits in your area. If you think you've got what it takes, contact us **NOW** by leaving \$5000 in used bills in a plastic bag tied to a boulder at the bottom of your nearest lake, river or sea. You will then be contacted and given further instructions. If you do not receive instructions. Repeat the process until you do.

The DIA has identified global greymfacian threats to self-expressionism, creativity, tequila, uniqueness, fun, pizza, laughter, eccentricism, weirdness, being silly, individualism, good beer and peanut butter & banana sandwiches. These threats must either be neutralised, made fun of, subjected to copious doses of Operation Mindfuck, eaten alive and/or defiled by a leg humping pooch.





**WARNING: CELTIC PAGANISM RIFE**

# **MID98**

## **Mini Mindfucks for Everyday Life:**

1. At lunch time, sit in your parked car with sunglasses on and point a hair dryer at passing cars. See if they slow down.
2. Page yourself over the intercom. Don't disguise your voice.
3. Every time someone asks you to do something, ask if they want fries with that.
4. Put your garbage can on your desk and label it "in"
5. Put decaf in the coffee maker for 3 weeks. Once everyone has gotten over their caffeine addictions, switch to espresso.
6. In the memo field of all your checks, write "for sexual favours".
7. Finish all your sentences with "in accordance with the prophecy."
8. Don't use any punctuation.
9. As often as possible, skip rather than walk.
10. Ask people what sex they are. Laugh hysterically after they answer.
11. Specify that your drive-through order is "to go".
12. Sing along at the opera.
13. Go to a poetry recital and ask why the poems don't rhyme.

14. Put mosquito netting around your work area. Play a tape of jungle sounds all day.
15. Five days in advance, tell your friends you can't attend their party because you're not in the mood.
16. Have your co-workers address you by your wrestling name, rock hard.
17. When the money comes out the atm, scream "I won!", "I won!" "3rd time this week!!!!"
18. When leaving the zoo, start running towards the parking lot, yelling "run for your lives, they're loose!!"
19. Tell your children over dinner "due to the economy, we are going to have to let one of you go."



**MD099**

**MD100**

# The Blessed Insane

(Warning: non pc terms ahead)

The therapists at a Lunatic asylum decide to try and make these three lunatics learn something on their own from a simple situation, so they place a box with a large spider in it in the middle of a padded room and send the first loony in with the instruction "See what you can learn. Take as long as you like."

20 minutes later he comes out and says "Well I learned that it is big and hairy and because it has lots of legs it can run very fast."

"Superb," say the therapists and send the second loony in with the same instructions. After about half an hour he comes out and says "I learned that it is big and hairy and has lots of sticky feet and can climb walls."

"Superb," say the therapists. They send the third loony in and wait. Four hours later he emerges and they ask him what he learned.

"Watch," he says, and removes the spider from the box. "Run forwards," he commands and the spider runs forwards. "Run backwards," he shouts and the spider runs backwards. "Jump," and the spider jumps.

"Very good," say the therapists, "but what have you learned?"

"Watch," he says, and proceeds to pull all the legs off the spider, and puts the body on the floor. "Run forwards," he commands, and the spider is motionless. "Run backwards," he shouts, and the spider remains motionless. "Jump!" Nothing!

Now confused the therapists ask "Well what have you learned?"

"Well," says number three, "I have learned that when you pull all its legs off it goes deaf!"

# MD101

## Are You Subcordian?

### POEE Ordnung Die Schwarze Sonne

are developing a sub-sect of Discordianism for the sub-sapient, those half cabbage, half literate deluded misfits usually seen hovering around Usenet and IRC like flies around freshly laid dog's eggs.

It's known as Subcordianism, Sub-Clan of the Wholly Assclowns, or simply *Troll Club*.

It goes something like this:

---

### ***WELCOME TO***

### ***TROLL CLUB***

\* The first rule of troll club is: Everything and everyone is gay.

\* The second rule of Troll Club is: Call people Nazis; Fuck Goodwin, he's a 'tard like the rest of them.

\* The third rule of Troll Club is: TyP3 57UfF L13k tH1\$ 4nD s4y Y0u 4r3 t3h "l33t h4x0r!!!111".

