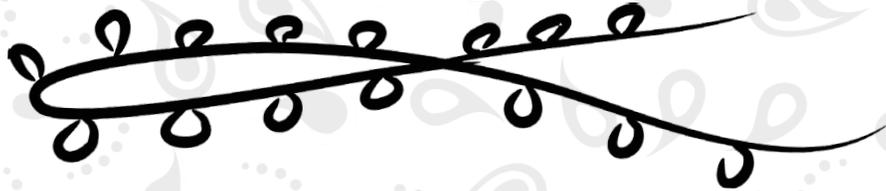


DO YOU THINK THESE WORDS JUST FELL OUT OF MY HEAD? THEY DIDN'T. THESE IDEAS HAVE BEEN REHASHED IN MANY DIFFERENT FORMS, SOME OF WHICH I'VE BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE EXPOSED TO. I'M NOT SOME MAGICAL WORDS PIXIE WHO INVENTS CONCEPTS WHOLECLOTH AND SPEWS THEM FORTH.

NOBODY IS. IDEAS ARE BUILT ON OTHER IDEAS.

RIGHT NOW YOU HAVE A BUNCH OF BAD IDEAS IN YOUR HEAD, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN EATING NOTHING BUT GARBAGE AND IT SHOWS. YOU NEED TO START EATING BETTER IDEAS SO YOU CAN SMASH THEM TOGETHER AND COME UP WITH NEW PERMUTATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Discordianism: {Professor Cramulus} A Brief Explanation



If I ever have to explain Discordia really briefly, I'll say something like **"Taoism in a clown suit."** – that's MY Discordia, at least.

.....

In Zen without Zen Masters, the About the Author section for Camden Benares (The Count of 5s) has a good one-line historical description:

"The Discordian Society was a San Francisco-based dadaist, aesthetic-theological society whose stock in trade was esoteric satire."

.....

If I have to be really really straightfaced about it, which happens occasionally (like when my office building manager sat down with me to find out WHY I wanted to hang a sacred chao and golden apple on the office x-mas tree), I explained it like:

The Golden Secret

The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously.

To that end, we propose the countergame of NONSENSE AS SALVATION. Salvation from an ugly and barbarous existence that is the result of taking order so seriously and so fearing contrary orders and disorder, that GAMES are taken as more important than LIFE; rather than taking LIFE AS THE ART OF PLAYING GAMES.

To this end, we propose that man develop his innate love for disorder, and play with The Goddess Eris. And know that it is a joyful play, and that thereby CAN BE REVOKED THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

