

than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other.

DISORDER is simply unrelated information viewed through some particular grid. But, like "relation", no-relation is a concept. Male, like female, is an idea about sex. To say that male-ness is "absence of female-ness", or vice versa, is a matter of definition and metaphysically arbitrary. The artificial concept of no-relation is the ERISTIC PRINCIPLE.

The belief that "order is true" and disorder is false or somehow wrong, is the Aneristic Illusion. To say the same of disorder, is the ERISTIC ILLUSION.

The point is that (little-t) truth is a matter of definition relative to the grid one is using at the moment, and that (capital-T) Truth, metaphysical reality, is irrelevant to grids entirely. Pick a grid, and through it some chaos appears ordered and some appears disordered. Pick another grid, and the same chaos will appear differently ordered and disordered.

Reality  
is the original  
Rorschach.



**NONE OF THIS PSYCHOPOMPERY  
BULLSHIT. YOU NEED TO GET LAID!**

## A STORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

IT WAS A CUSTOM IN ANCIENT BABYLONIA TO CHOOSE A "KING FOR THE DAY" ONE DAY OUT OF EACH YEAR, TAKEN FROM THE COMMON STOCK. THIS KING WOULD RULE BABYLON UNTIL HIS FIRST SUNSET ON THE THRONE, AFTER WHICH HE WOULD BE SACRIFICIALLY PUT TO DEATH.

THERE IS ONE INCIDENT IN WHICH THE REAL KING, ERA-IMITTI, CHOSE HIS GARDENER, ENLIL BANI, TO BE THIS DOOMED KING. ERA-IMITTI, IRONICALLY, WAS EVEN MORE DOOMED, AND DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES WHILE THE CEREMONIAL PARTY RAGED ON. THE MOCK KING RULED FOR TWO DECADES, AND DID IT WELL.

THUS MAY THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB WIELD THE DAGGER FOR HIMSELF. SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE, HAS TO WIN THE LOTTERY.



*My short term  
goal is for all of  
Canada to suck  
my balls*

## THE UNINITIATED MAN

THE CURTAINS DRAWN, THE CANDLES LIT  
IN THE CIRCLE HERE I SIT  
BELIEVING IN THINGS AS BEST I CAN  
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.

THE SIGILS SCRAWLED, THE WORDS INTONED  
I WAIT FOR SPIRITS YET UNKNOWN  
BUT NEITHER ZEUS NOR PETER PAN  
WILL GREET THE UNINITIATED MAN.

I HAVE NOT LEARNED GREAT MYSTERIES  
NO GODS OR DEMONS SPEAK TO ME  
AND STILL THERE IS NO DIVINE PLAN  
TO SAVE THE UNINITIATED MAN.

OH, LET ME FALL, OH LET ME BREAK  
LET SKIES RAIN FIRE AND MOUNTAINS QUAKE  
OH, TAKE MY EYE, MY VOICE, MY HAND  
AND MAKE ME AN INITIATED MAN.

THIS SILENT NIGHT, THIS SILENT ROOM  
I SIT AND CHANT IN PRIVATE GLOOM  
STILL IN THE PLACE WHERE I BEGAN  
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.

## HERE FOLLOWS SOME PSYCHO-METAPHYSICS.

(IF YOU ARE NOT HOT FOR PHILOSOPHY. BEST JUST TO SKIP IT.)