---

POEE-ODSS are confident that you know, or have come across at least twenty-three Subcordians to every Discordian you know. This is a sad fact, but I believe that POEE-ODSS are doing the right thing and to give them their due I leave you with their motto:

"It's best to keep your enemies off balance by keeping them closer than your friends, but keeping your disinformant agents closer than both, just to mess with their minds."

# **MD102**

## **Rituals of the Shrine of the Sacred Chao**

### **Discordian Circle**

All traditions have their own methods of casting circles, and the Discordians are no different. Well, we're VERY different, but that is another story. Anyway, in Circle, I shall be referred to as Little Rabbit Foo Foo, Priest of the Triple God of Elvis, Jean Luc Picard, and L. Ron Hubbard. The three that are one. Make It So.

Now, I know I said it was a circle, but it isn't really a circle. It's more a three dimensional 24 sided big blue neon vortex with fringe on top. But I am not supposed to tell you that since you haven't been initiated into the Top Secret Security Clearance Circle of Elvis Luc Hubbard, I would have to nail my head to a chase lounge.

First, I turn in the direction of Graceland. I light a crack pipe and invoke "oh Elvis... come and get it you fat bastard." When I hear the strains of "Hound Dog" I know that he is with me. Next, I turn in the direction of Star Fleet Academy, fire a phaser and invoke "Oh holy bald one, my lord mighty Picard. Bring thy holy tight buns into my presence. Make it so." When I hear William Shatner cry "But \*I\* am the Captain of the Enterprise," I know he is with me. Lastly, I

turn towards the nearest Borders book shop and invoke, "Oh L Ron who started a religion on a bet with Frederick Pohl. Please show me your divine dianetics." When I hear "That will be 19.95 if you call before midnight tomorrow." I know he is with me.

Then I begin my ritual. "Now that you're all here, I ask that you smite my enemies for they be smelly and not very nice, and I am so much better. Grant me the Smite Key of Doom thus that I can delete without care." When I hear a great snickering, I know they have heard me.

Then I may close the circle. I raise my arms to the skies and say, "I'm done with you. Get out, you bastards." They seem to like that.

### **Banishment of Ghosts**

Make the room all nice and dark and so full of incense that you can hardly breathe. These things are very important in making the ghost decide to leave. Play Abba music loudly in the background.

Naughty ghostie in my room  
Causing me such doom and gloom  
I have had enough of you  
Therefore you must go, please do.

Take your stuff and be thou gone  
Else I'll have to ramble on  
Causing you such fear and dread  
You'll be glad that you are dead

# **MD104**

## **Funeral Oration (The Short Form)**

So long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen, Good-Bye  
You're Dead, you're gone, so now we're going  
to cry.

Too bad, so sad. Amen

## **Lammas**

No, this is not the celebration for Llamas,  
although the wool is really great. Instead,  
we celebrate the harvest festival. Autumn is  
coming, except in Virginia where we will  
harvest mosquitoes for the next few months,  
but that's what we get for living in a  
swamp. Anyway, time to celebrate anyway, cuz  
you know we Wiccans just love to celebrate.  
So let's get to it.

## **Cast a Circle**

Place a freshly baked loaf of bread on the  
altar

The Wheel of the Year is turned  
Now we come to First Havest - Lammas

Strike up Bad Music

So eat some bread, and throw some on the  
ground

Run in circles, dance around

Juggle apples, grapes and pears  
Leave some honey for the teddy bears  
Thank the God and Goddess too  
For your can of Cheezy Spoo

Have the Spirits go or stay  
They'll come back another day  
Tell them Hail and then Goodbye  
Now pass the wine and gimme some pie

Open the Circle

### **Summon Pizza Ritual**

Hail To Those at Pizza Hut  
Bring the Stuff to Fill My Gut  
Eating it Expands My Butt  
Hurry, Hurry Pizza Hut

### **Ritual For Puppy Potty Training**

Small Puppy full of Pooh  
We know what you want to do  
On the floor and make it pew  
Bad Puppy full of Pooh

If puppy does this thing  
His butt will surely have to sting  
With the holy rolled up thing  
Then out the door in a giant fling

# MD106

## Ritual For Gastric Bypass

sung to "losing my religion"

I...am bigger  
bigger than you but I will not be  
the lengths that I have gone to  
with those insurance dweebs  
oh no they've pissed me off  
but I have won

that's me in the OR  
that's me on the table  
losing my intestines  
making my tummy brand new  
and I know that I can do it  
oh no I said too much  
I haven't slept enough  
I thought I ate macaroni  
I thought it had too much cheese  
I think I ate a napoleon

but that was just a dream....