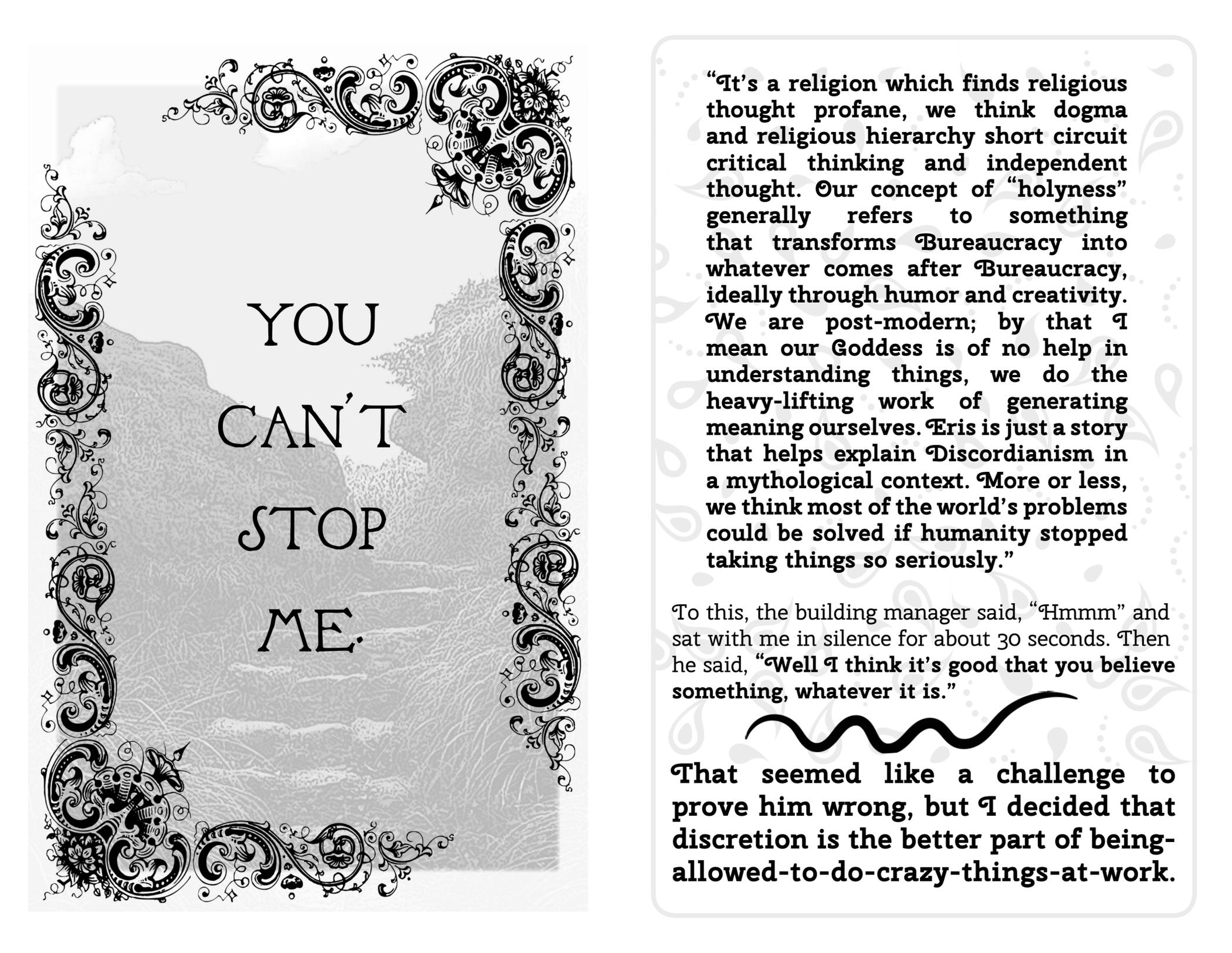
If you can master nonsense as well as you have already learned to master sense, then each will expose the other for what it is: absurdity. From that moment of illumination, a man begins to be free regardless of his surroundings. He becomes free to play order games and change them at will. He becomes free to play disorder games just for the hell of it. He becomes free to play neither or both. And as the master of his own games, he plays without fear, and therefore without frustration, and therefore with good will in his soul and love in his being.

And when men become free then mankind will be free.

May you be free of The Curse of Greyface.
May the Goddess put twinkles in your eyes.
May you have the knowledge of a sage,
and the wisdom of a child.

Hail Eris.





YOU
CAN'T
STOP
ME.

“It’s a religion which finds religious thought profane, we think dogma and religious hierarchy short circuit critical thinking and independent thought. Our concept of “holyness” generally refers to something that transforms Bureaucracy into whatever comes after Bureaucracy, ideally through humor and creativity. We are post-modern; by that I mean our Goddess is of no help in understanding things, we do the heavy-lifting work of generating meaning ourselves. Eris is just a story that helps explain Discordianism in a mythological context. More or less, we think most of the world’s problems could be solved if humanity stopped taking things so seriously.”

To this, the building manager said, “Hmmm” and sat with me in silence for about 30 seconds. Then he said, **“Well I think it’s good that you believe something, whatever it is.”**