\* \* \*

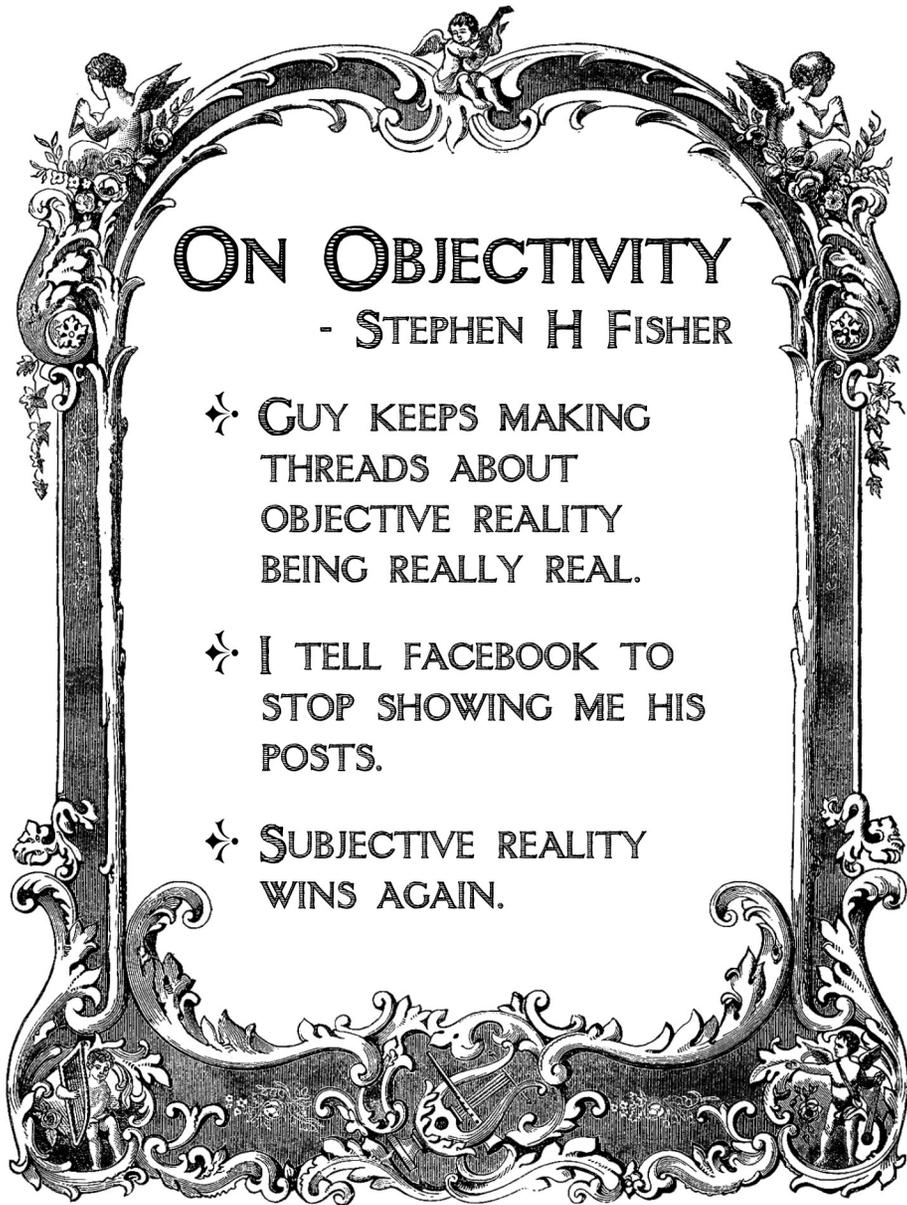
The Aneristic Principle is that of APPARENT ORDER; the Eristic Principle is that of APPARENT DISORDER. Both order and disorder are man made concepts and are artificial divisions of PURE CHAOS, which is a level deeper that is the level of distinction making.

With our concept making apparatus called "mind" we look at reality through the ideas-about-reality which our cultures give us. The ideas-about-reality are mistakenly labeled "reality" and unenlightened people are forever perplexed by the fact that other people, especially other cultures, see "reality" differently. It is only the ideas-about-reality which differ. Real (capital-T True) reality is a level deeper that is the level of concept.

We look at the world through windows on which have been drawn grids (concepts). Different philosophies use different grids.

A culture is a group of people with rather similar grids. Through a window we view chaos, and relate it to the points on our grid, and thereby understand it. The ORDER is in the GRID. That is the Aneristic Principle.

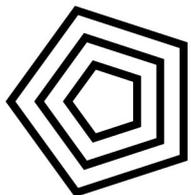
Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be True. This is illusory; it is what we Eristians call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. Some grids can be more useful



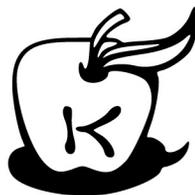
## ON OBJECTIVITY

- STEPHEN H FISHER

- ✦ GUY KEEPS MAKING THREADS ABOUT OBJECTIVE REALITY BEING REALLY REAL.
- ✦ I TELL FACEBOOK TO STOP SHOWING ME HIS POSTS.
- ✦ SUBJECTIVE REALITY WINS AGAIN.



