

THE UNINITIATED MAN

THE CURTAINS DRAWN, THE CANDLES LIT
IN THE CIRCLE HERE I SIT
BELIVING IN THINGS AS BEST I CAN
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.

THE SIGILS SCRAWLED, THE WORDS INTONED
I WAIT FOR SPIRITS YET UNKNOWN
BUT NEITHER ZEUS NOR PETER PAN
WILL GREET THE UNINITIATED MAN.

I HAVE NOT LEARNED GREAT MYSTERIES
NO GODS OR DEMONS SPEAK TO ME
AND STILL THERE IS NO DIVINE PLAN
TO SAVE THE UNINITIATED MAN.

OH, LET ME FALL, OH LET ME BREAK
LET SKIES RAIN FIRE AND MOUNTAINS QUAKE
OH, TAKE MY EYE, MY VOICE, MY HAND
AND MAKE ME AN INITIATED MAN.

THIS SILENT NIGHT, THIS SILENT ROOM
I SIT AND CHANT IN PRIVATE GLOOM
STILL IN THE PLACE WHERE I BEGAN
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.

Never fall in love with a Discordian. Seriously, I cannot stress this enough. They don't do things by halves, or even by wholes: everything is 169% ALL THE TIME. You want to get a Discordian flowers? She hijacked a truck full of roses and abandoned it in your driveway. You want to give him a card? He's already spraypainted a love poem on a national monument. It's in iambic pentameter and somehow he managed to fit the word "fuckstick" in there and it works.

Going on a date with a Discordian is about equally likely to end in sex or felonies, with a significant chance of the sex being a felony depending on local custom. Discordians are serious about having a good time, and you are not prepared. You will learn to hate the word "adventure."

Never give a Discordian your heart. They're tinkerers, you see, and they have to learn how things work by tearing them apart. You will never get your heart broken quite the same as a Discordian vivisection. The world is full of Horrible Truths and the Discordian will want you to LOOK AT THEM together, and think this is a romantic activity. Discordians are always getting fucked in the ass by Nigel, but that's not so bad.



What are you, an infra-
structure collapse enthusiast?

Dear MRAs/PUAs,

I am truly sorry for your predicament. You have one desire in life, to have sex with women [who meet your arbitrarily high set of standards], and you can't seem to meet this goal. I hear you complaining about the "bitches" who put you in "the friend zone", and I feel your pain. I sympathize with your inability to get dates through "negging", despite all the evolutionary psychology papers you've read. It seems no woman on the planet will have sex with you, the whole world is against you, people are discriminating against you, and you're living in your mother's basement and practicing poor hygiene. It's sad.

I'm writing this friendly letter to offer some wisdom on the problem and solutions. It's my gift to you, no cost, no thanks needed. No reply, even.

There are two fundamental reasons you are in this unfortunate situation. The most obvious (and as should be clear shortly, most minor) problem is that women find you having nothing. I don't mean nothing in terms of limited money, or physical possessions, but rather in terms of self-currency. You are, as aforementioned, living in your mother's basement, you have no life aspirations aside from having sex with women, very few skills beyond your work (if you work at all), even more limited social skills, the hygiene issue I already mentioned, and no ambition. You have, in plainer terms, nothing going for you. Barring the Second Reason, women like having sex with people who are interesting, through muscle mass, intelligence, humor, charisma, technical skill in the bedroom, all of these are possible avenues. You have none of these, at least not in ways that are obvious. Without some extraordinary willpower, this is not likely to change.

Which brings me to the Second Reason, which is, you're a douchebag. WDAH WDAH, CALM DOWN!! I'm using the term in a technical manner here, not as an insult. A douchebag is person [typically male] women find annoying and unpleasant, and often even harmful. Much like the namesake object, women do not enjoy the presence of Reason can overcome this syndrome, but given the prevalence of feminists this

What may come as a shock is that you're a douchebag precisely because of because you just want to have sex with women. And I'm not saying that women don't that little word "just". You just want to have sex with women. You don't want to be to build relationships, to actually care about their lives and their desires. You just your ding dong into [and what's so bad about that, really? Your onahole doesn't

The truth is, women are people. Yes, people just like everyone else. of parts than you [the parts your ding dong likes so much]. And as people, they don't And if they do, they like it more as a game that is quickly over, and with someone who has Baring that, they like building relationships and good conversation that includes their friendships, doing things they consider fun. I'm sure you could build a long list of things that people enjoy doing. *Go ahead if you need to, I can wait.*

