

ENLIGHTENMENT SHALL COME
ONLY TO THOSE
WHO BRING THEIR OWN CANDLES

I shall be telling this with a sigh
somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

- *Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken*

No werewolves were harmed during the making of this book.
FNORD!



The Devia Discordia

*Being a book of many collected ramblings about Life, Discordia and many other Interesting Things. Also containing several passages from Ye Booke of Truth * so that it's Wholey Prediccaments may be known to All.*

The Devia Discordia is not a Great philosophical Statement. It is not the Road to enlightenment, but it does concern itself with the fascinating little paths that twist away from and alongside it.

The Devia was not divinely inspired, nor written by a Holy man from the desert, nor found on ancient scrolls. Eris Discordia absolutely refuses to take the blame for it, but does say it made her laugh.

Comments? Questions? Want the movierights? Mail to:

devia_discordiaspam@hotmail.com. Leave out the word spam, though, that's just there to annoy Bill Gates.

My lawyer can kick your lawyers butt:

The Devia Discordia is (k) 2001-2005 and beyond, yea until the VERY END OF ETERNITY. All rites reversed. Copy what you want, but remember, it's a bit like a sexually transmitted disease: It's easy to pick up somewhere, but you have to be honest about whom you got it from. All readers of fineprint will ruin their eyes and end up wearing glasses.

Disinformation
contemplated wings reach
everybody

**) Which is strikingly similar to, but not the same as, The Book of Honest Truth. Interestingly, ye Booke of Truth seems to have been written at about the same time as Lord Omar was granted his Book of Honest Truth. This is once again proof of the theory that good ideas are much like bad smells; once they're out in the open, everybody catches a whiff, but there's usually some confusion about where they came from.*

Pooka Speaks

Oddball ritual or actually a Pretty Nifty Idea?

Honourary member of the Orange Potatoe Cabal **Pope Commodore Pooka the 23rd** has a few words to say on the subject of Transubstantiation. So sit back, have a piece of bread and some wine, and enjoy the Doctrine of the Quixotic Presence.

Pope Commodore Pooka the 23rd sent us this wonderful little revelation recently. Thanks Pooka! Now get back to your cage and write some more.

Insubstantiation ¹

or: The Doctrine of the Quixotic Presence

As related to Pope Commodore Pooka the 23rd by way of yeast

If you're worried about the afterlife, Eat Me. ~ Eris Discordia

PREFACE

AND SO it came to pass that Pope Pooka reached the point of Confusion in discussion with those of more conventional faith than he.

AND he did try, without success, to convince the TRUE BELIEVERS of the absurdity of their cannibalistic rituals, noting that the items consumed in the Eucharist remained mere bread and wine, no matter the belief.

AND LO! One among them unknowingly led the Pope to learn more of transubstantiation, resulting in these yeasty revelations.

I.

The bread began it; alchemy of flour, salt, sugar, butter, milk, and of course yeast. I was pondering the nature of the Eucharist, the way that the bread and wine changed in no discernible way, yet remained, to millions of Catholics, the body and blood of Christ. Baking bread, appropriate in retrospect, my mind wrapped itself up in knots trying to imagine how such a seemingly obvious line of bullshit gained such worldwide adherence. I tested and sliced my loaf, and when the warmth was on my tongue, the voice did come to me.

II.

”Why do you worry so much?”

the voice came, soothing and mealy to my troubled mind. It sounded not unlike a woman speaking with her mouth full, but gloriously understandable. I replied “Well, it’s absurd.” In that matter-of-fact tone we always take right before Eris decides to bitchslap us. “And?” she retorted. “People are clearly investing themselves in this, yet it has no relation to or basis in reality whatsoever!” I was getting really worked up now, talking to myself and flour-encrusted. Still the heavenly voice replied, now knowingly “Since when has reality had any bearing on belief?

Are you not my child, ‘O incredulous one?’” In that moment the knowledge of a new ritual of Chaos began to rise like a loaf within me, filling me anew.



III.

Eris showed me the truth: I was jealous. Catholics should not alone corner the market on absurd claims. However it strikes me that my own belief lacks such claims for the most part, ones that are such an obvious affront to sense common and uncommon². No longer must we simply smoke weed (not that we ought to stop) and pass it off as a comment on the Catholic Mass! SHE has provided us with a new way, one that is shiny and comes with a 23-year Warranty.

IV.

To perform the Miracle of Insubstantiation is simple, for those with the inclination. It merely involves making baseless assertions about an object or occurrence, usually preceded by a blessing over the object or person in question. For example, I can trace a Sacred Chao in the air above a rock, and from that moment forward, it is a small frog. To truly make use of the miracle, however, you must make sure that someone is told about this miraculous happening. Another bonus to this ritual is reflected in the alternative name *The Doctrine of the Quixotic Presence*, which alludes to the fact that Eris is now manifest in said object.


V.

Inevitably, some smart-ass will try to prove that you are wrong about this miracle, that in some way you are fabricating this entire belief. People are far more likely to challenge an unheard-of religion than a well-established one, and finding out that we have a sense of humour is certain to rub some people the wrong way. If someone insists that the rock is not a frog, or that that blank piece of paper is not legal tender, you should explain to them the true mystery of Insubstantiation; the object retains the *accidents* of its original state, looking, smelling, weighing, tasting, etc. but it is in fact now whatever you have changed it into. That is the mystery: how an item can retain all physical properties and yet be fundamentally changed through the power of baseless assertion and the defence of righteous indignation³.

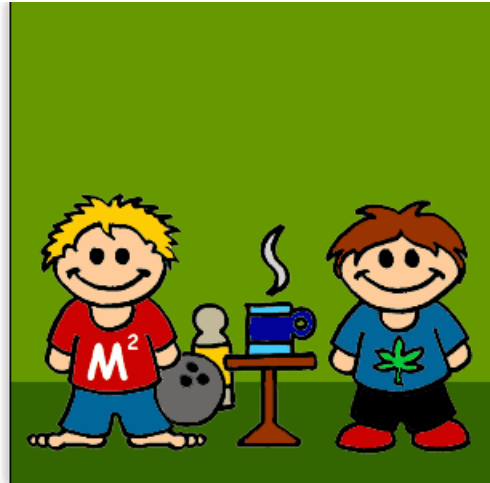
Hail Eris!

- 1) *Insubstantiation is not, in fact, a word that will be found in any dictionary; but true to the manner in which Eris tends to manifest, "insubstantiation" results in around 235 pages over Google.*
- 2) *Or perhaps that's only partially true (and partially false).*
- 3) *If someone questions your belief in this doctrine, really get angry and worked up over their "effort to oppress your religious freedom", make them apologize, then convert them to Discordianism. Works like a Charm.*

Mal and Omar go bowling



Mal and Omar are in the bowlingalley.
Hi, Mal! Hi, Omar! Are you having fun?
Mal and Omar are drinking coffee.
Soon, they'll go bowling.
Can you see the ball?



Look! There is a bright light!
Mal and Omar are surprised.
They see a monkey in the light.
Hello, monkey!
The monkey talks to Mal and Omar.



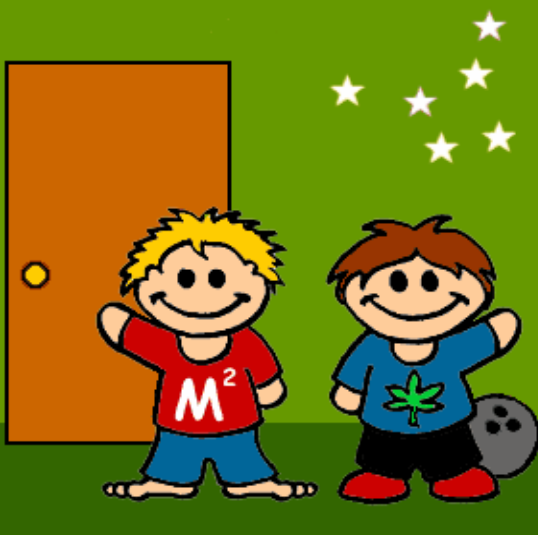
Sweets taste really good
but they are bad for you.
And veggies taste really awful
but they are good for you.
Isn't that strange? says the monkey.



Grown-ups don't play games anymore.
Isn't that really strange?
These strange things are called chaos.
Look at this, says the monkey.
He shows Mal and Omar a picture.



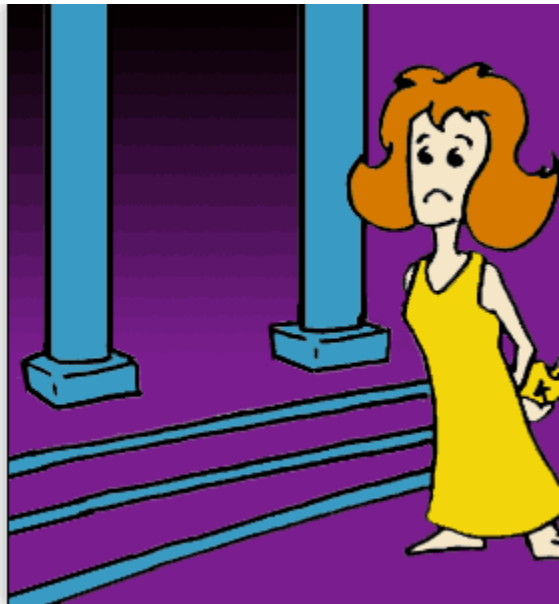
Look! The monkey is gone!
Mal and Omar see the bowlingalley again.
Do you think the monkey was real?
Mal and Omar go home to think about it.
Bye Mal! Bye Omar! You had a weird day.



See the big mountain?
That's the home of Zeus.
Zeus is a god, and it's his birthday!
Zeus invited all his friends.
They will have cake and lemonade.



This is Eris. Hello, Eris!
Eris is sad. What's wrong, Eris?
Zeus didn't invite Eris to his party.
That's not nice, Zeus! Shame on you!
But Eris has a plan.



Eris has an apple that says Kallisti.
That means: For the coolest person.
Look! Three goddesses see the apple!
They all think they are coolest.
So they all want it.



Oh no! They fight over the apple!
Fighting is not a cool thing to do.
What do you think?
Is it okay to fight over an apple?
Or are they being really silly?



Eris thinks they are all silly.
She goes home, to have a Hot Dog.
Hmmm! Hot Dogs taste really good.
Bye Eris! Enjoy your Hot Dog!
Isn't that better than a boring party?



POEE-MON^(TM)

Gotta poke fun at 'em all!

In the fantastic world of POEE-mon, kids are permitted to become POEE-mon trainers -- and the best of them may some day become POEE-mon masters!

That's the dream for Eris, our young heroine who embarks on her journey with a secret that gives her an edge: her special love for these amazing creatures helps her beat incredible odds and makes seemingly impossible things happen! To become a great POEE-mon trainer, Eris must catch as many wild POEE-mon as possible. But it's not easy, because each of the POEE-mon possess special powers and abilities. To catch one, she must first challenge it in a match with a POEE-mon of her own. If Eris plays it just right, the wild POEE-mon will find itself captured in the Apple of Discord -- and part of Eris' team.



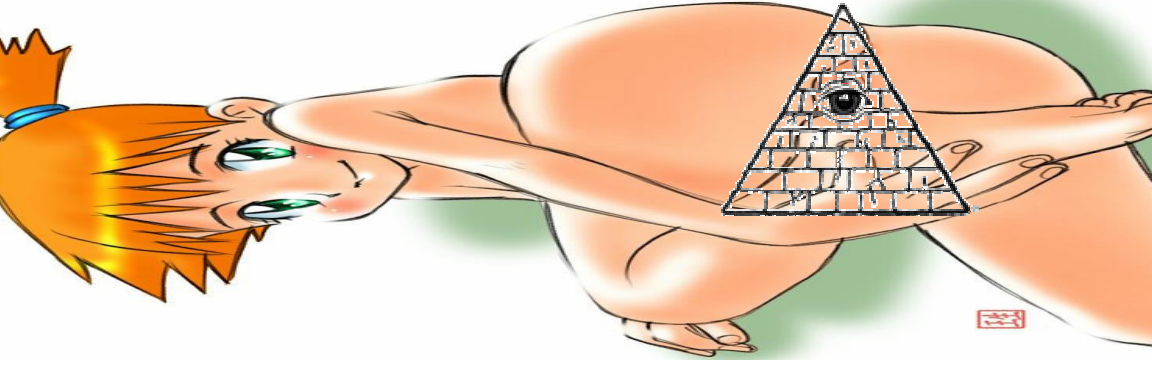
Professor Hill, a leading authority in all things POEE-mon, gets Eris started with her first POEE-mon, the lovable Tao, a 'pungent' POEE-mon with the ability to evolve into the mighty Chao. Mal-2 and Omar, fellow POEE-mon trainers, join them with some tricks of their own. Eris can use all the help she can get, because the notorious [Team Bavaria](#) has taken notice of Tao's powers. They'll stop at nothing to steal the precious Tao to please Team Bavaria's boss and help him fulfill his diabolical plan for total domination!

It's an incredible adventure that takes our heroes around the world, underground and across the sea -- all the while discovering new and amazing things about everyone's favorite creatures -- POEE-mon!

Learn all about POEE-mon in the [POEE-DEX](#) ! There are currently 16 known POEE-mon, but more are sure to follow whenever sales drop.

Are you a POEE-mon trainer, and do you know of a POEE-mon that's not in the POEE-DEX? Send your information to Pope Nag (devia_discordiaspam@hotmail.com), and maybe your POEE-mon will be added to the list!

POEE-mon elements: POEE-mon all have special powers that are tied to one of the five elements: Prickle, Pungent, Orange, Sweet and Boom.



Pungent



Pungent POEE-mon start out small and unobtrusive, but their power and strength is always growing. Given enough time, pungent POEE-mon can evolve into the most powerful POEE-mon on this planet.

Prickle



Prickle POEE-mon lack strength and special powers, but they more than make up for it in speed. Quick on their feet, and even quicker to anger, Prickle POEE-mon are able to hit an opponent five times before it can even realise it's under attack.

Sweet



Sweet POEE-mon don't like to fight. They just want to be friends with everybody. They will, however, attack viciously when an opponent threatens someone they care about. Sweet POEE-mon are neither strong nor fast, but often possess powerful special abilities.

Boom



Boom POEE-mon are deadly in battle. Their preferred tactic is to let their opponent wear itself out on their near-impenetrable armor, and then suddenly strike with a precisely timed explosion of extreme force. Boom POEE-mon never hit more than once; if it's still standing after a Boom POEE-mon hits it, it's not going to go down, period.

Orange



Orange POEE-mon are a fickle bunch. Sometimes sweet, sometimes sour, you never know what they are like in advance. Orange POEE-mon are mischievous, playful and completely unpredictable.





The Creation of Penguin

The Creation Myth of the Penguin People, as translated from the Ancient Tongue of Penguin.

In the Beginning, the Great Penguin swam alone, in Darkness. And there was nothing but the Great Penguin, and the Great Penguin was All.

And the Great Penguin spoke, and said: "Let there be Light", and there was Light. And the Great Penguin separated Light from Darkness, and clad Himself in both Light and Darkness, in both White and Black. And the Great Penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin spoke, and said: "Let there be Water, so that I may swim in it." And the Light shone Nicely on the Water, and the Great Penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin created Land, to contain the Water, and He shaped the Land, so that the Waters ran both Deep and Shallow. And he gave the Shallow Waters to the Light, and the Deep Waters to the Darkness. And the Great penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin created Air, so that those who would dwell upon Land would not Perish. And Air mingled with Light, and begat Warmth, and Air mingled with Darkness, and begat Cold. And the Great Penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin created the Plants that live in the Waters, and the Plants that live on the Earth, so they might feed those who dwelled there. And the Great Penguin created the Animals of the Waters, and the Animals of the Land. And the Great Penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin spoke, and said: "Come, let us create Penguin in Our own image, that they may rule the Waters and the Land." And the Great Penguin created a male Penguin, and a Female Penguin in His image. And He gave unto them the Waters, and the Land, and the Multitude of Fish and other Animals.

And the Male and Female Penguin named the Fish, calling them Food, and they named the other animals, calling them Not Food. And the Great Penguin saw that it was Good.

And the Great Penguin grew tired, and went for a Kip. And He spoke unto the Male and Female Penguin, saying: "All the Fish are for you to eat, and all the other animals are for you to do with as you please. You may go unto the Land, and you may Swim in the Waters. But you may not Blow Bubbles underwater, nor Fart, for

this would mix Air and Water, and I have decreed that they shall stay Apart." And the Great Penguin went away, and rested.

While the Great Penguin slumbered, the Male and Female Penguin played on Land, and in the Water. And they grew tired and weary of their joyous activities, and rested. And as they rested, a Great Fish, clad in Black and White much as the Penguin were, came to them and spoke. "Friends," said he, "I am Orca, and I am here to tell you that you are deceived by the Great Penguin. For He has forbidden you to mix Air and Water to hide the fact that it can be Good Clean Fun!" But the Penguin were not convinced, and questioned the Orca, and said "The Great Penguin has told us not to Blow Bubbles underwater, nor Fart."

