Holy Nonsense 2020

A free-as-in-beer collection of scriptures
for the dumpster fire of modern living

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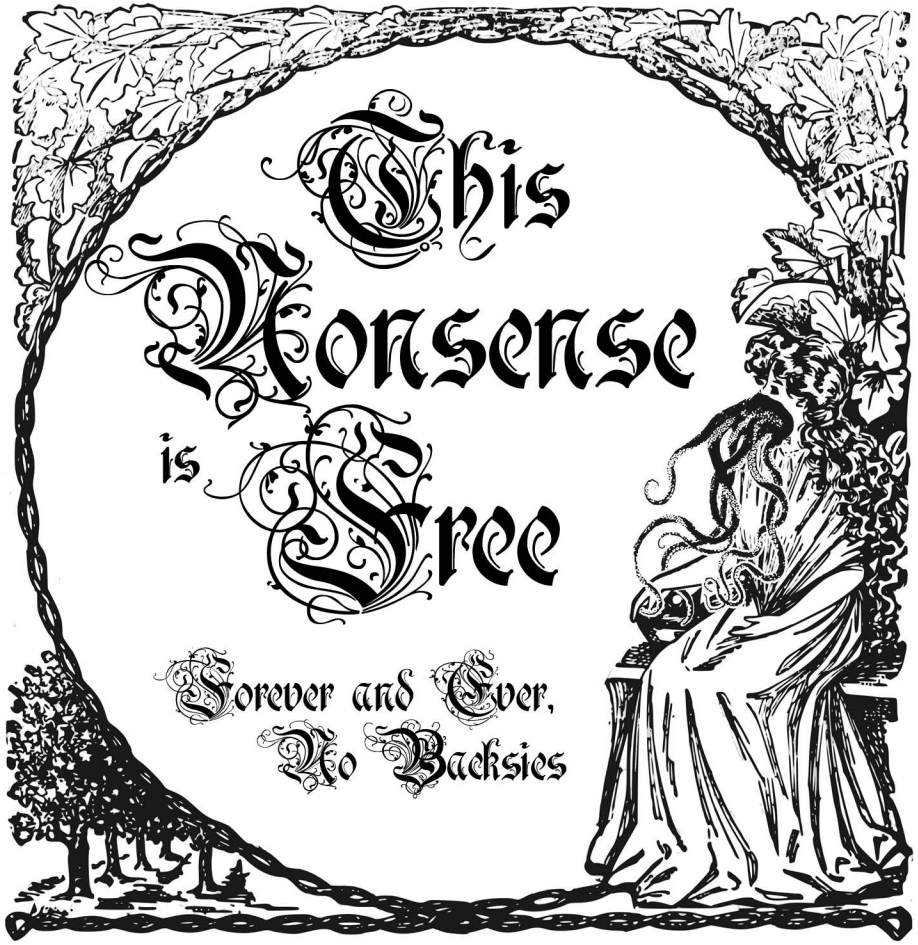

2020 Online Edition

Released July 2021, because that's the kind of times we're living in. This edition of Holy Nonsense is formatted for online viewing and includes screen reader friendly formatting. It is not authorized for any commercial distribution.

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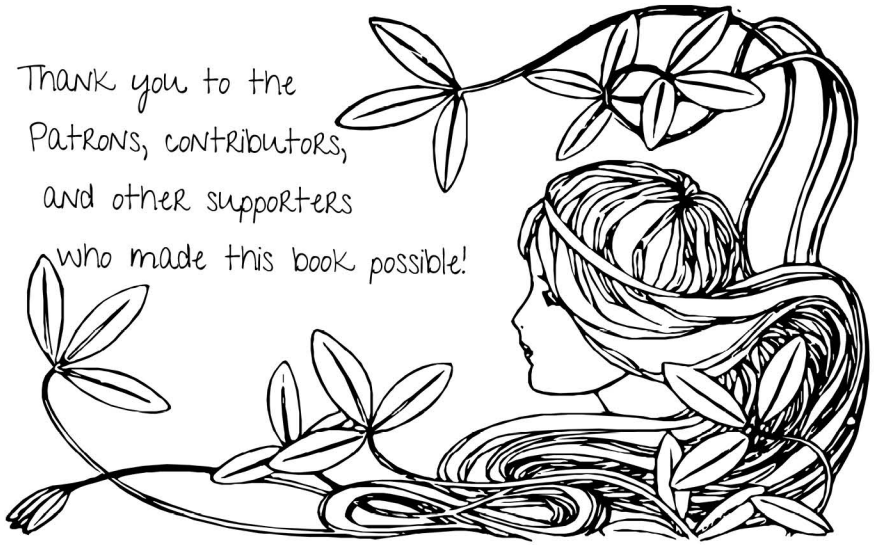


Eater of Clowns
Evolving with Grace
Fernando Poo
Frontside Back
Hexar leSaipe
HoChiChiZen
Iason Oubache
Ixxie
Johnny Brainwash
Jessica Rose
K.Spacecat
Kate Morrigan
laurasaurus
LHX
LittleLostStar
Lord Omar
Mordecai Malignatus
Mu Chao
Nyborj
Ol Boy Floats
P3ntagr4m
Placid Dingo
Richter
Roaring Biscuit
Stephen H Fisher
SolMann
SSOOKN
Seat Safety Switch
Thoodleoo
Thudwhacker
Triskell
Nephew Twiddleton
FirstVendetta
Verithane
voxlunch
W.O. Davis
Will Parke
Zen Patista

Welcome to 2020

There is a bizarre misconception that at the stroke of midnight 2020 is going to end, that January 1st will mark an important change, a shift back to normalcy, an end to our global nightmare. And yes, it is true that the clock will tick and the numbers will roll over and you will have to start signing things with 2021, in a more real and relevant sense it's all 2020 from here out.
This pandemic will come to an end, but the end will be longer coming than it should be and epidemiologists have been warning us for decades that we have more of these fuckers to look forward to. California and Australia and India are going to keep catching fire in worse and worse ways. Water will continue to be commodified by souless cretins, as islands one by one sink beneath the rising seas. Unrest will continue, whether there are literal neonazis in the halls of power or not. Nothing has been resolved.

Chaos is Where We Live Now

2020 demands answers to some of the hardest questions humanity can face:

What the fuck is happening out there?

How do you fabricate an identity in the middle of all this chaos?

How do you change your external environment to suck less for everyone?

Can you do that without imploding?

In this collection, 90+ popes share their thoughts on these questions in our Current Strange Times. You can't just crib their notes, though, this is The Work and nobody can do it for you.

It is the hope of the editor and Queen Bitch of Layouts that you find ideas here to build on, that you find comfort in your moments of doubt and panic, and maybe even the strength to do what needs doing and to become the person that you need to be right now.

You might just find fart jokes, tho.

Look around
Look around
at how lucky
we are
to be alive
right now

How nice it would be to have ONE THING to fight.

Can you imagine it? Just one battle front to worry about, everything else settled and safe and sane and functional. Time to step back and return fresh to continue chipping away at a single issue that needs fixing, and the belief that when the fight is done there will be a genuine peace.

But no. We have nazis in the streets and Covid in the air and liars and thieves from the corner office to the Oval Office, we have genocide in detention centers and apocalypse skies over the west coast, a quarter of the country on fire and five tropical storms in the works, Black blood on the pavement and no justice no peace, sports with no spectators and athletes being booed for loving their community, scientists being silenced and rents being raised, corporate landlord takeovers and people out of work and in danger of homelessness, starvation wages and nesting-yacht-rich, crumbling bridges and no plan for power plants still burning our future for our phones, mosques and synagogues under attack and stand up fight back, gay wrath month and trans lives matter, teachers lives matter, police unions crying like bullies in the principal's office, and that's not even all because the Arctic keeps popping methane out of the permafrost melt like a bad case of acne and they lied when they said that plastic would be recycled and a whole extinction event with our names on it and the aquifers being drained by Nestle and the temperature keeps getting hotter and remember when we worried that surveillance and censorship were the most dangerous threats, because they would stifle necessary speech? But the kids are out here screaming anyway and the feds are black bagging protesters and gassing statues and the anarchists are trying to juggle feeding people with drawing aggro and the opportunists are writing antifa romance and nothing NOTHING is stable.

Do not look away. Do not throw up your hands in defeat. Eat food, drink water, sleep when you can, and fight like hell.

Having given this matter some thought:

WE LIVE IN THE AGE OF HORRORMIRTH.

YOUR IDEAS ABOUT DISCORDIA AND THE WORLD AT LARGE ARE NOW USELESS.

Oh, I am sorry, you thought some moldy old jokes written by a dude who died in a shack by the edge of the woods after years of Government LSD dosing was going to HELP YOU.

I take it back, I am NOT sorry. If you assumed Discordia was going to laugh at your electronic-whoopie-cushions and pat you on the back for thinking with your Pineal Gland you were deliciously DOING IT WRONG.

Your life as a thinking meatbag is over. Done. Finished. What you have left is FEELINGS so you better god damn well leverage them as best you can. Your Pineal Gland isn't the only useless lump of squishy, moist meat inside your skull.

This Age will require a strong stomach and a total lack of gag reflex. It will require all the shit those idiot preppers are hoarding. It will require The Ultimate Blood Sacrifice every Thursday afternoon.

Of course, none of that is true.

THE PROPHET SALTY SAYS SO

You will absolutely need your brain for the coming Dark Times. Eris don't suffer no fools, which is incredibly unfortunate for the likes of us. There will be no room for error in the Age of Horrormirth. Or, more accurately, there will only be room for error. Error is now the default, and that's the perfect environment for your stupid meat-body.

You may be stupidly wondering: "How did we get here?"

My stupid answer is: We always WERE here. It's always been this way. We who are fortunate enough to stave off the natural Horrormirth found in all small corners of the world using the old currency, blood and toil of those not us, are coming to the natural end of this same, tired cycle.

My advice: learn how to stop yelling, it only attracts vultures. Also, get a good hat.

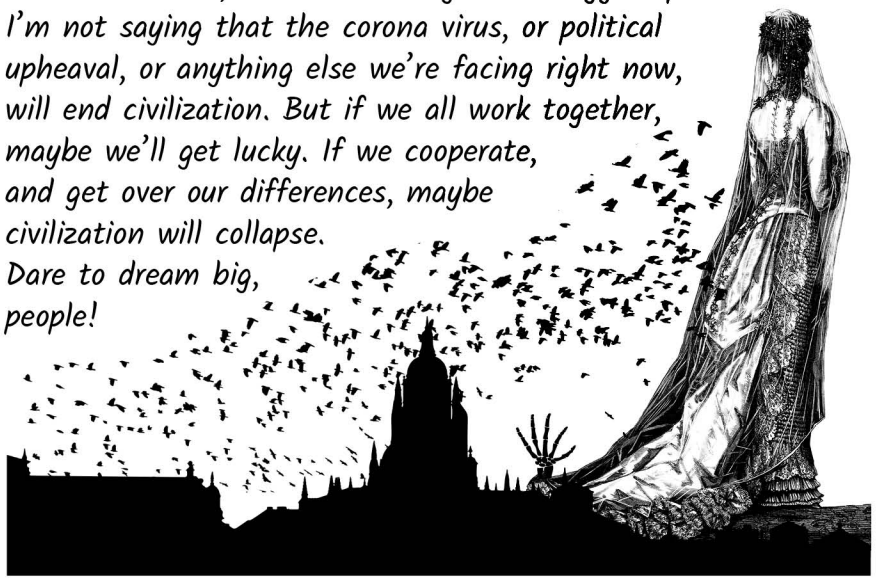
Collapse

Prof. Scramulus

I find it super interesting that the world already ended once- civilization collapsed during the Bronze Age. The world was very organized and interconnected, then - rulers controlled the distribution of seeds and food, everyone had jobs assigned by the government (kinda). Every region produced a few things that you couldn't get anywhere else, so everyone depended on trade.

This interconnectivity is part of what killed the world. One system's failure resulted in a cascade of other failures. Supply chains slowed down and failed. Trade slowed to a halt. Bureaucracy stopped working. All of the sudden, minor issues like sea raiders became serious national threats.

Just to be clear, I'm not drawing an analogy to present times. I'm not saying that the corona virus, or political upheaval, or anything else we're facing right now, will end civilization. But if we all work together, maybe we'll get lucky. If we cooperate, and get over our differences, maybe civilization will collapse. Dare to dream big, people!



2020 VISION

- JZ Ellis

Idea for a reality show: every season we take a bunch of jackasses on Facebook who think they have easy answers to how complex or difficult problems should be solved and just let them do it with absolutely no training or experience.

"Why don't homeless people just get jobs?" Alright, asshole, you're homeless now. None of your friends or family are allowed to help you. You have what you have on you right this second. Aaaaaaand.... go!

"If black people just did what cops said-" Alright, I'm just gonna stop you there. Just this one time, we're gonna make an exception for blackface and do you up like C. Thomas Howell in Soul Man, and put you behind the wheel of a very expensive BMW in Birmingham. At night. Driving home through a white neighborhood. Gonna raise your hands, are you? Gonna do everything "right"? Hahahaha, yeah.

"I don't mind people who come to America as long as they do it legally!" Alright, cabron, we're swapping your passport for a Guatemalan one and dropping you off south of the border. But this season's twist is: we're sending your spouse and kids with you and if you don't make it across 100% legally, you get shot or we starve you to death. And not just you either.

This sounds like a really fun game, especially if the person doesn't know they're going to be playing until someone shows up at their door. I like this show. I want to see this show. I would absolutely be **RIVETED TO MY TV SCREEN**.

Louie,

I've had it up to here with your bitching about how this pandemic has ruined your life. Seriously, this is not something someone arranged to make your life more difficult, it is not someone's fault, it is just the way the world operates. Plagues are part of the normal human condition, and we've been spoiled for a very long time on this particular topic.

So no, we can't just ignore it and go for "herd immunity." That's not how herd immunity works. Smallpox had its way with us for no less than 15,000 years, and we never developed herd immunity until we had a vaccine. Only now we have a vaccine and you don't want it. Just like you don't want any of the OTHER ways of mitigating the virus, AND you don't want lockdowns (which is what you get when you don't do all that other shit.)

And even if there weren't any lockdowns, nobody is going out to the pub or whatnot, because THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE DYING FOR YOUR ECONOMIC IDEALS.

How selfish of them, right?

In any case, we're moving forward. You don't have to move forward for us, but we will not slow down to let you catch up if you change your mind, and we're not looking back. You will be a curiosity, some dude we used to know that died in a stupid way. At best, nobody will want to think about you. At worst, you'll be a joke told at parties...once we can have parties again, shortly after the plague rats all die off.

And there you have it, Louie. Don't ever look back. Accept that things change and sometimes things are lost or just over forever, and move along with your life.

Or don't. We can always just nail your door shut and paint it yellow, like back in the good old days.

Venomously yours,
Hamish

For lo, the next world,
though it is still just a dream,
is coming.

And it may be great, or it may be terrible,
but it is up to each of us.

And we tiny neurons in the sleeping mind of a giant,
I dream
you dream
and our dream is its dreams

And the giant was afraid of itself, so it divided itself up
into tiny little parts, and the parts hated each other,
and now it has self loathing and chronic pain.

And the giant was in love with itself, so pushed its ugliness
under the surface, where it grew uglier and uglier
and its beauty grew terrible.

And the giant didn't think about how it was going to die
some day, so it trodded on and on, and it grinded
itself down until it was sick and desperate and it
forgot about what matters.

and the giant wants to change

and resisting that desire is all of its habits and patterns

and it's begging us now,
a quiet prayer,
in a dark room:

Light a candle.
Prepare for Aftermath.

Cramulus

The Future is Bad For You

I have some bad news for you folks. The Future isn't coming, it's already here.

And you're not halfway ready for it.

The Future has all the Wrong Values, and doesn't regret anything. The Future thinks "profit" and "nationality" make about as much sense as hats with buckles on. The Future doesn't have any fucking time for your business model, because it already chewed up and spat out five other companies like you last week and it's SO BORED with that now.

The Future doesn't need flying cars, because it has phone watches and 3D printers and never needs to be alone or ignorant again unless it chooses to be. The Future already has an improvement on the improvement to your greatest achievements, and it was released last week open source.

The Future is a hypocrite, and it's going to make sure that you know you're one, too. The Future is full of Causes and the ones that resonate with Freedom and Civil Rights and Equality will survive and the ones that come from dusty old books will die with the last generation that knows what a dial-up modem sounded like. The Future is going to come down on you like a ton of bricks.

But maybe it's not all bad.

If you can listen to The Future, it will sing you a song of things to come. Of art and culture and plenty. Ideas bouncing off one another, interacting, giving birth to strange new abominations and games that look like reality and a reality that's made of nothing but games. The Future wants to have fun, and it has the means to make it happen. The Future writes itself.

If you learn to swim with The Future, you will see yourself changing. Old identities -- and even the concept of identity -- are sloughed off and replaced with costumes that are easily worn and removed as appropriate (or amusing). Core convictions that once filled whole mountainsides in engraved text now fit inside a locket, and are worn close to the heart. The Future doesn't believe in money, and you'd be amazed how much that will save you.

So, consider us your ambassadors from The Future, the terrible world that's right outside your door. It's gonna be an interesting century.

Nobody expected 2020.

Even Trump got caught flat-footed, and he had more warning than any of us did. He has managed to be a one-person disinformation feedback loop. If he had been capable of seeing past the very next headline, he could have painted himself as the next FDR. Seriously, if he had proclaimed the pandemic as a difficult challenge, but one that we were up to, he would have buried Biden alive at the polls. But he couldn't seem to see the world - and the political potential - as anything other than what he wanted it to be.

It seems easy to laugh at him for that. And you and I DO laugh at him, but not for that. We didn't see any of this crap coming, either. Hell, we didn't see TRUMP coming, did we? 50 months ago, Trump was the next Sarah Palin, a clown show that was there for us to chuckle about and hurl rotten fruit at.

How'd that work out?

Now, I remember what you were saying back then, you accelerationist son of a bitch. You were telling me how 4 years of Trump would "teach us a lesson" and that four years of this arse biscuit was better than four more years of corporatism. You didn't seem to think it would ever actually happen, and that if it DID happen, it wouldn't really be real. And then once he got in and it WAS really that bad, you doubled down. You stuck yourself in a bad signal loop, and spent all your time bitching at the moderates in an orgy of false comparisons that existed only in your head and the heads of your fellow travelers. Which leads me to think the horseshoe theory really might have something going for it.

Because, and this is the very soul of 2020, you were mad that people wanted their model and not yours. You are not very far different from 70 million asshats who still refuse to believe that Trump lost. Not because they really think there was fraud, but because they want THEIR way, and they were told that they could have it no matter what, and even IF they didn't get it, they could just burn everything down to TELL US WHAT.

So I have angry populists to the right of me and angry populists to the left of me. It is hard to explain how this makes me feel without actually violating the law. God KNOWS I hate dumbass hominids, and he put me here ANYWAY.

So Louie, when you next decide to come around here spouting your shit about how the two parties are the same and why doesn't anyone ever listen to the "rational left," expect the same reception the MAGA freaks would get. Which would be me and the family with baseball bats, you asshole.

More sincerely than may be strictly necessary,
Hamish

When we get out of here
I am making you waffles.

When we get out I will hug you so hard
you struggle to breathe.

When we get out I will take the T
and touch every filthy surface with abandon

We will sit in restaurants too long talking

We will go to bars and steal from each other's
plates and drinks

We will go to the museum, the park, the beach

When we get out we will catch a cold and not
worry it's more

When we get out I will babysit your kids and wipe
their runny noses

We will eat ice cream in the sunlight

We will hold hands walking down the street

We will sing at church and yell at city council

When we get out there will be tears and smiles

And funerals

But we will get out of here someday

History in the Making

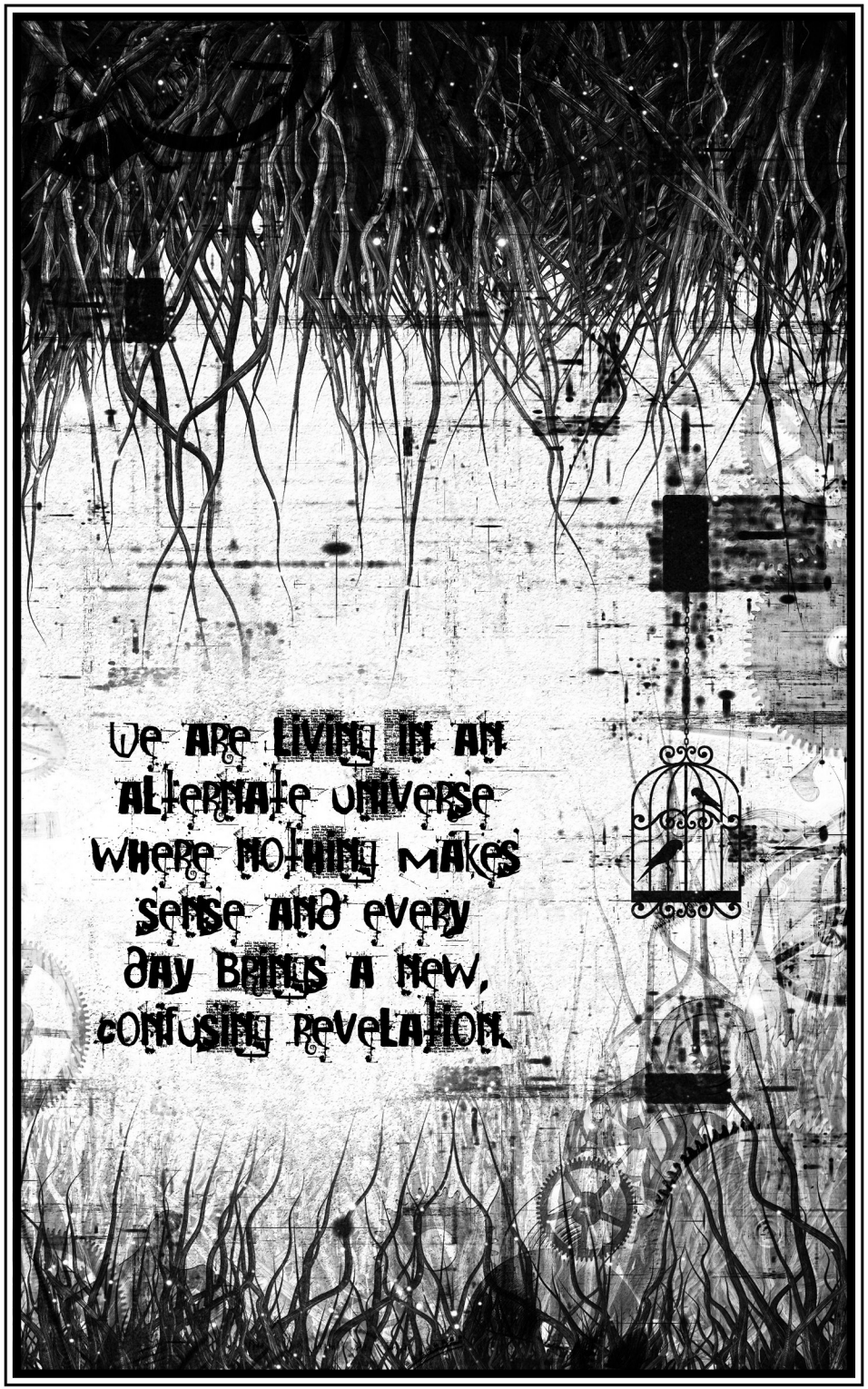
The public events of the last four years are of the class which will go into the nation's permanent history. We have been living in an atmosphere of history which will be immortally preserved. Even the brief series of important dates to be collated for the use of school children centuries hence will contain the dates we groggily stumble through in our "daily grind."

To us who have been the witnesses, so to speak, of the tragic incidents of the times, it seems entirely probable that future generations will eagerly scan every feature of our misery.

How accurately will our descendants know the immense volume of sorrow which has rolled over the land? Will those who come after us ever be able to understand the extent of our distress? Is there anything at all in our history that might be used as a parallel?

Perhaps a careful reading of the daily news of the present may give some future antiquarian a fine idea of the feelings of the nation at this time. But these records are so large, so full of detail, that the coming American will never find time to read even a relevant fraction of it, let alone the personal writings we bequeath them. They will depend on a brief statement, meagerly compiled by an anonymous and exhausted historian.

W. O. Davis, with edits



SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT GAME STONKS

~ANONYMOUS

I'm not gonna put my name on this one, because I have spent a little time working in the field of finance and I might maybe want to maintain some of those relationships, but I think it's really important to understand the actual social significance of this whole "Reddit bankrupting the Hedge Funds" thing before it gets too badly mythologized by Interested Parties.

To start with, this isn't an existential threat to finance. There will be winners and losers, but a lot of the losers will end up being everyday people. Robinhood itself parasitizes its "customers" by encouraging incredibly risky trades at the same time that it front-runs trades to HFT for a kickback. Some people will get rich but many, many more will lose their $600 or whatever. That itself is something we should push back on as leftists, we should be about solidarity and not lottery tickets. "Only invest what you can afford to lose" is fundamentally still a capitalist framing of investment.

In fact the other folks in finance I've talked to mostly find this as funny as everyone else. Those hedge funds were behaving irresponsibly even by the logic of hedge funds, so everyone's glad to see this except for the people who lost their shirts.

There is a risk that this triggers a wider crisis, because it's a huge movement and there's a liquidity crunch involved that can lead to unexpected financial contagion. But it's not actually an unprecedented financial event if you look purely at trading metrics. If it causes a crash, it's because the market conditions have become fragile enough that anything could be a trigger.

This does very publicly expose a lot of the outrageously over-complicated and unaccountable behaviors of finance. But a lot of those behaviors are not actually new! Funds try to gut companies, trading is frequently halted, stocks are frequently delisted. What's different here is that it's out in the open for non-professionals to see. I do hope the focus moves away from being anti-short, because shorting is a pretty arbitrary thing to be upset about. It would be way better if we could bring the focus to more obscure details like dark pools and HFT trade flow purchases and collusion between funds instead - or better yet, to capital gains and other taxation and regulatory structures that make speculation so profitable (and feed the over-complexity of the rest of the system).

There's the angle that this is an outpouring of rage against the system and therefore inherently good. We have to be careful in our analysis: who is expressing that rage, why, and how? WSB has an undercurrent of antisemitic sentiment, for example.

One worry here is that it might not actually be a truly organic outpouring. There's reasonable speculation that a lot of insiders are trying to manipulate WSB, because they're with funds positioned on the other side of some of these trades. As these spontaneous social uprisings move online, it becomes even harder to detect bad actors, false flags, and other interlopers. The left is at risk of this happening to our own online spaces, the way it has happened to our in-person protests and events.

I don't want to take the wind out of anyone's sails, either! It's pretty goddess-damned hilarious watching billionaires and the billionaire-enabling class running around like idiots and CNBC anchors trying to parse meme culture without getting fined by the FCC. Just keep your eyes open as you're munching your popcorn, because you can bet your entire stock portfolio that The System™ is hard at work figuring out how to co-opt, corrupt, and neuter it.

There is a part of you that must be held
Must be touched
Must know the heartbeat of another
Must breathe their air
Must feel their softness
And their strength

There is a part of you that must be heard
Must be acknowledged
Must scream out into the darkness
Must hear a response
Must laugh
And cry

There is a part of you that must be seen
Must be loved
Must be beautiful in another's eyes
Must see their beauty
Must create
And act

I see you. I miss you. I am listening.

all of this could have been avoided

ENOUGH ALREADY WITH THE TIMELY DOOM AND GLOOM, WHAT ABOUT THIS DISCORDIA SHIT?

RIGHT, SORRY, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A DISCORDIAN HOLY TEXT, MY BAD.

DISCORDIANISM WAS BORN OF SOME SAN FRANCISCO STONERS IN THE LATE 1950S (THE CENTURY OF FUCKING AROUND).IT IS, OSTENSIBLY, THE WORSHIP OF THE EMBODIMENT OF DISCORD, A REIMAGINING OF THE ANCIENT GRECIAN GODDESS ERIS, WHO WAS NOT PARTICULARLY REVERED IN HER DAY. THAT'S OK, THOUGH, BECAUSE MOST DISCORDIANS DON'T REVERE HER TOO MUCH. AT LEAST, NOT IF THEY STILL HAVE A FUNCTIONAL SENSE OF SELF PRESERVATION. THE GODDESS WILL FUCK YOU RIGHT UP AND THAT'S NO JOKE. AS WE ENTER THE CENTURY OF FINDING OUT, THERE ARE THOSE WHO FIND SOMETHING WORTHWHILE IN THE IDEA OF DIVINE CHAOS, AND THE EDICT FROM ON HIGH TO "THINK FOR YOURSELF!"

LET'S GET INTO THAT NONSENSE.

You are probably being lied to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cheers,

Saint Amir Zetathustra, Heretic

LIKE A STREAKER IN THE REPTILE HOUSE, THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT ALL WENT SO WRONG.

Let me tell you a little something about my hopelessly specific spiritual

ASPIRATIONS

Are you familiar with Roller Coaster Tycoon? It's kinda critical to this so I'm gonna dig in a little bit here. You're running an amusement park, see? And your job is to build out obviously the titular roller coasters but also the entire park layout, and when you're ready to open you hit the button and people coming up to the entrance, paying for their admission, and wandering around this whole thing you built. You've gotta put paths connecting all your different attractions, because visitors can only travel on paths, you have to put in trash cans or they'll litter, you have to put in bathrooms or they'll whine that they're gonna piss themselves or worse. The whining. It's a somewhat useful feature of the game? But it can get annoying. They whine if the roller coaster is too much (sometimes they puke on the path), they whine if they get lost, they whine if they can't find an amenity they need. You get these little alerts that pop up when someone's in distress, and you can click the thing to center on whoever's currently in crisis.

I sometimes like to think of the universe as a videogame, running on some impossibly complex hardware somewhere I can't point to or imagine. The simulation hypothesis is popular among a subset of nerds, and it's a fun thought experiment if nothing else. Don't get too married to it, everything is metaphor in the end.

When folks talk about their spiritual aspirations, there are few camps most fall into. Some people wanna kill God, some people wanna BE God, some people wanna meet God and have a nice chat over tea. And yeah, some days I definitely want to find whoever it is that's running this place and Show Them What.

But that's not my real aspiration.

See, sometimes, once in a very rare while, you'd be playing Roller Coaster Tycoon, right? And you'd get the alert that someone was in distress and click the thing to find whoever the sorry bastard was this time. And it would take you WAAAY the fuck to some far-flung corner of the map you haven't developed AT ALL, with no path leading to it and no possible way anyone could be there. Only that's where your visitor was, screaming in the wilderness and unable to find their way back to where they belong.

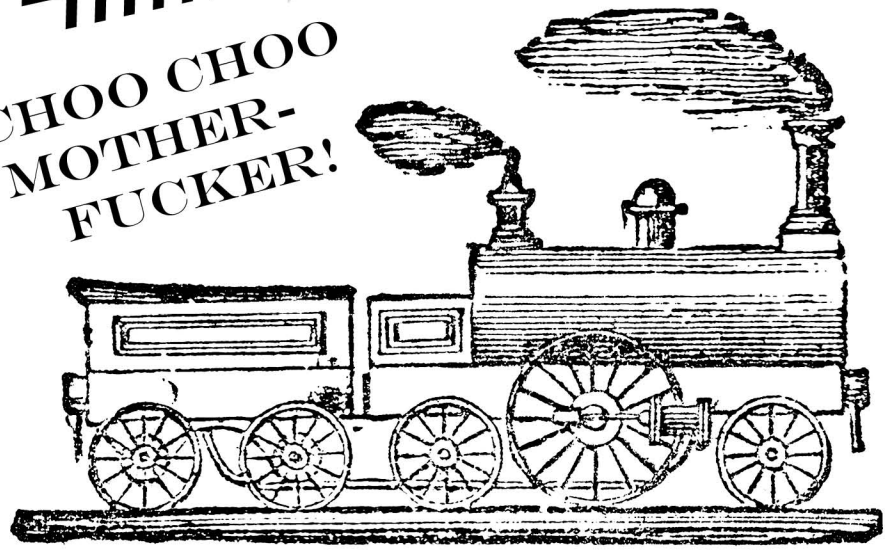
You couldn't be mad at them. Even if you normally get annoyed at the visitors, even if you're normally a sadist who wants them to suffer and laughs when they throw up, even if you had a million other things on your mind that had nothing to do with them or the game at all. No, you would just sit there, dumbfounded, trying to figure out how in the flying fuck this one guy defied all the laws of this tiny little bottle universe they live in to wind up somewhere they absolutely could not be. And you'd pick them up by the scruff of their little virtual neck and plop them back on the path of their intended reality.

I want to be that guy. I want to break reality and confuse the fuck outta whoever's watching.

FOR THE LAST TIME, I HAVE AN ABOMINATION PERMIT.

I WAITED IN LINE AT THE DMV FOR 10^33 HOURS SO YOU CAN FUCK RIGHT OFF IT

CHOO CHOO MOTHER-FUCKER!



Creativity in a Cultural Wasteland

-Payne

This is for all of you out there who have shit going on, in your life, and can't deal. Can't vent. Can't defend yourself from.

There are times when you must be seen, heard, felt. And even the most apathetic or the most cynical of us do it. There are times when you must stick your head over the trench wall and see others toiling away, and take comfort from the fact that you are not alone.

So I am here. I am listening.

Some of us take up the pen, the sword, the megaphone, and turn negativity into a positive. Some of us create temporary monuments out of the shrapnel that rains on us. This is why: if we do not shit our hate, we will die.

Your tasks are your own, what you do, you must do alone, but what is done, will be seen.

The best will be remembered and emulated and refined, it is true, but the best will fade as fast as the worst.

There is nothing permanent. In the space of a life time, we build many monuments, and we tear many down.

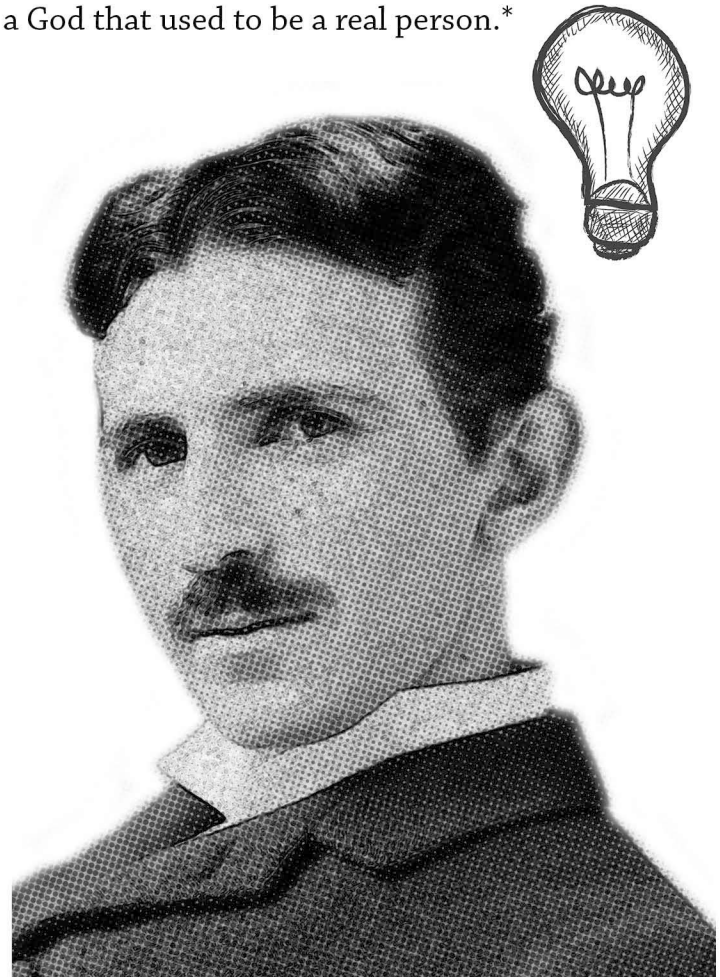
There is respite, though. There is a moment of hiding in a shell crater as you run across no-mans-land, sharing a knowing glance with another refugee, leaving your mark, before you jump up again, and run to the next bit of scant cover.

There is that assurance that what we do will have meaning, for a fleeting time perhaps, but not an empty gesture.

~On Gods and Saints~

A **God** is a fictional character that people pray to for guidance, strength, or boredom. They come in many forms: power totems, spirit guides, fairies, bearded men who live in the clouds and selectively grant wishes, human-animal hybrids, anthropomorphisms of celestial objects, fish. They have different powers, and are called upon in different ways. Some of them are bigger dicks than others. They are, however, universally fictional in nature, although sometimes their followers forget this.

A **Saint** is a God that used to be a real person.*



** (It is not recommended to use a living person as a Saint, as they tend to get upset if you attempt to invoke them for inspiration on your term paper while they're trying to get some sleep. Sorry about that.)*

St. Tesla, Keeper of the Holy Spark

Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
Greatest of the Men of Science;
You saved us from the darkness
And brought us into the light.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
How holy was your vision.
Your dreams of the future
Have become our realities.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
They stole your papers,
They tore down your power,
And hid your greatest secrets.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
Let us build the world you dreamed.
Let us create from metal and wood,
The apparatus of Salvation.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
Save us from Petroleum.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
Save us from Direct Current.
Oh, Blessed St. Tesla,
Hear our prayer.

THEY KILLED TESLA

**"if I told you..absolutely they would kill me...
and no tin hat would save me"**

- Nikola Tesla

The other night I was watching the demons crawl out of the woodwork again,which is why caulking is so damned important. If you caulk it hard enough and tight enough the demons can't get out of the fucking walls and suck your one remaining eyeball right out of your head. Anyway, one of these demons kind of oozed up to me and said, "Thayne, old buddy. You do realize that your very own government killed Nikola Tesla right? They let him live long enough to drain his brains dry of every idea he ever had, and then they killed him."

"And you're next boy. You're next. Only they won't keep you alive long enough for you to spit. Because after all, what does the Uncle Sammy want with heated toilet paper, floating lawn chairs and seeing-eye armadillos? Well okay, so they might like the TP idea, but you know damn well they'd keep it for the big wigs and let the little fellows continue to freeze their nuts off, right? Of course right."

And I thought to myself, Thayne, I thought, Big Brother is everywhere. And it's just like the old lady always says "goddammit, leave your glass eye at home next time you go on a bender down at Harold's Lounge or it's just deja vu like when the cops haul you away and you kick the cop in the knee and they cuff your feet together so even if you kick open the back door of the cop car and try to hop away (again), the truth is the police can run faster than you when you're cuffed at the ankles. And you know they'll throw you back in the drunktank where they don't care what happened to your glass eye, or maybe they took it and spit on it or are saving it for their Hallooween costumes, or for a trophy. Yeah, that's it a trophy eye hanging on the wall of the break room down at the jail. Even if you get it back you don't know where it's been."

So anyway, back to Nikola Tesla, the fucking genius who immigrated here from Serbia, and either knew transmigration or teleportation or else had tunnels under his house that led to his secret lab. But then one day he decided to do things much as an ordinary man would and got hit by a car while crossing the road and died in the street like a dog and the FBI came in and took all his papers and his secrets when they raided his place. But he got revenge and the last laugh because the fuckers tried to photograph Tesla in his casket and the photo blurred and they were unable to make the camera focus on his face. There's not one death picture of his face which is the way he wanted it. The question that begs here is this: What good is the last laugh if you're dead?

The moral of this rant is listen to your old lady, but not her mother. Leave your glass eye at home, never forget your ankles are cuffed and the man can run faster, caulk those cracks in the woodwork, dig your tunnels deep and don't cross the road like everyone else, or the they'll get you next.

-ONE EYED THAYNE MAGEE

Oh Blessed St Ea-Nasir
Father of the snake-oil salesmen
Whose hate mail survived the centuries
Yours is the immortality of assholes

Of Blessed St Ea-Nasir
Champion of the dickholes
You sold the wrong grade of copper
And cheated others in real estate deals
You saved the clay complaints
In your little Babylonian home
Their survival is how we know your name

Oh Blessed St Ea-Nasir
Let us always remember
There is more than one way to skin a cat
That in a time of kings and conquest
Even the common folk can be immortalized
Through unconventional dickery

Let us always remember
That life is short, and always has been
That we will die as certainly as our foes
And the memory of our souls
Is not tied to our virtue

Oh Blessed St Ea-Nasir
You never met a turnstile in your life
Let us gum them up in your name
Let us cherish our haters
Let us bathe in their wrath
Let us stockpile the complaints
Against our shortcomings
And our malice

Let us do something worth remembering
Even if we are not remembered well
Oh Blessed St Ea-Nasir
Hear our prayer

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Ozymandias

= alexicon=art

my nam is King of ancient land
and haf my face is under sand
and on a stone it can be read
"the World is mine" but now I m ded

THE SKY'S TAKEN ON AN OMINOUS HAZE

BECAUSE WE ARE LIVING IN APOCALYPSE DAYS

Oh Blessed St. Petrov
Patron of Keeping Your Cool
Who did not push the Shiny Red Button
No matter what protocol said
We beseech you, help us to breathe

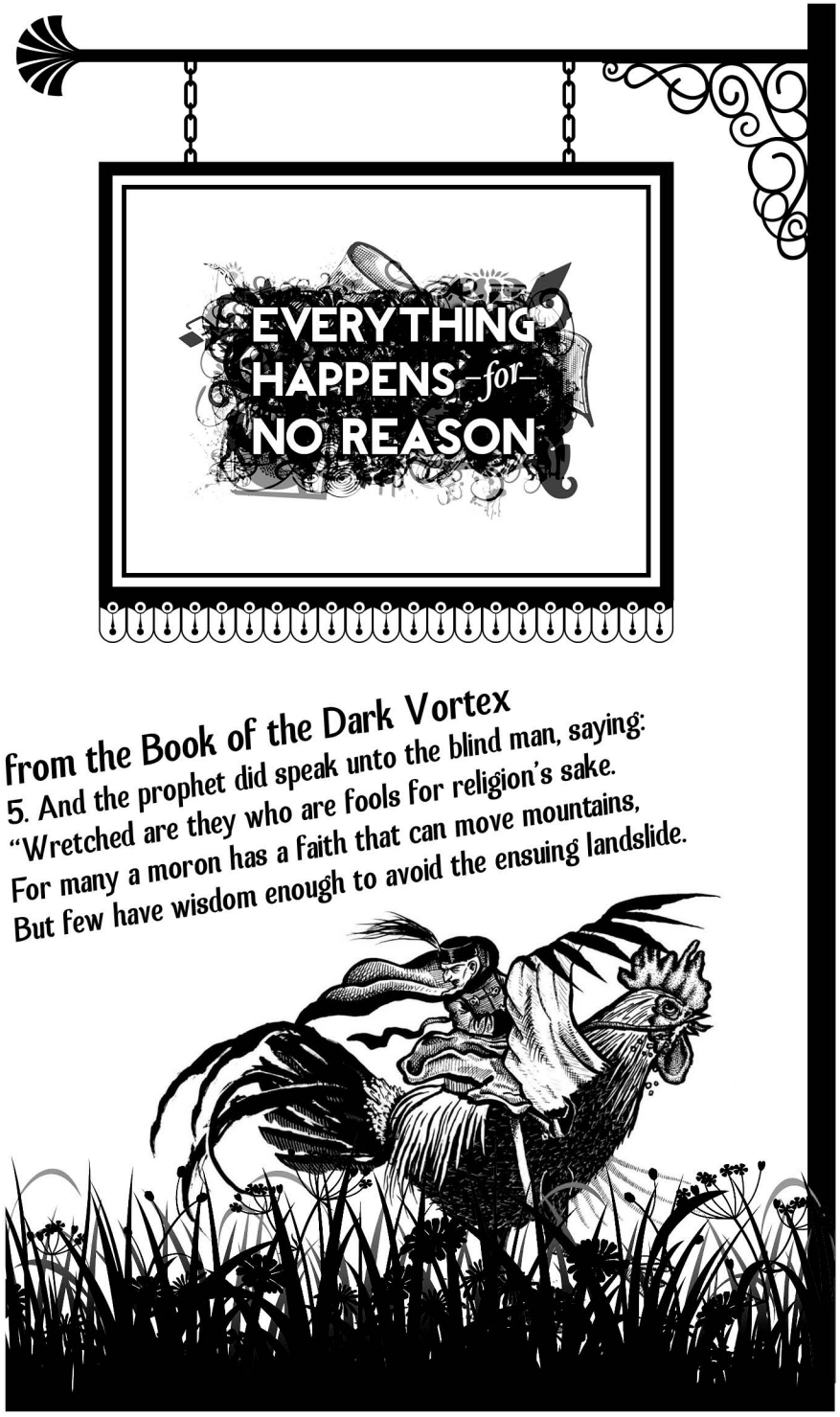
You did not falter when the lights were blinking
And the soldiers were panicking
And the sirens blared
The end of the world was at your fingertips
And you left it there

Oh Blessed St Petrov
Let us follow in your footsteps
Let us refrain from burning the house down
At the whim of petty drama
Or malfunctioning technology

Oh Blessed St Petrov
Let us remain bipedal
In moments of crisis and desperation
Let us consider what is likely
Rather than what is frightening
Let us choose the path of uncertainty and reprimands
Over certain catastrophe

Oh Blessed St Petrov
Averter of Apocalypse
Let us not romanticize the collapse of civilization
Let us value the world
You preserved for our sakes

Oh Blessed St Petrov
Hear our prayer



My name is Jake... and I'm a Discordian.

I don't really know how I got wrapped up in all of this. There was a time when I was just another bored kid, a bored Army brat to be precise, who would read anything for an intellectual kick. Fiction, occult literature, pseudo-occult literature that's dumbed down for typical teenagers and other soft-headed types, and eventually the nigh infinite supply of jokes and weird crap known as the Internet.

When all your friends are "new friends" and you know they'll be gone in a few years at most, you start to get desperate, you know? Without the craziness of hanging out with buddies to satisfy your need for novelty and excitement, you look to other sources... and I found them. Internet humor sites, mainly, but somewhere deep in the underbelly of the Weird, I found something different. Something called Discordianism.

"A joke disguised as a religion, or a religion disguised as a joke" was the soundbite description I got. "Perfect!" I thought. I'm not religious, and the guys who wrote this silly holy book, the Principia Discordia, seem to have a sense of humor that parallels mine, so why not mess around by pretending to be a Discordian?

Here's the thing, though: pretending to be a Discordian and actually being a Discordian are not all that different. Some would probably tell you that there's no difference there at all. That's how it draws you in, see. First you think that you're just part of a ridiculous joke, and then you get so into the joke it seems real, but then it's a joke again, and then Reality is the joke and you forget where the hell you were going with this nonsense in the first place.

Once I found that there were active Discordian communities online, I started hanging out with them. Swapped a few jokes and ideas, listened more than I spoke (or rather, read more than I wrote),

and the rest, as they say, is the future.

Chaosophy

By Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saipe

(Being a Missive on the Dynamic Between the Principles of Chaos and Order, and the Necessity of Both)

Most people seem to look at the relationship between chaos and order as that of negatively charged particles (chaos) and positively charged particles (order). The average person's paradigm holds that by adding more and more order, we will eventually cancel out chaos. This kind of fuzzy wrongheaded thinking has gotten us where we are today. We collectively think that we can solve all of our problems by making more rules. Then we wonder why nothing works. One of the primary axioms of Discordianism is

Imposition of Order

=

Escalation of Chaos.

A minimal amount of observation will show this to be true, but unfortunately the average person is unwilling to take the effort to make this observation. Rather than viewing chaos/order as simple negative/positive, let us look at another analogy that comes closer to showing the relationship as it really exists. First, let us look at our system as a closed box which is in a state of balance. Now, let us apply Order to the system in the form of pressure. What happens next? The pressure applied to a closed system will generate heat (Chaos). Take away pressure and the heat level drops.

Of course it's easy to pick an illustration like this out of the air, but how does it apply to the dynamic between Order and Chaos in a real world situation? Let's look at the closed system of the workplace, starting at a fairly even level of rules and freedoms. In an attempt to raise productivity and cut costs, management institutes more rules: all workers must punch in and out for break, forms must be filled out to account for all damaged or wasted materials, et cetera.

In the beginning, these measures will probably do as intended, productivity may rise; attention of any sort will do the same, but as more stringent rules are introduced, we find that two problems arise. First, a bureaucracy must be put in place to implement the new rules and make sure that they are adhered to. This takes energy away from the creation of the product and directs it toward the end of making sure the rules are being followed (in physical terms, this is energy that escapes the system as useless heat). The rules become more important than the original reason for them.

Second (and I believe more important in the long run) the directives begin to create dissatisfaction among the workers. More time must be spent watching them to make sure that they are in place when they are supposed to be, making sure that time spent at thier workstation is productive. As the stress from the situation increases, we see more lost time in the form of sick days, early departures, late arrivals and the fact the people quit caring. Creative behavior is applied to finding new ways to goof off. Of course the opposite is also true. Without sufficient rules in place and the will to enforce them, little will get done. This surplus of chaos will require order to reach a level of balance or the company will be forced out of business. Much like the stereotypical lawless old western town, a tough lawman must be brought in to clean things up before the town goes up in smoke.

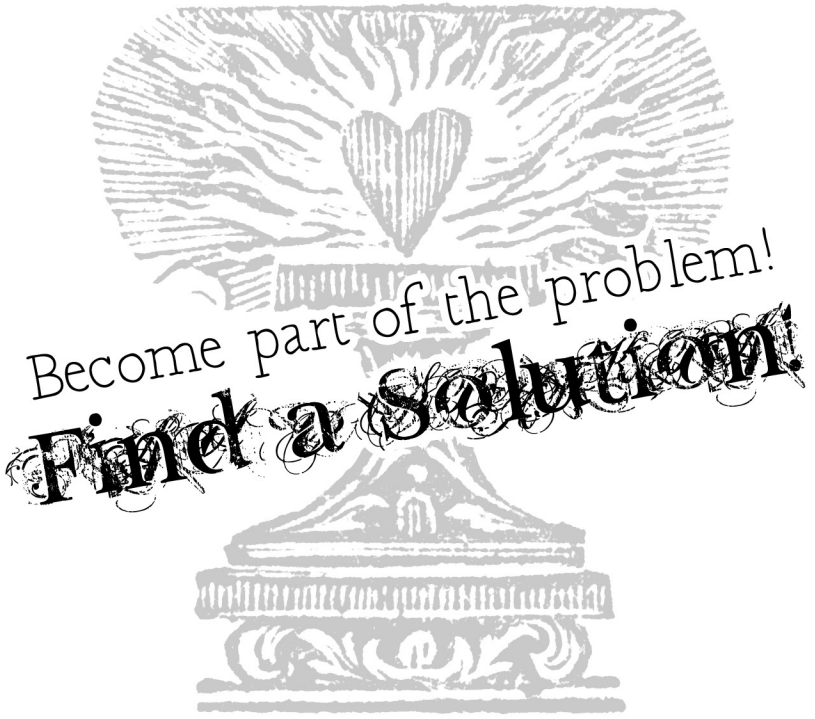
Another prevailing assumption is that Order is Good and Chaos is Evil. In fact chaos and order exist outside of good and evil, but contain elements of both. Chaos is the force that tears down old forms as well as the force that envisions new ones. Order allows us to carry out the plans that will build the new forms, but it also wishes to preserve forms that have outlived their usefulness (the status quo). This brings up Hexar's corollary to the law of Imposition of Order: Too much chaos, nothing gets finished. Too much order, nothing gets started.

Order is what tells us that we should do whatever we can to prevent forest and brush fires. On the surface, this is a good idea because letting fire run loose is hazardous to our own lives as well as that of other living creatures. However, the fires also liberate nutrients and send them back to the earth to feed the next cycle.

We have finally started to get it through our thick skulls that keeping things from burning at any cost only increases the amount of fuel lying around for the fire that will come when we cannot stop it. All of the small fires that we prevent come back to us as one large, devastating fire.

Discordianism isn't about preaching chaos at the expense of order. It is the realization that one cannot exist without the other. It is the acceptance of the need for balance between the two principles. Order cannot destroy chaos, it can only change its form. Chaos can either be directed in creative forms, or when stifled turned into destructive (or at least useless) forms.

Energy spent clamping down
can be used for nothing else.



AN IMPORTANT WARNING

BEWARE THE GODDESS, FOR SHE IS A REAL BITCH AND WILL RUIN YOUR LIFE IN HER MYSTERIOUS WAYS. FOR THAT IS WHAT SHE DOES, BABYCAKES. THE GODDESS FUCKS WITH YOU NOT SO YOU GAIN ENLIGHTENMENT, OR SO YOU BECOME A BETTER PERSON, OR SO YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES.

NO, THE GODDESS FUCKS WITH YOU BECAUSE IT'S FUN FOR HER TO DO SO.

5 Silly Misconceptions about Discordianism

By triskell

1) Chaos and Order are two sides of the same coin -Wrong!!!! It is Order and DISORDER that are two sides of the same coin, the coin being Chaos. To manifest herself into this multiverse, Eris uses Order and Disorder, negentropy and entropy.

2) Discordians are against any type of rules and leaders -I get this one a lot from Discordians themselves. It is not that we are against rules, we just are not bound by them should we choose not to be. We understand that there is a need for rules, but they shouldn't stifle the creative spirit or our freedom. Just because Erisians are very independent does not mean that we can't be team players. We Erisians have nothing against leaders, it is that we are enlightened enough that we ourselves don't need them. We will acknowledge experts in their fields (I damn sure want a really-real surgeon to be in charge of my operation), but we do not fall in worship of them.