Got your list? Good. Now realize this: if you want to have sex with women, and you don't have any First Reason qualities, it's okay, you can still end up having sex with women. **You just have to treat them as people and take a sincere interest in their lives** and eventually there will be a woman who will enjoy your company enough to have sex with you. **It's far more likely than you might think.**

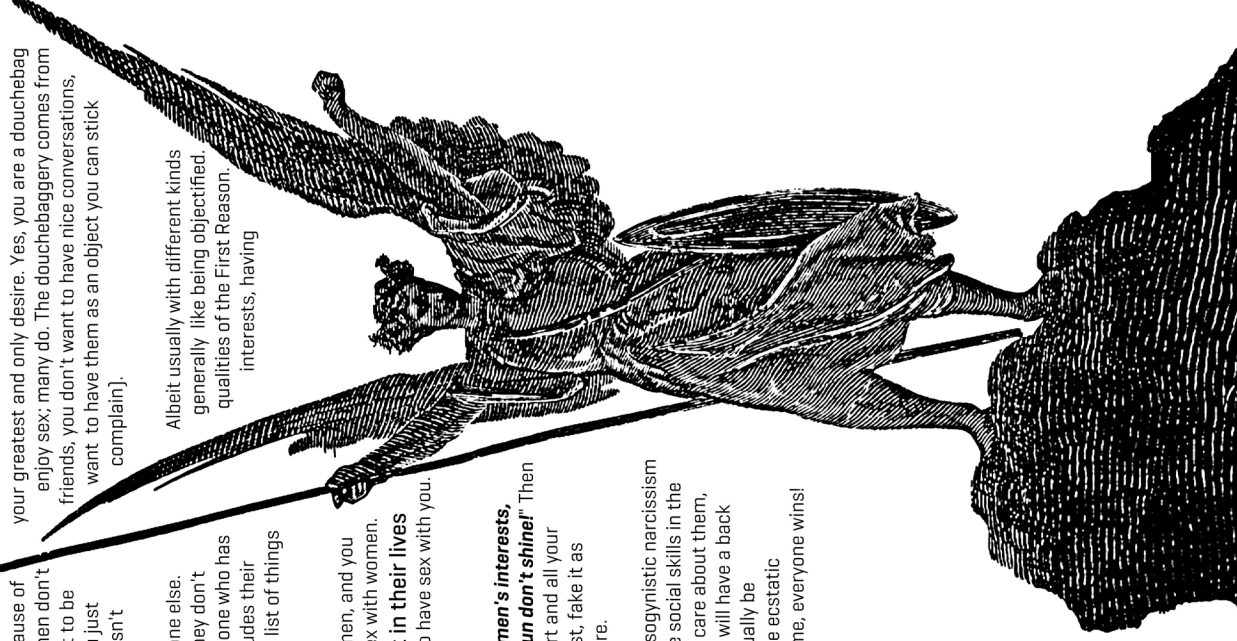
I know, I can hear your protestations. "**But Kai, I don't care about women's interests, I don't care about their lives, I just want to stick my ding dong where the sun don't shine!**" Then my admonition to you is: FAKE IT. Fake it with all your mind and all your heart and all your adipose cells and all your neck hairs. Fake empathy, fake caring, fake interest, fake it as hard as you can, as long as you can. Fake it so hard it becomes second nature.

Eventually, it won't be fake anymore. You'll have pulled out of your misogynistic narcissism and actually start caring about women as people. You might even gain some social skills in the process (point to reason one qualities!). Women will sense that you actually care about them, and eventually one of them will want to have sex with you. By that point, sex will have a back seat in your mind because those other things like empathy and love will actually be important to you. You'll be happy, they'll be happier, and everyone else will be ecstatic because we'll no longer have to suffer a douchebag. It's a non-zero sum game, everyone wins!

Warm Regards,

~Kai

P.S.: You might also want to do something about that neckbeard.



Don't Be a Dick

Take a look at the news today. There will be gleeful stories about people being dicks. People raping people. People murdering people. People raping and THEN murdering people. All of them dicks, and a special kind of dick sitting behind the news desk, telling you all the gory details with a look of studied concern on his face. He seems to be puzzled as to why the peasants would act in such a fashion...

Whereas a normal person being forced to barf up this litany of dickishness would have a look of profound disgust on their faces.

And if you listen to that guy, you'll think being a dick is NORMAL. It isn't.

And if you change the channel, there's Jack Bauer torturing some bastard because he's a SPECIAL kind of dick, the sort of dick we need to protect us from dicks from other countries. You know what I mean. Smuggy dicks who blow people up because "why the hell not?" This might lead you to believe that ONE kind of dick is better than ANOTHER kind of dick, and that one kind of dick is somehow "heroic". They aren't.

