

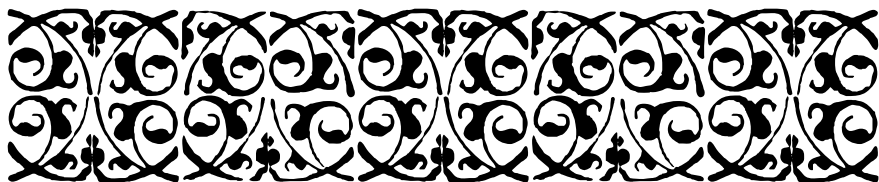
You heard a symphony.  
You read a story.  
You went to school.  
You got a job.  
You fell in love.  
You got into a fight.  
You fell out of a tree.  
You were mugged.  
You got an erection.  
You listened to a preacher.  
You took drugs.  
You got lost in the woods for 3 days.



You lived your life. And you carry that with you. Each thing that got the limbic system pumping, every "aha!", all the moments of simmering rage, each instant of bliss... They all left their bits of shrapnel in you. They all push and prod you in directions you might not even have intended to go.

But you don't have to be one of the walking wounded. The choice is yours. Self-surgery is messy, but it's possible. Search out the bits that got stuck into you, see if they're worth keeping. Then get a pair of pliers and an exacto knife, and get to it.

-LMNO



# You are probably being lied to

The question is not "Is someone lying to me?"

Someone is probably lying to you. A lot of people are probably lying to you. Heard an advertisement? There are probably lies, either explicit or implicit. The gadget advertised with yellow, sans-serif Arial Black on dead digital blue might not work at all. The beauty cream will not make you more sexually desirable.

So the question is not "Is someone lying to me?"

The questions you need to ask are "What am I being told? Why is it being told to me? What does the speaker hope to achieve by telling me this?"

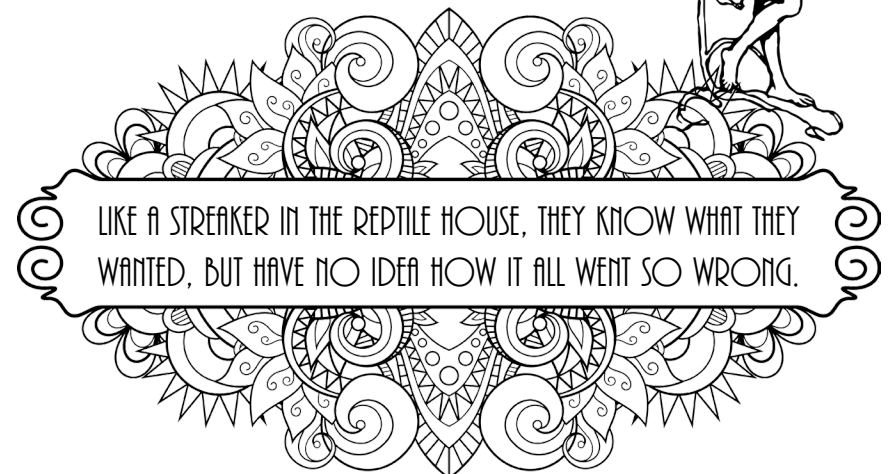
Check the facts when you can. Understanding the facts helps you understand the reasons behind the lies, and behind the truths too. Understanding the reasons behind the lies you are told allows you to apply another grid to the chaotic reality you perceive, revealing to you new relationships between your data points.

Some lies are more useful than others. Some pointless lies can be enlightening, if you're clever.

In short, bullshit helps the flowers grow, and that's beautiful.

Cheers,

**Saint Amir Zetathustra, Heretic**



# ATTN: CHAOSADVOCATE

(and anyone else who wants to start The Revolution)

You've been told to sit down and SHUT UP a lot in your life, and you're getting tired of it and think you're ready to TELL US WHAT and start your Glorious Revolution™ whether we like it or not.

Sit down. Shut up. You're not there yet.



If you're still worshipping the guillotine, you haven't figured out The Revolution yet. If you still think that the Second Amendment will protect the First Amendment, you're not ready yet. If you still think that the emptiness in your life is worse than the HORRIBLE TRUTH of the refugee, you need to SHUT UP and LISTEN.

There are bad things in the world, it's true. There are bad things in the First World, from assholes spying on your porn and the School to Prison pipeline and predatory banking and medicine for profits to kale and skinny jeans. Your problems are not "fake problems." It's right and appropriate to look at the bars on your cage and holler about them, I'm not here to tell you otherwise.

