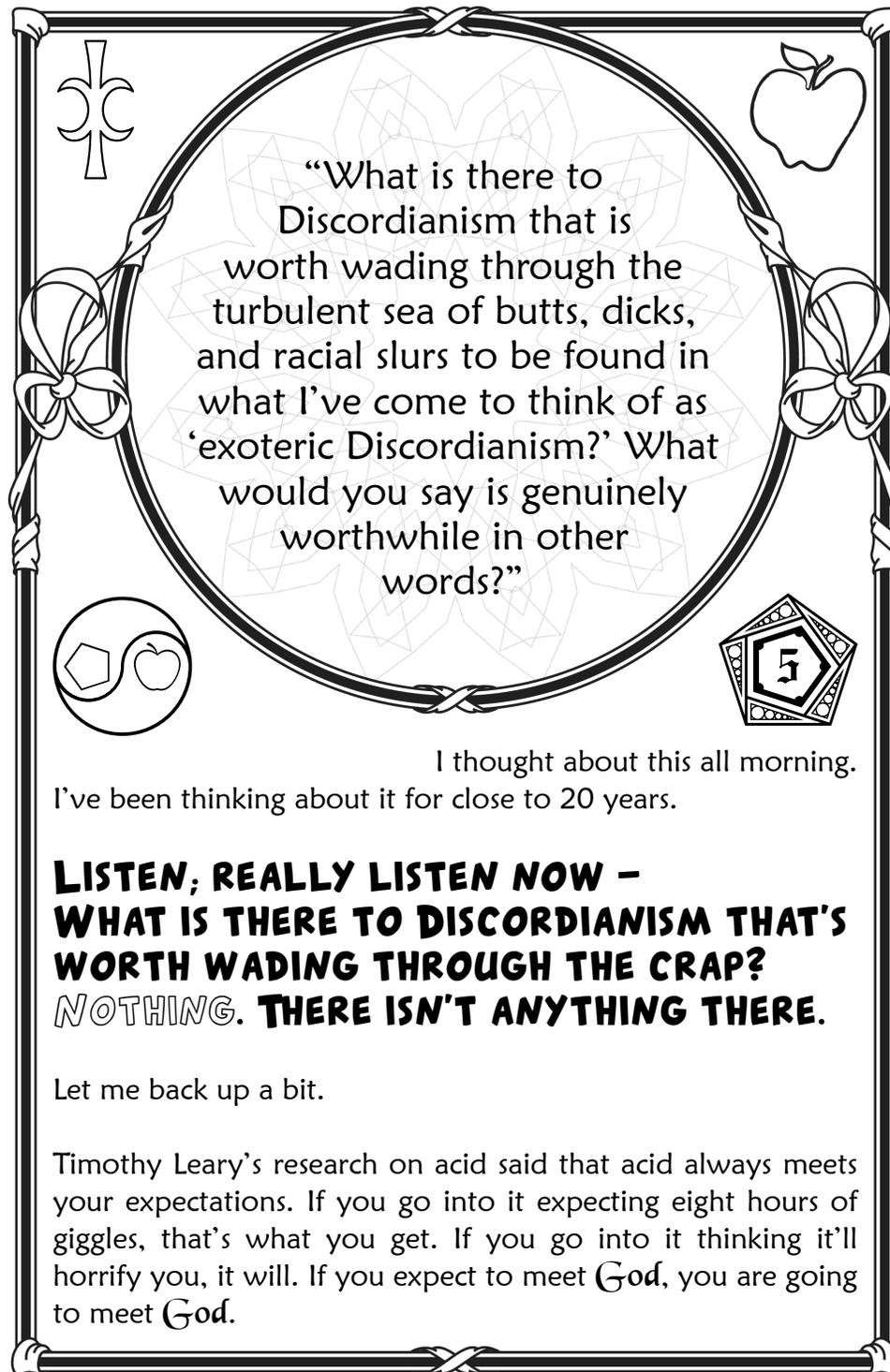


YOU
AREN'T
FREE
YOU JUST
HAVEN'T BEEN
CAUGHT
YET



“What is there to Discordianism that is worth wading through the turbulent sea of butts, dicks, and racial slurs to be found in what I’ve come to think of as ‘exoteric Discordianism?’ What would you say is genuinely worthwhile in other words?”