No, brothers and sisters, the plain fact of the matter is that being a dick is just that... Being a dick. The one thing dicks have in common is that they make the world WORSE for people around them. Some more than others, obviously, but that's just a matter of SCALE. Lester Maddox was a medium-scale dick, for example, and Jerry Falwell was a gigantic dick.

But the kind of dick that causes the most damage is the small-time dick. The LITTLE dick. Because they make up for in volume what they lack in scale. I'm looking at YOU, dick who is slipping roofies in that girl's drink. I'm talking to you, dick who is tormenting the cashier or being rude to the waiter because you can. I'M LOOKING AT YOU, DICK WHO JUST FEELS THE NEED TO SAY SOMETHING MEAN TO SOMEONE FOR ANY REASON OR NO REASON AT ALL.

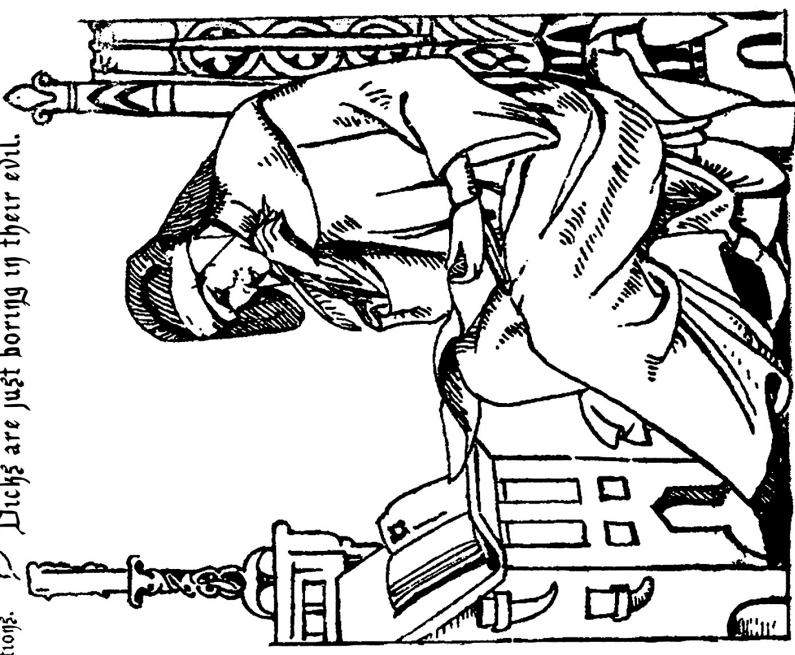
Dicks always have excuses, too. "I had a bad day", when the behavior happens every day. Or perhaps "My love life isn't what it ought to be, so all members of my target gender are fair game for dickery". PRO TIP: You aren't a dick because you can't get laid, you can't get laid because YOU ARE A DICK. All of these excuses boil down to the same thing, and that thing is "I am a small person and I feel bigger when I shit all over everyone around me, like the baboon that I am."

Everyone acts like a dick now and again. It happens. But if it happens on a regular basis, then you are no longer ACTING like a dick, you're BEING a dick. It has become your new state of normalcy. What, after all, is an evil person? Obviously, an evil person is a person that does evil things. And a dick is a person who does dickish things... And the ONLY difference between an evil person and a dick is that at least the evil person has some level of over-the-top, widescreen mania to their bad actions.

Dicks are just boring in their evil.

Now, if you mull things over and realize that you are in fact a dick, there's still hope. There is in fact a CURE for being a dick. We Doctors refer to this cure as "STOP BEING A DICK". It's easier than it sounds. You just stop being a passive aggressive sack of shit. You stop trying to be an "alpha" pick up artist. You stop deliberately trying to torque people up because it is the ONLY MEANING LEFT IN YOUR LIFE.

And that's the real trick, isn't it? If you go out and BUILD A LIFE for yourself, you will be so interested in that life that you won't have TIME to shit on other people, and YOU WON'T EVEN WANT TO. Happy people aren't dicks. It's just that simple.



☘ Credo ☘

- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT EVERYONE NEEDS SOME WEIRDNESS IN THEIR LIFE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT EVERYONE FUCKING NEEDS TO SWEAR MORE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT BEING A SMARTASS IS THE BEST MEDICINE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN YELLING AT PEOPLE ON THE INTERNET.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN GETTING DRUNK ON TUESDAY NIGHT.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT ADEQUATE FOOD, WATER, SANITATION, SHELTER, AND HEALTH CARE ARE BASIC GODDAMN HUMAN RIGHTS.
- ☘ I BELIEVE HITTING PEOPLE WITH PIES IS AN APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN CAUSING TROUBLE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN DRESSING LIKE AN IDIOT.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT STARING AT YOUR NAVEL TOO LONG RESULTS IN A HEADACHE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN GOOD DESIGN AND SILLY FONTS.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THE TWO PARTY SYSTEM IS A MISERABLE FAILURE.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN DELICIOUS THINGS.
- ☘ I BELIEVE IN MAKING STUFF.
- ☘ I BELIEVE THAT HEAVEN IS FOR CHUMPS.