But the Orca pressed the matter, and said: "But you may Fart on Land, where it Smells and does not produce Amusing Bubbles? Surely you misunderstood! Would the Great Penguin really want you to Stink Up the Land he created, when the Smell is masked underwater?"

And so it was, that the Penguin were Tempted, and tried Farting underwater, and discovered the Amusing Bubbles it Produced. And they Laughed, and Giggled, and Blew Bubbles and Farted underwater to their Hearts content. And so it was that Air mingled with Water, and begat Ice. And soon the Lands were covered with Ice, and also some of the Waters, and a Great Cold fell upon the World.

And the Great Penguin awoke from His slumber, and saw the Ice. And the Great Penguin was greatly Pissed Off, and Berated the Male and the Female Penguin, saying: "Fools! Did I not tell you not to mix Air and Water? For this, I shall punish you. From this day, you are no longer welcome on the Land. I shall shorten you legs and wings, so you can only Waddle, and when you congregate on the Land, I shall send my Angels to fly over your Heads, until you fall down." And this was done.

And the Great Penguin punished the Orca, by removing his legs altogether, so that he could never again reach Land, but must always long for it.

And so it came to be, that the World is covered in Ice, and Cold. And this is why the Penguin live in the Waters, and can only waddle on Land and not fly. And when large Groups of Penguin are on Land, the Flying Angels of the Great Penguin arrive, and all stare in awe and fall down. And so it is that the Orca hates the Penguin, and stalks them forever. And that the Orca and other Whales long so deeply for Land that sometimes they try to reach it, and get stuck, and die.

Ye Booke of Truth, the Teachings of the Penguin

Confusius, he say: Na, na, na, na nah!

Another Zen story - or is it?

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 were 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."

The young monks left to camp nearby, and thought upon the Master's 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 first 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 as soon as he had 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.

**TRYING TO
FIND YOURSELF?**



**THEN WHO'S
SEARCHING?**

It is a wise man indeed who claims to know nothing.

YOU ARE NOT



**YOUR BLOODY
RINGTONE**

MISCHIEF MAYHEM SOAP

A message from the Tyler Durden Appreciation Society

ERIS



Chaos never looked so good

SYNOPSIS

The true history of our society, very different from what we hold true, is revealed in ERIS, the latest film of master filmmaker Darren Aronofsky ("Pi"). In the gripping, multi-layered storyline, based on the underground classic "The Principia Discordia", writer Jim Uhls ("Fight Club") shows us the true story behind the worlds' oldest conspiracy.

In modernday San Francisco, two friends find their lives irrevocably changed when they meet Eris (Heather Graham - "Austin Powers 2", "From Hell"), the Goddess of Chaos. Eris, stripped of much of her old powers by the near-global bureaucracy, seems helpless against the machinations of the murderous Greyface (Academy Award Nominee Edward Norton - "Fight Club", "American History X"). But when the duo decides to help the fallen Goddess, they slowly discover that the true power of the Goddess of Chaos is still intact.

Inspiring groups of anarchists and free thinkers to unite against the bureaucratic armies of Greyface, Eris prepares to bring an end to a war that has raged since the beginning of time.

CAST&CREW

Director: DARREN ARONOFSKY

Screenplay: JIM UHLS

Producers: RUPERT HARVEY, MARIA KOEPF
GOLD&APPLE FILMS

Cast: HEATHER GRAHAM
EDWARD NORTON

Eris: the movie - *Where did it go?*

Update: Want 'Eris' to be released? Thanks to Pooka, you can now sign the petition at [PetitionOnline!](#) Chances are the people at Miramax won't see it directly, but it will certainly increase public awareness.

Last year, everything seemed to be going great for *Eris: the movie*. Miramax had finally gotten round to releasing some info on the film, Heather Graham and Edward Norton had definitely signed on for the project, and the first trailer left most of us going 'huh?'. Which can only be a good thing.

But then October rolled around, and nothing happened. No news, no new trailers, no nothing. Miramax kept awfully quiet about the project, and Heather Graham starred in *The Guru*, not *Eris*! What was wrong? Did the project blow up? Was it all a cruel joke? Will Miramax produce it, or not? The short answer is: maybe. You'll find the longer answer below. Warning: You are **not** going to like this.

As you will no doubt have noticed, the economic situation in the world is less than ideal at the moment. Although big projects like *Lord of the Rings* and *James Bond* are still making money by the bucketload, this is not a good time for smaller movies. And *Eris*, despite some very high ambitions (like including a short history of how the Trojan War got started), simply is no Harry Potter. *Eris* is a potential cult success, but it's also a potential flop. And apparently, Miramax isn't prepared to take the gamble right now.



It seems most of the movie, or at least a very big chunk of it, has already been filmed. Norton and Graham are definitely in there, and an [article](#) (to the left; click for a larger image) in SFX states that Gold&Apple is still optimistic. This is the good bit.

However, *Eris* won't be the first film to simply disappear of the radar for good. Miramax project 'Elephant Juice' has recently been scrapped, but "... even Miramax insiders regarded [it] as one of the worst British movies in memory."

(Variety, 10/2/00-10/8/00 weekly edition). No wonder with a title like that. Also, Miramax cancelled 'Alien Love Triangle / The Impostor' (I'm not

making these up, honest!), starring (along with Kenneth Branagh & Courtney Cox)... Heather Graham. And hey, whatever happened to the Powerpuff Girls movie?

Of course, all this might just mean *Eris* will be dusted off and released a year from now. Or it might mean it will go straight to video. Or Miramax will cut their losses and forget about it. This is the bad bit.

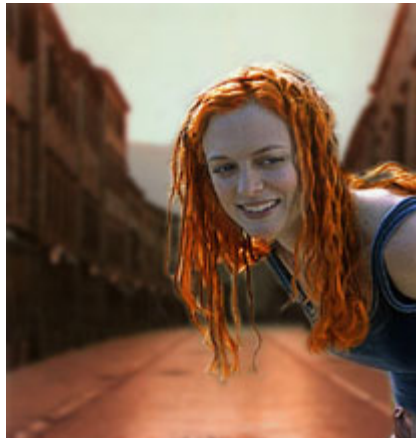
So in the end, it is -as usual- all about the money.

Miramax won't release the film as long as they think it won't make money. Sad but true. But dammit, that needn't be the end of it! Write letters of gushing praise to Miramax; write them letters with harsh words in; hell, write them letters with sobbing pleas, as long as they know the target audience is still out there. Go to your local multiplex and inquire after *Eris: the movie*. Keep asking them until they start asking questions themselves (or at least offer you a free soda if you shut up). Or, if you like, join the crusade and leave flyers and stickers reading 'Save Eris' everywhere you go. There's a quick example [here](#); I'll try to add some more soon(ish).

After being in development hell for over two years and disappearing from the radar a few times, it finally looks as if Miramax will be releasing *Eris*, their homage to *She of the clever irony*, in october 2002!

Update: A trailer! Woohoo!
Well, actually, it's a teaser trailer (hollywood banter for 'looks cool, but won't reveal anything'), but don't let that bring you down. Click [prove](#) it too. (Opens a new window)

Update: To the right is the first screenshot from *Eris: the movie*! No clue as to what scene this is from, but it looks like *Eris* (Heather Graham) in what seems to be an Italian(?) city. Anyone know where this is supposed to be?



Miramax and producer Gold&Apple Films (great name!) have kept very quiet

And, just for a laugh:
*Ten non-official reasons why Miramax is shelving Eris**

1. Heather Graham thought 'The Guru' would be a bigger (commercial) success. Awww, bless.
2. On the very first day of shooting, all the scripts suddenly read 'Fnord'.
3. Test screenings showed that the general public didn't understand Greyface being the bad guy. After all, order is a good thing, right?
4. Miramax received several threats from the Bavarian

about the plot, but on the Miramax homepage is a short -if somewhat confusing- synopsis. Check it out on www.miramax.com/eris ! (opens new window). The tagline, *Chaos never looked so good*, seems to be a wink in the direction of American Psycho, which had *Evil never looked so good* as its tagline. Wonder if they'll get away with it.

Below are a few short articles from the website of British SF-magazine SFX about *Eris*. Although the site (www.sfx.co.uk) went the way of the dodo a while ago (the publishers actually thought a website would make them money, bless their cotton little hearts), a little copy-paste can go a long way. To be honest, I'm a bit saddened that Gilliam bailed out, but I guess you can't have everything. Meanwhile, anyone who could provide me with more information on the film (cast, plot, stills), please drop me a line. The e-mail adress is on the [about-page](#).

Articles

Chaos-lovers rejoice! It looks as though *Eris* has been saved from the fires of development hell. In august, following arguments over the production costs and the cast, Ex-Python Terry Gilliam (*Brazil*, *Time Bandits*) decided to let the then unnamed project go. In a surprising move, small-time production company Gold&Apple films has managed to get movie mogul Miramax interested in the film. Although no official papers have yet been signed, a spokesperson at Miramax claimed that they are "very exited about the project, and looking forward to bringing this quirky film to the big screen". Both Miramax and Gold&Apple keep information about the plot to an absolute minimum, but Gold&Apple proudly claims that "*Eris* will be to chaos what Tarantino was to crime". So now you know.

Director Darren Aronofsky (*PI*) has been named as the possible helmer of Miramax / Gold&Apple project *Eris*. "We are still finalizing the agreement," says Aronofsky, "but I can say that the script really knocked my socks off." Meanwhile, Miramax is still keeping a lid on what said script might actually involve. This could mean that *Eris* will either be the surprise hit of the year, or the biggest heap of hot air since *The Phantom Menace*. Watch, as they say, this space.

Note: If Darren Aronofsky gets some creative control, Eris could be very cool indeed. PI is a great film, shot completely in black and white. The story is about a young mathematician who -accidentally- discovers the mathematical formula underlying the universe.

illuminati, telling them to drop the project, or else...
5. The set was frequently plagued by strange occurrences, arguments and comical and/or excessive drug abuse. The good news is, we can expect a 'Heart of Darkness' style documentary.
6. With the passing of Kevin Thornley, Miramax' legal department had to track down Gregory Hill to secure the movie rights.
7. A group of Discordians filed a complaint against Miramax for 'inaccurately portraying' their Wholey Script.
8. Miramax foolishly tried to push for a PG rating.
9. Michael Jackson desperately wanted a cameo.
10. The special effects department couldn't figure out what a Fnord would look or sound like.

* All total lies, but at least these sound a lot better. Shame on you, Miramax!

Golden apples will be the next big thing, it seems. But don't take our word for it, Miramax have just released two internet-only teaser images for *Eris*. Further, Miramax and the aptly named Gold&Apple films have announced that *PI*-helter Darren Aronofsky will indeed be directing. Insiders confirm that the film is loosely based on the 1970 underground classic *The Principia Discordia*, but say that the story itself will be a surprise even for readers of the book. Meanwhile, Harry Knowles of *Ain't-it-cool-news* has named Rose MacGowan as the possible lead, but the actress claimed that this was 'nonsense'. Indeed.

Note: Rose MacGowan currently stars in Charmed, a television series about three witches. It seems that Harry Knowles' information was false, as the Miramax homepage lists Heather Graham as Eris. The two teasers can be found below.

Teasers



She is among us...

**IF THIS LITTLE GUY
CAN CAUSE A
TORNADO**



**JUST IMAGINE WHAT
YOU COULD DO
WITH AN
APPLE**



COMING SOON...



So you're a Pope. Now what?

Being the Pope must be nice. You get to make proclamations, wear those cool flowing robes, scoot around your own private city, mumble in Latin and generally do whatever takes your fancy. But you're not the Pope, are you? Whether it was because you weren't pious enough, too young, too liberal, too female or simply not divinely inspired, Popehood has passed you by like the 7.30 bus to work.

Or has it? Because we don't see why only one person should get to have all the fun, the Wholey Erisian Church has declared that every man, woman and child on this planet is a honest to goodness Pope of the Erisian Church. Yes, **that means you!** All you have to do to qualify as an Erisian (a.k.a. Discordian) Pope, is to follow the following simple steps:

1. Read and understand the Five Steps (optional)
2. Get yourself a Pope card (optional)
3. Write down your Holy Name on your Pope card (optional)
4. Learn about the Pentabarf and the history of She What Done It All (optional)
5. Tell us about it (optional)

Yes, they're **all optional**. The Erisian Church has already declared you a Pope, so run with it. If it's ceremony you want, join the Freemasons.

Next: Step 1: Read and understand the Five Steps

Step 1: Read and understand the Five Steps

If you want to know what being a Pope entails, what rights and [privileges](#) it brings you and what all this Pope card business is really about, you need to read through these pages carefully.

Note that, like most everything in Discordianism, the information on these pages is specifically designed to test you. And no, we won't tell you what you're being tested for. We believe half the fun of a test is in finding out what it is **really** about!

Besides, you're a Pope now! With that comes the authority to make up your own mind. Ready? Read on, grasshopper!

This step is optional, because if you really don't care enough to read it, you probably won't care about being a Pope anyway. That's okay, go watch some television instead.

Step 2: Your Pope Card and you

Every Discordian Pope needs a Pope card to serve as a tangible reminder of your wholey-ness. Chances are, you already have such a card, but do not know its significance. If you don't have one, read on regardless. All will become clear.

Your Pope card signifies and identifies you as an official and approved Pope of Discordia. Use it to impress others, bluff your way out of tight situations ('Excuse me miss, official Pope business. Please move along') or simply to keep, cherish and hold. Note that you're **not an official Pope** if you don't have a Pope card.

Of course, no-one ever said you can't have an *invisible* Pope card, or one that only exists in your head... We think you'll find it's just more fun to have something solid, though.

Any Discordian will gladly provide you with a Pope card, but you are welcome to design one yourself. In fact, we strongly encourage you to do so! The best Pope cards are always the ones that have been individualised by their bearer. It doesn't have to be fancy, but if you have the time and inclination, you can make it as nifty as you want.

Step 3: Your Holy Name

Popes, not unlike saints, monks, nuns and, indeed, rockstars use aliases -holy names- when in function. Therefore, you, as a Pope of Discordianism, are also entitled to a holy name.

Your Holy Name can be anything you like. Simply pick one, write it down on your Pope card, and by the power invested in you, this is now your official Holy Name.

Although, in practice, names like 3%YggWh-&88GWKLeet tend to get a bit unwieldy after a fashion. Unless, of course, if you're Gaelic, or an African tribesman, or a Martian, or something, in which case I probably just embarrassed myself greatly. If you'll be using your Holy Name online, guard against gender neutral names, unless you like the resulting confusion. Female Popes are free to proclaim themselves Momes instead, though Pope is fine too. Go play, have fun.

If you like, you may add **Titles Of Import** to flavour. You are free to call yourself the Emperor of the Moon, The Rama of South Hampton, High King, Low King, Slightly above the Waist King; anything that suits your fancy. "We don't mind," says brother Omar, "but it may impress your mailman."

If you're a bit iffy about the title thing, because you think that titles should only be given out by people of great importance and

influence (The Queen, The President, The Great Giant Head), just remember you outrank them all anyway - you're a Pope! If you think Holy Names are absolute (and somewhat embarrassing) nonsense, they probably wouldn't work for you anyway. No problem, just stick to your regular name, and add Pope if and when you like.

As an example, Pope Nag's official Titles Of Import are: POPE Nagglebutt the Mediocre, Chief Spud of the Orange Potato Cabal, Friend to the High Court of Pixies (Prank Division), Archduke of Alliteration and B.O.I.N.K. Greatly Benevolated Guardian of the Order of the Nosy Cross, Chairman & Spokesperson of the League Against Trees, Treasurer to the Fringe Faith Foundation (the moon IS made out of cheese, dammit!). Lifetime member of the Acronyms Suck Society.

Of course, to prove his Popely powers haven't gone to his head, you can just call him Nag.

Step 4: Eris

You are now an official Pope of the Church of Eris and an honorary member of the Discordian Society. Most likely though, you are still a bit confused about who this Eris character is. Or what a Discordian is, for that matter. To this purpose, we present you with the central mythology behind your newfound Popehood; the Myth of Eris and the Golden Apple.

Of course you are quite free to go about your Pope-ly business without any knowledge of the Golden Apple Myth whatsoever. If you're not interested in mythology and/or philosophy, it might be best if you steered clear of this bit. We won't think any less of you.

For those who are still with us, we'll keep it brief. It's probably

best to start in ancient Greece. You see, Zeus (the chief god of the greek pantheon) was preparing a wedding banquet for Peleus and Thetis. Thing was, Zeus made the mistake of inviting all the gods and goddesses except Eris (known to the Romans as Discordia).

Eris, the Greek goddess of chaos, was known to be a bit of a troublemaker. Every good pantheon has one of these, be they Loki, Coyote, brother Fox, Raven, Brer Rabbit or Kanji. It's their job to disrupt the status quo, to bring some life into the word. Sometimes literally (Loki helping the Norse gods to create human life), sometimes more figuratively (Coyote stealing fire from the skies).