I thought about this all morning. I’ve been thinking about it for close to 20 years.

**LISTEN; REALLY LISTEN NOW –
WHAT IS THERE TO DISCORDIANISM THAT’S
WORTH WADING THROUGH THE CRAP?
NOTHING. THERE ISN’T ANYTHING THERE.**

Let me back up a bit.

Timothy Leary’s research on acid said that acid always meets your expectations. If you go into it expecting eight hours of giggles, that’s what you get. If you go into it thinking it’ll horrify you, it will. If you expect to meet God, you are going to meet God.

And **DISCORDIANISM** is like that. Maybe it's just eight years of giggling, maybe **God** is waiting inside of it. It's your trip, it's your call.

I will say that I got into **DISCORDIANISM** as a teen because I left **Christianity** and was looking for something to replace it with. And I found something which hits the same targets I thought **Christianity** was aiming at... something that helps you align yourself with something bigger, something that helps you remember your own **True Self**. And I wanted a **Z@N** tradition too, so through **DISCORDIANISM** I learned stillness, and I learned to feel the dark matter of nothingness that camouflages itself as everyday reality. (see the **Chao Te Ching** for more on this) But that's just my **DISCORDIA**.

I started as a legionnaire, the **LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD**... The **LDD**. The **LITTLE DELUDED DUPES**. It's the phase of trying to become a Discordian, really, trying to become the real self. You try on costumes, telling everybody about it. So I learned to spout absurdities and tried on a bunch of costumes – anarchist, magician, sage, culture jammer... **THE MACHINE™** never worked for us, it's indifferent to us, so the guy standing outside the system calling out the Emperor's nudity seemed like he had a finger on things.

I wanted to help others escape **THE MACHINE™**, because I wanted to feel like I escaped.

One thing I've learned is that you can't really alter somebody's trajectory, especially if they're not ready. No decisions are made during a conflict, the real work is done after it's quiet and people have calmed down, evaluated things from another mind. And so it is with **DISCORD** – you can't convince people that they need to escape from the **DISCORDIAN TRAP**.

Before I have to go into a dark hallway
I always tell myself to punch the ghosts.

Because if there is a ghost there, I don't want to hesitate. I don't want to cower, or cry, or stare in disbelief. I don't even want to run. No, if there is a ghost in my way, I am punching it.

Why?

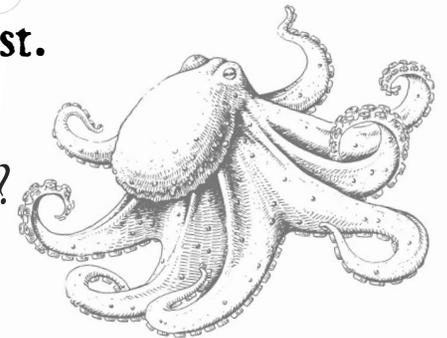
Because it's probably not a ghost. It's probably a friend pulling a prank and they fucking know better so they're going to get punched and that's fair play. Or maybe it's Mr. Jenkins wearing a rubber mask, and those damn meddling kids haven't arrived yet. No need to bring the mystery mobile around, boys and girls, I've got this one.

Or maybe it's a hallucination, bad air or subsonic hums or sleep deprivation running wild. If nothing is there, nothing will get hurt, and I will know that I did not hesitate, did not cower, and that the illusion cannot harm me.

But even if it is a ghost, a really-real ghost, there are only two possible things that can happen: either I punch it and my fist goes through unharmed and unnoticed, or I punch a fucking ghost in the face. And if my hand goes through, it cannot hurt me and I have nothing to be afraid of. If I hit it, it is a physical thing that I can subdue, and that's nothing to be afraid of either.