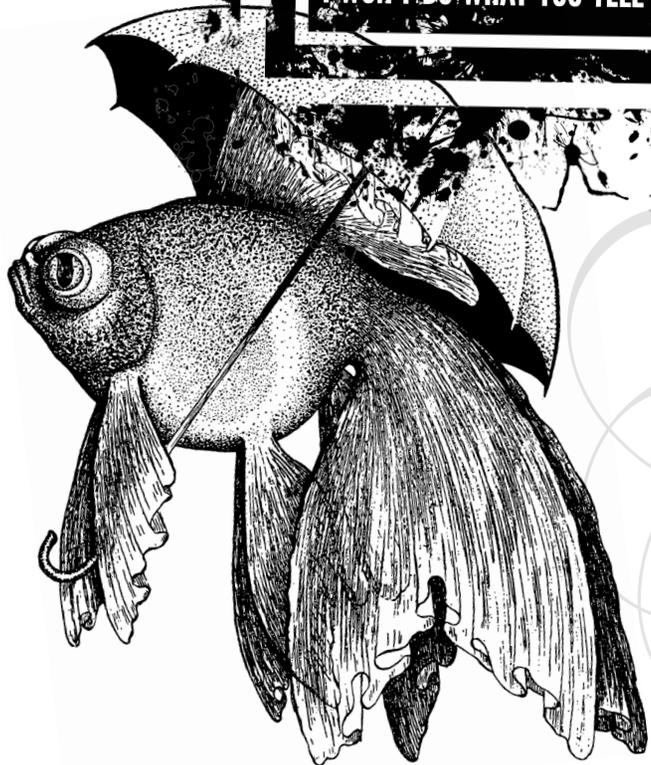


That seemed like a challenge to prove him wrong, but I decided that discretion is the better part of being-allowed-to-do-crazy-things-at-work.

I PRACTICALLY THOUGHT I WAS AN EXPERT ON DISCORDIANISM UNTIL I READ THIS. I JUST REALIZED, I DIDN'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT DISCORDIANISM. ALL THE SHIT I THOUGHT WAS JUST STONERS BEING GOOFY, IT WAS JUST A BIGGER CONCEPT THAT WENT RIGHT OVER MY FUCKIN HEAD. I MEAN, I GOT A DECENT AMOUNT OF IT, BUT NOT NEARLY AS MUCH AS I THOUGHT.

FUCK.