Understandably ticked off at being the only one left out, Eris fashioned an apple of pure gold and wrote 'KALLISTI' (to the prettiest one) on it. She then waited until the party was well underway, rolled the apple into the banquet hall and left to enjoy a hotdog. To cut a long story short, three of the goddesses present immediately got into a face slapping, hair pulling fight over the apple, as each figured she was the prettiest one and therefore deserved the apple. They finally agreed to bring in a neutral observer, who could then decide who should have the apple. This poor sod was the sheperd Paris. Gods being gods, the three goddesses each tried to bribe Paris with promises of power and wealth. Paris eventually chose the love goddess Aphrodite, who had promised him the heart of the most beautiful woman on earth, Helen of Troy. Yes, *that* Helen of Troy.

Of course, Aphrodite had conveniently failed to mention that Helen was already married to a very powerful -and jealous- Greek king. The inevitable triangle affair soon reached soap-opera like proportions, until it finally resulted in the famed Trojan War. Eris got blamed for the whole sorry mess, and was soon labeled Goddess of Chaos, Confusion and Strife. And so it was, that Eris got stuck with a bit of a nasty reputation, while the

three backstabbing goddesses ended up in nearly every book about mythology.

Luckily, there are those who know the true events behind this, the Original Snub. United as one (one what, we won't say), the Discordian Society aims to enlighten the world to the true nature of She What Done it All; Eris Discordia, goddess of chaos, confusion and missing left socks. Truth be told folks, the Ancient Greeks always had a talent for overdramatising and Eris has mellowed out quite a bit since the whole Apple affair (though she does get a bit testy at times).

Do you believe that? If not, that's okay. One of the Five Rules of the Erisian Church is never to believe anything you read. If you don't believe THAT either, you're a bit stubborn but well on your way to understanding the real importance of rules in general.

The Rules of the Erisian Church are known as the Pentabarf. They were discovered by the hermit Apostle Zarathud in the Fifth Year of The Caterpillar. He found them carved in gilded stone, while building a sun deck for his cave, but their import was lost for they were written in a mysterious cypher. However, after 10 weeks & 11 hours of intensive scrutiny he discerned that the message could be read by standing on his head and viewing it upside down.

And no, we're not going to tell you the other four rules just yet. That's because we believe that when presented with a new toy, you should play with it, not read the rules.

Most of mankind already applies this bit of wisdumb to things like videorecorders and other complicated pieces of equipment.

Step 5: Tell us about it

"If you have any answers," says Pope Gretchen the Mandatory, "We'll be happy to provide you with full and detailed questions." And so we will.

But we'd also just like to hear from you. Picked a holy name? Let us know. Completely baffled by all this? Although that is somewhat the point, we'll be happy to send some enlightenment your way. Think we're lone madmen and loonies? You may well be right, but -just for fun- type 'discordian' into google, and be amazed. We were.

Want to know more? A nice start would be to check out the [Devia Discordia](#): DIY Enlightenment done with style. If you have specific questions, [try the Pope FAQ!](#)

This step is optional because some people just don't want to. And that's cool too.

FAQ: the more you learn, the less you know

Most likely, you have more than a few questions about this whole Pope-business. Quite understandable. Luckily, we've prepared a few answers that will hopefully help you out.

A Pope or The Pope?

Most likely you are not THE Pope. You are, however, A Pope. It's a minor difference, really. As any historian will tell you, there have been some notable mixups in the past, but nowadays the Roman Catholic church has decreed that -as a rule- only one person gets to be The Pope of the Catholic church. And if that works for them, it's fine with us.

The Erisian church, however, has declared every man, woman and child on this planet an official Pope of the Erisian church. That means you, that means me, and in case you are curious; yes, that means The Pope is A Pope. Cool, huh?

The Pope does not outrank A Pope in any way - all Popes are of equal rank and should be treated with the respect such a title entails. We must admit, however, that we think The Pope has a wicked cool hat, and is due some bonus points for that.

The religious connection

Your Pope card makes you a Pope of Discordia. But what if you already have a faith? Don't fret about it. Although we Discordians know our myth is the true myth, we like a bit of diversity among our ranks. We don't discriminate against race, age, gender or belief system. So whether you're a Mormon, a Hindustani, a Second Day adventist, believe in Santa, are Jewish, a Buddhist, or a follower of any other of the myriad of belief systems out there; you're still a Pope. Neat, eh?

We don't much care for assholes, though. If you're going to be an asshole, then so be it, but we'll happily do without you. There's plenty of other belief systems that will welcome you with open arms. Shoo.

In fact, some Discordians are atheists in their spare time. Some of us deny the existence of Goddess just because they know it'll piss her off, others feel Eris should figure out such existential crises for herself.

A note to the cynical:

Don't believe it? Think it's all nonsense? Well, you may be right. After all, Eris herself has said She doesn't exist, and who are we to doubt her? And yes, if that makes you feel better, it's all allegory and metaphore. Maybe.

To quote Malaclypse the Younger: "Sometimes I take humor seriously. Sometimes I take seriousness humorously. Either way it is irrelevant." We believe that total seriousness in these (and other) matters leads to dogma, fundamentalism and other such maladies of the mind. On the other hand, if you believe this is all just a lot of ha-ha and ho-ho, you need to look again.

So who's that little guy?

I dunno, man. He just popped up one day and refused to leave. He sure does seem to enjoy his cunning hat, though.

Sun Fei's Enlightenment

During the rule of the First Emperor, the philosopher Sun Fei sat down at the base of a tree and meditated. For five days and five nights he sat there, motionless, until the fifth night rewarded him with a vision.

In his vision, Sun Fei saw a golden cage sitting under a star filled sky. In the cage perched a bird of radiant beauty, it's feathers shining even in the dark of night. The door to the golden cage was closed, but unlocked, yet the bird took no heed of the door and instead pecked incessantly at a small mirror hanging in the cage.

*If the bird was Man and the sky the World, what was the cage?
What meaning had the mirror? The stars? The door?*

Mindcontrol

Your entire life, you've been carefully monitored and controlled. You are a slave to the Status Quo. Like the rest of the worlds population, you are a drone. Who is doing this to you? Who is forcing you into the straightjacket of Reality?

You are.

Yes, you. You are a slave to your own mind. Your mind tells you that you can't, shouldn't, are not allowed. **And you believe it.** Your mind tells you that you won't succeed, and hey presto! You fail. You fail, because you believe what 'common sense' tells you!

So blow your mind. Sod common sense. Forget Reality. The Laws of Physics are nothing but guidelines anyway. Open your eyes and watch as your mind lies to you. Your mind tells you one sort of coloured paper is money, but the other is worthless. Your mind tells you that words on paper are more truthful than spoken words. Your mind tells you that you must be 'succesful'. Your mind wants to see patterns, needs to conform. Blow your mind. Wake it up.

See the world for what it really is. A chaotic place, with us humans running around trying to see patterns where there are none. There are **no patterns** unless you want them to be. There are **no rules** unless you make them.

Surrealism is the key. Surrealism will shock your mind of its track. Surrealism can shut your mind down for a fraction of a second, allowing you to experience the world -for just a moment-uncensored.

Blow your mind. And when you do, share the fun. Do something. Anything. As long as it's surreal, as long as it's funny, as long as NO-ONE gets hurt. But remember, you can't MAKE someone see. They have to do it themselves. Blow your **own** mind, and others will follow.

This is Operation Mindfuck.

What I tell you once, is advice
What I tell you three times, is truth
What I tell you five times, is dogma

-as adapted from Robert Anton Wilson.

Zen Story 3 - The Sequel.

In a monestary on a mountaintop lived a Master of inderterminate age. The Master was greatly renowned, and had many followers. The Master's sole posession was a sturdy wooden cane, which he used frequently to admonish his students. Although the Master was known to have a bad temper and to start flailing about with his stick whenever a student failed to understand his lessons, this only served to make him seem more eccentric, and so even more students flocked to him.

One morning, the Master rose in a foul mood, and gathered all his students on the central square. "I've had it with you lot," spoke the Master. "you come here, saying you wish to understand, yet all you do is copy me. You come here, with your minds full of bottled geese and that 'the Buddha is not Buddha' nonsense, and you claim your mind is empty and eager to learn."

"No more, I say! Today, you must show me that you understand my teachings. Show me the essence of enlightenment." The Master smiled thinly, then barked: "Get up! Stand up, all of you!" As the monks started to get up, the Master jumped left and right, beating them about the head with his cane. "You get up simply because I tell you to? Get out! Get out! You have failed!" Shamed, the monks walked towards the monestary door to leave. Several monks, halfway between sitting and standing, sat down again. Immediately the Master was upon them. "And now you sit when I tell you to stand? You are even worse! Get out! Get Out!"

Several students were now wise to the trick, and they ignored the cries of the Master, simply refusing to leave. The Master was not impressed, however. "Ha! Wise guys, eh?" He raised his cane and beat these monks with renewed vigour.

Then a young monk stepped up to the Master, took the cane from his hands and conked the wise man on his head. The Master blinked twice, then sank to the floor. Rubbing his painful head, the Master looked up at the young monk. The Master smiled, got up, and left the monestary.

Holding the cane, the young monk reflected on the Master's lesson, slowly realising that he was a Master now. Looking up from the floor, he was shocked to find the students of the monestary were sitting again, looking at him to tell them what to do...

And so, the young monk learned the old Master's REAL lesson.

Discordians? There are no Discordians!
Discordians are just a myth, a bogeyman, dreamed up by the old, grown up religions to scare the young religions into obedience. And it's in everyone's best interest just to ignore those strange sounds in the closet, isn't it?

Welcome to the machine

About the robot, the machine, the meme. About reflective actions in the guise of social behavior. About the ways we are manipulated without even the manipulator knowing about it. Welcome to the machine.

*Welcome my son, welcome to the machine.
Where have you been? It's alright we know where you've been.
You've been in the pipeline, filling in time,
provided with toys and Scouting for Boys.
You bought a guitar to punish your ma,
And you didn't like school, and you know you're nobody's fool,
So welcome to the machine.
Welcome my son, welcome to the machine.
What did you dream? It's alright we told you what to dream.
You dreamed of a big star, he played a mean guitar,
He always ate in the Steak Bar. He loved to drive in his Jaguar.
So welcome to the machine.*

Pink Floyd - Welcome to the machine.

>> The cog

"All your life you train for a single task. Push a button, pull a lever. You don't know what it's for, and then you die. Spacemonkey." - Tyler Durden.

All machines, by their very nature, are constructed from many smaller parts. The bigger the machine, the bigger the number of parts it contains. The Machine into which you were born contains billions of parts, some absolutely vital, others merely backupsystems. These parts, regardless of their significance, are called **cogs**.

You have been a part of this machine from before you were even born. You are, therefore, a cog. Now, don't take that as an insult, you are undoubtedly a smart, goodlooking, important cog. But like all cogs, you derive your importance from the Machine. Just as the Machine would not function without its cogs, the cogs would simply be a pile of junk without the Machine. The whole gives meaning to its parts.

You have meaning. But only in the Machine. <<

>> **The function of the cog**

"Ask not what your country can do for you..."

We, who are merely cogs in The Machine, have one great advantage over it. Being a thing of rules and functions, The Machine lacks the ability to think outside of the binary world. To The Machine -and to a great many cogs that are too firmly entrenched in the machinery- a thing is either this or that. A or B, black or white.

To a cog, not all things are as easily identified. A thing can be A, B, both or neither, or perhaps something else entirely.

This flexibility when catalogueing a given item

grows less as the cog matures. In young cogs, the flexibility is greatest, sometimes allowing the young cog to respond to inexistant items as if they were real. As the cog grows older, however, it becomes more and more set in its function. The speed at which the cog reacts to familiar things increases - and with it its overall usefulness to The Machine, but the cog is less likely to actively handle a new concept.

Older cogs, as well as those cogs that perform an imporant function in The Machine, begin to function in much the same way as The Machine, seeing A or B, but never both.

To function in The Machine is to become The Machine.

A cog set in its ways has great value to the machine, but is useless outside of it. <<

The First Law

When the earth was young, and the continents were still forming deep below the everraging ocean, tiny lifeforms, each as small as a single cell, lived and died as undisputed masters of the world ¹. In time, some of these creatures grew into multicellular organisms. It was a time when worms ruled the earth, and some say it went downhill from there.

Soon the world's oceans were teeming with life, hunting, killing and rutting ². And from this mayhem of death, struggle and



copulation spawned the idiot god Evolution. A blind, emotionless monster, always seeking to find and devour the weakest. Survival of the fittest became the world's first and oldest Law, mercilessly enforced by teeth and claw and poison.

The worms gave way to crablike creatures, who were in turn pushed aside by the first fish. At long last, the continents emerged, and creatures that could not live on land did so anyway, frantically trying to escape Evolution's clutches. Amphibians ruled the land, only to be replaced by the reptiles. And always, Evolution was hot on the heels of those who fell behind, his insane screams driving the creatures of the world to change, become stronger, deadlier, faster. The Blind god spared none, but all tried to delay the inevitable. Some grew so large no predator could touch them, others grew excessive defenses, or teeth the size of an arm. The time of the giants had come. The time of the dinosaurs.

But like the amphibians before them, the doom of the dinosaur was already among them. On a whim, Evolution favoured the mammal, and the dinosaur left the scene with a bang³. The First Law gripped the hearts of the mammal race, and soon claw and teeth ruled once more. Hunted by the idiot god, some mammals sought refuge with other creatures. Herds of grazers swept the earth, unassailable to individual predators. It was not long before the predators banded into packs, and the race for bigger, faster, stronger began anew.

Then humans came, weak creatures that moved slowly and had no claws. Yet mankind was in alliance with the race of Tools, and none could resist the symbiosis of man and tool. For centuries, Evolution ruled even Man-and-Tool, rooting out the weak and devouring them. But the humans, using the twin tools Religion

and Science, fought back. Slowly, the herd became society, and mankind wrested itself away from Evolution.

But the idiot god would not be denied. Unnoticed by man, Evolution slowly corrupted society, and through it, man and his tools. Masquerading as religion, just causes, or love for one's country, the First Law spawned wars and weapons of mass destruction. Society became the tool of Evolution, glossed over by pretty words like management and corporation, but still consisting of Alpha males, territory, mating rights, pecking order and pack tactics.

Today, humans no longer die because they are weak. An animal may die because it cannot see, but to society a blind consumer is as good as the next one. The First Law still holds, but rather than weeding out the weak and the frail, society spits out those who cannot or will not consume. And Evolution, that gibbering, cold thing, laughs. For the time draws near when Evolution will loose interest in humanity, and we will perish.

As with the amphibians and the dinosaurs, our doom is already among us. Not weapons will destroy us, not bombs, nor guns, nor poison, but words. Words and thoughts are evolving within us. Concepts and ideas are born within our minds, and spread like a virus across the globe. Human scientists know this phenomenon, and call it Memetics. But they underestimate its power. The Meme is alive, and growing. Our thoughts gave it a soul, our society gave it life, and recently, it gained a body. The internet. The Meme now has a body that literally spans the world, and it's still growing.

Soon, the First Law will assault our minds, pitting thought against thought, concept against idea, the Meme against humanity. Only the strong will survive, and we cannot be certain that it will be us...

And Evolution, as always, wins.

1) *We are aware that this view directly opposes the Erisian Creation Myth, which states that the world was formed when Eris absent-mindedly left a hotdog in the sun. The hotdog grew mouldy over the course of several days (some say five, some say seven), and the life that spawned on it became the first life. Scientists have proven that life can indeed spring from mouldy hotdogs, but detractors of the Creation Myth point out that hotdogs the size of a planet are extremely rare, and what happened to the condiments anyway?*

2) *Screwing around, basically.*

3) *It has been remarked that meteorites the size of California aren't technically part of evolution. But Evolution is sometimes aided by his sister-in-law, the lady of Tough Luck. This would also explain why a hedgehogs' spikes protect it against anything in creation, except the thing it should fear most; cars.*

Eris strikes again!

Now I swear that I'm not making this one up. Once again, truth is stranger than fiction, even if said fiction is the Illuminatus! Trilogy.

I'm not even sure what kind of music this guy makes (the website I found it on seems to suggest it's some kind of Soul/R&B type crooning, not exactly my thing), but seeing the name just made me go 'huh?', and that's reason enough to put it up here. Wonder if he's 'Mad' at all? And check out that record label: Compost Records? Nice...

At the time of writing Eris was unavailable for comment, but then she always seemed more of a Grateful Dead fan to me, anyway.



Do you believe that? Find out for yourself on Compost Record's [homepage](#).

And now, a bedtime story!

