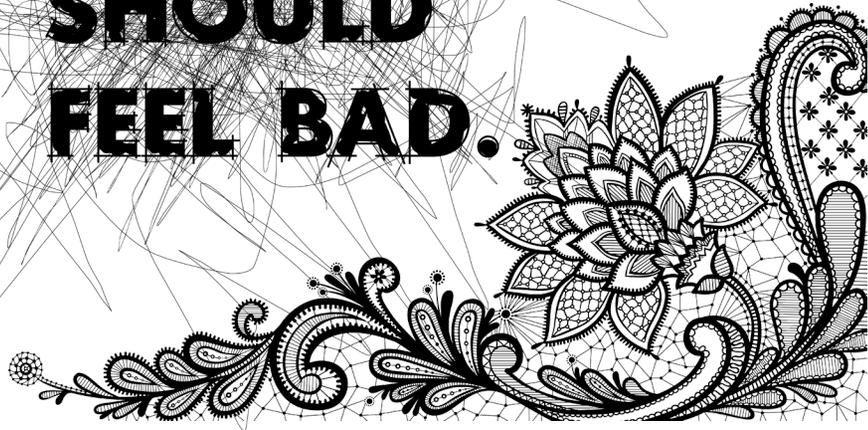


**YOUR IDEAS
ARE BAD
AND YOU
SHOULD
FEEL BAD.**

*Mayo and tortillas go together
better than mayo and bleach,
for example.*



NIGEL
SAYS:

**INTELLIGENT PEOPLE
CAN HOLD BAD IDEAS.**

It's difficult to internalize that, because it is far easier to assume that people who hold bad ideas are simply stupid, and therefore you cannot hold bad ideas because you are intelligent.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CABBAGES & GREYFACES

-BARON VON HOOPLA

One day about five months after my meeting with Humpty Dumpty I was storming down the street howling to the skies and mud about the greyfaces that assaulted me on a daily basis, when I suddenly heard someone nearby howling louder than myself. It wasn't hard to spot the gnarled old bastard with a face like a chewed caramel zigzagging back and forth across the streets grabbing people by their ears and bellowing "IS ANYONE THERE?" into their faces, then turning to someone else and repeating the same procedure. One after the other after the other

I watched, stunned, wondering why the people being screamed at didn't take offense. If someone grabbed me by the ears and screamed into my face he would be swiftly introduced to my good friend Mr. Steel-Toe Boot, but these people seemed to swoon, and then stare off into space in a daze.

I had to find out what was going on. Eventually the old coot made his way toward me and grabbed for my ears. Before he could take hold I said, "Yes, I am here. What do you want?"

The old man didn't blink an eye but just grabbed me by the shoulder and walked me onto a quieter side street. "Thank the goddess", he said, sputtering and breathing hard. "I thought I was the only one left," he added.

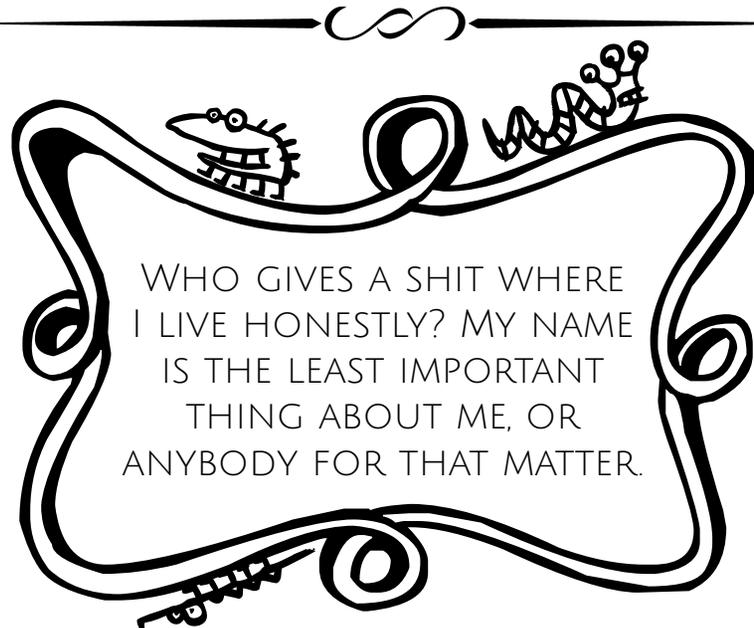
"The only what?" I asked. He turned his paper-slit eyes toward me and said: "The only person left."