Always punch the ghost.

What do I know, stranger?
I'm only a poor octopus shepherd.



"ONE DAY, RICHTER WAS WALKING THROUGH THE CITY OF HILLS, WHEN HE CAME UPON A MONK. THE MONK ACCOSTED RICHTER, SAYING UNTO HIM "ALL OF REALITY IS ILLUSION". SO RICHTER HIT HIM WITH A BAR STOOL.

THE NEXT DAY, RICHTER WAS AGAIN WALKING, AND WAS ACCOSTED BY AN ANARCHIST, SAYING UNTO RICHTER, "ALL PROPERTY IS THEFT". RICHTER THEN STOLE HIS WALLET.

IF RICHTER MEETS A MAN WITH NO SHOES, HE SHALL TAKE THEM FROM HIM. IF HE MEETS A MAN WHO HAS SHOES, HE SHALL GIVE THEM TO HIM.

I FELT BAD BECAUSE I HAD NO SHOES, SO RICHTER CUT MY FEET OFF. I FELT BAD BECAUSE I HAD NO FEET, SO RICHTER RAN ME OVER WITH HIS CAR.

IT CAN ALWAYS GET WORSE."

ARS RICHTERIA 2:19-21

They have to hit the wall of how far the little ego games will take them, and then want to discover something else. You can set up some signs for them to find along the way but you can't lead them down the path. Everybody that wants to find the path has to find it for themself.

When I talk about the "**DISCORDIAN TRAP**", by the way, I'm talking about the real spiritual danger inherent in **DISCORDIA**. Every religion has one. They are slightly differently shaped but share fractal similarities.

In **Christianity**, I think the trap is in the **Crusade**. It's a blindness that flows from righteousness.

In **Taoism**, I think the trap is also a form of blindness – it's complacency. It's over-acceptance of the world as-is.

In **DISCORDIANISM** the trap is hidden in the freedom of subjectivity. After you've seen the **FNORDS**, and are no longer enthralled by convention and authority, you can get stuck smelling your own farts... thinking that anything you could believe is equally right. You can get jammed up on the power of saying **NO** and resisting authority and playing fun little games of ego. You can convince yourself that the self is the **TRUE MASTER**, and that your stupid little world is the real world. It's a blindness too.

And like I said, I think you have to burn out on that on your own. You have to let the delusion of self become the Bureaucracy of your existence before you can't take it anymore and notice the leaves of self changing color one by one and then one day it's the full blown season of Aftermath.

If that's what you want. I'm not saying you do, or should. It's where I went. And I'm still fighting my way out, searching for the escape from the **Black Iron Prison**.

So back to your original question – what's worthwhile about **DISCORDIANISM**? I can only tell you where I've been. In the weird trip of becoming myself, **DISCORDIANISM** has been a means to an end. It helped me align myself with something bigger, it showed me where to find the tools to understand the self and the world around me. Its humor helped me get through the ego traps to which I am highly vulnerable.

Is it unique in that regard? No, I think I would have been becoming my **True Self** this whole time even if I had stayed a **Christian** or **Taoist**, or even approached science with the goal of understanding myself. There's no true path, the key is no key. The path is just the river that Siddhartha lives on, and **DISCORDIANISM** is just one name for it.

There's no treasure here, no perfect teaching.
There's just a leg of lamb, a jug of wine,
and thou, beside me, whistling in the darkness.

From the Fractal Cult Archives of
Professor Cramulus,
KSC, OJC, FOOP, WOMP, ASS

And the dance
It lives in test tubes
And robots
It lives in the wires
In our homes
And our cars
The trains and the buses
The offices and the streets
It lives in space and under the ocean and on the farms
The Future is coming
With all the wrong values
And those who do not hear its approach
Will not survive
The Future is beautiful
And terrible
With vertical farms and sustainable cities
And random acts of senseless violence
And it is not either-or
It is all



the world
will always
break your
heart

LOOK OUT

The Future is coming
The Future is here
All full of madness
And promise
And blood
And no power in the world can stop it
It sweeps us up like a tidal wave
And the old is smashed to pieces
And dragged out to sea
The Future doesn't care who you are
The Future doesn't care whose fault it is
It explodes
Like a bomb in a public square
Indifferent to the suffering it causes
The Future doesn't care about your wallet
The Future doesn't care where you come from
It is post-scarcity
Post-identity
Post-borders and post-fear
The Future is screaming
The Future is loud
It booms in our ears and shines in our eyes
A cacophony of old themes remixed and mashed up
It lives in the art
And the song