What I AM here to tell you is that THINGS CAN GET WORSE. If you don't believe me, go tell Richter your feet hurt. Civilization, for all its flaws, has still been a major net gain for humanity. We don't (usually) die of bullshit preventable diseases. We can all (for the most part) find somewhere safe and warm to sleep. When we are injured, we (generally) have access to the kind of medical treatments our ancestors would have traded kingdoms for. We have the best drugs. Any significant seismic shift in civilization could spell the end for all of that. And if you think you're going to be one of the 10% or so of humanity that would thrive in a post-apocalyptic nightmare, YOU'RE DEAD WRONG.

That's not to say that you shouldn't work on fixing problems. It just means you can't be an UTTER MORON about it.

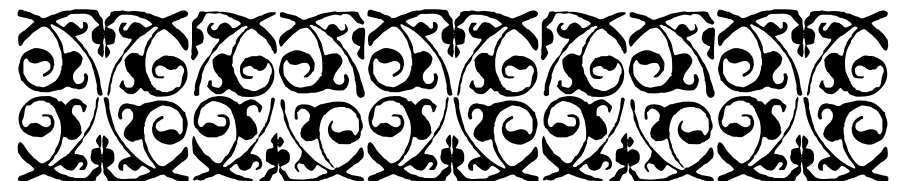
**Shrapnel.** Something exploded, and a piece of it embedded in your flesh. Now you have to carry that around with you for the rest of your life.

It affects you. It changes the way that you behave, you take the experience of being hit by that shrapnel with you in every decision that you make. Even if you remove it, the scar remains. Even in its absence, it informs your decisions.

For the most part, the explosions are essentially random, when taken from a subjective view. Someone else planted these things, and you walk right into it. These things may have exploded centuries ago, but the shrapnel is still in the air. Still able to pierce into the heart of you.

Often, they tell you where to go. They push you onto new paths, or keep you going down the one you're on. They can blind you, they can cripple you, they can make you afraid to continue. They can accumulate, like scales, like armor, like a lead weight. Given enough time, they can even render you impervious to other bits of shrapnel. But not forever.

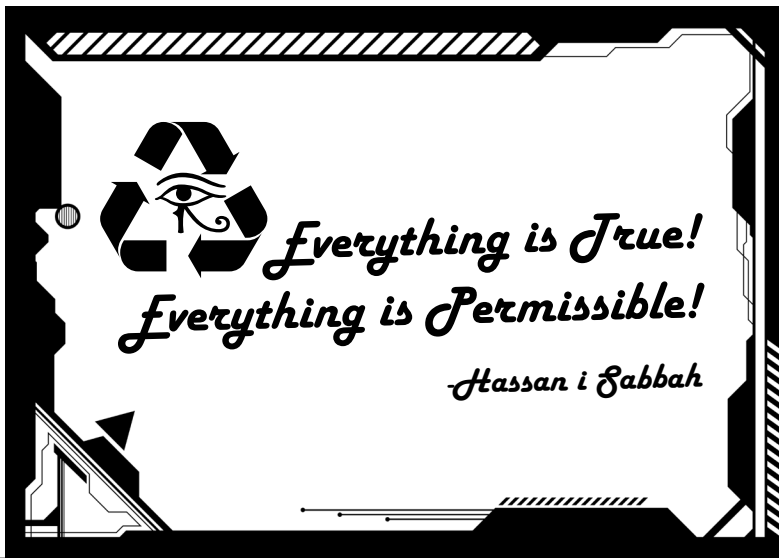
Shrapnel is not subtle. It's just that we don't recognize it for what it is. We get hit full in the face, and we don't even realize what just happened. We know something just went down, but what?



**Give everything to this life**, because if there is another we have yet to see it. Give everything to this life for your reserves will not serve you past your dying breath. Change while you are in this world of change, for even the most pleasant of other worlds we have been promised after this one are all fossilized and stale. Change this world, change the people and yourself. Breathe the air of this world and do not stop until you cannot draw breath. Smile. Scream. Do not die with anything in reserve.

Death comes sudden to some and slow to others and you never really know which way it'll go for you until it's too late, so be ready. Remember that you are a thing your body is doing, so take care of your body as best as you're able, so it can do a good job of being you. Remember that what happens after is largely a function of the stories you leave behind, so take risks now and then. Get banged up. Get your heart broken. Maybe crack a bone or two. Overinvest in people. Some of them will fuck you over but the ones who don't will likely outnumber them and come to your aid when you're down and out, and even if that's not the case screw the bean counting and overinvest anyway. Because you can't take anything with you and you can't bequeath your emotional reserves to your children anyway. Love catastrophically. Cook big meals. Sing loud. Make bad art and write bad fiction. Make terrible jokes, and laugh your stupid heart to death.