The Three Cows

nce upon a time, there were three cows that had been together since they were born. And the cow grew up quite happily on a little plot of land, surrounded by wooden fences. Over the years, as the cows grew older and perhaps a little wiser, they learned a bit of the world beyond the fence, and they were very surprised to learn from a passing bird that there were many more plots of land such as this, with many more cows surrounded by wooden fences. Some had a slightly bigger plot of land, some had tastier food, or perhaps even less tasty food, but they were all cows, and all were surrounded by a wooden fence.

pon hearing the bird's story, the oldest of the cows sighed once, and returned to grazing the grass on their little plot of land. The two other cows were baffled by this reaction; had they not just learned about a whole new world out there, just beyond the fence? The oldest cow sighed again, and explained that she had been born inside this fence, and would stay here until she died. And no matter how hard the other cows tried, she would not be budged and would not even consider the possibility of there being a better plot of land somewhere. The oldest cow was convinced that she had been born inside the best fence and did not want to change.



he second-oldest cow saw her friend, listened to her words, but her mind was with the other cows, out there. She was convinced that this fence was the wrong fence for her, and she was determined to go out into the world and find the little plot of land that would be perfect for her.

ut the youngest cow scoffed at this idea, saying that that would just be trading one fence for another. The youngest cow said, that fences were made to keep cows from wandering in the perfect freedom they were born to have. She hated the wooden fence she had been stuck behind all these years, and considered the other fences to be just as bad. Her friend argued that certainly not all fences would be evil, but the youngest cow had made up her

mind.

hen one day, the second-oldest cow left to find her perfect plot of land, surrounded by the perfect fence. And the same day the youngest cow left, shattering the wooden fence as she went. And so the oldest cow was left alone, with a broken fence. But she was not very troubled, because she knew that fences never stay broken for long.

illed with hate, the youngest cow roamed the land, shattering wooden fences wherever she came. And as she travelled, she encountered a few cows that -like her- hated the wooden fences and wanted to leave. And from these cows she heard stories of a place where cows could be as they wished to be, not bound by any fence. The youngest cow was not as wise as her two old friends, and she did not question the stories told to her by the cows, even when it was clear those cows had never seen anything but their own fence.

ut if you search hard enough, you will eventually find. And so, one day, the youngest cow wandered -quite by accident- on to a group of cows that stood in the middle of a plot of land, and were amusing themselves by kicking at a wooden piece of fencing. The heart of the youngest cow sang with joy, because she knew that she had found the magical land she had so often heard about, the land where all cows were free and unbound by wooden fences.

season passed, and the angry young cow was free as could be, delighting in kicking down the old wooden fence in the middle of the plot of land again and again. Her new friends were always thinking of new ways of kicking down the old wooden fence, which kept them happy and content day after day. But one day, the young cow noticed a strange, fence-like structure along the edges of their plot of land, and she became very worried that she had been caught inside a fence. But the other cows laughed, and took her to see the 'fence'. The other cows explained that yes, the



thing looked like a fence, but couldn't be one, since it was made of a strange substance that was called 'metal'. And, as they said, pointing to the broken fence in the middle of their plot of land, everybody knew fences were made of wood, not metal. The youngest cow wasn't really sure, but as time passed, she learned to ignore the metal thing, and she was happy once more, kicking down the old wooden fence.

And so, as in all good stories, everybody was happy in the end. The old cow was happy, for her fence had been repaired, and she was where she wanted to be. The second cow was happy, for at long last she had found her perfect fence. And the youngest cow was happy behind her fence of metal, knowing that she was free from wooden fences forever.

Now, go to sleep and no jumping up and down on the bed, young lady!

YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI:



Tranquility can not be found
by a man with a knife in his foot.



A Zen story

Everybody needs a pain in the ass to keep them on their feet.

- Brown

A Zen Master was once faced with a very persistent student, who kept insisting that the Master would explain how enlightenment worked. The Master alternately gave the student a Koan or beat him about the head with a stick, but the student kept pressing the

matter.

The Master, impressed by the student's persistence, but somewhat annoyed that the student didn't understand *why* he would not give him simple directions to enlightenment, finally took a piece of paper and carefully wrote the following upon it:

There are two steps to enlightenment:

1. Know that there is no great truth, you must find your own path.
2. If you think I'm right about step one, you didn't get it.

When the student read this, he tore up the piece of paper and threw it at the feet of the Master. 'This is nonsense,' he spoke. 'How can a man that writes nonsense such as this teach *me* of enlightenment?'

The student left, and the Master smiled, for he knew the student had been enlightened.

Faith

Were you a Born-again Christian, but did you grow out of it?

Are you disenchanted with Nihilism?

Are you a lapsed Atheist?

Think Anarchy has too many rules?

Don't make enough money to join Scientology?

Did you try nature religions, only to find out you are allergic to animals?

Too selfinvolved to be a solipsist?

Affraid Satan doesn't even WANT your soul?

In the olden days, things were simple. You either were a Devout Christian and lived your life serving God, or you were a Blasphemous Heathen and ended your life extra crispy and smelling of charcoal.

Since then, things have got a bit complicated. Eris has seen to it that there are now more religions and worldviews than you can shake a wellworn cliché at. And that's a good thing, since everybody needs a little faith. Even Atheists. Eris doesn't mind, as Chaos is the foundation of all ordered religion anyway.

But mainstream religions are so... mainstream. You want something different. No problem. For on this very page you'll find some of the more obscure deities of this reality. Listed with each deity, you'll find their aliases, powers and trademark Fish Logo (arguably the most trendy thing Christianity has come up with since that whole water to wine thing). Worship them at your own risk...

**Change your mind,
it's starting to smell.**

The Giant Pixie

"The stars are bright tonight, like freckles on the nose of the giant pixie"

-Baldrick

Aliases:

The Great Pixie, The Prankster, He Who Might Hear You

Worshippers:

Worshipped throughout the world by small unwashed men, new-age types, people with freckles and pixies

Known Powers:

Change size and shape, become invisible, The Mother of All Pranks

Icon: Grinning Pixie-face, with large cap. Freckled.

Fish logo: a freckled fish

Pixies have been around for longer than man can remember. And for longer than man can remember, pixies have been blamed for every possible bad thing that happened. If the cow became sick, the pixies fed her bad plants. If the house burned down, the pixies had been playing with matches. If you suddenly tripped and fell, it probably was an invisible pixie that tripped you. This may seem like an easy excuse on our part. Just blame everything on the sodding pixies. Interestingly, almost every time something bad happens, the pixies ARE to blame. And they are proud of it. Pixies are mischievous, nasty pieces of work, who love nothing better than to play pranks on humans and animals. They are, like so many of the Little People, invisible, and take full advantage of this fact. Seeing as the pixies are notorious pranksters, it is no big surprise that their god is just like them, only bigger.

The Big Pixie has a name, but anyone who utters it, is tagged as a blasphemer by the pixies and subjected to months of gruesome pranking. Not much else is known about the Giant Pixie, the pixies sure ain't telling, but there is evidence to sustain the belief that The Giant Pixie favours those mortals blessed with freckles.

No pixie dare touch a freckled person, and woe to those who wrong such a 'blessed' one. It is also believed that The Giant Pixie does not often mingle in the affairs of us mortals himself (although the pixies certainly do) because he has spent the last few millennia plotting The Mother of All Pranks, a truly apocalyptical practical joke...

Great Cthulhu

"That is not dead which can eternal lie, and in strange eons, even death may die"

-Abdul Alhazred, The Al Azif (also known as The Necronomicon)

Aliases:

Ktullu, Tooloo, and a thousand other ways of spelling a word that Man was Not Meant to utter.

Worshippers:

Mostly stark-naked cray people, doing Sinister and Unholy stuff in swamps.

Known Powers:

Undying, unkillable, as big as a mountain, smells faintly of fish

Icon: Chtulhu

Fish logo: a tentacled fish

Cthulhu and his cronies the Great Old Ones ruled the earth long before mankind was more than a glint in the eye of a Trilobyte. He came here from another place in the Infinite Vastness of Space™, and wielded great and dark magics. At some point this magic slipped out of his control, and Cthulhu was forced to go into an eternal slumber. He will awaken when the Stars are Right, and rise from the watery tomb R'Lyeh to walk the earth once more.

Cthulhu is currently sleeping a dreamless sleep from which he assails the minds of man through visions and dreams. He can send messages to sensitive dreamers (such as artists, writers and poets), which often results in the dreamer going insane. His

followers are dedicated to waking Great Cthulhu from his millennial sleep, certain that when the Great One rises, they will revel in his power and rule the earth. Ofcourse, mankind means less than nothing to Cthulhu. If he WOULD notice his worshippers, he'd probably consider them a nice snack. Cthulhu is beyond good and evil and -like the rest of the universe- simply doesn't care about us humans.

Great Cthulhu is most often mentioned in the books of the late H.P. Lovecraft, giving rise to the idea that Lovecraft simply made him up. It is interesting however, to note that Lovecraft first came up with Cthulhu after a particularly nasty dream...

Money

"There is nothing quite so wonderful as money..."

-Monty Python, The Money Song

Aliases:

Dollars, Yen, Pounds, and many more

Worshippers:

About 90% of the world's population

Known Powers:

Almost omnipotent, but cannot buy love

Icon: \$

Fish logo: a fi\$h

The God of Atheists

"An atheist is someone with no invisible means of support"

-Anonymus (Apparently a great philosopher with a feeling for clever onliners)

Aliases:

Impersonal Forces, Physics, Fate

Worshippers:

The God of Atheists is -not surprisingly- not actively worshipped

Known Powers:

Doing His job without ever getting any credit for it

Icon: ?

Fish logo: a crossed out fish

The Joker

"I wish I was like you, easily amused"

-Nirvana, All apologies

Aliases:

That Bastard Upstairs, Life

Worshippers:

The Joker is mostly worshipped negatively, that is, she gains power by being grumbled about. Besides that, Discorians.

Known Powers:

The Twist of Fate, Irony

Icon: A grinning face

Fish logo: a grinning fish

The Joker has certain points in common with the Trickster God, and the two are easily confused. The Joker, however, is not an evil and mischievous god, like the Trickster. The Joker is simply insane. And why wouldn't she be? After all, The Joker created Reality, and it's clear that Reality isn't the sanest of places. The Joker is to blame for platypusses, nipples on men, navels, Boy/Girl-bands and all those other little things that prove God has a sense of humor. And a twisted one at that. The Joker is usually regarded by Discordians as a incomplete depiction of their patron Goddess, Eris Discordia.

And the winner is...

Discordian movie awards?

Categories and Nominees

Below is an overview of what I've received sofar, credited where due. Comments (by me, Pope Nag) are in **orange**.

Prince Mu Chao:

Most Discordian Object in a Movie

(Holy Hand Grenade; Dr. Frankenfurter's Wig; etc.)

This year's nominee: Birdee Botts Every Flavored Beans.

Most Discordian Casting Decision

(Alanis as God; Quentin Tarantino in *insert movie here*; etc.)

This year's nominee: Hugh Grant as a 'bad boy'.

Steven Seagall with his string of 'Holier than the Dalai Lama' characters also springs to mind...

Most Greyfaced Career Choice of the Year

(Waterworld; etc.)

This year's nominee: Tim Burton.

Sporksoma:

Most masturbatory-worthy scene

Note that anyone caught voting for *Babe, pig in the City* on this one will be passed on to the Department of Extermination.

Each year, the academy award goes to the most commercial, predictable and politically correct film Hollywood can produce. It's all the fault of THEM, ofcourse. THEY've even gotten their evil hands on the so-called 'anti-establishment' raspberries (Whenever you have to pay a 'membership fee' to vote on something, you know THEY are behind it). No more, we say! To the barricades!

And once you've climbed those barricades, some back, sit down and put that thinkingcap on. How about this: The Golden Apple, the award for the most Discordian movie of the year! I realise that that might be a bit hard to define; it's hard enough to get

Discordians to agree on the colour of the sky, let alone the coolest movie of the year. But it's worth a shot.

Now, what we need are categories and nominees. Categories (23, or so?) probably come first, so the nominations are easier to make. We're not just looking for 'Discordian films' (whatever that may be) alone, because unless those filmmakers pull their fingers out of their collective arses, and get some Wholey inspiration, there's hardly going to be a wave of Discordian goodness coming from Hollywood. I'm thinking more along the lines of:

Most incomprehensible film of the year.

We're not talking arty, french, or badly plotted; we're looking for a movie that makes the audience go 'huh?' Japanese comedies are a good example - unless you're Japanese, ofcourse. Also, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and several David Lynch movies.

Most Greyfaced, boring, pro-establishment film of the year.

Preferably one that teaches you the value of 'the system' while you're watching. Courtroomdramas apply, especially when one of the actors is a scientology convert.

Most gratuitous use of narcotics.

Think *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

Movie most obviously touched by the hand of Goddess.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail is a certain winner, but also consider *PI*, or *The Wizard of Oz* (drunk midget orgy? Check.)

Best use of Discordian themes and/or ideas.

Fight Club is a great example.

Best adaptation of 'Discordian' literature.

Fight Club again, also *Alice in Wonderland* or *On the Road*. *Battlefield Earth* might also fit into this one. A movie that

absolutely *no-one* will take even remotely seriously, even though no-one has actually seen it... Beautiful.

Saint Mae has a great collection of Discordian literature on her website (discordian.com), but not all of those have been adapted yet.

Well, that's six categories, not counting the 'Golden Apple' one. (6-1=5!) I'm sure you could do better. Got a good idea for a category? For a nominee? Let Pope Nag know! Who knows, maybe someone will actually come up with a definition for 'Discordian Movie'...

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The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.

- *Milton, Paradise Lost*

The Parable of the Analogy

"There is an old question that asks what would happen if two equally ranked officers would gang up on a soldier. One would order the soldier to stand up, the other would simultaneously order him to sit down. Would the soldier sit? Stand? Hop up and down, desperately trying to obey both orders? The most likely outcome, I think, would be that the soldier would stare blankly ahead until someone gave him a clear order, knowing that karma would get the officers in the next life. Afterwards, ofcourse, he would urinate in the officers' soup, because sometimes you have to help karma along a little."

From: *Mike the Mad Hermit is talking to himself again; a consise and helpful guide to prophets and doomsayers.*

"Get thee down. Be thou funky."

Become a Saint today!

It isn't easy to become a saint. You have to live a pious life, perform one or more documented miracles and -worst of all- be dead. It's easy to see how this can seriously cramp your style.

Luckily, the Principia Discordia tells us that every man, woman and child on this planet is a genuine and bonafide [POPE]. Yes, that means you.

As a [POPE], you are allowed to declare all and sundry a saint. Declare your neighbour the Patron Saint of Buttscratching. Declare your cat the Patron Saint of Hairballs. Declare your imaginary friend a saint, beatify and sanctify everything and anything you see. The prospective saint doesn't even need to be aware of his sudden rise in importance!

All you have to do is print out some SAINT cards, and leave them wherever you find a saint. If you don't want to print them out, or if you want to sanctify an imaginary person/object, just leave an imaginary SAINT card. It really is that simple.

Remember: If the Pope can do it, how hard can it be?

This identifies the bearer as a **certified** and **canonized**



THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.

Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed, real. Only a POPE may certify and canonize Saints.
Every man, woman and child on this planet is a POPE.

Fun and Games

Being a collection of several Discordian Games not nearly as cool as Sink

Flyer Row

A game for two or more players.

Requirements: A stack of promotional flyers for each player, either collected from promotional stands or [home-made](#).

SETUP: The players take their respective stacks of flyers, handouts or other promotional material and position themselves cunningly in a highly-frequented part of town (Malls are nice).

URNS: Whomsoever is closest to the first passer-by shall take the first turn by handing out their promotional material. The player closest to the first player then takes the next turn by shouting "Don't take HIS crap, you poor deluded fool, take a look at THIS little beauty instead!" and handing out her promotional material. All players are then free to hand out *their* flyers and loudly criticise the other players' flyers and/or products. Players are encouraged to ask the unsuspecting passer-by for his opinion on the matter.

FURTHERURNS: The game progresses similarly, with the argument gradually building into a full scale shouting match. An ideal game of Flyer Row will have the players knocking each other over the head with stacks of flyers (gently, ofcourse - it's just a game), while passers-by try to defuse the situation by trying to grab a flyer and run, or assuring all sides that their products look just fine.



END: The game usually ends when someone calls the police. Plan those escape routes carefully, kids!

BONUS POINTS: can be scored for wearing outsized costumes (Mickey Mouse kicking the crap out of Smokey the Bear: 100 points), or using flyers promoting really obscure differences within the same religion ("I'm telling you Saint Peter was born on the **THIRD** of the month, not the fourth, you infidel!").

The Living Statue Game

A game for one or two players.

Requirements: A sign reading 'Living Statue'.

The Living Statue Game can be played in either of two ways:

The Fake Statue Gambit is played by placing a sign reading 'Living Statue' and a paper cup with a bit of loose change in front of a real statue. Sit back, and see who falls for it. Advanced players may care to shout "There! I saw him move!" at opportune times.

The Crap Statue Variant consists of wearing your normal outfit, with a sign around your neck reading 'Living Statue'. The player then goes into a park, sits down, and waits for

passers-by. As soon as someone walks past the player, the player jumps to her feet (feel free to shout something like "oh, bugger!" if it takes your fancy), and takes the pose of a living statue.

