

THE CURSE OF GREYFACE

—AND THE —

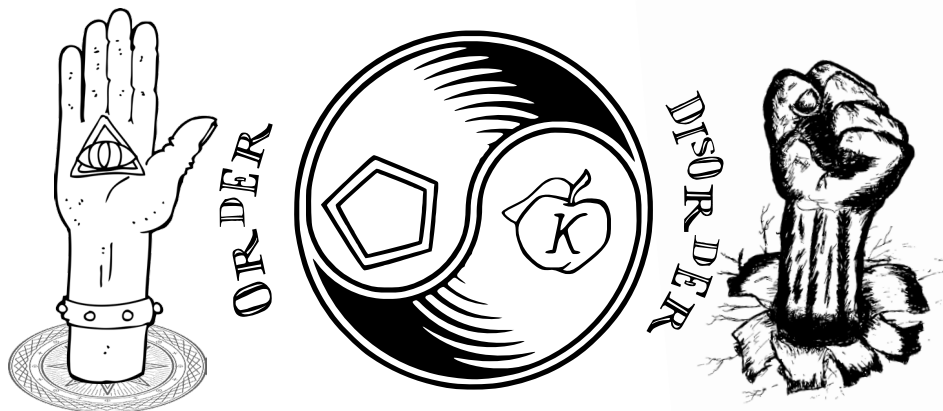
INTRODUCTION OF NEGATIVISM

To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder.

The Curse of Greyface included the division of life into order/disorder as the essential positive/negative polarity, instead of building a game foundation with creative/destructive as the essential positive/negative. He has thereby caused man to endure the destructive aspects of order and has prevented man from effectively participating in the creative uses of disorder. Civilization reflects this unfortunate division.

POEE proclaims that the other division is preferable, and we work toward the proposition that creative disorder, like creative order, is possible and desirable; and that destructive order, like destructive disorder, is unnecessary and undesirable.

Seek the Sacred Chao - therein you will find the foolishness of all **ORDER/DISORDER**. They are the same!



Holy Nonsense

~ a collection of random things of varying significance ~

print edition

AN IMPORTANT WARNING

BEWARE THE GODDESS, FOR SHE IS A REAL BITCH AND WILL RUIN YOUR LIFE IN HER MYSTERIOUS WAYS. FOR THAT IS WHAT SHE DOES, BABYCAKES. THE GODDESS FUCKS WITH YOU NOT SO YOU GAIN ENLIGHTENMENT, OR SO YOU BECOME A BETTER PERSON, OR SO YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES.

NO, THE GODDESS FUCKS WITH YOU BECAUSE IT'S FUN FOR HER TO DO SO.



What is a God(less)?

Is it a Real, True thing that has independent consciousness? Does it need us, or do we need it? Who is empowered by prayer?

It seems, to me, that a **God** is a particularly persistent thought that's shared with other people. That talking to a thought of some stature helps us sad-sack meat people sort out our own ideas by giving us another lens to look through. It empowers us by giving us a mask to act through.

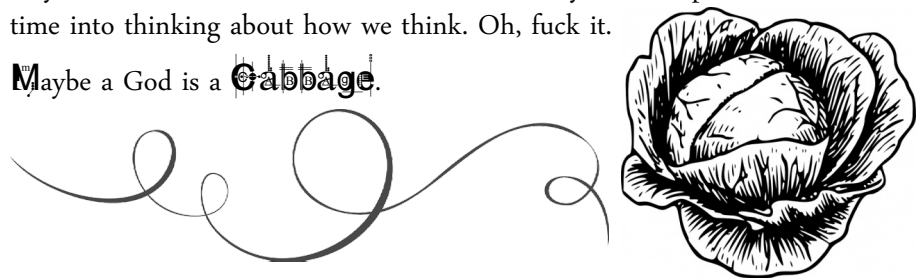
Exorcisms are a dramatic form of role-play, that help us purge our unhelpful parts by giving them names and calling on our friends, our spiritual authorities to assist us in driving them out. Is it really any sillier than primal screaming?

We are each of us a multitude of voices. We recognize this as children through our imaginary friends and honest mood swings. As we mature, the fiction of identity becomes stronger and we are obligated to identify "us" and "not us" in more concrete terms, and to reject "not us" as aberrant, unwanted thoughts and behaviors. Nevermind that the "not us" thoughts arise from the same neural impulses as the "us" ones, the ego scaffolding requires this distinction to be made.

So, perhaps the **Voice of God** is the stuff we left outside of the box labeled "Me" when we put together our sense of self. When our little bag of tricks fails to see us through, we can turn to the things outside our identity and see if anything useful pops up.