Live while you're alive.



Civilization needs rabblers and malcontents to keep it running smoothly. Terrible People know how to manipulate the rules of civilization to steer it in the direction of Dystopian Nightmare, or to increase the benefits to themselves while reducing opportunities for everyone else, or to punish all those smudgy brown people for believing the wrong book. If Good People don't engage in the steering process, we go to hell in a handbasket right quick. No, wait. Not Good People. What we need are Assholes. We need people who are NEVER SATISFIED with Good Enough. We need people who REFUSE to SHUT UP when something is wrong.

But, again, you can't be an UTTER MORON about it.

Nonviolence is a tactic. You may think it's a popular tactic because people are pansies and you're the only one MAN ENOUGH to suggest that we all get some guns and tear shit down, but that's because you haven't been listening. You can't win against governments if you choose to fight with guns. They have way better guns than you. And more of them, and more people who know how to use them and aren't afraid to put an ASSHOLE like you in his place. Civilization figured out a long time ago how to deal with a small group of assholes with guns. If you want to change things, you have to be smarter than that.

You wanna fuck the system? Fuck it where it can't see you coming. Edward Snowden did it. Chelsea Manning did it. Bree Newsome and Birgitta Jónsdóttir and Julian Assange did it. You have to come at things sideways, find the holes in their armor that they didn't realize existed. Convert their children and throw the best parties and be all FREE IN THEIR FACES WITHOUT PERMISSION.

That's how you change things. That's The Revolution.

But if you still want to go play toy soldier, I can't really stop you. Just try to get some blood on the mask so we can use it for propaganda later.



Or Kill Me.

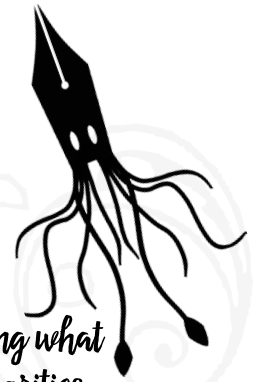
# JAILBREAKING FOR IDIOTS

This prison cell's got to give, you say. These iron shackles, they're really chaffing my ankles and the noose makes it hard to breathe! I want OUT! I need a jailbreak!

O RLY? Or are you, like many are, stuttering back a broken reflection of something you heard somebody say somewhere? Do you want OUT? Do you know what OUT is? Do you know what IN is, RLY? Do you? Ask yourself. You have to ask yourself all the time. I ask myself, and the answer is "no" a lot more often than I like to admit! In today's world, here's what The Con has done: not only is it hard to get out, it's hard to want out. Because before you can want out, you have to know what IN is, and in order to do that you've got a lot of serious (SRSLY serious, as in a mad rush naked through the parking lot serious, not Greyface/cabbage serious) thinking to do.

**QUESTION THE FIRST: WHO is YOU, and WHAT is THEM?** Before you can want out of the Con, you have to realize that there are probably very large chunks of what you think is yourSelf, that are actually not. I say large chunks because you're probably fond of your personal rituals that depend on the Con: your daily cup of coffee. Your music choices. Your opinions about fashion. Humans by nature are ritualistic beings, which leads us into...

**QUESTION THE NEXT: AM MYSELVES OUR HABITS?** Dreadful thought: are you actually a Person, or are you just an unconscious bag of protoplasm that exists to run around town collecting disposable shit and then pay somebody to haul it to the dump when you're done with it? It may seem fairly obvious, but I've found myself disappear for WEEKS at a time, only to resurface in the middle of some



*But* that isn't really liberty. Liberty is saying what you believe, even if it makes the Authorities uncomfortable. Liberty is going where you want, and not telling anybody where or why. Liberty means that you're free to cover your tracks if you want to, free to talk to and associate with whoever you want. It isn't "Freedom within reasonable boundaries," because people are not reasonable and can be fooled into believing that even totalitarianism is reasonable. Sometimes, totalitarianism IS reasonable, but just because a thing makes sense doesn't mean it is always RIGHT.

*The* government which claims to be "preserving" our rights and "protecting" our freedom is violating both while we idly sit by and accept entertainment and convenience in return. How long until the resources that keep us mesmerized by television and fat on fast food run out? How far into imperialism and aggression will we allow our government to go to keep our stomachs and eyeballs pacified?

*And* what will we do when all else really does fail, and we are left with neither convenience nor liberty: our plates filled with stale bread and our living rooms filled with stormtroopers to keep us from complaining about it?

**Liberty** is not inherent in any system of government. In fact, the opposite is true. Every type of government exists, by necessity, to limit liberty. Your personal freedom is not something granted to you by your government: if that is what you believe, then you don't actually have it.