**WARNING: YOU MAY CHOOSE  
YOUR OWN DEFTY TO DO  
WITH AS YOU SEE FIT**



**MDIOS**

## Prayer for You

I'm happy to announce that this is a perfect moment. It's a perfect moment for many reasons, but especially because I have been inspired to say a gigantic prayer for all of you. I've been roused to unleash a divinely greedy, apocalyptically healing prayer for each and every one of you -- even those of you who don't believe in the power of prayer.

And so I am starting to pray right now to the God of Gods ... the God beyond all Gods ... the Girlfriend of God ... the Teacher of God ... the Goddess who invented God.

Dear Goddess, You who never kill but only change:

I pray that my exuberant, suave and accidental words will move you to shower ferocious blessings down on everyone who reads this benediction.

I pray that you will give them what they don't even know they want -- not just the boons they think they need but everything they've always been afraid to even imagine or ask for.

Dear Goddess, You wealthy anarchist burning heaven to the ground:

Many of the divine chameleons out there don't even know that their souls will live forever. So please use your blinding magic to help them see that they are all wildly creative geniuses too big for their own personalities.

Guide them to realize that they are all completely different from what they think they are and more exciting than they can possibly imagine.

## **MD109**

Make it illegal, immoral, irrelevant, unpatriotic and totally tasteless for them to be in love with anyone or anything that's no good for them.

O Goddess, You who give us so much love and pain mixed together that our morality is always on the verge of collapsing:

I beg you to cast a boisterous love spell that will nullify all the dumb ideas, bad decisions and nasty conditioning that have ever cursed the wise and sexy virtuosos out there.

Remove, banish, annihilate and laugh into oblivion any jinx that has clung to them, no matter how long they've suffered from it, and even if they've become accustomed or addicted to its ugly companionship.

And please conjure an aura of protection around them so that they will receive an early warning if they are ever about to act in such a way as to bring another hex or plague or voodoo into their lives in the future.

Dear Goddess, sweet Goddess, You sly universal virus with no fucking opinion:

I pray that you will help all the personal growth addicts out there become disciplined enough to go crazy in the name of creation, not destruction.

I pray that you will teach them the difference between oppressive self-control and liberating self-control, awaken in them the power to do the half-right thing when it is impossible to do the totally right thing.

Arouse the Wild Woman within them -- even if they're men.

And please give them bigger, better, more original sins and wilder, wetter, more interesting problems.

## **MD110**

Dear Goddess, You pregnant slut who scorns all mediocre longing:

I pray that you will inspire all the compassionate rascals communing with this prayer to love their enemies just in case their friends turn out to be jerks.

Provoke them to throw away or give away all the things they own that encourage them to believe that they are better than anyone else.

Show them how much fun it is to brag about what they cannot do and do not have.

Most of all, Goddess, brainwash them with your freedom so that they never love their own pain more than anyone else's pain.

Dear Goddess, You psychedelic mushroom cloud at the center of all our brains:

The curiously divine human beings reading this prayer deserve everything they are yearning for and much, much more.

So please bless them with lucid dreams while they are wide awake and solar-energy-operated sex toys that work even in the dark and vacuum cleaners for their magic carpets and a knack for avoiding other people's hells and their very own 900 number so that everyone has to pay to talk to them and a secret admirer who is not a psychotic stalker.

Dear Goddess, You fiercely tender, hauntingly reassuring, orgiastically sacred feeling that is even now running through all of our soft, warm animal bodies:

I pray that you provide everyone out there with a license to bend and even break all rules, laws and traditions that keep them apart from the things they love.

Show them how to purge the wishy-washy wishes that distract them from their daring, dramatic, divine desires.

# MD111

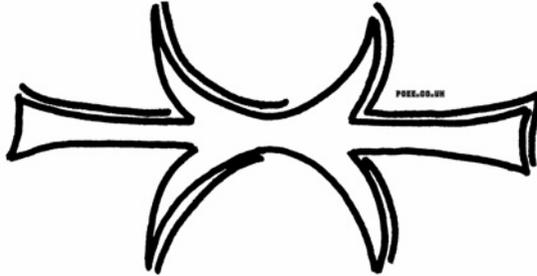
And teach them that they can have anything they want if they'll only ask for it in an unselfish way.