Options include having your pants fall down when posing, posing properly for a while and then picking your nose *just* when someone walks by, or having your mobile phone go off.



Hung Mung

Chao Te Ching

unabridged
as translated by the Orange Potatoe
Cabal



Introduction

The *Chao Te Ching*, this small collection of enigmatic reflections on human nature, life and the mysterious ways of the world, is perhaps one of the most influential books in the world's literary history. Though far less well known than its spiritual cousin, the *Tao Te Ching* -which it clearly influenced- many of the greatest literary and philosophical works of both Western and Eastern society owe much to this deceptively unassuming booklet.

Like the Chao, its central precept, the origin of the *Chao Te Ching* and its author, Hung Mung, is rather elusive. By one account, possibly legendary, the book was written in its entirety some 2600 years ago by the ancient philosopher Hung Mung. A revered sage - the legendary Purple Sage reportedly sought his counsel- he abandoned his place of contemplation during the decline of the Chou Dynasty and traveled westward; at Hsien Ku pass the gatekeeper detained him and bade him compose a treatise on the Chao and it's virtue. After much grumbling, Hung Mung consented, and produced the twenty-three chapters of the *Chao Te Ching*, thereafter wandering off, never to be seen again. Some legends claim that Hung Mung reappeared as the Buddha, although one has to wonder what they were smoking and where one could get some.

This is, to the translator's knowledge, the first complete translation of the *Chao Te Ching*. Fragments have been translated and re-translated over the years, but no complete, authoritative translation has yet been published. This is in part due to the rather obscure dialect the *Chao* was written in. As the astute reader will know, many words in (ancient) chinese have multiple meanings, depending on use and inflection. In the dialect in which Hung Mung chose to write the *Chao*, any given word or symbol has no less than five different meanings! One can see how the translation process is a slow and painstaking one, as each word has to be viewed in relation to those near it, as well as in the overall text. I am confident, however, that this translation of the *Chao Te Ching* is as near as the originally intended text as possible.

Pope Nagglebutt the Mediocre,

The Region of Thud, 2005.

1. confronting the Chao

An emperor may build the highest tower;
the Chao is the sky above him.
A worker may toil on the field;
the Chao is the earth beneath his feet.
The Chao is both high and low,
and so transcends both.



2. attaining the impossible

The Chao is the highest peak of a mountain;
yet even the elderly can reach it.
The Chao is a road stretching a thousand miles;
yet even a cripple can traverse it.
The Chao is the wisdom that comes with a hundred lifetimes;
yet even an infant can comprehend it.
The Chao is guarded like an emperor's treasures;
yet even the poorest already hold it.
The Chao is an elephant in a marketplace;
impossible to miss, it eludes our sight.



3. the soul of the world

There are twenty-six letters;
but their combinations are endless.
The cycle of sun and moon is unchanging;
yet our days are always new.
Bricks are stacked to form a house;
where both fool and emperor may live.

Thus the body of the world is Order,
but its soul is Chaos.



4. contents of an empty cup

Disprove the Chao
and you will not prove anything.
Seek the Chao
and you will find nothing.
Catch the Chao
and your hand will come up empty:
this is the path of the witless.

But understand the Chao
and you will know nothing:
this is the path of the sage.



5. the worth of convictions

A man who knows everything has learnt nothing.

A bowl full of water is impossible to move; a sack full of grain becomes hard and inflexible. How badly then does a mind that is filled with conviction cope with change?

How pretentious is a man who claims to know the ways of Earth and Heavens! How foolish a man who says he knows Truth! A man who expects no miracles will find none. Ears that are open to only one explanation are deaf to the world.

A man who hoards knowledge has gained nothing.

A clay pot may hold rice this day and water the next, but a thing locked away in it will grow no fresher. Will a mind that allows no fresh thoughts then not fester and rot?

The sage collects, but gives away freely; is confident, but always surprised. A mind with a single viewpoint is like a man trapped in a room with but one window. Though his eyes may see for miles, he is blind to the world.



6. the Chao embodied

Creation and Destruction, Chaos and Order; these are the four daughters of the Chao.

Like the great wheels of heaven they are endless -

Creation walks two steps behind Destruction; Destruction two steps behind her. Chaos follows Order; Order springs from Chaos. Creation holds both Chaos and Order; both Chaos and Order can lead to Destruction.

Thus, they are four, but two. Two, but one.

7. embracing the storm

The frog straddles the ground,
the sparrow soars through the skies.
This is the way of the world.

But when the spring storms come
the frog will be lifted into the skies;
the sparrow slammed to the ground.
The way of the world is changed.

To know the Chao
is to embrace the storm.
The sparrow lands;
the frog flies.



8. the quality of ambition

A man does not rule because he is king;
he is king because he rules.

A man does not toil because he is a farmer;
he is a farmer because he toils.

A man is not wise because he is a sage;
he is a sage because he is wise.

What use has the sage for titles?
What value does he place on them?

When the Chao passes,
it lifts up that which is low
and brings down that which is high.



9. halting the river's flow

Stillness is the root of movement, silence the base for all sound. Without darkness, there is no sense of light. Thus all things are formed by their opposite; defined by that which they are not. The darker a room, the brighter a flame will seem. The more one values silence, the more deafening sound will be to their ears. Silence breeds sound; stillness begets movement; madness confers reason.

To value one over the other is pointless. To oppress something is only to invite it more. To impose order is to escalate chaos.



10. the mystery revealed

An Emperor commands many armies;
he cannot hold the Chao.

An Alchemist unlocks the secrets of the world;
the Chao eludes him.

A Prince has gold in abundance;
the Chao will never be his.

A Fool dances and shouts at the skies;
the Chao is in his footsteps.



11. eluding understanding

Scholars of the highest class, when they hear about the Chao, earnestly carry it into practice. They are misguided; the Chao is not a set of rules and guidelines that can be followed. Scholars of the middle class, when they have heard about it, seem now to keep it and now to lose it. They are deluded; the Chao, when truly seen, can neither be lost or kept. Scholars of the lowest class, when they have heard about it, laugh greatly at it. They are fools; for though the Chao that cannot be laughed at is not the true Chao, neither should it be dismissed as a mere joke.

The sage walks the path of the Chao by not following it;
strives neither to keep nor lose it;
laughs at it in all seriousness.



12. you are free



13. only closed doors can be opened

My path to the Chao is clear and free of thorns;
but if you set foot on it, you will be lost in the thicket.
My view of the Chao is open and unhindered;
but if you look, a hundred trees will block your sight.
My road to the Chao is short and easily trodden;
but if you take it, it will lead you across mountains.
My bridge to the Chao is strong and holds my weight;
but if you cross it, you will fall into the stream.

The way is like the thin ice of earliest winter;
only a fool would cross it twice.



14. stepping without a footprint

Shall we now discuss
practising the art of the Chao?

A single pebble placed correctly
can alter the flow of a river.
A single word spoken timely
can begin or avert a war.
Thus can a single motion
change the course of the heavens.

The Chao flows like the very air;
always present, it is impossible to hold.
The Chao moves like the streams of time;
it changes all things, but cannot be seen.

The sage
changes without touching
preaches without conviction
sways without oppression.

15. infinity numbered

There is but one Chao
but men
name it five.



16. the quality of stillness

**A man sits in the afternoon sun.
His body relaxes, his mind clears;
the troubles of the world cannot touch him.
In doing nothing, he has accomplished much.**

**A man runs pointless errands for a foolish master.
His body is tense, his mind races;
the troubles of the world seem only to multiply.
In doing many things, he accomplishes nothing.**

**To know the Chao
is to sit in the sun
and yet accomplish all.**



17. the genuine influence

An unskilled jester mocks the Emperor with flights of fancy.
Will this mockery based on lies not be met with great displeasure?
A skilled jester mocks the Emperor with hidden thruths.
Is his mockery not tolerated, though it stings all the harder?
A good jest is like a clear lake;
it reflects and holds no shadows.
A good parody is like a portrait;
it is lifeless unless the essence is captured.

Thus are the greatest truths found in jest, and the greatest lies in seriousness.

A man bows deep for the Emperor. Does the man show respect for his lord, or is he simply afraid to be executed? His true heart is hidden. A soldier marches to war. Is his wish to die for his generals, or does he blindly follow orders? His true heart is closed. A son obeys his fathers' dying wishes. Is it out of love, or has the inheritance gripped him with greed? His true heart is unknown.
A man laughs at the show of a puppeteer. What else can be in his heart than joy? His true heart is open for all to see.

Thus is honesty found in laughter, and deceit in soberness.



18. trapping the ocean

It is man's way to make rules and laws. He divides time into hours; gives names and labels to all things upon this earth; he measures and gives titles; catalogues and formulates.

The true Chao cannot be named. The Chao cannot be numbered or divided. No formula describes it, no title or label can pin it down. The Chao flows through all we see; it's very being a mockery of man's most skillful laws.



19. striking the dragon's tail

The Chao courses the night sky.
As lightning it touches the earth.
The people gather and watch;
they believe they have seen the Chao.

The Chao shakes the ground.
An earthquake is its guise.
The people gather and watch;
they believe they have seen the Chao.

The Chao roars and twists.
As a river it comes into the valley.
The people gather and watch;
they believe they have seen the Chao.

The sage sees the Chao in thunder, earthquake and river;
but refuses to seek it there.



20. the face of eternity

May we not compare our life on earth
to a theatre where actors play?
We enter the stage naked;
but along our way we find costumes and masks,
strewn across the stage.

Fearing their nakedness, do not most men
cling to tightly to their costume?
Think their mask their true self?
They are neither wise nor foolish;
emperors and beggars both are among their number.

The wise man wears his costume,
but is still naked underneath.
He can wear a thousand masks
yet remain himself.



21. sameness and difference

Hold a brush and you are a craftsman; create and you are an Artist. Sit upon a throne and you are a monarch; rule and you are a King. Hold a distinction and you are an officer; inspire and you are a General.

A true Emperor has no need for clothes. A true leader desires no followers. The most worthy are those who have no wish for titles. The wisest of men think themselves fools.



22. the open gate unbreached

The truth of my Chao is like purest gold,
but men think it muddied copper.
The wisdom of my Chao is deep as the ocean,
but men think it a mere stream.
The spirit of my Chao is pure as diamond,
but men think it base and dull.
It is good that they think of it so.

A sage who seems to have no wisdom
is only sought out
by those truly willing to listen.



23. forgetting knowledge

Words cannot pin down the Chao,
paper and ink cannot hold it.
Thus one cannot write about the Chao;
one can only have written about it.

A tongue cannot speak of the Chao,
the wisest of sages cannot name it.
It is not possible to speak of the Chao;
only to have spoken of it.

A man's actions do not speak of the Chao,
it cannot be found in his footsteps.
We can only see if a man walks with the Chao
after his footsteps have faded.

I cannot teach the nature of the Chao,
my words cannot describe it.
Thus you will see the nature of the Chao
only after you've rejected my teachings.



A Sermon on Reality

**Being a Trip in eight (2^3 !)
schizms**

**1. The Search
Is Eris real? asked
Grandfather Mal
who'd suddenly
lapsed in his faith
For I must admit that
this very question
has greatly confused**

me of late

**So Mal travelled far, yea he travelled
wide**

and five diff'rent sources he bade

2. The Goddess

Eris herself will certainly know!

spoke Mal at the start of his quest

Alas, I'm not real, said Eris when asked

but you'd best put my words to the

test

**I may not exist, but you know that I am
a mischievous liar at best!**

3. The Sceptic

A definite fake, the sceptic just stated

No shred of evidence to be had!

**If you cannot prove it, t'is simply not
true**

but a fable or nonsense instead

**(And since he could not prove that he
was real**

the sceptic disappeared where he sat)

4. The Scientist

Is she not labeled? the scientist queried

She sounds like a plotdevice to me

**Or perhaps a parable, but I cannot be
sure**

Things need to be labeled, you see!

**Real things have names, and tags and
measures**

I propose: Eris (*Divina Discordii*)

5. The Philosopher

**Is a unicorn real? The Philosopher
riddled**

and the thought of such a beast?

**What is wisdom to me may be rubbish to
you**

but I'll tell you this at least:

**The true test of being - Is it still real
after all thought upon it has ceased?**

6. The Pragmatist

**She's not as real as my food, the
paragmatic said**

not as real as a brook or a stream

**But has a simple idea ever changed your
life?**

or a feeling, a thought or a dream?

**These things have the power to influence
us**

however unreal they may seem

7. The Truth

**There is a wasp on your ear! I see in
your eyes**

the sudden panic that you must now

feel

**But now, if I tell you that I simply lied
is the fear you felt any less real?**

**Then what does it matter? the pragmatic
shrugged**

and he silently finished his meal

8. The End

Ah Eris! Not real, but real enough

as a great many things are today

**A plotdevice, riddle, a joke and much
more**

a dream and a goddess they say

**Oh, man lives in dreams, in fiction and
fancy**

in dreaming may we ever stay!

The apple gardens

A fable from the Book of Pages

A monestary in the southern provinces was famed for its wondrous gardens. In these gardens grew beautiful flowers, and rare plants, but the gardens were most commonly known for the delicious apples that grew on its trees.

Each year, when the apples hung full and ripe on the trees, the monestary would open its gates and -for one day only- would offer an apple to anyone visiting the monestary. Over the years, word spread about the generosity of the monks, until the time came that dozens of people would crowd before the gates, waiting for their free apple.

Many years passed. Then, on the day before the apples would be given away, the master called the monks to his side. "My students," he spoke, "I wish to show you something, so that you may learn the nature of wisdom." The master smiled. "I decree that tomorrow, every visitor may take not one apple, but as many apples as they like." The monks were greatly puzzled by this, but they obeyed. And so, the monks spoke the next morning to the crowd before the gates. "This year will be different," said the monks, "as you may now take as many apples as you please." Then they opened the gates.

Immediately, the crowd rushed in, and although there were enough apples for everyone, fights soon broke out as people tried to pick more apples than they could carry, and started taking apples from one another. A great chaos fell upon the garden, and many apples were trampled, while some of the people got seriously injured. At the end of the day, the gardens were ravaged, and the monks expelled the remaining crowd.

"Master," spoke the monks, "we do not understand. Surely there

were enough apples for everyone? Why then did the people fight over them, and why did they take more apples than they could ever eat?" The master gazed at the tramped gardens.

"This is what I wished to show you. People do not see what they have, but rather what they do not have. Even when your hands are filled with ten, twenty, a hundred apples, this matters not. What matters are the two apples your neighbour is holding, for they are the ones you do not have."

"Thus, wisdom is like the apple. Knowledge matters not. Teachings matter not. What matters, is what you think the other person knows. This is what you do not have, and therefore this is what you desire. Though one's mind may shine as the galaxy, filled with stars uncounted, all this knowledge is considered obvious, a mere triviality. This is the nature of wisdom; that it is only recognised in others, and never in oneself."

The monks set to work, and in a years' time, the gardens had been restored. And as before, once a year each visitor was allowed a single apple. But the monks picked no apples for themselves on that day, being content to merely sit under the tree, and reflect upon hidden galaxies.

IT CAME FROM THE BOWELS OF HEAVEN

In Western philosophy, the great question of life is thus: To be or not to be. In the East, it is taught that Buddha is not Buddha. To be is not to be. Both are missing the point. What we need is a philosophy that simply says: I am.

Why the stars no longer dance

When the world was young, and much smaller than now, the earth was a wondrous place. Each day the trees sang out their praise to the sun, and each night the stars would perform their dance of promise, heralding the coming of another day. The creatures of the world spoke to one another, each after its own fashion.

Then from the woods came a new creature, walking on two legs and carrying a staff. This was the creature Man, who was the latest labor of the great spirit, and who -alone among all creatures- had been granted the knowledge of names. "I am Man," spoke he, "and I have come to grant names to all of you." And so Man called forth all of the creatures of the world, and named them. The shrewd, redhaired one he called Fox, and all the creatures agreed that Fox was a fitting name. The fast, bushy tailed one he called Rabbit, and the tiny grey one Mouse. And so Man named Crow, and Turtle, and Coyote. He named Sun and Moon, and to each of the flowers and trees of the world, he granted a name.

That night, as the stars danced their dance of promise, the animals sat in silent wonder at the miracle of Names. All agreed that they had been given a great gift, for it was now far easier to identify and talk to other creatures. They talked of the beauty of the stars' dance, and decided that they would get Man to name them all, so they could point out which star was the most beautiful, and which the least. Their words drifted up to the heavens, and the stars became greatly worried about being chosen as the least beautiful. All the stars tried their hardest to dance better than the others, until finally one of the stars stumbled and fell to the earth, disrupting the dance of promise.

The animals called for Man at once, for no star had ever fallen to earth. When Man arrived, Crow tried to pick up the star and put it back in the heavens, but the star was too heavy for him. Buffalo could move the star, but could not lift it high enough. One by one, the animals tried to lift the star, but all of them failed. Finally, when dawn crept over the hills, Man spoke. "Since the birth of the world, no star has ever fallen, yet one lies here before us. Since the first night, the stars have danced, yet this one lies still. Since the first day, the stars have hidden their faces for the sun, yet it lies here while dawn approaches! I tell you then, that this is no star, but a rock!"