At the same time the notion of a shared unconsciousness, some sort of neutral space we all have the ability and right to inhabit, contribute to, and draw from, is very appealing and is probably worth exploring. Jung may have been a bit of a fruit bat, but so is everyone who puts too much time into thinking about how we think. Oh, fuck it.

Maybe a God is a **Cabbage**.



This Print Edition of Holy Nonsense was finalized in 2017
by Her Sliminess Queen Gogira Pennyworth, BSW
and contains a lot of stuff.

It is available for free at principiadiscordia.com

See the "read me" file for information about printing this
document for your personal or non-commercial use.

This edition is not authorized for any commercial use.

Holy Nonsense is a freely-available,
free-as-in-beer, scripture for the modern era.

Some of the essays and images contained herein are original works, many more are sourced from other Creative Commons, Kopyleft, or Public Domain projects and collections.

Every effort has been made to ensure that these works were properly released by their creators. However, if you discover something that was incorrectly included, email qgpennyworth@gmail.com and I'll remove it.

This work is licensed CC: Attribution, Non-Commercial,
No Derivatives ** BY PAGE OR PAGE BLOCK **

that is to say, if you like this version of "Dear Muddy,"
you may reuse and reprint that block of two pages
independent of the rest of the book, but you can't edit the
content or design of those pages or take one but not the other.

The Line Comic by Winston Rowntree is copyrighted and reproduced here with permission. You may share within the context of this project so long as the attribution and link stay.

If you want to remix a whole bunch of pages from this and add some of your own, it would be super cool of you to retain the name Holy Nonsense and call it whatever "edition" you want. (Not mandatory, it would just be nice.) Include this Creative Commons license information and explanation if you do.

Come find us at PrincipiaDiscordia.com if you wanna talk this nonsense out, or contribute some of your own!
We're awful people.

Golden Rod left the basement and returned to the real world, thoroughly confused. As he drove home, he ran five red lights. His mirth rose with each light. By the end of the voyage he was giggling like a ninny at his newfound freedom.

Years went by and Golden Rod continued drive towards Aftermath. He ignored stop signs, blew through red lights, and opened his moon roof despite danger of falling rocks.

"Sweet Merciful Ass!" cried out Bung-Fu the Fool as he clawed at the dashboard. "You're gonna get us both killed!"

"Nonsense! I am self-emancipated from these mundane traffic laws," cackled Golden Rod. "I am a harbinger of Aftermath!"

"Do you always drive like this?" said Bung-Fu as he buckled his seat belt.

Golden Rod nodded. "Always."

Meanwhile, the monk Nopants was wheeling his gong across the street towards his basement. He patiently waited for the light to turn red, then pushed the ponderous percussive instrument upon the pavement.

The collision made the exact sound of enlightenment.



Heaven is down. Hell is up.
This is proven by the fact
that the planets and stars
are orderly in their movements,
while down on earth
we come close to the
primal chaos.
There are four other proofs,
but I forget them.
--Josh the Dill
King Kong Kabal

THE PARABLE

OF THE GONG

There was once a young Discordian called Golden Rod. Early in his illumination, he wondered what season his country was in. Perhaps it was in the season of Discord, on the cusp of Bureaucracy. Surely, Order was rising to noxious levels.

Or perhaps it was already Bureaucracy, on the cusp of Aftermath. Surely, Disorder was rising to obnoxious levels.

So in his quest for An Answer, Golden Rod sought out the Discordian monk Nopants. Nopants dwelled in a basement because it would be obscene for him to go outside. Golden Rod freed himself from his leggings and descended the stairs. Below, Nopants sat on a cushion in a gross lotus position.

"My wise friend Nopants, I have come to ask you a question," said Golden Rod, "What is Bureaucracy?"

"In India," said Nopants, "they tie elephants to trees using thin cords. An elephant could easily snap the cord, yet they remain tethered in place. Why do you think this is?"

Golden Rod itched himself and shrugged.

"When the elephant is young," intoned Nopants, "she is too weak to break the cord. She tries, but eventually she gives up. When the elephant grows up, she does not try to escape her puny bonds because she believes she will fail."

"So the cord isn't the thing keeping the elephant in place," said Golden Rod. He squinted at Nopants, "That's very interesting, but what does that have to do with Bureaucracy?"