PLANT YOUR SEEDS

IN PARKS. ON LOTS. PUBLIC FLOWER BEDS. IN REMOTE PLACES. AT CITY HALL. WHEREVER. WHENEVER. OR START A PLANTATION IN YOUR CLOSET (BUT READ UP ON IT FIRST FOR THAT). DON'T WORRY MUCH ABOUT THE WEATHER, THEY KNOW WHEN THE WEATHER IS WRONG AND WILL TRY TO WAIT FOR NATURE. SEEDS ARE A VERY HEARTY LIFE FORM AND STRONGLY DESIRE TO GROW AND FLOURISH. BUT SOME OF THEM NEED PEOPLE'S HELP TO GET STARTED.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS



The Modern Witch's Dilemma

I summoned Dr. Who once. I was wrestling late one night with the typical early-adulthood crisis of "what would have happened had I made a different choice regarding a particular boy?" and decided that the best way to definitively resolve the question was to explore the theoretical quantum multiverse for a version of me that had made the other choice.

Without significant pomp or circumstance, I mentally requested the thought-form of The Doctor to show up, and to my surprise I got a response almost immediately. I guess not a lot of folks are summoning fictional aliens just yet. Knowing that he has the (sometimes limited) ability to travel across the multiverse, I requested that he look around for me for a bit to see if there were any where I had made the other choice, and if so what the outcome had been. I don't even remember promising him a reward or making an initial offering of any kind.

He left, off to deal with the task, and I slept soundly, knowing that I would have an answer in due time.

About two weeks later as I was getting to sleep, The Doctor returned. I didn't call him. He said (in that non-verbal, non-physical way that the moderately sane perceive their responses from the gods) that he was done with my request. That there was no universe wherein I had wound up with the other boy in question, with the exception of those places where we were both such different people that it didn't really count as "me" in the first place. That the current situation (with that person, at least) was completely inevitable based on experience and brain chemistry.

It wasn't necessarily the answer that I had been hoping for, but the closure helped me move on.

So did I talk to a non-corporeal representation of a fictional character from a television show, or did I use that identity to trick myself into accepting the obvious truth I'd been avoiding?

Or did I just make all this up for your amusement?

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

On Joy:

We know that there is joy in the heart of Eris, for Hers is the Garden of the Weird and Beautiful. Her eyes twinkle with mischief at the thought of a good troll, and She smiles when Her apple seeds take root. Bitterness does not grow in Her Garden, nor does cabbage. In Her joy there is strength, and that which makes Her smile cannot be wrong, although it can sometimes come at the expense of others.

Therefore let it be resolved that if there is joy in your heart, it should be allowed to thrive. And if there be no joy in your heart: refrain from peeing in everyone else's cheerios, or the beatings will commence until morale improves.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PARANOIDS

--LORD OMAR

1. Ye have locked yerselves up in cages of fear--and, behold, do ye now complain that ye lack FREEDOM!
2. Ye have cast out yer brothers for devils and now complain ye, lamenting that ye've been left to fight alone.
3. All Chaos was once yer kingdom; verily, held ye dominion over the entire Pentaverse, but today ye was sore afraid in dark corners, nooks, and sink holes.
4. O how the darknesses do crowd up, one against the other, in ye hearts! What fear ye more than what ye have wroughten?
5. Verily, verily I say unto you, not all the Sinister Ministers of the Bavarian Illuminati, working together in multitudes, could so entwine the land with tribulation as have yer baseless warnings.