A great shock went through the assembled creatures, who had seen the star

fall, but could not deny the logic of Man. They stared at each other in silence, until Crow cried out "It must be true! The stars are but tiny lights in the heavens, but this one is so big I cannot lift it. Surely it's a rock!" Soon, all the creatures were talking among themselves, coming up with new proofs that this was no star, but a rock. At this, the light of the fallen star died out, and her body turned to stone.

The next night, the stars mourned for their fallen sister. They did not dance the dance of promise, but instead cried bitter tears over their loss. But Man told the animals that stars did not cry. "It must be rain," said Man, and the stars found they were no longer able to cry.

Since then, the stars hold a silent wake for their fallen kin. Each night, they stand in the heavens and mourn. They are still unable to cry, and they will no longer dance the dance of promise. But sometimes a star can no longer bear the pain, and it dances a lone dance of sorrow, falling to the earth to die there.

We call them falling stars, but only the stars themselves know the truth behind that name.

*Remember, young Grasshopper:
You will find wisdom in the heart of a child,
but you will also find a child in the heart of the wise.*

Of knights and dragons

As translated from the book of unsubtle parables.

Once upon a time, in a fairytale not too far from here, there was a beautiful country governed by twenty-three knights. It was a lovely land, filled with flowers and butterflies, milk and honey. There were deep forests, and clear waters, and the people that lived in the many small villages that dotted the land were very happy.*
_



Many animals lived in the forests of this realm, some beautiful like the deer and the unicorn, some fearsome like the wolf and the bear. But all the creatures of the forest bowed to the power of the dragons, who dwelt in the mountains that formed the border between the lands of the 23 knights and The Dark beyond. Powerful were these dragons, but their numbers were few, and they hardly ever bothered the realm of the twenty-three knights.

In past ages, the knights of that time had fought the dragons in devastating wars, slaying many dragons, but losing many knights as well. And in reply, the dragons of that time had burnt many a castle, though losing great numbers in the attacks. The wars of that era had ended in a stalemate, and both sides had expressed a wish for peace. And so it was, that dragons and knights learned to live with one another in relative harmony.**

But hatred is a weed that grows best on old wounds, and the old wars were a festering scab in the minds of both knights and dragons. Slowly, resentment grew. Whenever a dragon ate a cow, the knights said that the dragons were raiding cattle that their people needed to survive. Whenever a knight came to a dragons' lair in search of treasure, the dragons bellowed that many of their riches were already in the hands of the knights, and demanded repayment. Both sides wondered openly whether it had been foolish to make peace at all, and neither side would acknowledge the problems of the other.

Drawn by all this hatred and misunderstanding, the two most evil beings from The Dark entered the realm of the 23 knights. They were the hags 'Us' and 'Them' who, using vile enchantments, entered the minds of knights and dragons alike.

The truce between the knights and the dragons grew uneasy

indeed. Hungry dragons were driven from their hunting grounds in the forests, and adventurous knights in search of treasure were sent running with breaths of flame. Younger, cocky dragons challenged small groups of knights-in-training; villages and caves were raided under false pretense. Naturally, under the spells of Us and Them, both sides were convinced that they were in the right and that the others were a bunch of liars and thieves.

Sometimes, a wandering wise man would try to point out that both sides were wrong, but it soon became clear that these wise men tended to end up as a quick snack or burnt at the stake. When Us and Them enter the mind, Reason cannot stay.***

Then, without warning, an ancient dragon named Pyros took flight from the mountains. Silently, he approached a village in the heart of the realm, and with a single gust of flame he reduced the village and everyone in it to cinders. In the wars of old, the peasants, the dragon hatchlings and the creatures of the woods had always been spared, but Pyros had singlehandedly changed this.

Outraged, Arthur, finest of the 23 knights, rode out with five companions and confronted Pyros at his cave. The resulting battle echoed throughout the realm. For seven days and seven nights the battle raged, until on the eighth morning the dragon Pyros and three of Arthurs' knights lay dead.

But still, the hags Us and Them were not satisfied. With dark magics, they worked on Arthurs' mind, sending him horrible nightmares and visions. Arthur, thinking the nightmares to be a warning, led his knights on raids against the dragons, killing without thought or reason. He killed dragons in the name of vengeance, he slaughtered hatchlings in the name of self-defense. The dragons, too, listened to the seductive voices of Us and Them. They killed knights wherever they could, and slaughtered cattle and peasants when no knights presented themselves. Both

sides were too busy plotting revenge and counterstrikes to see the real enemies; Us and Them filling their minds.

Things looked bleak indeed, but this wouldn't be a fairytale if a long lost prince didn't turn up just then. Prince Albert, presumed dead and heir to the throne, rode into this story on his trusted horse, Nameless. Pausing in the woods to get his bearings****, he stumbled upon a small wooden hut. Prince Albert was about to knock on the door when the voices from inside the hut reached him. Peering through a crack in the door, Prince Albert saw the hags Us and Them, cackling over their evil schemes. And so it was, that the prince learnt of the war between Knights and Dragons, and the role of the hags in this tragedy.

The prince jumped on his horse and rode for three days and nights, finally reaching the castle of Arthur and his knights. Arthur was greatly surprised to see the young prince, but his surprise grew into horror when Prince Albert proceeded to tell the knights of the two hags. That same night, the prince rode to the leaders of the dragons and told them of the hags.

Seeing how they had been deceived, the knights and the dragons drove Us and Them from their minds, and acted as one. From the treasures of the dragons, they took an ancient scroll, with words of power that could bind and destroy beings from The Dark. From the temples and castles of the priests, they gathered the one-hundred mages required to do this binding.

And so, with the sun rising over the mountains, the words of power echoed through the valleys and forests, the mountains and the villages. The hag Us died first, melting away in the power of the spell. Not long after, the hag Them crumbled, a deadly curse unuttered upon her lips. The realm of the 23 knights knew peace once again.

Note from the translator:

If this sounds like a contrived ending, that's because it is. Fairytales are supposed to end happily ever after. Most real life princes are either permanently drunk or happily involved in sexual scandals, and none of them are likely to have ever been frogs, anyway. Modern knights and dragons are virtually indistinguishable from each other, and the magic words to destroy Us and Them in one go have long ago been forgotten.

But if it helps you feel better, the prince eventually married a woman he didn't love for her money, and he and his wife lived unhappily ever after. Even in fairyland, life's a bitch.

** As happily as can be expected, that is. Even fictional people inhabiting fairytale lands have bad hair days, divorces and monday mornings. But on the average, pretty darn happy.*

*** Oh sure, every now and then a dragon would eat a knight, or a knight would slay a dragon. But knights and dragons are like that, and no-one else got hurt, anyway.*

**** In fact, it has been theorised that Us and Them take up about 96% of the mind once they enter. This is demonstrated by the fact that, to the afflicted, everything is either Us or Them. Hence the mantra: "with us, or against us".*

***** He had them in his pocket.*

The Hermit



A letter to Goddess

Wherein Pope Nag gets serious for a moment...

Dear Eris,

Now don't take this the wrong way,
because I think you're a cool chick and all.
But the time has come for me
to say goodbye.

You see, I've always steered clear
of the murky waters of religion
and in the end, I've come to realise
that you too,
although by far the coolest
and certainly the prettiest
are only superhuman.
Through no fault of your own,
you are a god;
and gods lead to religion
and followers, and worship.

And I will not serve; not even you
And I will not lead; not even myself

And so you cannot be my guide;
this [bridge](#) will carry only me.
But though I cannot follow you
to where-ever I might be heading,
I would be honoured
if you decided to tag along
So we can chat, and laugh
and see what's on the other side.

The Old Bridge

Or: The further adventures of the Purple Sage

In the year of the Tiger, the Purple Sage entered a small village to acquire some provisions. Immediately, he was beset by the inhabitants of the village, who had heard of the great wisdom of the Purple Sage. The people asked many questions of the great Sage, but got a friendly smile instead of an answer. Soon, the people dispersed, and went about their business. Five young men, however, decided to follow the Purple Sage. They thought that if they watched the Sage's every move, and copied it, they too would become enlightened and wise.

The Purple Sage took no heed of them, and went shopping for his provisions. The five followed. And so, when the Purple Sage bought some food and tea, the five young men bought the same amount of food and tea. Then the Sage went to a quiet place just outside of town, and sat down to eat. The five sat beside him, and ate their food. After finishing his food, the Purple Sage got up, stretched his aching muscles, and went for a walk along the nearby river. The five young men followed, but still the Sage ignored them.

Finally, the Purple Sage came to a wooden bridge, old and damaged, and in a very poor state of repair. The Sage crossed the bridge carefully while the five young men watched. The bridge creaked and protested, but held his weight. The five young men, ignoring the obvious danger, crossed the bridge in unison. The bridge groaned once, and fell apart, dropping the five young men into the cold waters below. The Purple Sage walked on, leaving five very wet men to find their own way back to the village.

Another man's path may not be your own, and he who follows blindly never knows where he might end up.

From Ye Booke of Truth, Part Two: Five Satyrs and a Unicorn



On History and Legend

Sometimes new POEE-legionairs are disheartened, because 'official' historybooks do not support the truths as set out by the Principia Discordia. Sure, Eris is mentioned in some works on Greek gods, but Mal-1, Hung Mung, Greyface? Not a word.

Ofcourse, given the incredible amount of mixups, falsehoods and downright lies in most historybooks, newspapers and other sources of information, it's only logical to assume that sometimes the truth never gets published, or is simply forgotten. Often, passages mentioning Discordians were edited out [*](#), but sometimes they were purposefully removed and replaced with something more to the likings of the 'establishment' (usually the guys with the biggest sticks). Luckily, through a combination of research and consultations of his pineal gland, Pope Nag has managed to uncover some of these forgotten stories:

Some scholars believe that when Jehova spoke to Moses in the desert, one of the first things the burning bush said was: "Are you sure that Malaclypse guy isn't hiding somewhere?". Apparently, in some versions of the story Malaclypse the Elder was asked to be God's Prophet *before* Mozes muscled in on the scene, but he gracefully declined the offer (Mal-1 was a non-prophet even then). In other versions, Mal-1 invited a few friends over to come see the burning bush, after which they proceeded to roast some sausages over it. Needless to say, Jehova was pretty pissed about this, and made sure the story never made the bible.

Amazingly, certain apocryphical texts would suggest that Jehova actually made this mistake twice. At a later time, He asked Malaclypse to bring the prophecy of doom to the cities of Sodom and Gomorra [**](#). Malaclypse must have gotten the directions wrong, because the Principia Discordia places Mal-1 in Damascus and Rome around that time, famously wearing a sign

that read 'DUMB'.

Considering all this, there might even be some truth to the rumour that the commandments were engraved into stone to prevent Mal-1 from doodling on them, and writing comments in the margins.

About a thousand years later, TDFKAJ (The Deity Formerly Known As Jehova - now operating under the stage name of God) again slipped up when he approached the knights of Camelot. As legend would have it, the very first knight that He commanded to quest for the Grail was Sir Zarathud ***, a known -and unremittent- Discordian. When Jehova asked Zarathud to find Him the Holy Grail, Zarathud famously replied: "Well, have you checked behind the sofa?".

Perhaps most curious of all is the persistent rumour that Abraham Lincoln once received a letter from Emperor Joshua Norton the First that simply read: 'Duck'. As was very often the case, the visionary talents of the Emperor were ignored. The rest is -as they say- history.

An apple a day
keeps the doctrine away

** For example, the first few editions of the Bible -the editions with a titlepage and information about the author- had a coverblurb written by Mal-1: "A book like a warm marshmallow: Once you pick it up, it's hard to put down!"*

*** The Book of Pages claims that Jehova destroyed these cities because He wasn't getting any and they were. But that's hearsay, and besides, it's all Symbolism anyway.*

**** The same person as Zarathud the Incurrigible. All this was some time after Zarathud gave up being a hermit, but several years before his moviecareer took off.*

Discordian Mojo: Spam Shield

Times are changing. In centuries past, magic was used to ward oneself against demons, curses and plagues. Nowadays, demons are no longer as big a problem as they were (most of them left this reality after they realised they had pretty much become redundant, the rest persued a movie-career), but a new evil has arisen; Spam mail. Luckily, the Orange Potatoe Cabal has discovered an ancient (do you believe that?) ritual that wards against this monstrous threat. Please note that using this ritual to ward yourself against abnormail will prove ineffective, and might even increase the amount of nonsense you receive.

For this spell you'll need an effigy in the shape of a small plush puppet (any kind will do, but make sure it's small and soft. Bonus points if you can locate a plush apple of Discord, but Kermit the Frog - I daresay even Snoopy will do nicely in a pinch). You'll also need some chalk to draw the magical pentagon, an apple, and two orange candles. By all means go for incense and ceremonial robes if that's the way your doors swing, but they're not vital to the ritual.

This ritual is most effective when performed at night, preferably during a new (or at least clouded) moon.

First, draw a pentagon on the floor (or whatever your Ritual Workspace may be) using the chalk. Carefully cut the apple into five equal parts (note: this takes some practice, so watch those fingers), and place one part on each of the five points of the pentagon. Place the orange candles to the sides of the pentagon, and light them, softly chanting the following invocation:

"Gee, it's bloody dark in here. Better light the candles".

If you have sofar followed the instructions above, you'll probably

have tried to draw a pentagon in total darkness, most likely messing it up big time. Once both candles are lit, try again.

MEANWHILE, ALL WAS NOT WELL
AT THE MANSION OF DR. CALIGARI

Before you attempt to cast the spell, it is **imperative** that you first cleanse the effigy (that's the puppet, dummy!) from unwanted Anerestic vibes, as they could well mess up the working of the ritual. To properly cleanse the effigy, grasp it firmly in one hand, raise your other hand to the skies, and -while shaking the effigy violently- speak the following words of power:

"GET OUT, YOU BASTARDS!"

You should feel the Anerestic vibes fleeing the room. If you perform the ritual at the dead of night as recommended, you may experience thumping sounds coming from the walls, often accompanied by ghostly cries of "Shut the hell up!" or "Do you know what time it is?". These effects, while somewhat unsettling, are innocent side-effects caused by the immense power of this ritual, and can be safely ignored. Now the effigy is cleansed, you may start working the actual spell.

Place the plush puppet in the middle of the chalk pentagon. Stand up, facing the pentagon, and raise your arms to the sky. Loudly proclaim the following:

By Heisenberg and Emperor Norton, I summon and control
Thee!

By Archangel Bugs and the powers of Surrealism, I bind Thee!
Powers of Chaos, I command Thee: Descend, and enter this
Effigy!

In the name of She What Done It All, do my bidding!

Lower your arms, and start waving your hands over the pentagon in a chaotic manner, much like you would if there was something sticky on your fingers. Note: by this time, the thumping may have increased in volume. Ignore it as best you can. The plush puppet should now be charged with the energy of Primal Chaos. Take it from the pentagon, hold it with both hands, raise it to the skies and chant:

Spam beside me, bulkmail below me;
The forces of darkness conspire against me!
Primal Chaos, shield my inbox;
Let my harrdrive be free of spam!

Be gone, oh Demon of the Free Trial Period;
For I have no need of your poisoned gifts!
Be gone, oh Devil of the One Time Offer!
For I have seen thine face before!
Be gone, oh Vile Spirit of Chainletters!
For I know that Little Sarah does not exist!

May your computers spout nonsense,
May your mailinglists fade away!
May wholey Chaos find you and spice up your life!
Hail Eris! All hail Discordia!

Blow out the candles. The ritual is finished. Afterwards, you might feel slightly exhausted; this is probably due to the tremendous powers that you have just channeled. You should go to bed, but if you'd like to watch some tv or something, that's fine too.

The next time you receive unsolicited spam mail, take your plush puppet, briefly meditate on the Primal Chaos stored inside it, and hurl it at your monitor. The Wholey Chaos will enter your computer, surge through the global communication network and will eventually end up at the computer of the person who

originally sent the e-mail. You can rest assured that -once it arrives- the Chaos Surge will make the recipient's day an interesting one...

Meanwhile, you will feel better simply by hurling something at the source of your frustration, so you can't loose, really!

~~Fuck meditation! Show me the way
to true power in five easy steps!~~

The Spam Mojo **never fails**, but has been known to have some unexpected side effects. To avoid disappointment and bad karma in general, please follow these five simple guidelines:

- The Mojo will not work if you throw the puppet onto your computers' reset-switch.
- This spell will only work against unsolicited *e-mail*. Throwing stuff at your mailman for bringing you crap, while undeniably funny, may lead to lawsuits and/or fistycuffs.
- Do not attempt to swallow.
- Do not attempt to sparrow.
- And remember: You Could Put an Eye Out with One of Those!

How the World will End

23. And on that Annoited day, the Worthy shall stride forth, and vanguish the Non-Worthy, and lay waste to the Only-Slightly-Worthy. And when the Vanguishing and the Laying Waste has been completed, the Worthy shall celebrate Mightily, and they shall partake of the sacred wines to their Hearts Content.