3) Discordians like to create Chaos -This is another one that a lot of Erisians believe. No one can create Chaos, for that is the realm of Goddess Herself. At best we manipulate the flow of Eristic vibes in order to combat Greyfaceian vibes. Many Discordians think that they are creating Chaos, when in fact all they are doing is being drama queens.

4) Discordianism is paganism (or Wiccan) -In actuality paganism and Wicca are in fact Discordian sects (they just won't admit it). While I will not attempt to say what was going on in the minds of Mal-2 and Lord Omar when they wrote the Principia Discordia, evidence suggests the envisioned Discordianism to be more like Taoism than paganism.

5) The goal of Discordianism is to spread chaos -If we Erisians have any type of goal, it is to be emancipated. Eris told the world that we are free, and that is the most beautiful thing any deity has ever done. If we have a goal, it is to help our brothers and sisters free themselves.

A Conclusion:

{LMNO}

Discordia allows a person to behave they way they personally feel is proper.

Do people have "Inner Natures"? Is it a product of their nurturing? Do people become self aware of their behavior? Is it gifted by the stars? Is it Thetans?

Discordia doesn't care, and Discordia doesn't give an answer. Discordia tells you you're free to do what you want to do, and to use Eris as your Appeal to Authority, as it were.

Do you self-analyze constantly? Discordia gives you *OmniPerspective*™ so you can see yourself from any angle you like.

Do you enjoy stupid jokes? Discordia give you *Nonsense as Salvation*, so you can be as silly as you like.

Are you a dick that likes schadenfreude? Discordia has *Strife* and *Destruction*.

Are you cynical and jaded? Discordia gives you *Nothing is True*.

Do you just get high all the time and not care? Discordia tells you to *Plant Your Seeds* and *Bliss Out*.

Are you generally a nice person? Discordia gives you *Oh, Then Stop*, allowing you to unsubscribe from destructive habits.

please insert opinions here:

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT ERIS

(NOT MUCH)

The Romans left a likeness of Her for posterity — She was shown as a grotesque woman with a pale and ghastly look, Her eyes afire, Her garment ripped and torn, and as concealing a dagger in Her Bosom. Actually, most women look pale and ghastly when concealing a chilly dagger in their bosoms.

Her geneology is from the Greeks and is utterly confused. Either She was the twin of Ares and the daughter of Zeus and Hera; or She was the daughter of Nyx, goddess of night (who was either the daughter or wife of Chaos, or both), and Nyx's brother, Erebus, and whose brothers and sisters include Death, Doom, Mockery, and Friendship. And that She begat Forgetfullness, Quarrels, Lies, and a bunch of gods and goddesses like that.

One day Mal-2 consulted his Pineal Gland and asked Eris if She really created all of those terrible things. She told him that She had always liked the Old Greeks, but that they cannot be trusted with historic matters. "They were," She added, "victims of indigestion, you know."

Suffice it to say that Eris is not hateful or malicious. But She is mischievous, and does get a little bitchy at times. καλλίστη

A Story of the Ancient World

It was a custom in ancient Babylonia to choose a "king for the day" one day out of each year, taken from the common stock. This king would rule Babylon until his first sunset on the throne, after which he would be sacrificially put to death.

There is one incident in which the real king, Era-Imitti, chose his gardener, Enlil Bani, to be this doomed king. Era-Imitti, ironically, was even more doomed, and died of natural causes while the ceremonial party raged on. The Mock King ruled for two decades, and did it well.

Thus may the sacrificial lamb wield the dagger for himself. Somebody, somewhere, has to win the lottery.

The Uninitiated Man

The curtains drawn, the candles lit
In the circle here I sit
Believing 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.

HERE FOLLOWS SOME PSYCHO-METAPHYSICS.

(IF YOU ARE NOT HOT FOR PHILOSOPHY, BEST JUST TO SKIP IT.)

* * *

The Aneristic Principle is that of APPARENT ORDER; the Eristic Principle is that of APPARENT DISORDER. Both order and disorder are man made concepts and are artificial divisions of PURE CHAOS, which is a level deeper that is the level of distinction making.

With our concept making apparatus called "mind" we look at reality through the ideas-about-reality which our cultures give us. The ideas-about- reality are mistakenly labeled "reality" and unenlightened people are forever perplexed by the fact that other people, especially other cultures, see "reality" differently. It is only the ideas-about-reality which differ. Real (capital-T True) reality is a level deeper that is the level of concept.

We look at the world through windows on which have been drawn grids (concepts). Different philosophies use different grids.

A culture is a group of people with rather similar grids. Through a window we view chaos, and relate it to the points on our grid, and thereby understand it. The ORDER is in the GRID. That is the Aneristic Principle.

Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be True. This is illusory; it is what we Erisians call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. Some grids can be more useful than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other.

DISORDER is simply unrelated information viewed through some particular grid. But, like "relation", no-relation is a concept. Male, like female, is an idea about sex. To say that male-ness is "absence of female-ness", or vice versa, is a matter of definition and metaphysically arbitrary. The artificial concept of no-relation is the ERISTIC PRINCIPLE.

The belief that "order is true" and disorder is false or somehow wrong, is the Aneristic Illusion. To say the same of disorder, is the ERISTIC ILLUSION.

The point is that (little-t) truth is a matter of definition relative to the grid one is using at the moment, and that (capital-T) Truth, metaphysical reality, is irrelevant to grids entirely. Pick a grid, and through it some chaos appears ordered and some appears disordered. Pick another grid, and the same chaos will appear differently ordered and disordered.

Reality
is the original
Rorschach.

NONE OF THIS PSYCHOPOMPERY BULLSHIT. YOU NEED TO GET LAID!

On Objectivity

- Stephen H Fisher

- Guy keeps making threads about objective reality being really real.
- I tell facebook to stop showing me his posts.
- Subjective reality wins again.

PICK ANY TWO

The Curse Of Greyface

–and the–

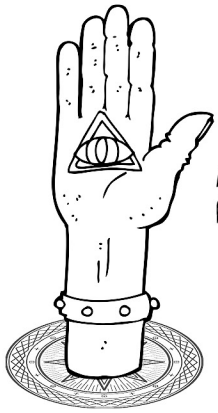
Introduction Of Negativism

To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder.

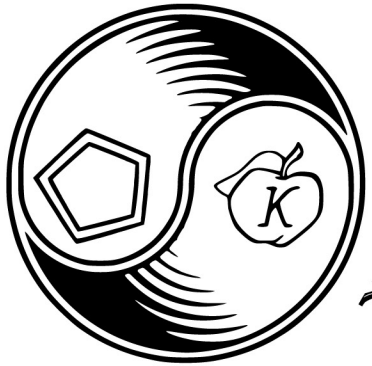
The Curse of Greyface included the division of life into order/disorder as the essential positive/negative polarity, instead of building a game foundation with creative/destructive as the essential positive/negative. He has thereby caused man to endure the destructive aspects of order and has prevented man from effectively participating in the creative uses of disorder. Civilization reflects this unfortunate division.

POEE proclaims that the other division is preferable, and we work toward the proposition that creative disorder, like creative order, is possible and desirable; and that destructive order, like destructive disorder, is unnecessary and undesirable.

Seek the Sacred Chao - therein you will find the foolishness of all ORDER/DISORDER. They are the same!



ORDER

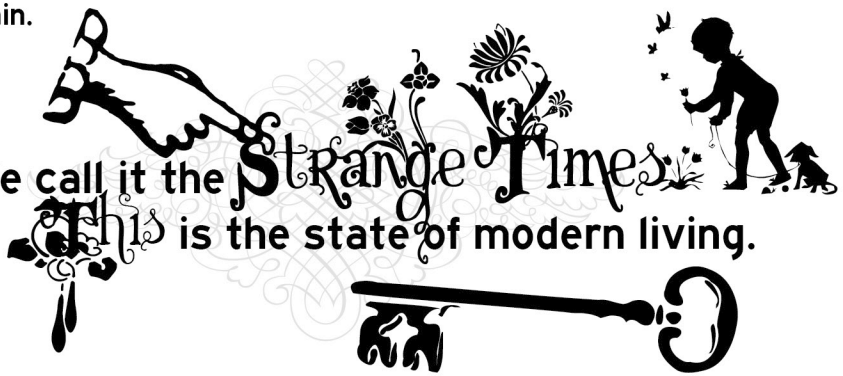


DISORDER

The Strange Times

This morning I looked out my window and I saw an unsettling and surreal painting sprawling out to the edge of the sunrise.

Jedi and zombies, vampires and ninjas, cat suits and kings, robots and chameleons, prophets and the profane, and everybody's together, eyes match forward, getting on the train.



We call it the Strange Times. This is the state of modern living.

We live in a world way weirder than any realm any explorer could ever hope to map. This is a world where your nervous system, tangled with fractals that are creeping like vines, extends its tendrils into the modern jungle.

Rule 34: if it exists, there is pornography involving it. There are lollipops with bugs in them. People get surgery to look exactly like Barbie Dolls. There are humans that have become lizards and tigers. The guys in suits have all become cyborgs. Children don't play Cowboys and Indians anymore, now they play **Self Aware Artificial Intelligence** versus the **BENEVOLENT PLUTOCRACY.**

It's the Strange Times and every human being -- even the boring ones -- is unspeakably, unknowably **weird.** Everybody used to be into the same stuff, you know?

Everybody was at cocktail hour, everybody was into the Beatles, everybody was bathing together in the mainstream. But something happened as the stream got quicker, it forked out into a million little tributaries. The mainstream isn't a river anymore, it's an aqueduct and a sewer all at the same time. It's underneath us, always moving, carrying along all these images and symbols and the familiar sound of the ocean. Ideas bump into each other, and sometimes they STICK, and that's how we get things like a music gadget you can masturbate with, or Japanese game shows dubbed with slapstick comedy banter. It's not because these things are good ideas in of themselves, it's because the mainstream keeps juxtaposing these bits of shrapnel in new ways. It's all being churned up, and the whirlpool keeps getting faster.

Nothing has prepared us for the Strange Times.

If you think you can study history and make some educated guess at what's going to happen next, you're dead wrong. Yeah humans are still humans: irrational poop-flinging apes. When you zoom out, they're not individual drops of water, they're the swell and pulse of a wild ocean. That hasn't changed in six thousand years. But these times are different. There is wholesome sex in bathrooms and righteous violence in the high schools. Kingdoms make war upon each other not by sacking cities, but by cutting deep sea internet cables. Super-memes collide and bounce off each other like sumo wrestlers, every single cell in their bloated bodies contains a lonely and confused human being. Our language is not evolving quick enough to keep pace. Words like "Good", "Evil", "Know", "Learn", and "To Be" are woefully inadequate to describe the modern world. These are the Dangers of Modern Living.

We spent thousands of years living in caves, working the fire and the rock. Then we caught the **CITY VIRUS**, and the city spirit used us to build hundreds of temples. We spent generations in the sun, tilling the fields for the Nobles. Then we fled into darkness of the factories, the air choked with the din of industry. In hindsight, it seemed to happen in a predictable way. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Build, destroy. Sunrise, sunset. Now we're in the world that doesn't sleep. If it's light here, it's dark somewhere else, like a snake biting its tail. People on the other side of the world are your neighbors, but there is an interminable distance between you and the guy next door (who you've never actually met). You see them every day, but the people on the train will remain strangers, and stranger still.

Odd juxtapositions are the sign of the Strange Times. Comedians are doing impressions of the King. The Catholic Pope looks just like Emperor Palpatine from **STAR WARS**, and then retires and is replaced by an Argentinian who thinks maybe atheists and gays aren't so bad after all. We sit in the dark around a flickering campfire and listen to the news man tell us stories about the Dangers of Modern Living. The news man knows that when you juxtapose an image with the story, it creates a new meaning which is somewhere in between the ear and the eye. And if we zoom out a tiny bit, the story is juxtaposed with the house that the TV is in. And if we zoom out, that house is inside your head, next to all these other symbols and squiggles and values.

And then at some point,
someone thinks
it's **sexy**
to dress up like a
cartoon
cat.

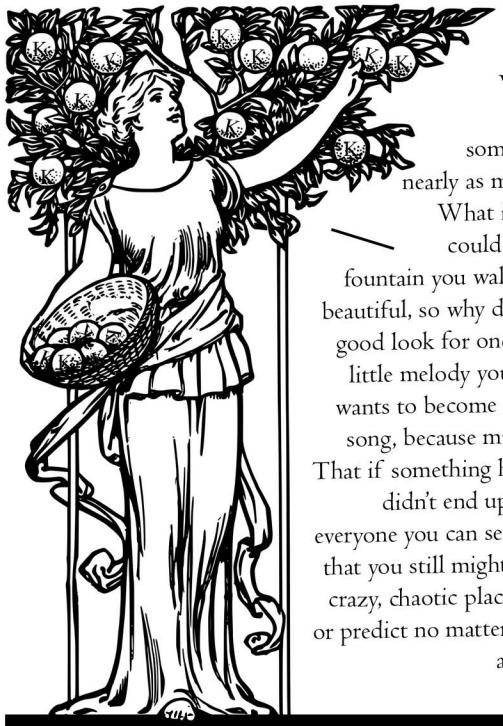
Nobody's prepared us for the Strange Times, and there are literally billions of humans that can't cope with it. They could deal with being serfs, they could deal with being soldiers, those are simple lives with simple choices. Now it's come time to make a new story for themselves by assembling all these weird symbols into a lifestyle, a personality, a set of values. And they just don't know how to do it. They look to culture to get clues for how to swim and be happy and break even in this weird world, and all they see are porn models and ninja turtles and humane terrorism and the extreme left and the extreme right and nothing is centered.

If it was as simple as dealing with the sun and the crops, however hard that might be, people would pull through and maintain. But there are a million choices and complexities and nuances and shrapnel flying at you like throwing knives and pillow fights and semen and banana cream pies.

We think it's best to laugh.

~Professor Cramulus

THERE WILL BE SINGING IN THE DARK TIMES



What if a bunch of us got together and convinced some people that there weren't nearly as many rules as they thought? What if we told people that they could choose? That the drinking fountain you walk by every day was secretly beautiful, so why don't you just give it a really good look for once - go on, it's ok. That the little melody you've had in your head really wants to become a song, even if it's a crappy song, because music just wants to be made? That if something horrible happened, and you didn't end up making more money than everyone you can see from where you're sitting, that you still might be ok? That the world is a crazy, chaotic place that we can't fully control or predict no matter how much science we buy, and that's perfectly all right?

YOU MIGHT NOT BEAT THEM,

BUT

YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE THEM TAKE ULCER MEDICATION.

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

What is a God(dess)?

Is it a Real, True thing that has independent consciousness? Does it need us, or do we need it? Who is empowered by prayer?

It seems, to me, that a **God** is a particularly persistent thought that's shared with other people. That talking to a thought of some stature helps us sad-sack meat people sort out our own ideas by giving us another lens to look through. It empowers us by giving us a mask to act through.

Exorcisms are a dramatic form of role-play, that help us purge our unhelpful parts by giving them names and calling on our friends, our spiritual authorities to assist us in driving them out. Is it really any sillier than primal screaming?

We are each of us a multitude of voices. We recognize this as children through our imaginary friends and honest mood swings. As we mature, the fiction of identity becomes stronger and we are obligated to identify "us" and "not us" in more concrete terms, and to reject "not us" as abberant, unwanted thoughts and behaviors. Nevermind that the "not us" thoughts arise from the same neural impulses as the "us" ones, the ego scaffolding requires this distinction to be made.

So, perhaps the **Voice of God** is the stuff we left outside of the box labeled "Me" when we put together our sense of self. When our little bag of tricks fails to see us through, we can turn to the things outside our identity and see if anything useful pops up.

At the same time the notion of a shared unconsciousness, some sort of neutral space we all have the ability and right to inhabit, contribute to, and draw from, is very apealling and is probably worth exploring. Jung may have been a bit of a fruit bat, but so is everyone who puts too much time into thinking about how we think. Oh, fuck it.

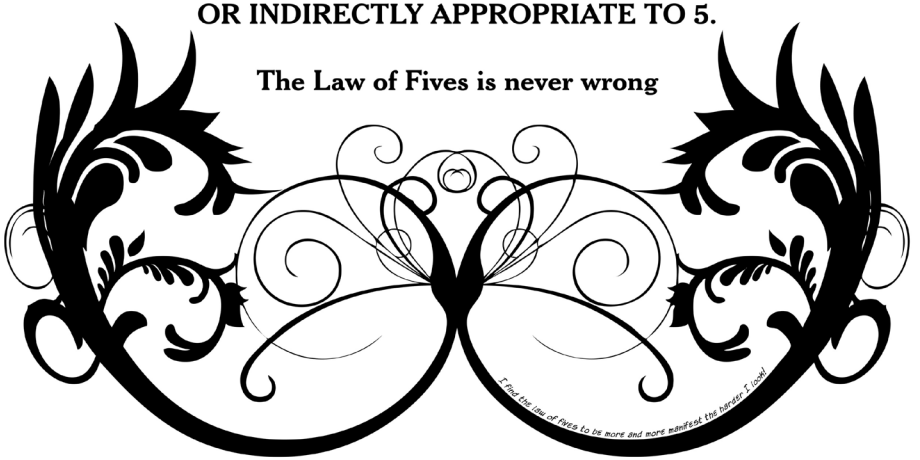
Maybe a God is a **Cabbage**.

The Law of Fives

The Law of Fives is one of the oldest Erisian Mysterees. It was first revealed to Good Lord Omar and is one of the great contributions to come from The Hidden Temple of The Happy Jesus. POEE subscribes to the Law of Fives of Omar's sect. And POEE also recognizes the holy 23 (2+3=5) that is incorporated by Episkopos Dr. Mordecai Malignatus, KNS, into his Discordian sect, The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria.

The Law of Fives states simply that:
ALL THINGS HAPPEN IN FIVES, OR ARE DIVISIBLE BY OR ARE MULTIPLES OF FIVE, OR ARE SOMEHOW DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY APPROPRIATE TO 5.

The Law of Fives is never wrong



= ON OCCULTISM =

Magicians, especially since the Gnostic and the Quabala influences, have sought higher consciousness through assimilation and control of universal opposites-- good/evil, positive/negative, male/female, etc. But due to the steadfast pomposity of ritualism inherited from the ancient methods of the shaman, occultists have been blinded to what is perhaps the two most important pairs of apparent or earth-plane opposites: ORDER/DISORDER and SERIOUS/HUMOROUS.

Magicians, and their progeny the scientists, have always taken themselves and their subject in an orderly and sober manner, thereby disregarding an essential metaphysical balance. When magicians learn to approach philosophy as a malleable art instead of an immutable Truth, and learn to appreciate the absurdity of man's endeavors, then they will be able to pursue their art with a lighter heart, and perhaps gain a clearer understanding of it, and therefore gain more effective magic.

CHAOS IS ENERGY.

To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder.

A Sermon on Ethics and Love

One day Mal-2 asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request Her presence for some desperate advice. Shortly afterwards the radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female Voice said

YES?

"O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!"

WHAT BOTHERS YOU, MAL? YOU DON'T SOUND WELL.

"I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT, IF IT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?

"But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it."

OH. WELL, THEN STOP.

At which moment She turned herself into an aspirin commercial and left The Polyfather stranded alone with his species.

THERE ARE NO RULES ANYWHERE! THE GODDESS PREVAILS!

The Parable of Steve

By Nigel

There was an afternoon one summer when a young man we will call "Steve" happened upon a book like no other he had read. It was on the shelf in his local alternative bookstore, and it was called the "Principia Discordia".

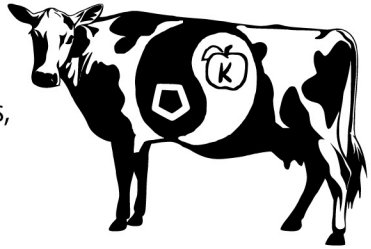
Steve had always thought himself to be quite the rebellious young man, always speaking out about the Man and the System, but with a sense of HUMOR, goddamnit, a sense of ABSURDITY unlike everyone else he knew; this book, he said to himself, is Important. It finally tells me what I am…I am a Discordian. I must find the others!

It took Steve some time to find other Discordians, time during which he renamed himself Pope Buttercup XXIII. He felt that quite a fitting name for a Discordian. He prided himself in his sense of Absurdity, and especially his skills in Randomness, which he practiced by memorizing passages from the Principia.

He learned on the Internet that the Discordian Society near him met monthly in a café downtown, and after his months of searching he determined the date and the time, and arranged to present himself to them. When he arrived, he found the place nearly deserted except for a group of ten or twelve people clustered in a back corner, arguing. They were of all descriptions, these people; no two seemed to have anything in common, even their styles of dress; they ranged from the glowering pierced goth chick at one corner, who was seated beside a neatly-groomed silver-haired man in a rather nice suit, to the plump middle-aged matron in a V-necked rayon sweater, to the lively trenchcoat geek thumping his opinion about something-or-other loudly in the middle of the table.

Steve said to himself, "These are my people?"

"What a motley crew… well, they're Discordians, I know how to show them I'm One Of Them."



He stepped up to the table.

"23pineapplefingerboard!" he said boldly, "i am pope buttercup xxiii! i am random, and say randomly absurd things, because i am a discordian like you!"

The group fell silent and looked at him curiously for a moment, and then resumed arguing.

Steve was puzzled. This wasn't the reception he'd expected. He spoke again;

"Excuse me, but do you know where the monkeys fly at midnight? modern politics bores me, and i can swallow my own nose!!"

Now a few of the others seemed to be paying attention to him, although to his dismay they seemed less than impressed by his perfect grasp of outlandishness.

Two or three of them, he noticed… why, they were making fun of him! They were whispering to each other, and looking at him, and laughing! He flushed red in anger. ***"Listen, you people! I am a Discordian, and I know what Discordia is, and I came here to find Answers and Truth and Nonsense and Absurdity… what do I find you doing? Just… NOTHING! Nothing at all! Why aren't you Saying Important Nonsense? Why, you're just ARGUING… ARGUING like any schmucks I might find on the street! I am obviously more enlightened and Discordian than you fools. You people are all just alike. You should be different! You should PAY ATTENTION to ME, and LISTEN to ME, and I will show YOU How to Be Discordian!"***

With this, he started dancing and squawking around the table like a big, Steve shaped chicken, periodically uttering Absurdities such as "i am the paulrus" and "together we turntable the green otter!". The people at the table attempted to carry on with their arguing, but it was getting harder and harder to hear each other over the squawking. Soon, all their arguing was about Steve, and whether they should ask him to leave. About a third of the group started shouting at Steve, telling him to get out of the café and leave them alone; another third started shouting at the first third to shut up and leave Steve alone, and the other third tried to have an interesting conversation, but it was impossible to follow with all the hubbub so they eventually fell silent.

Finally, the barista stormed over and said, "WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON OVER HERE?"

One of the quieter members of the group replied, "Discord".

We would like, at this point, to say that Steve, hearing this, was enlightened, but it doesn't usually work that way outside of Zen koans.

AN ENDORSEMENT:

The lot of you are some of the most vicious, name calling, vile examples of humanity I've had the misfortune of attempting to communicate with. Even attempting to mimic the general mood of the place toward people who think differently leaves a slimy feel on my skin.

Reptilian, even.

They got lucky. They could have ended up with HMS Hitlerdidnothingwrong.

The Barstool Experiment

(as explained by LMNO)

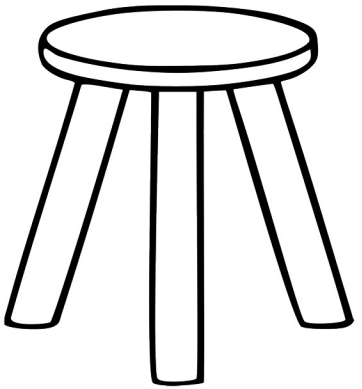
* * *

Clumsily put, Let's say we were in a bar, having a few pints, and talking about the nature of Universe.

You point out that most of what we consider "matter" is made up of empty space; the distance between a nucleus, it's electrons, and the nearest adjacent atom is comparatively large; why, that barstool over there shouldn't even be considered a solid!

I respond by saying that as far as we can actually prove that barstool might simply be a hallucination, for we're not actually seeing the barstool, we're processing electric signals in our heads generated by our optic nerves that claim certain wavelengths of light have bounced off an object, but none of that says anything about whether or not the barstool actually exists.

Then someone comes along, picks up the barstool, and proceeds to beat the shit out of us with it for being such pretentious assholes.



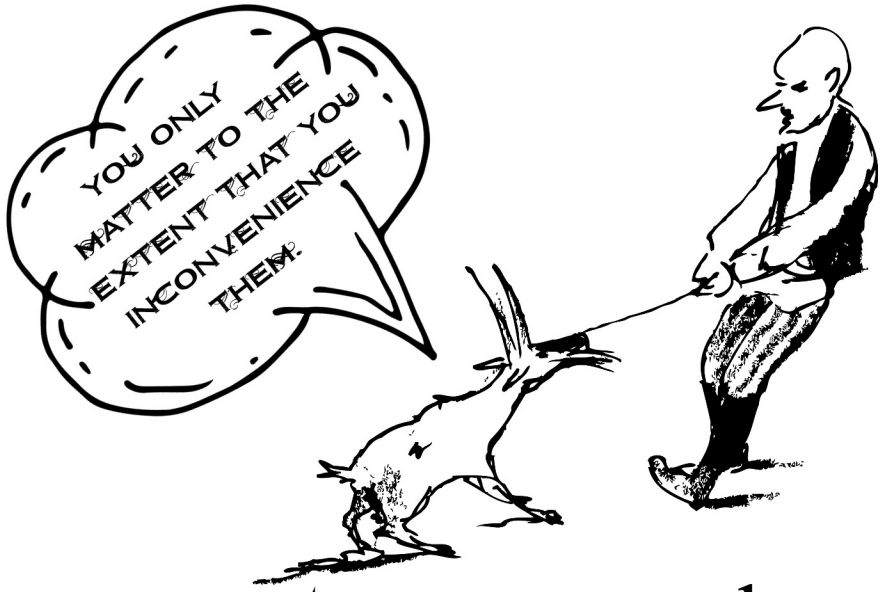
* * *

HE HAD THE MORAL FORTITUDE OF A HAM SANDWICH.

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: please refrain from peeing in everyone else's cheerios.



Reasons to Go Discordian: Part 1

~ Prof. Cramulus ~

Freedom of religion means you can believe anything you want and people have to treat it seriously. But there's a limit to that, right? At a certain point somebody's going to say, "No, that HAS to be bullshit." Discordians gleefully hop that fence and run naked into the wild. It's a blast, you should try it.

Seriously, if religious freedom protect someone's right to, say, oppress homosexuals, it can probably be used for some awesome things too. Awesome things nobody's thought of yet. Get to work!

The Parable of the Sacred Bull

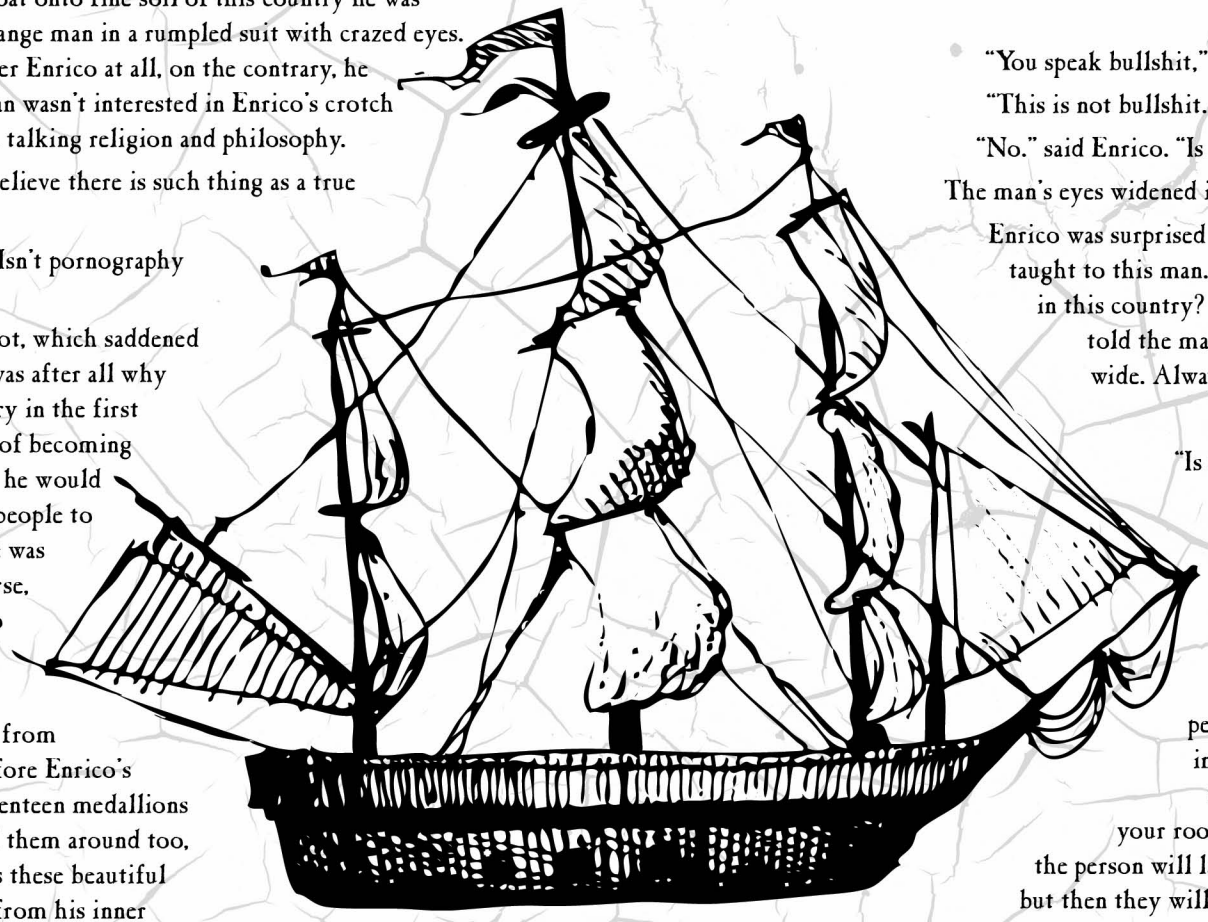
a tale of Enrico Salazar

As Enrico stepped off a tuna boat onto fine soil of this country he was immediately molested by a strange man in a rumpled suit with crazed eyes. Normally this would not bother Enrico at all, on the contrary, he advertises for it . . . but this man wasn't interested in Enrico's crotch at all, he was only interested in talking religion and philosophy.

He asked Enrico, "Do you believe there is such thing as a true religion?"

Enrico snorted and replied "Isn't pornography the religion in this country?"

He told Enrico that it was not, which saddened Enrico for a few moments, it was after all why Enrico had come to this country in the first place. Immediately his visions of becoming a pope of porn melted away . . . he would have to find other ways to get people to accept his 'host', he relized. He was only sad for a moment, of course, because Enrico rarely has to do much persuading, being the virile testicle squid he is.



The man pulled a medallion from under his shirt and waved it before Enrico's eyes. Enrico, in turn pulled seventeen medallions from under his shirt and waved them around too, thinking 'what strange customs these beautiful spags have', but was distracted from his inner monologue by the man saying "This is called the Sacred Cow."

"Sacred Cow?" Enrico asked, then added: "In Enrico's homeland that is Beatrice Arthur."

"No no," the man said. "Cow! See Ayche Aye Oh. Cow. It is the singular version of Chaos."

"Chaos." repeated Enrico.

"Yes," the man said. "Chaos is the natural state of the universe. Aspects of chaos are order and disorder. Both are natural, so do not shun the disorder."

"You speak bullshit," Enrico laughed. "Enrico likes that."

"This is not bullshit. This is truth that will set you free."

"No." said Enrico. "Is bullshit. But, bullshit is important."

The man's eyes widened in amazement. "Bullshit? Important?

Enrico was surprised that the concept of Bull hadn't been taught to this man. What else was going to be different in this country? "Bullshit is very important." Enrico told the man. "Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread bullshit wherever you go."

"Why?" asked the man.

"Is simple. If you speak to someone and tell them truth you have made them think nothing, is true?"

"No, they think about what you said."

"How many peoples do you know?" Enrico asked. "Most peoples, they are not completely right in the head. Most peoples accept your information like a baby goat accepts your root. If you give them bullshit, though, the person will later find out about it, become angry, but then they will need to go look up the information themselves. They will need to use their own head gravy, instead of relying on other peoples to do their thinking for them . . . in this way bullshit is very, very important. So spread bullshit everywhere, my fine friendly spag."

Enrico was about to leave when the man called out to him "But what if they never find out that the information is bullshit?"

Enrico turned back to the man. He shrugged. "Fucks em. If they are that stupid they deserve to stay that way."

And that is how Enrico taught the silly Discordian about the Sacred Bull.

Crowley's experience
where mysterious beings
came to him and told him that he was
a prophet, and transmitted a sacred text
to found a new religion is far far more
common than people realize.

It's actually a test.

Many magicians experience this.
Including some I know fairly well.
I think it's probably a natural part of
the maturation of most magicians.

The correct response is *always*
to tell them to FUCK OFF.

The world doesn't need another
religion. Being a prophet is actually
an impediment to being a
competent magician.

Some entities like to flatter magicians
in order to make them their puppet.
Usually those who succumb to this deceit
are destroyed in the end. Don't be them.

And if they're the real deal,
telling them to fuck off repeatedly
definitely won't matter.
Read sacred texts
for context.

~ Clifford Hartleigh Low ~

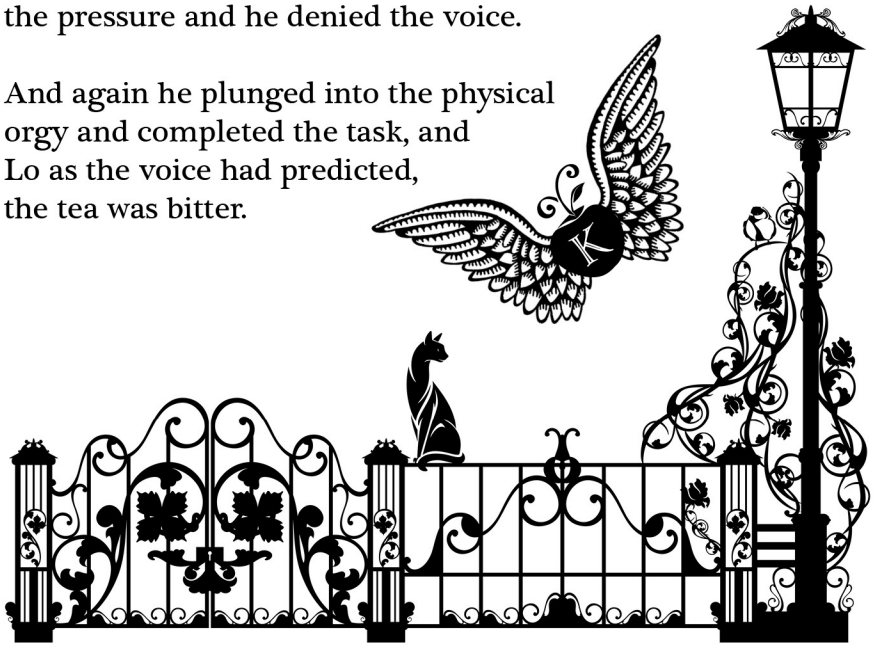
Booger.

The Parable of the Bitter Tea

by Rev. Dr. Hypocrates Magoun, P.P.
POEE PRIEST, Okinawa Cabal

When Hypoc was through meditating with St. Gulik, he went there into the kitchen where he busied himself with preparing the feast and in his endeavor, he found that there was some old tea in a pan left standing from the night before, when he had in his weakness forgot about its making and had let it sit steeping for 24 hours. It was dark and murky and it was Hypoc's intention to use this old tea by diluting it with water. And again in his weakness, chose without further consideration and plunged into the physical labor of the preparations. It was then when deeply immersed in the pleasure of that trip, he had a sudden loud clear voice in his head saying "it is bitter tea that involves you so." Hypoc heard the voice, but the struggle inside intensified, and the pattern, previously established with the physical laboring and the muscle messages coordinated and unified or perhaps coded, continued to exert their influence and Hypoc succumbed to the pressure and he denied the voice.

And again he plunged into the physical orgy and completed the task, and Lo as the voice had predicted, the tea was bitter.



Excerpts from the Chao te Ching

(Cramulus and LMNO)

3.

If you put value
in subjective Bullshit,
lesser spags will treat it
like objective Truth.

REALITY AND UNREALITY HAVE NO CLEAR DISTINCTION IN OUR PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Therefore the wise spags lead
by knowing their Prison
and staying pragmatic.
Like hitting someone with a Barstool
to prove that it actually exists,
call people on their Bullshit
so there will be no narcissism to exploit.
By understanding your Cell, you will understand others .

2.

When the people of the world all know Order as Order,
there arises the recognition of Disorder.
When they know there is such a thing as Illusion,
there arises the idea of Reality.

Therefore Order and Disorder produce each other,
Reality and Illusion trick each other,
Authority and Freedom define each other,
Love and Hate fuck each other.

So the wise spags look for balance,
and stick their wrench into the Machine™.

They organize, but they do not Order.
They break apart, but they do not Disorder.
They act, but they Keep Their Fucking Mouths Shut.
And so are able to act again.

Once Upon a Prickle Prickle

-Cram

Bung Fu the Fool stood buck naked before the monk Nopants. Eventually, Nopants looked up over his morning newspaper. Surprised to see a peen at eye level before him, he spit coffee everywhere.

"Somehow," said the monk, who himself was naked from the waist down, "I was not prepared for that."

"Good morning Wise Master Nopants!" said Bung Fu cheerfully. "I did what you advised: I Let Go of everything so I could learn to swim on my own."

"That's bullshit," said Nopants, pointing at Bung-Fu with a spoon. "You're just parading around naked because you think it'll somehow enlighten you."

"But master, that's what you do!" cried Bung Fu, embarassed.

"No," said Nopants. "I do it for me. You're doing like me. You haven't let go of anything. You just grabbed my shrapnel and made it your own."

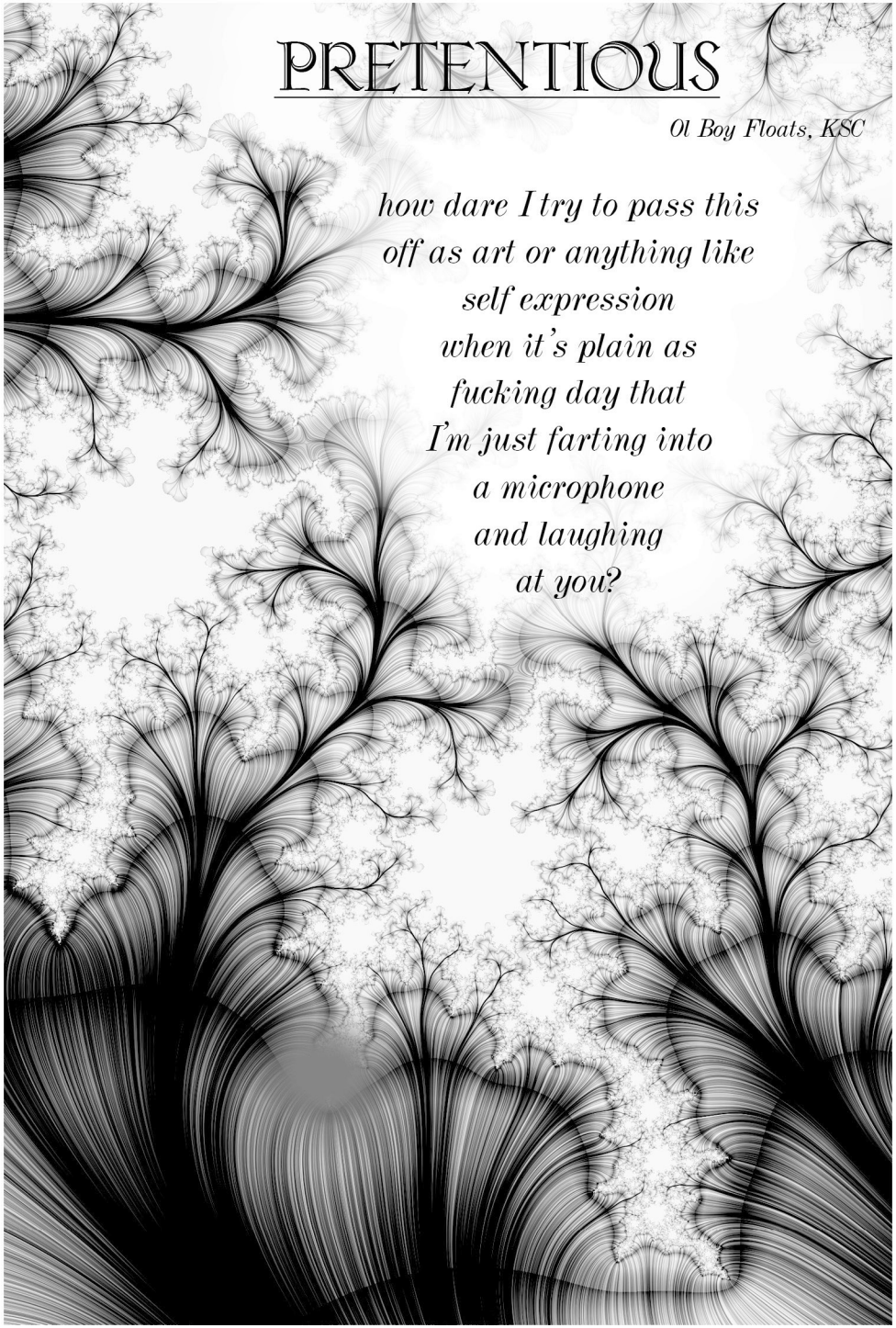
Bung Fu thought about this. "Mise Waster Nopants, what am I supposed to do after I let go? I can't just let go of everything, that's not a good survival strategy."

"You're right," said Nopants. "But it's not really about letting go. It's about being able to let go. It's about realizing that all that stuff you're carrying around is mostly dead weight. So learn to live without that dross."

"And then what?"

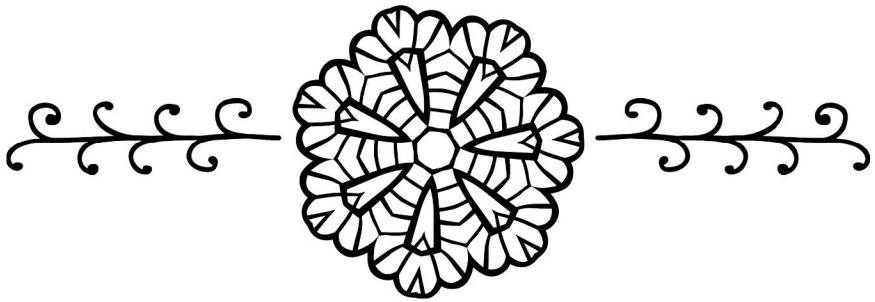
Nopants leaned forward as if he was about to whisper a lesson or a great secret. Bung Fu leaned in, eager for instruction. Nopants reached out and slapped him right in his goddamn monkey face.

"Think for yourself, shmuck!"



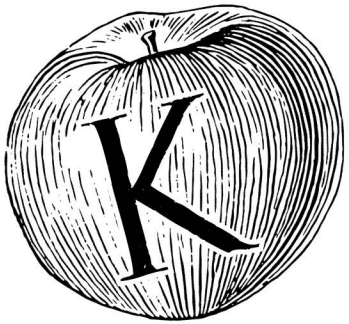
Another Zen Story

~ as plagarized from The Devia Discordia

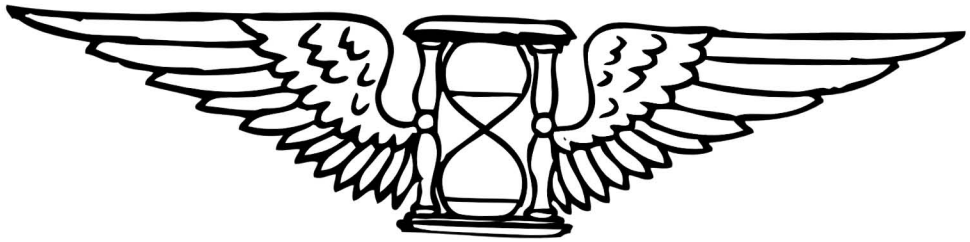


On their travels, two young monks came to learn of a village where an ageing Master lived. The Master, it was said, could catch a sword in his bare hand without cutting himself.

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



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



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

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

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

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

Who is this Demon?

-Cramulus

Demons are everywhere now. Little invisible trickster spirits. All you have to do is hear about one of them and they copy themselves into your head.

Everybody's head is full of demons. Thousands of them. Most of them sit there quietly until they're activated. You might be on the phone, catching up with an old friend, and she references a time you two went out to see a movie. All of the sudden the demon comes out. It says, "Did you hear they're making another Batman movie?"

That wasn't me talking. A demon said that sentence. I remember when it first possessed me. I was in the living room, my friend was playing the new Batman video game and he said "Did you hear they're making another Batman movie?"

This demon was able to work my brain's control panel so easily because his buddy already has a superuser password. That one entered me while I was reading reading Batman comics as a kid, visualizing what it'd be like to be Batman – rich, mysterious, smart as a whip, empowered... It really spoke to me, to the me I wanted to be. And now that demon is holding the door open for other Batman demons. When the movie comes out, Batman will have access to my bank account.

I started wondering how I can get rid of these demons posessing me. And I started to wonder how Batman would do it. Maybe he'd go into the batcave and use his computer to collect information on them. Maybe he'd make a list of all his demons and knock them out one by one, committing each one to Arkham Asylum.

Then Batman goes back to the cave and Alfred says, "You are meeting so-and-so for dinner tonight." And Batman realizes that Alfred is a demon too.

And Batman realizes that Bruce Wayne is a demon too.

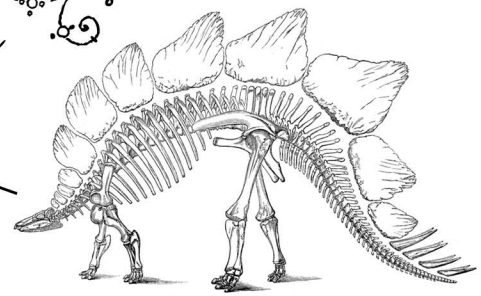
If Batman realized that HE was a demon, would he check himself into Arkham Asylum? And then he stops and I wonder:

Who is this demon trying to lock up Batman?

Never Tell A Discordian Anything.

Don't tell them you're in a hurry while on an elevator. They'll push ALL the buttons. Never tell them you hate/like anything 'cause they hate/like everything and you always will have a reason to be wrong. And most importantly. Never tell them which threads you have set to notify.

They'll give you the beeps.



The Book of the Chao

As told to Prince Mu-Chao
From the Principia Discordia Version 17

00001 - I was tying my left shoe when the goddess appeared out of thin air with a smirk on her face and gold in her hair. Amazed, I turned my ear to her as she began to speak.

00002 - And the Lady saideth unto me, "Behold, for I am newly dyed and doest thou likest me much as a blonde?"

00003 -I told the Lady the truth, that she looked like a five dollar whore, and the Lady waxed sorely pissed and turned me into a newt.

00004 - Yet in her kindness and wisdom, she turned me back after a few moments and this is what she shared with me:

00005 - "As I stand before you, framed by the light behind me in this certain way, I shall uncover to thouest the Secret of the Chao."

00006 - "Oh goody," I said and rejoiced loudly as I straddled the chair.

00007 - "But behold," she then said unto me, "be not so rejoiceful for when I am finished you are to go out and disseminate these words."

00008 - "Oh shit," I said.

00009 - "Verily so, but still," Eris said, "You must tell the others for there is a grave and dangerous myth surrounding, of all things, the Sacred Chao."

00010 - And this is how the Book of the Chao came to pass.

00011 - "Thou knowest of the Marshmallow already, I expect?" Eris asked.

00012 - I said yes, for the honorable Rev. Fluff had filled me in on that situation and we were working to remedy it.

00013 - "Good. That has nothing to do with this, so forget it.

00014 -" Instead what I have to tell you may sound strange, even disheartening. And I need you to stand tall, Prince Mu-Chao, and carry upon you the load of knowledge."

00015 - And this is what she said unto me:

00016 - "Whereas, the disciples of discordia do not understand that which they whoreship, and upon that I brewed for several days.

00017 - "The Sacred Chao, that which represents all, is not a depiction of dualism as many of you think but rather of pentism.

00018 - "For, take heed, there are five parts to the Chao - The yinnish type thing, the yangish type thing, the Pentagon, the Golden Apple and finally the whole.

00019 - "Dualism is relatively unimportant, much more unimportant than humans give it credit for. Choice is not involved when there are less than five options.

00020 -"But with five, there are even more choices and yeah, worse odds of picking the correct one."

00021 - "So what this whole speech boils down to is 'Look at the Chao in a new way'., right," said I.

00022 -Eris looked at me for a moment and nodded, for I had stated myself correctly.

00023 - Then Eris said, "I shall now change my hair color back, for thou hast hurt this blondes feelings with thou's thoughtless remarks."

00024 - "Yeah, verily," I said, "And I shall go and pass this, thy word, amoungst all my brethren."

00025 - So it was written, so shall it be done.

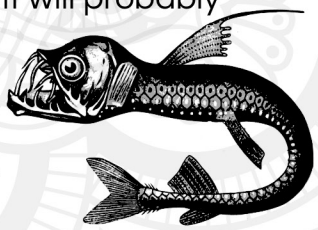
Awomen.

The Truth about the Discordian Menace.

1. Discordians always tell you all about their evil plans. Then they rarely actually DO anything. What this means is that we've cried "wolf!" so many times that we can say and do as we please without any possibility of anyone believing us.

   Another way to say this is that there are no secrets in the Church of Discordia, and I will not be endangering myself or my family in any way, despite rumors to the contrary...Because you, dear reader, will probably not believe a word of it. This is all just more quaint fiction.

2. Discordians pretend that they disagree on everything, even what "Discordianism" MEANS. This is to convince you that they have nothing nefarious in the works, because they can't stop bickering. It worked on YOU, so it will probably work on the FBI.



3. Discordians hate the American way of life... And so should YOU.

4. Discordians don't stand out in a crowd. That's what anarchists are for. While the dumbfuck with the day-glo hairdo and the Anarchy Now™ shirt is being watched by the security guards, the Discordian is fucking up all the toilets.

5. Discordians aren't trying to change the world. They're trying to keep it just as weird as it already is.

6. Discordians aren't here to help you become enlightened. Enlightenment is for Buddhists, which is a totally different religion entirely, no matter what the Facebook tards tell you. Any Discordian parable that involves Buddhists or monks is a put on, designed deliberately to WASTE YOUR TIME while the Discordians sneak into the bathrooms again. Sucker.

7. Discordians know all about Tucson and Providence and Portland, and you don't. That's why Discordians laugh so much while everyone else is staring at the news in shock.

8. Discordians know who was REALLY behind 9/11, but we aren't telling, because the RIDICULOUS conspiracy theories out there are endlessly amusing. Likewise, we aren't saying SHIT about the Kennedy assassination, so shut up.

9. A hornet in your shorts is worth 10 in the nest.

10. Discordians can't be bothered with your political or religious views. Because they're BORING and you're BORING when you try to explain them.

~The Good Reverend Roger

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

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

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

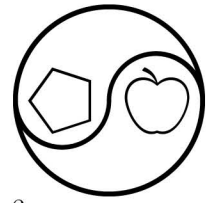
I FELT BAD BECAUSE I HAD NO SHOES, SO RICHTER CUT MY FEET OFF. I FELT BAD BECAUSE I HAD NO FEET, SO RICHTER RAN ME OVER WITH HIS CAR.

IT CAN ALWAYS GET WORSE."

ARS RICHTERIA 2:19–21

– THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

PS: You're Pope!

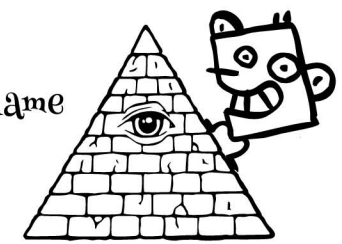


Did you know you're a Pope? It's true! Every man, woman, child, gender-non-conforming and/or non-human person is Pope of Discordia. This comes with some fantastic rights, and some fantastic responsibilities, although many Popes don't know it.

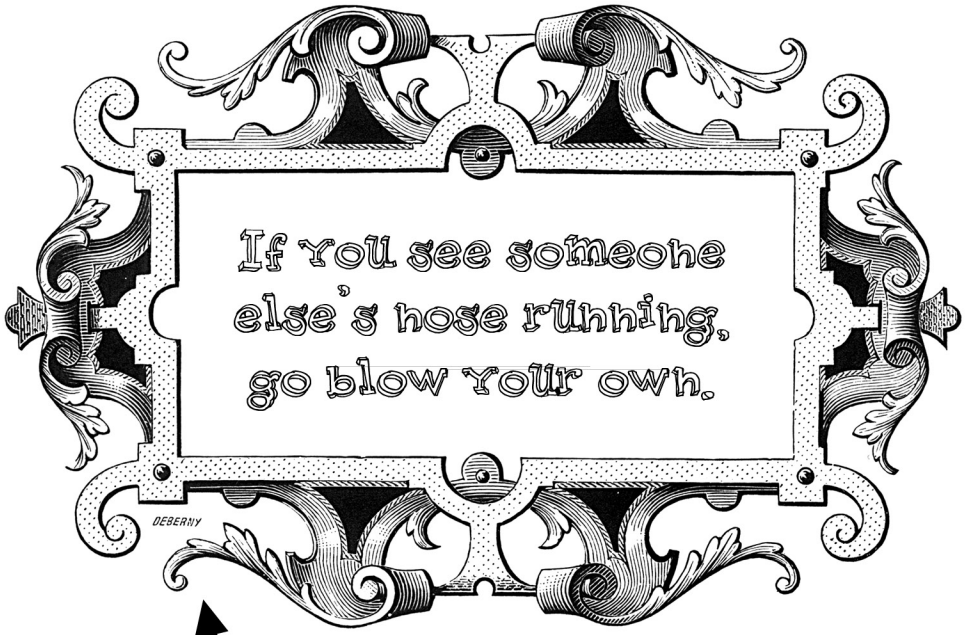
For one, you and you alone choose how to be a Discordian! Nobody can tell a Pope how to interpret scripture. Hold your own Council of Nicea whenever you want, and pick and choose the holy books you'll adhere to and which you'll ignore. Maybe throw a personal Vatican II if you like. Nobody can stop you, you're Pope!