**PICK ANY TWO**



# Chaosology

By Reverend Doctor Hexar-lé Saipé  
(Being a Missive on the Dynamic Between the Principles of Chaos and Order, and the Necessity of Both)

Most people seem to look at the relationship between chaos and order as that of negatively charged particles (chaos) and positively charged particles (order). The average person's paradigm holds that by adding more and more order, we will eventually cancel out chaos. This kind of fuzzy wrongheaded thinking has gotten us where we are today. We collectively think that we can solve all of our problems by making more rules. Then we wonder why nothing works. One of the primary axioms of Discordianism is

~~Imposition of Order~~

=

~~Escalation of Chaos.~~

A minimal amount of observation will show this to be true, but unfortunately the average person is unwilling to take the effort to make this observation. Rather than viewing chaos/order as simple negative/positive, let us look at another analogy that comes closer to showing the relationship as it really exists. First, let us look at our system as a closed box which is in a state of balance. Now, let us apply Order to the system in the form of pressure. What happens next? The pressure applied to a closed system will generate heat (Chaos). Take away pressure and the heat level drops.

Of course it's easy to pick an illustration like this out of the air, but how does it apply to the dynamic between Order and Chaos in a real world situation? Let's look at the closed system of the workplace, starting at a fairly even level of rules and freedoms. In an attempt to raise productivity and cut costs, management institutes more rules: all workers must punch in and out for break, forms must be filled out to account for all damaged or wasted materials, et cetera.

In the beginning, these measures will probably do as intended, productivity may rise; attention of any sort will do the same, but as more stringent rules are introduced, we find that two problems arise. First, a bureaucracy must be put in place to implement the new rules and make sure that they are adhered to. This takes energy away from the creation of the product and directs it toward the end of making sure the rules are being followed (in physical terms, this is energy that escapes the system as useless heat). The rules become more important than the original reason for them.



00015 - And this is what she said unto me:

00016 - "Whereas, the disciples of discordia do not understand that which they whoreship, and upon that I brewed for several days.

00017 - "The Sacred Chao, that which represents all, is not a depiction of dualism as many of you think but rather of pentism.

00018 - "For, take heed, there are five parts to the Chao - The yinnish type thing, the yangish type thing, the Pentagon, the Golden Apple and finally the whole.

00019 - "Dualism is relatively unimportant, much more unimportant than humans give it credit for. Choice is not involved when there are less than five options.

00020 - "But with five, there are even more choices and yeah, worse odds of picking the correct one."

00021 - "So what this whole speech boils down to is 'Look at the Chao in a new way', right," said I.

00022 - Eris looked at me for a moment and nodded, for I had stated myself correctly.

00023 - Then Eris said, "I shall now change my hair color back, for thou hast hurt this blondes feelings with thou's thoughtless remarks."

00024 - "Yeah, verily," I said, "And I shall go and pass this, thy word, amongst all my brethren."

00025 - So it was written, so shall it be done.

Awomen.



# The Book of the Chao

*As told to Prince Mu-Chao*

*From the Principia Discordia Version 17*

00001 - I was tying my left shoe when the goddess appeared out of thin air with a smirk on her face and gold in her hair. Amazed, I turned my ear to her as she began to speak.

00002 - And the Lady saideth unto me, "Behold, for I am newly dyed and doest thou likest me much as a blonde?"

00003 - I told the Lady the truth, that she looked like a five dollar whore, and the Lady waxed sorely pissed and turned me into a newt.

00004 - Yet in her kindness and wisdom, she turned me back after a few moments and this is what she shared with me:

00005 - "As I stand before you, framed by the light behind me in this certain way, I shall uncover to thouest the Secret of the Chao."

00006 - "Oh goody," I said and rejoiced loudly as I straddled the chair.

00007 - "But behold," she then said unto me, "be not so rejoiceful for when I am finished you are to go out and disseminate these words."

00008 - "Oh shit," I said.

00009 - "Verily so, but still," Eris said, "You must tell the others for there is a grave and dangerous myth surrounding, of all things, the Sacred Chao."

00010 - And this is how the Book of the Chao came to pass.

00011 - "Thou knowest of the Marshmallow already, I expect?" Eris asked.

00012 - I said yes, for the honorable Rev. Fluff had filled me in on that situation and we were working to remedy it.

00013 - "Good. That has nothing to do with this, so forget it.

00014 - "Instead what I have to tell you may sound strange, even disheartening. And I need you to stand tall, Prince Mu-Chao, and carry upon you the load of knowledge."

 Second (and I believe more important in the long run) the directives begin to create dissatisfaction among the workers. More time must be spent watching them to make sure that they are in place when they are supposed to be, making sure that time spent at thier workstation is productive. As the stress from the situation increases, we see more lost time in the form of sick days, early departures, late arrivals and the fact the people quit caring. Creative behavior is applied to finding new ways to goof off. Of course the opposite is also true. Without sufficient rules in place and the will to enforce them, little will get done. This surplus of chaos will require order to reach a level of balance or the company will be forced out of business. Much like the stereotypical lawless old western town, a tough lawman must be brought in to clean things up before the town goes up in smoke.