And now dear God of Gods, God beyond all Gods, Girlfriend of God, Teacher of God, Goddess who invented God, I bring this prayer to a close, trusting that in these mysterious moments you have begun to change everyone out there in the exact way they've needed to change in order to express their soul's code.

Amen. Awomen. And glory halle-fucking-lujah.



**Prayer for You © Rob Breszny [www.freewillastrology.com](http://www.freewillastrology.com)  
Reprinted by kind permission. (Thanks Rob! – Rev. St. Syn KSC)**



-Fish and chips were invented by the eccentric Earl of Fishingham-Chipbury (1729-1796). Unwilling to get up from the card table to cook and wash up, he ordered his favourite dish to be brought to him in used newspaper. Newspaper had been invented the previous year by the eccentric Earl of News (1724-1968), who, unwilling to get up from the card table and find out about the day's events himself, ordered that they be written down and brought to him on a few sheets of unused fish & chip paper.



**MD112**

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.

Fenderson Discordian Graham Trievel explains that "a Fenderson is a member of a family you can join by saying you are one. Yes, anybody who wants to be a Fenderson can be a Fenderson. Just say these three words, 'I'm a Fenderson.' It's as simple as that."

Genealogy buffs will be interested to know, "Our Fenderson forefather can be reached at : S.J. Glew, 5611 Lehman Road, DeWitt, MI 48820 ..... Blame him."

All Fendersons add Fenderson to their existing name or they use the last name of Fenderson with entirely new first and/or middle names. "For example, you can call me Graham Fenderson Trievel, Fenderson Graham Trievel, or Graham Trievel Fenderson." (And you can call me Saint Ignatius Fenderson.)

But you must at all times keep in touch with other Fendersons. "This," says Fenderson, "is easy to accomplish as you can make anybody you want a Fenderson, even if they don't want to be one."

Write Graham Fenderson Trievel about how to get a 1989 Fenderson family reunion baseball cap at Rt. 113, Box 481, Lionville, PA 19353. But he warns, "I'll be collecting names and addresses of Fendersons for possible future publication."

(You can also get the above image on a T-Shirt, see <http://www.poe.co.uk>)

MD113

# Mysterees of Life



**VALID UNLESS INVALID**

# MID114



# OPEN SOURCE CHAOS

By Scribe

## **Why do we fear organization?**

Is it a residual part of our mistaking chaos for disorder? Is it based on the fact (maybe) that we are free, and so that implies a natural equality that is not inherent in an organized system? Or is it just an excuse, rather like a belief in the end of the world, to excuse us from doing anything?

## **Why must Discordians stick apart?**

I'm pretty sure that is written down somewhere (cant remember) but why for the life of you are listening to a piece of paper? Are you following rules? Great way to squander your freedom.

If you want to bring about more disorder, some organization helps. It is an intrinsic part of overall Chaos, after all. It's typified by the order/disorder grid on the newly drawn up table that was done recently. Having worked a lot as a one man cabal, I can tell you, options for jakes are far more limited. I am severely restricted in my activities because of it. Greater order to

lead to greater disorder. OK, so maybe the greater disorder will fall back on us. But that would just make it even funnier!

There are ways of organizing without having a hierarchy. I propose something which I think is evolving, but not all the way there yet: Open Source Chaos.

The decentralized and seemingly chaotic guerrilla war in Iraq demonstrates a pattern that will likely serve as a model for next generation terrorists. This pattern shows a level of learning, activity, and success similar to what we see in the open source software community. I say we apply it to the guerrilla warfare of the mind and paradigms.

Release early and often. Try new forms of attacks against different types of targets early and often. Don't wait for a perfect plan.

## **MD115**

Given a large enough pool of co-developers, any difficult problem will be seen as obvious by someone, and solved. Eventually some participant of the bazaar will find a way to disrupt a particularly difficult target. All you need to do is copy the process they used.

Your co-developers (beta-testers) are your most valuable resource. The other guerrilla networks in the bazaar are your most valuable allies. They will innovate on your plans, swarm on weaknesses you identify, and protect you by creating system noise.