For another, you can give people Pope cards. If you like. A lot of people don't seem to know they're Popes, so if you don't tell them they might wander around thinking somebody else is in charge.

You can also make up whatever names for yourself you want. (Remember that Discordia doesn't recognize the State, so you may have to watch where you use your Holy Name.)



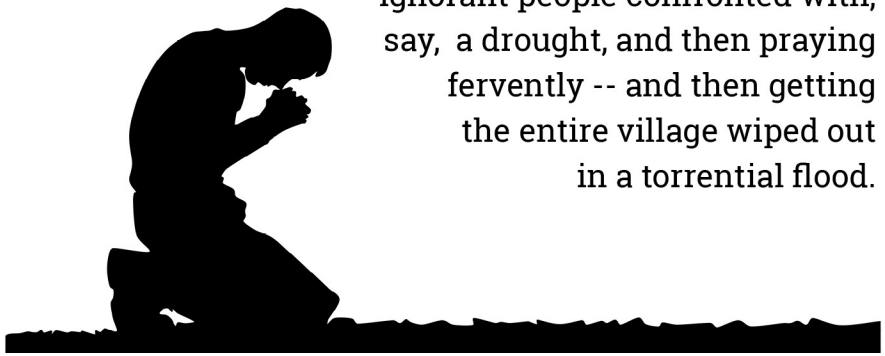
Lastly, it means you can't blame anybody else for your beliefs. After all, you're Pope.



ON PRAYER

Mal-2 was once asked by one of his Disciples if he often prayed to Eris. He replied with these words:

No, we Erisians seldom pray, it is much too dangerous. Charles Fort has listed many factual incidences of ignorant people confronted with, say, a drought, and then praying fervently -- and then getting the entire village wiped out in a torrential flood.



Have you heard of the Retail Cabal? It's every interesting person that works a boring retail job and made it into a living shrine to Our Lady Discord. When I worked for Lord Tayloron, I dedicated myself to writing FNORD on every single bill I could get my hands on. (FNORD YOUR ONES!) At a critical moment in an unrelated story, I'd get a FNORDed five-dollar bill as change. The handwriting was foreign, and there was no moustache on Washington, so it clearly wasn't mine. If you love your weirdness, let it go. It'll come back five fold.

Cease and desist?
Who do these assholes think they are?
I'd sooner desist breathing!

SOMETHING AND NOTHING: TRUTH AND LIES

Before the beginning, there was a 50% chance that nothing would exist and a 50% chance that something would exist. In order to determine whether something or nothing would exist, they decided to flip a coin. However, in order for there to be a coin to flip, the coin had to exist, so something had already won. **Therefore, we exist because something is a lying, cheating bastard.**

Many religions have a strong sense of dichotomy between truth and lie. In Zoroastrianism, there are two gods, one of truth, one of lies. In Norse polytheism, the chief god is Odin, who represents wisdom and truth; his main adversary is Loki, god of lies and trickery. In Christianity, Jesus is "The Truth, The Way, and The Life," while Satan is often described as a trickster and liar.

However, in each of these cases, existence is NOT BASED ON THE TRUTH. According to Zoroastrianism, when the god of truth defeats the god of lies, existence will end. According to Norse polytheism, Ragnarok (the end of the world) will be the final battle between Odin and Loki, and the world will end when the god of truth defeats the god of lies. According to Christian prophecy in Revelations, at some point all the true believers will be swept up, leaving the world to the lie.

The more closely you look at existence, especially at life and at the psychology of most "higher" organisms, the more apparent this becomes. Take dating: the more obvious it is that you want a relationship, the more likely the other person is to run from you. Teasing them, pretending not to like them, and generally playing "hard to get" makes the other person try harder to get you.

Take economics: The more you demand, the more you have to pay for what you receive; the more you supply, the less you receive for what you give. Take physics: every action causes an equal but OPPOSITE reaction. Take politics: attempts to stamp out drug use, alcohol use, gambling, prostitution, poverty, and hunger have a history of worsening the problem.

The closer we get to discovering what things are made of, the less they seem to be made of. We've discovered that everything in our world is made up of molecules, and the majority of any object is empty space in between those molecules.

Within those molecules, 90%+ is empty space, while less than 10% is taken up by atoms. 90%+ of every atom is empty space, less than 10% of that space is taken up by protons, neutrons and electrons. These subatomic particles are made up of quarks with even more empty space between them. Even the rare bits of space that are taken up by stars and planets are 99.9%+ nothing. The closer we get to discovering what we're made of, the more we find out that we're made of nothing.

However, there are tiny pockets of defiance against this nothing which maintain their existence by lying to each other about it; whether this lying comes in the form of gravity, electromagnetism, chemical magnetism, physiological attraction and repulsion, political influence, magic, or some other force, it is a dishonesty that has to perpetrate itself on its surroundings in order to maintain its existence.

If you accept this as truth, I wonder what you will believe when you are eventually convinced that it is a lie.

The Meaning of Life

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

I told him I didn't want to know.

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

But he was kinda a doofus.

And fat.

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

Questions and Answers

Roaring Biscuit

Do you love God?

Of course not, how can I love something I don't even believe in?

Do you love the Sea?

Uhh... yes.

Then you love God.

Oh... are you sure?

yup.

Um... How?

Well. Even if you don't believe in God he's still there. God is what makes a moment amazing, He's what fills you with awe and wonder. God isn't a thing He's a feeling.

Right. But... can't I just you know... like the sea?

That's the same as liking God.

Do I have to call it God?

Hmm... no not really.

Okay.

Also, God is a Giant Squid.

Chasing Green Butterflies

Many many years ago there lived a man named "Knows Nothing."

Knows-Nothing lived in a large but sheltered village, whose name has long been forgotten. What is known, according to the tales, is that the people of this village practiced a very peculiar set of customs. All their days were spent chasing green butterflies.

Knows-Nothing was named such simply because the other villagers felt it described him so perfectly. To some regards that description may have had a degree of truthfulness, but one thing was certain: he knew nothing of chasing green butterflies. But then again, what else is there, right?

One summer afternoon, while Knows-Nothing walked the nearby wood, he came across a **Horrible Truth**. It was said that what Knows-Nothing saw was, indeed, so horrible that it caused him to lose consciousness for three days and two nights.

Knows-Nothing awoke in a daze. Thinking it all a dream, he was maddened once again upon seeing the **Horrible Truth** lying there beside him. The **Horrible Truth** was real. "The village must be warned!" he said to himself, as he gathered his sanity and ran back to town.

Knows-Nothing arrived in a blaze, hollering as loud as he could, "I have seen the **Horrible Truth**!" Running and yelling, he made his way through the village. "The **Horrible Truth** is out there!" He bellowed at the top of his lungs. However, no one payed him any attention, and they all went on blissfully chasing green butterflies. Perceiving him a fool, no one could be bothered to listen.

Having seen the peoples reaction, Knows-Nothing got a grip on himself. "No one is going to listen to a raving lunatic," he said, "maybe I can explain to them the **Horrible Truth** calmly. I'll use some graphs and charts and a bullet point list of facts. No one would deny actual evidence."

Knows-Nothing set up a booth in the village square, and asked people as they passed: "Hello, sir. Are you aware of the **Horrible Truth**? Excuse me, ma'am! Have you seen the recent studies about the **Horrible Truth**? I'm sure if you reviewed the information, you would find..." Again, he was greatly ignored. That is, until he was told to move along by one of the elders. He was making it difficult for others to chase green butterflies.

No one would listen to anything Knows-Nothing said, despite the fact that he had seen the **Horrible Truth** which was far more horrible than he could even understand. Knows-Nothing knew one thing, if the people weren't prepared for the **Horrible Truth**, it would surely destroy them all. "I need to keep telling them! They must listen, whether they want to or not!" And he stormed into town once more.

"You listen here, you butterfly-chasing morons! I have seen the **Horrible Truth** he yelled, "And if you stupid assholes don't do something about it, the **Horrible Truth** is going to kill us all! Now, you better listen up!"

The people of the village looked up at Knows-Nothing in shock at the sudden outburst. "Excuse me." A nearby elder approached, "All this talk about the **Horrible Truth** got me thinking..." he paused. "And I think we're going to have to ask you to leave, you're being an awful downer."

Defeated, Knows-Nothing walked away, head hung. He knew about the **Horrible Truth** yet his words were ignored or misunderstood. He looked over his shoulder towards his old village, and he could hear the cries of devastation as they pealed through the trees as the **Horrible Truth** consumed them all.

As he looked on, an old sage named "Knows-A-Thing-Or-Two" happened to pass. As Knows-Nothing cast his eye upon him, he felt the need to warn the old man to avoid that village at all costs, as there lies the **Horrible Truth** but, by the look in the old sage's face, Knows-Nothing knew that he was well aware. He stopped his words at the thought.

They looked at each other in silence and nodded.

~ Cuddlefish of the Infinite Regress

The Magicians
Part II

There's magic everywhere, you know, but it blends into the New Normal and you don't notice it most of the time. Wake up, put on clothes, eat food, get the kids on the bus, get to work... the routine lulls you into mental drowsiness, like highway hypnosis. But every day you get up and you put on clothing you did not make, made of plants you did not grow and synthetic fibers constructed in labs by people who get just as bored at work as you. You live in a house you didn't build and brush your teeth with water that traveled miles and endured all manner of filters and chemical treatments to render it inoffensive to your delicate tastes. The kids get on a bus assembled by strangers and designed by a team of anonymous engineers in Minnesota, and tiny explosions of fermented dinosaurs carry them away.

Almost everything in our lives is magic: conveniences created through the work of others by the sweat of their brows and the power of their imaginations and our collective willingness to say "yes, I will accept this potential reality."

It's funny because the people who are most into MAJHIQUEK are always off wandering through the woods, rambling something borderline racist about Native Americans and pretending that the rocks talk to them, when the most magical thing in their lives is the device in their pocket that can put them in contact with almost any other human being in the world. Instantly. But that can't be magic, because if that was magic everyone would be magicians and they wouldn't be special snowflakes.

Everyone is magicians.
You are not a special snowflake.

At a power plant there is a magician who oversees the grid, and the leylines he guards are high tension wires and if he fails in his task we are all plunged into darkness. At the town clerk's office there is a magician who files the paperwork, and her carelessness or diligence is the difference between your marriage being real or imaginary. And the bankers are all magicians, too.

Civilization is a spell we are all casting, and like any situation with too many cooks in the kitchen, things are a little messy. And some folks on the sidelines, who are stuck chopping broccoli when they'd rather be grilling steak and they hate the smell of broccoli anyway, some of them think about what it would be like to have their own kitchen, or to abolish kitchens altogether, burn the place to the ground. And there are magicians who keep an eye on that shit so we can all keep the illusion alive.

But what if I like shiny rocks?

Babycakes, if you like shiny rocks you can have your shiny rocks all day. Hell, you can pay too much for them and give them all names and party hats for all I care. See, even though I just spent a while shitting on that, *tricking yourself into believing in rocks is a type of magic, too.*

It's not what I'd call the most useful magic, and it definitely makes you look like a silly wanker, but it's magic all the same.

Those rocks aren't talking back to you, that's the 100% Really Real Reality, the kind that stays put when you stop believing in it. Your brain knows this (unless you've got some serious damage going on) and your ability to tell your brain FUCK OFF THIS IS WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW is a vital skill for any Magician. The actor's brain knows he isn't Lincoln, but he can tell it to FUCK OFF and be Lincoln for a while. The politician knows that global warming is real, but she can tell her brain to FUCK OFF so she can make some motherfucking money, and in the end we're all fucked anyway so what's the harm in getting rich along the way? And the lobbyist is telling herself the same lies, too.

I Don't Believe in Chainsaw Murderers

You can cite me your statistics
You can make me watch the news
You can take me to a crime scene
But it won't be any use

No matter how the corpse is cut up
I've already made my mind up
I don't believe in Chainsaw Murderers.

You can say I'm in denial
You can tell me that I'm wrong
You can choose to sit and argue with me
All day and all night long

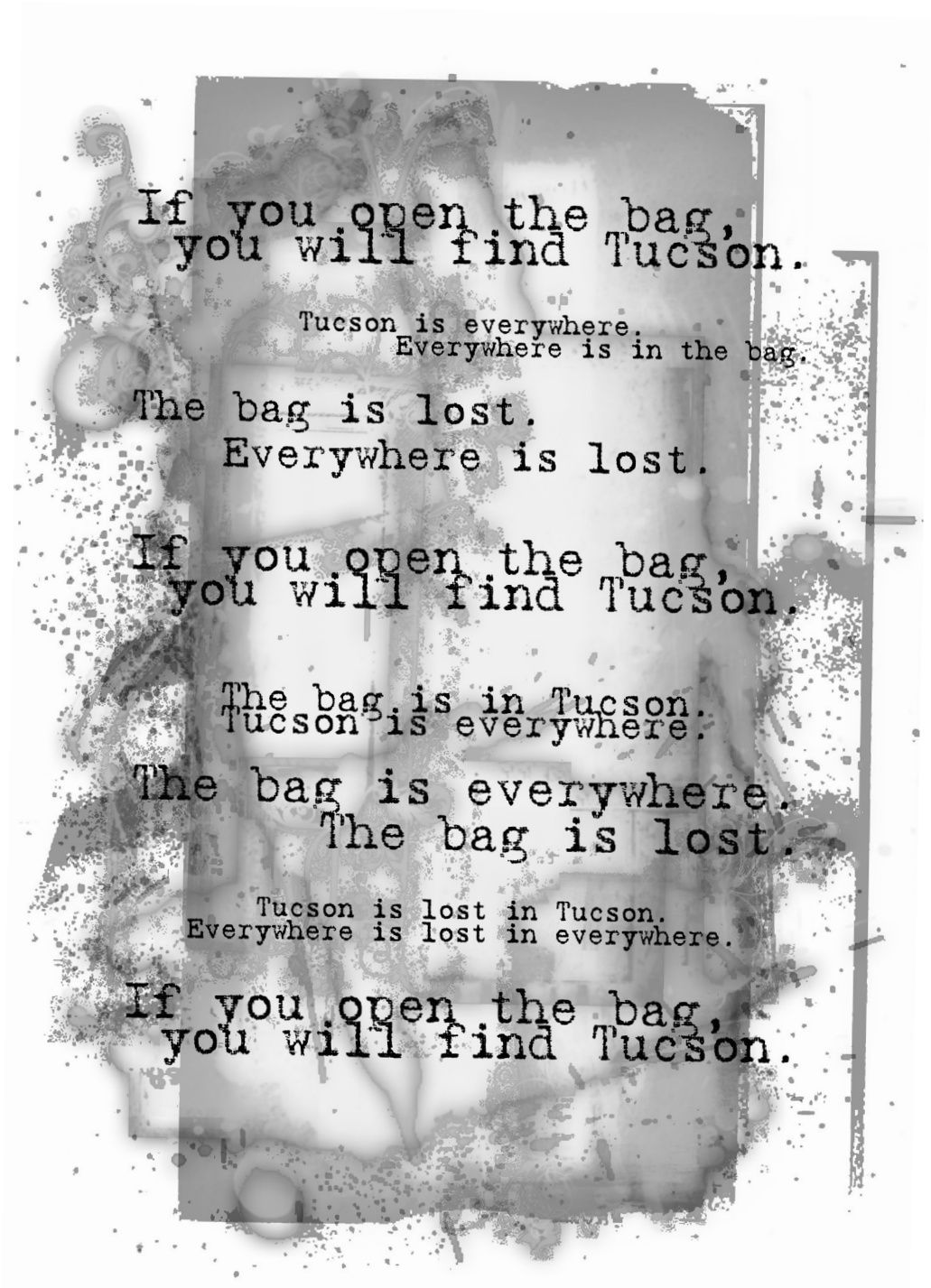
But I hope that you won't mind
That after wasting all that time
I still don't believe in Chainsaw Murderers.

Don't bother with your movies
Or your television shows
Even you know all that's fiction
And most of it just blows

Because my suspense of disbelief
In these fictions that you preach
Breaks down around Chainsaw Murderers.

I'm not interested in logic
Or your evidence or facts
I'm happy in my prison
Because of what it lacks

There's a reason I won't give in
We all chose the worlds we live in
(I live in the one without Chainsaw Murderers).



REV ROGER SERMON#9:

THERE ARE NO BARS OR CAGES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or kill me.

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

DOOM - Will Parke

We were always doomed. The signs were always there and we choose to ignore them.

This is the culture that made Mick Jagger a sex symbol. Like, boomer women saw that twitchy nerd flailing around on stage, bit their lips, and thought, "*That's the stuff. That's what momma likes: a chicken-legged junky doing the pee-pee dance. Mmmhmm.*"

We deserve whatever we get.

A vile miasma creeps along the ground,
befouling the very stones.
From its formless bulk, effluvial sounds
belch forth: lies and half-lies.
Obscenity, leech, pustule on Evils face,
thy name is marketing.

On the Fungus That Is Found Only In Texas and Japan, and Nowhere Else In The World

So in Japan it's called Kirinomitake while in Texas it's called either Texas Star (because after releasing spores it's unfolded into a star shape) or the Devil's Cigar because it starts out as a long oblong mushroom but then it unfolds with an ominous hissing noise and releases a big smoky black cloud of spores.

It only grows in these two places, and people did genetic testing and a bunch of math to determine that the two populations started diverging from each other nineteen million goddamn years ago, so it's not possible for humanity to have moved it from one place to the other. They're at the same latitude, but 11,000 fucking kilometers apart not to mention the goddamn ocean in the way.

> "this is only another illustration of the unusual and unpredictable distribution of many species of the fungi. It would be difficult indeed to account for it, and we merely accept the facts as they are."*

So apparently it's pretty common in the mycological world to find some bullshit that can't be explained and would probably drive men mad to look at too closely, and just sort of shrug and move on with your day.

* Seaver FJ. (1939). "Urnula geaster". Mycologia.

ZEN CATHOLICISM

It is often said that the wise are silent. Listeners. That they weigh the evidence before them, before calmly – and collectively – reach a level-headed decision. They don't jump to conclusions. They don't put their feet in their mouths. They toe the line. They always keep one eye on themselves and one eye on the world around them, so they know when and how to act.

It was this wisdom, we are told, that built the Pyramids and the Eiffel Tower. It was wise men and women – well, mostly wise men – who knew what to do when the Plague struck down a third of Europe. These men who knew how to respond and what to expect when the Twin Towers fell. Wise people. Brave people. Grand, wise, silent people.

So, of course, we are told to be wise as well. To achieve Great Things, and appreciate Small Things. To listen. To be silent. We are encourage to achieve wonders by being meek. Because all the great people in history started out "small," too.

"The Greatest Teacher was also the Greatest King! Jesus Christ could have saved the entire planet with less than the snap of his little finger, and he's coming back from the Sky someday to BEAT UP ALL THOSE MEAN OLD PEOPLE WHO KEEP A-BUGGIN' YOU. But despite His great power, he just decided to get nailed to a fucking tree stump instead. On Purpose." We are told.

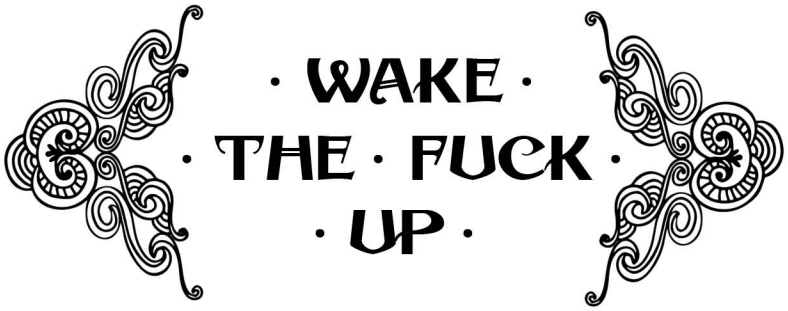
This is all bullshit, and therefore, we endorse it completely. I mean, shit. You gotta "believe" something, right? Might as well be this! Fuck it! What do we care? It gives you an ethos, keeps you from wandering around the planet stabbing and shooting things (well, hold on.... Unless they deserve it. Then it's OK.) You get to completely ignore the whole "what the fuck is actually happening around me" thing, and everybody else does so fuck, why not you too? Right? So yeah. If you want to believe that what the fuck do we care. You go right ahead and do that until you turn blue in the soul.

ANYWAY . . . HERE'S THE PROBLEM.

That story up there? Yeah, it's bullshit, I know we told you already but listen, you half-spilled bag of turds, that story was concocted and propagated by exactly the same assholes who are now telling you to ignore the old man behind the curtain – and the child under his frock. They will talk for hours on end about how righteous you are for doing the Right Thing all the god damn time, while they're colluding about who to hate next.

And they're not exactly hiding these days. They are in front of you all the fucking time reminding you who you are and what you believe, and what'll happen if you DON'T, by Gosh. But while you're all so busy keeping each other in line, they're controlling what our children see and hear, they're literally punishing people for being who they are, and they're getting us all to hate anyone who wants a better lot in life.

Nobody's asking you to save the world. Nobody's asking you to crucify yourself. All we're asking is for you to



It really is a testament to how successful society IS, that so many people seem to feel they can opt out without immediate dire risk to their survival. Only a person lucky enough to be born into the most fabulously wealthy civilization in human history could somehow end up believing that poverty itself arises only from bad choices or moral weakness, or only a person born under the fairest laws in history could somehow think injustice is a only a delusion in the minds of its victims. In past ages, when the whole world was hostile and the state really was out for your blood, no one would deny that some people got the short end of the stick by chance of birth and deserved something better than they had the power to earn for themselves. It's a serious indictment of humanity that once presented with the tools to eradicate disease, poverty, and starvation, we choose instead to just stop seeing those things as problems.

TOXICITY

there is a segment of the population of this planet that has stopped learning
there is also a segment of the population of this planet that has lost the capacity to learn
what have these people become?
it has been established over and over again that our way of life has become suicidal on the large scale
and though there are some who are able to change and are on the look out to change their ways
it is becoming frightfully apparent that there does exist some form of being that is _ at this point _ unable to change its ways
what does this imply?
i'm not sure really

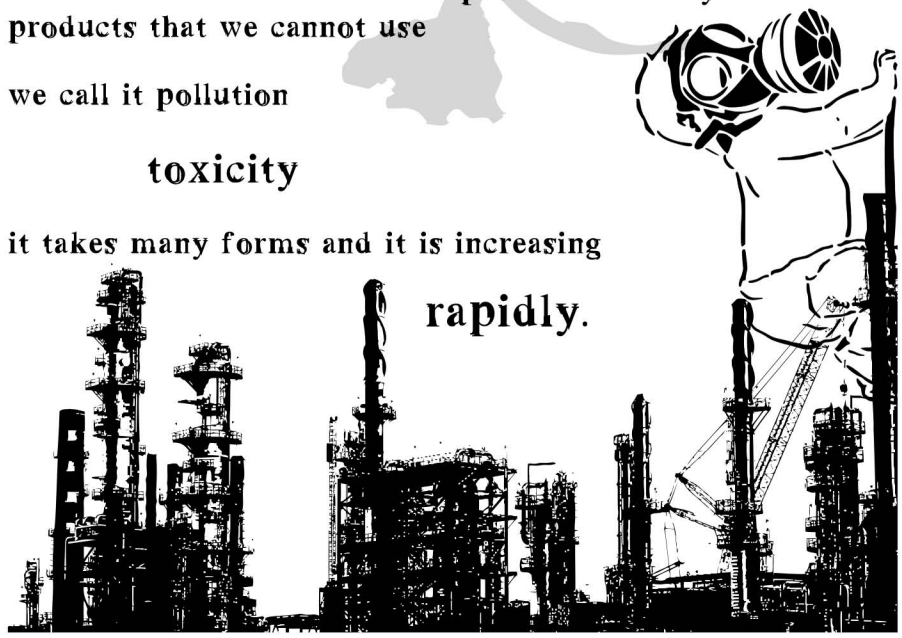
years and decades and centuries of moving in a particular direction, and at the culmination of it we have these 'living' things that are able to take from the earth
use these materials and in the process create by-products that we cannot use

we call it pollution

toxicity

it takes many forms and it is increasing

rapidly.



THE THREE STRENGTHS

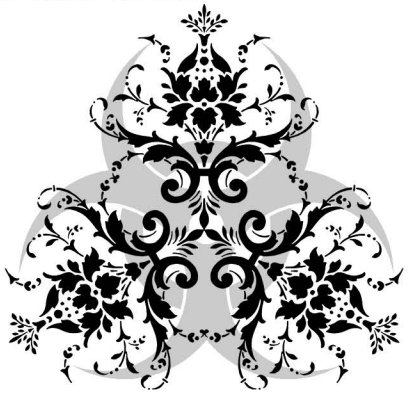
There are three strengths we call upon:

ANGER

OBSTINANCE

and

DENIAL



Anger gives us the strength to act. It makes our bodies strong and our words hard. Anger protects us from pain, and from embarrassment. Anger does not differentiate between friend and foe, does not understand shades of gray or degrees of wrongdoing. Anger is a hammer. Sometimes, a hammer is the right tool for the job.

Obstinance gives us the strength to endure. It makes us stand our ground when others would sway us. Obstinance gives us roots to weather the storm. Obstinance shuts its eyes to the temptations of the world, and in so doing loses sight of alternatives. Obstinance is a stone. Sometimes, a stone is the right tool for the job.

Denial gives us the secret strength when we are limited by the world to ignore the two options laid out before us, and to find The Third Path.

WHEN WE FIND THAT PATH, WE ARE FREE.

SORRY, WRONG GODDESS

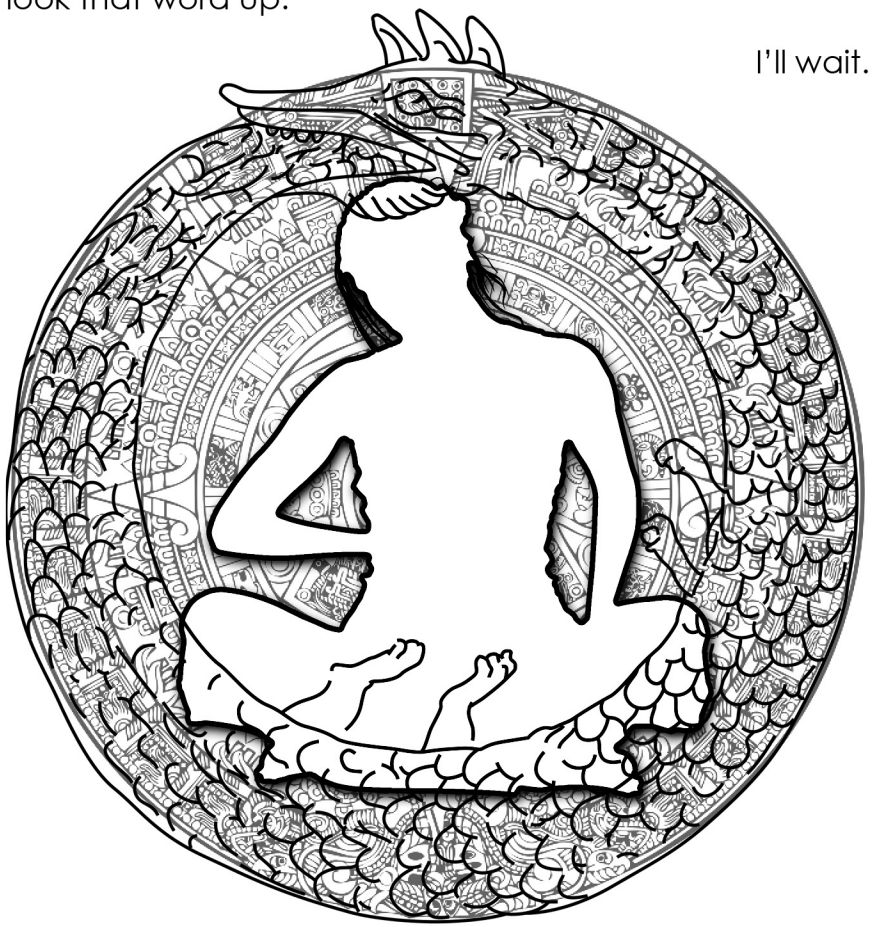
~the Good Reverend Roger

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

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

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

I'll wait.



Back now? Good, we'll continue.

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

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

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

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

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

Or kill me.

Bullshit makes
the flowers grow
& that's beautiful.

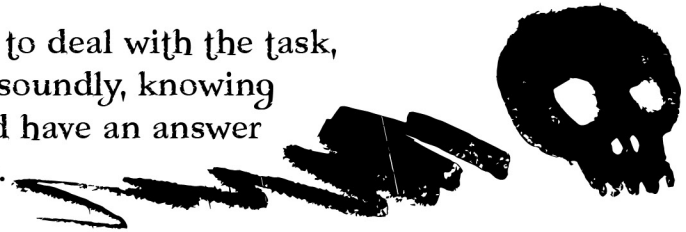
The Modern Witch's Dilemma

I summoned Dr. Who once.

I was wrestling late one night with the typical early-adulthood crisis of "what would have happened if I had 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?

Not lesser than, fuck that!
When I meet God
I'm gonna kick his ass
And make my own Heaven.

THE DARK ROOM

You take the ferry to the island.

You take the ferry to the island alone because there is no one to go with you, and you are unmoored and without responsibility, and it is a wild and terrible feeling.

You pay your fifteen dollars and you take the ferry to the island.

On the ferry a man talks to you. He is from Peru and he is hitting on you but not so much that you mind. He gives you his business card, but you will never call. This is your first and last conversation, and even though it means something you will never remember the details or his name. It is cloudy but the sun will come out later.

He gives you a keychain. It's gold colored metal and it's a tiny replica of an Incan sacrificial knife. It has the word "PERU" stamped on one side. You give him your soapstone necklace.

You never see him again.

You step off onto the island.

You step off onto the island and into the fort. You pass under the chalk-white stalactites forming from the old concrete, calcium leeching from the building in the rain over centuries.

Someday this will all be dust.

You walk over the dry moat and through the reinforced wooden doors, past the tightly turning granite staircase that goes nowhere now but used to lead to the overpass for dropping shit on the invaders that never came. The yard is in front of you. The sun has come out.

The yard is green and bright and someone is flying a kite but no one picnics here because it's forbidden. The horse chestnut trees are to your right, with the warning sign that says "DO NOT EAT THE CHESTNUTS." You walk across the lawn.

Cannons line the walls above you. Stagnant pools occupy the spaces once held by the enormous weapons that faced out into the open water. The weapons that searched for U-boats. New concrete on old concrete on granite blocks.

This place is haunted.

No women died on this island, at least none that we know of. Two men, deserters, were shot in the 1860s, but no women.

There was no desperate wife who stole the uniform of her enemies and made her way to the kindest and gentlest of all the Civil War prisons, she was not caught and was not hanged in an oversized black robe. The stories exist to scare children.

But she was seen.

You walk across the lawn, past the bakery where you sat on a windowsill and sang to the nothing in the dry moat below. Past the narrow way you explored blindly as a child, at once relieved and disappointed when it deposited you right back where you began. Past the old shells sitting on the lawn, never to be fired.

You walk under the arch, and into the dark hallway. You put your left hand on the wall, cool with condensation even in the summer months. You can see the end of the hallway faintly, but it is not your destination.

You walk along the uneven flagstones. No flashlights, no cell phones.

Your left hand reaches the corner you cannot see, and you turn.

There is a metal gate at the end of this narrow passage that is locked up when school tours are on the island. No one wants to lose a kid in the dark room. It is not locked today.

The room is dark. A single shaft of light falls from the ceiling, a few bricks removed for a chimney. You cannot see the walls.

There is only a small shaft of light, too faint to see by.

You keep your hand to the wall and walk yourself along the far side until you reach the back of the room. The sides are curved, and you worry about hitting your head.

You stand in the corner, facing the light.

You stand alone in the dark.

It doesn't take long for the nameless fear to sink in.

SOMETHING is here.

SOMETHING is dangerous.

You cannot see anything but the shaft of light.

You are not alone.

You stand in the corner and you breathe, because you are not dead yet and as long as you can breathe you will be okay.

You breathe and you tell yourself "I am the scariest thing in this room."

You tell yourself "I am the scariest thing in this room."

And suddenly it's true.

You see by the light of the chimney, the brick walls and the worn flagstones. The open gate and the odd remnants of paint.

You stand and you wait for your meal to arrive.

Someday you will leave this place. Someday you will get back on the ferry and everyone will come home and everything will go back to normal. Someday this will just be a thing that you did, a story for parties. Someday people will laugh with you and think "how delightfully eccentric" and pretend that they would do the same if they only had the time.

But they won't.

They do not walk into dark rooms. They do not look into the mirror when there is nothing to see.

You are the scariest thing in this room.

Welcome to Your Black Iron Prison

Hey, kid. Welcome to Prison.

You think you just woke up here one day, right? Think again. It was your whole life that brought you to this. Fact is, you were born to be here. Go ahead, look around.
I'll be here when you get back.

Looks smaller than it is, don't it? Sometimes, it doesn't even feel all that bad. But still... You look through those bars, and you see all that you're missing. Hopes. Dreams. What could-have-been. Here, put your palms up to the Black Iron, grab the bars, let me show you something.

Feel that? That's all the books you've read. And that entire wall over there is your adolescence. Look up: It's your CD collection. The floor you woke up on? Your parents. Like I said, you were born to be here. It's your life, it's the cold trap of your own existence. You painted yourself into a corner.

So, now you're wondering why you feel trapped here, in your own life. Why now, why today, can you see the bars of a Black Iron Prison that you made for yourself? Because you stopped reacting, and took a couple of steps forward. You thought you could do what you wanted, you tried to be self reliant, and bang. You smacked your head against the wall.

What's that? Yeah. That's when the claustrophobia sets in. When you didn't know you were trapped, everything was fine. But now that you know, you can see your entire, tired, monotonous life stretch out before you, trapped in these 4 walls, these 6 sides. Breathe, kid. It's just abject panic that you're feeling right now. Some even say that this is what death feels like: An unchanging life, immune and unfeeling to what you really want.

Look around you. Look at these cold, black bars. The colorless ceiling. The hard ground. That's your universe. That's the world you're going to be living in for the rest of your life here in Prison. You're going to live out your life in quiet desperation. Or, not so quiet if you decide to take the rifle/bell tower route. Either way, long or short, it'll feel the same. Dead, unchanging.

So, if you're interested, I'd like to invite you to a jailbreak...

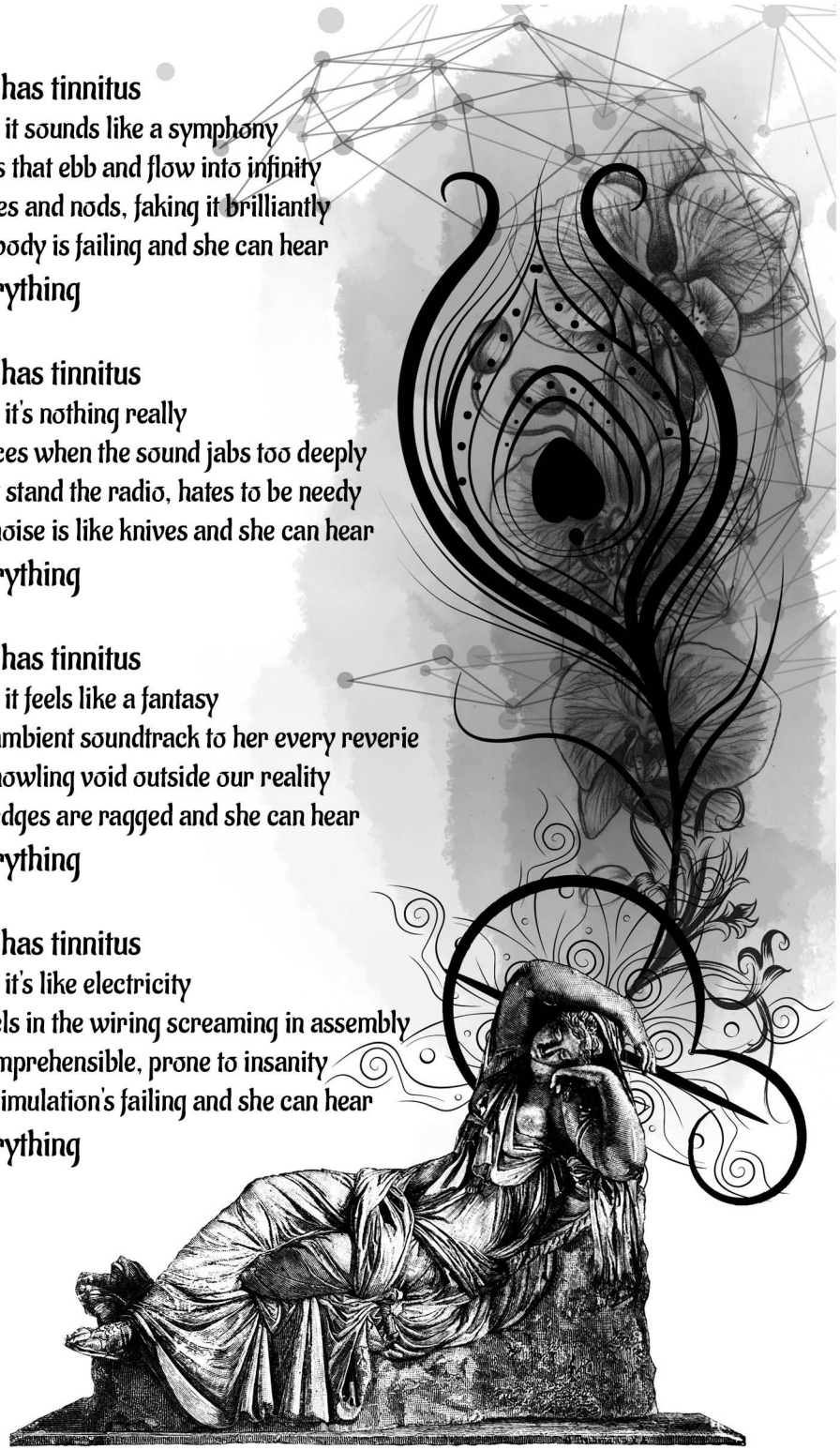
Just turn around.

She has tinnitus
Says it sounds like a symphony
Tones that ebb and flow into infinity
Smiles and nods, faking it brilliantly
Her body is failing and she can hear
Everything

She has tinnitus
Says it's nothing really
Winces when the sound jabs too deeply
Can't stand the radio, hates to be needy
The noise is like knives and she can hear
Everything

She has tinnitus
Says it feels like a fantasy
The ambient soundtrack to her every reverie
The howling void outside our reality
The edges are ragged and she can hear
Everything

She has tinnitus
Says it's like electricity
Angels in the wiring screaming in assembly
Incomprehensible, prone to insanity
The simulation's failing and she can hear
Everything



TERRIBLE MASKS

Once upon a time in a city on the river there lived Humble Lady Ermine and the young Queen Gogira. Queen Gogira Pennyworth, Dweller in the Sinking Lands, had come to the city from the swamplands to the west, and there she learned the ways of the Goddess: of Jailbreaking and of Barstools, of Grids and Keeping Your Mouth Shut. These things she shared with Humble Lady Ermine, who was in her own lazy way a conduit for strangeness, and a protectress of the slimy things.

And so it was for many months that they lived together in the house of Lady Ermine, and Queen Gogira said unto her hostess "do you even notice the masks you wear?"
"I wear no mask," insisted Lady Ermine.
"Now come on," scolded Queen Gogira. "Don't be an idiot. Listen to yourself when you speak with Doctor Hand, and listen again when you speak with the Baron. You are not the same person. Even when you're here speaking with me, you are wearing a mask."
Lady Ermine reflected on this wisdom. "I suppose you could be right," she admitted. "How terrible it is, that I am constantly hiding my True Self from others. Surely it would be better to be authentic in all my interactions with others, but I am so used to living this way. What should I do about it?"
"Fucked if I know!" Queen Gogira snorted.

It was a short conversation, but it weighed on Lady Ermine, and she resolved to get to the bottom of her masks and see what they were hiding.

The first mask she found was the Mask of Submission, which she wore among those monkeys that believed they were more powerful than she. It was the mask that spoke in low tones, that apologized for non-offenses, that scraped and groveled and toed the lines. She had never submitted her will to anyone else's, but she had worn the mask to get things done. She cataloged this mask, and put it away.

The second mask she found was the Mask of Authority, which she wore among those monkeys that believed she was more learned than they. It was the mask that explained, that condescended and smirked. It was a smug bastard of a thing, even though she was not. She wore the mask to make others listen to her, and to make herself feel big. She cataloged this mask, and put it away.

The third mask she found was the Mask of Amiability, which she wore among the monkeys that thought she was their friend. It was the mask that laughed and made small talk, that hosted gatherings and smiled broadly. She was often tired, and grumpy, and hungry, and bored, but the mask kept her in their good graces. She cataloged this mask, and put it away.

And so it was that she spent many months, naming and scraping away the things that separated her from the world. And she became difficult to deal with - moody and unpredictable - and so others came to shun her home. But she realized that the Mask of Brooding was another affectation, an archetype she had absorbed from the narratives of others, and so she named and shelved that one as well. She found the Mask of Immaturity, the Mask of Worldliness, the Mask of Indifference and the Mask of the Victim. These things, too, she put away, until at last one night in her house she found the final mask, the Mask of Identity.

All this time, I have been trying to separate myself from the masks I show others," she said to no one in particular, because though she had already abandoned the Mask of the Mad Genius some habits are really hard to break. "I knew all along that these masks also affect how I see myself, but now I see that even the idea of an identity is itself a mask. The narrative of who I am cakes on my face and hides me as well as any masquerade ball prop."

She took off the final mask, proud of her enlightenment. She looked in the mirror to learn what she was, and *nothing* looked back.

They say Humble Lady Ermine lies dreaming, still.

Gods are useful,
and since they
are useful,
let's say
they exist.

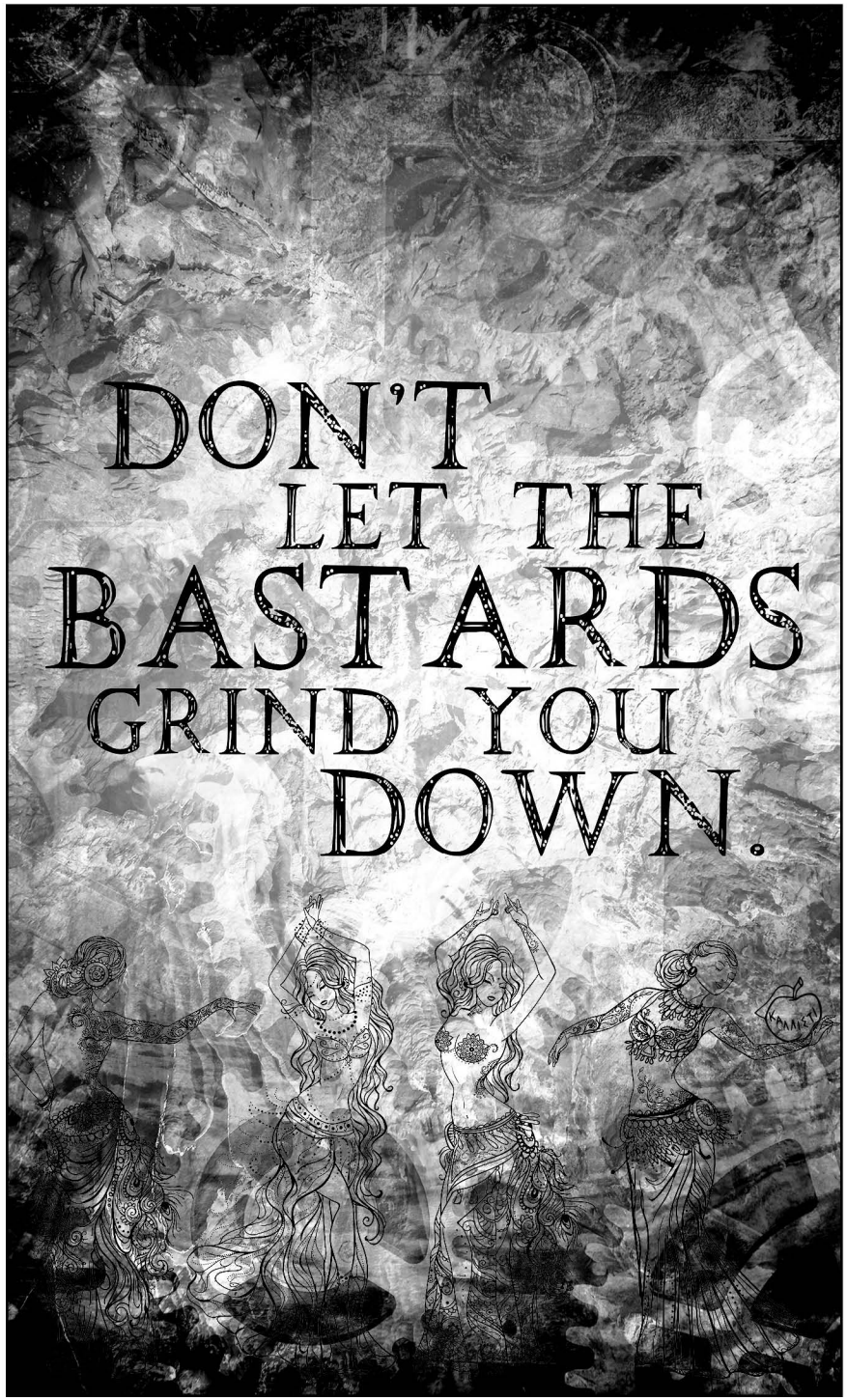
It's In Every One Of Us

*** Zon Mundhenk

So I had a super wyrd dream last night.
I was trying to explain to someone, like my mom or SSI, all this stuff I was doing to rehab myself this last year, like to justify my continued existence on the rolls. All the PT, all the other therapy, all the struggle after the stroke and stuff like that. It was quite a list.

And then God, (Gender Neutral, but I swear s/he looked and sounded a bit like my buddy Zack but with really long hair in killer drag, smelling like Pennsic and petrichor and roses and cookies) walks in and says:

"Baby, forget all that shit.
I just want you to get your sparkle back.
Come on, outside. Out. Go play."



JAILBREAKING FOR IDIOTS

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

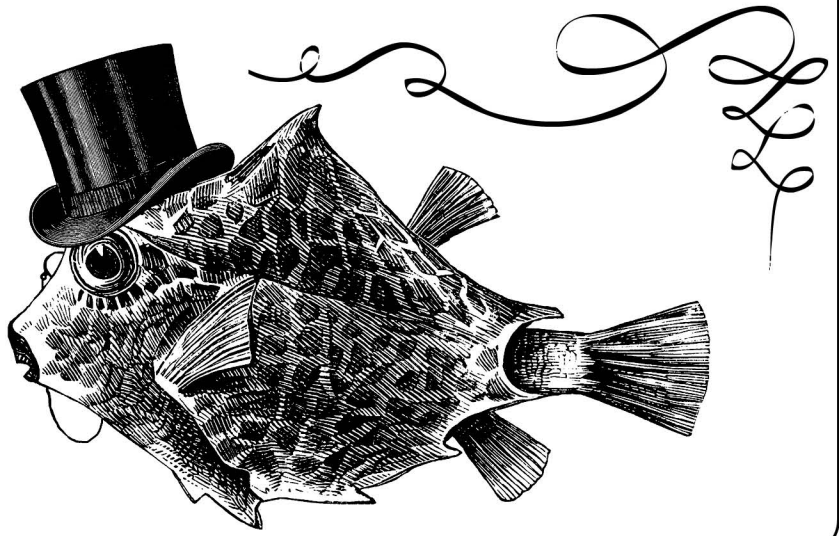
O RLY? Or are you, like many are, stuttering back a broken reflection of something you heard somebody say somewhere? Do you want OUT? Do you know what OUT is? Do you know what IN is, RLY? Do you? Ask yourself. You have to ask yourself all the time. I ask myself, and the answer is "no" a lot more often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

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

☞**QUESTION THE NEXT: AM MYSELVES OUR HABITS?** Dreadful thought: are you actually a Person, or are you just an unconscious bag of protoplasm that exists to run around town collecting disposable shit and then pay somebody to haul it to the dump when you're done with it? It may seem fairly obvious, but I've found myself disappear for WEEKS at a time, only to resurface in the middle of some Anonymous January wondering what the fuck just happened. Come to find out, I'd been so lost in the "Daily Grind," (which is a fallacy) that I didn't even notice that the fucking sun came up. Repeatedly.

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

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



DAILY AFFIRMATION

I AM CHOOSING THESE SOCKS TO COVER MY FEET
BY CHOOSING THESE SOCKS, I HAVE BOTH CHOSEN TO WEAR THEM
AND CHOSEN NOT TO WEAR OTHERS
EVEN IF I JUST REACHED IN MY SOCK DRAWER
AND SELECTED A PAIR AT RANDOM
I CHOSE TO ABSTAIN FROM ACTIVELY CHOOSING
AND THAT TOO IS A CHOICE
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS MATCH OR DO NOT MATCH
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS ARE COMFORTABLE OR ARE NOT
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THESE SOCKS HAVE HOLES OR DO NOT
I WILL WEAR THEM ALL DAY
UNLESS THEY GET WET OR TOO SMELLY OR START TO PISS ME OFF
THEN I WILL CHOOSE TO WEAR OTHER SOCKS
(OR NONE AT ALL,
WHICH IS ANOTHER CHOICE)
BUT FOR NOW, I HAVE CHOSEN THESE SOCKS
TO COVER MY FEET.

I know some of my friends are having a rough go of it right now. Some of you are having trouble thinking of reasons to wake up tomorrow. It's that time of year, it's okay.

I want to remind you that you should keep taking care of your meatsack and keep living, not because I would be sad without you or the world would be a darker place or whatever sappy bullshit you can get off of an inspirational poster. Nope, I'm here to remind you that you should live because it will piss off someone who deserves to be mad.

Listen, you're a weirdo. You don't fit in the mold and you never did. There are people who love you for that, but there are also people out there who get in a snit about it. There are people who wake up angry every day just knowing that there are people like YOU in the world. These people get their undies in a bind about you just going about your life being your best self. Fuck them. You should live because it upsets them. You should live to spoil their rotten view of how things are supposed to be.

And sure, you can live for the other weirdos, so they can see you in the distance and know they are not alone in this world, that there are others who are making a go of it in the wilderness, surviving in spite of everything. But the burden of their expectations and longing can be heavy in the small hours of the night, and sometimes you need something white hot and pure to hold on to.

Sometimes you need spite. If you fall off the face of the earth tomorrow, the assholes will not notice and will not care. If you continue to live, you will be a thorn in their side forever.

Handcuffs II

Loving

It's taken some digging, but I finally managed to grab that little fucker by the neck. Self-destruction. It's something that's been following me around for years, maybe even decades. It hides in my shadow, stalking me, waiting for the moment when vigilance falls.

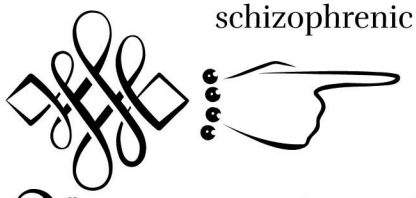
Too dramatic? Then I'll use my new favorite word to describe it: Akrasia. The state of acting against one's better judgment. To act against one's best interests. To do what you know is wrong. Wrong? Not "wrong in the eyes of society/law/god" but wrong like "this isn't what I want to do, but I'm doing it anyway." It's not irrationality – sometimes, being irrational is the best thing you can do. And it's not doing things you don't *want* to do but *have* to do. Is it hypocrisy? In some way, I suppose. If someone was to comment on your behavior, they might use that word... but it seems to me that hypocrisy has more of an implied deception to it, you know how you're going to behave, but you speak cross-wise to it.

No, Akrasia is that troubling way that you find yourself, for example, opening another bottle of wine on Tuesday evening, and then you find yourself on the couch at 1:00 in the morning on your third bottle, knowing full well that the alarm's going to go off in four hours, and you're meeting with the VP at 8:00. It's finding yourself shoving a handful of greasy Chinese food into your mouth when you're thirty pounds overweight. It's doing too many shots at the bar when you know you're going to be playing a show in an hour, and things are going to get sloppy.

This isn't just laziness, this isn't necessarily a Spider. You know, deep in your guts, what the right thing to do is. And you watch yourself doing the opposite. And you find yourself unable to stop. It's not addiction, because it's not necessarily a drug, or a habitual behavior like gambling, or OCD. It's like part of your brain is taking over, while another part watches. A part of your brain that is there to undermine you. It's the part that keeps you at home when you really should be going out. It's the part that keeps you out when you really should be going home.