**NOT LESSER THAN, FUCK THAT!
WHEN I MEET GOD
I'M GONNA KICK HIS ASS
AND MAKE MY OWN HEAVEN.**



THE PARABLE

OF THE GONG

There was once a young Discordian called Golden Rod. Early in his illumination, he wondered what season his country was in. Perhaps it was in the season of Discord, on the cusp of Bureaucracy. Surely, Order was rising to noxious levels. Or perhaps it was already Bureaucracy, on the cusp of Aftermath. Surely, Disorder was rising to obnoxious levels. So in his quest for An Answer, Golden Rod sought out the Discordian monk Nopants. Nopants dwelled in a basement because it would be obscene for him to go outside. Golden Rod freed himself from his leggings and descended the stairs. Below, Nopants sat on a cushion in a gross lotus position. "My wise friend Nopants, I have come to ask you a question," said Golden Rod, "What is Bureaucracy?" "In India," said Nopants, "they tie elephants to trees using thin cords. An elephant could easily snap the cord, yet they remain tethered in place. Why do you think this is?" Golden Rod itched himself and shrugged. "When the elephant is young," intoned Nopants, "she is too weak to break the cord. She tries, but eventually she gives up. When the elephant grows up, she does not try to escape her puny bonds because she believes she will fail." "So the cord isn't the thing keeping the elephant in place," said Golden Rod. He squinted at Nopants, "That's very interesting, but what does that have to do with Bureaucracy?" "Bureaucracy," said Nopants, "is waiting for a red traffic light in the middle of the night when no one is coming." Across space and time, a gong sounded.

Golden Rod left the basement and returned to the real world, thoroughly confused. As he drove home, he ran five red lights. His mirth rose with each light. By the end of the voyage he was giggling like a ninny at his newfound freedom.

Years went by and Golden Rod continued drive towards Aftermath. He ignored stop signs, blew through red lights, and opened his moon roof despite danger of falling rocks.

"Sweet Merciful Ass!" cried out Bung-Fu the Fool as he clawed at the dashboard. "You're gonna get us both killed!"

"Nonsense! I am self-emancipated from these mundane traffic laws," cackled Golden Rod. "I am a harbinger of Aftermath!"

"Do you always drive like this?" said Bung-Fu as he buckled his seat belt.

Golden Rod nodded. "Always."

Meanwhile, the monk Nopants was wheeling his gong across the street towards his basement. He patiently waited for the light to turn red, then pushed the ponderous percussive instrument upon the pavement.

The collision made the exact sound of enlightenment.



Heaven is down. Hell is up.
This is proven by the fact
that the planets and stars
are orderly in their movements,
while down on earth
we come close to the
primal chaos.
There are four other proofs,
but I forget them.
--Josh the Dill
King Kong Kabal

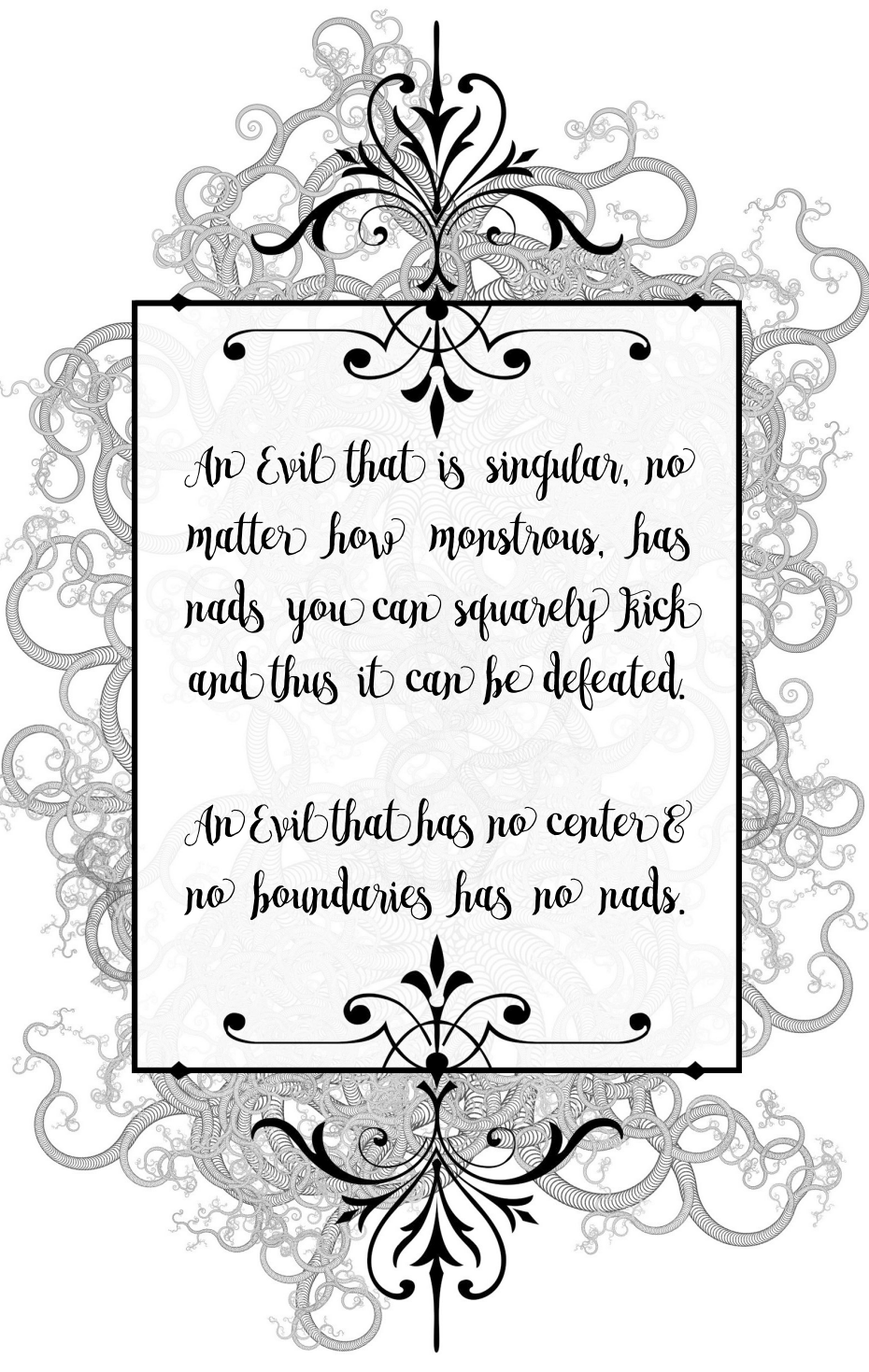
A black and white sunburst pattern with rays radiating from the center, set against a background of a black and white checkerboard grid.