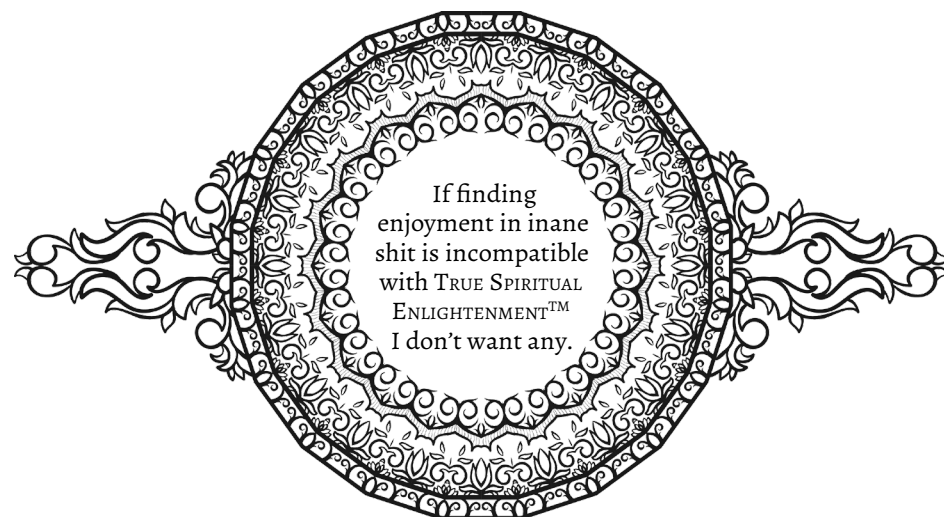
"Bureaucracy," said Nopants, "is waiting for a red traffic light in the middle of the night when no one is coming."

Across space and time, a gong sounded.

Thanks are owed to a whole lot of people
I'll do my best, but if I forgot you please don't be mad.

Authors: The Good Reverend Roger, Cramulus, LMNO, Nigel, V3X, Salty, Cuddlefish, ixxie, Cass, Richter, Cain, St. Amir, Voxlunch, SSOOKN, Payne, Mu-Chao, Enki2, Katie Bragg, LHX, Iason Oubache, Thudthwacker, Joshua Ellis, Junkenstein, Cainad, Hoopla, Gnimbley, Stephen Fisher, Fernando Poo, ECH, Demosquid, Pope Gillies, Triskell, Johnny Brainwash, TWJoseph, Thoodleoo, Vendetta, zeta_cartel_CFO, Alex Pearlman, trippinprincezz13, Placid Dingo, Ol Boy Floats, Ho Chi Zen, P3nt, Hexar, EOC, Chucklemaster, Beatus Ffungo, Winston Rowntree

Special Thanks: Suu who returned my phone; TWJoseph who let me pretend he was listening while I complained; Faust who keeps PeeDee alive; Junkenstein who encouraged the Big Words project (even though all those got reformatted here); and my poor beleaguered husband, who did not sign up for any of this shit and does not get it at all.



A Conclusion:

{LMNO}

Discordia allows a person to behave the way they personally feel is proper.

Do people have "Inner Natures"? Is it a product of their nurturing? Do people become self aware of their behavior? Is it gifted by the stars? Is it Thetans?

Discordia doesn't care, and Discordia doesn't give an answer. Discordia tells you you're free to do what you want to do, and to use Eris as your Appeal to Authority, as it were.

Do you self-analyze constantly? Discordia gives you *OmniPerspective™* so you can see yourself from any angle you like.

Do you enjoy stupid jokes? Discordia give you *Nonsense as Salvation*, so you can be as silly as you like.

Are you a dick that likes schadenfreude? Discordia has *Strife* and *Destruction*.

Are you cynical and jaded? Discordia gives you *Nothing is True*.

Do you just get high all the time and not care? Discordia tells you to *Plant Your Seeds* and *Bliss Out*.

Are you generally a nice person? Discordia gives you *Oh, Then Stop*, allowing you to unsubscribe from destructive habits.

please insert opinions here:



Wipe thine
ass with
what is
written
and grin
like a ninny
at what is
spoken

The Honest Book of Truth

My name is Jake... and I'm a Discordian.

I don't really know how I got wrapped up in all of this. There was a time when I was just another bored kid, a bored Army brat to be precise, who would read anything for an intellectual kick. Fiction, occult literature, pseudo-occult literature that's dumbed down for typical teenagers and other soft-headed types, and eventually the nigh infinite supply of jokes and weird crap known as the Internet.

When all your friends are "new friends" and you know they'll be gone in a few years at most, you start to get desperate, you know? Without the craziness of hanging out with buddies to satisfy your need for novelty and excitement, you look to other sources... and I found them. Internet humor sites, mainly, but somewhere deep in the underbelly of the Weird, I found something different. Something called Discordianism.

"A joke disguised as a religion, or a religion disguised as a joke" was the soundbite description I got. "Perfect!" I thought. I'm not religious, and the guys who wrote this silly holy book, the Principia Discordia, seem to have a sense of humor that parallels mine, so why not mess around by pretending to be a Discordian?

Here's the thing, though: pretending to be a Discordian and actually being a Discordian are not all that different. Some would probably tell you that there's no difference there at all. That's how it draws you in, see. First you think that you're just part of a ridiculous joke, and then you get so into the joke it seems real, but then it's a joke again, and then Reality is the joke and you forget where the hell you were going with this nonsense in the first place.