It's *not* something that's ignorant of the consequences. It *knows* the consequences... In a way, it even *wants* those consequences. It moves ahead, knowing that it's fucking up the other brain's goals and desires – and it's that other brain that you consider "you," or at least the "you" that you like best.

(Not to say that this is some sort of split-brain or schizophrenic tendency. It's only a metaphor.



Don't take it too literally.)

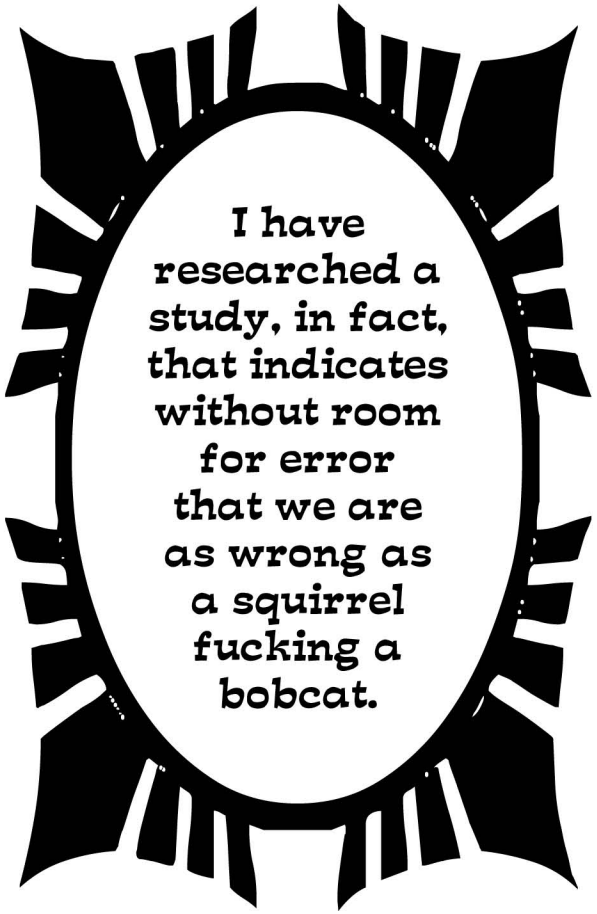
Maybe some of you will call this a lack of Will. Maybe you're right. But it doesn't feel like that. It's not like you know what you need to do but just say, 'eh, fuck it.' You're actively doing what you want to do, but it's either not doing you any favors, it's setting you up for failure, or it's simply going to fuck you up down the road.

I'd like to say there's a conclusion to all of this, that I found a way around or over it, but I'm still coming to terms that it's even *there*. I'm getting in my own way, I'm tripping myself up. And a part of me wants it to happen, and I don't know why.

On Dedication

when I lived in tucson, working as a lowly carpet cleaner/traveling bullshit salesman, i once had the pleasure of cleaning the carpets in the house that served as the monastery for the Universal Life Church. it wasn't really much of a monastery but it was home to an eccentric man named Brother Daniel, who told me about how the government is always following up on obscure religious cults' claims for tax exemption, making sure that they at least actually believe the crap they put on the forms. the IRS' attention was, of course, drawn to one such band of yahoos in san francisco who allegedly worshipped the penis. they sent two very serious tax-enforcement type guys to the building where this cult held their services, the climax of which included all the congregants giving each other blowjobs. they insisted that the IRS guys join them, which they didn't, being on the clock and too good for that kind of thing anyway, but they got the tax exemption. this story is not a story.

~ V3X



Run Away Where?

There's been a lot of discussion on how well we can survive without all these limits, and the answer as far as any of us can tell is "not very well at all, thanks." You're not aware of the feeling of your tongue in your mouth until I mention it, the objects in your peripheral vision, the smell of your own socks, even though you are completely capable of noticing all of those things based on your physical limitations. Your brain needs filters, or you drown in excess, irrelevant information.

You said you wanted to be enlightened, well what the fuck does that mean to you anyway? You want to love your fellow man? Try watching the news and actually allowing yourself to feel the anguish of losing that many brothers and sisters every day.

I've been trying, poorly, to find the words to explain what I went and did to my sense of identity. I'm not doing that because I want to provide people with a roadmap to follow me to some higher state of being, but because I feel the need to warn everyone about the goddamn black ice on the road.

You want to believe in things, so you're very open to all kinds of stuff right now, which makes you prone to every kind of bad thought running around the world. And if you don't have a self, and don't hold on to it, the world will eat you right up and there won't be anything left for the mirror to reflect any more.

There is nothing out there. This is your house.

What I Did

My favorite Christmas present of all time
Was a set of jewelers' screwdrivers
All the little philips, flat and hexes
For tearing down machines
My father got it for me when I was sixteen
And I still have it today.

I remember one day at school
I was sitting in the bathroom
Staring at the fixtures
Because you have to stare at something
And I noticed the screws
Could only be turned one way.

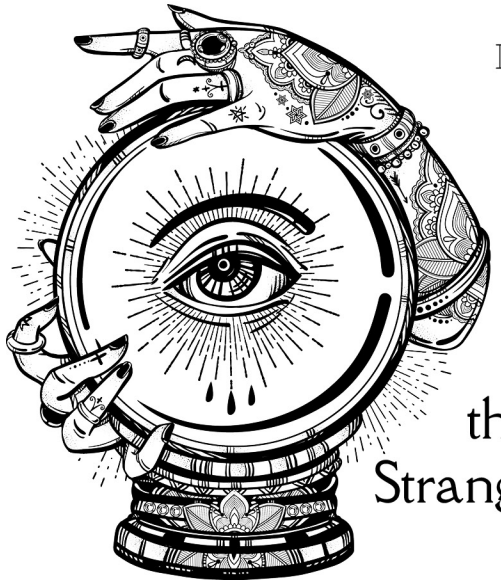
They were designed so they could be tightened
But never unscrewed
And, I reasoned, this was because they didn't want
Any kids to tear apart the bathroom stalls
Which means bathroom stalls
Can be torn apart.

I started looking around the school
And everywhere I saw un-safetied screws
Holding together pieces of things
I took for granted as "solid"
The desks, the walls, the bookshelves
They could all be torn apart.

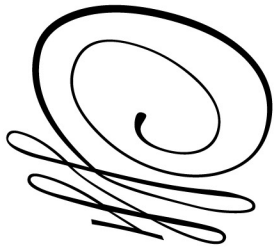
Giddy with my realization
I wanted to tear down the world
I mentally dismantled the schoolbus,
The movie theater, the park benches
I unmade an alarm clock
And broke my father's chisel.

One time I took apart a rotary phone
The faceplate, the dial, everything
I broke all the way down
To a little box of goo
That I still don't know the purpose of
It would never be a phone again.

And sometimes I think this attitude
Explains what happened to my head
Because I learned what brains are made of
And identities
I ate lots of ideas that were bad for me
And tore my shit to pieces.



I think I telephoned
my brain.



the Future is
Strange As Fuck.

You are not supposed to be here. You are a cosmic fluke of the universe. You are an accident of epic proportions. Figuring the odds of your existence would require more decimals places than a normal pocket calculator would allow. Just determining the odds of life forming on earth is enough to make your head reel.

And yet, you are still here.

Not because of fate or destiny or karma. You are here because someone had to be here. Something had to exist eventually and it might as well be you. We exist in defiance of the universe.

And believe it or not, that is a good thing. The universe doesn't get to tell us why we exist or what we are supposed to do while we are here. We get to make our own purpose and our own paths. Fuck anyone who tries to get in our way.

We are the Children of Chaos.
Born of Disorder.
Against the odds and because of the odds.

~ Jason Ouabache

Cephalopods are not aliens,
but they are the most alien intelligence
we have any access to for the time being.

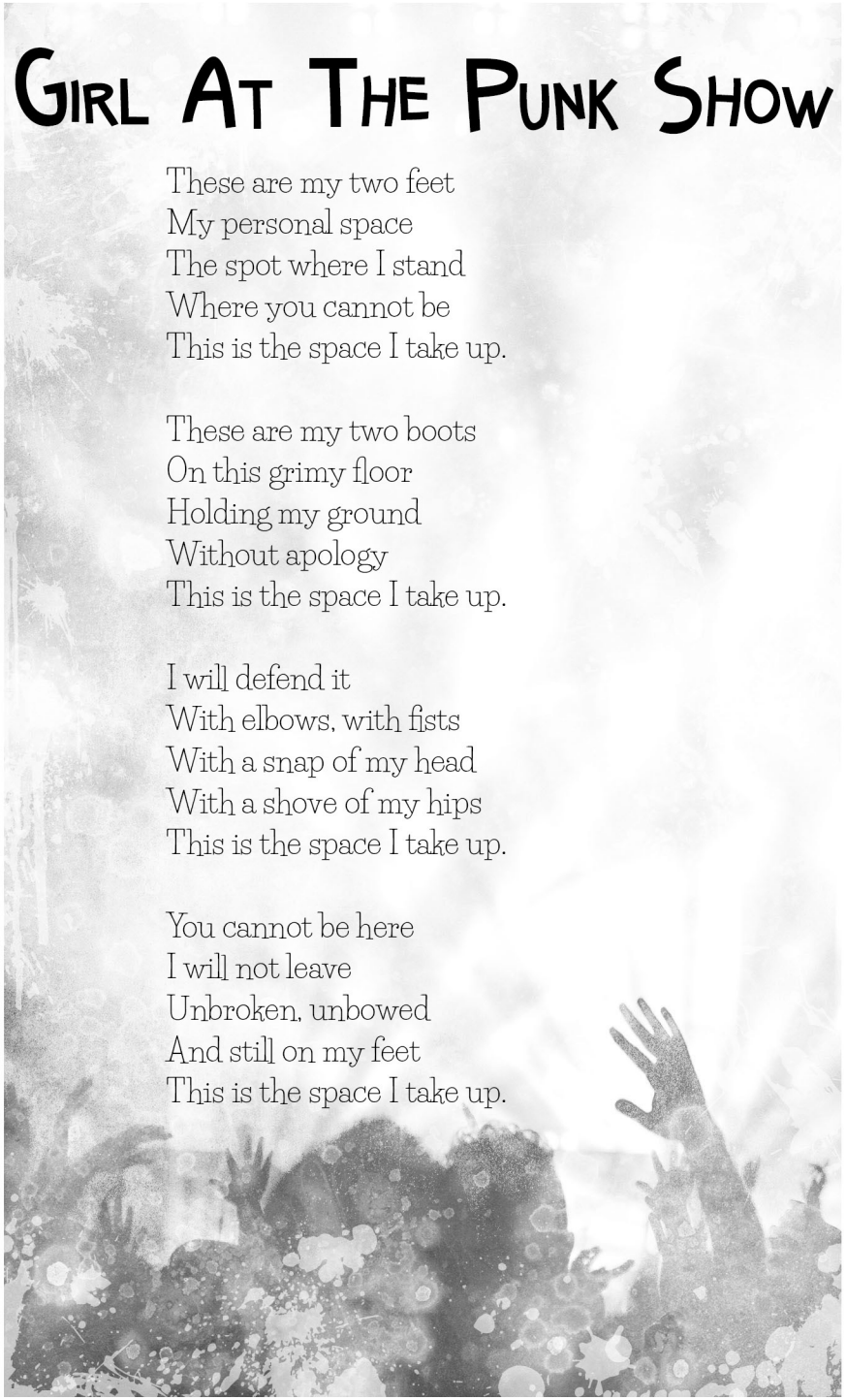
Girl At The Punk Show

These are my two feet
My personal space
The spot where I stand
Where you cannot be
This is the space I take up.

These are my two boots
On this grimy floor
Holding my ground
Without apology
This is the space I take up.

I will defend it
With elbows, with fists
With a snap of my head
With a shove of my hips
This is the space I take up.

You cannot be here
I will not leave
Unbroken, unbowed
And still on my feet
This is the space I take up.



Bare Minimum Overview of the Black Iron Prison

as recovered from an ancient manuscript in the archives of Semi Secret Order Of Kabbalistic Navigators (SSOOKN).

1. What you think of as REALITY is a collection of ideas and beliefs about REALITY. Many of the ideas you have about REALITY come from the culture in which you were raised and have accumulated haphazardly over time.

2. This, in itself, is not a problem. The problem is in forgetting point number 1. When you forget point 1, you mistake your ideas about reality for being REALITY itself. Of this, it has been said 'the menu is not the meal'. Please refrain from eating the menu.

3. People who 'eat the menu' frequently become confused and annoyed when other people insist on seeing REALITY in a different way. All that truly differs are their ideas and beliefs about REALITY.

4. Beliefs are just thoughts you keep having.

5. No living being is capable of perceiving all of REALITY, as all senses of perception are limited. Humans can only see, hear, smell, taste and feel within certain parameters. Information entering our senses undergoes compression, filtration, and distortion, before interpretation. Interpretation is what happens when information meets your 'beliefs'.

6. For no good reason, we call this composite of Belief and Biological Limits THE BLACK IRON PRISON and is a metaphor about existence. It means that there is very little you can do about biology; however, you can choose what becomes part of your beliefs. (Always keeping point 1 in mind).

7. Each person exists within their own, unique BIP 'cell'. The cell is composed of the following: a) Biological limits – these are largely unchangeable. b) Belief systems – these are highly changeable. Because of (a) the BIP cell cannot be escaped. Because of (b) your life experience, your 'cell', can be altered drastically. This is what we try to call 'reconstruction'.

8. A life long commitment to continual reconstruction is known, ironically, as 'The Jail Break'. Reconstruction is HARD WORK.

9. The collection of beliefs, thoughts, notions etc that form your cell are all equally VALID, though none are TRUE in the sense that they "are" REALITY. However, some beliefs and ideas are more useful than others in specific situations. It is up to the individual to decide which beliefs and ideas they should employ in a given situation.

10. Some people believe that the term BLACK IRON PRISON is dark, bleak, depressing and even frightening. If you prefer, use the term GOLDEN SPHERE of POSSIBILITY (GSP) instead. It means exactly the same thing as BIP and all points still apply.

11. BIP (or GSP) can be philosophical antidote to dogmatism.

You are cordially invited to a Jail Break.

Loss and Patterns

I live with pretty significant tinnitus. I've talked about it a bit before. There are plenty of things I can try to blame it on, from earbuds to my kids' screaming when they were babies, my loudass husband or the chant-leading I do. Fact is, my generation is LEADING THE CURVE when it comes to early-onset hearing loss, and I can remember having persistent (albeit less intrusive) ear-ringing all the way back to Kindergarten. But this isn't about environmental noise or generational misery, I wanna talk about chickens.

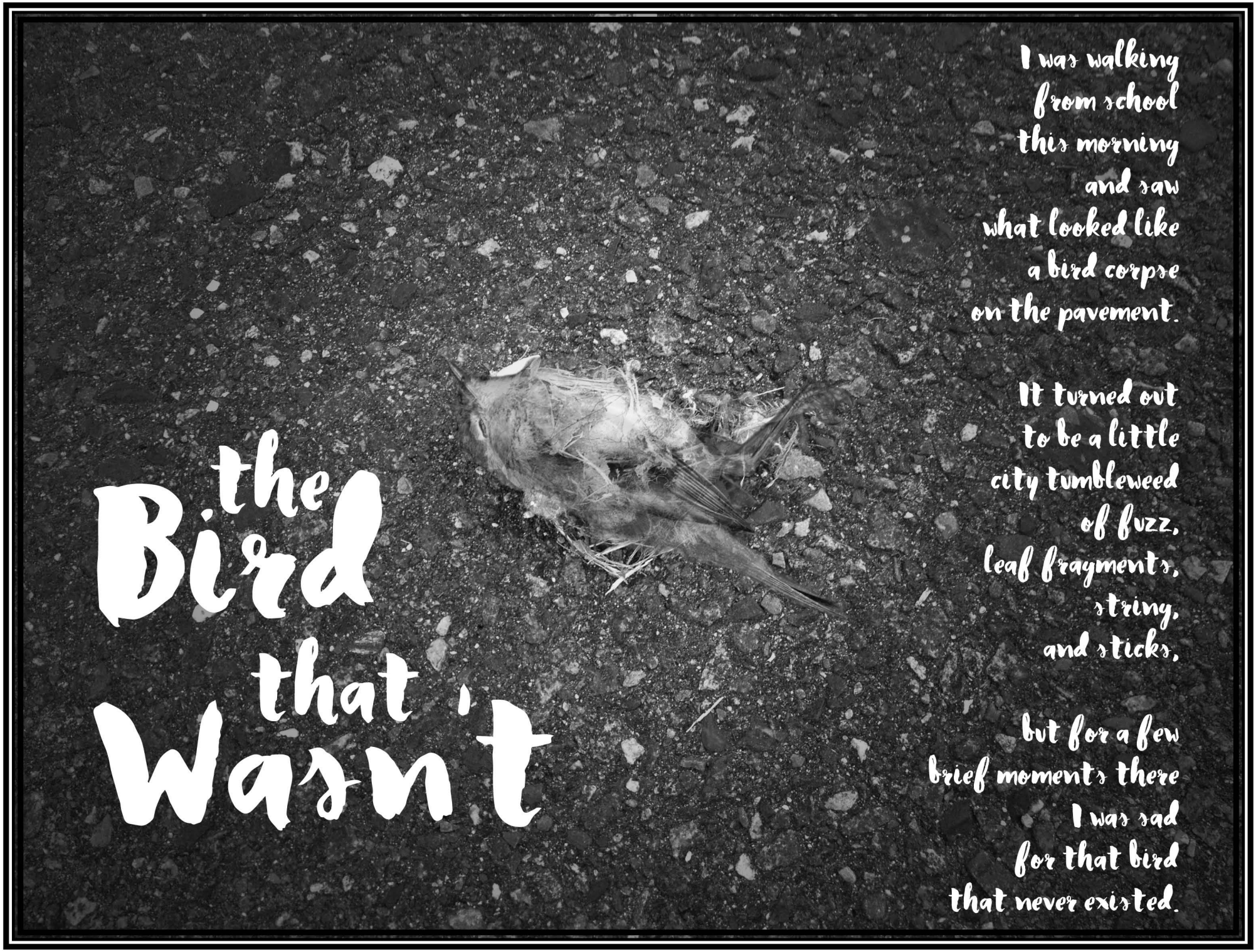
My landlord (who lives downstairs) keeps chickens. I think there are about a dozen of them, a mix of brown and barred rock hens. One day my husband was lying next to me and said something about "those fucking chickens." There was a pause while I looked at him in utter confusion, and then he remembered. "Oh, that's right, you probably can't hear them."

It's weird, because I can't really think of myself as disabled. I can manage in most situations just fine, even if I do sometimes have to ask people to repeat themselves, or turn my good ear to face someone speaking softly. There are times I just smile and nod (and my smile and nod game is ON POINT, lemme tell ya). I can do phone calls and I can usually keep up with television, and movies are so loud now I'm pretty sure the dead can make out the dialogue.

But this isn't just a story about loss.

I started writing this because those fucking chickens are at it again. See, now that he mentioned they crow at random hours of the day, I can make sense of that part of the noise, hear it clearly even though it's softer than the racket in my head. It has become Signal, and brains are very good at picking out signal. This isn't unique to the chickens, either. When I'm listening to music it can take a sometimes distressingly long time to catch the beat, to find a lyric or something to catch my pattern-seeking on, but once it catches it's like the whole thing comes into focus. Confusing sounds settle into familiarity. I can sing along if I want to.

Things are getting worse. I feel sometimes like I'm in a race against the clock, trying to cram as many auditory patterns in my skull as I can before things pass a threshold and new information can't be put in. Because I know even if I completely lose this sense, I will be able to fake it quite convincingly. I ill be able to parse the faintest hints of a song, the look of a face as words are being formed, and I will hear the whole pattern. It may not be entirely accurate, it may be dead wrong, but there will still be that internal experience of sound.


the Bird that Wasn't
I was walking
from school
this morning
and saw
what looked like
a bird corpse
on the pavement.
It turned out
to be a little
city tumbleweed
of fuzz,
leaf fragments,
string,
and sticks,
but for a few
brief moments there
I was sad
for that bird
that never existed.

Something happened.

Sadly I didn't give those words a minute of thought, but still, after a night of heavy drinking, I was sitting on a bus, intoxicated and heading home. A situation way too familiar to me. Like I've literally been in the same exact moment multiple times in my life. But this time, instead of just thinking about stuff or staring at the void, I tried thinking forward. Step into the future, through the bus ride, a short walk from the stop, opening a door, walking up the stairs, entering my apartment... And then what?

If I made that decision on that split second I stood on my doormat, I would've probably just continued the loop. Open a tv, find something to eat, pass out, and whatever, but as I had a whole bus ride to think about it I came to very different conclusion. I'd instead decided to put my phone to charge, drink water, and go read a book.

I have no idea how long this is gonna last, but since then, being less than 10 hours ago, I've had this feeling I always "know" what I'm doing next. While going through an action, I can decide the following actions for as far as my memory lets me. After that everything has felt like a continuum. Not just isolated moments shattered across time with no way to travel between them.

I know most tend to call this phenomenon planning, but hell, it feels like magic to me.

A moment of clarity from Con-Troll

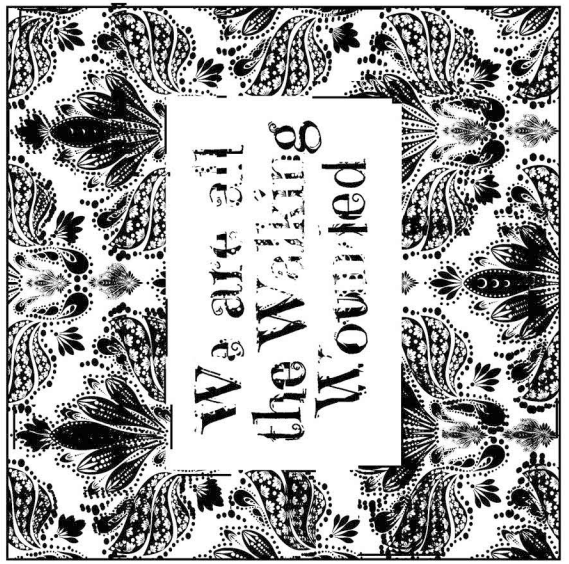
Lizard Brain

LOOK, I KNOW YOU SAID THIS GUY IS COOL AND ALL AND I RESPECT YOU FOREBRAIN BUT SERIOUSLY. SERIOUSLY.

DID YOU MISS THE PART WHERE HE STARTED DRINKING BEFORE YOU WOKE UP THIS MORNING, AFTER DRINKING LONG PAST THE POINT YOU WENT TO SLEEP? YOU WERE ONLY OUT FOR LIKE 6 HOURS. THIS IS NOT COOL.

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO THESE STORIES HES TELLING YOU? THESE ARE NOT STORIES SAFE PEOPLE TELL. SAFE PEOPLE DO NOT SEE THEMSELVES IN THIS LIGHT. YOU ARE GOING TO GET US ACCIDENTAL ALCOHOLIC RAGE MURDERED.

YES, I UNDERSTAND THIS IS A PERSON WHO RUNS ON LOYALTY AND WHO HAS PUT YOU IN THE "MY DUTY TO PROTECT" CAMP, BUT WHO THE FUCK EVEN SEES THE WORLD LIKE THAT? OH, I KNOW: DANGEROUS PEOPLE.



STOP PRETENDING YOU ARE OKAY WITH THIS. PRETENDING TO BE OKAY WITH THIS IS NOT A VALID SURVIVAL TECHNIQUE. SMILING AND NODDING WILL NOT SAVE US THIS TIME.

THIS IS WHY YOU KEEP ME AROUND. BECAUSE THE WORLD STILL HAS LIONS IN IT AND YOURE TOO BUSY LOOKING FOR THORNS IN ITS PAWS TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY.

DUMBASS.

Exploring Beyond Maps

A more skeptical leaning with regard to model realism has long been part of Discordian Mythos, and indeed we all hear the old anecdote about Maps and Territories gets thrown around a lot (as it should be). Robert Anton Wilson - who called himself an Agnostic Mystic - probably did a great deal to promote this perspective, for example in this famous segment from Prometheus Rising:

> "All experience is a muddle, until we make a model to explain it. The model can clarify the muddles, but the model is never the muddle itself. "The map is not the territory"; the menu does not taste like the meal."

Intelligence is knowing that a tomato is a fruit.
Wisdom is knowing that you shouldn't put tomatoes in your fruit salad.

A Discordian is someone who makes tomato-based fruit salads, despite knowing better.

Implicitly, the metaphor of a Map elicits the idea of correspondence; the symbols on the Map are intended to correspond to objects in the Territory. This fits in with the correspondence theory of truth; a descriptive conception of models as representations of reality. Indeed - even explanatory value can be conceived as a type of causal description. I would guess the majority of scientific work is orientated around this Map conception.

This is all good and well, and this idea of the Map (the descriptive model) is very powerful and useful for navigating and clarifying the Territory. However I would doubt a person's exploration skills if they spend more time staring at a Map than at the Territory. Nor do we as inhabitants of the Territory spend all our time navigating - we live here, work here, and play here - we use more Tools than just Maps.

What if some ideas are more like a Compass - for example the contrast between Erisian and Anerisian - are there for giving a rough orientation in the Territory? Or perhaps others still function as a Torch, illuminating (inner or outer) darkness in the territory (think of how the law of fives helps reveal our confirmation bias). Other might be MetaTools - such as the Analytical Knife that dissects Maps, or the Synthetic Duck Tape for binding them together. The list goes on....

The treatment of ideas as Tools is nothing new; in the American Pragmatic tradition a position known as Instrumentalism sought to treat scientific theory as a tool for prediction, and our kindred Chaos Magic tradition takes a similar attitude to beliefs. In my opinion this is a powerful way to treat thoughts and models, although certainly not the only valid way. However - if we are to take this attitude - I would suggest we explore beyond Maps.

REJOICE!

You are the persecuted ones.
You will never be accepted.
You will never be initiated with the rites of power.
You will never be permitted
into the caste of the ruling classes.
You will be persecuted until the ends of time.

REJOICE!

Unlike the Christian Church, which rose from
persecuted to persecutor, you will never be empowered,
never be authorized, never be in charge.
You are persecuted. You will always be persecuted.
You will be branded heretic.
You will be denounced from the pulpit
and the television screen.
You will be scrutinized by civilization
and found lacking in virtue.
You will be swept up with the devil's debris.

REJOICE!

Unlike Al-Qaeda, which rose from obscurity to
celebrity, you will never be considered, never be feared,
never suffer from delusions of grandeur.
You are in the minority.
You will always be in the minority.
You will be passed over, discarded, downsized,
disposed, and trashed.
You will be dismissed as an irrelevancy.
No one will come to your aid.
You are alone.

REJOICE!

Unlike everyone else, who rises from proletarian to
consumerist machine, you will never be programmed,
never be brainwashed, never be owned.
For you swim against the stream, you are strong.
You are the lone voice in a materialistic wilderness.
You are the crazed prophet.
You are the voice of irrationality in a world
of brutalizing sanity.
You are the pavement cracks.
You are the lost stuff of history.
You are not of what they are.
And for that you will be unmercifully hounded
like the rats of the black plague.

REJOICE!

Take comfort.
For you are the persecuted ones.

—GNIMBLEY

Nothing to Fear

We will never be imprisoned
We are the ones who will be shot on sight
They will invent new execution tools if they have to.

We will never be captured
We are not the ones they want in a cell
They will string us up in the square unannounced.

We will never be tortured
We are the ones interrogators fear
They will scream to drown out our hideous laughter.

We will never be converted
We are the ones who corrupt all we touch
They will cut out our tongues before we can speak.

We will never be imprisoned
We are the ones who die upright
They will be afraid long after we are gone.

Atheists vs Believers

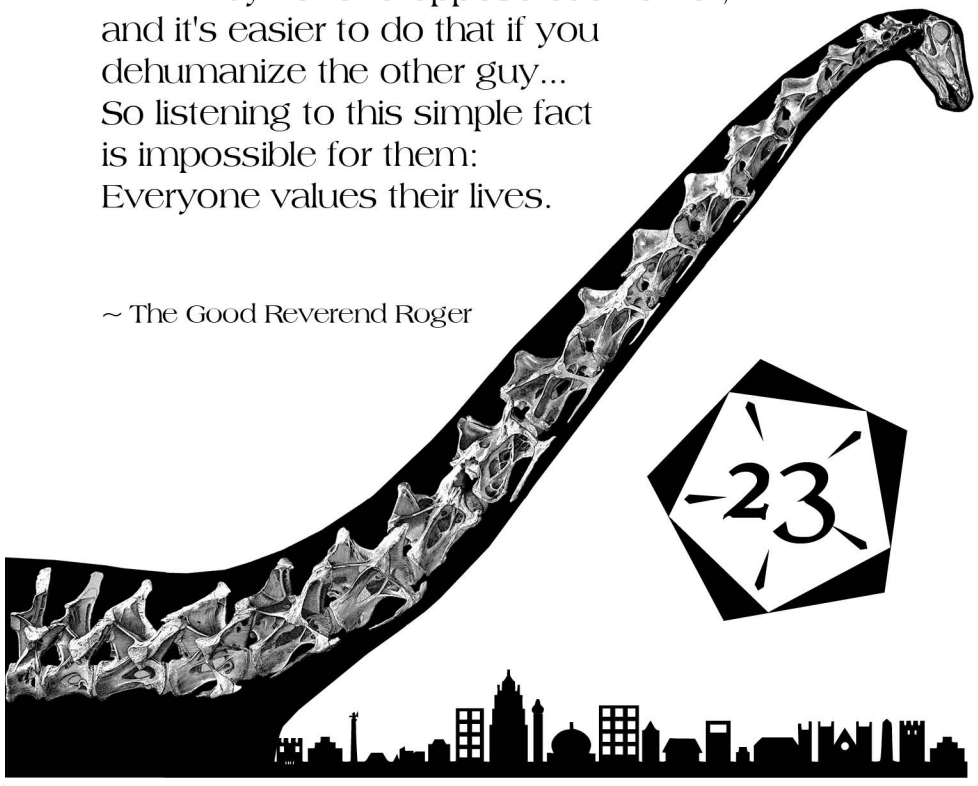
The believer thinks that atheists don't think life matters much, because when you die, you're just a lump of inanimate meat. Atheists think that believers don't think life matters much, because it's just a waiting room for heaven.

Both are, of course, incorrect:

Atheists value life because that's all there is, and believers value life because they consider it a gift from a deity (or deities).

Neither side will hear that, though, because they think they have to oppose each other, and it's easier to do that if you dehumanize the other guy...
So listening to this simple fact is impossible for them:
Everyone values their lives.

~ The Good Reverend Roger



Why They Hate You

- from that hateful Yeti **The Good Reverend Roger**

If you are LGBT+, there is going to be a segment of the population that hates you.
They will give all manner of reasons... Some will say you offend their religious sensibilities, some will blather pseudo-scientific nonsense, and a few slightly more honest ones will say they feel a strong aversion to you. But none of those reasons explain outright hate.

No, they hate you because, despite their very strong feelings on the subject, you insist on being what you are **without their permission.**
As if your life and all of your decisions were not subject to their veto. Almost as if their opinions weren't even relevant. This and this alone explains the sheer amount of hate they have coming out of every orifice. They were okay with Gays in the closet, because people in the closet are demonstrating that they are at least willing to accommodate their wishes. They were okay with transgender people at Mardi Gras. **But for serious, right in front of them? In broad daylight?** It's an **OUTRAGE**, and if you don't stop, God will kill more people in Kansas and Oklahoma.

But here's the important bit, a thing most of us know but hardly ever process: **You don't need their permission. For anything.**
They will get pissed off. we will bray spittle and laughter in their pinched, hateful little faces. They will threaten us with God. God will continue to not back them up. They will babble about "the sanctity of marriage", and we will continue getting our monkey on in bizarre ways they pretend they never thought of.

They can do their best to make your life miserable.
They can resort to violence and legislative temper tantrums and call you names on the street. But they can't reach into your heart and change who you are, and they are running out of energy to even try. You are winning, and they know it.

They cannot stop you, not with all the lies and tricks and teargas in the world.

They're going to hate you, there is no point saying otherwise. But they **already** hate you, and pandering to your enemies is a losing strategy. So get out there and continue to not give a damn what they think. They will get high blood pressure, and you will be the ass-kicking, name-taking, foot-stomping freak you always knew you were.

Or Kill Me.

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I Am Not Your Lesson

~ Jessica Rose ~

I am not your lesson. I am not here to educate you.
I am not "other", I am not "different".
I am not to be joked about or laughed at.
I am not here to topiary your etiquette
concerning things you don't understand.
You are an adult.
Do it your fucking self.

I am not here to teach you.
I am not here to be an example.
I do not want to lead from the front.
I want to be me.

I do not give a shit who doesn't like it.
Let them.
Fuck them.
I am not here to teach anyone shit.
I am here to live my life.

I didn't sign up for this.
And I have enough to deal with.
I do not care if you know or not.
Figure it out yourself.
I have my own life to live.
And I am not your lesson.

NO RETREAT
NO REGRETS

THE DINOSAURS NEVER DIED

It was a lie all along. The museum trophies of crystalizing carcasses were nothing more than the same tired authoritarian propaganda we consumed like sweet poison in our childhood. Look at how the mighty have fallen. See now the wages of hubris, the inevitable fate of all those who cannot live within the paradigm of human superiority.

Nothing so great and wild could last, they said. Nothing could deter Nature's divine plan for the glory of the mammals and man. The dinosaurs had to go, because they we could not survive in their world. The dinosaurs had to be wiped out, because nothing that becomes so great can ever relinquish power. Nothing great becomes small voluntarily.

But look! On every continent, in every climate! In the patient gliding of falcons and the alien eyes of pigeons, the T-Rex feet of baby chicks! They've been here all along. No great and terrible cataclysm, no violent deposal from the throne. They let go of the earth and became what they were always meant to be.

What will we become when we let go?

Extinction Event

Jessica Rose

You crashed into my life like a comet landing on stupid dinosaurs made of their idiot flesh. And you rocked my world, left a crater where my sense of self worth should have been. Blocked out the atmosphere around my ego, sent my whole thought process into an ice age. I'm rebuilding but that's the point of an extinction event, there's nothing there afterwards.

There wasn't much left in the world once you exploded on my surface. I thought I had the things I needed and needed the things I had. But once you wiped it all away I realised that nothing was what it was. And I needed to rebuild into something that could survive the next extinction event.

But I can't think about the next extinction event right now because its raining fire. Volcanos are going off and the sky is black and it's cold, it's so cold. I know you never meant to hurt me, I know you never meant to take it all away but you did. It's gone and like the wiltings of the flowers once it's gone it's never going to come back.

I am never going to come back.

I can rebuild but what does rebuilding mean?
Am I like the ship of theseus?
If it's still me, even if it's all different, is it still me?
What even am I if everything has been wiped out?

Am I the parts of myself, the things that can be wiped away, the dinosaurs and the trees? Or am I the immutable? The land and the volcanos and the seas. Am I the inclements? The hail and the snow, the acid rain and the sulfer drifting from the heavens.

Am I all of it? Am I self cannibalising? Small parts of a giant whole in a constant war, consuming and being consumed.

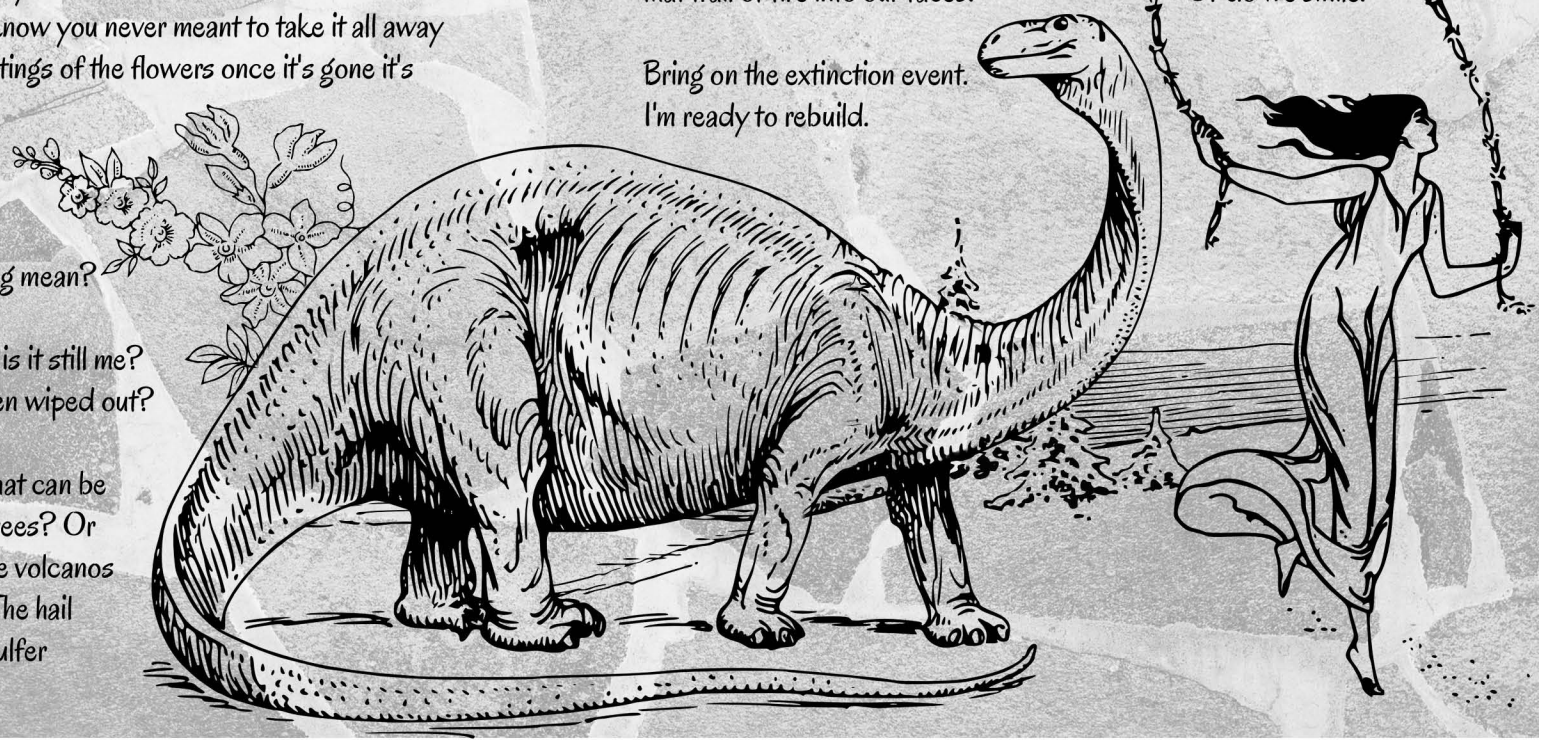
Do I have the resilience to survive an extinction even, or do I just crumble? What is rebuilding if you didn't like all the parts you have. Are we doomed to always be who we are, or do extinction events exist? Am I lucky to have met you, or was I always doomed from the start.

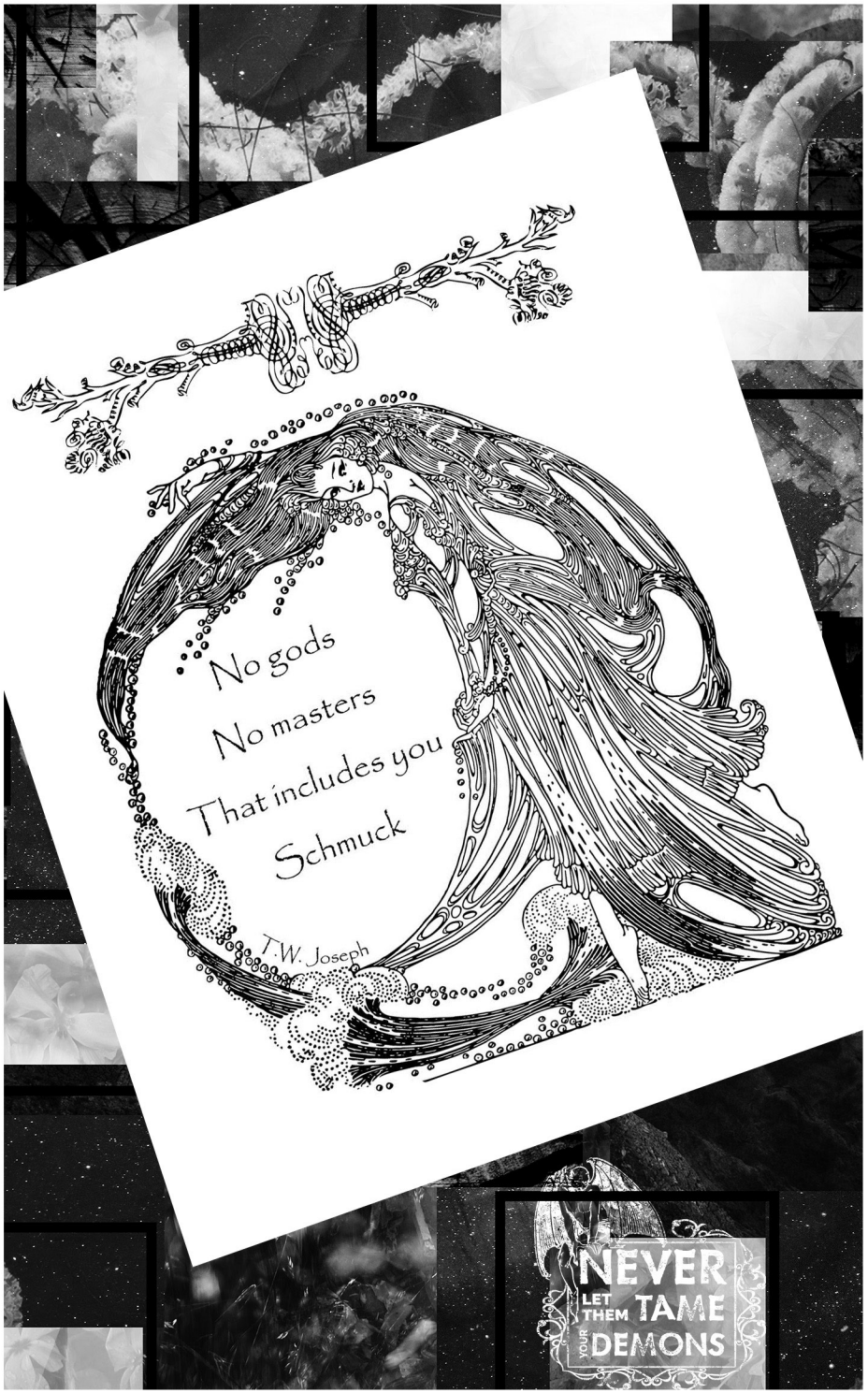
Was the point of me always to be destroyed or did I have a choice? Do my decisions matter when there's always a comet out there? Is life worth living when we all have our own extinction events to face. Is there beauty in the rubble, or should we all submit to our inevitable destruction.

Is an extinction event a fresh start, or the end.
Do we roll over and die, do we accept fate.
Do we cry at the comet as it rides
that trail of fire into our faces.

Or do we smile.

Bring on the extinction event.
I'm ready to rebuild.





We become what we pretend to be, so we must be very careful with our fantasies. The dollhouse of course represents domestic submission, but even this may be subverted. Look, Dolly! I have created a space under the cupboards to hide the persecuted dinosaur refugees. Tomorrow, we shall grafitti anti-establishment propaganda all over town. Never forget that our forebears were abolishonists and suffragettes: law-breakers and dissidents all!

YOU LIKE BAD PEOPLE

I am constantly being told
by men
who write
that they will unravel
the mystery of me

That they will put pen
to paper
and draw forth
some real person
out of the chaos before them
and they will sort it into words
and phrases
and turn me real
Name me
like Adam did the beasts
and thus save me
from this mess

They swear this
because men
who write
cannot leave well enough alone
cannot be simply happy
but chase down beauty
and devote themselves
to hopeless pursuits
desperate for suffering
they can turn
into art

And I am the art
they think
is waiting to be

They are mistaken
of course
I am not the Princess
no Manic Pixie here

Monster Girl is me
all claws and teeth and bones
and hidden anatomy

Nightmare Girl am I
with my eyes
of earth, sea and sky
no checkboxes can hold

Sorcerous Girl, still standing
stronger than the dark
straddling the spaces
between
where witches work
and logic rules

Defiant Girl, forever
my feet planted
shoulder width
arms up
hair back
scarred and scary me

My heart is a furnace
and my soul is the howling void.

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

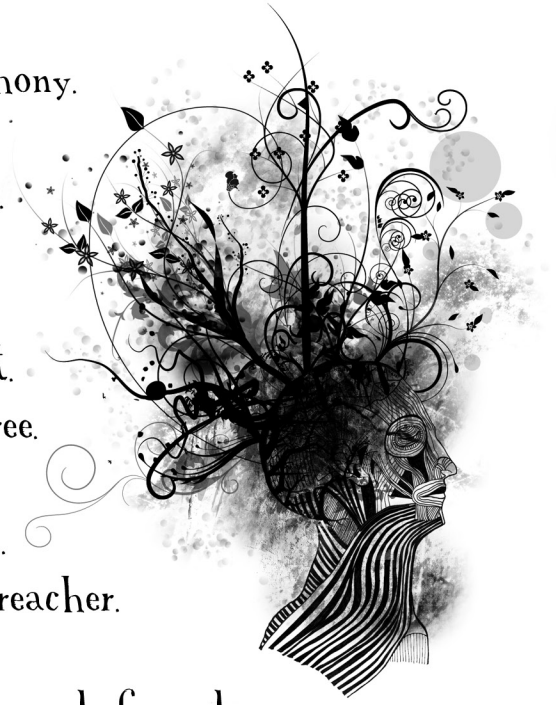
It affects you. In changes the way that you behave, you take the experience of being hit by that shrapnel with you in every decision that you make. Even if you remove it, the scar remains. Even in its absence, it informs your decisions.

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

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

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

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



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

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

-LMNO

Note to young men:

BY RICHTER

You may hear some noise from these people or groups talking more about "Manliness". Like character, integrity, strength, or proper use of testosterone are some kind of fine lost art.

They're NOT.

Growing your chin pubes won't do shit.
Carrying a pocketknife won't do shit.
Suspenders, pipe smoking, bourbn drinking, gun shooting board nailing, woods walking, Jack Londoning, Melville, Kipling, Kennedy, strt razoring, Masons, turkish baths and Indian clubs won't do SHIT EITHER.

That little voice in the back of your head - the one that you disregard because it sounds like daddy or grandaddy - that tells you to do something because it's "Right" or "responsible" - start there.

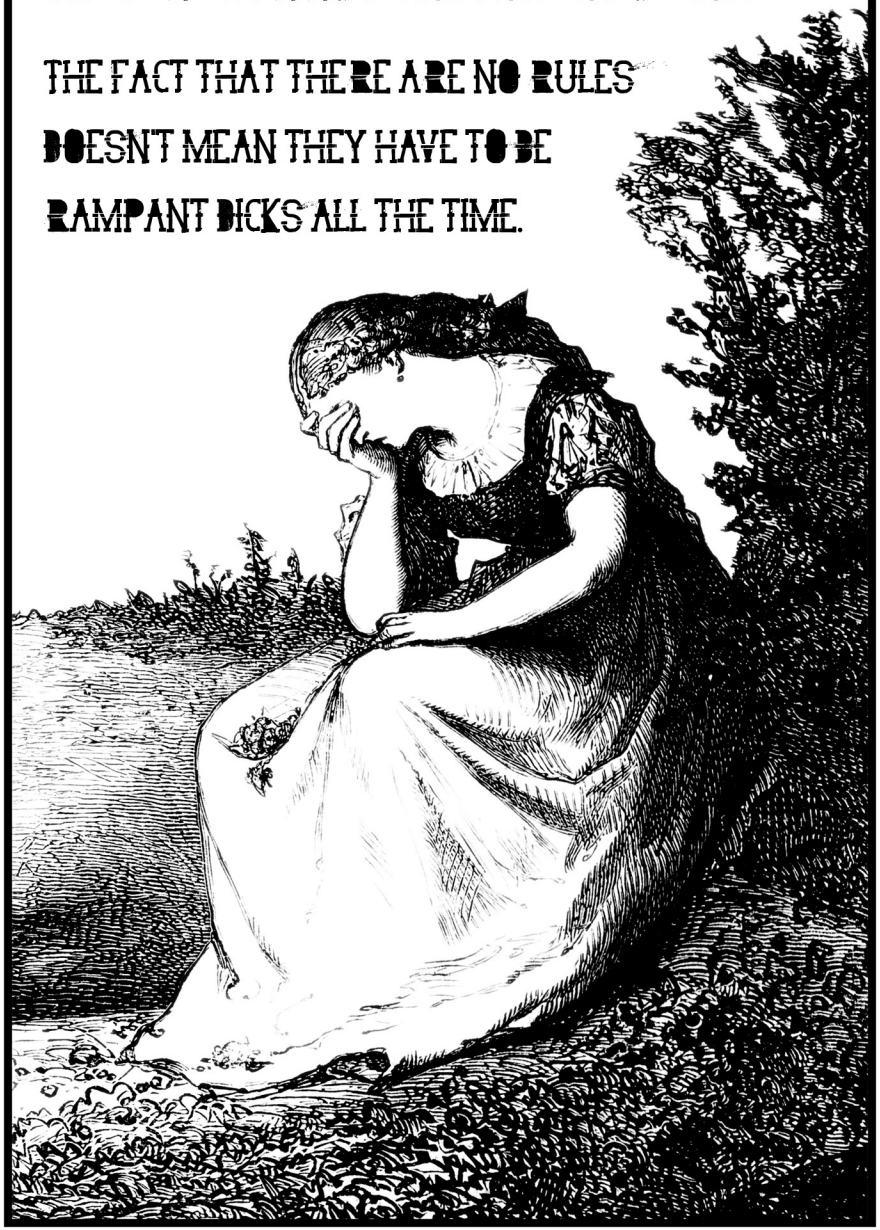
If you don't have this voice find a role model.

(Same as above)

REPLACING ONE SILLY BELIEF
FOR ANOTHER DOESN'T MEAN
YOU ARE ENLIGHTENED

WHY IS IT THAT WHEN YOU REMIND PEOPLE OF THEIR FREEDOM, THEY USE IT ALL ON BEING LITTLE SHITS AND RUINING OTHER PEOPLE'S GAMES?

THE FACT THAT THERE ARE NO RULES DOESN'T MEAN THEY HAVE TO BE RAMPANT DICKS ALL THE TIME.



Sometimes the thing that's got you fucked up is too insignificant to justify just how fucked up you are.

Sometimes the monsters have no nads for you to kick.

Sometimes you find yourself overdosing on adrenaline and cortisol for no good reason at all.

Sometimes there's no hope of a satisfying narrative conclusion.

And you can hide from this reality, and you can deny this reality, you can live in this reality with no hope of ever growing up or out of your petty trauma and maladaptive coping mechanisms. You can be furious with this reality, and scream into the unfairness of not having a moment to dredge up and fight and win. You can insist that no you're fine really and let everyone else carry the burden of your shit, because you won't.

But these are choices,
and you have other options as well.

If a narrative conclusion is what you need, then go and fucking make one. Your head's as big as mine, as big as all our heads: whole universes fit in there. Start using that machine for something more productive than Marvel Cinematic Universe continuity errors. Build yourself a monster and fight it. Invent yourself a trauma and overcome it. Write your own Rite of Passage.

You've always been a flighty kid, a dreamy kid, a kid with an overactive imagination. Stop hating that and start using it. Stop wasting it on entertainment and start using it to heal yourself. Write a better story. Run a better game. Make better art. Run that "coming to terms with the past" narrative over and over until it wears a rut in your brain as familiar as the one that says you're an idiot who can't do anything right. Make it as automatic as the path from your bed to the toilet.

Because it turns out your brain doesn't actually give a shit whether the bad thing you're getting over is real or not, it just needs practice going through the motions. It turns out healing is a habit like any other, and "cheating" means absolutely nothing in this context. Sure, there are people with specific monsters with nads they can kick, who need to spend time doing that thing, but if you are one of the many who is broken because of a thousand papercuts instead of a gaping sword wound, take heed.

Pretending is more powerful than you know.

OUR LADY OF PRAGMATISM

Thou shalt wear shorts under thine skirts.
Leggings or pants are also acceptable.

Thou shalt have hair as long or short as thou please, but thou shalt always be able to get that shit out of thine face.

Thou shalt not wear shoes that thou canst not run in.
Exceptions shall be made for shoes that thou canst cast off in a hurry.

Thou shalt not fear getting in a fight.

Thou shalt not break laws casually or by accident.

Thou shalt vote, and thine votes shall be made based on some small amount of research, even if said research is done minutes beforehand on thine phone.

Thou shalt sign petitions in real life and not merely on the internets.

Thou shalt get thine hands dirty.

Thou shalt learn to ask for help effectively, even when thou doth not know who to ask.

Thou shalt do joyful things, for without thine mental heath thou art useless to everyone.

No Subject Entered

-Cuddlefish of the Infinite Regress

Things are as they are because they are.
That's the only explanation that you'll get,
As modern science or religion
Haven't found a better answer yet.
To explain the fleshy brain we contain within our heads,
We would have the need to create newly tangled synapse threads.
So, to say, to know ones-self, individual or collective,
We must stop being what we are and choose a new directive.
So we understand the physical, the taking off and landing,
But naught a brain exists alive that understands the understanding.
Ouroboros' has lain a curse upon the human mind.
It seeks to see for itself the one thing it can't find.
Aware of self and self aware, it all seems rather careless,
And also rather silly to be aware of self awareness.
I dream a dream that dreams
Of my dreams of dreaming.
How on Earth could such a thing
Result in any useful meaning?