FUCK YOU
I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME

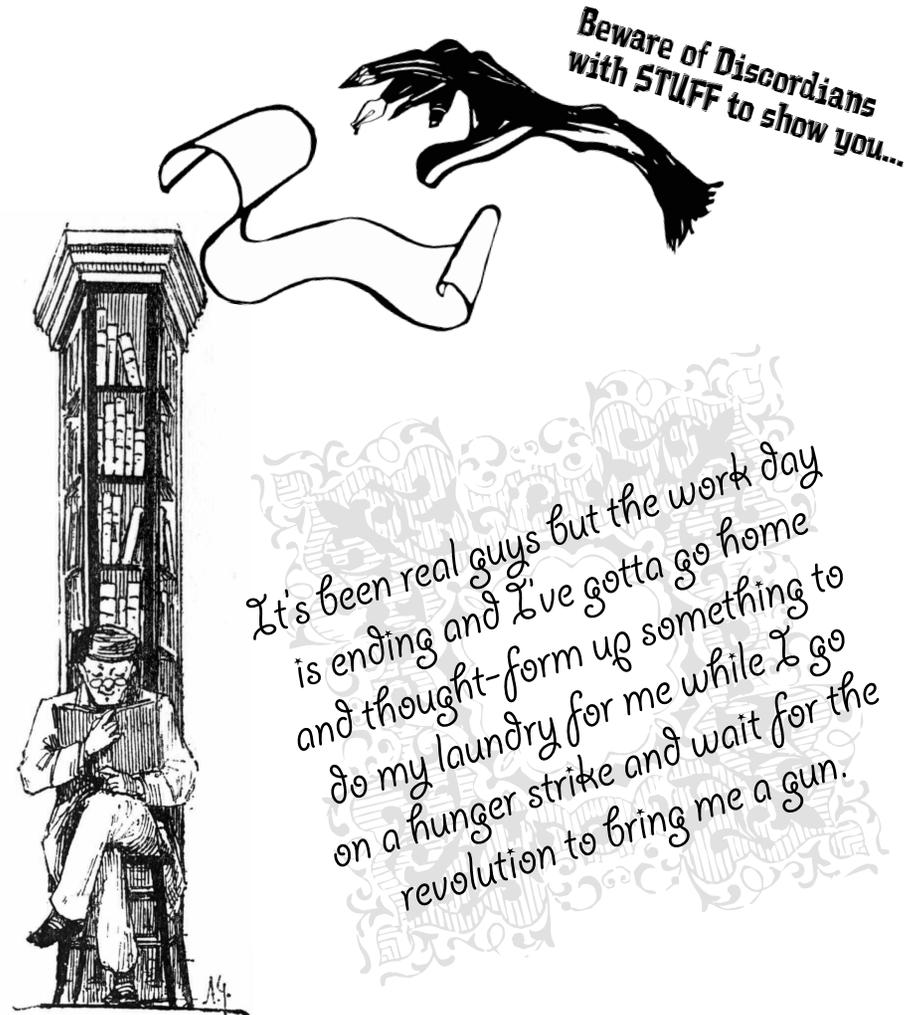


REFLECTING ONE SILLY
BELIEF FOR ANOTHER
DOES NOT MAKE
YOU ENLIGHTENED

They can't buy Discordianism. They can't market the BIP, or the Principia. It isn't even protected by traditional copyright laws, so I can write this and call it Principia Discordia if I want to. They cannot buy, that which is freely given and freely changed.

They can't buy writing either. What I write here is freely given, and you may edit it as you wish. They can't get to it. It is literally beyond their control.

This is one reason I am a Discordian. It is just one small way to achieve what I feel is most important: freedom.



Beware of Discordians
with STUFF to show you...

It's been real guys but the work day
is ending and I've gotta go home
and thought-form up something to
do my laundry for me while I go
on a hunger strike and wait for the
revolution to bring me a gun.

A New Guy's Introduction

-some spag on PeeDee

I personally identify most with the Black Iron Prison formulation of discordianism. I feel like it describes my life and the lives of others well, and it gives me something to aspire to: freedom, of sorts. I try to reach through the bars of my prison, or at least, redo the wallpaper when it is needed. I think its interesting how perception changes can really change everything both within and without oneself.

But the depressing part is the capitalism of it all; the revolution has been bought, sold, branded, marketed, turned into shares, embezzled, washed, rewashed, dried, and hung. By the revolution, I mean the musical revolution. Calvin and Hobbes got it in one of their strips I think, and only after seeing it did it really dawn on me: every form of entertainment (save a select few) that was once seen as rebellious and world-changing, has been appropriated by businesses and CEO's for monetary gain. In the process they have become watered down, so that the masses can enjoy what was otherwise something new, risky, and fun.

Rock is a good example, as is punk. It used to be only about rebellion, smashing the system, and poetry played to the tune of an electric guitar. Now, its been appropriated into pop and pop punk, watered down, and shelled out as a consumer product.

In our everyday lives, a large part of our prisons are made of such commercial products. Our identities are bought and sold to the highest bidder. Like BIP says: those shows we watch aren't "our shows".

But I will tell you this. While I am drinking my Dunkin Donuts coffee, and while I read tumblr, and watch YouTube channels, they still cannot buy and sell this, my personal experience, right here. right now.

I'm okay with some of my prison being commercialized. I like my coffee in the morning from Dunkin. I like tumblr, and I like my YouTube. But I don't want it all to be that way. I don't want everything to be a cog.

a Recap of Many Salient Points



We have spoken, at some length, about how the reality you experience is not the entirety of existence. We've showed that there are (quite necessary) limitations you self-impose on your perceptions, limitations that are hard-wired (biologically) into your senses, and limitations of ignorance based on your life experiences (the building blocks of how you understand the universe).

The point of all this was to slap you into realizing that what you see, hear, etc is not only an extremely small part of the enormity of reality, but is also mostly a false narrative, constructed by your brain in a desperate effort to make sense of what's going on around you. Hopefully, you were prompted to take a second, third, or (preferably) always another look at what's being presented to you as "reality"... because now you'd be able to see the walls you've built around you, you can know that you don't know, you can start looking around corners, asking the questions.