 Another prevailing assumption is that Order is Good and Chaos is Evil. In fact chaos and order exist outside of good and evil, but contain elements of both. Chaos is the force that tears down old forms as well as the force that envisions new ones. Order allows us to carry out the plans that will build the new forms, but it also wishes to preserve forms that have outlived their usefulness (the status quo). This brings up Hexar's corollary to the law of Imposition of Order: Too much chaos, nothing gets finished. Too much order, nothing gets started.

 Order is what tells us that we should do whatever we can to prevent forest and brush fires. On the surface, this is a good idea because letting fire run loose is hazardous to our own lives as well as that of other living creatures. However, the fires also liberate nutrients and send them back to the earth to feed the next cycle.

**W**e have finally started to get it through our thick skulls that keeping things from burning at any cost only increases the amount of fuel lying around for the fire that will come when we cannot stop it. All of the small fires that we prevent come back to us as one large, devastating fire.

**D**iscordianism isn't about preaching chaos at the expense of order. It is the realization that one cannot exist without the other. It is the acceptance of the need for balance between the two principles. Order cannot destroy chaos, it can only change its form. Chaos can either be directed in creative forms, or when stifled turned into destructive (or at least useless) forms.

**E**nergy spent clamping down  
can be used for nothing else.



Become part of the problem!  
**Find a solution!**

## *On Joy:*

*We know that there is joy in the heart of Eris, for Hers is the Garden of the Weird and Beautiful. Her eyes twinkle with mischief at the thought of a good troll, and She smiles when Her apple seeds take root. Bitterness does not grow in Her Garden, nor does cabbage. In Her joy there is strength, and that which makes Her smile cannot be wrong, although it can sometimes come at the expense of others.*

*Therefore let it be resolved that if there is joy in your heart, it should be allowed to thrive. And if there be no joy in your heart: please refrain from peeing in everyone else's cheerios.*



Say nothing. Do not get caught. In a month, your victim will be a gibbering wreck, being dragged off to the booby hatch screaming "WING NUTS! WING NUTS! AIEEEEEEE!!" – a much more entertaining person.



Another variant, usable only on people with ceiling fans, is to drop oily screws and metal bits underneath the fan, once every day or so. People become very worried, especially if they sit or sleep beneath the fan. People suffering from sleep deprivation are also much more entertaining than usual. Streaking was once a form, but is now too commonplace. Staging bizarre events (like dressing up as elves and running screaming down the ginza) is a beautiful thing. Bizarre graffiti is a time-honored pastime (see Markoff Chaney of Illuminatus! by Shea and Wilson), but getting caught and defacing property are equally bad. Lawbreaking creates the need for police, thus encouraging a police state, which is bad, children. The best definition of Guerrilla Surrealism is "an action so bizarre, it is not classified under the law."

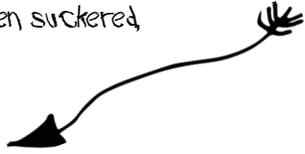
Strive for perfection.  
It is a form of prayer.  
Strive for epiphany.  
If that doesn't work,  
do something  
funny and run  
like Hell.



# ARE YOU FREE?

 You got sold a false bill of goods.

It's not your fault, it happens to the best of us. The most important thing is to just nut up and admit that you've been suckered, so you can try and make things right.

Someone told you Freedom isn't free. 

Maybe it was your friend, your mom, your teacher, it doesn't matter. Somewhere along the line the bad signal crept in and it wended its way through society until it ended up at your doorstep and it looked like Patriotism and Self-Reliance and so you let it in, and now it's running around wrecking shit, and you don't even remember what Freedom looks like. Let me remind you.

- > Freedom isn't Security. Freedom will not stop bullets or tazers or thugs in literal or figurative jackboots. Freedom will not prevent you from getting cancer or blown up or picked on.
- > Freedom isn't granted. Nobody can ever make you free, the most anyone can ever do is to remind you what Freedom looks like.
- > Freedom lives in your heart and in your heart alone. People who are free can be locked up and tortured and abused, but that doesn't take away their freedom.
- > Martin Luther King had more freedom in the jailhouse in Birmingham than most people get in their whole lifetimes.
- > Freedom is messy. It's not nice and it's not wise and it's not even fun most of the time. It's neither good nor evil, it is simply free.