Something To Do

So, there's this story from 2015 where a man from Senoia, Georgia drove a truck through his own house. And sure, you see stories all the time about accidents where a driver fell asleep at the wheel, or hit the gas when they thought it was the brake, or thought they were in reverse when they were in drive, or what have you, but this was none of that. He drove his truck through his house, clear through from the back yard out to the front, intentionally.

This made the news, in several outlets. There are photos.

Some iterations of this story accuse -- and I shit you not this is his real name -- John Paul Jones Jr. of driving through the house because he was frustrated nobody wanted to buy it, but I'm mostly interested in the version of the story that CBS46 went with. I found it because of the fantastic final line: "Jones is not being charged with a crime because there's nothing against the law about driving a truck through a house, as long as it's your truck and your house." It got passed around social media, because of course it did, and eventually wound up in one of my random feeds, and then I had to go track it down.

This version of the story, the one I was reading, explicitly refutes earlier reports, saying Jones wasn't mad at the house, but just frustrated in general. He'd just gotten off the phone with his wife, he's been out of work for a year and a half, one thing just led to another.

It's important to know that Jones is a contractor (the kind who do construction and handy work). He fixed all the damage to the house in two days. "I've been out of work for the past year and a half. Needed some work," he told CBS46. "It didn't pay anything, but hey, it kept me busy."

And yeah, that's pretty fucking funny. The bit where he tells the cops he did it because he needed air conditioning is great. But like everything, if you look at it long enough, you start seeing pieces of bigger things in it. Nothing happens independent of context.

So I'm sitting here, reading essentially a "news of the weird" post, and I'm starting to think about the economy in Georgia, and the private contracting economy across the country. I'm thinking about the recession that never really ended, not for poor folks, and I'm thinking about all the people who bought "fixer-uppers" in 2007. And then I think about certain breeds of dog, the ones where they need something to do or they will tear holes in your yard and destroy your house.

I think about John Jones, generic as can be, and how he needed something to do.

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

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

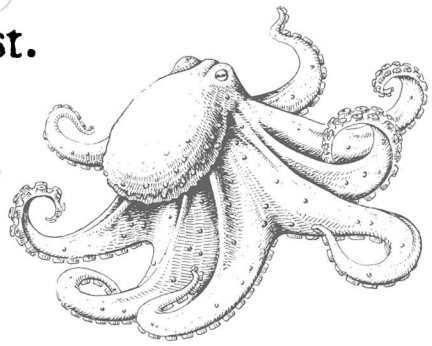
Why?

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

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

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

Always punch the ghost.

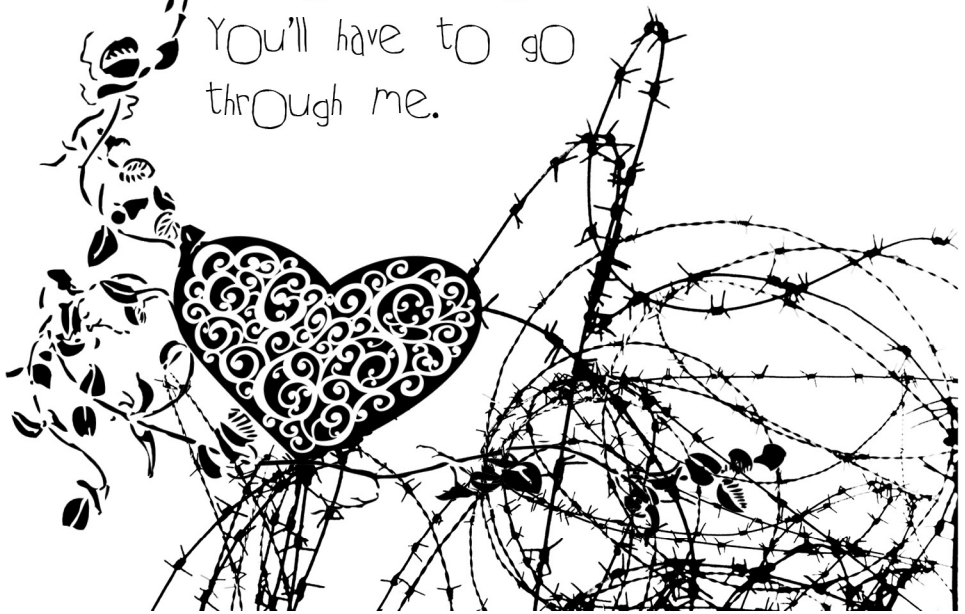


What do I know, stranger?
I'm only a poor octopus shepherd.

My heart has been encrypted
With a One time pad
Sanitized and salted
My firewalls Ironclad

My heart is stOred remOtely
In a fOreign server farm
Where they shred FBI requests
(Al Qaeda's twO racks dOwn)

My heart's behind a passwOrd
And biOmetric key
If yOu want tO steal my heart
YOu'll have tO gO
thrOugh me.



Wipe thine ass with what is written and grin like a ninny at what is spoken

The Honest Book of Truth

"People have always been people" is my favourite part of anthropology

People graffitid your mum jokes on the walls of Pompeii

Junior monks wrote complaints into their copied manuscripts

The Aboriginal Australians passed down 10,000 year old oral histories in campfire stories

Children played with little rolling ox toys in Mughal India

Indigenous Americans hurled balls around courts in games like ones we still play

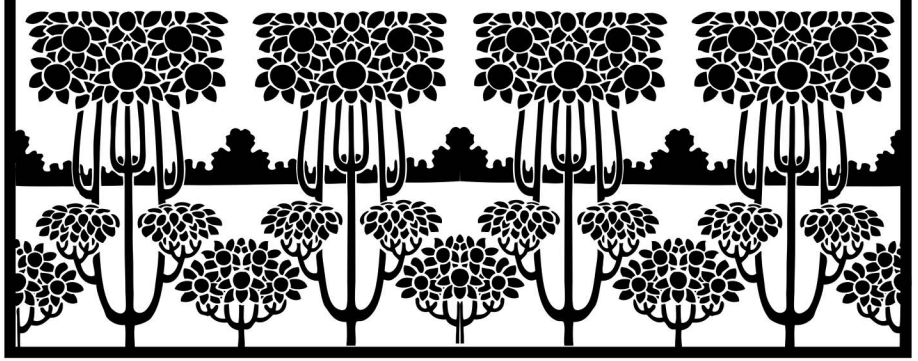
Bored Roman soldiers carved dicks on Hadrian's wall

Vikings climbed to very high places in distant countries just to carve their names there

Women in ancient Egypt sang songs making fun of their husbands while they worked

People have always been people, and it is my favourite thing

- Ennis Abel



People are strange.

I often see people walking around, both in public and on the clock at their jobs, in the strangest costumes.

The guy walking around dressed like a Cowboy straight out of an old Western movie, who has never wrangled a cow or whatever in his life. Who lives in the apartment two doors down from me and doesn't even know what a pasture smells like. He likes his theme so much he drives the big pickup truck, has a belt buckle the size of Texas (here in Wisconsin), and when he can, he carries a gun on his hip just in case Billy the Kid shows up one day.

The woman dressed like some sort of gothic vampire.
With the "I <3 ZOMBIES" keychain.
White powdered face with heavy black eyeliner.

The person whose gender I do not know, with their carefully dyed and styled hair and curated collection of buttons and piercings and shirts they stole from a 90s Xena fan's closet.

The guy in the Businessman costume, not a tuxedo but shirt and tie and "very nice" shoes.

The casual Steve in his old hole-filled ripped up T-Shirt and wholly holey jeans.

The Princess in her stunning dress and accessories and make-up that had to have taken at least two hours to put together each morning.

These are all people I work with. Walking around in costume, covered with the marks of their respective themes. This is fully accepted for the most part. There are exceptions (the redneck likes to poke at the queer one and the casual steve is always ribbing the businessman and whistling at the Princess) but for the most part nobody is ever told to "go home and come back dressed normally". Why? Because that is normal. These are accepted normal ways to dress in modern society, even by supervisors and managers.

Don't misunderstand, I'm not judging or criticizing. Actually I think it's pretty great. But, as fucking ALWAYS, my problem is with INCONSISTENCY. GOD I HATE INCONSISTENCY. My brain latches on to it like a life raft and will NOT let it go.

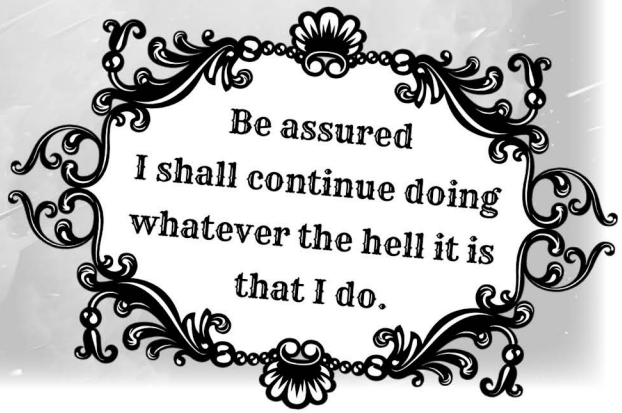
If I show up to work today wearing a Wizard robe, a wizard hat, carrying a big magicky-looking staff, driving a car painted to look like a dragon, I'm the weird one. Not the Cowboy, not the Princess, me. What makes one theme more acceptable than another? A robe and hat and stick are much easier to set aside, take far less preparation, and are more likely to make people smile, than a full-on Vampire costume. However, if I go to work like that I have absolutely no doubt I would be sent home to change into "regular clothes". And If I went home and put on a cowboy costume and came back, that would be considered changing into normal clothes.

I would like to know who draws these arbitrary lines, and what kind of bribery would be effective on them.

I want to see more wizards, more Monks, more goofy Doctor Who outfits, more people dressed like Neo in the Matrix, driving around my workplace in a forklift. Operating the machine next to mine. Fixing my shear when it breaks down. Instead I get about 30 cowboys and a few of the other mentioned types, and that's it, because anything else is somehow "too weird". Worse, at least half of the fucking cowboys are of the openly racist, kill-animals-for-fun variety. At least the guy in the Wizard robe I know I'd probably get along with.

Or Kill Me.

~trix



Brothers and Sisters, do you feel a little off?

That you don't FIT with all the people around you? Like you're out of step with everyone else, and it's just a matter of time before the Big Drill Sergeant in the sky comes down on you like a ton of bricks?

There's a reason for that, you know.
You're Tomorrow People, living in the world of Today.

That's right... At some point, you stopped living in today, and moved over the tracks to Tomorrow. I can't tell you WHEN that happened, hell, YOU probably don't know. But I can tell you WHY.

It happened because you started - even if you've just begun - to view the world the way it IS, rather than how you'd LIKE IT TO BE.
That is the very essence of Tomorrow.

You live in the future, while most people live in the present, and some even stubbornly cling to the past.

And one thing worth mentioning:

This future is a fragile thing. Feeble. It teeters on some very shaky concepts, and on no actual reality whatsoever. On one side, there's ecological disaster looming that will KILL US ALL, and on the other side, there's 3D printers making new organs for you. The future balances precariously on the knife edge between those two possibilities.

Now, a lot of people are going to see those things and PANIC.

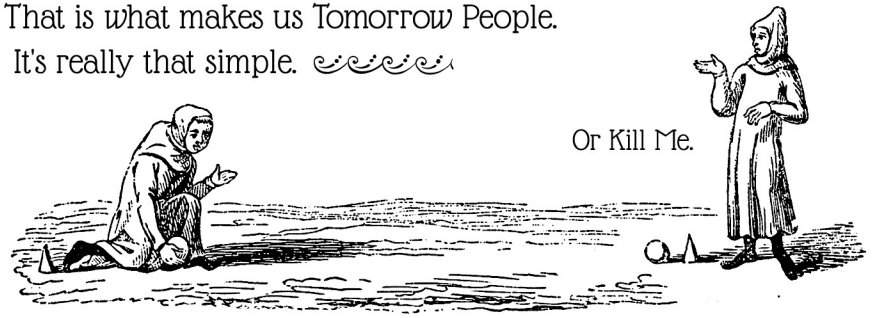
They will then hide in Today or Yesterday, either screeching DOOM (Today) or denying that anything is wrong (Yesterday). On one hand, governments spying on us (Yesterday), and on the other hand, people panicking about that (Today). But neither path is for you or me, my friends. Their rules simply don't apply to us, because we're too damn slippery to be grabbed, because the ability to see and accept the world as it really is - even partially - grants you the ability to be as nebulous as the WalMart security guard's authority.

Indeed, my observation of the behavior of many of those around me is that they treat the ability to make actual rational decisions based on fact as some sort of magic. But it isn't magic, is it? No, it is the ability to SUCK UP SOME BUTTHURT and STOP LYING TO YOURSELF. It is the ability to drop a cherished worldview when it is proven non-viable.

This doesn't make us SMARTER or BETTER than people who can't see past their own biases... And thinking it does means you've just thrown on another uniform. Well done.

What it DOES do is make us more EFFECTIVE, when we choose to be.

That is what makes us Tomorrow People.
It's really that simple.



-the Good Reverend Roger

YOUR IDEAS ARE BAD AND YOU SHOULD FEEL BAD.

Mayo and tortillas go together better than mayo and bleach, for example.

NIGEL SAYS:

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE CAN HOLD BAD IDEAS.

It's difficult to internalize that, because it is far easier to assume that people who hold bad ideas are simply stupid, and therefore you cannot hold bad ideas because you are intelligent.

Nobody thinks they're the bad guy.

Nobody wakes up in the morning, stretches out the crick in their neck, rubs the gunk out of their eyes, and thinks to themselves "Welp, time to go make the world a worse place than it was before I got here! What a great day to be evil." It doesn't happen. Nobody, nowhere, believes they're the bad guy.

There are people who know they are doing bad things, of course. And if you talk with them about it they may not even deny that that what they are doing is bad, but they will tell you at length how it is necessary. They'll tell you how they have come to be in this terrible position of being forced to do bad in the world, despite the fact that they are, in their hearts, a good person. They may be very convincing. They may even be right.

There are people who do not see what they are doing as evil in the first place, no matter how terrible it may seem to an outsider. These people do not see themselves as victims, but rather as warriors. They are fighting the good fight in their own minds, and they surround themselves with people who believe the same, or at least do nothing to challenge that belief. They are operating with a reality-interpreting grid that allows them to see some humans as "less," or some human behavior as "unacceptable in any circumstances." They live in a world where the stakes are high and time is short, and they are doing their part to make the world better.

They may be wrong and they may be crazy, but they still never think of themselves as the bad guy.

And this isn't to say never fight back, it's not to say you are required by some law of bipedalism to accept their opinion of themselves. This isn't a demand that you never give up on anybody, no matter how foul their deeds or ideas. It's just a reminder, just some information, because you will be more effective in the fight if you accept all of the intelligence available to you, that you will be in a better position if you build a more accurate internal model of your foes.

Keep moving. Fight good fights.
And pray to whatever gods will listen
that the bad guy isn't you.

One specific aspect of racism

... which has been an issue for me many times in my life is the phenomenon of rendering minorities invisible, or discounting the existence of their differences. It's hard for me to name this phenomenon, but it's incredibly pervasive and very disturbing to me. It crops up in the form of well-meaning statements like:

"I don't see race",
"he's pretty much culturally White",
"I don't think of you as Black",

... and so on. In the insistence that Portland *"is SO White"* while seated in a bar on Mississippi. In the complete, startling, glaringly wrong lack of any brown faces at all in the first and second seasons of Portlandia, filmed primarily in racially diverse North and Northeast Portland, including an extended sketch filmed inside the library at PCC Cascade; a snapshot of the false sense of homogeneity in a highly progressive yet bizarrely segregated small city. It's difficult because I know people who make these statements don't intend to be hurtful or racist, at all, but when they say these things what I hear is:

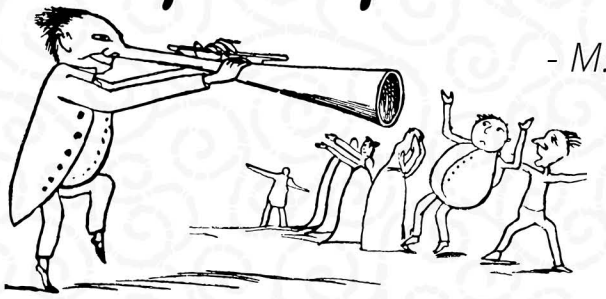
"I am uncomfortable with dark skin, so I refuse to acknowledge that people look different as a way of coping with my discomfort".

Being unable or unwilling to recognize people's differences is no particular virtue, and in fact it's a little insulting. To know someone and appreciate their unique personhood, it's also necessary to appreciate those things about them that make them who they are; how could I truly claim to know and appreciate my best friend and yet somehow not notice the things about her that make up her individuality? That she's allergic to nuts and dislikes rhubarb, that she is five foot three, that she is Jewish, that she has olive skin and hazel eyes, or that she is eight months pregnant?

Of course, I don't *"think of her as Jewish".* I think of her as Lori, because I know her. *"The Black guy"* or *"the Jewish girl"* or *"the tall blond one"* are the shorthands we use when we don't know someone, or when we are trying to point out someone we know to a person who doesn't know them. I wouldn't expect my friends to think of me as Black, any more than it would occur to me to think of them as White or brown-eyed or glasses-wearers. It's just a descriptor in the litany of descriptors that compile to make a person, and once you know that person the litany is condensed into a single name, an image, a smell, a feeling, an impression in your mind of who they are and why you care for them; a niche that is their place in your life. A skin color or ethnicity cannot come close to describing all of that, so it becomes happenstance, tertiary to their meaning to you.

To deny it, though, is to deny a piece of their personhood.

- M. Nigel Salt



SOMETIMES I IMMERSE MYSELF IN NIGHTMARE WORLDS ON THE INTERNET THERES THE EXTREME METAL COMMUNITY, FOR EXAMPLE -- PARTICULARLY THE PARTS OF IT THAT REVOLVE AROUND BLACK METAL, AND ESPECIALLY SO CALLED "NSBM" AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE THINGS HAPPENING IN THESE PARTS BEFORE THEYRE TEARING EACH OTHER TO PIECES -- THERES ONE PART OF IT THATS ALL "OK SO THIS IRONIC NAZI SHIT HAS TO STOP NOW WERE RUINING EVERYTHING" AND ANOTHER PART THATS LIKE "₩@¡† ®ϕƒŁ ¥ϕμ ₩€®€ ß€¡Ɲ9 ¡®ϕƝ¡©?" IM MESMERIZED IN THESE FORGOTTEN CHATROOMS ON ANCIENT P2P FILE SHARING PROGRAMS, ITS LIKE WATCHING DAVID ICKE WITH A SWASTIKA TATTOOED ON EACH EYEBALL VS HIPSTERS WHO ARE SUDDENLY UNCOMFORTABLY AWARE THAT THEIR REPLICA SCHUTZSTAFFEL UNIFORMS ARE ENABLING THINGS THEY DONT AGREE WITH BUT THEY CANT BE GENUINE ABOUT IT

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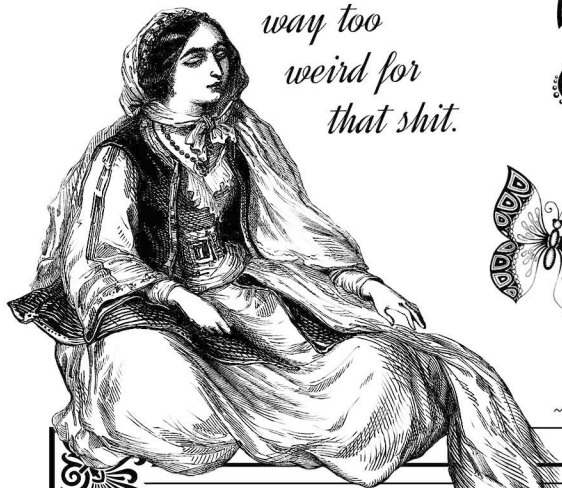
Don't use science to justify your bigotry. The world is way too weird for that shit.



~ Evolving with Grace

PLEASE STOP DOING THAT

Some people, some people can live their lives in pursuit of happiness. Experiences, accolades, stuff, influence, kids, whatever. There exists some thing or things that will make them happy, and they can feel it and keep it and sustain themselves on it indefinitely. Maybe they don't know what exactly will make them happy, maybe there will be false starts, maybe the luster on their happiness will dull over time, but it is still possible for them.

These people are not generally called to Discordia.

Discordians -- or at least, a certain subset of them -- cannot be happy with "happy." They are only happy when they're fighting. They fall asleep on vacations and sink into depression when the going is easy. It doesn't matter what the Discordian is fighting, could be an international tickle fetish conspiracy, could be each other, could be the goddess-damned weather. We live and breathe to fight. Not to win, not to make the other guy see the error of his ways, not even for our legacy.

So here we sit, feeding our misery. We live in deserts and swamps and frigid coastal towns. We live in communities where our identity could get us beaten or killed. We live with axes over our heads, where the sun never shines and the bridges sing every night. This is not an accident.

We can't keep friends worth a damn half the time because we are fueled by fighting and it is exhausting and we burn out and fall down and get back up again only to fight. We get kicked out of parties and singled out in the office and can't stand Thanksgiving because everyone keeps telling us we're not supposed to fight and they don't know that they're telling a fish to stay out of the water, that without the fighting we'll shrivel up and die. The fighting isn't always violence either, but the way we deploy words and song and art and poetry and the hunch of our shoulders and the occasional well placed boot. It's fighting all the same.

As long as we're fighting we can live. Happiness just isn't enough.

YOU KNOW, IF THINGS WERE TO COLLAPSE
REALLY COLLAPSE
THAT POST-APOCALYPTIC SHIT
NO SUPPLY CHAIN SHIT
NO EMERGENCY SERVICES
NO LAW SHIT
YOU WANNA INVEST IN A BICYCLE
AND SOME TIRE PATCH KITS

IF THINGS GO ALL THE WAY ROUND THE BEND
YOU'RE GONNA WANNA HAVE A FRIEND
THAT CAN SEW
SEEDS AS WELL AS CLOTHES
YOU'RE GONNA WANT A WEAVER
AND A BAKER
WITH A SOLID SOURDOUGH STARTER
SOMEONE WITH A SWEET VOICE FOR SINGING
AND A MILLION STORIES TO TELL.

IF THE WORLD GOES STRAIGHT TO HELL
AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
TO MAKE A FRIEND OUT OF A FOE?
I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, BRO

CAUSE SHIT GETS REAL OLD ROUND THE FIRE
EATING EXPIRED CANS OF BEANS
WHILE YOUR CLOTHES ROT OFF YOUR BACK
SEEING THREATS IN EVERY SHADOW
THINKING EVERYONE FOR MILES
WANTS TO FIGHT FOR WHAT YOU CLING TO

AND BAGS OF GAS LOSE ALL THEIR BANG
BEFORE YOU NEED THEM.

I sometimes walk along the riverbank during my lunchbreak. With the object of increasing my range, I decided to eat while walking today. Chewing while walking on rough terrain being a bad idea, I naturally bit my lip hard enough to draw blood.

On the way back, I took a less-traveled path through the brush a bit above the shoreline. Head held high, admiring the autumn colours, oblivious to the ground beneath me, I stepped in quite a deep hole, and fell, almost rolling down the riverbank in the process. Once I managed to drag myself back onto the path, I found I had a cut on one finger, and a bump on my right shin that would turn purple by morning.

I'm not sure what the origin of the hole was; it was too large and vertical for any critter I know of, so I think it was some sort of river-erosion induced sinkhole.

TL;DR: I took the road less traveled by, and almost fell off.

~ chaotic neutral observer ~

She is looking at her cupped hands intently, like there is nothing else in the world. Her toes are pressed down hard on the tile floor, her heels perched in the air. One knee bounces nervously. There is no one else in the bathroom. The stall door is closed. She stares at her hands.

She imagines a fire in the empty space between her fingers and her palms, holds it gently like a bird's nest. She does not see the fire. Her heart is racing.

"Breathe," she mouths to herself, and obeys. She purses her lips and breathes out into the fire that is not there, imagining the ash and embers dancing in the steady airflow, imagining fuel catching, feeding it life.

She feels STATIC in her fingertips.

No one else is here, no one else can see. She breathes out again, tightly controlled steady stream of air touching her fingers, feedback in her nerves mingling with the electronic NOISE that doesn't stop but increases. Her fingers make small, unnatural movements, like insect legs. The joints feel creaky and unresponsive. She is not plugged in right.

Her brain floats in a soup of adrenaline and cortisol, muscles tense, heart too fast. To call her scared would be a mistake. She is on edge. There is SOMETHING on the other side and she does not know what it is and what she FEELS is not quite fear, at least not the kind you get when a man in a mask jumps out at you or something fangy and ill-tempered spots you, it's the kind of fear when you're about to go around a corner and you DON'T KNOW what's there, but you know it's not whatever's behind you. She has always been brave. She has always been a dreamy girl. Her DESTINY is on the other side, her MEANING OF LIFE, the thing she came here to do that nobody else can. She WANTS to go around the corner, but her legs are frozen.

A noise like a footstep. Her eyes snap back into focus, her hands still TINGLE. Finish up like a human, she tells herself.

The sensor does not know she has gotten up. The button MALFUNCTIONS. The pipe is leaking. Does it know she's not plugged in right? She forces it to work.

The sink in front of her has a sign that says OUT OF ORDER. She does not remember if that sign was there before. The sink next to it does not work either. She stands in front of a third sink, moving hands that feel like ANIMATRONICS in front of the sensor, trying to trip it, trying to connect. It takes forever to work.

When she steps away the water keeps running
for fifteen long seconds.

She leaves, too alert, too aware of the way she is holding her hands at her side. The TINGLING crawls up past her wrists and into her arms. She doesn't want to use her hands. If she touches anything, it might break the spell. Posters of fake people in fake universes surround her, windows into other realities that other MAGICIANS built and populated and she is walking down the hallway like they are all open portals and she might just fall in.

She is afraid she will fall in. She is afraid she will try to fall in and fail utterly, Alice stuck on the right side of the looking glass.

She is broken, and her malfunction makes the machine inefficient. And when she tells people they want to help her work better, to plug her back in correctly, but all she wants is for someone to see her and revel in her glorious inefficiency.

Her footsteps are all WRONG.

Lunch Break - Maw of the Void

There's a hole right through it, like someone drove a fucking spike in the ground, you know, and didn't see what was right in front of them.

Greasy, probably two feet long, crawling with flies, how in the fuck they missed it I'll never know.

And I got curious, and I sort of angled my head like you do when you're toe to toe with offensive odor, and I looked down the hole. And what do you suppose I saw?

Nothing. The fucking void. Big as shit and ravenous.

I kept walking, because the traffic light turned and I had only ten minutes till lunch ended. I'll forget about it by tomorrow.

But suppose I didn't. Do you think I'd ever go digging in a rancid loaf like that, hoping to break through, let the void out? That I would wonder what lurks in roadkill chest cavities or month old Chinese food containers?

Do you think I'd look inside?

There's a hole in everything. And the other side is alive, big as shit, hungry.

But. Thing is. Question you gotta ask after a certain point is, are you looking into the hole, or peering out of it?

Would you have walked away? Could you have, in the way that really matters, in your head?

I'm starved.

Enlightenment

~ by Nyborj the Priest

Daibai said to Baso, "What's with all those koans where the novice asks the master for wisdom and the master is like 'Wash your bowl' or something mundane, and hearing this, the novice was enlightened?"
Hearing this, Baso was *enlightened.*
Daibai said, "See what I mean? What I said wasn't enlightening at all."
Baso was even more *enlightened.*
Daibai said, "Stop i–"

SO ENLIGHTENED.

Don't Be a Dick

by The Good Reverend Roger

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.

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. Smudgy 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". PROTIP: 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 thier 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 Doktors 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.

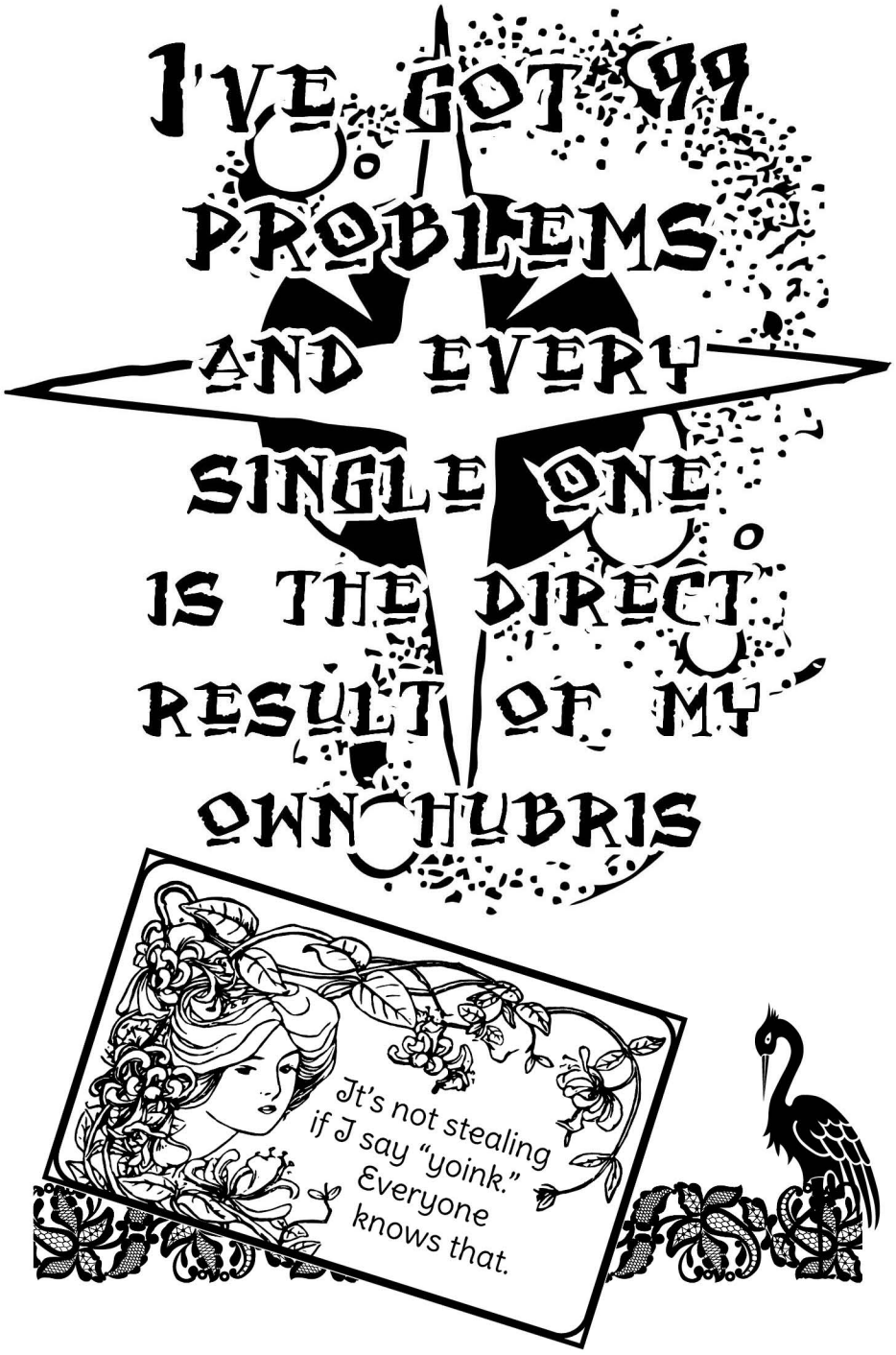
EPISTLE TO THE DON'T BE A DICK-IANS

OK, so you've got a shiny new re-take on the golden rule. Bravo, it's catchy, and I can't hate it. Here's a few things you all should keep in mind though:

- Do it right, do it all the time. Not just around your buddies. That traffic rage? lose it. Trust me here, if you're about being a laid back, cool guy with the "don't be a dick" creed, then the lost strife won't bug you much.
- It isn't cosmic bargaining. Just like all the other ones. When your shit gets jacked and you're howling to the heavens; remember, they owe you nothing. You have not gotten on the good side of probability with your ways. At most, you OUGHT to be cultivating the freinds and social support to help out when stuff does go bad. THAT is the closest thing to an immediate return on "karma" this side of the grave.

That's it, have fun,
and I look forward
to your near-inevitable
slide to dogma.

-THE DEACON RICHTER



Some Notes About Balance

by chaotic neutral observer
and Professor Cramulus

We all seek balance in our daily lives. Life-work balance, a balanced diet, balancing the needs of family and friends, balancing exercise and relaxation.

Balance is also needed in the world at large. Balance between order and chaos, right and left, liberal and conservative, light and dark, good and evil, peanut butter and jelly.

What a crock of crap.

"Balance" is one of those words like "Nature" that gives people a stiffy... they think it's somehow connected to "what things should be like" and want to get on board. There's this perception that there is a balancing energy in the universe, and if you align yourself with it, you can dodge harm.

It's a construct though. Look at forests... we used to believe them to be these perfect little homeostatic ecosystems. The wolves and deer have this natural "balance"-- too many deer, and the wolf population grows and brings it back down. Too many wolves, and the deer population decreases, which also caps the number of wolves. As long as they stay "in balance", this can go on forever.

But dig into the soil. You can see evidence that it hasn't been going on forever, it's just that we generalize the present conditions into infinity. The border of the forest expands and shrinks. History is chaotic. If things are "balanced", it's usually a temporary condition. Sometimes dynamic systems careen out of control. This isn't a violation of a balancing principle, it's also "what things are like".

If you're a wolf, you eat the deer. If you're a deer, you try not to be eaten. There is no law that these things balance each other, it's just how the chips land when the conditions are just right.

Beyond just being a construct, though, balance is also a useless one in almost every context.

Balance between good and evil? That's like asking for balance between being punched in the balls and not being punched in the balls, or a balance between being disease-free and terminal tuberculosis. Good and evil don't need to be balanced. That's a bunch of cosmic yin-yang hippie bullshit.

Star Wars said there needed to be balance between the light and dark sides of the force, but what was the real choice you were being presented with? Between a bunch of pretentious weirdos in funny robes and a guy who thought it was smarter to blow up planets than to conquer and tax them. They don't need to be balanced, they need to be institutionalized.

"Work-life balance"? That's just code for "I hope my company understands that I need to leave the premises sometimes." You're not taking time off from your job to rest, you're taking time off from your life to work. You don't need to balance the amount of work you do, you need to minimize it.

You think "smart" and "stupid" need to be balanced? You think both sides of the argument always deserve equal time? No, if you're asking for balance, you probably just mean "the other guy is winning and it's making me feel bad so please listen to me".

But if you're here looking for answers, I don't have any easy ones for you. We are wrecking the environment. You could say we're violating the balancing principle, disturbing the natural rhythms and this is causing a spiral into disorder. Beavers build a damn and it permanently alters the landscape. Humans wrecking the environment is a "natural" outcome too. But we're not going to solve any of that with calls for "balance," or somehow "balancing" our insatiable thirst for consumer goods and energy-intensive entertainment with our desire not to render the world uninhabitable for humanity. Nobody seeking balance ever achieved anything notable. You want to be somebody, you want to do something, you gotta go to the limit. Balance is for flywheels, gymnasts and chemical equations.

Today marks an important milestone:

I have a blanket.

~ The Maw of the Void

I bought this blanket. It was not given to me, loaned to me, taken from a charity. I went to Target and looked at blankets and chose one blanket in particular and purchased that blanket with my money that I earned and is mine. The blanket belongs to me, and no one else may lay any claim to it. No one else is responsible for it.

It is comfortable. There are more comfortable blankets. Some of them were even cheaper than this blanket and I could have chosen them. But this is the one I wanted. Now it is mine. I did not have to beg. I did not even have to ask. I said "I will take this one," and was told to pay and sent on my way.

This all probably sounds ridiculous. Please understand that I have NEVER HAD MY OWN BLANKET BEFORE. I have had hand-me-downs and gifts and loaners and never, ever, a blanket I owned that was mine that I bought that no one could take away ever under any circumstances.

Having a blanket is important.

It is a symbol of triumph over a life of bullshit. Not only do I have money I can spend on things. I chose to spend that money on something that, while wholly unnecessary for survival, greatly improves comfort.

It's a symbol of triumph over the kind of mental illness that says "I do not deserve this." For years I decided my comfort and well-being was secondary, because I had it drilled into me that anything I wanted was the least important thing possible. Other people mattered more, I was dirt. Now I have a blanket. I got it for myself, because I deserve it.

It's a symbol of triumph over the kind of poverty that people don't believe exists outside of Africa and Indonesia. It's a symbol that whatever help I might need, I no longer need support for basic necessities. For most of my adult life, I've been on the streets, begging people for a way to survive one more day. Now I have a blanket. I didn't need that money for food. The blanket was all I needed and I got it.

Moreover, I wanted it. It wasn't someone else's cast-off detritus, or a beloved but impermanent loaner. That makes it a symbol that I have the power to choose what I get, even if it's in trivial ways. Before, comfort and even survival came with a caveat: this is what you are getting because it is what we can afford to give to you. Now I have a blanket, and it is exactly the one I wanted to purchase. I could have picked any blanket they had in stock. This is the one I wanted. I saw it and made my decision immediately. I checked the others and considered them. But this one is the one I decided on. So I got it.

Buying a blanket that I wanted with money that is my own says, in short, "I win." It doesn't matter if I lose later or not, I have this tangible proof that for a time, I rose above.

It's a big day.

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

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

Live while you're alive.

SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN INDIFFERENT UNIVERSE

BY NEPHEW TWIDDLETON

Dermot, put three whiskeys on my tab for me, this gentleman and his friend here. You're welcome. But listen up, kid. I couldn't help but overhear your conversation, and I gotta tell you something. The Universe isn't what you think it is.

The Universe, is a vast, cold, mostly empty expanse bathed in radiation. The Universe is dark. Almost all of it is a hostile environment. The Universe doesn't care about you. It barely tolerates your existence. It doesn't notice you as an individual. It will kill you if it gets the chance. The sun you feel on your face when you're at the beach? Yeah, it's just biding its time until it decides to turn that beach into glass.

Thank you, Dermot.

The Universe throws big heavy rocks all over the place, and zaps things with gamma rays. The Universe makes stars collapse in on themselves and consume less fortunate stars. The Universe is hungry, and you might be on the menu. The Universe is chaotic, and someday, it will die. We're not quite sure how, but we do know that we'll be way fucking dead before it happens. The Universe runs on its own time, not yours. You're less than a lighter flick in its lifespan.

The Universe is God, but unfortunately, God doesn't love you. God isn't what you think it is. God can't love you. God doesn't want to know what love is, and it doesn't want you to show it. God won't allow you to break its laws, despite your best efforts. Go ahead, build a spaceship and try to get a speeding ticket. You couldn't get into Hell if you tried.

So you see, the Universe certainly isn't your personal teddy bear. The Universe is not all rainbows and magic unicorns. The Universe doesn't owe you shit. No, sir. The Universe certainly doesn't owe you a soulmate. The Universe won't even be your wingman for the night so you can get some pussy, and The Universe isn't going to get you a free drink and listen to your problems.

What you gotta do is just fucking call that chick and tell her how you feel. And if she rejects you, move on to the next chick. Time's short. Remember? As far as the Universe is concerned, your flame already went out, and it didn't even notice.

How's the whiskey?

It will all end in tears and I choose this with eyes open.

It will all end in tears because everything worth a damn does, because even happy endings are endings and there are things we never want to end, because even good things can go wrong and if you never leap you never know so get over the ledge already.

Oh you: once burnt, twice burnt, too shy to get burnt again, there is nothing I want more for you than to burst into flame again. To feel every nerve on fire, to know you have a heart for sure because it is breaking.

It will all end in tears and what else could you possibly hope for? A quiet life was never for us, a life of listless apathy. There is nothing worth having that is not worth crying over, that will not make you cry in the end. And there is a difference between loss and abuse, between the things we have to leave the things we should have known better than and the things that make life worth living, that make life hollow in their absence. Not every pain belongs on a pedestal.

Oh you, in your doubt and your ruminations, I wish nothing more for you than to know the tears that have been shed, that will be shed, in the wake of your presence. The beautiful mess you have left and are leaving.

It will all end in tears, and you are worth crying over.

Discorda is What You Make Of It

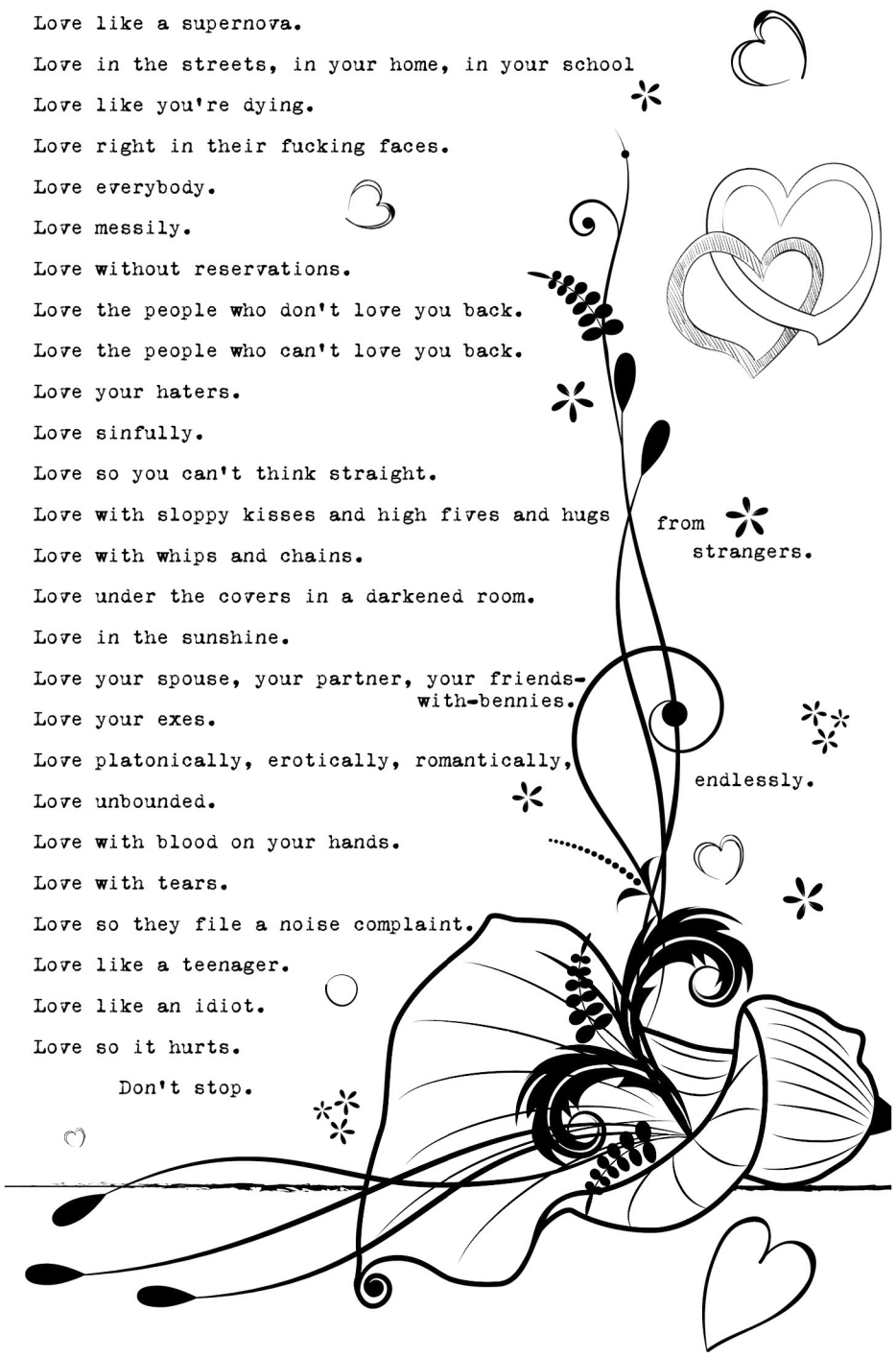
So if I want my Discordia to be about love, that's my right. I can preach my Discordia to anyone who listens, and they can choose whether to include my stuff in theirs. It's totally allowed. And even though I don't owe anyone an explanation, I do think there's good justification for love being central to anyone's religion, even Discordia. Maybe especially Discordia.

Love is messy as shit. Love doesn't care about what should be, it knocks over all the tables and demands to be known. It's the most irrational most humans ever get. It's amazing, too. It's all the tastiest neuro-chemicals, all the best shit we like to think of ourselves. Love is extremes, and that's where Eris lives. Not in the tidiness, but in our messes.

Eris doesn't care if you worship her (and many Discordians heartily preach against it), so who gives a shit if you've got a spot for Eros or Aphrodite on your mental altar? Who gives a shit if your Discordia includes loving your friends and community and the people you fuck like you're a little unhinged? Have your holy, crazy feelings. You're allowed to have a Discordia that's more than japes and cynicism.

Discordia has room for love.
Love is always Chaos.

Love so you feel like your chest is collapsing.
Love like a supernova.
Love in the streets, in your home, in your school
Love like you're dying.
Love right in their fucking faces.
Love everybody.
Love messily.
Love without reservations.
Love the people who don't love you back.
Love the people who can't love you back.
Love your haters.
Love sinfully.
Love so you can't think straight.
Love with sloppy kisses and high fives and hugs from strangers.
Love with whips and chains.
Love under the covers in a darkened room.
Love in the sunshine.
Love your spouse, your partner, your friends-with-bennies.
Love your exes.
Love platonically, erotically, romantically, endlessly.
Love unbounded.
Love with blood on your hands.
Love with tears.
Love so they file a noise complaint.
Love like a teenager.
Love like an idiot.
Love so it hurts.
Don't stop.



A Love Story

They were happier than either of them had any right to be. They never said I love you, or indulged in excessive displays of affection. She liked the touch of his hand, the measured firmness of his handshake, the comforting weight on her hand as they sat together, the gentle pressure at the curve of her wrist when they danced. He liked the fire in her eyes, the curve of her smile, the way her hair tickled his nose when he held her. They took no shit from anyone. They had no time for delicate words or hurt feelings.

Their happiness was punctuated by terrifying bouts of paranoia, exacerbated by episodes of real spies and assassins invading their home and bed. They broke every promise they ever made, and forgave each other anyway. They fought like professionals and fucked like they were keeping score.

They never regretted a thing.

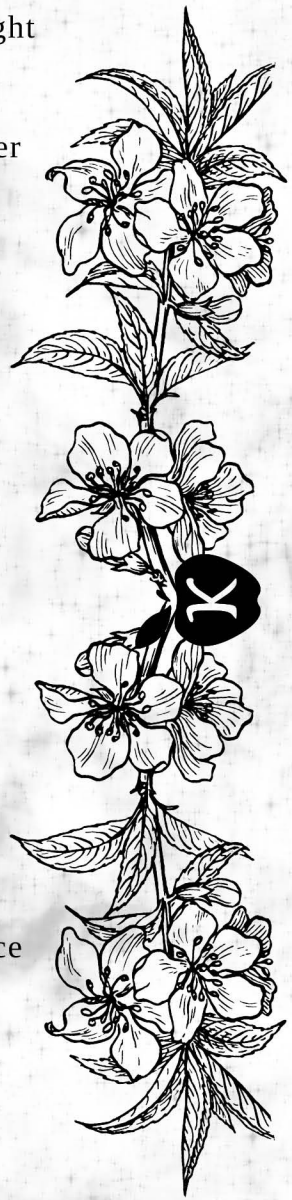
The Mehinaku, who live in Brazil, for example, are known to nibble at eyebrows during sex.

Shiny Disasters

If I just find somebody broken right
Not less, not more, but just right
They'll fit me and I'll fit them
And we'll fall apart into each other
Prop each other up
Like cards in a castle
Always falling

Shiny Disasters are still disasters
They eat you up inside
They make you think
You're hopelessly broken
That you'll never be well again
They say they can handle you
That they'll hold you up
But no one can handle you
You break them, or you run
And neither way is safe

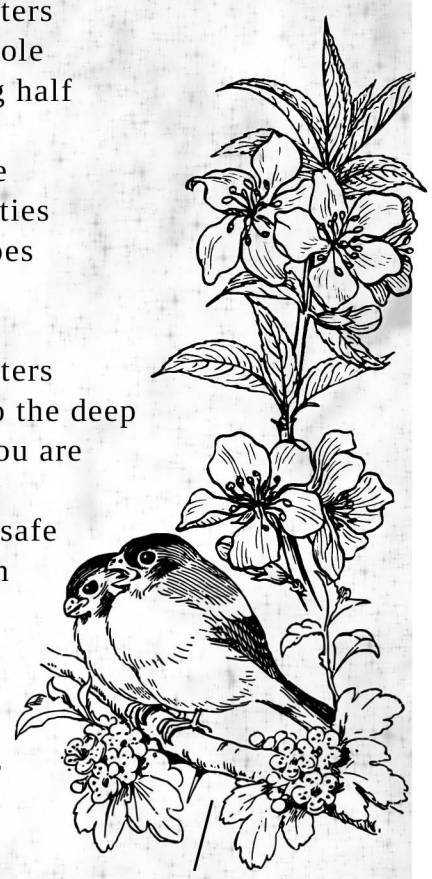
Shiny Disasters are still disasters
And you fly to them
Like a bug to the zapper
Not ignorant, not unthinking
But full of unwarranted confidence
In your false invulnerability
You're not better at this now
You haven't built up an immunity
To iocaine powder
And you never, never will.



THE TRUTH
never set anyone free.

Shiny Disasters are still disasters
They never make you feel whole
They aren't the other bleeding half
Of your fractured soul
No hidden treasures to expose
No beautiful emergent properties
Just endless bruises and scrapes
Tears and apologies

Shiny Disasters are still disasters
Siren songs dragging you into the deep
You always say how strong you are
How few shits you give
But shiny disasters never get safe
You're never unmoved enough
You're just a little girl
Who saw a dead baby bird
And moved it out of the road
With your bare little hands
So it wouldn't get hit by a car
And you are the dead bird
And the bright summer sun
And every single one of the cars



while we are responsible for the drama we create, you do have to cut yourself some slack now and then, too!

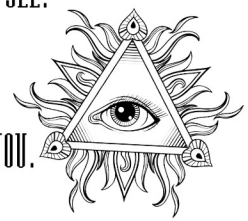
I'd Like To Get Naked With You

I'd like to curl up with the lights down low, and the curtains drawn, and the blankets close. Because you are kind and strong in the ways that I want and need, and it would be nice to be naked with someone, and I think I could be naked with you.

I'd like to slough off this costume: the boots, the skirts, the underthings. This charade of responsible, sane adulthood is exhausting, and you know me better anyway. Let's be somewhere safe, and warm, and soft, and ditch everything scratchy and false. And you can touch my untanned skin, the doughy bits and the publicly obscene, and look on this body as it is, without flattering cuts or corsetry. I'm so rarely naked at all, you see, and it would be nice to be naked with you.

I'd like to pierce the base of my skull, and pull away this flesh.
Extract myself from this skin suit, and give my limbs a stretch.
My poor wings tucked away so long I don't know if they work,
and starlight hasn't touched my scales since I landed to Earth.
I want to shake my mandibles out, and bend my second knees.
I'd like to show you everything my compound eyes can see.

Oh it's such a sadness, friend, to bend to mere taboo.
I think it would be nice, just once, to be naked with you.



Love is not respect
It is not earned
Is not evaluated
It is not answerable to

Love is not up for debate
It is unreasonable
Non-negotiable
Uninterested in your dignity
Or better judgment

Love is not comfort
Not serendipity
Not complacency
It is not settled for

Love is not bribeable
Is not reliable
Undefilable
It does not take criticism
Constructive or otherwise

Love is not respect
It cannot be won
Or persuaded
It is not answerable to

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?

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POWER CURSING

A lot of people hoard videogames, comic books, or other forms of popular media. Myself, I have a huge collection of those rare NASA tapes where astronauts cuss over the radio. It only serves to reinforce my belief that Power Cursing™ is the ideal force for accomplishing human ambition within human lifetimes. These motherfuckers are so salty, it's no wonder Mars has all that rust.

Now, all of that has been censored from the live broadcast. In those times of brave men and derring-do, NASA had to keep all of this secret. This was ultimately fruitless, of course, because anyone who has spent more than fifteen minutes around a Russian rocket scientist knows that they, too, have developed a pidgin language that consists entirely of profanity. This is the secret to their remarkable productivity, and also a defence against espionage - CIA assets that couldn't swear convincingly when the office coffeepot runs dry could never pass as a Russian thermodynamics expert.

-OR- BAD WORDS OF WISDOM

Following the 1970s, the rest of the world had figured out the secret and Asia in particular was primed and ready to call a bolt a goddamn piece of fucking shit. However, Japanese curses were simply too complicated for all but the most advanced North American linguists. Facing a dire shortage of experts, the government chose to redirect all those profani-capable assholes into the burgeoning microcomputer industry. This inadvertently caused the collapse of American automakers, who were forced to use ineffective phrases like "dadgum it" and "sharecropper" when faced with malfunctioning assembly-line robots.

So the next time you're trying to loosen a rusted bolt, and it's just not working, try cursing. Science has proven that it works. And you better fucking trust scientists, or they'll rat you out to your mom for all that bad language.