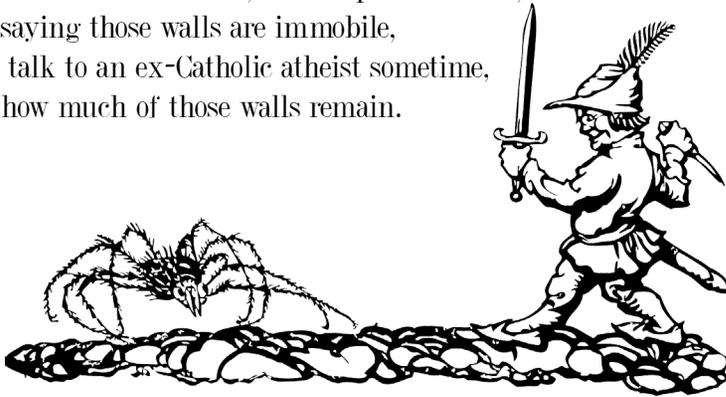
So there's a nice little metaphor there, which upsets you by showing how you're in a cell, but gives you hope that you have the ability to change the walls, that you have the power to choose how you experience reality (up to a point). And that's an empowering, self-motivating, positive message, no matter how the material is presented.



If only that were the end of it.

To leave it like that is the same as saying that economic theory is sound because it works of the premise that people act rationally. The model works just fine when looked at in a vacuum. The problem comes when you introduce it as a valid process in the real world. Because in truth, you're not the one building your walls. At least half, as we've discussed elsewhere, is biologically imposed. You can't see what your eyes aren't built to see, and all that. So we have about half a cell to work with before we even get started.

So then you have to consider everything that went into your head when you were growing up and didn't even consider self-reflecting enough to ask how you know what you know. You had no choice where you were born, and right off, that's going to shape a big part of you, whether you're a Hindu in Pakistan, or a Baptist in Peru, or a Jew in Texas. I'm not saying those walls are immobile, but just talk to an ex-Catholic atheist sometime, and see how much of those walls remain.



But even if you do allow for biology, and even if you do manage to overcome your birth environment, that's just work you did to your past. And look at what you cleared out. Peer pressure from your friends growing up. Teachers telling you what was important and what was not. The radio, playing the songs you were supposed to like, and playing them anyway so they got stuck in your head and are now "nostalgic" when you're at a retro night a club that tells you what's fashionable. Magazines that showed you pictures of people they called "attractive". Newspapers that taught you what national issues were serious. That's a lot of external bullshit that's telling you what's "right" and "wrong". And you kind of just went with it, didn't you? Didn't even realize how deeply your perception of the world changed.



BUT WHEN YOU GET IN SYNCH WITH THE RHYTHM, THAT SEAT OF THE SOUL RHYTHM, YOU'RE GONNA BE OVERCOME BY THE MUSIC OF ERIS. YOU'RE GONNA SNAP YOUR FINGERS TO THE GOSPEL OF ERIS. YOU'RE GONNA THROW YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR AND PRAISE ERIS. YOU'RE GONNA YELL TESTIFY AND HAIL ERIS AND ALL HAIL DISCORDJA.

BECAUSE THE NEW DAY IS COMING - THE NEW WAVE IS COMING - THE REVOLUTION IS COMING AND IT'S NOT AGAINST ANYBODY. IF IT ABSOLUTELY HAS TO BE AGAINST SOMEBODY, IT'S AGAINST WHO YOU WERE AND FOR WHO YOU WILL BE. THEY'VE GOT US CONNED INTO THINKING THAT A REVOLUTION IS A FIGHT, THAT YOU CAN WIN OR LOSE OR CHICKEN OUT. BUT IT'S NOT A BATTLE, IT'S A CHANGE. AND IT DOESN'T END IN VICTORY OR DEFEAT - IF THE REVOLUTION SUCCEEDS, IT DOESN'T END AT ALL.

THE REVOLUTION ISN'T AGAINST, IT'S FOR. IT'S FOR YOU, AND IT'S FOR ME, AND IT'S FOR ALL OF US ALL SINGING GOSPEL AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A MESS BECAUSE WE NEVER PRACTICE AND WE NEVER HARMONIZE. BUT IT'S A GREAT MESS LIKE JOHN COLTRANE WOULD MAKE, LIKE AD LIB WOULD MAKE, LIKE IMPROV WOULD MAKE. LIKE ERIS DISCORDJA IS SNAPPING HER FINGERS WITH THE RHYTHM AND SHE SAYS TAKE WHAT YOU LIKE, LEAVE WHAT YOU DON'T. BE WHO YOU ARE, AND BE WHO YOU'RE NOT. TAKE HER LEAD, BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE ERIS AND SHE'S GONNA BE YOU.