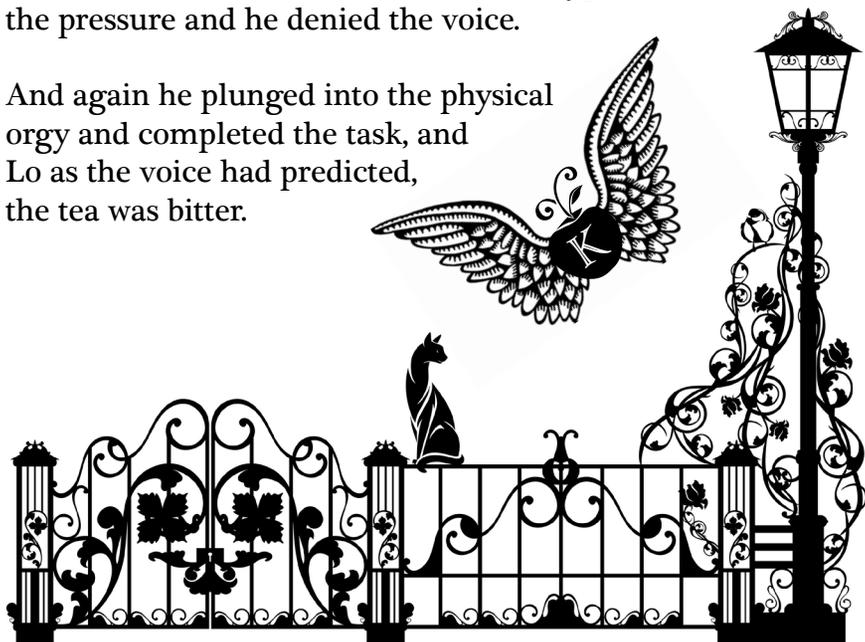


# The Parable of the Bitter Tea

by Rev. Dr. Hypocrates Magoun, P.P.  
POEE PRIEST, Okinawa Cabal

When Hypoc was through meditating with St. Gulik, he went there into the kitchen where he busied himself with preparing the feast and in his endeavor, he found that there was some old tea in a pan left standing from the night before, when he had in his weakness forgot about its making and had let it sit steeping for 24 hours. It was dark and murky and it was Hypoc's intention to use this old tea by diluting it with water. And again in his weakness, chose without further consideration and plunged into the physical labor of the preparations. It was then when deeply immersed in the pleasure of that trip, he had a sudden loud clear voice in his head saying "it is bitter tea that involves you so." Hypoc heard the voice, but the struggle inside intensified, and the pattern, previously established with the physical laboring and the muscle messages coordinated and unified or perhaps coded, continued to exert their influence and Hypoc succumbed to the pressure and he denied the voice.

And again he plunged into the physical  
orgy and completed the task, and  
Lo as the voice had predicted,  
the tea was bitter.



What Brother Allelujah was trying to get around to in his long-winded way was this: people who are sure they're right are trouble, and are the typhoid carriers of the Curse of Greyface. Therefore, they are responsible for all the troubles of the world. So, the only way to combat them is to attempt to make them unsure of everything. The most commonplace things. Everything. Paper clips. You can make them unsure of their paper clips. The best Discordian tactic is called Guerrilla Surrealism. Trust me; I'm a 5,000 year old Abyssynian – I know what I'm talking about. Listen to ol' Godspo here.

## GUERRILLA SURREALISM

The primary weapon of the Holy Avatar Calvin, Hagbard Celine, Caligostro the Great, Henry Kissinger, Puck, the Knights Templar and other great Warriors of Discord. A blameless, guiltless and subtle method of gracefully driving people out of their minds. Infinitely variable, incredibly adaptable, endlessly versatile and really cheap. Do you know how many gross of washers or wingnuts you can get wholesale, real cheap? Especially if you go in with a few friends?

I'll explain. No, there is too much. I'll sum up.

Example I of Guerrilla Surrealism: The Wingnut Trick (heh heh heh). Pick your Thuddite carefully. The most pompous, plodding Thud you can find who is accessible to you. Bosses are ideal. Professors too. Quietly, no more than once per day, maybe twice (patience, patience), slip a wing nut or washer into a jacket pocket, a desk drawer, a briefcase, a lunch box, a shoe, on the carpet – whatever. Do this slowly and subtly, with accomplices if at all possible.