YOU CAN'T WIN
YOU CAN'T EVEN
BREAK EVEN

A grayscale photograph of a grand courtroom with classical columns and a pediment. The pediment contains a relief sculpture and the inscription "EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW". The image is framed by ornate, decorative corner and side elements.

THE PARTIES
ARE ADVISED
TO CHILL

- *Mattel v. MCA Records*, 296 F.3d 894 (9th Cir. 2002)



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

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



Always be ready

to walk away

from a bad idea.

CAN YOU FEEL IT COMING?

Do you smell a change upon the wind?

NO.

You CAN'T.

You DON'T.

You've deluded yourself with dreams of a grand re-awakening, a massive paradigm shift of the collective social conscience. You've convinced yourself that someone (maybe even you) will come along and cast down the Powers That Be™ that are in control of the MACHINE™.

You're WRONG.

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

Yes, that includes you.

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

And yes,

that also

includes me.

Rambledrunk

by T.W. Joseph

I'm not going to waste 50 pages establishin' my mental peen like your various damn Germans philosophers, no. I'm telling you that this whole assumption about whether or not God is real or whether The Soul is shite we made up along the way to becoming what we're currently being is a waste of A good Time!

You DO wan teh be serious about having A good Time don't ya? Didn't we build the whole civilization racket around ensuring A good Time for ourselves and future generations eh? There's your damn moral axis!! Does this or does this not ensure that all shall have A good Time? That's the only truly relevant question we should be asking as we sit here on our lawn chairs and suck down beverages laden with agreeable bacterial excretions while hurtling through the void.

See problem is there's a whole lot of folks out there that believes in the lie that they can have A better Time if only they dispense with concerns to the costs to themselves, others, and the future! Who the hell ever said "Oh, you can just go on and do that."? HUH? Fuckin' assholes is what. Assholes that swallow worse things than LIES, lemme tell ya!

A good Time is fuckin' sir as hell nor guaranteed just by happening to drop onto the good Earth, if anything can be absolutely guaranteed here on our sweet world it's that things can always get shittier. So what!? The spinning atoms and molecules in your goddam cells represent if aught else a signal that managed to overcome the void of time and space to bellyache about your damn sense of purpose or God or whatever ism you fret with.

You could be having A good Time right now if you could just stop being so fussy about the things is all I'm saying!

goodnight, I'm going to be paying me heavy for
A good Time come morning.
Hail ERIS.
I guess.

Your
MORAL PANIC
is not
MY PROBLEM



ATTN: CHAOSADVOCATE

(and anyone else who wants to start The Revolution)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or Kill Me.

THE POLITICS OF THE AVERAGE JOE

BY DOKTOR HAMISH HOWL

So, the world's circling the bowl, and it's all the doing of those bankers. Or Big Gubmint. Or Big Pharma. Or whatever it is you think you need to fight. Now you're all fired up about it, but you aren't sure what to do. You went to some rallies, but it all seemed a little pathetic. Hell, most of the signs were about something else entirely...And The Man not only didn't capitulate, he didn't even arrest you. You didn't even get noticed.