AND ALL HAIL ERIS, 'CAUSE SHE HAILS YOU TOO.



"Sin is the state in which a person exists, if they take extra time out of their day to dump on the undeserving in some fashion. To claim that sin doesn't exist is to say that the strong commit no wrong when they victimize the weak."

- Ars Richteria, 3:22

Some final words from Professor Cramulus

The Meaning of Life

Once, an old man told me he had learned the *Meaning of Life*.

I told him I didn't want to know.

It should really haunt me to this day that I never heard his solution.

But he was kinda a doofus.

And fat.

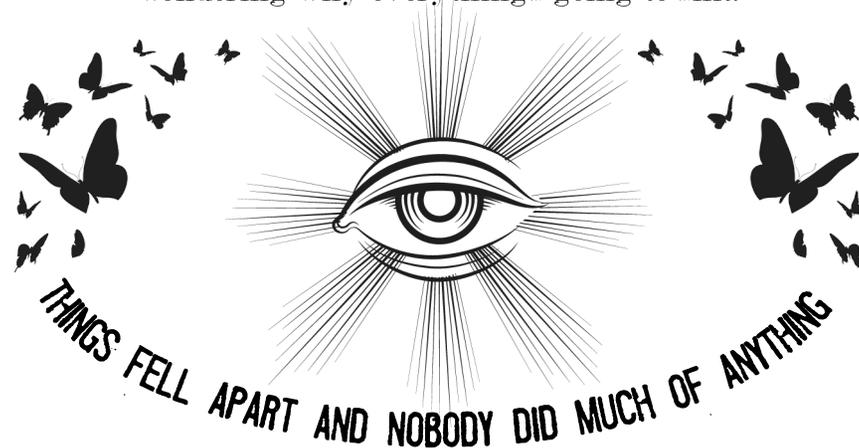
If there is a meaning of life, it seems to me that it should be a very personal thing, and not universal. Therefore anyone promising you this knowledge either is in possession of a lesser truth, having not come to their true answer yet, or is the kind of person who does not understand that their experience is not in fact all the universe has to offer.