Once I found that there were active Discordian communities online, I started hanging out with them. Swapped a few jokes and ideas, listened more than I spoke (or rather, read more than I wrote),

and the rest, as they say, is the future.

The Parable of the Sacred Bull

a tale of J. Enrico Salazar

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

He asked Enrico, "Do you believe there is such thing as a true religion?"

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

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

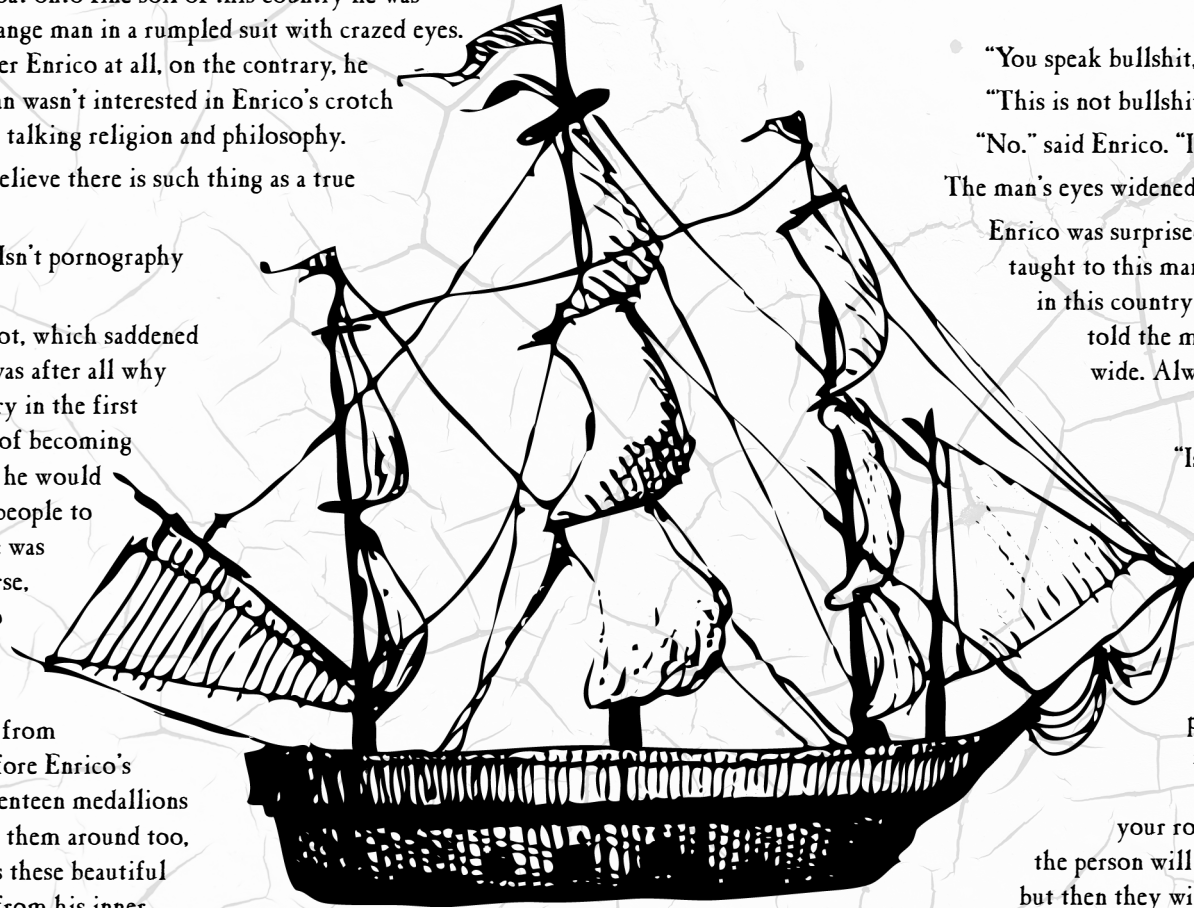
The man pulled a medallion from under his shirt and waved it before Enrico's eyes. Enrico, in turn pulled seventeen medallions from under his shirt and waved them around too, thinking 'what strange customs these beautiful spags have', but was distracted from his inner monologue by the man saying "This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

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

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

"Chaos." repeated Enrico.

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



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

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

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

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

Enrico was surprised that the concept of Bull hadn't been taught to this man. What else was going to be different in this country? "Bullshit is very important." Enrico told the man. "Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread bullshit wherever you go."

"Why?" asked the man.

"Is simple. If you speak to someone and tell them truth you have made them think nothing, is true?"

"No, they think about what you said."

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

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

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

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