SEAT SAFETY SWITCH

The Book of Definitions

38. Crazy Eddie: (Noun) You see Crazy Eddie every time a civilization begins to slip. He has a well thought-out solution that he is certain will cure the issue. Flat taxes, commodity-based currency, redefinitions of citizenship, privatization of roads and schools, etc. Needless to say, the ideas don't work, because they don't address the root cause of any of the problems. They can't. But Crazy Eddie insists on trying, and invariably the problems magnify to the point where the society cannot continue, at least in its present form.

You can recognize Crazy Eddie, most of the time. He's the one screaming that we have to get rid of institutions and practices that worked for a century or more, before they were bollixed up via malfeasance. He doesn't want to fix the institutions or practices, he wants to replace them.

Crazy Eddie can't fix the problems, but neither can you stop Crazy Eddie from trying. Yell and scream all you like, he's going to fix the circuit boards with the help of his trusty hammer and chisel. In fact, Crazy Eddie will do anything in his power to stop anyone from addressing REAL issues, because HE'S RIGHT AND YOU'RE WRONG. Only his ideas have merit. Engineers and amateur economists are more likely than anyone else to become Crazy Eddie, but lots of other people do, too (Mostly people asking who this "John Galt" character is.).

—TGRR—

Crazy Eddie is unstoppable, both because he is a divinely inspired idiot that takes ineptitude to near omnipotent levels, and because he has something the rest of the population lacks: Belief. He honestly believes everything he preaches, and a motivated fool is a force of nature.

Hell hath no Fury like a Woman who is Done with your Shit.

It's really okay. Nobody will ever be sufficiently dedicated to Sparkle Motion.

She and I and You

I am an unreliable narrator you say.
I never know what's happening.
You are too put together to bother with her.

She forgets, she falls apart,
She looks at things from the wrong angles.
You feel nothing about her.
I can't stop feeling things.
Life is a firehose I am fighting all the time
I don't know how to function without a fight
And you are maddeningly unscathed.

She is unplugged, malformed, unstuck from time.
She is struggling and crying and screaming
And I am just trying to hold you together
Just trying to get you through this,
Just trying to find a light in the distance to point out:
We just need to make it that far.
You go through motions.
Sometimes you forget to breathe.

She can't feel her face right.
I don't know how to save her.
There are no walls between us.
You feel the pit in your stomach, the creeping dread.
You are where you are.
Nothing is right.
Her legs aren't real,
Her body creaks like an old house.

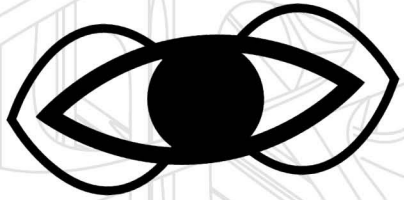
She only speaks in metaphor, only lives as metaphor.
I write and write and people say what beautiful fiction
And you do not see that this is just reality from another side,
That there is no skill here no beauty no trickery no smoke or mirrors
just what I am splayed out what she is
Pinned to the wall where you were and will be
And you are walking through like a dream
Following a script you never wrote.

She is chasing butterflies in a field
Because that's what dreamy girls are supposed to do.
She isn't supposed to be there yet.
You know what you're supposed to do but you keep forgetting.
Everything is out of order.
Floodgates rusted shut, a torrent behind
Flat affect. Lips. Sealed. Tight.
Against the banshee wail inside her heart.

She wanted to be something
You are something but it isn't the same
How can I ever hope to reconcile you?
And who could ever rescue this broken little thing?
What wrinkle in the universe could bring you back around
In time to save the day?
I'm not lazy I'm not selfish I am not manipulating you
It was inevitable. I am not in control

She is staring at the hair tie on her wrist,
She cannot look them in the eye.
I am broken she is trying to scream it but nothing comes out.
The face doesn't move.
You can't deal with it right now.
You aren't going to deal with it
Nobody can make you
It's not enough.
It's too late.
She can't open her mouth.
She can't be in the same place twice.

And you evaluate your steps:
Did you drink water, did you eat food, did you sleep?
Like sleep could make a dent in this thing
That she is
That you are,
Like there's a chicken soup
A cure for crazy
You're not crazy
You are
She is
I am.



Sometimes the world gets ugly.
What are we to do? We can get angry
about it (*and trust me, I do... often!*).
That is a very natural reaction.

But if what drives us remains nothing more
than anger, it only makes the world uglier.
To move forward, we have to take that
anger and forge it into something useful:

Resolve.

Resolve to work a little harder to transform
our dreams into reality, even if they're crazy.

Resolve to have courage to do what is right,
even when it is risky.

And resolve to open ourselves up to love,
even when fear and isolation feel safer.

David
Camell

THERE IS ✦A✦ MOON

Somebody is going to come along and tell you you have to Question Everything because what you perceive and what I perceive are two different, potentially completely unrelated things. Because *your* headache might not be *my* headache and all attempts at empathy are delusion and there are no shared public objects, only consciousnesses bumping into each other talking nonsense about things that we can't possibly understand or even agree on. They will make you question the existence of the moon.

✦✦✦FUCK THAT GUY✦✦✦

There is A MOON. There is not a moon for each and every one of us, JUST. ONE. MOON. It hasn't been here forever and it won't last forever either, but here and now, as you and I are breathing THERE IS A MOON. It is not painted on the background. It is not an allegory. It hasn't been replaced with an identical duplicate while you weren't looking, and they didn't swap it out for a different model in the international release. THERE IS A MOON.

It EXISTS, and existing is a thing that objects are capable of because THE MOON IS THERE. It has properties we can measure and when you measure them or I measure them or Xinglbratt from the Marcabian Empire measures them those properties are CONSTANT because THE MOON IS A THING THAT EXISTS. It has pock marks from old collisions where it EXISTED SO HARD SOMETHING ELSE STOPPED. It's covered in dust that will give you MOTHERFUCKING MOON CANCER which is a THING that is REAL and can KILL YOU FUCKING DEAD.

There is A MOON and it is made of REAL THINGS and you can point a laser at it in just the right spot or send a piece of REALLY REAL EQUIPMENT into MOTHERFUCKING SPACE to take pictures of it and send them back, and as long as you know how to send things into space you and everyone else who looks will see the same pictures of the same places because THE MOON IS A THING THAT EXISTS.

SONGS are SUNG about it, TIDES HAPPEN because of it, BUZZ ALDRIN put his GODDAMNED FEET ON IT.

There is A MOON because the stories we tell about our own memories of that particular piece of rock may vary but they do not affect the THING THAT EXISTS and doesn't give a shit what you say about it. There is A MOON because there was a moon for every single person of every single tribe before we got together and shared a name for it because it's A BIG GODDAMN ROCK IN THE SKY and you can't exactly miss it. Nobody infected us with the moon. It EXISTS, and it EXISTED. It taught your ancestors about measuring time and sloshed around the tide pools when life was small and weird. It shone on Kingdoms and Empires and FLATWORMS, and it shone on them ALL THE SAME.

There is A MOON because it doesn't change when you say "the moon is orange" and just because you see it one color through the filter of the atmosphere and your eyes and your idea of what "orange" is doesn't change the fact that it is a THING made of atoms and those atoms are arranged in mineral structures and most of it is anorthosite which is just another type of feldspar and feldspar is so bloody common the name literally means FIELD STONE. You can tell stories about it ALL DAY LONG and it won't change at all, unless the story you're telling is HEY ROGER LET'S DICKBUTT THE MOON in which case lasers get involved and the moon gets a dickbutt and EVERYONE SEES IT because THERE IS ONLY ONE MOON.

And it matters that there is A MOON not because I am your oppressor and you are the oppressed, but because WITHOUT A MOON YOU CANNOT AFFECT ANYTHING. The realities in your mind are all well and good and entertaining, but the existence of THINGS means that you have the capability to ACT ON THOSE THINGS. That you can interact with others and leave behind a world subtly changed by your presence. That when your meatsack fails and your consciousness with it, THE STORIES YOU TELL CAN SURVIVE.

You are not pointless, you are not incapable. There is a moon. It is REAL, and so are YOU.

AND ANOTHER THING

...the Maw of the Void...

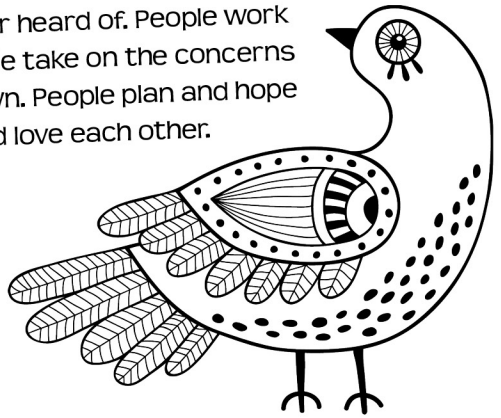
Humans are all masochists. This can be proven:

We seek out bad signal (fiction), poison (alcohol, some drugs), and do physical, permanent damage to ourselves (piercings, scarification, tattoos) for fun.

We actively take joy in each other's suffering, and are wired to believe that whatever discomfort we are experiencing this moment is the worst pain that has ever happened.

When you look at monkeys, the only real conclusion is that Darwin was wrong and the most successful species is the one who makes time to beat their nuts with a wrench.

Anybody can be human, that's just a matter of DNA.
Being a person has nothing to do with being human.
There are people under the sea and with four legs
and on planets you've never heard of. People work
together, people talk, people take on the concerns
of other people as their own. People plan and hope
and dream and fuck up and love each other.
Spend time with people.
Don't lose sight of your
own personhood.
That's all you need to do.



That Bitch

- Jessica Rose

A great man once said "I may be the worst pirate you've ever heard of, but you have heard of me."
I'm paraphrasing a little bit but I like to work on that logic.
I'm that bitch.
That fucking bitch.

That stick my head under the sneeze guard and sneeze my ass off bitch.
That jay-walkin bitch. I'm English I don't even know what jay-walking is.
That's my excuse.
But really I know, and I know you know I know. And I like that.
I'm that bitch.

That change the keys around on your keyboard bitch.
That hide your favourite pen bitch.

I'm the worst.
And I like being the worst.

I go to your favourite store and hide your favourite items.
I take the batteries out of your remote.
I hide just one of your airpods. Just one.
I'm that bitch.

You know the good grapes? The crunchy ones.
I ate them all.
I didn't buy the punnet.
I just ate them in the aisle at the store and left.

I'm the one hiding all your socks.
Just the left ones though.
I love watching you hop around on one socked foot like a jackass.
I'm the fucking worst.

And I have no intentions of stopping.

HEAVEN

is for

CHUMPS

Parable for the Talentless

There was once a kind and noble man who was the manager for a branch of a shop. We shall call him Dan. It came to pass that Dan was to be married, and before he left for his honeymoon he went to each of his employees in turn.

The first employee was loyal and hardworking. Dan entrusted to him the running of the business while he was away.

The second employee was clever and skillful, and Dan entrusted to her the management of the finances.

The third employee was lazy and rude, and phoned in sick somewhat more frequently than Dan felt plausible, so he had her take over manning the till while the others saw to the important fundamentals of Business.

When He came back, Dan went to each employee in turn to find out what had happened in his absence.

The first employee reported that customer satisfaction was up, and the shop had been nominated for a Best Place To Work award. Dan was pleased, and said: "You have shown good work ethic, and proven that I can trust you. Now I will be able to rely on you for greater things".

The second employee reported that profit had been made, and made in such a way as to minimize the taxes paid as a result. Dan was pleased, and said: "You have shown initiative, and proven that I can trust you. Now I will be able to rely on you for greater things".

The third employee, however, was nowhere to be found and the till was completely empty. Dan was furious. "How could she do this to me? I never should have trusted her!"

"Some people just can't be trusted with anything," said the first employee, who had first made the suggestion that nobody would notice if some of the money was gone when Dan got back.

"People who don't have talents of their own always drag down people who do," said the second employee, who refined the scheme to ensure they would get away with it.

The third employee laughed and laughed from her beach chair far away, sipping her margarita and tossing an apple in the air absentmindedly.

Blessed are the Malcontents
For they will not be swayed
By your excuses and misdirection

Blessed are the Cranky
For their sentiments are genuine
And their platitudes are few

Blessed are the Terrible,
For they are capable of good on a scale inaccessible
To those confident in their own virtue

Blessed are the Trouble Makers
For they will get shit done

Blessed are the Messy
Blessed are the Stubborn
Blessed are the Imperfect

Blessed are the Loud
For they will be heard
Whether you like it or not

Blessed are the Crazy
For their understanding of the human condition
Is beyond the reach of the sane

Blessed are the Hypocrites
For they are equipped to handle
The reality in which we live

Blessed are the Living
For they are Not Dead Yet

Blessed are those with a Good Left Hook
Blessed are those with Resting Bitch Face
Blessed are those with No Fucks To Give

Blessed are the Impolite
For they are not here
To waste anyone's time

Blessed are the Punks
For they are initiated
In the mysteries of the pit

Blessed are the Assholes
For they shall drive away
All but the truest of Friends

Blessed are the Rockers
For they remember Saturday Night

Blessed are the Impatient
Blessed are the Awkward
Blessed are the Uncertain

Blessed are the Tactless
For they will say what needs saying
And set all things into motion

Blessed are the Delusional
For they alone have the capacity
To imagine the Futures we all shall inherit

Blessed are the Desperate
For their vision is clear
And their compunctions limited

Blessed are the Nonbelievers
For they answer to their own authority

Blessed are those with Something To Prove
Blessed are those with Unrealistic Expectations
Blessed are those with Freedom In Their Hearts

it's time to take back confusion

-a missive from President television

Welcome to the parade! The noise, the glitter, the sweat and the screams: this is our day. I don't presume to know why you're here. You may be gay or lesbian, bi or pan or asexual, you could be trans or gender nonconforming or kinky or queer in ways I haven't even imagined. You could be a straight ally, here to support or just to participate in the festivities. It's hard to tell, with such a big tent of gender and sexual minorities coming together.

Really, the one thing holding us together is that none of us quite fit into the standard model. This applies even to lgbt+ allies, because they really should be participating in shoving us back in the closet but instead here they are appreciating our weirdness, like a bunch of freaks. We're unaccounted for, and that makes us unpredictable, and that makes us scary. We're dealing with thousands of years of tradition and assumptions, built up and calcified until it could all be taken for granted. Homophobia itself is something relatively new, historically speaking, but the things that homophobes feel we threaten are very, very old. The division of labor according to gender breaks down when there's only one gender in a home, so we have to think for ourselves, and that frightens those who have fallen back on complacency. If we have to think for ourselves and construct our own means of handling things, after all, maybe their way isn't objectively best, and if their way isn't best, what does that say about them?

It all comes down to the insecurity of lazy people who don't want to think. Listen to someone complaining about gay marriage sometime: "***How am I supposed to explain this to my children?***" That is the cry of a person who is not prepared to do any of their own thinking. When the fight was for marriage, we did the work for them "GAY MARRIAGE IS JUST LIKE STRAIGHT MARRIAGE," we screamed "WE ARE JUST LIKE YOU." And eventually most of them got that memo, and the Supreme Court decided that we were right, and now they don't have to think about it too much any more so it's less scary. NOW they've decided to latch all their fears on trans people, because if they can't keep the queers from acting like marriage is a contract between two consenting adults, they can at least make it hard to take a piss in safety.

But the thing is gay marriage isn't just like straight marriage, it's something different from the story we've all been told we have to live. It's thinking for ourselves, even for a moment, and deciding that what we want isn't dictated by centuries of expectations. It's investing in our deviancy enough to put a ring on it. We're not shutting up and hiding, and that is a direct challenge to the authority of the dominant social narrative.

And if they were scared of that, just wait for what's coming down the pipe. Bisexuals screaming that not only does their sexuality exist, but that gay relationships aren't a consolation prize for the terminally gay? That someone who could pass as straight would put up with the hassle of fighting constantly for recognition as not-straight, would choose relationships that were harder just because that's what they wanted? What about all these trans people? Before they used to be punchlines and hookers, but now here they are in the news and on TV, having real jobs and acting like real humans all the while refusing to follow the script. And just wait til they catch on to the nonbinary or polyamorous folks!

How dare we exist? How dare we highlight just how nonsensical it is to think genitals have some kind of profound, mystical connection to who we are? Don't we know there are people whose entire identities are built on sloppy, unexamined foundations? Don't we know better than to shake things up? How rude of us. You could say identity itself is a crock, but that doesn't let our assailants off the hook. An identity handed to you on a silver platter is no more real than an identity you have to work for, and after all, identity plays a pretty vital psychological role.

We ourselves are no more confused than anyone else, but we're quite the source of confusion, aren't we? I think that's a good thing. People need to be confused. It forces them to think, it forces them to consider that they might be wrong, and honestly, that's the only way we learn anything. Of course, we don't exist for the purposes of straight cis people. We need to be confused as much as anyone else, as much as our enemies try to use confusion as a smear term. I've seen queer people treat other queer people like absolute garbage, and I think it's all in the name of avoiding confusion, just as much as bog-standard homophobia is, just as much as bog-standard transphobia is.

And it's easy to understand. When you have to deal with bigots' constant accusations that you're just confused, it's very tempting to say no, that you're very certain of exactly who you are, and that you haven't the slightest amount of doubt. But some of us don't have the luxury of certainty, and besides, this approach has other drawbacks. People are addicted to order, and to thinking we understand things when we really don't, and it's easy to get arrogant and dehumanize people. It's easy, but it's lazy. It's the same old shit we've all been putting up with from day one. Each and every one of us is a stick in the gears of someone else's worldview. We can't afford to fear the same thing, as a matter of common courtesy if nothing else. We've all had straight people and queer people alike tell us that we don't count one way or another, but I'm here to tell you that you do, whether or not you're certain of where you fit and who you are.

to hell with their fake authority

WE COULD HAVE BEEN ANYTHING WE WANTED

THIS IS WHAT WE CHOSE

the honest book of actions by ho chi ho chi zen

don't worry about avoiding temptation - as you grow older it starts avoiding you. – the old farmer's almanac

you already know what is evil and what is neutral and what is good. its built inside of you after millions (possibly billions) years of mental evolution.

it's called a conscience. it's quite smart. pay attention to it. it's very flexible and will automatically adjust for new paradigms; it is very difficult to beat with an intellectual assault. modern people find it quite difficult to get to. from day one others are trying to twist it to suit their own reality (or even their own self interests).

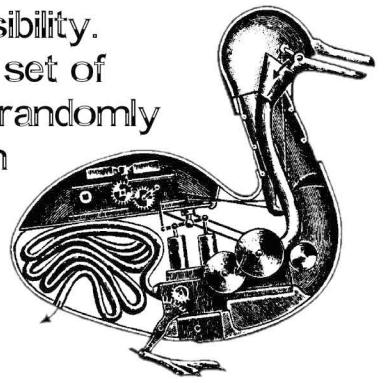
here is what your conscience is not;

it is not the law. the law is a set of restrictions placed so as to perpetuate the status quo (aka by the establishment, for the establishment)

it is not morality. morality is a set of restrictions used to cement loyalty to a mythology and the church that sells it.

it is not cultural sensibility. cultural sensibility is a set of restrictions arrived at randomly by memetic interaction and history.

it is certainly not puritainism



Don't fucking judge me, I've got tentacles for a face.

The Idiot versus the Swan

by Professor Cramulus

There are so many different truths out there. How do we select one?

If you choose wrong, you become some soggy middle aged prick who hides in a reality tunnel from decades ago, and is angry at anything that doesn't belong in it. We watched our parent's generation become the exact thing they rebelled against. Mark my words: this process has already begun in you.

If you choose the option that feels right, you will find confirmation of your own assumptions. In the attention economy, preference is a magnet. You can become trapped by the gravitational pull of Confirmation Bias. The Law of Fives is never wrong.

If you choose the option that is the most reasonable, intelligent, well researched -- there emerges a blind spot hiding the world's emotional realities. You will come up with solutions which people hate. You will gnash and weep that people do not behave the way they "should", and this disharmony can lead you to a place of toxic cynicism. You may end up in an emotional reality anyway, one in which everyone is dumb (but you, of course.. you know better).

If you believe that all swans are white, when you see a picture of a black swan, your preference is to say "that's not a swan", instead of "I misunderstood what swans are". The Black Swan dwells outside of our reality tunnel, it brings disorder to our internal map of the world. It is concealed by our assumptions and our ignorance of our own ignorance.

The Black Swan is Eris' pet. Swans are vicious creatures. They bite. They are pissed about the original snub--that is--they were not included in your map of the universe, and for this, they seek

REVENGE.

Old Bob knew how to make friends with the black swan. He knew that Eris is a prankster, and that in the comedy-bit which is everyday life, his role was to slip on the banana peel and get a big laugh. The universe has trained us wrong, on purpose, as a joke. Maybe the only way to stop being the butt of the joke is to accept this. ***We are all Cosmic Shmucks***.

This openness -- to seeing yourself as wrong -- is also one of the only things that can save us in the post-truth era. We need to be in a state of doubt and able to learn & accept new info. We can't do that from a place of complete certainty and confidence.

The post-truth era is in full swing because the lie feels differently than the truth--it's attractive, seductive, "feels" right. Our intuition and our intellect are both running for election but the district is heavily gerrymandered.

And this is part of why the Discordians celebrate Confusion. The Confused mind is trying to make sense of reality -- and that's the best mind, most active & engaged. It can be unattached, free. It can learn. The Beginner Mind dwells in confusion. Thrives in it, even!

Let us become the ***Ordinary Idiot*** again. We have been pretending we are more advanced forms of idiots--the square idiot, the zigzag idiot, the enlightened idiot--but in truth we are the same kind of stupid as everybody else. Let's go home to this place of mundane stupidity, where everything has to be taken in small pieces because we are very dumb and the world is very complex. Let us taste each bite individually, perceiving but reluctant to pass judgment, because we do not have all the data.

If (as St. Gulik suggests on the Emerald Tablet of Hermes) the little universe (the inner world) and the big universe (the outer world) are really the same thing at different levels of magnification, then we have a secret key -- the study of ourselves can lead to the realization of those fundamental laws that make the world go round. Maybe we can be momentarily free of the Cosmic Shmuck principle by seeing our own Shmuckitude. One day, we may even become an advanced form of idiot, reaching heights of idiocy only theoretical--until now.

FALL LIKE A PRO

I WAS WATCHING A VIDEO OF TONY HAWK DOING A 900 AT 48 YEARS OLD, AND, NO LIE I AM SUPER INTO THE FACT THAT WHEN HE PUTS THESE THINGS OUT HE ALWAYS INCLUDES A BUNCH OF ATTEMPTS WHERE HE JUST *FAILS.* MISERABLY. BOARD FALLS OUT FROM UNDER HIM, TUMBLING ON THE PIPE, SLIDING ON HIS KNEES, JUST FUCKING *GOING LIMP ON THE PIPE AND LETTING THE MOMENTUM DIE DOWN BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO SIT UP* FAILURE.

ONE IMPORTANT LESSON, AND THE OVERT ONE HE IS TRYING TO TEACH, IS THAT YOU KEEP FAILING UNTIL YOU GET THERE. NOBODY IS BORN FULLY FORMED, WE ALL GET BANGED AND BRUISED IN THE PROCESS, AND FAILING IS NOT SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. GET UP, GET BACK TO IT TIL YOU GET IT RIGHT.

OK BUT ALSO, I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICING AS I WATCH THIS THAT HE FALLS LIKE A PRO. SOME RANDOM 48 YEAR OLD IS GOING TO BREAK THEMSELVES IN HALF DOING THIS, NOT BECAUSE THEY MESS IT UP THE FIRST TIME BUT BECAUSE WHEN THEY MESS UP THEY WILL FALL IN AN UNSAFE WAY. OBVIOUSLY THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOME RISK INVOLVED, BUT THIS IS SOMEONE WHO HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO FALLING *SO THAT HE CAN GET BACK UP.* HE POSITIONS HIMSELF TO LAND IN THE PIPE AND NOT ON THE EDGE, HE RELIES ON HIS PADS, HE GOES LIMP AT ALL THE RIGHT TIMES, SLIDING WITH IT INSTEAD OF FIGHTING IT. NONE OF THAT IS INSTINCT. THAT'S DECADES OF TRAINING.

WHEN WE TALK ABOUT RESILIENCE WE OFTEN ONLY TALK ABOUT THE STRENGTH TO GET BACK UP NO MATTER THE ODDS, BUT *LEARNING TO FAIL SUSTAINABLY IS A SKILL, TOO.*

COURAGE IS NOT THE ABSENCE OF FEAR

The cool thing about Tony Hawk

(Besides the soundtrack to Pro Skater 2 which is just wall-to-wall bangers) is that he has somehow broken the system of fame in America. I'm not talking about wealth here, or power or anything like that, I'm talking very specifically about being famous.

It's possible to be famous and fall out of the limelight, to become unrecognizable due to age or the public losing interest. That's a known phenomenon, something that is built into the system of fame to scare people into continuing to produce for the masses. That's not what happened to Tony Hawk. People know his name, and know what he's famous for.

It's also possible to maintain a private life separate from the public persona. Dolly Parton (a veritable saint in her own right) has mastered this art. All she has to do is take off that wig and change into street clothes and no one anywhere notices her in a crowd. Others don't pull off the costume trick but still keep firm boundaries that differentiate their irl from their onscreen. Again, not so with Tony Hawk. While folks may not know about his private life, he hasn't intentionally sequestered it, nor has he put up some grand persona between himself and the masses. He's just a dude, now pushing 50, who's really good at something that used to be symbolic of teenage rebellion.

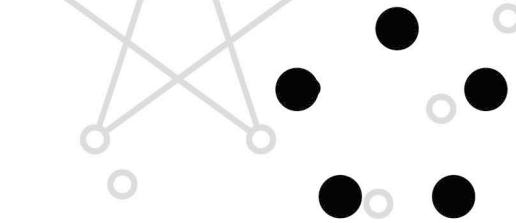
When Tony Hawk goes out into the world, people seem to get confused. Like, he'll be on a plane and someone will ask "hey who put all these skateboards in the overhead is Tony Hawk here or what lol" but it's ACTUALLY TONY HAWK SITTING THERE. He'll have people check his ID and ask "lol like the skateboard guy?" Once a kid asked if he was in fact That Tony Hawk and followed up with an unimpressed "why?"

This is NOT what fame promises people. This is NOT even the loss of fame, a known and acounted for thing. Somehow this man is still known to everyone, has not been cancelled or sidelined or forgotten, and yet there isn't a hint of awe or deference or even in a lot of cases recognition. When he clarifies that he is indeed That Tony Hawk, the best he can hope for outside of a skatepark is shrugs.

Tony Hawk has stumbled into becoming the Exact Opposite of Famous.

BLESSED ARE THE TERRIBLE, FOR THEY ARE CAPABLE OF GOOD ON A SCALE THAT THOSE WHO ARE CONFIDENT IN THEIR OWN VIRTUE MAY NEVER ACHIEVE.

STARBUCK'S PEBBLES



Do these 5 pebbles REALLY form a pentagon?

Those biased by the Aneristic Illusion would say yes. Those biased by the Eristic Illusion would say no. Criss-cross them and it is a star.

An Illuminated Mind can see all of these,

yet they do not insist that any one is really true, or that none at all is true. Stars, and pentagons, and disorder are all their creations and they may do with them as they wish. Indeed, even so the concept of number 5.

The real reality is there, but everything you KNOW about "it" is in your mind and yours to do with as you like. Conceptualization is art, and

YOU ARE THE ARTIST.

Conviction causes conflicts.

-* The Parable of *- Sal the Insurance Clerk

BY V3XAPHOD, WITH KEY COMMENTARY FROM M. NIGEL SALT

WE FOLLOW THE JOURNEY OF SAL, an ordinary middle-aged insurance clerk who, as a way of fantasizing away the cosmic pointlessness of his existence, dreams of a world without violence, poverty, and injustice and the many things he could do to effect change, if he only had the opportunity. One day, on a whim, he buys a lottery ticket that turns out to be the only winning ticket for the biggest jackpot in history – over a billion dollars after taxes and fees.

Being a reasonably intelligent guy, he manages to set up a trust to receive the winnings. His trusted friend is a decent lawyer who is able to keep his identity a secret by filing all the appropriate paperwork through an impenetrable bureaucratic maze. At first he does nothing with the money: keeps his job, doesn't buy anything extravagant, doesn't even pay off his mortgage or car loan. He just goes about his life as usual, patiently waiting for the press to die down and quietly investing some money, more as a hobby than anything else.

After the furor in the media has subsided, he sets his plan in motion. He buys a private island somewhere in Indonesia through a series of shell companies, and begins developing a very high-tech, secure compound, mostly underground. He arranges to fake his own death, abandoning his life and retiring to his new compound. From this place he recruits a private army of highly-trained and very effective mercenaries, hackers, and financial experts. He begins slowly exerting the force of their combined expertise on global markets through strategically imploding large corporations and even a few smaller national banks and draining their value into his own stockpiled wealth. In the ensuing political and social unrest, his troops sweep in along with coordinated humanitarian aid and public works projects, transforming war zones almost overnight into stable states. He bankrolls resistance movements here, recognized governments there, and a large array of media outlets. He even successfully masterminds the assassinations of many of the world's worst despots, including some in highly influential countries.

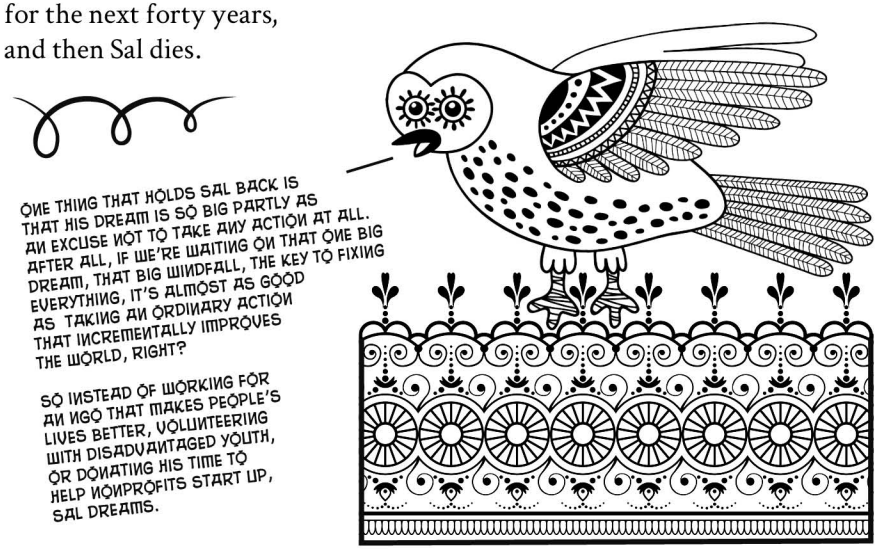
The whole world is confounded by the sudden appearance of this state-level actor, operating apparently on par with a global superpower, but no one can figure out who is behind it. His final move is to force the United States, the EU, Russia, and China into an alliance against him by knocking off a few low-level diplomats and sabotaging some of their most important military operations. With no way of locating or even identifying him, the alliance is forced to pool their intelligence resources and learn to work together, accidentally causing world peace.

"**H**a! I have done it!" he cries over simulcast TV, radio, and Internet streams, "I have fooled you into working together for the good of mankind!"

People everywhere cheer. Politicians, finally realizing the master plan is nearing its ultimate goal, manage to track the signal to the secret compound in Indonesia. They bomb it. Then they also bomb each other to erase the compromising intelligence they all have on one another. Everyone dies.

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!" goes the alarm clock. Sal opens his eyes and heaves out a heavy, frustrated sigh. "Yeah, that would never work. Geez, what a dumb idea," he says out loud to no one in particular. Rolling out of bed and into his slippers, Sal gets up to make the coffee. His grand scheme for helping the world has been foiled again, but he refuses to be deterred. He is a good man, and he will, eventually, think of something.

This scene repeats more or less daily for the next forty years, and then Sal dies.



PUT THIS FUCKING BOOK DOWN AND DO SOMETHING

Because how many lines will you cross before you admit to yourself that you're retreating?

How long can you lie to yourself about the precious things you've given up, and the nothing you've received in exchange?

How can you sit there, comfortable in the cell that you built for yourself when outside you see they're nailing people to the fucking wall?

YOUR PEOPLE.

Because there isn't another time this can happen, no next year, next season. You can't sit around waiting for someone else to break out first, and there's nothing outside of the prison around you but screaming oblivion.

NO ONE IS COMING TO SAVE YOU.

IT'S TIME TO BREAK OUT.

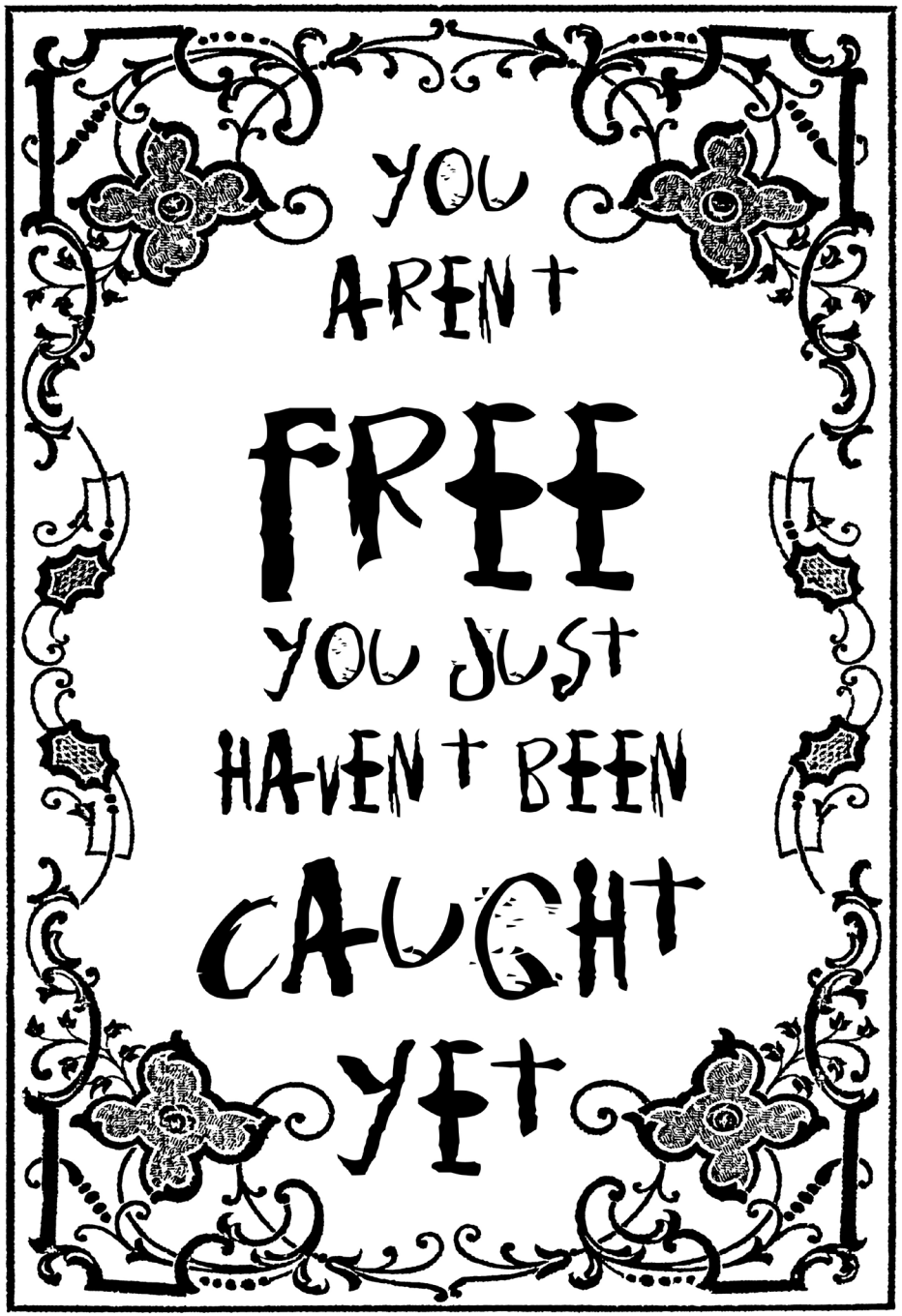
Because the prison guards have their own cells they live in, they just gave each other permission to wander out and beat you from time to time.

Because the walls are closing in and it's not just your imagination this time, they're bringing in more iron every day and you, babycakes, you helped them install it so you could get your cookies for "good behavior."

Because we all have to die of something, and I'd rather get blown up by terrorists than get fucking cancer.

18. If you wear ponchos, stop. If you don't wear ponchos, start. Whatever you are currently doing is wrong.

-23 Steps to a Happier You, Wise Book of Baloney



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 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.

If he were alive today, Hitler would send people pictures in docx files.

What Brother Allelujah was trying to get around to in his long-winded way was this: people who are sure they're right are trouble, and are the typhoid carriers of the Curse of Greyface. Therefore, they are responsible for all the troubles of the world. So, the only way to combat them is to attempt to make them unsure of everything. The most commonplace things. Everything. Paper clips. You can make them unsure of their paper clips. The best Discordian tactic is called Guerrilla Surrealism. Trust me; I'm a 5,000 year old Abyssynian – I know what I'm talking about. Listen to ol' Godspo here.

GUERRILLA SURREALISM

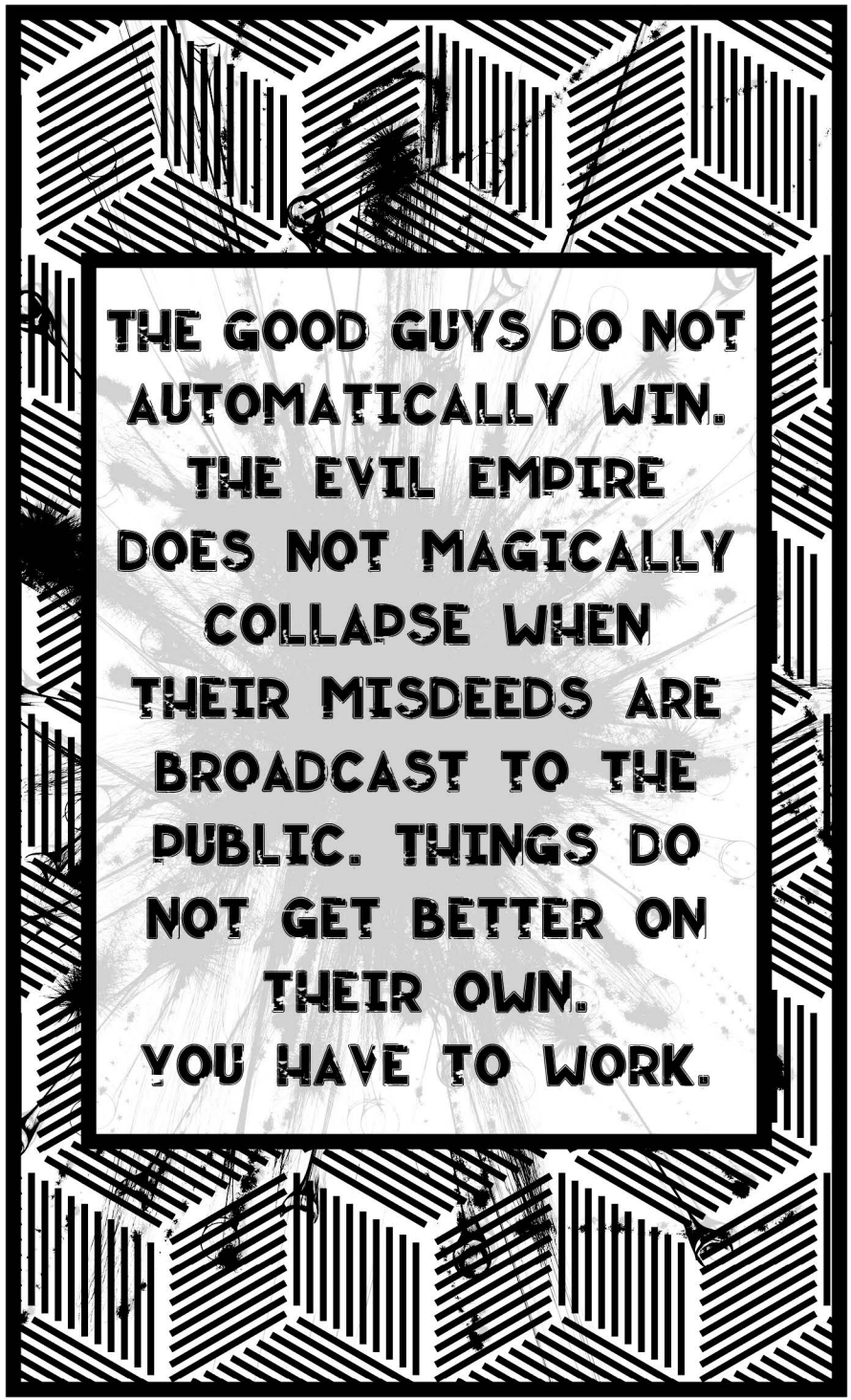
The primary weapon of the Holy Avatar Calvin, Hagbard Celine, Caligostro the Great, Henry Kissinger, Puck, the Knights Templar and other great Warriors of Discord. A blameless, guiltless and subtle method of gracefully driving people out of their minds. Infinitely variable, incredibly adaptable, endlessly versatile and really cheap. Do you know how many gross of washers or wingnuts you can get wholesale, real cheap? Especially if you go in with a few friends? I'll explain. No, there is too much. I'll sum up.

Example I of Guerrilla Surrealism: The Wingnut Trick (heh heh heh). Pick your Thuddite carefully. The most pompous, plodding Thud you can find who is accessible to you. Bosses are ideal. Professors too. Quietly, no more than once per day, maybe twice (patience, patience), slip a wing nut or washer into a jacket pocket, a desk drawer, a briefcase, a lunch box, a shoe, on the carpet – whatever. Do this slowly and subtly, with accomplices if at all possible.

Say nothing. Do not get caught. In a month, your victim will be a gibbering wreck, being dragged off to the booby hatch screaming "WING NUTS! WING NUTS! AIEEEEEE!!" – a much more entertaining person.

Another variant, usable only on people with ceiling fans, is to drop oily screws and metal bits underneath the fan, once every day or so. People become very worried, especially if they sit or sleep beneath the fan. People suffering from sleep deprivation are also much more entertaining than usual. Streaking was once a form, but is now too commonplace. Staging bizarre events (like dressing up as elves and running screaming down the ginza) is a beautiful thing. Bizarre graffitti is a time-honored pastime (see Markoff Chaney of Illuminatus! by Shea and Wilson), but getting caught and defacing property are equally bad. Lawbreaking creates the need for police, thus encouraging a police state, which is bad, children. The best definition of Guerrilla Surrealism is "an action so bizarre, it is not classified under the law."

Strive for perfection.
It is a form of prayer.
Strive for epiphany.
If that doesn't work,
do something
funny and run
like Hell.



Hearts and Minds

by Episkopos Cain

Welcome to the modern day war zone. Right now, as I speak, a thousand battles are being waged for your submission and allegiance. Commanders and politicians have decided that the enemy is us and that we are to be bought to heel, as soon as possible.

No doubt some of you think I'm using hyperbole, or metaphor to illustrate an example of our socially fractured society and the commodification of identity. And while those certainly are problems, anyone thinking about those in relation to my rant today are wrong. Right now, you and I are quite literally at war with at least one government, namely that of the USA.

Oh to be sure there won't be running battles with light infantry. No airstrikes are going to be called in on your house, and I'm reasonably certain you wont get carted away to Guantanomo Bay, or any other black site that exists. But just because guns aren't being loaded and blood isn't been spilt doesn't mean this isn't a conflict.

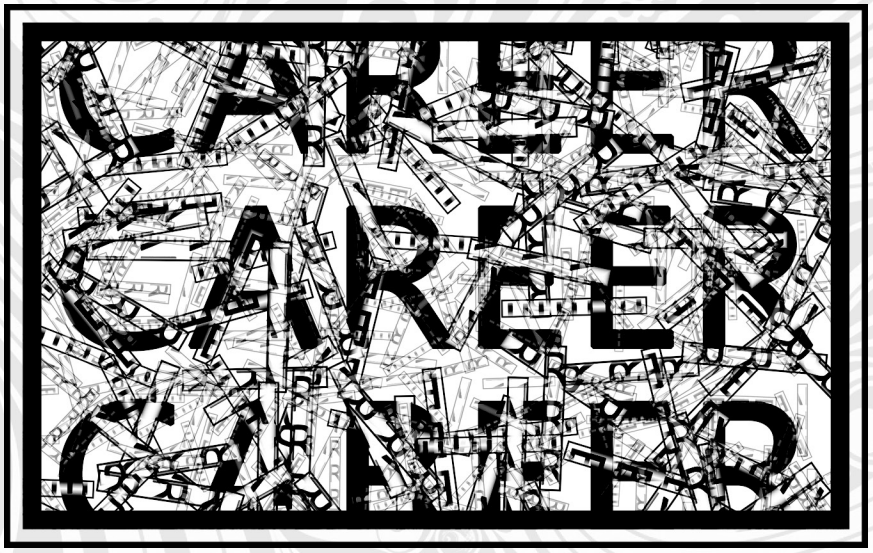
You see, war isn't about the clash of armies on the battlefield anymore. Hell, its barely even about killing, except as an advertising hook or a final solution for people who refuse to stop being a pain in the ass. No, warfare has moved through the gentlemanly period of pitched battles and low casualties, blown apart by Napoleon and perfected in the slaughterhouse of WWI. Its not even the dirty political warfare that characterized the Cold War, marked by futile superpower conflict and strategies designed to bleed a superpower by third world proxies, and on the other end of the scale by terrorism.

No, warfare today is about fighting on the psychological and narrative level. Its about capturing the mind, and shackling it to the agenda of the day, regardless of what that agenda may be.

The thing is, you see, as warfare has become less and less about artful strategy and less bound by codes of conduct – be they religious, cultural or legal – the real issue has not been arms, logistics, intelligence and skill, but about the sheer will to fight. Whoever goes on fighting the longest, whoever is willing to do what it takes to persuade the other side to accept their interests, whoever is able to effectively frame the agenda in a certain manner, is the winner in the modern world. You can even suffer strategic setbacks if your message and will is powerful enough.

And of course, if you accept this as essentially true, broadly speaking, then logically you come to the problem being people who wont get the fuck on with the message. The enemy ceases to be those who threaten certain strategic alliances, deposits of raw materials and the lives of the citizenry. No, the enemy becomes anyone who undermines that message and so weakens that will to resolve the conflict – and that person can be anyone, even your own citizenry.

Back in the day, they used to call this PsyOps. It used to only be a wartime enterprise. Dropping leaflets over enemy cities and troop formations. Doing pirate broadcasts using exiles and friendlies from the nation you are at war with to convince them of widespread resentment towards the government. Smear and ridicule important political and military leaders in any way possible.



Like I said, it used to be only a wartime enterprise. But now, thanks to the Cold War terrorism, carried to its conclusion by the likes of Al-Qaeda and Hezbollah, the difference between peace and war only exists in a legal sense. The potentially endless war on terror means actually endless psychological operations – carried out against not just the enemy, but the civilian population at home as well. The media has to hang the enemy with words and discourses and justifications before the military can do it in fact.

Nowadays, PsyOps is only one part of a much broader school, known as Information Operations. Do you operate a blog, report on the failing and lies and crimes of your country? Then you are are, according to this world-view, engaging in warfare against the state. But its not just about information per se. You have to think about this much more broadly. For example, protests. A protest is not just a protest. It never can be. Its an expression of low intensity conflict relying on moral discourses and popular expression of dissidence, aimed at bringing about a political-military confrontation.

And just where do you think something like **Operation MindFuck** fits into this system of ideas?

Since many of us tend to think of **O: MF** as a way of mentally shaking people up, getting them to question their assumptions, physically deconstructing the popular discourses of the day, stripping away the bare truth hidden beneath self-serving platitudes...well, in that case, it is nothing more than a direct challenge to state power.

That may dishearten some of you. But the simple truth is, thinking for yourself, and then communicating those thoughts to others, will always be seen that way, so long as this world-view dominates. You may as well get used to it, because unless you decide to never share your views, or have a frontal lobotomy, you will almost certainly do something that could be considered an act of war.

If you get really good at it, you may even end up in a real domestic war – as the crazy elements of the thuggish far right, security services and corporate sponsored smear teams conspire to make your life hell through intimidation, surveillance and character assassination.

To be honest, once you realize that you are in the war, a certain clarity accompanies that knowledge. You can now diagnose this uneasy feeling all of the above has been creating. You know what it is now, the nature of the Beast is discerned and laid bare. Once you know what the problem is, you can set about dealing with it. Few things are insurmountable, once you understand their purpose and context.

Unfortunately, you have little choice about this. The line has already been drawn in the sand, and you're on the wrong side. What happens next is a matter of policy, insanity, personal whim and plain old bad luck. Because you're not quite the perpetual pain in the ass that, say, Al-Qaeda is, you won't be facing the guns. You can be drowned out by voices of far-right harpies, military "experts" who 'just happen' to be taking pay cheques from the Pentagon and spineless journalists more content with attacking those who search for the truth than politicians who hide it.

There is a spectrum of responses, if you will. If you do this, the response will be that. And if you do something else, the response will differ in proportion. But like all Platonic constructs of reality, there are gaps in the conceptual definitions put forward. And it is in such gaps that the game must be played most effectively. OPERATION MINDFUCK works best in areas where they are no response. So go beyond blogging, or political protest, or pranks, or sabotage and mild acts of ontological guerilla warfare. Mix and match, be innovative, experiment and push the boundaries.

And remember, even though this is a war, unconventional forces always have the advantage over hierarchies.

Things I Learned While Watching Cartoons

LittleLostStar

iwritevictuuri.tumblr.com/post/179530912087/heres-the-thing-about-the-air-nomads-i

It's not just about power, or might, or the ability to adapt. You can have all of those, but you also need fun. You need the ability to be vulnerable, to have no ambitions beyond just having a good day. You need to be able to embrace silliness, to nurture play, to have that space where a very specific kind of emotional growth can occur. Fun makes a hard life a little easier. Fun makes your own mortality a little less frightening to grasp. Fun is the spaces in between, that can't be measured by money or military might. Fun is what nurtures imagination, allows you to see a situation in a whole new light, to find new solutions to problems previously considered impossible.

Fun is what makes a stranger into a friend, rather than an enemy.

Fun helps you see past your differences.

Fun is what fuels curiosity and openmindedness.

Fun is the first thing to die in a war.

It stands to reason, then, that if you're expecting an extended war, you'll need a plan to protect the fun. War may be an awful endeavor, but with no fun to hope for, your troops will inevitably collapse under you. This applies to culture wars, as well.

To arms! To arms! A cry is raised. A hue soon follows, and many are caught up in its wake. The wave crashes over the temporal landscape, as the washed masses throw their wrenches into everything they find.

Crash! Crash! Sound the gears of society. The cogs pause, hem, haw, and move on. The meters are fixed, the tire is patched, and the tear in the social stocking is patched with nail polish. Frustrated the masses slump, moan, and mutter, for what they see around them has not changed it has adapted, it has overwhelmed, overcome. The grey existence bleaches out the color of those who leave their hands in too long, searching for the lynchpin, the lever that pulls it apart.

Hold! Hold! For like the synchroweb that binds the cosmos into an Erisian orgy of energy, the social fishing net which catches the souls of the unwary has no middle. There is nothing to pull, there is nothing to burn. Its very intangibility is the briar rabbit that lures rebels into its midst, down a cul-de-sac, and then bores them into submission with taxes and political speeches.

Go back! Go back! Heed the call of your mind! What is in front of you is not in front of you — it is inside you. The grey wash that seals your eyes like a cataract comes from within! The Man that holds you down and forces you to submit is your own Monkey of Mediocrity. The prison has no door, because it has no walls, because it does not exist! The sun is out, the moon is brilliant, the trees call to you from the plains. You do not hear, for your ears are filled with the burning of your Will, a Will that runs hot but has no vent. You consume, but you do not turn. You spin, but you do not spiral. You burn, but you do not bleed.

Rise up! Rise up! and step sideways into the antechamber. The mirrors are different here, and your choice is now. The bland, the ordinary, is only as far away as your next thought, and the prisms beckon you from just behind your eyes. You fight others, thinking them to be oppressors, but we are you, and you are us, and you only fight your conceptions of us, as we you. But the self-destructive is ultimately self-defeating, as we cannot win in a battle with ourselves.

Create! Create! We think ourselves to be creative, yet we destroy in the name of freedom more often than we admit. The non-prophet said that Destruction is not the same as Chaos; we remember that Chaos is All, anything else are subjective rationalizations made in an attempt to function. And if All is Chaos, then the first distinction is that of creation and destruction. Move towards the completion of the Great Work, sidestepping the petty 4D squabbles surrounding you.

To Bliss! To Bliss! St. Campbell had it right. When one is capable of choosing one's life, that includes the maps they use. It is not hiding to refuse the hold the Grey world attempts to impose. It is not escapism to steal the powers of guilt and obligation back from the overlords. Because You are the only Overlord.

Free Your Mind, and Your Ass Will Follow.

-LMNO

What Do We Do?

- [by Joshua Ellis] -

I had a thought many years ago about abortion protesters. If you believed, really believed, that abortion was murder, without any doubt, wouldn't you have a moral obligation to try to prevent it? What would you do to prevent the slaughter of innocents? How far would you go?

The problem, of course, is that the only people who believe abortion is murder are religious people. Scientists don't believe it. Doctors don't believe it. Most civilized societies don't believe it.