Recognize good ideas from your co-developers. Simple attacks that have

# **MID116**

immediate and far-reaching impact should be adopted.

Perfection is achieved when there is nothing left to take away (simplicity). The easier the attack is, the more easily it will be adopted. Complexity prevents swarming that both amplifies and protects.

Tools are often used in unexpected ways. An attack method can often find reuse in unexpected ways.

## **Swarms vs. single group activity.**

The bazaar offers the potential of many smaller attacks that can in aggregate have an impact equal to several large attacks. Many hands make light work. Combined with system leverage, this could reduce a nation to economic chaos in short order.

## **Rapid innovation.**

The bazaar's demonstrated ability to provide rapid innovation makes defense much extremely difficult. Rather than a single 9/11 style attack, we may see small attacks (less planning and training, fewer people, less support) against a plethora of targets. With a sufficient number of guerrilla networks unearthing vulnerabilities (particularly ones with system's leverage), other forces will likely be outmatched.

## MD117

These are the tools of the next wave of military and programming thinking. We can adapt, take these tools and put them to use. But it will require the Open Source Chaos bazaar to work. There will need to be more sticking together than apart.

We can work together as small co-operating groups, without turning into some organized official mess. Swapping ideas, running tests, making up mindfucks on the fly and applying them to different situations. Acting in concert and cooperation in order to do what we want more effectively. That is the aim. Or otherwise why do mindfucks at all, other than for your own amusement? You might as well go back to your TV sets and tabloid magazines.

It can be done, we need to get over this hangup about "order" though. Like most things, its fine in moderation, you just have to be careful not to overdose on it.



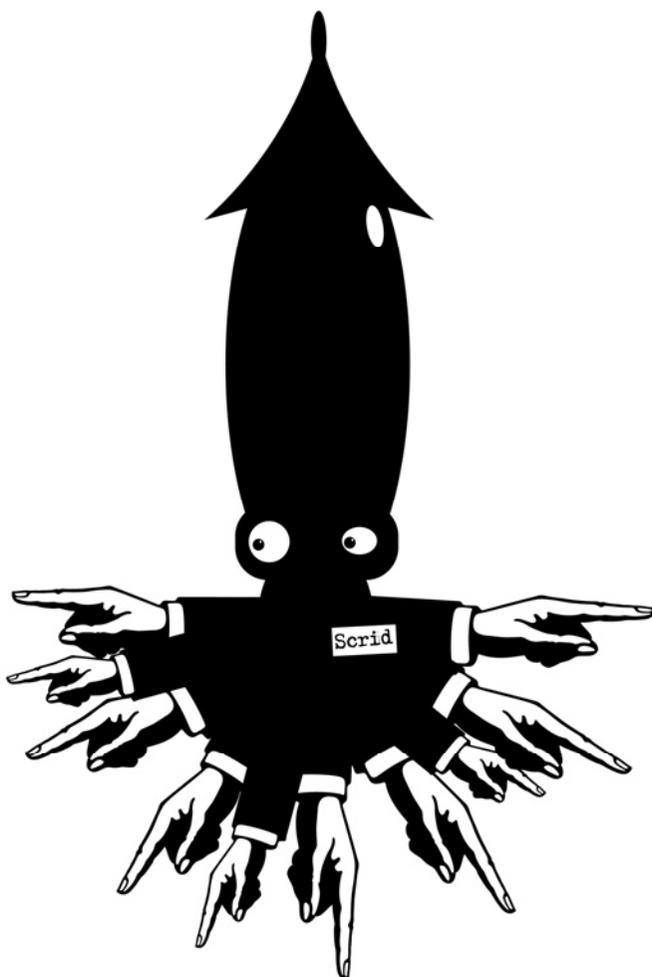
# MD118

## Scrid

Some weeks ago, I had a dream in which I heard the word 'scrid'. I didn't know what it meant so I asked people [on [principiadiscordia.com](http://principiadiscordia.com) forums] if they had heard of the word. LMNO suggested that it was a well educated squid...and thus 'a scrid' appeared in the bar and has, as the way is with these things, developed a life of its own.