The Iconoclast's Manifesto

We reserve the right to hold heretical viewpoints that you find abominable. We hold true that anyone who feels justified in attacking an individual because they have an unpopular opinion can fuck off and die.

We identify ourselves by our willingness to challenge the accepted dogma, theory, doctrine, or paradigm regardless of the consequences to our social status. We acknowledge that the positions we take may result in our being subjected to more intolerance than conventional wisdom would suggest is wise, but we find ourselves refuting conventional wisdom remarkably often.

We we generally try to take positions that are based on reasoned arguments, empirical evidence, historical precedents, or any combination thereof, we reserve the right to play devil's advocate just to piss you off and destroy any notion you might have that your ideas are universally applicable.

We acknowledge that the original use of the term iconoclast specifically refers to the destruction of religious icons, but we may choose to attack cherished beliefs relating to anything, including but not limited to politics, art, religion, philosophy, and identity.

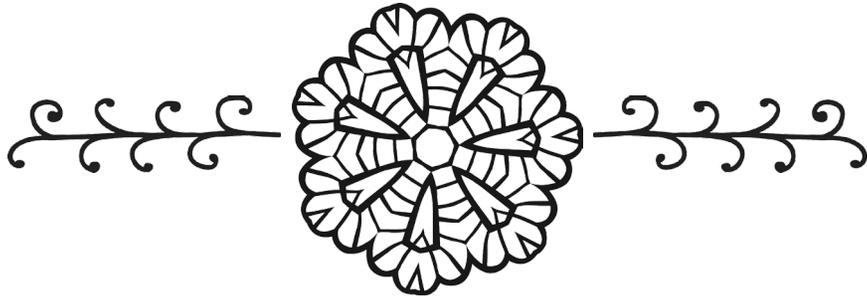
We reserve the right to change or violate the terms of this manifesto as the individual iconoclast deems fit.

We reserve rights, period.

~ Cainad

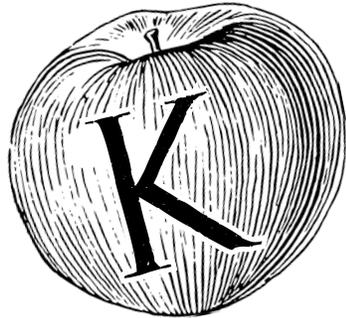
Another Zen Story

~ as plagiarized from The Devia Discordia



On their travels, two young monks came to learn of a village where an ageing Master lived. The Master, it was said, could catch a sword in his bare hand without cutting himself.

Eager to learn, the two monks approached the Master and asked him if these rumors where really true. The Master smiled, and admitted that he could indeed do this thing. He refused, however, to teach the two monks.



"I have only this to say," he spoke
"you will find your answer
by mastering doubt."

**OH, HELL NO!
I AM NOT FALLING FOR
THAT AGAIN!**



CAN YOU FEEL IT COMING?

Do you smell a change upon the wind?

NO.

You CAN'T.

You DON'T.

You've deluded yourself with dreams of a grand re-awakening, a massive paradigm shift of the collective social conscience.

You've convinced yourself that someone (maybe even you) will come along and cast down the Powers That Be™ that are in control of the MACHINE™.

You're WRONG.