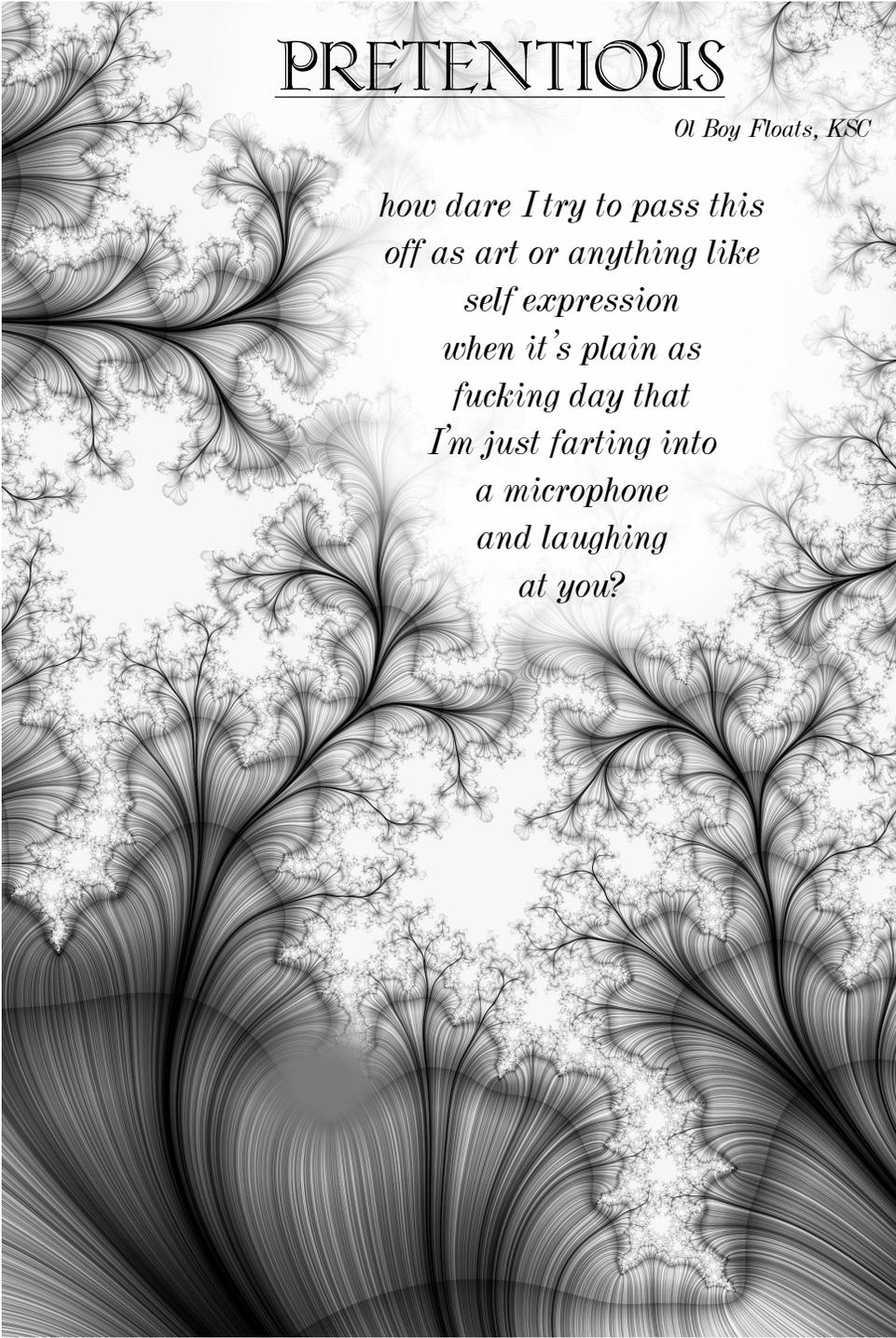


So now, yeah, now you feel that you understand that what was fed to you for all those years was propaganda. Some of it might have been what can be called 'good signal', but the majority was 'bad signal' - ideas and messages that could be simply wrong, or self-harming (either physically or mentally), but in general, they were messages that built up walls you didn't even know were there. You didn't put them there, they were forced on you. But you get that. You know that the media manipulates you. You can see the entirety of bad signal you accepted before. You're better than that now.

There's a problem. It's pretty much all bad signal now. While you've been busy tearing down your old cell walls to redecorate the prison the way you want it, the world you live in has been building up new ones every minute of the day. And you still don't notice what's going on, because the bad signal has much, much better carriers these days. The signal is now incredibly good at matching the environment, and building walls that almost look like the ones you've been building for yourself. And then it turns out that the walls you're building now are the ones that they wanted you to build. Keep that up long enough, and you don't have to be manipulated to act against your better interests anymore, because your interests are *their* interests.

And so you stand there in the world,
looking around with your supposed 'enlightened' eyes,
wondering why everything's going to shit.





PRETENTIOUS

Ol Boy Floats, KSC

*how dare I try to pass this
off as art or anything like
self expression
when it's plain as
fucking day that
I'm just farting into
a microphone
and laughing
at you?*

One of the things I love best about Discordja

is that it's like a mirror you can hold up to reflect how stupid things are.

When somebody says “We tolerate all religions”, it makes me wonder if they have an immune system to protect against cults, hate groups, and people that are straight up **WRONG**. Do you tolerate evil ideas too?

If so, your tolerance might be kind of shitty.

Lord Omar used to hang out at spiritual gatherings in the 60s and try to out-do the level of crazy he was seeing. People were claiming they were the reincarnation of Cleopatra, claiming they were channeling Isis (and in turn demanding to be treated like Isis), and the community didn't have any immune system to filter out those egomaniacs and nutjobs.

Discordia was a mirror he held up: “Don't you think some of this shit might be ... you know, bullshit?”

Like, if you can explain to me why the Turkey Curse isn't real magic, I can probably apply that explanation to most of what you call magic.

All those people with robes and candles and athames that think they're accomplishing something by speaking in rhyme to their imaginary friends are on **EXACTLY** the same footing as some spag going “**GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE**” while pretending to feel up an imaginary woman.

Aleister Crowley once said that the point of his whole life was to spit in the grimy face of society in hopes that it would have to wash all the filth off.