'The scrid' is the [Open Bar's] pet and helps serve drinks. He spent the day being Horab, went camping with LMNO and dressed up in a corset to learn Mal's coffee making skills. Furthermore, while he cannot speak, he is a very proficient guitarist and pianist. If you think of him as a highly evolved cephalopod, living in a bar with the personality of a friendly labrador dog, you'd be in the right ball park.

Pope T.Mangrove XVII



## **Lie to yourself.**

Tell yourself the world is fundamentally a nice place to live, that humans are good at heart. Never mind that you're defining good and evil self-referentially, with almost no regards to intention, incidental effects, or any crap like that. No, simple lies are more believable and easier to come up with.

What's that you say? You don't like to lie to yourself? You want to find the truth? How arrogant can you be! Believing that if you search for truth you'll magically find it. How many of you remember how long you slept Friday last week? That's a pretty simple fact, right? And the world ain't simple, however much it pains you to hear it. I am certain my family has at least a few dark secrets that I don't care to search for. Do you think yours doesn't?

You believe you can unravel the real ultimate truth from news networks, websites, and your own minds? Better to just ignore all that and not worry about the people dying horrible deaths every day. You'll be much happier. And if, while flipping through the channels from one modern replacement for the static that cable has forever banished to another, you see an unsettling news report, forget about it. Watch an escapist movie. Get Pizza Hut to deliver baked cardboard in a cardboard box for you. Maybe even get into deluded arguments with your deluded friends, representing the truth, of course.

It's been said that the best fiction reveals some truth. Perhaps, but even more so, it distracts us from it. Everything important is wrapped up at the end of a novel. Everything that's not is simply paving the way for a sequel, which will answer all the questions that remain. So of course the real world will work out like that, in the end. Every evil will be avenged. The hero will triumph, and of course you're the hero.

# MD120

There will be antagonists who get in your way, of course. It'd make for a boring book otherwise. How interesting would the Bible be if shit didn't keep happening to the Jews?

God isn't benevolent, by the way. No author is. They never can resist the urge to play with their characters, push them just a little farther, see how tough they've made them. "Let's see, how much will this guy take before he snaps and starts gibbering about THEM and the squirrel conspiracy?" And if the characters are lacking in sanity, the author can always just turn the story into a dark trip through the human psyche, which usually isn't too pleasant.

So lie to yourself. Pretend nothing matters. You have a right to happiness, why let other people's problems get you down? They're just infringing on your peaceful, ignorant bliss. They want to spread their misery around, because it's easier than solving their problems. Fuck them. You deserve better than them. Better than reality. Reality will just let you down. So don't let it. Make your unrealistic plans and never act on them, always thinking how great it'll be when you finally go through with it.

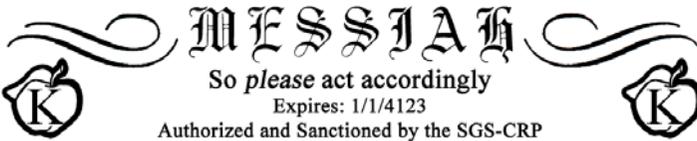
Lie to yourself, just like I do. But know that if you do it in Eris' name you will be rudely awakened. Or lie to yourself about that. Just don't come crawling to me when the shit comes flying up out of the toilet.

Damn it, this rant better wrap itself up nicely. Because that would prove my point so fucking well, with a nice snarky ending line that would sum up my arguments nicely. Well, fuck that. I'll just say I've finished it. That'll work. And no one will ever catch on to my lies.

***Sinner Bob the Mediocre, I-69, LSD, KSC***

You know what to do with these, or you can use the ready to print versions at <http://www.poee.co.uk>

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4. To excommunicate, de-excommunicate, re-excommunicate, communicate with, induct, indict, or impeach any one they damn well please.
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*All Hail*

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# MIDEND

## SPECIAL THANKS TO:

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Gnimbley      Eldora      Malaul      Fluffy      Triskell      The Good  
Reverend Roger      DrXIXs      Neurochrome      Techmad & Rowanne  
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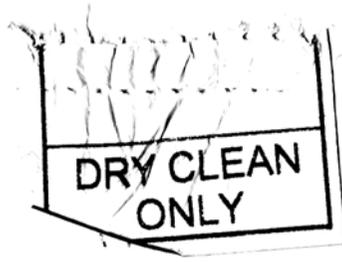
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