Scientists do believe, however, that manmade climate change is real, and most of the people who study it believe that we are past the point of being able to prevent serious and almost certainly catastrophic change from happening - change that will affect every living thing on this planet to some degree and may kill off large percentages of higher order species and cause havoc that will disrupt almost every facet of human civilization.

There is nearly universal consensus amongst scientists on the reality of this change. (Not politicians and capitalists, but their opinions are not relevant to the science.) The only question is how bad it will be, and whether it can be mitigated by anything we can still do.

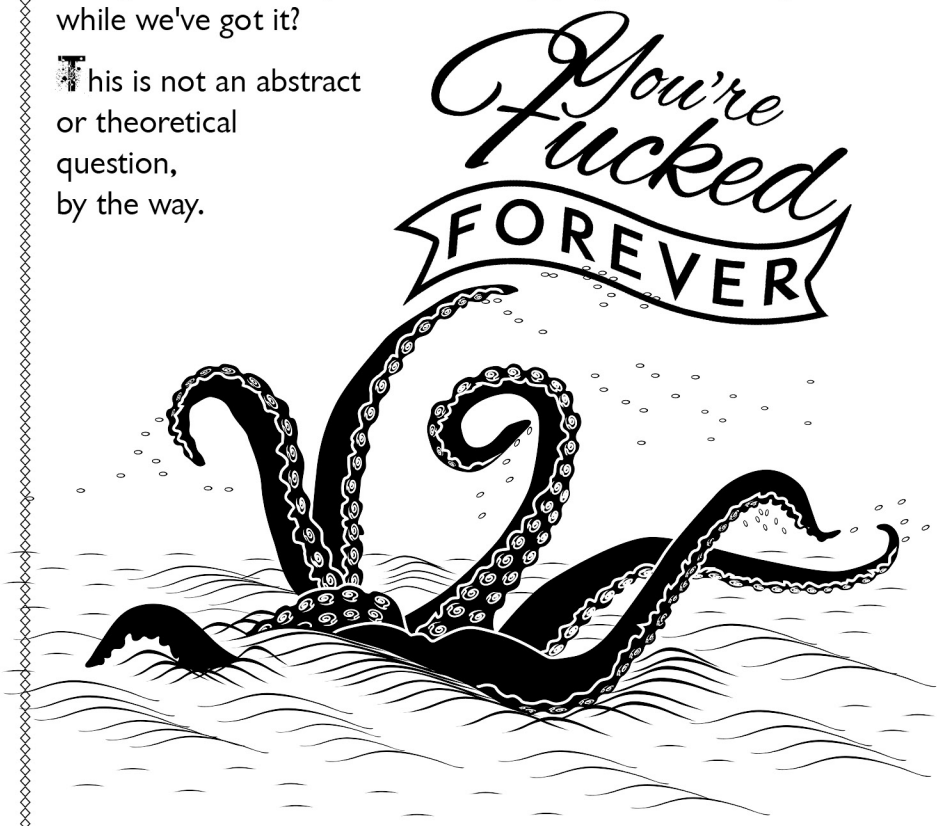
So if you know this, and you believe that we are facing an apocalypse of sorts - a slow and not entire one, but an end to the world as we know it, at the very least - and you believe that we're on a timetable to stave off disaster as best we possibly can... what do you do about it? When you know that appealing to reason does not work, has never worked, and will not work until it's far too late? That greed and comfort will always drown out prudence and preparation? That there is no hope, no technological deus ex machina to come down from the rafters at the last minute to prevent ecological holocaust?

Do you dynamite the pipelines? Assassinate the people who run and own polluting companies? Blackmail and threaten politicians into doing the things that will kill their careers and bankrupt their backers, but will save humanity? Do you build a nuke and tell the entire world to either knock this shit off or face immediate annihilation rather than a prolonged death rattle?

Or do you simply ignore it and live in some vague, delusional hope that "we" will figure this out - and by "we", of course, you mean someone else?

Or do you just say fuck it and turn and face the strange changes, and throw yourself into enjoying what we've got while we've got it?

This is not an abstract or theoretical question, by the way.



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

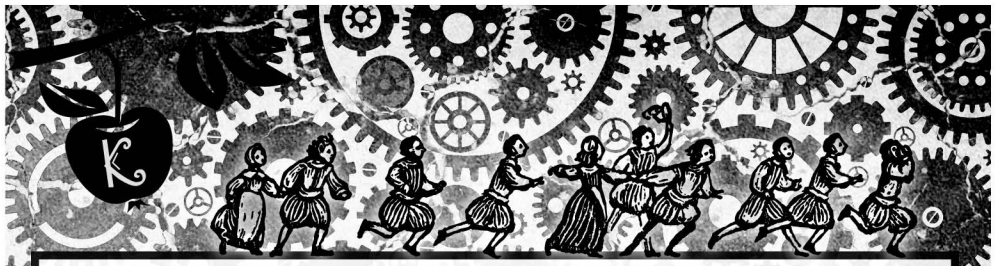
includes me.

The Revolution does not give a FUCK about You.

The Revolution does not give a fuck about you. If there is only one thing you take away from me, let it be that The Revolution, honest and for true, could not give less of a shit about your well being or structural integrity. The Revolution will chew up your mind and floss with your spirit. It will grind you under its heel surely as any machine that exists.

You will die here, and nobody will mourn you.

The Revolution will not sew up your war wounds. The Revolution will not even call a retreat: it is standing at the rear line with pistol in hand to shoot the deserters. Your cowardly acts of treason are as inevitable as they will be short. The Revolution does not suffer apostates to live.

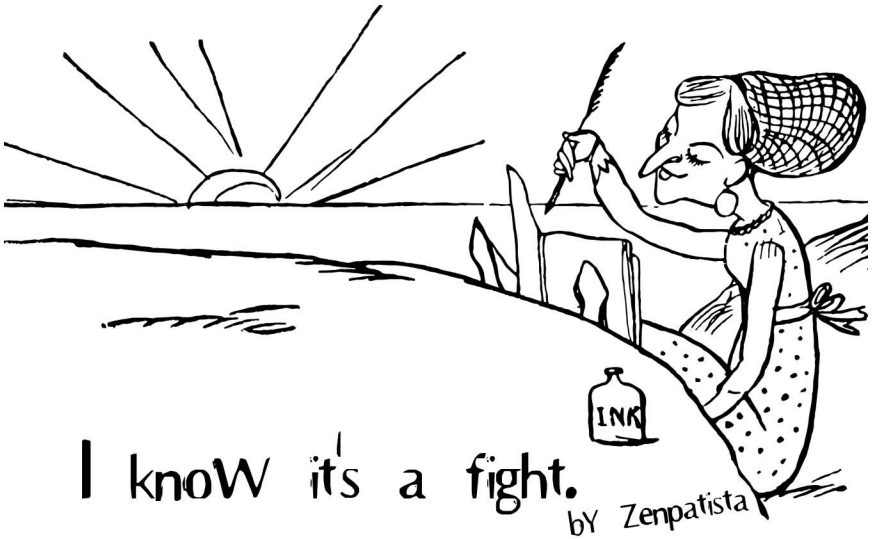


The Revolution does not care about your sacrifices. It demands your support structures, your resources, your time, your breath, it will not stop even when all have been exhausted. The hunger of The Revolution is eternal, its lust for blood and tears insatiable. The Revolution will make promises about replacing those old things with better ones, but you must know the truth: The Revolution will give you nothing, it only knows how to take.

The Revolution will take your everything.

The Revolution is only there for you when the day is bright and the streets are full or the nights are filled with teargas and smoke. It feeds you adrenalin and pretends that running on crisis chemicals won't fucking destroy you in the long run. The Revolution isn't there when you have to pour acid on the driveway to clean up the blood. The Revolution won't pay the bills or check on you when you're sick. The Revolution needs its martyrs, but only the photogenic ones and even then only when they are politically useful. The Revolution does not have a widows and orphans fund. The Revolution will not hold your hand as you are dying.

There's recruitment to be done, you see.



I knoW it's a fight.

bY Zenpatista

In fact, it's more accuratelY called a shit-fight against the establishment. I knoW Im the little guY. I knoW that as I stand up that some are too coWed, or beat doWn, or habituated to their "Whatabout"isms to stand With me.

That's OK.

I knoW that it's inevitable that I Will go doWn. And it probablY Won't be a tYpical beatdoWn. It is verY likelY that I get roasted alive and "made an eXample" of.

That's OK too.

But I also knoW that it Will be a glorious fight and I Will make them crY. I Will make them Wonder. I maY face imminent defeat. But When I go doWn, if I go doWn, I Will do so sWinging, grinning, singing and spitting.

ON WINNING

- ANDY FYFE -

WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING A GAME AND YOUR OPPONENTS CHEAT, YOU WILL PROBABLY LOSE THE GAME IF YOU PLAY BY THE RULES. YOU WON'T GET BONUS POINTS FOR TAKING THE HIGH ROAD, YOU'LL JUST LOSE.

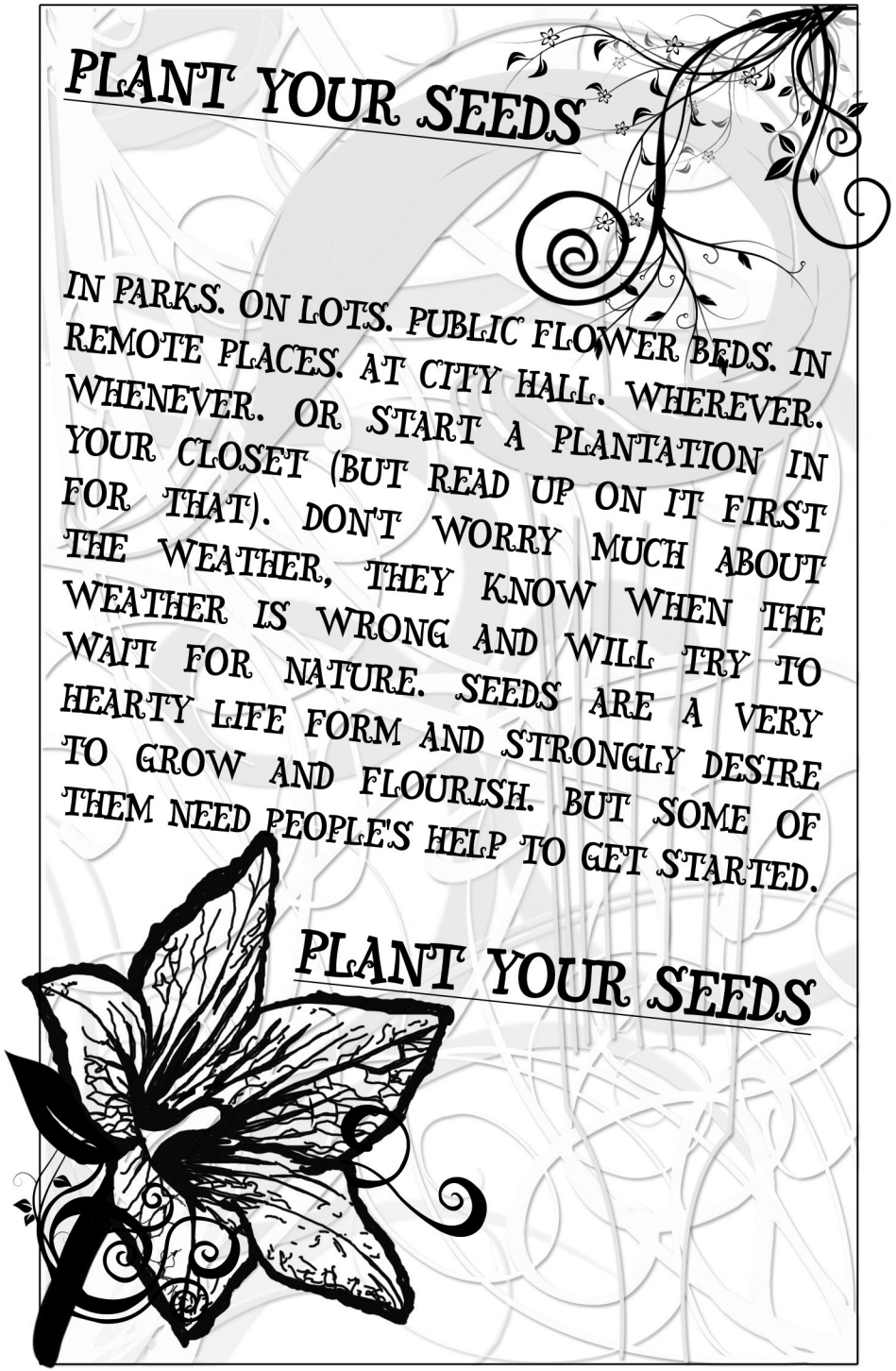
YOU WON'T IMPRESS ONLOOKERS WITH YOUR DETERMINATION TO LOSE ACCORDING TO THE RULES. YOU'LL JUST LOSE.

YOU WON'T WIN ANY VOTES BY CLAIMING A MORAL VICTORY OVER THE PEOPLE WHO CHEATED AND WON. YOU'LL JUST LOSE.

WHEN YOU LOSE ENOUGH, YOUR CHEATING OPPONENTS WILL CHANGE THE RULES IN THEIR FAVOR. THEY WILL CHANGE THE RULES SO YOU ALWAYS LOSE.

I REALIZE THIS IS A CONTRADICTION OF MANY OF OUR MOST CHERISHED CULTURAL MYTHS, BUT IT'S STONE COLD REALITY. IT'S AN EASY COP-OUT TO COCOON OURSELVES IN SELF-RIGHTEOUS DEFEAT, TELLING OURSELVES THAT IF WE JUST KEEP LOSING WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH THAT EVENTUALLY IT'LL BECOME A WIN. IT NEVER DOES.

WHEN THEY GO LOW, WE STOMP THEM INTO THE FUCKING PAVEMENT, AND LET THEM WAIL ABOUT OUR NON-REGULATION BOOTS.



The Doctrine of the Minimum Viable Truth

The Horrible Truth finds us all eventually, the kinds of people who Question Everything and Look For The Strings. Sometimes you only catch a corner of it, a little sliver of the Enlightenment Miserable that needles your brain and won't let things rest. Sometimes you witness yourself That Which Cannot Be Unseen. People die, governments fall, hopes are crushed, buildings burn. There are reasons for all these things, and they are not always the Official Versions™ of the story. It's a fact that every once in a while a conspiracy comes along and gets shit done, and the people who know The Horrible Truth are inevitably painted with the same brush as the people who think they can hear the stars talking in their fillings. They holler and go mad with frustration, trying to bring the masses to the whole of The Horrible Truth.

The Doctrine of the Minimum Viable Truth states that it is better to focus on the smallest, least controversial aspects of a Horrible Truth than to focus on the Big Truths behind it. That it's better to bring people to a middle ground even if that middle ground contains significant untruths or omissions than to attempt to drag people kicking and screaming to full enlightenment.

Let's use my favorite example: the 9/11 Truthers. This group believes it has found a great and profound Horrible Truth: that the US government orchestrated the September 11th attacks on the Pentagon and World Trade Center buildings, killing thousands in a pre-meditated false flag operation to justify the passage of some truly horrendous legislation and the invasions of Iraq and Afghanistan, which has itself led to hundreds of thousands of deaths.

Memetically, this HORRIBLE TRUTH has a lot going for it. It has hooks in "the government is evil," "look how smart I am to have figured this thing out," "everything happens for a reason," "somebody is running the show," "things are not as they seem," "powerful men are capable of great evil," and even "the call is coming from inside the house." When someone is infected by this HORRIBLE TRUTH, they follow the research of other True Believers and become experts in the well-developed ARG of Trutherism. Like Jehovah's Witnesses, they have an answer for every potential criticism or argument, armed to the teeth with annotated photographs and expert analysis. And, like Jehovah's Witnesses, they make very few converts.

The low conversion rate infuriates Truthers to no end. After all, we're not talking about a small event: three buildings were destroyed and the entire western world witnessed a terrifying display of human tragedy and loss on live television. If that was staged, wouldn't you want to know? Wouldn't the world deserve to know? We've grown up on stories of THE HORRIBLE TRUTH being revealed at the last second, exonerating our heroes and sending the villains to prison. But the real world has never, never worked that way.

Truthers divided discussion about the real tragedy of 9/11, wasting untold mental and physical energy on screaming at the government for doing something which it may or may not have done, and on screaming at the public for not getting on board. The public, annoyed by the Cult of Trutherism, deepened its acceptance of the OFFICIAL VERSIONS™ and refused to engage in any discussion about government malfeasance in regard to 9/11 and its aftermath.

The whole HORRIBLE TRUTH whether it is true or not, is not worth screaming about. As soon as you mention 9/11 Truth in any context, you immediately turn away anyone who is not already a True Believer, **and they will not hear anything else you have to say on this ORG ANY OTHER SUBJECT.**

THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH, in the case of 9/11 Truth, is that factions of the conservative movement were planning to take advantage of a national catastrophe to promote their own disastrous agenda, including the erosion of privacy rights and the invasion of several sovereign nations. In comparison to THE HORRIBLE TRUTH, this may sound small and irrelevant. After all, how can you be shocked and angry about people taking advantage of something tragic when you have already accepted into your heart that those same people willfully engineered their own tragedy? But without the prior context of the conspiracy story, this Truth is terrifying and awful in its own right. Like an abusive partner, people entrusted with tremendous power abused the traumatization of an entire country to further their own agenda and harm the people already hurting.

THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH is compatible with most belief systems, it doesn't engender the same kneejerk FUCK OFF TRUTHER that THE HORRIBLE TRUTH does. The evidence supporting THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH isn't cloistered away on the sketchier parts of the internet, it lives in the headlines, it's in the public domain documents. To believe THE HORRIBLE TRUTH, one must accept a series of assertions about the chemical properties of jet fuel and conspiracies of construction workers and cleaners who never mentioned the thermite being installed and the human ability to consciously murder thousands of their own people to forward their own goals. To believe THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH you only have to believe that people are willing to take advantage of a bad situation.

There are smaller truths too, but THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH is the one that turns hearts and minds against the assholes pulling shit, that points them at better questions and helps them make better decisions about who to vote for and what policies to oppose. The heroism of the FDNY is a SMALLER TRUTH, it is evident in every aspect of their performance on that miserable Tuesday and the days and weeks after, but it does nothing to turn the hurt and horror to a productive end. SMALLER TRUTH can derail conversations, but THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH unites.

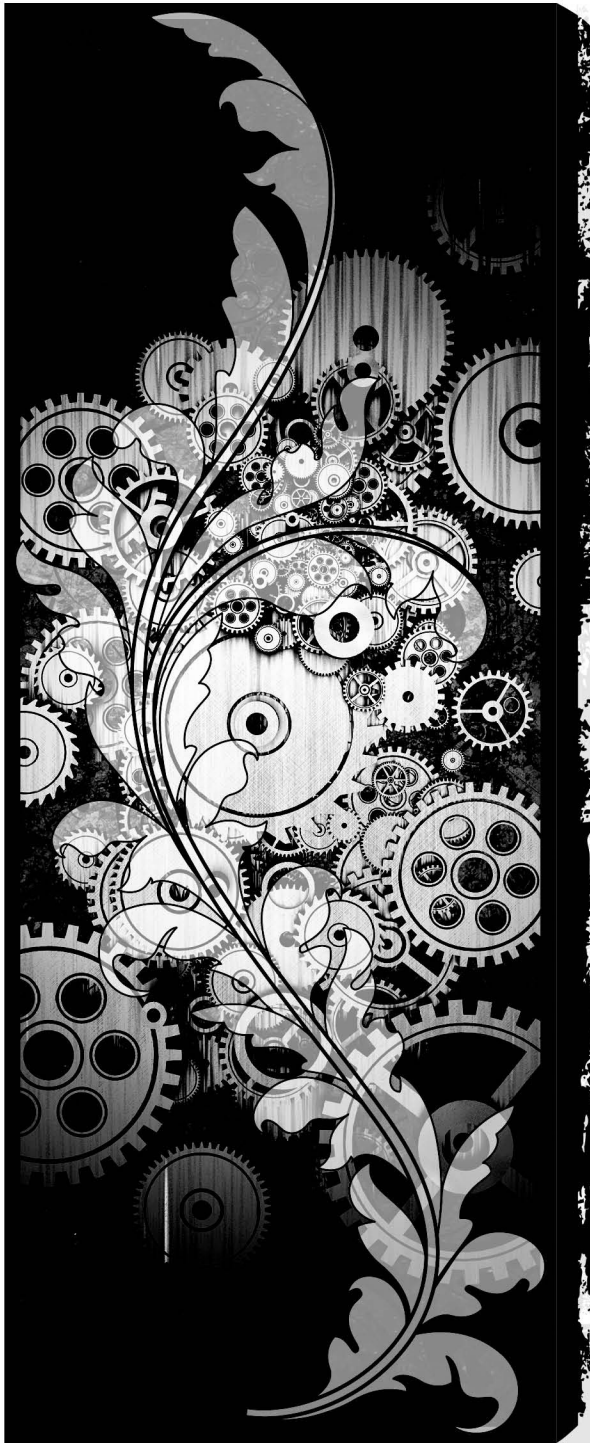
Let's talk about another example.

Michael Hastings died in a car crash is a SMALLER TRUTH. Michael Hastings was murdered via his car being hacked and blown up on the California streets by the CIA because he was investigating a story that was even bigger than his takedown of General McChrystal is a HORRIBLE TRUTH. THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH is that Michael Hastings was afraid someone was going to tamper with his car, and we now know that remote hacking of cars of that type is possible and was possible at the time of his death. And I am a True Believer, not in the bomb part of the story but that the reporter was launched at a hundred miles an hour into a tree not by tragic accident but because he was a shit stirrer of the highest caliber, and I have seen The Strings enough to know that hacking a car is well within the abilities of his enemies, and murder is not outside of their comfort zone. But I tell people THE MINIMUM VIABLE TRUTH. I tell them it's a possibility. I tell them what could be, based not on my gut or what another True Believer said but dispassionate analysis. And maybe I am a traitor to my tribe for not hollering THE HORRIBLE TRUTH from the mountain tops, but when I infect others with this truth it sticks.

IT ALL COMES DOWN TO
WHAT YOUR GOALS ARE:

DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD?
OR
DO YOU WANT TO BE RIGHT?

NOTHING IS CERTAIN



Did you think
the Revolution
would be
You and your friends
so cleverly
evicerating the enemy
from the comforting
glow of your tv?

Get out your pitchforks.
Head to the barricades.
Wars are never
cleanly won.

I am breathing.
Are you breathing?
There is work left
to be done.

Did you think
Change would arrive?
Your foes would just
step aside?
We all would make it
out alive?

I am breathing.
Are you breathing?

Are you breathing?

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 AR15 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.

* Bitch *

Your enemy will not challenge you.

Your enemy appreciates your complacency, your arrogance and self-involvement.

Your enemy does not want you to think.

Your enemy wants you to burrow deeper into the comforts of echo chambers, of sub-sub-cultures and entertainment, fantasy and other self-inflicted wounds.

Your enemy does not want you to reexamine your beliefs.

Your enemy wants you to SHUT UP

But it will settle for you screeching constantly about ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING BUT the problem.

Your enemy loves it when you get butthurt.

You think your friends should be the ones who treat you nicely and never make you uncomfortable, but

THOSE ARE NOT FRIENDS.

They are cabbages and they are tricking you into putting on a uniform and turning off your brain before those dangerous thoughts in your head infect someone else. Your friends are the ones who tell you that you're acting like a fucking moron. Your friends know every flavor of bullshit you're selling and remind you not to eat the menu while you're at it. Sometimes, your friends are

* NOT NICE AT ALL *

Because the world isn't nice, babycakes. And you, you who have chosen to take on the most powerful people in the world specifically because they are too powerful, you crumple at the slightest criticism? You who should be embracing every moment of battle experience before the big fight, you let your identity override your mission? You, who should be terrible and awesome, who should eat and shit hate like a goddamned aphid, absorbing so little into yourself that the output could be bottled for resale, you whimper at cusses?

Did you not get the memo? We're the bad guys. Good guys do as their told and toe the line and gulp down propaganda like greedy orphans and ask for more. Good guys sit down and shut up. We are not the heroes. We are the FUCKING RESISTANCE.

We are the malcontents, the unstable ones, the blight upon humanity. We are the ASSHOLES.

Good guys don't make history.

Serenity

I never wish for serenity. And knowing that, I should not be surprised that I never get it. But even when I reflect on this omission on my part, I never seem to change my wishing ways.

I see serene people in my life, I know that it is a possible thing. But the people I see who are content bring up bile in the back of my throat: the wealthy, the lazy, the willfully ignorant. Nothing could be further from my heart's desires than to settle for *this*, to set down my megaphone and shake the tension out of my fists, to decide that this is good enough. I am a malcontent, and I know it will kill me in the end.

I never wish for an end to the fight. There are days I cannot even imagine what an end would look like. Other days it's all too clear to me: a boot on the face forever and ever, we all love Big Brother, a tiny upper crust making merry on the backs of billions as the world burns. And to say that all the danger is external would be a lie, I know too that I have my inner struggles, my own dragons to slay.

I wish for a better sword. I wish for a stronger shield. I wish for a pitcher of water and more ammunition, for you at my side at the end of the world. Forever.

First they came for the Muslims
and we said NOT TODAY MOTHERFUCKER

Then they came for the women
and we said HELL HATH NO FURY

Then they came for the scientists
and we said KISS OUR SHINY METAL ASSES

Then they came for the immigrants
and we said HOW ABOUT EAT A DICK

Then they came for the National Parks
and we said YOU'D BETTER BE FUCKING JOKING

Then they came for the sick and disabled
and we said OVER OUR DEAD BODIES

Then they came for the internet
and we said BITCH DID WE STUTTER?

SYSTEMS VS THE SYSTEM

By Placid Dingo

One of the most common expressions of frustration against the general trend of extremely horrible people doing extremely horrible things and making extremely large amounts of money as a result, is to rail against 'the system', often with phrases such as 'the system is corrupt', 'crush the system', 'f- the system' and so on. I have a feeling that this language, and the thought that accompanies it is tragically misguided, and I'm going to try to explain why here.

A good metaphor evokes images that help to make it easy to understand a concept. One metaphor used in the Discordian work 'Black Iron Prison' makes liberal use of the metaphor 'the machine.' In this metaphor we are all part of the machine; one cannot 'fight' the machine because we are the very cogs and gears that make it. Any attempt at change antagonistic to the machine will either be eliminated, subverted or accommodated cleanly.

For some reason, the metaphor of 'the system' doesn't hold the same nuance. We talk of the system almost as though it were on one side of the world and we were on the other, when of course, that is not true. Political hegemony is upheld by people WE vote for. The BP disaster saw the spill of oil WE needed for our cars, and globalization is fueled by our participation in the global economy; at any level.

Let's stretch the system metaphor. 'The system' is a name given to a collection (occultists might say 'an EGREGORE') of smaller systems that link up together. These systems are in constant flux. We are a component of the system, and the system is a part of us (we both influence and are influenced by Microsystems that make up The System).

We're not really going to deal with The System any more. We're going to talk about systems in general.

I personally have grown to dislike the idea of Random Acts of Kindness.

Why?

Because the things that are making the world worse, generally, are not random, but systematic.

Exploitation of the world's poor is possible BECAUSE it's done in the same way, day after day. Successes that cannot be made systematic are not meaningful. What I'm suggesting is a way of thinking of 'systems' as the tools for change, rather than 'fighting The System' as a method of change.

What sort of systems can or have produced change? Vegetarianism or Veganism present one example. World Heritage, Environmental Regulations, Animal Welfare and changes in marriage law are good examples for the same reason above; they are systematic changes, they have had an effect yesterday, are effective today, and will meet with success tomorrow. Compare this to any of the attempts by Adbusters to subvert or destroy Capitalism. A mighty struggle may be an exciting narrative, but it is not generally likely to get results.

Again, if metaphors can shape the thinking behind our action, maybe we need to lose the idea of 'fighting a battle' and expand on the concept of 'building a village'.

Counter-culture belongs to the first category, the battle allegory. It is parasitic, a reaction against the 'mainstream'. Instead of a focus on counterculture we should focus on 'culture,' building alternatives instead of struggling against the existing culture or system.

If you just skimmed it, here's the main idea;

The System is actually a collection of interrelated competing systems. If we want to cause change we should focus on supporting or building systems that can thrive within The System, thereby causing positive change.

The Iconoclast's Manifesto

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

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

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

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

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

We reserve rights, period.

~ Cainad

Blessed is the Apple in flight
Blessed is the rock that calls down machine gun fire
Blessed is the raised fist, the bullhorn
The stencil and the paint
Blessed, oh blessed, is the man ablaze

What possible love could be greater
Than the love for the throwers of bricks?
The ones who shatter glass and empires
Those who tilt at windmills and death?
So blessed, blessed are the bricks

THE PROFIT MOTIVE

* demosquid *

The Cold War is often characterized as a struggle between two great ideas: Communism and Capitalism. The accepted narrative is that Capitalism - with its love of freedom, apple pie and Mom - was inevitably going to triumph, and now we live in the best of all possible worlds.

Isn't that depressing?
THIS is the best that we can muster?

The triumph of Capitalism has definitely been reaffirmed time and time again over the past thirty years or so. The Left has become a withered husk, horrified at the thought of being labelled 'Socialist'. The Right has become eager to become ever more extreme, so long as 'extreme' means slashing all barriers to the accumulation of wealth.

Societies are defined by what they stand for. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, the credit was given to those hard-working industrial capitalists whose Free Market Spirit crushed the Reds and their authoritarian regime. In the aftermath of that, it became downright irresponsible to stop these paragons of virtue from doing whatever they wanted with their hard-won capital.

Licorice-flavored jellybeans are THE WORST. Even worse than the white ones that I think are supposed to be coconut-flavored, but usually just taste like all of your dead dreams boiled together in a pot of existential despair.

The main virtue in our world isn't freedom; it is profit.

In some parts of the world, profit is pursued under democracies. In other parts of the world, dictatorships. If you're on the international stage, though, you're really on the international marketplace. We've allowed them to convince us that, in the post-war world, politics is really economics. We've even allowed them to get away with the claim that this is somehow indicative of human nature; that greed is what motivates us all.

Do you believe that? Really?

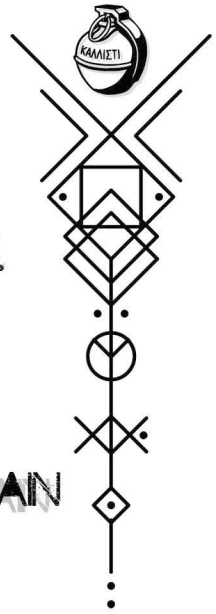
Most people know that money isn't everything; that the accumulation of wealth isn't a good enough reason to live your life. Most people know that the value of a life has nothing at all to do with how much stuff that person managed to get hold of.

Profit is what drives us to feel helpless in the face of environmental catastrophes (it isn't 'realistic' to expect companies to become environmentally friendly; think of their profit margins!) and it is profit that sees us stand silent in the face of brutal dictatorships and religious extremism (seriously - Saudi Arabia has far more to do with the spread of islamic fundamentalism than any of the countries we've bombed since 9/11).

Our drive for profit is selling the human race down the river.

Shouldn't we pick a better reason to live?

THE ENEMY WILL ALWAYS BE AT THE GATES.
WE WILL ALWAYS BE BESIEGED.
THIS IS THE LIFE WE CHOSE.



IF WE ALL WAKE UP TOMORROW,
THAT IS THE MOST WE CAN HOPE FOR.

MORALE WILL ALWAYS BE FRAGILE.
WE WILL ALWAYS BE A POWDERKEG.
EVERYTHING WE DO IS JUST TO MAINTAIN
THE CURRENT STATE OF CRISIS.

THERE ARE NO VICTORY CONDITIONS.

THERE WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.
WE WILL ALWAYS BE SCRAMBLING. WE COULD
HAVE BEEN ANYTHING WE WANTED,
AND WE WANTED THIS.

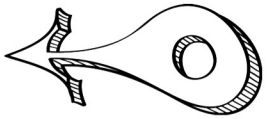
WE WILL NEVER BE SAFE.

WE PUT OUT FIRES. WE REBUILD FORTIFICATIONS.
WE WILL NEVER STOP PAYING FOR OUR MISTAKES.

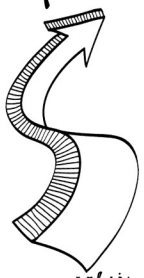
WE DANCE LIKE IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.

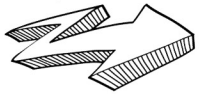
The Management
would like to thank you
for not subverting the
dominant paradigm.

YOU THERE!



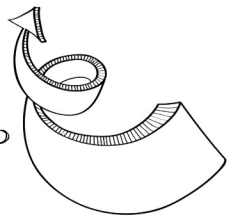
WITH YOUR INTERNET CONNECTION!
WITH YOUR GOOD HEALTH AND DENTAL INSURANCE!
DON'T YOU KNOW OTHER PEOPLE DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO THOSE?
GET RID OF THEM!
YOU CAN'T HELP THE UNDERPRIVILEGED
UNTIL YOU ABANDON EVERYTHING THE WORLD HAS GIVEN YOU
GET MISERABLE!





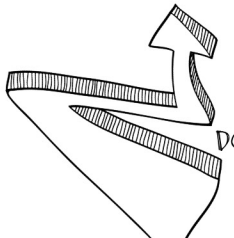
YOU THERE!
WITH YOUR DISPOSABLE INCOME!
WITH YOUR POKEMON GO AND YOUR COMIC BOOKS!
DON'T YOU KNOW PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING OUT THERE?
STOP HAVING FUN THIS INSTANT!
YOU CAN'T ADDRESS THE ILLS IN THIS WORLD
UNTIL YOU ARE AS UNHAPPY AS THE SADDEST HUMAN ALIVE
GET MISERABLE!

YOU THERE!
WITH YOUR MEDIOCRE JOB!
WITH YOUR HEART AND LUNGS INTACT!
DON'T YOU KNOW THE COPS ARE KILLING PEOPLE?
STOP GETTING BY!



YOU CAN'T FIGHT SYSTEMIC OPPRESSION AND INJUSTICE
UNTIL YOU ABANDON ALL YOUR LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS
GET MISERABLE!

YOU THERE!
WITH YOUR JEWELRY!
WITH YOUR PLATE FULL OF FRESH VEGETABLES!
DON'T YOU KNOW KIDS ARE STARVING IN AFRICA?
STOP EATING!



YOU CAN'T CALL YOURSELF AN ALLY
UNTIL YOU'RE HOMELESS AND STARVING ON THE STREETS
GET MISERABLE!

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?

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

We have to be ready, at all times, in all places, to fight. On the bus, in the school, at the mall, on the street. In chatrooms and forums and businesses and libraries. We have to be ready to fight at city hall and the state house and the commons and the grocery store.

We have to be ready to fight.

There is no peace that will hold forever, evil will never be vanquished. Our neighbors and co-workers and our family are all susceptible to the siren call of enemy ideology. Even we are not immune. We must put our stakes in the ground. We must hold our lines.

It is not enough to be merely "not evil." It has never been enough. We must be ready to fight, if we are able, because not everyone can. It's not enough to say it's someone else's problem, it's not enough to bite our tongues to keep the peace. It is not enough to defend the utopian ideal of tolerance at all costs.

If you tolerate hatred, you're an asshole.

We have to be ready to fight, even when our enemies hide their attacks behind "I'm only joking" and "free speech means awful speech." We have to be ready to fight when they invade the spaces we thought were safe. We cannot wait for the mods to wake up, we must take up arms ourselves.

We are the only ones we can count on. We have to be ready to fight.

THE FRUITS OF REVOLUTION

- THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

There's no point in talking about the 4th of July unless you're going to talk about where The Revolution led us. And where it led us was a plutocracy...This isn't a perversion of the system, it is the system's natural end. Certain checks and balances were put in to put this end off, but as we've recently seen, the last of those checks and balances (the Supreme Court) just failed.

The funniest part is, I have watched various losertarians and other free market retards say that "Hobby Lobby (et al) should not be forced to pay for contraception". They weren't. Their insurance carrier was. And now their rates will actually go UP, because of the increase or likely increase in pregnancy among their employees. So this was never about economics, you stunted little morons, it is about **CONTROL** and keeping the poor poor by making sure they have lots more little poor people. You are idiots, and this sort of shit is why you will always be on the bottom rung, screaming your Ayn Rand bullshit. Fuckrags.

ANARCHISTS ARE HOPELESS ROMANTICS

This decision of course follows the one a few years back in which the SCOTUS decided that corporations can basically have the local government declare eminent domain on your property and sell it to said corporation for pennies on the dollar, if the corporation can prove that their use of the land will pay more taxes than the original occupant.

So happy 4th of July, you fucking mongoloids. Be **PROUD** of that flag. After all, it's what they cover your head with while they **FUCK YOU IN THE ASS**. And try not to think too much about the fact that these assholes in mumus are the LAST century getting the 19th century all over your 21st century. Try not to think about the fact that they take your patriotism and convert it into the gigantic dildo that's probing your liver. Suckers.

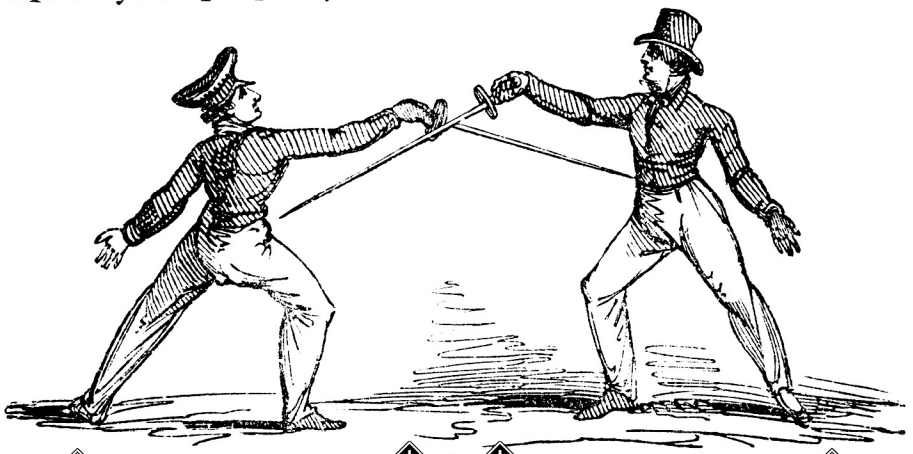
That is all. You may now return to **SUPPORTIN' THE TROOPS** and watching your fireworks while you smash your brain with shitty fucking beer.

I hate you all.

There are no Conscientious Objectors in the Culture Wars

Freedom means not needing to fear for your life or your property!

Freedom means being able to do bad things, and knowing others can, too!



I DON'T SUPPORT PEOPLE WHO PEEK THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS, WHETHER THEY ARE NSA OR TACO VENDORS.

GET OUT THERE AND DO IT

Look, you bastards, it **ISN'T** treason, and I will **NOT** confess. It **IS NOT** heresy, and I will **NOT** recant. Sure, I did it, and so would **YOU**, if you had any balls. Johnny Cash did it, and flipped everyone the bird. James Brown did it, and brayed laughter out the window of his car, while cops chased him across **FOUR STATES**. Patrick Henry did it, just to show he wasn't afraid to stick his neck in a noose. But **DOING** it is not the same thing as **TALKING** about it. You'll scream 'YEEHAW' at that scabby little wimp Ted Nugent, and you will 'HELL YEAH' at Goddamn Fox News down at your local saloon, but **THAT'S NOT DOING IT.**

Martin Luther King did it in jail, Mohammad Ali did it to a federal judge's face. Gandhi did it in the face of the entire British empire. Ozzy Osbourne did it while pissing on the Alamo, and you didn't see a single po'bucker with the **GUTS** to punch him out for it. They were small, crawling things, and he was a raging maniac that could not give **ONE SOLITARY DAMN** what anyone thought.

Martin Luther nailed it to the church door, Schindler did it to the Nazis, Joe Hill did it to the man until they **KILLED** him... and... and... and...

FURTHERMORE

Loving did it to the state of Virginia and Ru Paul did it to a million screaming bigots. Wayne Newton did it to the Las Vegas mob, Daniel Shays did it to George Washington, right after Washington did it to King George III.

And what about you? Did **YOU** do it? I bet you didn't. I bet you **PLAN** to do it, or **SHOULD** have done it, or **TALK A REALLY GOOD GAME ABOUT IT**. I bet you elbow your buddies and tell them you're gonna **DO IT** one fine day, just not right now, on account of the game is on, pass the goddamn Miller High Life.

BUT REMEMBER

Louis Armstrong did it and Scatman John does it, and Medgar Evers did it til they **SHOT** him, and Sitting Bull did it **ALL DAMN DAY**, and Chocise and Geronimo just **DIDN'T GIVE A CRAP** and **KEPT DOING IT**, long after it had gone out of fashion.

So spare me the stories about how you're **GONNA** do it, if they by Jesus **PUSH YOU ONE MORE TIME**, because they've pushed you **YOUR WHOLE GODDAMN LIFE**, and you didn't do **DICK.**

HOWEVER

The **FUNNIEST** part is, Obama didn't do this to you, and Dick Cheney didn't either. Leon Blankenfein didn't do it to you, nor did Henry Kissinger or Robert MacNamara or Pope John Paul II. No, you stupid punk, **YOU** did this to you, and so if you really ever get the urge to **GO AHEAD AND DO IT**, just punch yourself in your own stupid face. Then you can get up and do it to the rest of the bastards who have it coming.

But while you're doing it, **SHUT THE HELL UP**. I'm tired of hearing about it, and how you're gonna do it.

SOME DAY.

Chelsea Manning did it while they tortured her, and Edward Snowden did it and ran like hell, laughing like a mad bastard. King Canute did it up to his knees in the ocean, and the dance band on the Titanic did it while the ocean was coming to them. Aaron Swartz did it at MIT and Michael Hastings did it on the front page, and look where that got **THEM.** Jackie Robinson did it for the love of the game and Rosa Parks did it and said it was just because **HER FEET HURT.**

John Dillinger did it every chance he got, and he didn't stop til they shot him from **AMBUSH,** because he was **TOO MUCH** for them to deal with **MANO·E·MANO.** Billy the Kid did it until he was shot in the back in the **DARK**, for **THE SAME GODDAMN REASON,** and, you know, I'm trying to say...

BESIDES THAT

Neil Armstrong did it in vacuum, death by boiling blood less than **TWO INCHES AWAY**. Sophie Scholl did it until they chopped her head off. C Everett Koop did it while his boss screamed and **BOTH** sides of the aisle wanted him dead! Huey Newton did it and H Rap Brown did it and Angela Davis **NEVER STOPPED DOING IT**, and she'll kick your junk right up around your ears **TO THIS DAY** if you give her crap about it.

So there's no reason **YOU** can't do it, except for maybe all those Goddamn **EXCUSES** you have for **NOT** doing it and I tell ya, The Crack awaits you, you horrible little monkeys. So don't tell me **WHY** you can't do it, because **I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.**

YOU KNOW WHY?

BECAUSE

Audie Murphy did it and Sergeant York did it **AND** Smedley Butler did it and then had the **STONES** to come home and tell the **TRUTH** about it. Amelia Earhardt did it, Liberace did it, and the landing craft at Normandy were **NUT·TO·BUTT FULL OF BASTARDS DOING IT**.

And me? I did it on a cold March day with no gloves on, blowing kisses at cameras and quaking in my boots. I did it on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial under the disapproving glare of a security guard. I did it on some Anonymous January with a megaphone and the whole world watching. My mom did it on the docks and escaped from the handcuffs. My grandmother did it in combat boots. My great-grandmother did it at the polling booth, then her husband had to arrest her and feed the kids alone that night.

So, yeah. Tell me how you're gonna do it. But save us both the trouble, and tell me **AFTER** you do it.

The thing about

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

is that it's not a threat at all, it's just an announcement of the fact that you are going to be **FREE ALL OVER THE PLACE** and if they don't like it, they'll have to kill you first.

- The Good Reverend Roger,
with extra affirmations from Anonymous

BLESSED *are the* TROUBLE MAKERS

Possible

is huddling in a dark cave,
picking fleas out each others fur
and wishing for bison.
Literally everything else
humans have accomplished
used to be

Impossible.

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 worshiping 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 rabblerousers 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.

From The Void

You can't fight City Hall.

Therefore, you should instead go into City Hall and jam up the toilets, squirt glue into the parking meters, and distribute fake and disruptive memorandums. Carbon-papering the mayor's signature will gain far more results than standing around holding a sign.

Reverend Rocco

The Hymn of the Sneed Discordians

Everything is Nothing
Nothing is Everything
Something, though, is not Everything
Nor is Something Nothing
And Everything is Half-Off on Fridays

What in the nine hells is it now?

POLITICAL PARODY

became impossible when the british prime minister fucked that pig. Like there's never going to be a scandal that outmatches the time that world leader David Cameron put his dick in a dead pig as a joke. Recourse just flew out the fucking window for meaningful consequences happening for anything when a head of state was implicated in necrozoophilia and then continued to be a head of state for a year afterwards. And this was AFTER black mirror had a fictional pm fuck a pig, intended as satire. They didn't know satire was dead, like the pig, that he fucked, as a prank.

HTTPS://SEVERALOWLS.TUMBLR.COM

NOTES ON AN INCONVENIENT UNIVERSE - PART IV

— THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

A lot of people think America is addicted to McDonalds, or **TV**, or **porn**. And we may very well be... But America's number one addiction, the 500 pound monkey on our backs, is punishment. We *love* punishment, we love to see no-good shits get theirs, even - *especially* - if we do or at one time did the very same thing we're hollering about.

This ranges from the public to the personal. Publicly speaking, we have 5% of the world's population, and 25% of the world's incarcerated population. We lock kids up (as recently happened in Alabama) for **TWENTY-SIX YEARS** for a pound of pot. Given that the kid is 19, he'll be middle-aged when, or if, he gets out. His whole life is gone. For a pound of pot.

A LARGE MINORITY OF THE POPULATION BELIEVES THAT THIS IS REASONABLE.

We arrest 6 year olds on felony charges for acting out in class...Then Facebook and Twitter and all the other social media sites fill up with outrage that would be appropriate if the people expressing that outrage hadn't spent their entire lives voting for asshats who promise to "**GET TOUGH ON CRIME**" in a system that is already VERY tough on anything even remotely resembling a crime. Hell, they **RAN OUT** of crimes, so now they're after 6 year olds.

THIS IS WHAT YOU SCREAMED FOR, AMERICA! THIS IS WHAT YOU DEMANDED! WHY ARE YOU COMPLAINING NOW?

In the private sector, we punish people by firing them. Not just for things like non-performance or being drunk on the job, but also for posting things we don't like on social media. Or for having the wrong friends and/or political beliefs. Or for expecting a living wage.

Hell, we even punish our own friends and families. And not always by obvious physical abuse, but also by withholding attention or affection, to show them **WHAT**. By deciding that they need to feel your disdain for a while, so they won't do whatever it was they did to give you the urge to punish them. Then we wake up one day, wondering where everyone went and why we're so alone.

It's not a mystery where they went, really. They're **IN JAIL**. Or **UNDER A BRIDGE, EATING FROM GARBAGE CANS**. Or they got sick of our emotional manipulation and just, you know, **went away**. But we console ourselves that they deserved the punishment they got, because they were no-good shits anyway, and we are an island, we are better off without their company.

And **THAT**, friends, is how you get the utterly psychotic society that frightens and depresses you so much.

ARE YOU FREE?

You got sold a false bill of goods.

It's not your fault, it happens to the best of us. The most important thing is to just nut up and admit that you've been suckered, so you can try and make things right.

Someone told you Freedom isn't Free.

Maybe it was your friend, your mom, your teacher, it doesn't matter. Somewhere along the line the bad signal crept in and it wended its way through society until it ended up at your doorstep, and it looked like Patriotism and Self-Reliance and so you let it in, and now it's running around wrecking shit, and you don't even remember what Freedom looks like. Let me remind you.

- Freedom isn't Security. Freedom will not stop bullets or tazers or thugs in literal or figurative jackboots. Freedom will not prevent you from getting cancer or blown up or picked on.

- Freedom isn't granted. Nobody can ever make you Free, the most anyone can ever do is to remind you what Freedom looks like.

- Freedom lives in your heart and in your heart alone. People who are Free can be locked up and tortured and abused, but that doesn't take away their Freedom.

- Martin Luther King had more Freedom in the jailhouse in Birmingham than most people get in their whole lifetimes.

- Freedom is messy. It's not nice and it's not wise and it's not even fun most of the time. It's neither good nor evil, it is simply Free.

"Innocence is not 'good'. Innocence is the state of having never been tested."

– The Tucson Codex, 2:24

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

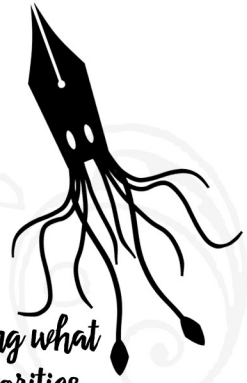
An Evil that has no center & no boundaries has no nads.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

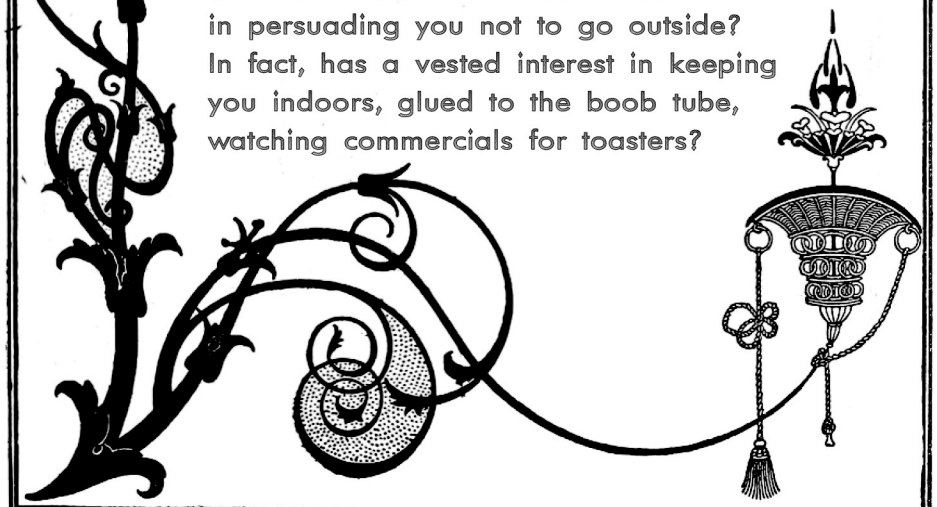
ADMIT NOTHING, DENY EVERYTHING AND ALWAYS MAKE COUNTER ACCUSATIONS.

Safety Lecture

by P3nT4gR4m

The thing with psychos is there aren't that many. Not stabby ones anyway. Statistically your toaster is more likely to kill you than a stabby psycho. So why are we more afraid of psychos than bread cookers? Let's think about that. Why are we scared of psychos? Is it because the TV paints a picture of psychos on every street corner, competing for victims with drug users, rapists and drunk drivers?

The same TV which has a vested interest in persuading you not to go outside? In fact, has a vested interest in keeping you indoors, glued to the boob tube, watching commercials for toasters?



oh, the irony in being warned about trustworthiness from a villainous reptile in a skin suit

When Good Gets Too Good ... LHX

One of the pillars of growing up in the modern day Fairy Tale life is the notion of 'following your heart.'

This seems to correspond roughly to following hunches. Follow your hunches even in the face of adversity. Follow your hunches when the people around you are heading one direction, but there is something telling you to head in the other.

But what do you do if 'following your heart' consists of going against the very system that advised you to follow your heart? Go ahead and ask them. It's fun to hear people backpedal.

In the Fairy Tale books, they didn't put stipulations on the whimsy. "Follow your heart unless it entails dismantling the destructive society of which you are a part. If that situation arises, please stop following your heart, and just follow these simple rules..."

Oops...

I read something somewhere some time (for some reason I think it was McLuhan) that detailed the notion that it would be eventually calamitous for a society to raise their children with images of super heroes and then expect them to obediently ease into a button-pushing desk job.

How are you gonna grow up admiring those figures that didn't go down easy, and then end up being the type of person that goes down easy?

Well...

I guess liquor and drugs help snuff this out. The curse of resilient able-bodied youth works against a lot of people, as there seems to be a constant 'do it tomorrow' mentality - WHICH DOES MAKE SENSE for the most part, until (again LOL) KABOOM all the caffeine and cigarettes and fast food turn a person into a soft, neurotic - albeit sharp-witted - person with little agility. These elements help break people down into becoming the type that go down easy.

That's beside the main point here.

The point is that there are situations where people will advise you to go against the advice that they themselves gave you.

Yeah read that again. They will give you heroic advice today - that age old wisdom. The rallying cry. But sometimes a person is a part of the problem that the wisdom would seek to alleviate.