“The only person? But what about all the people you were shouting at??” I asked. For a few moments he stared blankly at me, as if he hadn’t heard what I said. “Those weren’t people,” he said finally, “they were Cabbages.”

“Cabbages?” I asked. “They looked like people to me.”

The old man laughed. “Of course they looked like people, Cabbages look exactly like people. They walk like people, they talk like people, they eat like people, they sleep like people, they go to work like people, they see movies like people, they watch tv like people, they read books like people . . . they are the best copies of people you’ll ever see. But they are not people, my son, they are most assuredly Cabbages.”

“What’s the difference?” I asked. He leaned toward me, and said: “People dream, my boy, people question. People think. People play. People laugh. Look at these poor souls, sleepwalking through life . . . they think they’re people, but they are vegetables. Blind, ridiculous, vegetables.”



the honest book of actions by ho chi ho chi zen

don't worry about avoiding temptation - as you grow older it starts avoiding you. - the old farmer's almanac

you already know what is evil and what is neutral and what is good. its built inside of you after millions (possibly billions) years of mental evolution.

it's called a conscience. it's quite smart. pay attention to it. it's very flexible and will automatically adjust for new paradigms; it is very difficult to beat with an intellectual assault. modern people find it quite difficult to get to. from day one others are trying to twist it to suit their own reality (or even their own self interests).

here is what your conscience is not;

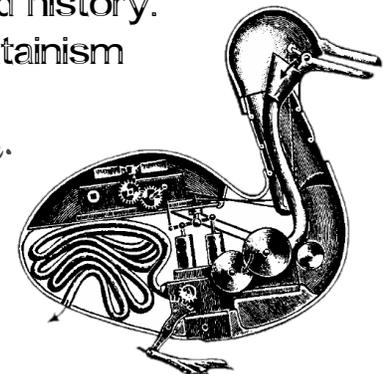
it is not the law. the law is a set of restrictions placed so as to perpetuate the status quo (aka by the establishment, for the establishment)

it is not morality. morality is a set of restrictions used to cement loyalty to a mythology and the church that sells it.

it is not cultural sensibility. cultural sensibility is a set of restrictions arrived at randomly by memetic interaction and history.

it is certainly not puritanism

*Don't fucking judge me,
I've got tentacles for a face.*



The Rite of Oranges

Oranges not only portend death, but may in fact bring it about. This would explain the state of Florida.

Many have the superpower to successfully eat oranges without suffering any significant harm; these individuals are known as 'Death Eaters'.

To Play: Challenge a friend to eat as many oranges as they can. Stop eating oranges when you do not want to eat any more.

***Seek medical help for bloody stool, severe stomach ache, and any other unusual symptoms resulting from excessive orange consumption.**

"Ah ha," I said with glee. "I know many Cabbages, my life is full of them, and they are the bane of my existence! I know them as Greyfaces! Humpty Dumpty taught me about them."

"No!" the old man said quickly. "Do not mistake the two . . . Greyfaces and Cabbages are not the same, except when they are. Greyfaces are much more dangerous."

"Dangerous?" I asked. "How?"

"Well, let me ask you this: which would you be most wary of, a sleeping dog, or a dog having a nightmare?"

"I suppose a dog having a nightmare," I said. The old man smiled.

"Exactly," he said. "A Greyface is a Cabbage who is living a nightmare. The Greyface's nightmare is truly terrifying. He is told that the world will crumble around him if all do not think and act exactly as he does, the only sane person on the face of the planet, and will stop at nothing to ensure that his nightmare doesn't come true. Greyfaces believe the world is humorless and product-driven. He believes there is a way to draw a perfect circle and you damned well better find out how, or pay the price. Never turn your back on the Greyface, my son."

MAGIC

IS

REAL

...