**Freedom** is something you take for yourself. it cannot be given to you.

**If** a man is kicked out of a prison he is said to be free -- but if all he does with that "freedom" is to live in a room and go to work every day like he is "supposed to," then he is really no more free than he was in prison. He has nicer clothes to wear, maybe, and his cell block is larger. More choices at the commissary, more options in the mess hall. But he is nevertheless as fearful of the Authorities as he was in prison: he is subject to punitive action by the administration whether inside or outside the prison walls.

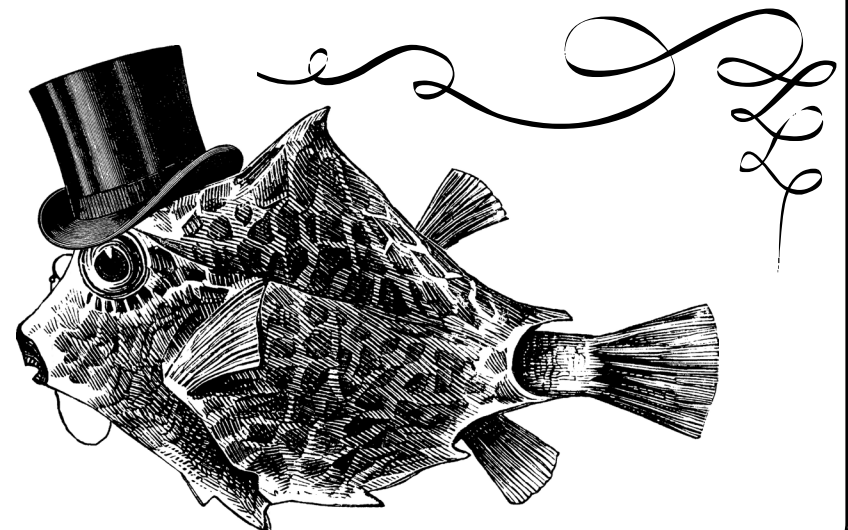
**In spite** of these obvious truths, it has become popular among the masses to assume that because they are comfortable, they are "free." There is a certain degree of truth to that (as is usually the case with lies), because they are "free" to choose from what is presented to them; they are "free" to associate with the approved groups; they are "free" to protest government policy, so long as they are in "free-speech zones" and they have a permit and they aren't physically located anywhere that might threaten what the government wants to do.

Anonymous January wondering what the fuck just happened. Come to find out, I'd been so lost in the "Daily Grind," (which is a fallacy) that I didn't even notice that the fucking sun came up. Repeatedly.

**THrice QUESTIONED: AM WE COMMITTED?**

Once you've shoved a splint between who you actually are and the shit you waste your time on, you can start to think about this point. Don't bother trying to feel committed to a larger agenda like Jailbreaking before those first two points are covered — you'll just spin in circles. But once you're here, you're on your way. Every Action is a Choice, and every Choice is an Action. When you're presented with 2 options, this is the power to choose the 3rd one.

**QUESTION THE LAST: AREN'T WE ALL "IN IT TOGETHER?"** The answer is NO. We're not. Some people will help, most people won't. And good luck finding somebody who WILL within kicking distance. And even if you did, they can't dig your escape tunnel FOR you, that's all yours. So quit waiting for the fucking Cavalry, the scalping blade's already on your SKIN. With these 4 points, a tin-foil cap, and everything else you'll need that isn't mentioned here, you'll be prepared to at least start SRSly considering your jailbreak.



FOR THE LAST TIME, I HAVE  
AN ABOMINATION PERMIT.

I WAITED IN LINE AT THE  
DMV FOR 10<sup>^</sup>33 HOURS SO  
YOU CAN FUCK RIGHT OFF

CHOO CHOO  
MOTHER-  
FUCKER!



"INNOCENCE IS NOT 'GOOD'. INNOCENCE IS THE  
STATE OF HAVING NEVER BEEN TESTED."

- THE TUCSON CODEX, 2:24

An Evil that is singular, no  
matter how monstrous, has  
nads you can squarely kick  
and thus it can be defeated.

An Evil that has no center &  
no boundaries has no nads.



**2)** There is no they. You've been lied to, all these years. THERE ARE NO FNORDS! There never have been. The cage is only in your head, there is no warden, and we are all free, should we realize it. It's all a colossal LIE. Now, most people are afraid of freedom. They might make a mistake...for that, see #1. As far as getting caught and going to The Big House, well, if you can't outwit the morons who run the system, then you aren't much of a Yeti after all, are you? LIE to them, SMILE in their face, and KEEP YOUR BOBDAMNED MOUTH SHUT AFTER PRANKS! He who kicks society in the crotch and shuts his mouth, usually lives to kick it again tomorrow.