So now you're pissed off, and you're wondering how to get your point across. Yes, I know, we Doktors all go through that. But before you all crowd into a cramped basement and start building bombs, I'd like to remind you of a couple of things.

First, The Man owns the ball and the ballpark. If you do something you think of as bold, it will be used to scare the regular folks into accepting more of the same crap, because now there's terrorists running around.

Second, the average person isn't on your side. This can't be stressed enough. Sure, they may bitch about whatever it is, but what they really want is for tomorrow to be just like today. If you "freak the mundanes" enough, it won't be The Man hanging from that lamp post. It's gonna be you, because you have threatened their comfort bubble. The Man is inside of that comfort bubble they have. The Man has to be. After all, if they didn't want it, they wouldn't pay for it.

Ever wonder why the German and Japanese people fought right to the bitter end in World War II, while the Italians surrendered to just about everyone and got on with their lives? It isn't because Italians are cowardly; they are not. But they hadn't been sold on the ideology that Mussolini was pushing, so they dumped him not once but twice.

The Germans and Japanese people needed a little more persuading. And not just at the end of a gun.

Some dumbass once labeled a pencil "the machine that kills fascism", which is obviously crap. What kills fascists is tanks and guns and aircraft and eventually a noose. But then, when the battles are done, you have to win the war, which is done by convincing the average enemy citizen that it's over.

In the one serious burst of brains that the USA has ever had, they decided on the Hershey Bar as the war-winner. The Axis population had been told that we would rape and murder them when we overran the defenses, but there's this grimy dog-face offering them a Hershey Bar and a Lucky Strike ...

And there's two messages in there that any activist must understand.

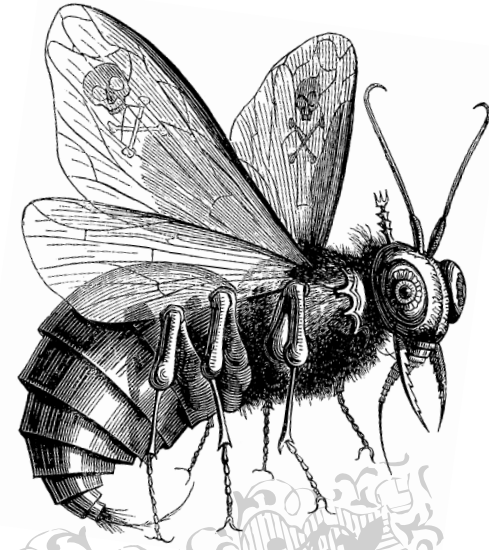
The first is ***"We ain't here to hurt you. Have a Hershey Bar."***

The second is ***"While you were making munitions in your basements and bomb shelters, we didn't even shut the candy factories down. In fact, they're running three shifts. And our tobacco got better during the war. So in case you ever think you maybe want to try this again, you might want to keep that in mind. Have a Hershey Bar."***

So, if you're an activist, the FIRST thing you must sell the population on is that you aren't here to hurt them or turn their lives upside down. You are here to make things BETTER. And that isn't done by preaching at them, by haranguing them with the Rightness of Your Cause. It's done by the metaphorical equivalent of a Hershey Bar. "Here's the future, here's what we have to offer. And here's why it's tasty."

The SECOND thing you have to convince them of is that you aren't going away. You're running three shifts, turning out that Hershey Bar stockpile. It's easier to go along with you than to fight you, not because you're scary but because you never quit.

So, are we ready to change the world?



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



A Missive from the Dark Empress Nigel

Dearest Hamish,

The bridges are singing only quietly, as it is summer, and the Dark Empress is the sanest she has ever been, for which the vagrants and hipsters, as well as Her minions, rejoice, even though we find it a bit unsettling. Not once has She visited her subterranean chambers this year, nor so much as opened the drawer in which Her dildoes and whips reside. The people of Portland are reasonably content, with a good outlook through August. Once September arrives, of course, things may change, but we can't dwell too much on the future, can we?

The Dark Empress still thinks too much about the linguist, and we are eternally grateful for Doktor Howl's efforts last year in helping lure him into joining with Her for a while. If the attempt failed, it was certainly through no lack of effort on the part of the supporting cabal, and we cannot overstate how much that means to us, even in this time of the Great Dampening of the Empress' heart. We must be grateful for small blessings, for at least Her Joyful Wrath is stifled and that means many of us are spared Her great Festivities, which upon times would leave us limping and sore, if grateful to be alive.