FOR

CERTAIN

VALUES

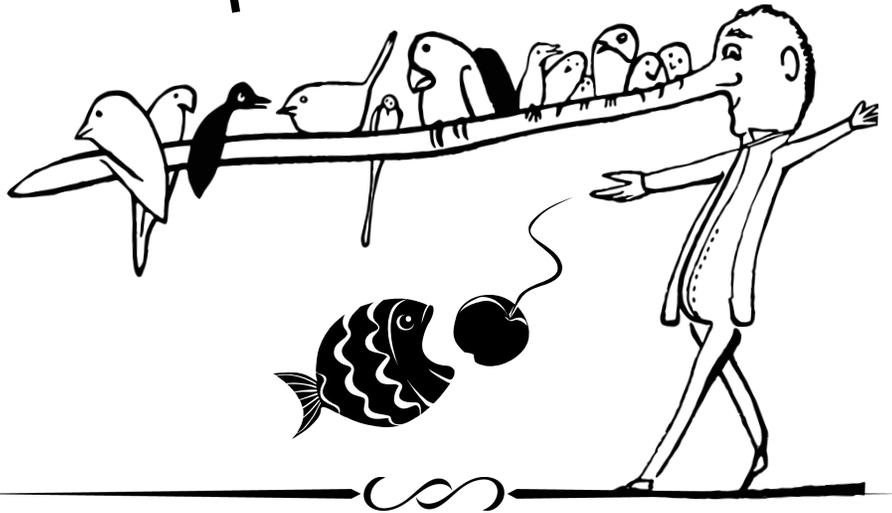
OF

"MAGIC"

AND

"REAL."

BLESSED ARE THE GODS OF
ROADSIDE REFUSE, FOR THEY
GIVE ME BACK MY STUFF.



I pondered this. "So," I said after a while, those I referred to as Greyfaces were actually Cabbages?"

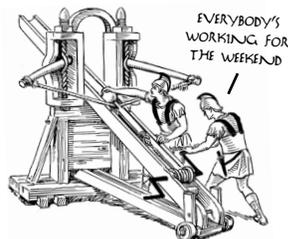
"I don't know them personally," the old man said, "but I would imagine they were. Almost everyone you meet is a Cabbage."

"What's the difference," I asked the old man.

"All Greyfaces are Cabbages," he said, "but not all Cabbages are Greyfaces. Some Cabbages wake up and become real people, some even become Children of the Goddess if they are very on the ball . . . but Greyfaces rarely become people."

"How do I know if I'm a Cabbage?" I asked.

He stood up, and patted me on the shoulder. "Son, the Cabbages never even ask that."



Now, a lot of people are going to see those things and PANIC.

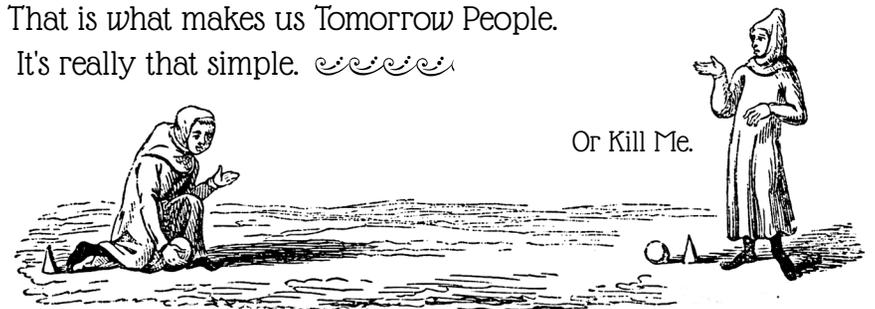
They will then hide in Today or Yesterday, either screeching DOOM (Today) or denying that anything is wrong (Yesterday). On one hand, governments spying on us (Yesterday), and on the other hand, people panicking about that (Today). But neither path is for you or me, my friends. Their rules simply don't apply to us, because we're too damn slippery to be grabbed, because the ability to see and accept the world as it really is - even partially - grants you the ability to be as nebulous as the WalMart security guard's authority.

Indeed, my observation of the behavior of many of those around me is that they treat the ability to make actual rational decisions based on fact as some sort of magic. But it isn't magic, is it? No, it is the ability to SUCK UP SOME BUTTHURT and STOP LYING TO YOURSELF. It is the ability to drop a cherished worldview when it is proven non-viable.

This doesn't make us SMARTER or BETTER than people who can't see past their own biases... And thinking it does means you've just thrown on another uniform. Well done.

What it DOES do is make us more EFFECTIVE,
when we choose to be.

That is what makes us Tomorrow People.
It's really that simple.



Or Kill Me.

-the Good Reverend Roger

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, DO YOU FEEL A LITTLE OFF?

That you don't FIT with all the people around you?
Like you're out of step with everyone else, and it's just
a matter of time before the Big Drill Sergeant in the sky
comes down on you like a ton of bricks?



There's a reason for that, you know.