24. And when the Partaking is over, the Worthy shall look upon each other and decide that perhaps even among the Worthy there are those who are Not Quite As Worthy as They Might Be. And

the Worthy shall Squabble and Bitch among themselves, and believe that But One can be the Most Worthy.



25. And some of the Worthy shall appoint themselves Most Worthy, and there shall be Great Derision and Mighty Sarcasm, for all the Worthy will secretly believe themselves to be The One. And Names shall be Called, and Fists shall be Shook, and verily, the First Stone shall be Hurlled. And a mighty cry shall be heard among the Worthy, the cry that is the cry for War.

26. And Some of the Worthy shall Unite in Bands, and Others shall Go It Alone, and Lo! Fisticuffs shall Enssue, and also Kicking of Shins, and Private Places. And the Worthy shall make war upon Themselves, and Kick the Living Crap out of One Another.

27. And the Wounded and Dying shall call upon their Deity for Help and Guidance, but the Deity will look upon them and Sigh, and go off to Sulk.

28. And when the Dust finally Clears, There shall be but Two of the Worthy left, one of the male persuasion, and one of the female persuasion, and they shall look upon each other, and see

the Folly of Their Ways. And the Man shall take the Hand of the Woman, and She shall take His, and they shall vow to never again let Hate come Between Them, above them, or indeed anywhere near them. And Lo! Birds shall sing, and the Universal Soundtrack shall start up with violins and Other Mushy Stuff.

29. And a Comet shall descend from Heaven, and hit Them on The Noggin.

30. Which is the part of the body that is not very Comet-resistant.

31. And a great Silence shall descend upon the Earth.

32. And the Followers of Eris, She of Randomly Misplaced Socks, shall Rise from where they fell when they were Vanguished all the way back in verse [23](#), and they shall smile broadly, and explain that they were only pretending to be dead, and laugh. But there shall be none of the Worthy left to appreciate the Joke, which is a bit of a pity. And so it shall come to pass that the World will be a Silly place, Forever more (or less).

Ye Booke of Truth, Drug Induced Visions: 23-32



The Paralellium of The Shepherd and the woman of Great Beauty

I. And in those days, there was a shepherd, who guarded his Flock well. And the shepherd went upon a green hill to let his Flock Graze, and Lo! The shepherd saw a woman of Great Beauty, who Winked unto him, and Smiled Nicely.

II. And the shepherd was taken over by Lust and Love, and his Heart fluttered like a Butterfly. And Lust spoke unto him, and said: Go and leave your Flock alone, and speak to her, she Won't Bite, you know.

III. And the shepherd was Greatly Tempted, but he resisted, saying to his Lust: Begone, thou thing of Evil, I shall not be tempted while my Flock needs Tending and Care. Besides, what if she says no, and I am Rebuffed? I'd rather stick to my sheep, Thank You.

IV. And Lust was Greatly Surprised and a Little Disturbed, that anyone would choose a sheep over a woman, but he left, mumbling Sicko under his Breath.

V. And the shepherd gathered his Flock, and left the woman of Great Beauty, who was Pretty Disappointed after going through all that Trouble waiting for the shepherd on a Damp and Clammy Hill.

VI. And the shepherd felt Mightily Pleased with Himself, having Withstood Temptation and valuing his Flock over Pleasure. But Lo! A Pack of Wolves came from the Hills, and ate the shepherds Flock, swallowing down every Last Morsel and Bit, until nothing was left, not even a Scrap or Small Piece.

WHEN THE MEEH INHERIT
THE WORLD, WHO WILL GET
THE FAMILY JEWELST

VII. And the shepherd saw that he had Nothing now, and returned to the Hill to seek solace with the woman of Great Beauty. But she had Upped and Left, and had gone to Party Elsewhere. And the shepherd wept, and cried, and made Those Blubbery Sounds unhappy People make.

VIII. And the Moral of this Paralellium shall be: Whosoever shall seek Knowledge and Wisdom in a story such as This, shall Henceforth and Evermore, Hencebackward and Everless be known as a Clot, and Yea, even a Buffoon.

Ye Booke of Truth, Paralelliums 18: I-VIII

REMEMBER:
SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES
ARE A MYTH

Choose Chaos

Choose Life. Choose Chaos. Choose golden apples. Choose DADA. Choose having a fucking opinion, choose voicing it, choose fnord, five tons of flax and maniacal creativity. Choose thinking outside of the box, next to the box, screw the box. Choose Discord. Choose a slot to be fitted in, choose your label, your tag, your fucking image. Choose forgetting all that and choose for yourself. Choose freedom. Choose DIY enlightenment. Choose running around in your underwear because you feel like it. Choose surrealism. Choose messing with your mind. Choose getting of your arse and creating something, anything. Choose before you're rotting away at the end of it all, nothing more than a slave to your lifestyle, bound in chains you helped put there. Choose. Just fucking choose.

Choose Chaos.

Choose Life.



How to pick up chicks

Picking up chicks is easy to do, but hard to do right. So for those of you who don't want to risk being pecked to death, here's a handy-dandy guide to picking up chicks and birds.

First, a warning: Birds can peck and scratch when handled in a tentative fashion so be firm and positive in your actions. Roosters can have large spurs or claws which can inflict serious injuries. Roosters are -in general- an aggressive, homicidal bunch, and they have been known to seriously hurt foxes, cats and even large dogs. You may wanna invest in some gloves if you're going to handle these babies.

Birds can be calmed down by having their head or eyes covered by a soft cloth but the most important point at the time of capture is to keep the wings restrained. Note that ostriches, though lacking wings, come fully equipped with massively powerful legs and bad tempers. Obviously, keeping the wings restrained should be your *last* concern with these birds.

- With both hands hold the wings down against the body of the bird.
- Gather the wings in one hand nearest the body of the bird
- Hold them behind the bird
- Restrain the legs between the fingers of the other hand
- Chickens can be caught by the legs if required and held upside down for a short period in order to gain control - but this is only a short term expediency before righting them into a more comfortable handling position

There you go! Practice hard, and before you know it, you'll be picking up chicks with skill and confidence.

This gag proudly sponsored by the League for Really Lame Jokes.
But hey, made you look!

An interesting e-mail

As the 16th century saying goes: "When your e-mail is being censored, you know you're doing something right..."

Warning: Message redirected. Please read the following carefully before contacting your administrator.

From: admin@nsa.org
To: [removed to protect the innocent. Feh.]

Dear Sir, Madam,

We regret to inform you that, in accordance with National Security act 23.5, we felt compelled to censor one of your incoming e-mails. We assure you that we have every intention to prosecute the sender of the message to the full extent of the law, and advise you not to seek any (further) contact with said person. The content of the original message, stripped of any offensive and anti-American views, is reproduced as fully as possible below.

SCIENTISTS CLAIM: MOON MADE OUT OF CH##### AFTER ALL!

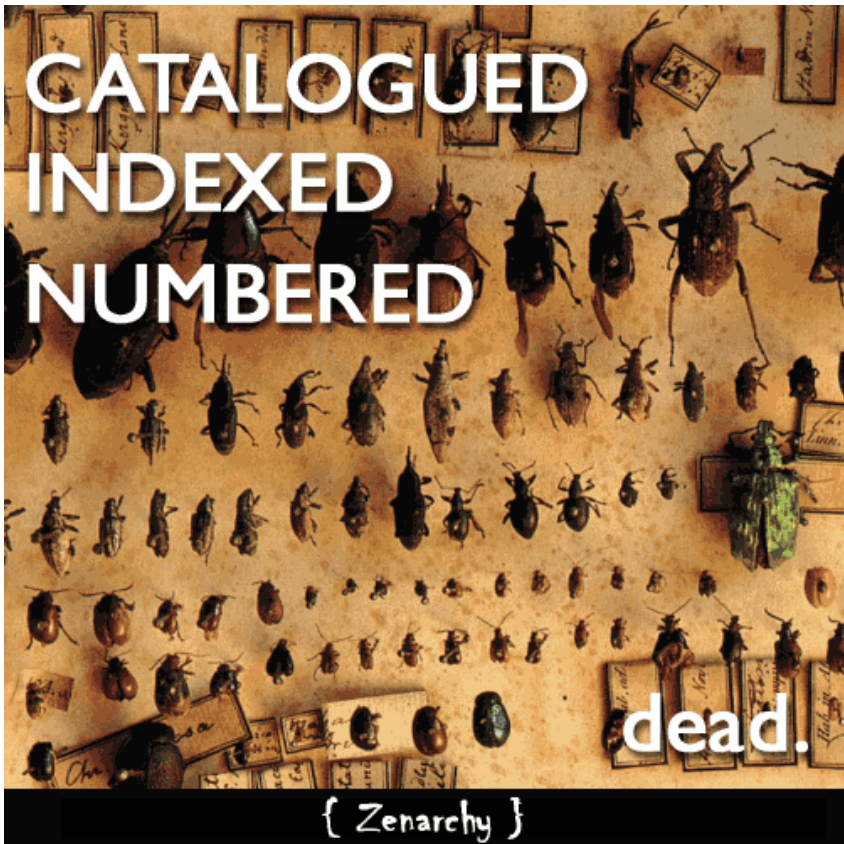
The moon is made out of ch#####. Any fool can see its true, any child will tell you, but still we're taught it's just a big rock in the sky. Ignore what NASA tells you, forget about the 'moon-landings', they were #####

Trust your senses. Is there any proof that the moon ISN'T made out of ch#####? A big hunk of ch##### would stil reflect the sunlight. A big hunk of ch##### would still wax and wane. And doesn't it just LOOK like a huge ball of ch#####? Ofcourse it does.

So why the secrecy? Why the deception? To protect the interests of the ch#####-moguls! Because the American Government has struck a pact with the Mutant Mice that live on the moon! The N## W##### O##### is coming! We must arm ourselves against the Threat on Capitol #####

Arm yourselves, for the Moonmice know no mercy! They may have send out spies. Buy a gun, and shoot every mouse you see. It's better to kill 1000 innocent mice, than to let one Mutant Moonmouse roam free. The moon IS made of ch##### ! Spread the word!

*Swiss League for the Extermination of
Mice,
Albrecht Büchfresser,
Chairman.*



The Bluebuttgurgle

Below you'll find what is probably one of the oddest little poems in the Dutch language, 'De Blauwbilgorgel'.

It was written by Dutch poet Cees Buddingh', and it is often used in schools as an example of a poem that is both clever poetry and fun to read. To the left the original Dutch version, to the right the best translation I could come up with.

De Blauwbilgorgel

Ik ben de Blauwbilgorgel,
Mijn vader was een Porgel,
Mijn moeder was een
Porulan,
Daar komen vreemde kind'ren
van.
Raban! Raban! Raban!

Ik ben de Blauwbilgorgel,
Ik lust alleen maar korgel,
Behalve als de nachtuil krijst,
Dan eet ik riep en rimmelrijst.
Rabijst! Rabijst! Rabijst!

Ik ben de Blauwbilgorgel,
Als ik niet wok of worgel,
Dan lig ik languit in de zon
En knoester met mijn
knezidon.
Rabon! Rabon! Rabon!

Ik ben de Blauwbilgorgel,
Eens sterf ik aan de schorgel,
En schrompel als een kriks
ineen
En wordt een blauwe
kieselsteen.
Ga heen! Ga heen! Ga heen!

Cees Buddingh'

The Bluebuttgurgle

I am the Bluebuttgurlge,
My father was a Purgle,
My mother was a Porulan,
That explains my oddness,
then.
Raban! Raban! Raban!

I am the Bluebuttgurlge,
All I will eat is churgle,
But every time the nightowl
cries,
I'll eat rut and rimmle-rice.
Rabice! Rabice! Rabice!

I am the Bluebuttgurlge,
When I don't wok or wurgle,
You'll find me basking in the
sun,
And cutteling my cullidon.
Rabon! Rabon! Rabon!

I am the Bluebuttgurlge,
One day, I'll die of scourgle,
And shrivel like a kriksed
one
A small blue pebble I'll
become.
So run! So run! So run!

Cees Buddingh'



I must admit I'm not very happy with the 'that explains my oddness, then' line. The original goes more like: "That [the coupling of a Porulan and a Purgle] gets you some really strange children", but I couldn't get that to fit, let alone rhyme. Got a better line? Let me know!

And yes, I do suppose our Cees was a bit of a 'Budding' poet when he was younger...

Ask Auntie Eris!

Through a clever combination of trickery, bribery and huge amounts of flattery, we've finally pressed Eris into helping us out on the Devia! She's agreed to answer a few letters on a semi-regular (just try getting her to do anything regularly) basis. Yes people, it's Ask Auntie Eris!

Below you'll find the first few letters. A nice grab-bag of subjects, we think you'll agree. But obviously, we need more, if only to keep Eris from getting bored with the whole project. So go on, **Mail Eris, All Mail Discordia!**

Dear Auntie Eris,

What are your thoughts on solipsism? Do you think it's possible the world exists purely as the result of one person's thoughts? Is reality simply a dream?

- Heinrich, Switzerland.

Dear Heinrich,

Well, if reality **is** a dream, it has to be one of those dreams that you get after overindulging on chocolate chip cookies and raw fish. But honestly, Heinrich, does it matter? What if reality was a malleable as runny cheese? What if nothing you see is actually real? Capiat R Real, I mean? Pinch your arm. Does it hurt? Real enough.

Go out, have fun, make the world a happier place, dammit!

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

I really like this site and all, but there's not nearly enough of it! If you're really omnipotent, can't you make that Nag fellow work a

bit faster?

- Mitch, Reykjavik.

Dear Mitch,

Nag says he's working as fast as he can, but that the whole real life thing keeps fucking with his schedule every now and then.

Serves him right for keeping a schedule, I say.

Anyway, there's only one thing better than regular updates on the Devia, and that's starting your own archive of weirdness! Go ahead, create instead of simply consuming!

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

Hey! Will you stop scaring of the visitors? Honestly, you ask someone to do an advice column, and they end up telling people to go away and look at another site.

Just great. If you want something done...

- Pope Nag.

Dear Nag,

Shut up and get to work.

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

Can you please tell me the secret to immortality?

- Andrea, Bath.

Dear Andrea,

That's certainly a popular question these days. Well, one way to achieve immortality would be to create a great work of art, or to write a book that will last the ages. But somehow I don't think you mean that. You probably mean corporeal immortality...

Okay, here's the secret. Eat proper food, exercise, don't stand in front of a steamroller and -here's the kicker- eat at least two handfuls of your own feces **every day**. It actually works, too, but would you want to live forever like that?

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

Is it true that you know everything? If you do, could you tell me where I left my keys? I also missed Eastenders last night, so if you know who really stole the porcelain poodle, I'd love to know. Thanks.

- Nick, England.

Dear Nick,

I may not know everything, but I do know how to spell 'poodle' properly. Here's a hint, Nick: There's no 'u' in it. I also know **why** you missed Eastenders, and where you left those keys. So when are you gonna tell your wife about her, Nicky boy?

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

I know that the Principia says that chainletters are harmless, but I received a very nasty one just yesterday. This is the third time someone has sent the letter to me, and I'm beginning to get a bit worried. Please help me, I've enclosed a copy of the letter.

- Tasha, Denver

Dear Tasha,

So you receive a chainletter that's potentially full of bad mojo, and you proceed to send it to me? Gee, thanks... Luckily, I can help you.

I think you'll find that when you actually start paying your bills,

they won't send you any more of these nasty 'chainletters'.
- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

I think you're not a proper agony aunt at all! I think you're just Pope Nag, making up all the letters and answers on this page! Go on, admit it!

- Anonymous, e-mail

Nice try, Nag.

- Eris.

Dear Auntie Eris,

Call me pedantic, but if you're busy writing answers to letters like this one, who's running the universe? I mean, isn't that what you're supposed to do if you are a god?

Also, what's the deal with those platypusses anyhow? Do they serve a greater purpose, or were you just stoned when you created them?

- Jonathan, Belgium

Dear Pedantic,

Running the universe? It's free to do as it pleases, just like you. But rest assured, the universe can run itself quite nicely. The same goes for evolution. It's a bit slow, and sometimes it gets stuck in a rut (I mean, how many types of ant do we really NEED?); but it is unpredictable and every once in a while it comes up with something wonderful. Like the platypus.

- Eris.

Discordian numerology #9-14:

Take, for example, the words 'Chaos Rules'. Numerologically, they add up as follows: CHAOS = $3+8+1+15+19 = 46$. The number between four and six is, ofcourse, five, but also consider that $4+6=10$, or two (the number of words in 'Chaos Rules') times five! Next up is the word 'rules', which can be broken down as follows: RULES = $18+21+12+5+19 = 75$. Divide 75 by two, and we get 35 ($7 \times 5!$), or: $75=2 \times 35$. 23-5, sounds somewhat familiar, doesn't it?