There are no Powers That Be™. The MACHINE™ deposed them long ago, or perhaps they just became obsolete, victims of their own efficiency. You see, long ago the MACHINE™ became far too large to be overseen by a conspiracy, or even by a network of several different conspiracies. The MACHINE™ is no longer under the control of mankind, rather it has become an entity unto itself. A blind, uncaring juggernaut of assimilation and mediocrity. The MACHINE™ feeds off of the static nature of humanity. Any real agents of change are perceived as dangerous mutations, to be neutralized and disposed of as quickly as possible.

Q: What rhymes with the word lost?
A: People who are about to die soon.

Yes, that includes you.

And yes,

that also

includes me.

Back now? Good, we'll continue.

DISCORDianism. The adherence to, and spreading of, **DISCORD**. Tear the filthy thing down. Smash it, and drive the survivors into the wasteland...and it doesn't really matter what "it" is. We are the adherents of **OPPOSITION**. We oppose for the sake of opposition itself. We don't take sides, we don't play favorites, and it's a wonder that we are a "we" at all.

We are the proxies of entropy, not a fucking coffee house poetry club. We back the wrong horse, in the sheer hope of clogging up the guts of the machine, and it really makes no difference if the "machine" is malevolent or benign... Because, to us, **NO** organization is "benign".

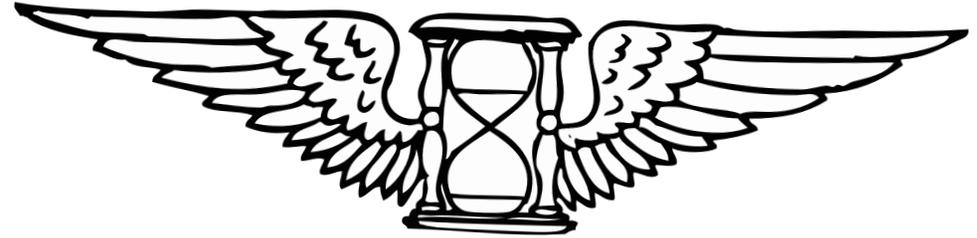
You simply aren't going to gain the favor of the goddess by playing "three word game". She'd rather see you shoving chewing gum in the coin slots of the subway entrance stiles, or simply playing "let's you and him fight".

The higher up in an organization that you can cause chaos, the more Eris will shower you with her blessings. Avoid being caught (so you can do it again), and she'll even take them out of the big, heavy can first.

So spare me the wacky bullshit. Forget that old fraud, Malaclypse, because Eris already has.

Or kill me.

*Bullshit makes
the flowers grow
& that's beautiful.*



The young monks left to camp nearby, and thought upon the Masters words. Soon they concluded, that the trick must be to control their doubt, and know with all their heart that the blade would not hurt them. As the monks were not entirely stupid, they decided to test their theory.

The first monk cleared his mind, and held his hand over the campfire, certain the fire would not burn him. After a few seconds, however, he had to withdraw his hand from the heat. The second monk, being somewhat more careful in nature, asked his friend to empty a bucket of water over him once he cleared his mind of all doubt. Fully expecting the water to bounce off him, the monk was greatly embarrassed when the water soaked him to the bone.

When the two monks returned to the Master to tell of their misfortune, the Master laughed. "This is not what I meant by mastering doubt," laughed he, "what use is it to tell yourself that the arrow will not hit you, when it is the arrow you need to convince of this? You must make the fire doubt itself rather than simply deny the obvious. You must make the soldier doubt his aim, if you want the blow to miss. Master doubt, not certainty. Sow it in your own mind, so you may later reap and share the fruit of Confusion. For enlightenment lies not in increasing certainty, but in increasing doubt."

The two monks left, greatly confused, and uncertain whether they had just been enlightened.





SORRY, WRONG GODDESS

~the Good Reverend Roger

You have been led to believe that, to be a discordian, one must act as if one was tripping, even when it has led people to believe that Eris is some demented aspect of Bacchus, where we all focus on having a good time. Poetry, games, inebriation, etc.

Do you even listen to the shit coming out of your mouths anymore?

Eris is the goddess of DISCORD. Take a minute, and look that word up.

I'll wait.