You're Tomorrow People, living in the world of Today.

That's right... At some point, you stopped living in today,
and moved over the tracks to Tomorrow. I can't tell you WHEN that
happened, hell, YOU probably don't know. But I can tell you WHY.

It happened because you started - even if you've just begun - to
view the world the way it IS, rather than how you'd LIKE IT TO BE.

That is the very essence of Tomorrow.

You live in the future, while most people live in the present,
and some even stubbornly cling to the past.

And one thing worth mentioning:

This future is a fragile thing. Feeble.

It teeters on some very shaky concepts,
and on no actual reality whatsoever.

On one side, there's ecological disaster looming
that will KILL US ALL, and on the other side,
there's 3D printers making new organs for you.
The future balances precariously on the knife
edge between those two possibilities.



EPISTLE TO THE DON'T BE A DICK-ANS

OK, so you've got a shiny new re-take on the golden rule.
Bravo, it's catchy, and I can't hate it. Here's a few things you
all should keep in mind though:

➤ Do it right, do it all the time. Not just around your
buddies. That traffic rage? loose it. Trust me here, if
you're about being a laid back, cool guy with the "don't
be a dick" creed, then the lost strife won't bug you
much.

➤ It isn't cosmic bargaining. Just like all the other ones.
When your shit gets jacked and you're howling to
the heavens; remember, they owe you nothing. You
have not gotten on the good side of probability with
your ways. At most, you OUGHT to be cultivating
the freinds and social support to help out when stuff
does go bad. THAT is the closest thing to an immediate
return on "karma" this side of the grave.

That's it, have fun,
and I look forward
to your near-inevitable
slide to dogma.

-THE DEACON RICHTER



DAILY AFFIRMATION

I AM CHOOSING THESE SOCKS TO COVER MY FEET
BY CHOOSING THESE SOCKS, I HAVE BOTH CHOSEN TO WEAR THEM
AND CHOSEN NOT TO WEAR OTHERS
EVEN IF I JUST REACHED IN MY SOCK DRAWER
AND SELECTED A PAIR AT RANDOM
I CHOSE TO ABSTAIN FROM ACTIVELY CHOOSING
AND THAT TOO IS A CHOICE
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS MATCH OR DO NOT MATCH
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS ARE COMFORTABLE OR ARE NOT
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS HAVE HOLES OR DO NOT
I WILL WEAR THEM ALL DAY
UNLESS THEY GET WET OR TOO SMELLY OR START TO PISS ME OFF
THEN I WILL CHOOSE TO WEAR OTHER SOCKS
(OR NONE AT ALL,
WHICH IS ANOTHER CHOICE)
BUT FOR NOW, I HAVE CHOSEN THESE SOCKS
TO COVER MY FEET.



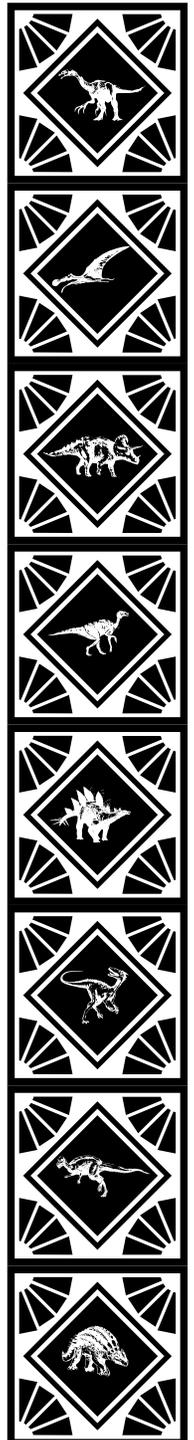
THE DINOSAURS NEVER DIED

It was a lie all along. The museum trophies of crystalizing carcasses were nothing more than the same tired authoritarian propaganda we consumed like sweet poison in our childhood. Look at how the mighty have fallen. See now the wages of hubris, the inevitable fate of all whose lives are incompatible with the paradigm of human superiority.

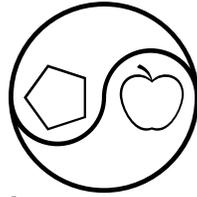
Nothing so great and wild could last, they said. Nothing could deter Nature's divine plan for the glory of the mammals and man. The dinosaurs had to give way, because we could not survive in their world. The dinosaurs had to be wiped out, because nothing that becomes so great can ever relinquish power. Old kings never bow down voluntarily.