**3)** Don't worry about fitting in. Just because you LIKE to dress like a Goth, for example, doesn't make you a conformist...provided that's REALLY why you do it (as opposed to seeking acceptance from Goths). If you say to yourself, "Is my image perfect today", you are probably screwing up. If you say, "Cool" when you look in the mirror, you're probably ok...the best rule is, if you are BEING YOURSELF, don't sweat it.



**Over the last year over 50,000 deaths  
were attributable directly to surprise.**

## REV ROGER SERMON#9: THERE ARE NO BARS OR CAGES.

**B**rothers and Sisters, sinners and mutants, freaks and walking glitches, I bid you a good evening. This evening, we are gonna talk about prisons.

**N**ow, there are a few different kinds of prisons...there is The Big House, The Prison of Toil, and The Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

**T**he Big House, as we all know, is the prison they send you to when you get caught breaking one of their rules (Which, as Kafka noted, you can't help doing. The rules are so complex, you WILL break them, every day). We aren't gonna talk too much about this type of prison, because you can see that on any network, though not so much now as the last couple of years...save for this: All of those prison TV shows, "Inside reports", "OZ", "The Big House", ad infinitum, ad nauseum, are there for a reason. The lesson they impart, my friends, is this: If you get out of line, we'll put you in a cell with people like THESE!

**T**he Prison of Toil, however, is a prison they put you into starting at age 5. You are placed in an unnatural state for a juvenile primate; you are forced to wear clothes, sit in an uncomfortable position, and stay still for HOURS while they teach ya the proper art of the Fnords. You are told that you must excel, so you can go to college, where presumably, the Fnords can't get you.

Once you get to college, however, you are told that you must continue to toil, so that you can get a good job... you STILL aren't safe from the Fnords. Then, one day, you graduate to the supposed "real world", where you are told that you must now work hard for your parole at 65... because if you don't the Fnords will make you eat dog-food in your retirement... WHAT A SUPRISE! The Fnords don't eat children, they eat senior citizens. They lied AGAIN! The problem is, even if you DO follow their advice, you are still screwed. By the time you are paroled, you are too old to enjoy it, and just like real prison, most inmates don't LIVE long enough to GET parole. What can you do about this? How can you escape THIS prison, which has no bars (though many inmates DO have cells, or cubes as we call them)? Well first, you have to escape the REAL prison, The Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

The Prison of Your Frickin' Head is the worst jail of all... As G.G. Gordon once said, "Where can you run, where can you hide, when the man in blue is on the INSIDE?" This is the prison from which very few people get out alive. There is NO parole, and you will spend all the days of your life inside it, should you not escape. This is the prison built for you by those around you, with your willing help. It is done in the following fashion:

**1)** You are convinced by society that you are not good enough, and that all of your accomplishments so far have been GOOD LUCK. You will be found out for (as RAW said) the "no good shit" you are. The only escape from this is ego-training, or stupidity. Most talented people think, deep down inside, that they are frauds. Most utter fools consider themselves gawdlike. Go figure.

**2)** You are told by society that they are watching. Just who they are is never made clear; but it IS made clear that they had better not catch you in any funny-business, or you are screwed. (Of course, they are the **FNORDS**)

**3)** You are taught to "fit in", one way or the other. Either you fit in to the mold the establishment sets up for you, or you rebel...and most rebels tend to fit into one group or another (Goth, Punker, New-age bliss zombie, Discordian, Subgenius, etc)...and if you aren't careful you fall into the conformity of non-conformists. If you don't dress a certain way, or mouth the correct ritual sayings, you are obviously a "normal" or a "greyface"... Despite the fact that the weirdest freaks, the truest Yeti, usually BLEND RIGHT IN!

So what do we do about it? How do we escape? We escape SYSTEMATICALLY. You don't saw each bar a little at a time, you whack each bar out, methodically...thus:

**1)** For the ingrained failure complex, use ego-training. Not that "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough" affirmation shyt, either. No, you are superior. This is proven by the fact that you even noticed the cage in your head at all! When you look in the mirror, don't THINK there are no flaws, KNOW there are no flaws. When you screw up, screw up catastrophically! ROLL IN YOUR MISTAKES! WALLOW IN THEM, AND LEARN FROM THEM. Most "normals" will start wars to avoid admitting they made a mistake. Don't fall into that trap. When you are no longer afraid of mistakes, you will make less of them, and you WON'T CARE about the ones you still DO make.