Just a few days ago, the Empress met a gentleman in the park, and was greatly struck by his story, which She wishes to share. Twelve years ago, he was attacked because his friend danced in the club with a girl with a jealous ex-boyfriend. When they left the club, a group of men jumped them, and hit him in the head with a hammer, crushing his skull, and then viciously beat him, destroying his frontal lobe and leaving him in a coma for ten days. The man's head does not look right, and is bisected with an impressively horrifying scar from the surgery wherein the surgeons attempted to reconstruct his forehead. Otherwise, he is remarkably handsome; a gentle Frankenstein with a beautiful face and four young children.

You already know this story. Maybe not this story, but you know this story. These are the things that people do to each other, that make up part of the nature of humanity. There are movies about this viciousness, this terrible cruelty, made mostly by sheltered middle-class Europeans and Americans who find it a great novelty, a misery they can play Peeping Tom to.

Some of us, of course, do not need to be voyeurs into the miseries the human ape inflicts upon its own. A book the Dark Empress was reading recently asked, think of the worst thing you can imagine another person inflicting upon another, the most unthinkable suffering. Something unimaginable. She put the book down and has not picked it up since, as there is no human-inflicted suffering that is not imaginable. Her dreams are already full of the Horrible Truth, there is no need to imagine.

Here is the thing; it is the Should Not Have. Because we humans, we blame the victim. The man says to himself, I Should Not Have uttered a racial epithet when I saw the men break my friend's leg on the curb for dancing with a girl he had never seen before and would never see again. The woman says, I Should Not Have gone to that man's house when I did not know him very well. The child says I Should Not Have let my friend's uncle take me for a ride. And yet, they pay consequences that they did not earn. They pay the consequences of human brutality that they could never have earned, just for being human. The child who was molested pays the consequences in a lifetime of being unable to find good love, the man who is in the wrong place at the wrong time suffers mutilation and brain damage, the woman's husband will not touch her after she is raped, the toddler who was born to the wrong mother is dead in the back seat of a car. How could anyone hold them accountable for the violence done to them? And yet, people do, and these are the gentlest of brutalities compared to what we do to our own. We set villages on fire. We starve children.

People watch movies about these things, for entertainment.

Our species invented evil.

The Dark Empress sees **things** when She is asleep that no person should see. She knows too many things. She is blessed, because most people see them when they are awake.

If you hold a baby, Hamish, it's a soft, little, warm animal.

We are all soft, little warm animals.



Normal

The Good Reverend Roger



I am a hideous & vile old man. I am in fact so old that the Earth's population doubled in my lifetime. Get that around your noodle... An extra 3.7 billion people in less than half a century. I remember the world as not being so crowded, and I remember correctly. When I was a boy there were fish in the ocean and turnip trees on the land, as far as the eye could see.

But having seven and a half billion people is the New Normal.

Humans are really good at compartmentalizing stuff. Nigel could probably give you biological reasons for this, using words that sound made up but sadly aren't, but let's break it down in layman's terms. When stress gets too awful, when the boogieman is coming out from under the bed with your tax records in his teeth when your nation is eating itself and howling through mouthfuls of its own skin that it is still strong. The angel of apathy comes along and whacks you upside the head. All these things are now Normal. They are part of the routine, and are less stressful. Or at least you can ignore the stress, at least until it's time to buy an ARI5 and join the folks jabbering about Jade Helm.

Manufactured Normalcy. It's not really a new concept. How many times have you heard some horrible new band that makes you want to smash your car into a wall. Everyone hates those guys. But the radio plays them and plays them, MTV gets some brain damaged kids to scream on TRL, and suddenly the horrible band is just another part of the scene. This is how Fallout Boy happens. Neuroscience is a strange and frightening thing, and not for the likes of you and I. Unless you're the kind of person that gets off on slicing up thousands of snake brains

Manufactured Normalcy is also how people like Rick Santorum and Donald Trump can run for president and have 47% of the country keep a straight face. After all, once you've voted for Palin, you're pretty much at rock bottom, may as well go for broke. It is how the TSA can now grab your junk for no reason and you just gotta stand there and smile. It's how police can just start murdering people for any reason or no reason at all, and the outraged masses will.. Well, they'll LIKE and they'll SHARE and they'll TWEET, but as mad as they get, it's now NORMAL, so that's all they're gonna do. Get mad. Not the clean, white hot anger of the superior mutant, but the sickening, ulcer inducing anger of a person who HAS gotten mad as hell, but IS gonna take it some more. Not because they're cowards, but because that's the way it is.

This is The Machine™. It turns out there never were clattering treads and grindy choppy horrible spiky bits. Well, actually there were, But that's to be expected.

Or Kill Me.



**WAITING FOR THE REVOLUTION
IS NOT A REVOLUTIONARY ACT**

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

NOBODY IS. IDEAS ARE BUILT ON OTHER IDEAS.

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