But look! On every continent, in every climate! In the patient gliding of falcons and the alien eyes of pigeons, the T-Rex feet of baby chicks! They've been here all along. No great and terrible cataclysm, no violent deposal from the throne. They let go of the earth and became what they were always meant to be.

What will we become when we let go?



PS: You're Pope!



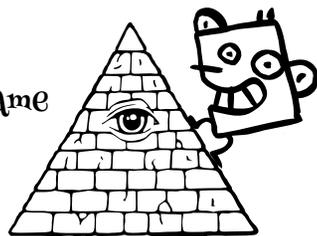
Did you know you're a Pope? It's true! Every man, woman, child, gender-non-conforming and/or non-human person is Pope of Discordia. This comes with some fantastic rights, and some fantastic responsibilities, although many Popes don't know it.

For one, you and you alone choose how to be a Discordian! Nobody can tell a Pope how to interpret scripture. Hold your own Council of Nicea whenever you want, and pick and choose the holy books you'll adhere to and which you'll ignore. Maybe throw a personal Vatican II if you like. Nobody can stop you, you're Pope!

For another, you can give people Pope cards. If you like. A lot of people don't seem to know they're Popes, so if you don't tell them they might wander around thinking somebody else is in charge.

You can also make up whatever names for yourself you want. (Remember that Discordia doesn't recognize the State, so you may have to watch where you use your Holy Name.)

Lastly, it means you can't blame anybody else for your beliefs. After all, you're Pope.



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 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 damn sure want a really-real 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 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.



She is looking at her cupped hands intently, like there is nothing else in the world. Her toes are pressed down hard on the tile floor, her heels perched in the air. One knee bounces nervously. There is no one else in the bathroom. The stall door is closed. She stares at her hands.

She imagines a fire in the empty space between her fingers and her palms, holds it gently like a bird's nest. She does not see the fire. Her heart is racing.

"Breathe," she mouths to herself, and obeys. She purses her lips and breathes out into the fire that is not there, imagining the ash and embers dancing in the steady airflow, imagining fuel catching, feeding it life.

She feels **STATIC** in her fingertips.

No one else is here, no one else can see. She breathes out again, tightly controlled steady stream of air touching her fingers, feedback in her nerves mingling with the electronic **NOISE** that doesn't stop but increases. Her fingers make small, unnatural movements, like insect legs. The joints feel creaky and unresponsive. She is not plugged in right.

Her brain floats in a soup of adrenaline and cortisol, muscles tense, heart too fast. To call her scared would be a mistake. She is on edge. There is **SOMETHING** on the other side and she does not know what it is and what she **FEELS** is not quite fear, at least not the kind you get when a man in a mask jumps out at you or something fangy and ill-tempered spots you, it's the kind of fear when you're about to go around a corner and you **DON'T KNOW** what's there, but you know it's not whatever's behind you. She has always been brave. She has always been a dreamy girl. Her **DESTINY** is on the other side, her **MEANING OF LIFE**, the thing she came here to do that nobody else can. She **WANTS** to go around the corner, but her legs are frozen.

A noise like a footstep. Her eyes snap back into focus, her hands still **TINGLE**. Finish up like a human, she tells herself.

The sensor does not know she has gotten up. The button **MALFUNCTIONS**. The pipe is leaking. Does it know she's not plugged in right? She forces it to work.

The sink in front of her has a sign that says **OUT OF ORDER**. She does not remember if that sign was there before. The sink next to it does not work either. She stands in front of a third sink, moving hands that feel like **ANIMATRONICS** in front of the sensor, trying to trip it, trying to connect. It takes forever to work.

When she steps away the water keeps running for fifteen long seconds.

She leaves, too alert, too aware of the way she is holding her hands at her side. The **TINGLING** crawls up past her wrists and into her arms. She doesn't want to use her hands. If she touches anything, it might break the spell. Posters of fake people in fake universes surround her, windows into other realities that other **MAGICIANS** built and populated and she is walking down the hallway like they are all open portals and she might just fall in.

She is afraid she will fall in. She is afraid she will try to fall in and fail utterly, Alice stuck on the right side of the looking glass.

She is broken, and her malfunction makes the machine inefficient. And when she tells people they want to help her work better, to plug her back in correctly, but all she wants is for someone to see her and revel in her glorious inefficiency.

Her footsteps are all **WRONG**.