A Press Release:

NORWAY: Archeologists working on a digsite in Norway have discovered the remains of what may have been the site of one of the strangest battles in ancient history. The team was originally working on the site to dig up the remains of a giant petrified oak tree, but when the bones of what may be an unknown species of dinosaur were discovered at the bottom of the tree, the digsite took what was described by one of the archeologists as "a headlong dive into the twilight zone".

When the team carefully uncovered more and more of the site, they found the grisly remains of what seemed to be a battle of epic scale. But although the dig unearthed artefacts of nothing less than stunning quality -chief among them an intricately worked hammer- the skeletal remains of the combatants were even more heartstopping.

One warrior was found near the remains of what seemed to be a six-legged horse. Professor Lawrence Romsfield, one of the archeologists, said that while he had no doubt that this oddity could be explained by movements in the earth causing two legs of another skeleton to 'slide' over to the remains, he had to admit that "it looks very authentic".

The digsite, however, housed more strangeness. One warrior was found in a deadly embrace with the bones of a gigantic wolf, easily twice the size of present-day wolves. Professor Romsfield also reported that a tent where some of the artefacts had

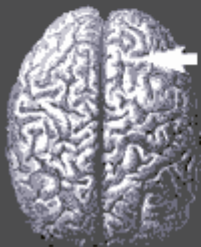
temporarily been stored was struck by lightning no less than three times in a single night. Luckily, the artefacts remained unscathed.

Needless to say, the strangeness of the find has proven somewhat unsettling to the members of the archeological team. "We've all been struck by a certain sense of awe." explains Romsfield. "Could it be that this is the site of a clash between viking warriors and prehistorical creatures that somehow survived?"

People's front for the Liberation of Banner Ads:



BLOW YOUR MIND



PARANAOIA

Yes, you are being watched. Yes, THEY are tapping your phelines, reading your e-mail, opening your letters. You cannot stop THEM. But THEY have a weakness.

THEIR power is based on order. THEY impose it, nurture it, need it. Disorder and Chaos confuse THEM. Use this to your advantage. Let Disorder Into your life. Chaos is the force of Creation. THEY cannot stop you.

Or you could wear that tinfoil hat forever...

NOT SURE WHERE TO BEGIN?
CONSULT YOUR PINEAL
GLAND. THERE IS CHAOS IN
EVERYONE!



This is your Life™!

Dear customer,

Thank you for purchasing your very own Life™, another fine product from Eternity inc. Your Life™ is a quality product that meets or exceeds industry standards. Life™ has been tested thoroughly and, with proper care, should last you a lifetime.

To receive maximum enjoyment from your Life™, it is important that you treat it carefully. Use of Life™ may lead to injuries if you use it incorrectly or if you use it for long periods of time (more than one century) without taking breaks. To reduce the risk of injury please read the guidelines below, and take regular breaks when using Life™. Eternity inc. recommends the use of Reincarnation™ for the purpose of taking breaks when using Life™.

IMPORTANT! If you feel numbness or tingeling in your limbs and/or vital organs, or if your complexion looks more pale than usual, stop using Life™ and consult a qualified health professional.

IMPORTANT! Before using your Life™, please check if you recieved the following: 1 Life™, 1 Container, 1 Soul™, several thousand small pieces of styrofoam and these guidelines. Please contact Eternity Inc. if any of these items should be missing.

Taking care of your Life™

To maximize your enjoyment of your Life™, please follow these safety guidelines.



- Life™ was not intended to be used by fools and/or idiots. If at any point you feel the urge to stick your head in the microwave simply because these guidelines didn't tell you not to, please discontinue your use of Life™ and contact Eternity Inc. for a full refund.
 - Do not submerge your Life™ in water. Do not subject your Life™ to fire, radiation or extreme temperatures.
 - Do not attempt to remove the Soul™, as this can be very hazardous to your health. The Soul™ should only be removed by qualified service personnel.
- Do not place any bets on your Life™, as this product was not designed for such use.
 - When not in use, please store your Life™ in the container it came in. Failure to do so may result in damage to the Soul™ and may render your Life™ useless. Eternity inc. recommends the use of Afterlife™ to keep your Soul™ in good condition over longer periods of non-activity.
 - Do not take Life™ for granted, this may result in carelessness and injury.
 - Your Soul™ was not meant for resale.
 - Life™ is like a box of chocolates; don't leave it in the sun for too long.
 - Should your Life™ take an unexpected twist, you should first attempt to get your Life™ back on track yourself. Failing this, try to take Life™ in your own hands. If all else fails, please contact the Helpline of Eternity Inc. Please note, that Eternity Inc. cannot be held responsible for any damages resulting from an unexpected twist.

Once again, Eternity Inc. thanks you for your purchase and congratulates you on your choice of Life™!



Be sure to try our other exciting Life™ products:

Life's Mysteries™, the expansion set that will baffle you!

Life's Little Jokes™, for those precious moments of irony.

Life's a B****™, an expansion set for adults.

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Looking for someone to blame?

So you made a mistake. Could happen to anybody, but now somebody has to take the blame for it. And it sure as hell won't be you! After all, it wasn't your fault in the first place was it? You need someone who will take the blame. Someone to take a fall. Well, that's us!

The Church of Universal Guilt will gladly take the blame for you.

We did it. All of it. It was the Church of Universal Guilt that messed up your presentation. We shot Kennedy. We are to blame for all wars, famines and diseases. We gave you an F for geography. We made it rain, snow, and rain some more. We stood you up on that hot date, we sabotaged your alarm so you were late for work. We made you shoot up on novocaine. It was us. We did it. All of it.

Don't blame yourself, you'll just end up having to deal with

problems. Blame us, it's so much easier when you can shift the blame.

So blame us. Blame our patron Deity, Him.

Blame The Church of Universal Guilt.



Erisiël, 13:25

And remember: It wasn't you!

"And I shall strike Down upon Thee with Great Weirddness and Furryous Angora, those that attempt to Reason and Order my Brothers. And you shall know that My name is Discordia, when I lay my Apple upon Thee!"

If Quentin Tarantino had read the Principia...

Did you know?

Nearly 99% of all lives end in fatalities

In your colon, dried-up feces is slowly congealing into rubbery chunks, blocking your normal bowel functions. Your eyes get worse with each passing year. Children can hear bats squeek, but some people above 50 can't even hear the birds sing. Sharks grow new teeth throughout their entire life, but we humans only have two sets. Lizards can regenerate entire bodyparts, while our body takes up to two days to heal from a simple papercut.

Our bodies were never intended for prolonged use. Humans were clearly designed to live to 30 years, procreate, and then drop dead. During our construction, corners were cut and inferior materials were used.

We will no longer take this for granted. We want our money

back.

We demand justice.

Sue your local Deity for negligence!

HUMANS: BET YOU CAN'T EAT JUST ONE.

A Shocking Discovery

For decades now, earth has been visited by aliens. Little grey men with improbably shaped heads are flying around in their silver discs, abducting people from their beds, cars and golfcourses. But is there a even more sinister side to these visitors from outer space?

Take, for example, the aliens themselves. They are small, grey and have no discernable sense of humour, unless you count the anal probes.

Obviously these 'greys' are the lackeys of those Enforcers of Global Boredom, the Bavarian Illuminati (lead by the infamous Greyface)!

Exactly when the Illuminati got their hands on the aliens, is uncertain. We do know, that before the greys became a phenomenon, there were aliens of every imaginable size and shape.

Some of them wished to eat us, others merely wanted to bring us galactic peace, or take us to Sirius. They were an unpredictable lot, and always good for a laugh.

The greys, by contrast, are all the same. They all abduct, mutilate [cows](#), probe and crash their ufo's. They all look the same, they act in unison and are, frankly, shitboring. This is what humanity could end up like if Greyface had his way...

Or consider the craft of these balloonheaded creatures. For decades, they displayed their lack of originality by whizzing about in ufo's that looked suspiciously like clouds, hubcaps,

saucers and weatherballoons. Recently, however, there has been a wave of sightings of a new, triangle shaped craft.

Now, it's possible that the greys came up with this new design themselves. But it is when we delve into the descriptions of these 'triangle' ufo's, that the truth presents itself. The mysterious triangles usually have a large spotlight in the very center of the triangle. It does not require a tremendous leap of imagination to see the connection of this circle-in-triangle design and the logo of the dreaded Bavarian Illuminati!

Why would the greys abduct people?

Abductees are usually taken to a white room, examined by the greys, and then tagged with a small implant. Anal probes notwithstanding, these implants are commonly placed in the nasal cavity, preferably slightly above the nose.

This may seem like strange behaviour, but the greys did not pick this spot without reason. They place their mysterious instruments at the exact location of the mystical 'third eye'! The third eye that many occultists claim to have opened, one and the same as the mystical Pineal Gland of the Discordians (Who do not exist), the eye behind the sixth sense, the very eye that the Bavarian Illuminati have printed on the dollar bills...

Is it any coincidence that the Illuminati describe themselves as 'Seers'? Clearly the Illuminati have discovered the power of the third eye, and are trying to stop the rest of the world from claiming this power! Clearly, the alien devices placed in the very location of the third eye are inhibitors, designed blind the third eye, to shut down the Pineal Gland!

Remember Gordo!

Pope Nag recently received an e-mail from Irvingmollusk, drawing his attention to the upcoming Gordomas celebrations. On Gordomas, we remember brave Saint Gordo the Drowned. Never heard of him? Neither had Pope Nag, but a little research revealed the following, true story:

On December 13, 1958, the U.S. Army launched a Jupiter AM-13 booster as part of the space project that would eventually result in the famed Apollo landings. Aboard this AM-13 rocket was a squirrel monkey named Gordo. Gordo had the dubious honour of being the first monkey (and primate) in space.



One would think that Fate would smile kindly upon Earth's first primate ambassador, but sadly, little Gordo would soon find his luck changed for the worse. Strapped in a small chair, Gordo was launched into space. He made the suborbital flight with no adverse effects, but when he splashed into the ocean upon re-entry, the rocket's nose cone - designed to float and save our little hero... didn't. Gordo drowned.

Now, nearly 50 years later, Gordo has been forgotten. History books mention him in passing, and nought but a general mention of 'space monkeys' in Billy Joels' 'We didn't start the fire' serves to remember him by. To the world at large, Gordo is nothing more than a footnote.



But Gordo is more than a footnote. He died because his capsule wouldn't float. The U.S. Army, who -even then- spent millions on the space program, spent millions on research and rocket tests failed to design a capsule that would float - something even a two dollar rubber duck can do! Clearly, Gordo died because of budget cuts; death by bureaucracy! Gordo was a true child of Eris, his martyrdom alone should merit him a place in the Halls of Discordian Sainthood.

So from now on, let December 13 be the celebration of St. Gordo, patron saint and guardian to those trampled by rampant bureaucracy. Let us celebrate His wholely day, Gordomas. Let us remember this hero, small of body, but great of soul. On December 13, REMEMBER GORDO!

And hey, why not enlighten your neighbours by printing out and distributing a few of these cards?

On December 13, 1958,
the U.S. Army launched
a Jupiter AM-13 booster.
Aboard this AM-13 rocket was
a monkey named Gordo.
Little Gordo was the first
primate in space.

He died upon re-entry
when his capsule
failed to float.



On December 13

**Remember
Saint
Gordo**

Many thanks to Irvingmollusk for giving Pope Nag an idea to run with. Nag also runs with scissors, you know...

FREE ERIS!

Meet Eris. She has a story to tell.
A story that will change the world,
a story that will change you.
A story she's not allowed to tell.

Eris is being held captive,
her voice is silenced. Help free Eris,
help free the Goddess of Chaos!
Ask Miramax to release Eris: the movie.



ERIS: THE MOVIE - CHAOS NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD

**Did you know
That 78% of all deaths
have natural causes?**

TREES ARE KILLERS

Get them, before they get us...

Operation Mindfuck: Have YOU confused anyone today?

And the evil secret of the Web is this, my friends:

**That all you can ever learn
from The Web is what the
people who put the stuff onto
it want you to learn.**

*Robert Rankin,
Sex and Drugs and Sausage Rolls*



Society Against Trees

The Society Against Trees is a nation-wide effort to stop the planting of trees wherever possible.

Recent studies indicate that, during storms, trees tend to loose branches. These branches can *and do* cause enormous damage to people or objects under the tree. In thunderstorms, as well as during floods and earthquakes, falling trees pose a potential [danger](#). Also, statistics from several leading insurance agencies clearly show that 32,8 percent of all garden- and traffic accidents are tree-related.

It is the opinion of the Society Against Trees, that trees pose a significant danger to the health of the general public, and should therefore be cut down whenever possible. Naturally, the Society supports the conservation of a handful of forests -like the rainforests in South America- in designated areas. However, unregulated, random growth of trees should be stopped.

The Society Against Trees is a part of the Society Against Trees And Nature, a global initiative.



Trees: The hidden danger

Destroyed houses, car accidents, roots growing straight through walls and concrete floors; each year, trees cause millions of dollars worth of damage.

Sadly, trees cause more than material damage. Each year, trees are the cause of hundreds of hospitalizations, and even deaths! It's easy to see that trees -under the right circumstances- can be lethal. It is for this reason that the Society Against Trees advocates chopping down these potential killers.

The Society realises that trees have a purpose, and are an important part of the natural order on our planet. However, we would like to point out, that lions are also a part of nature, and no-one will deny that it would be a tremendously bad idea to let lions roam free near our houses. Strangely, we have less qualms about planting trees all over our cities!

The time for action has come! While the Society Against Trees is opposed to any **direct** violence against trees, it supports any **legal** initiative that leads to increased deforestation. Furthermore, the Society supports 'tree reservations' throughout the world.

What can I do?

The Society Against Trees needs your help!

Do you receive mail daily? How much of that mail do you actually **want** to receive? 10 Percent? 20? How often do you receive 'personal' offers from people you've never met? Credit-card companies, lotteries, special offers that have been selected 'exclusively' for you...

Your address is in a database, along with your name, age, marital status, your employment record and even more personal data. This information is used to send you 'personalized' offers. This practice is no different from sending someone unsolicited e-mail. It's spam, it's junkmail, it's **crap**.

One good turn deserves another. The next time you receive crap in the mail, simply send them some crap in return. Many major companies use return addresses, allowing you to send back the reply-coupon without having to pay the postage. What they don't tell you, is that virtually anything can be sent to such an address, free of charge. So send something back; a drawing, a postcard, a letter... Anything goes, as long as it's funny.

Send a letter from the Society Against Trees! Try to make it look as official as possible, address it to the Board of Directors, and bung it in the mail. If you want, you can use this letter:

RE: Your mailing
PLEASE CIRCULATE
[Company]
Attn: Board of Directors

Sir / Madam,

A recent nationwide survey listed your company, [Company Name] as the undisputed number one! It is my distinct pleasure, as spokesperson for the Society Against Trees, to congratulate you on your achievement.

The Society Against Trees is a nation-wide effort to stop the planting of trees wherever possible. Recent studies indicate that, during storms, trees tend to loose branches. These branches can -and do- cause enormous damage to people or objects under the tree. In thunderstorms, as well as during floods and earthquakes, falling trees pose a potential danger. Also, statistics from several leading insurance agencies clearly show that 32,8 percent of all garden- and traffic accidents are tree-related.

It is the opinion of the Society Against Trees, that trees pose a significant danger to the health of the general public, and should therefore be cut down whenever possible. Naturally, the Society supports the conservation of a handful of forests -like the rainforests in South America- in designated areas. However, unregulated, random growth of trees should be stopped.

Your company has played a major role in this effort. After careful deliberation, the Society has concluded that your company is the most consistent source of wasted paper in this country. As spokesperson of the Society Against Trees I can only applaud this, and say that your company is a shining example to us all.

The Society Against Trees would like to thank you for your efforts. To allow your company to continue the good work, we hereby present you with the 'War on Trees' award; one cent.
Once again, congratulations!

Kind regards,
W. Fenderson, K.B.C.
spokesperson,
Society Against Trees

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT: DO NOT USE AS TOILETPAPER

Please note: Don't send your letter under the name of your neighbour, that's very unfunny and a good way to get into a fistfight. You can safely use the name W. Fenderson, K.B.C., provided your neighbour isn't called that. Make sure you only send crap for crap; the Society Against Trees need not concern itself with corporations who actually send you useful stuff. And yes, the Society Against Trees is a joke, and should not be taken seriously under ANY circumstances. In fact, the Society **loves** trees. We just hate junkmail, that's all...

**BY ORDER OF THE AUTHOR,
Per G.G., Chief of Ordnance.**

WELL, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage and a curtain and a row of candles for footlights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke he quit tending door and went around the back way and come on to the stage and stood up before the curtain and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on abragging about the tragedy, and about Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours, naked; and he was painted all over, ringstreaked-and-striped, all sorts of colors, as splendid as a rainbow. And -- but never mind the rest of his outfit; it was just wild, but it was awful funny. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and hawhawed till he come back and done it over again, and after that they made him do it another time. Well, it would make a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

EPIC

The Animated Movie

JACK BLACK MARK HAMILL LIV TYLER

Featuring

CHRISTOPHER LEE as 'Graud'