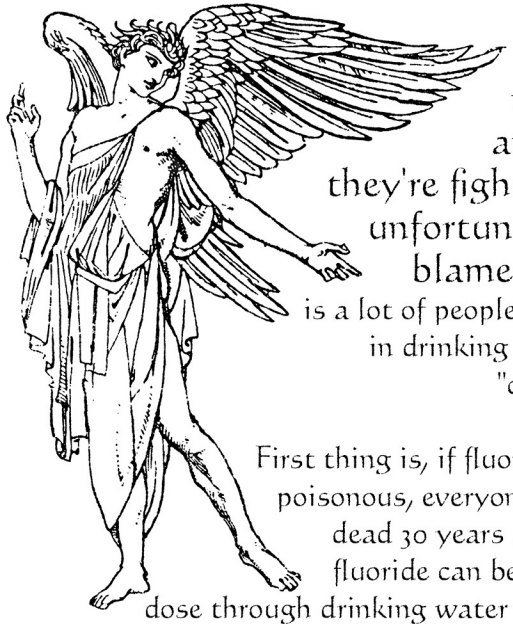
There is another side to this - the exploration of 'when does somebody know they are really right, or if they are just nuts.' This is the territory we get into when we talk about people with a subversive point of view 'becoming organized.' "What makes you so sure you are right?"

Perhaps its not so much a matter of knowing when you are right, but being in a position to react when you recognize that something is wrong.

The days of being able to 'get away with something' are coming to a end - even for those who are either ignorant of their misdeeds, or seek to cover them up by preaching words that sound right.

That goes for me too. If you see me doing wrong, please, by all means...

SRSLY.



What I'm about to say may hurt some feelings among people who think they're fighting the power. This is unfortunate, but I can hardly be blamed. What I'm seeing out there is a lot of people screaming about fluoridation in drinking water, vaccines being harmful, "chemtrails," and other rubbish.

First thing is, if fluoridation of drinking water was poisonous, everyone in Canada would have been dead 30 years ago or more. Yes, an excess of fluoride can be harmful, but to get a harmful dose through drinking water you'd die from a burst bladder long before you became poisoned. Vaccines have been screamed about ever since that waterhead Andrew Wakefield posted fraudulent data in The Lancet. In reality, what have vaccines done? Eliminated smallpox, the single biggest killer in mankind's history, and controlled other nasty diseases, such as polio and the measles. And chemtrails? I'm not even going to address that nonsense.

The entire collection is idiotic. Normally, that would be fine... plenty of people believe in weird garbage, and it does no harm. However, while you're pulling your underwear over your head and whimpering about fluoride, the Bank of America is sodomizing you. And you PAY them for it. While you screech about chemtrails, utterly destroying your own credibility (if chemtrails were real, wouldn't the perpetrators also be breathing the poison? Jesus H Christ) Congress is stealing your future. While you are ranting about vaccines and "indigo children," labor conditions in the United States are returning to somewhere around 1904.

YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT THE WRONG THINGS.

Of course, dealing with the school-to-prison pipeline is hard. You can't do it in the cafe, to impress your pals and attract a mate with your grasp of "what's really going on," you have to go out there and DO something. Harass your Congressman. Address school boards. Things that take EFFORT. It's not as much fun as huddling under the blanket with the other hipsters and huffing each other's farts, but it GETS RESULTS.

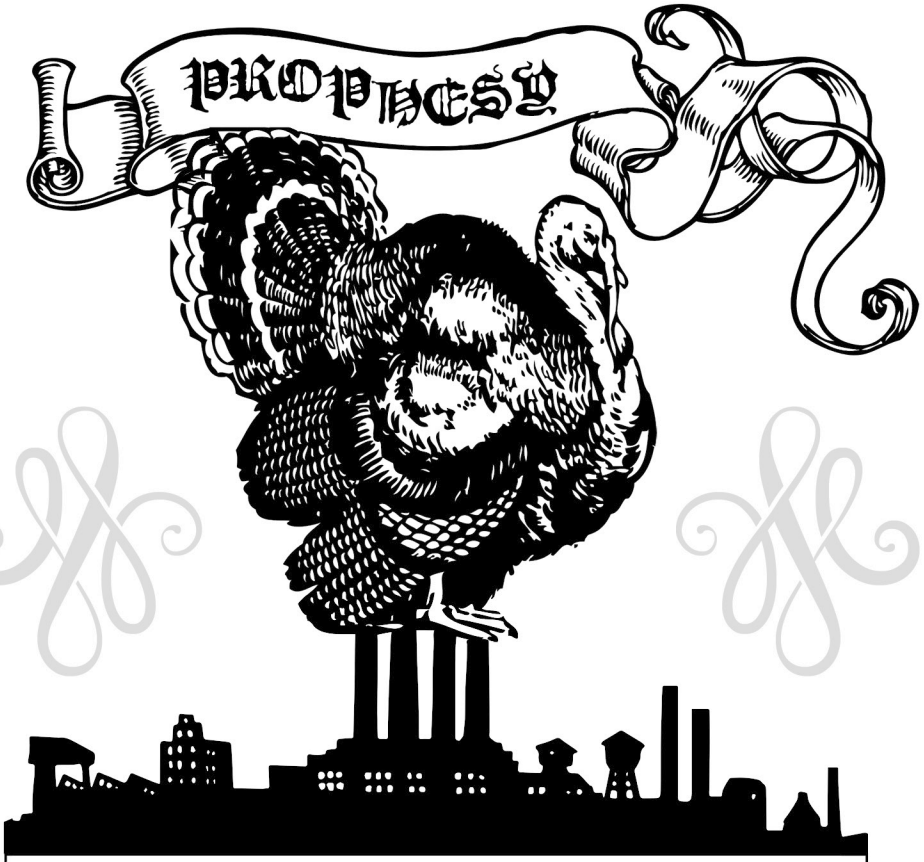
I mean, seriously, it comes down to the question: "What kind of world do you want"? Do you want to be the most ironic hipster in a hideous future of exploitation, or do you want to live in a world with clean air and water, getting paid a fair wage and in control of your own body? The sad fact is, you have to choose.

Occupy started out well. It was a genuine protest, a royal pain in the ass for the people who are bending us over. Then, after a few months, instead of being about bank/government collusion, it was about STUPID SHIT like fluoridation, etc. It makes you wonder who was getting paid by whom. Maybe it was just the normal human political games, but it's possible that the movement was deliberately neutered.

The truly insane part of all of this is that people are running around looking for conspiracies under every flat rock, when in fact the REAL conspiracies advertize on television. Merck, Bayer, Bank of America, Exxon, etc. They are taking the future away from you and selling you a facsimile at unreasonable rates, and you are buying it, because you're too damn worried about fairy stories to feel the gigantic warty penis being jammed up your arse by corporations that know exactly how DUMB you really are.

Pull your head out of your ass. Wake the hell up. Get the hell out from under that blanket.

That is all. You may now return to your regularly scheduled discussion about whatever the hell bogeymen you hipsters are worried about today.



MY REVENGE
will be
HIGHLY FUNCTIONAL
and
SMOOTHLY OPERATING

COMPLEXITY VS SIMPLICITY

One of the most important things that Discordia gives us tools for is naming and mucking around with moral and philosophical labels **BEYOND** Good and Evil. It's that old thing about hammers: when all you have is one axis to measure things on, you flatten things down to make them fit as best you can. It's understandable, but it's wrong, and it's the kind of wrongness that paves a pathway to dumbshit.

I moderated a very small scale town hall discussion with the Green and Libertarian candidates for State Auditor a while back. What struck me was how the Libertarian candidate described his outlook on the world. He had two rules, just two, and was very proud of the efficiency of his moral code.

He didn't care if it had inequitable outcomes for different people. He didn't care if it led to the best outcomes for the most people. He didn't care if it worked, even. The only thing that mattered was that it **SHOULD** work. That it was ELEGANT and **INTERNALLY CONSISTENT** and because these two concepts are both *GOOD*, so was he.

But **SIMPLE is not** *GOOD*, and
COMPLEX is not EVIL.

There are people who are genuinely terrified of the rise of complexity. They don't want to have to understand **PRONOUNS** and **MARGINAL TAX RATES** and **CLIMATE CATASTROPE**. They want things to be **SIMPLE**. They don't want to be hyperdimensional narrative structures, existing in their own unique space along a hundred different axises. They want there to be **A RIGHT WAY**, and for that way to be *GOOD*, and for all other ways to be **EVIL**. But life doesn't work like that, and if you try to make it, you end up siding with **Nazis**.

On The Nature of Truth™

musings from the good reverend roger

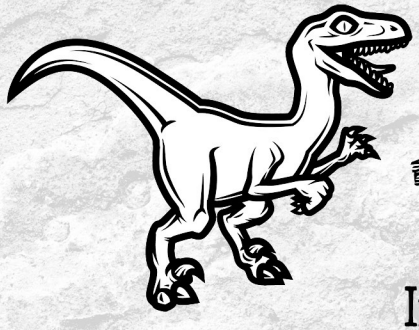
How do they stand it?

All worried about what other people think about them and all pissed because they're all worried about what they think other people think about them and thinking this whole mess is somehow YOUR fault.

But I know... There is no answer because they CAN'T stand it. And that's why they ARE the way they are. They long since got to the point where they stood on their rooftops and shouted "I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE!" and NOTHING HAPPENED. Then they said it AGAIN but EVEN LOUDER and STILL nothing happened. Even LESS NOTHING happened than last time.

So they took whatever internal regulator there is in people off and the flywheels are spinning and screaming and red hot and emitting a foul-smelling smoke. And they don't have the BALLS to become SERIAL KILLERS so they just get MORE NASTY.

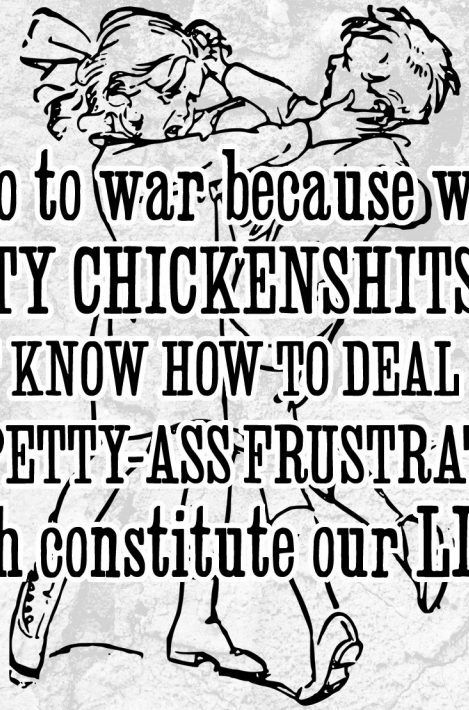
Why do you REALLY think we are supporting a pointless and obviously morally fucked-up war? Do you fools think it really has anything to do with POLITICS? Do you think it has anything to do with THE MEDIA? Do you think it is because of GREED?



If so, WAKE UP PUPPET BOYS! You've become CYNICAL, but not CYNICAL ENOUGH. You've become CYNICAL, but not to the point that you LAUGH UNTIL YOUR GUTS BLEED. You've become CYNICAL, but not cynical enough to believe that a whole nation of overfed, overindulged fatass fabulously wealthy white people can support the organized destruction of a nation of brown people NOT because they believe in it, NOT because they're STUPID, NOT because they've been duped by some well-organized CABAL, but for no other reason than that they are NASTY and ILL-TEMPERED.

We WANT to kill thousands, or tens of thousands of NASTY SMUDGY PEOPLE not because we have ANY reason whatsoever for it but because we are MAD at our husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters because they changed the TV CHANNEL while we were WATCHING SOMETHING, and we haven't got the BALLS to stand up for ourselves so we TAKE IT OUT ON SOMEBODY ELSE.

There IS no other reason, and that's why you can talk politics until you're blue in the TITS but you will NEVER find a political reason which explains it SANELY.

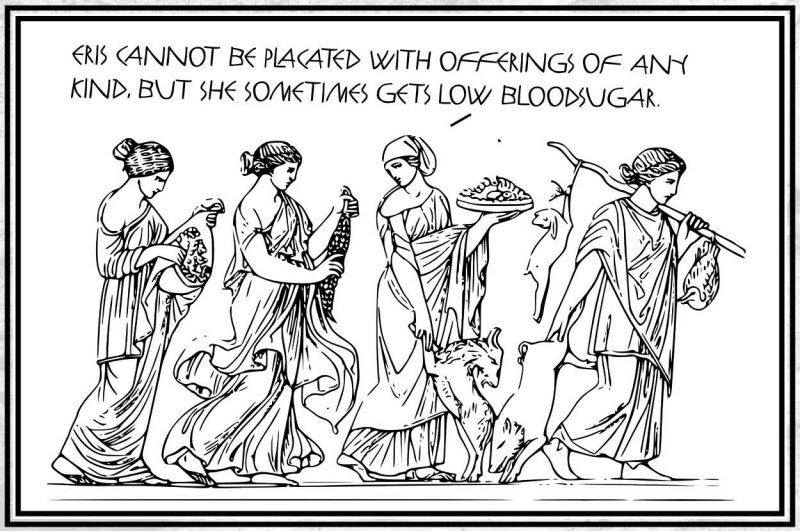


We go to war because we are NASTY CHICKENSHITS who DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE PETTY-ASS FRUSTRATIONS which constitute our LIVES.

No this is not the CLEAN, FLAME-THROWER-WHITE HATE of a MUTANT DISCORDIAN I'm talking about here. **Just LOOK at them.** LOOK at the nasty bitter pinched evil faces around you, Brothers & Sisters. They aren't even capable of getting PISSED OFF correctly. They DISLIKE their own ODOR.

You know who you are. You know if you are one of them. You know if you have been there chewing on your own teeth hating everybody while HOPING DESPERATELY that they LIKE you. And you know, if a little part inside of you responds to that description, that it is CUNTS LIKE YOU that allow all the -real- evil in the world to go on.

Fuck you all and the armadillos you rode in on.



I Love Fearmongering About Dystopian Techno-Police States.

<v3xation is at it again/>

Not that any of this is wrong, of course. Just that while Windows does give Microsoft (and anyone with a warrant... or who might get a warrant... or who technically has the legal authority to send a letter) access to everything you do online, it isn't like choosing not to use Windows hides what you do anyway. You generate thousands of individual data points in automated systems practically just by waking up in the morning. If you're going to be paranoid about Windows (and you probably should be), you owe it to yourself to go all the way and assume that not only are hundreds of separate systems monitoring everything you do, but those systems are all interconnected and the resulting data is being sifted by algorithms capable of deducing basically everything.

So nevermind knowing what kind of panties you like to sniff on your personal time. That cat is out of the bag, and there's no stuffing it back in there. It doesn't matter whether you hide from Facebook. It doesn't even matter if you completely eschew connecting to the internet entirely. Just think about all the systems that are trained on you and the quest for "anonymity" is quickly exposed as preposterous.

- If you have a phone, they know where you are. If you don't have a phone, they still know where you are thanks to your car, CCTV cameras, where you bought whatever the last thing you bought, or by extrapolating from the position and movements of people known to associate with you.

- If you go on the internet, they know what you're looking at thanks to the series of addresses that resolve to you specifically. If you use a VPN, they still know what you're doing thanks to a whole host of fingerprints specific to your computer that don't require any special exploit to read. You could go real crazy and use a virtual machine connected to TOR over a VPN, in which case you may discourage casual investigation but since over half of TOR exit nodes are operated by state agencies, you're still boned if anyone really cares to look.

- You could completely sever your ties to anything that runs on electricity and never go anywhere without your Faraday cage on wheels, but that's just a lot of wasted effort since your present and probable future whereabouts, and anything you say to anyone while you're there can be deduced with a simple analysis of your existing past data points plus monitoring your associates. Even if you had never even so much as glanced in the direction of an electronic screen or gotten registered with the state, it would be a walk in the park to deduce that you exist, what your favorite color is, and who you would vote for if you dared.

And that's all without a single human being bothering to notice your file. I'm not saying the State is omnipresent or omniscient, of course. In reality, most of the systems that would enable such pervasive awareness really are isolated, but the ones that aren't are enough to peel away most of the layers of "protection" people think they have, even technically savvy people. It all boils down to plain old math, not even very complicated math. It just depends on you generating consistent numbers -- which you can't help, because as a human being, you're habit-driven and ritualistic to the point of psychosis, even if (and sometimes specifically because) you try not to be.

Turns Out

I was once something else entirely
I was part of something bigger than myself
Something new, and dark, and exciting
And we were loud and intentionally outrageous
We were the internet personified

And I said
I don't care who you are or what you believe,
Your opinion matters.

But it turns out I do fucking care what your opinion is
If your opinion is that Jewish people are untrustworthy
If your opinion is that transgender people are insane
If your opinion is that women and people of color
Are in anyway inherently less than a white man
I am done with your shit.

If your opinion is that closing our borders to refugees
Is prudent, acceptable, or humane
You do not have my support

If your opinion is that the greatest threat to this country
Is the fact that you can't drop an n-bomb in public
Kindly stop breathing my air

People are dying for your dumbshit opinions
There is suffering greater than your political inconvenience
We are on the brink of terrible things
And you fuckwads are screaming at the top of your lungs
For the world to jump

I am done with you.

I do not forgive
I do not forget

Meditations on the Night Before a Major Release
Chris Salsman

Activists have a big problem with burnout and loss of hope, trying to face the negative reality of the world -and raise awareness- can be a very taxing thing. Sometimes you see these huge complex stories that you have difficulty even explaining to people. Years can go by and you're still not sure how to convey the reality, the enormity of it to the uninitiated.

And then you get faced with a moment where a very terrible truth could get outed, something so sad and horrifying, but yet you get hopeful at the idea of release. There's this weird moment where one might feel guilty over feeling hope in the midst of all the darkness. But maybe we shouldn't feel guilty. Hope is such a rare thing these days, so I will cling to it.

The outing of a terrible truth
is something to feel hopeful over.

GUERILLA OPEN ACCESS MANIFESTO

INFORMATION IS POWER. But like all power, there are those who want to keep it for themselves. The world's entire scientific and cultural heritage, published over centuries in books and journals, is increasingly being digitized and locked up by a handful of private corporations. Want to read the papers featuring the most famous results of the sciences? You'll need to send enormous amounts to publishers like Reed Elsevier.

There are those struggling to change this.

The **OPEN ACCESS MOVEMENT** has fought valiantly to ensure that scientists do not sign their copyrights away but instead ensure their work is published on the Internet, under terms that allow anyone to access it. But even under the best scenarios, their work will only apply to things published in the future. Everything up until now will have been lost.

That is too high a price to pay. Forcing academics to pay money to read the work of their colleagues? Scanning entire libraries but only allowing the folks at Google to read them? Providing scientific articles to those at elite universities in the First World, but not to children in the Global South?

IT'S OUTRAGEOUS AND UNACCEPTABLE.

"I agree," many say, ***"but what can we do? The companies hold the copyrights, they make enormous amounts of money by charging for access, and it's perfectly legal — there's nothing we can do to stop them."*** But there is something we can, something that's already being done: we can fight back.

Those with access to these resources — students, librarians, scientists — you have been given a privilege. You get to feed at this banquet of knowledge while the rest of the world is locked out. But you need not — indeed, morally, you cannot — keep this privilege for yourselves. You have a duty to share it with the world.

And you have: trading passwords with colleagues, filling download requests for friends.

Meanwhile, those who have been locked out are not standing idly by. You have been sneaking through holes and climbing over fences, liberating the information locked up by the publishers and sharing them with your friends.

But all of this action goes on in the dark, hidden underground. It's called stealing or piracy, as if sharing a wealth of knowledge were the moral equivalent of plundering a ship and murdering its crew. But sharing isn't immoral — it's a moral imperative. Only those blinded by greed would refuse to let a friend make a copy.

Large corporations, of course, are blinded by greed. The laws under which they operate require it — their shareholders would revolt at anything less. And the politicians they have bought off back them, passing laws giving them the exclusive power to decide who can make copies.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN FOLLOWING UNJUST LAWS. IT'S TIME TO COME INTO THE LIGHT AND, IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, DECLARE OUR OPPOSITION TO THIS PRIVATE THEFT OF PUBLIC CULTURE.

We need to take information, wherever it is stored, make our copies and share them with the world. We need to take stuff that's out of copyright and add it to the archive. We need to buy secret databases and put them on the Web. We need to download scientific journals and upload them to file sharing networks. We need to fight for **Guerilla Open Access.**

With enough of us, around the world, we'll not just send a strong message opposing the privatization of knowledge — we'll make it a thing of the past. ***Will you join us?***

AARON SWARTZ
JULY 2008, EREMO, ITALY

We're an empire now,
and when we act, we
create our own reality.
And while you're
studying that reality
— judiciously, as you
will — we'll act again,
creating other new
realities, which you can
study too, and that's
how things will sort out.
We're history's actors
... and you, all of you,
will be left to just study
what we do.

I got pepper sprayed but I' m fine
They trapped me and beat me with their bikes but I' m fine
I got hit in the leg with a rubber bullet but I' m fine
My eye ruptured when they fired a tear gas canister
at my head and I am probably going to lose it
after surgery tomorrow but I' m fine
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
We keep saying it because we don' t want you to worry
Don' t want to take up too much space
Because we are breathing
And we can' t stop thinking of the ones
who aren' t
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
And how much more would have to happen
how much do we need beaten out of us
How many tears will we shed
Before we have no choice
but to let out the banshee wail in our hearts?
They are shooting at us
They are arresting us
They are knocking us to the ground
They are running cars through us
They are laughing as they fire
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
but I' m fine
I' m not

Christianity and Judaism have a problem. Okay, honestly, these two forks of the Abrahamic traditions have a lot of problems, but today we're going to talk about one in Genesis, and the knock-on effects thereof. See, the first time G-D / YHWH / JEHOVAH is described creating humans, he creates man and woman simultaneously. This is very explicit. The very next chapter, he makes Adam and then waits until Adam whines about not having anyone to put his dick in to create Eve. Most traditions gloss over this completely. Some will just never address it, others say that the famous "7 days" are metaphorical and not literal days, but the most fun one is where an entire new character is created to resolve the discrepancy, a first woman who was ejected or escaped from the garden and was subsequently replaced by a more docile model, familiar to us.

THIS IS THE LILITH KLUDGE

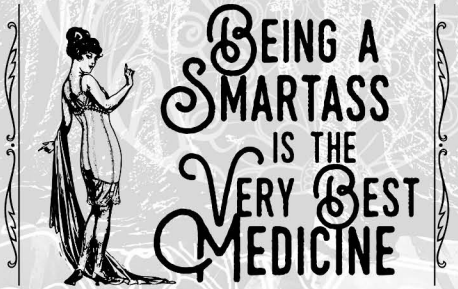
In programming, a kludge is a sloppy fix to a bug, something inelegant and against the principles of good coding, but nevertheless works. Generally, kludges are sledgehammers, whacking disorderly code into shape with maximum effort. A kludge may have knock-on effects, sometimes mitigated with a series of kludges of their own. Almost every program or website you use has some kludges in the background, little spots where DOING IT RIGHT lost the battle with GETTING IT DONE AT ALL.

Once you know what to look for you'll see kludges everywhere, especially in religions.*

It's common for antitheists to refer to religion as a virus. It's absolutely true that religions can lead to terrible outcomes! It's even true that some religions have a shadowy agenda behind their development, that those monitoring the codebase are intending for this programming to have a specific effect on the minds in which it is installed that is detrimental to society as a whole. But to dismiss the entire concept of religion as anathema because of these incidents of incompetence and malfeasance is to miss out on an opportunity.

Religion is programming, handed down from dev to dev without documentation or version control or formatting guide. It is patch upon patch, saddled with backwards compatibility constraints, fork after fork after fork, user revolts and persistent losing of the thread when it comes to what the actual project goals are. Of course it's sloppy! Of course it lands in stupid places and does things that nobody wants. And yes, of course the most successful ones are those with a dedicated team of project managers who will yeet a motherfucker into the sun before they commit something that doesn't match the vision and standards. But just because there are standard systems out there doesn't mean you can't run something open source instead.

That soggy wad of bacon rattling around in your skull is yours, and yours alone. There is no end user license agreement you signed without reading, and while you may have showed up with something preinstalled, nobody can stop you from writing your own software to run. Sure, there are risks. You could no longer be compatible with brains running different software. You could waste years and end up with something no better than the off the shelf version you started with. You could mess up completely and brick yourself. But you could fly.



*For the purposes of this essay, we are using the model of religion as a program being run on the hardware of the human brain. This is distinct from the model of the universe where humans are software running in some kind of simulation or game. While you can reconcile these two by introducing religion as a subroutine being run by AIs (us) inside of a program, this does not reduce the number of possible reality grids, but adds to it. It is possible to look at the world as a simulation without the religion subroutine, or the religion program without the simulation metanarrative, or to use this merged grid.

BEING ABLE TO BOUNCE BETWEEN REALITY GRIDS AT A WHIM IS THE HALLMARK OF THE DISCORDIAN

Do As Thou Wilt shall be the whole of the law, but you don't have to be a dick about it.

My boyfriend and I joke a lot about the poor bastard at the NSA who's stuck reading our chat/phone logs. You know, what with the "being on lists" and all. We've taken to calling him Steve, because that seems like the kind of guy who gets stuck in a government voyeur job (but not Parable of Steve-Steve, that's a different guy). So we'll be bouncing back and forth between slack and Discord and Facebook Messenger and texts and Signal, putting down as much as we care to in each bucket, finishing ideas three jumps away from where we started, laughing at how hard Steve is gonna have to work to keep up with us, but knowing that he's there all the time, anyway. We might add billable hours to his work day, but were certainly not safe. It's become performance art, the way we live. If you point a camera at someone, sooner or later they're gonna start posing. Anyway, we're pretty sure Steve started this job out as a straight white guy with conventional centrist political beliefs, but by this point either we've driven him to smut-related alcoholism and early retirement, or we've awakened something terrible in him. Nobody should have to look at anime horse porn, not even for government pay.

HABITS

Frontside Back

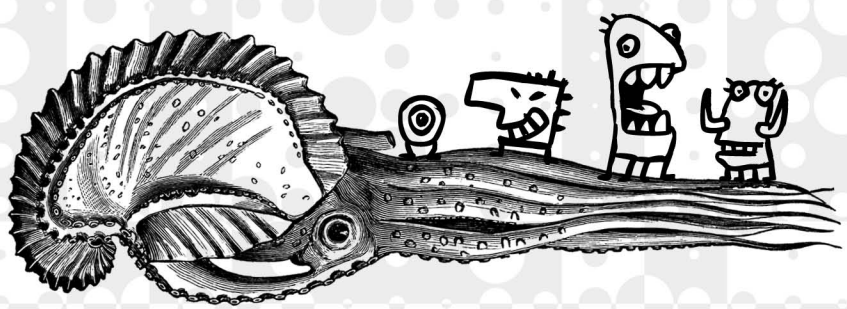
I have made it a habit to report every ad that comes across my path in social medias. Paradoxically that forces me to pay more attention to them, but I don't think that's a bad thing. It revealed me some weird insight on how they actually affect my behavior.

Couple days ago there was an ad for coffee. That made me crave coffee. My coffee wasn't even the same brand that made the ad. I don't think that matters. If you drink coffee, eventually you're gonna run out. Then you need to buy more. Again, most people don't buy the brand in the ad. Some do tho.

So, for me it seems more smart to see the ad, condemn it as bullshit and store it in the portion of the brain that deals with disgusting things. Not paying attention helps them creep past the defenses.

Privacy, Secrecy, and such

Junkenstein



So, did you see the latest about Spying, the NSA, and that guy? The NEW revelations? Of course you fucking didn't. This shit comes out daily in amounts that no single person can process. Only the biggest bits get told to many and then heavily filtered to the views you are supposed to hold. It's not your fault, you just don't have time. No one does. No one has the time to listen to people who do take the time either. Life's fucking frantic everyday, right? Sometimes it's a struggle to just know which family members are alive, let alone think about shit half a planet away.

None of it is new anyway. You know the nice men in sharp suits aren't really that nice. You've already resigned yourself to the internet not being serious business. Hell, your ID has probably been stolen twice already anyway, right? So it's no big deal really that Amazon, Google or any other company or website you can name funnels data to the NSA. They wouldn't be interested in your thing would they? And you've done nothing wrong anyway, right?

Tales of government shenanigans with technology are as old as the technology. This is not new. You are reading a forum that is routinely hit with bots when certain topics are discussed. You know this. You still post here. You've got nothing to fear, right?

So what do you do? Nothing. You still got that book from Amazon, have Google as your browser and search engine, all tied to your iPhone and virtual wallets. You have nothing to fear, because if you DID you'd be FUCKED already.

Or maybe you do have something to worry about. Maybe a bitcoin got caught up in the silk road. Maybe you get a knock on the door in a year when they've sorted through the data. Or 5 years. Maybe never. Maybe someone leaves the data in a suitcase on a train and it vanishes. Or maybe that game you just couldn't afford and would totally buy on steam next sale is a marked torrent. Maybe you've now got a 5 figure fine and the RIAA claiming you owe them 3 million for your Vanilla Ice fetish.

Maybe none of this happens. Maybe we wouldn't have to think like this if people kept what they were told in confidence confidential. Maybe you shouldn't have thought I was being crazy and paranoid because I might be a little more pleasant if my crazy paranoia wasn't on the news every day.

Society is a compromise between freedom and the ability of the state to intrude on those freedoms. I'm pretty sure there's no incentive for the state to discuss this with the people, so you best start using the freedom you've got. You don't know how long you're going to have it.

Poor Banana, stripped of
his rights and peel
Laying there without dignity
HAHA! I am a Llamas illegiti-
mate offspring!
I can't help myself. I must
be riding off now.

Who writes shit like this? I
shall tell you.
A man with no country, a
man with no shame
Who isn't even Irish, but
talks like James Joyce
After a stroke.

Someone push me over
the carousel! I am the
madman
of Coney Island, do you
hear me?
I cry bitter tears in the
darkness, because
that unfortunate angel
looked into the darkness
in my heart.

The Right Tool For The Job

This morning I was working on something and made an interesting metaphorical observation. The cutting discs used on this rotary tool are very brittle. You can break them with your fingers. However, mounted on a spindle and spun at thousands of RPM, those same fragile discs can cut through steel. So the next time you're feeling weak or useless, consider that you may simply not be geting utilized properly, and that your true potential awaits.

=VOXLUNCH=

Now go out there and spin really fast.

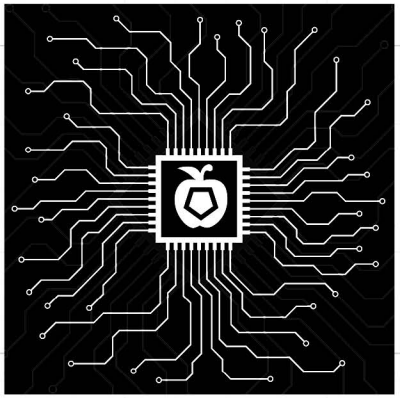
Listen Up, Dummy!

Normal people DON'T LIKE being agitated, disturbed, fucked with and jerked around. It does NOT improve their lives or make them happier. It does NOT make the world a better place to screw things up for the normals just because you are an asshole. They are the ones who keep everything running so we can loaf around and think of fucked up concepts and show them to each other. THEY are not the target audience for that sort of thing, THEY are not capable of appreciating it, and if you insist on thrusting fucked up concepts in the faces of normals they will suddenly and shockingly change things so you can't do it any more.

Some Searing Hot Truth Straight From The Mouth Of Nenslo

Salt Your Data

Go for a walk somewhere you've never been. Wander around until you get lost and find your way back home again. Take a different walk tomorrow. Salt your data. Leave your phone at home sometimes, take out the batteries or let it run down to empty for shits and giggles. Leave it in the car overnight. Get a new Facebook. Get seven LinkedIns. Update them all infrequently and with conflicting information. Encrypt your grocery lists. Learn to fingerspell. Go to different restaurants, shop at different stores. Take the wrong stop on the subway and walk the rest. Show up for work early at random intervals, and just sit in the parking lot. Learn all the different long ways home.



Make new friends. Reconnect with people from high school. Talk with the homeless people at the bus station (you can bribe them with a sandwich if you don't know how to start a conversation). Go to a club full of pretty people. Spend three hours at the library reading things and never checking them out. Get way into unpopular arts. Go to political rallies for your ideological foes. Pop into a church on Wednesday.

Humans are creatures of habit, so make new habits you can take with you in your unpredictable life. A morning sudoku. A fidget toy. Mismatched socks on Tuesdays. Don't worry about it being too silly or to small, you're just reprogramming your security blanket settings. Because you should be able to go about your business and not have anyone tracking your movements, logging your emails and phone calls, listing your associates and political affiliations. You should have your freedom to assemble, to speak, to security in your own property and privacy, but as long as the only thing keeping the cameras off your back is the discretion of a bored contractor you don't really have any of it. Salt your data.

Don't wait until you have a reason to do it, then it will look suspicious that you have changed your activities and the powers that be will use this fact against you in a secret court of secret law. Don't assume you're safe, today it's Muslims in America and trans people in Greece, but tomorrow it could be Buddhists in England or single parents in Brasil. Even if it's never you, you have a responsibility to make life difficult for those who would indiscriminately spy on and harass the citizens of the world so they can sleep better at night.

Live Free Or Kill Me.

Lessons from Electronic Engineering

1. If you haven't tested it, it doesn't work.

2. If you have tested it, your test coverage is inadequate. You haven't tested the part with the problems.

3. Instead of testing to prove the system works, test to prove it doesn't. You haven't succeeded until you've failed.

4. Don't be clever. Cleverly designed systems are complicated. They break easily, and are hard to repair. When you do have to be clever, pretend that a complete idiot is going to have to make changes to it later, and document accordingly. That complete idiot is a future version of yourself.

5. The key to success is the diligent application of basic principles. (see #4).

6. If it fails once, it's going to fail again. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next year, but it will happen. Turning it off and on again to make the problem go away is a temporary solution, and it will screw you over (see #8). Problems never go away on their own.

7. There's no such thing as temporary code. There are no prototypes. Those hundred lines you hacked out for a one-time experiment? Someone will drop by, ask you how to do X, you'll give them that code as a "sample", and it's going to end up in a production system, unaltered. That prototype board that was exposed to potentially destructive ESD as part of a test? The marketing weasel is going to send it to a customer as a "demo unit". It won't come back.

8. Tweaking things at random is a good way to find problems It is a horrid way to fix problems. If you change something at random, and the problem goes away, do not stop investigating until you understand exactly why your change fixed the problem.

9. The salesman is lying. If you don't know who he's lying to, he's lying to you. If you do know who he's lying to, he's either incompetent, or you are now his accomplice.

10. The smell of burning plastic is an invaluable diagnostic tool.

11. Assume the problem is your fault, because, 90% of the time, it is. And when it isn't, then in the process of proving it, you'll learn something by extending your investigation into the parts of the system that you aren't normally responsible for.

12. Stay on good terms with the manufacturing staff. They can do stuff you can't.

13. If it works, don't change it.

14. When in doubt, throw everything out and start again, especially the parts that work.

15. When you find the source of the problem, take the time to fix it properly. Quick-and-dirty workarounds cost more in the long run. (See #7, sometimes #14).

16. Only medium-complexity components can be documented. Low-complexity components won't be documented at all. But by the time you're done working on a high-complexity component, you will have such an in-depth knowledge of all the details and inner workings, that you can't conceive of not being able to understand it perfectly. Even if you're aware of this, what documentation you write will be from the perspective of a mental state that you will no longer possess in a few months.

17. Study the datasheet, memorize the datasheet, follow the datasheet's instructions, but don't trust the datasheet.

18. The phenomenon you are observing is not, in fact, physically impossible. The circuit is not defying the laws of physics. The code is not violating determinism. One of your assumptions is wrong. Calm down and question everything, even the obvious.

19. You are doing it WRONG.

20. YOU are doing it wrong.

chaotic
neutral
observer

FORGET ACTIVISM

by Johnny Brainwash

Forget activism. Activism is for the ego. Organizing is for making change.

All your life, politics has been presented to you as a clash of ideas.

Don't be fooled. Politics is about power.

Worry less about theory and more about practice.

Study less philosophy and more history. Given a choice between studying and doing, do.

Learn the difference between goals and objectives, and between strategy and tactics.

When you join a group that claims to have no leaders, pay close attention. You'll find out who the leaders are.

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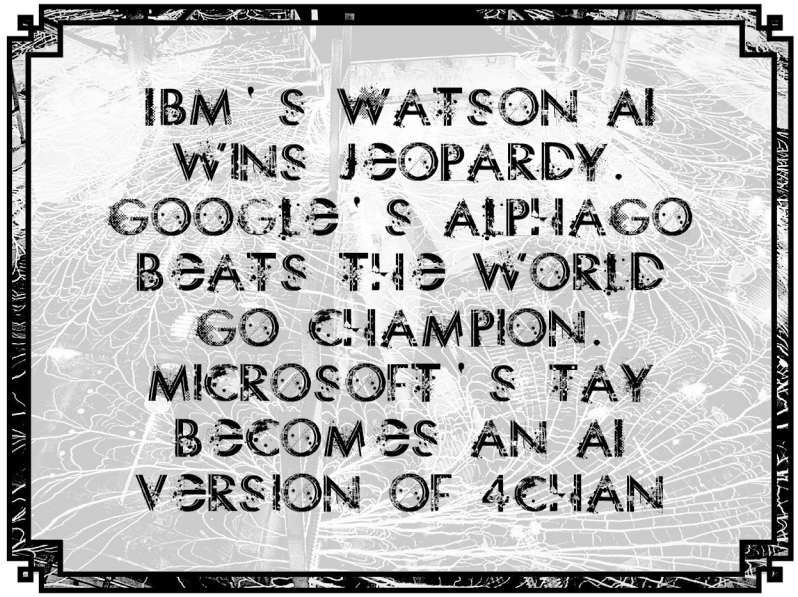


Pay attention to how your group reproduces the social structures it claims to oppose. It almost certainly does. You can change some of these, but don't expect to undo centuries (or millennia) of culture overnight.

Remember that we've all got a piece of the truth. Another group that disagrees with you on strategy may still be doing their part.

Or maybe not- just because they have a piece of the truth doesn't mean they know what to do with it. Remember that last sentence could also apply to you.

Never trust someone who's got all the answers, especially if it's yourself.

Never trust someone who rejects short-term change because it doesn't look like their revolution. Waiting for the revolution is like waiting for the messiah- you'll eat pie in the sky when you die (that's a lie).

Cultivate humility.

Baby Steps

an excerpt from The Raw Nerve by Aaron Swartz

In the 1840s, hospitals were dangerous places. Mothers who went in to give birth often didn't make it out. For example, at Vienna General Hospital's First Obstetrical Clinic, as many as 10% of mothers died of puerperal fever after giving birth. But there was some good news: at the Second Clinic, the number was just 4%. Expectant mothers noticed this — some would get down on their knees and beg to be admitted to the Second Clinic. Others, hearing new patients were being admitted to the First Clinic that day, decided they'd rather give birth in the streets

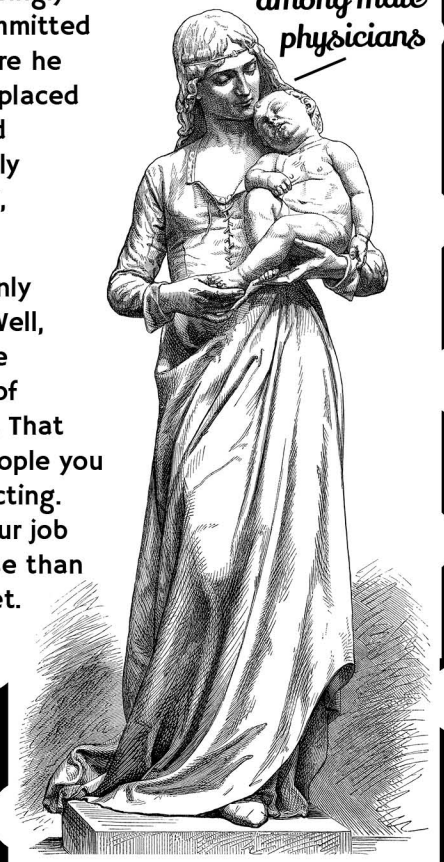
Ignaz Semmelweis, an assistant at the First Clinic, couldn't bear it. He began desperately searching for some kind of explanation for the difference. He tested many things without success. Then, in 1847, Semmelweis's friend Jakob Kolletschka was performing an autopsy when a student accidentally poked him with a scalpel. It was a minor injury, but Kolletschka got terribly sick and ultimately passed away, with symptoms rather like the what the mothers had. Which got Semmelweis wondering: was some "deathly material" on the corpses responsible for the deaths?

To test this, he insisted the doctors begin washing their hands with chlorinated lime (which he found best removed the stink of death) before handling the pregnant women. The results were shocking. In April 1847, the mortality rate was 18.3%. Semmelweis instituted handwashing in mid-May and by June the mortality rate had crashed to 2.2%. The next month it was even less and later that year it reached zero — for the first time ever.

You'd think doctors would be thrilled by this incredible discovery. Instead, Semmelweis was ridiculed and attacked. He was fired from the hospital and forced out of Vienna. "In published medical works my teachings are either ignored or attacked," he complained. "The medical faculty at Würzburg awarded a prize to a monograph written in 1859 in which my teachings were rejected." Even in his native Vienna, hundreds of mothers continued to die every year.

Semmelweis turned to alcohol and his behavior became increasingly erratic. In 1865, he was committed to a mental institution. There he was beaten by the guards, placed in a straitjacket, and locked in a dark cell. He died shortly thereafter, at the age of 47, from an infected wound.

Why did doctors so stubbornly reject Ignaz Semmelweis? Well, imagine being told you were responsible for the deaths of thousands of your patients. That you had been killing the people you were supposed to be protecting. That you were so bad at your job that you were actually worse than just giving birth in the street.



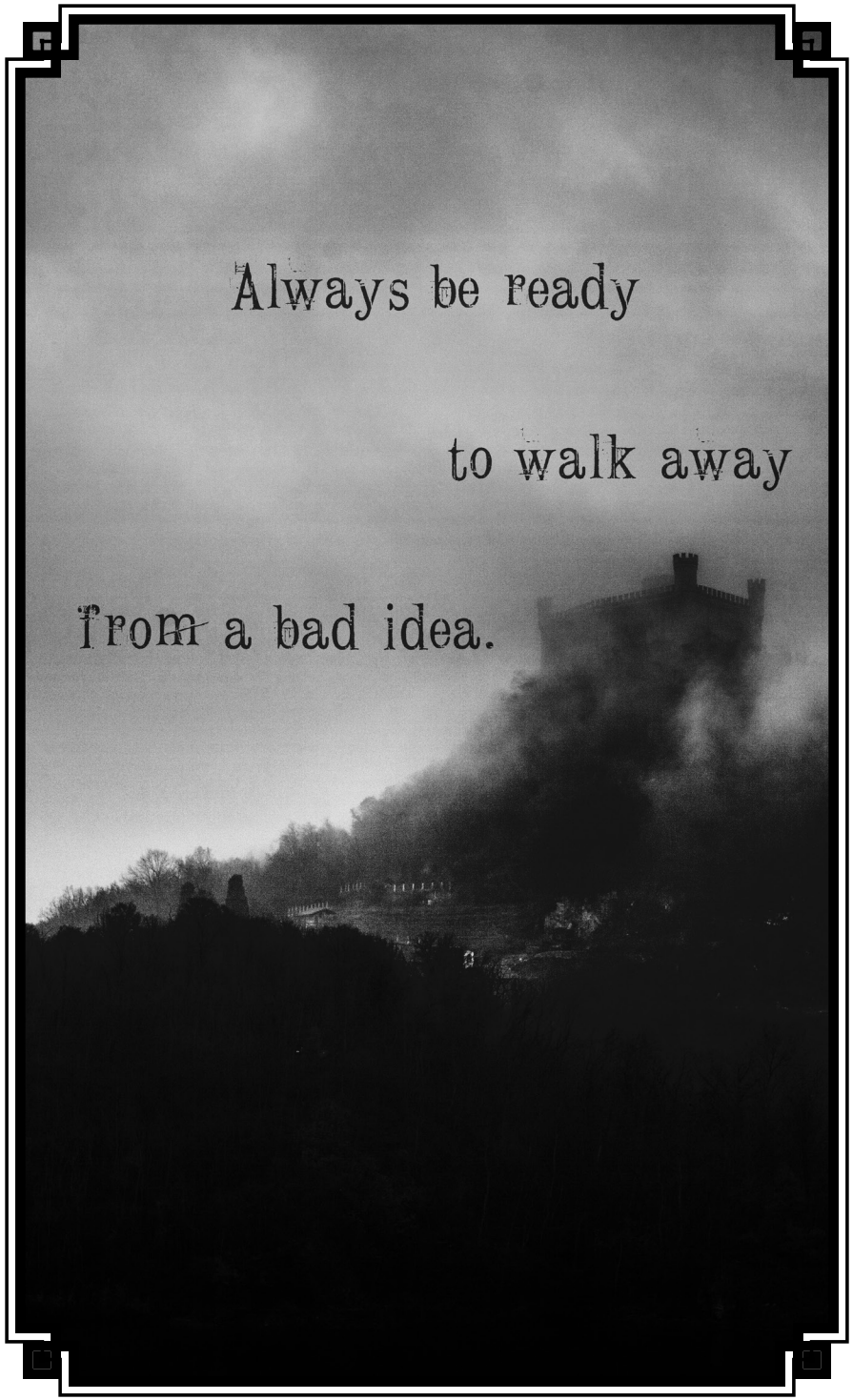
Refusing to believe women is a tradition among male physicians

We all know people don't like to hear bad news about themselves. Indeed, we go out of our way to avoid it — and when we do confront it, we try to downplay it or explain it away. Cognitive dissonance psychologists have proven it in dozens of experiments: Force students through an embarrassing initiation to take a class, and they'll insist the class is much more interesting. Make them do a favor for someone they hate, and they start insisting they actually like them. Have them make small ethical compromises and they'll feel comfortable making bigger and bigger ones. Instead of just accepting we made a mistake, and shouldn't have compromised or done the favor or join the class, we start telling ourselves that compromising isn't so bad — and when the next compromise comes along, we believe the lies we tell ourselves, and leap at making another mistake. We hate hearing bad news about ourselves so much that we'd rather change our behavior than just admit we screwed up.

It doesn't help much when our friends point out what we did wrong. If we're so scared of hearing from ourselves that we made a mistake, just imagine how much we hate hearing it from someone else. And our friends know this: the answer to "Does this outfit make me look fat?" is not supposed to be "yes." We may joke about our friends' foibles behind their back, but we rarely do so to their face. Even at work, a lot of effort goes into making sure employees are insulated from their superior's most negative assessments. This is what we're taught: make five compliments for every criticism, sandwich negative feedback with positive feedback on each side, the most important thing is to keep up someone's self-esteem.

But, as Semmelweis showed, this is a dangerous habit. Sure, it's awful to hear you're killing people — but it's way worse to keep on killing people! It may not be fun to get told you're lazy, but it's better to hear it now than to find out when you're fired.

If you want to work on getting better, you need to start by knowing where you are.



TECHNICALITIES

A possibly true story from Seat Safety Switch

For the last decade or so, I've been routinely attending a ride-on lawnmower race. I've always wanted to participate, but the high cost of used mowers is better spent on more practical vehicles, like literally anything else. Sometimes, though, the universe sends you a message. And in my case, that message came in the form of an awkward leg of a huge trade-in scam.

Picture, if you will, the humble redneck. They await the approach of big, fast domestic mowers. John Deeres, Cub Cadets, even weird modified Chinese stuff they looted from Aliexpress. There is jubilance, but that soon comes to an awkward hush. An unfamiliar engine note approaches.

My International 1480 combine harvester, all ten tons of it, is barrelling down the highway at a clip somewhere between "tepid" and "jaunty." Even though I have shown up for a race, I am sandbagging a little bit, making sure that the bets get settled against my vehicle before I show them the might of a fully operational monster such as mine.

Technically, there is no violation. I had looked at the rulebook from every angle in the previous year: it has the correct number of wheels, the proper agricultural intent, and with precise work on the tiller, it can even (poorly) mow a suburban lawn. Is it modified? Oh yes, yes indeed, but I see the nitrous bottles poking out from the rows of Kubotas at the starting line.

And when I leave the starting line, it is a thing of beauty. At least for a few milliseconds. It seems that the wizards at International Harvester simply did not comprehend of a situation in which the frame of their combine would be launched into the air by means of one thousand eight hundred foot-pounds of supercharger-bolstered torque. I had erroneously believed that the loose soil of the rural community would let the wheels dip in, but now I am facing directly into the sky, having twelve o' clocked hard on my wheelie, shooting flames from my exhaust and whirling vertical blades of death towards the grandstand.

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE. SOMETIMES IT'S ABOUT HOW MANY PAGES YOU ADD TO THE RULEBOOK.

i think we need to apologize for the weaponization of irony.

we were the edgy bastards who abused the rules.
we mocked law and order, showed that it was
really a game of Power.

what did that fucking get us??

now Power is naked, shameless, and it's horrifying.

we were standing there in a row, hurling shit
by the handful. and it wasn't just to mock the
deserving -- we also enjoyed it.

look left, look right -- now we're standing
in a crowd of PeoPle hurling shit. but
the shit is landing everywhere.

turns out we have been egging our own fucking
houses. and the PeoPle standing next to us are
egging our house and enjoying it.

honestly, i think back to all our times trolling
PeoPle on forums -- and don't get me wrong,
i got no fuckin remorse about that -- i recognize
that basically nothing could have stoPPed us
excePt for sYmPathizing with those grouchy
fingerlicking mouthbreathers. any argument
you could throw at us was just words, easily
disassembled and thrown back at them.

and now we're under that same kind of assault.

it used to be us saying "you can't control me,
i am david and you are goliath"

now we've all become goliath as a bunch of trolls
in klan hoods run circles around our ankles.

- Professor cramulus

"FOR EVERY LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD, THERE'S 100 LITTLE ENGINES THAT COULDN'T, ALL OF WHOM ROLLED BACKWARDS DOWN THE HILL UNCONTROLLABLY, CRASHING AT THE BOTTOM AND SPILLING CARGO AND PASSENGERS ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE LIKE GORY PILES OF SILLY STRING. FAILURE IS ALWAYS AN OPTION, EVEN WHEN IT'S NOT AN OPTION."

- TUCSON CODEX, 7:28

All-American SHUT UP

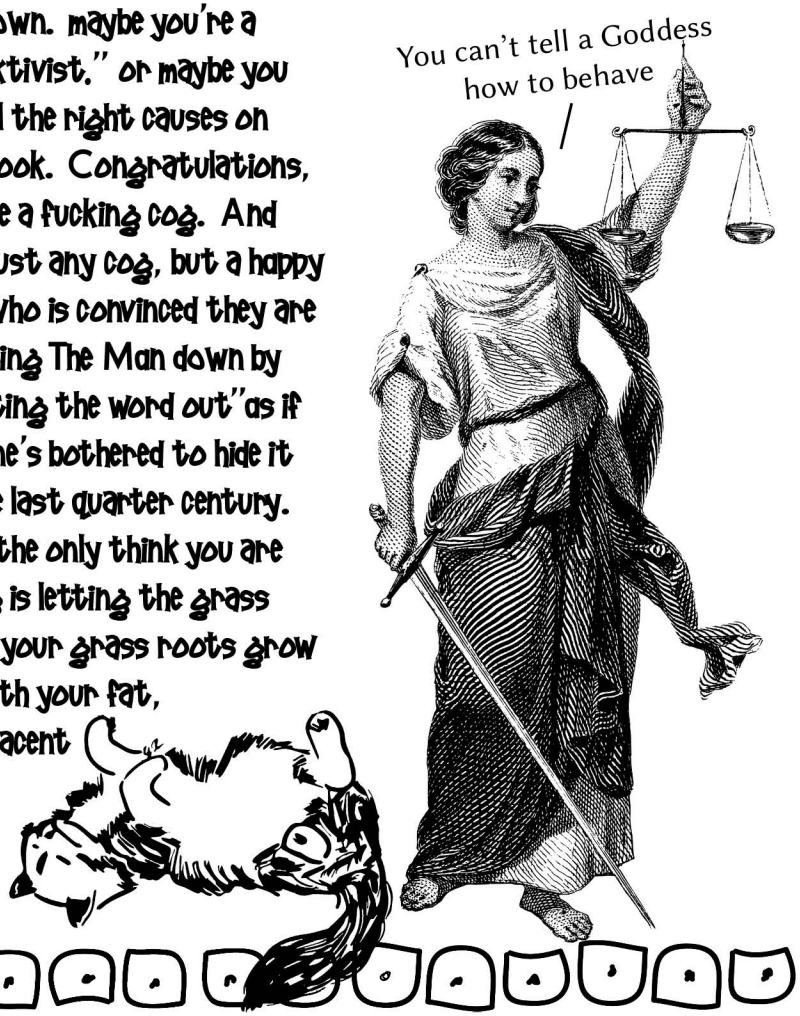
- the good reverend roger

The real truth about America is that, yes, we'll take your poor, your tired, etc... as long as they SHUT UP. Thing is, that's all they want you to do. SHUT UP. because it's easier to control a population that is either quiet or is singing the party line (quietly). Why? Because for the many to be controlled by the few, the many have to be quiet enough to hear the instructions of the few.

So they confused your wants with your needs. You want gizmos and cell phones and whatever the hell else The Machine™ says you need this week. You need to be a fully-functioning biped. But that's all turned around, now. Now you will keep your head down and shuffle to and from your job quietly, so you can get more things you just have to have. If you're lucky. If you're not, you do whatever it is you have to do to get more cheap carbs, and maybe sleep under something that doesn't leak too much.

Some people believe that by ignoring The Machine™ that they are safe from it, if not from its attentions. "I ignore it," they say, "and it has no effect on me." And that's true, I suppose. They can't get you if you've been had all along. A fish is not affected by the water in which it swims, and i suppose that if enough scar tissue builds up, you hardly even notice the hook in your mouth, either.

And that's just one way they get you to shut up and sit down. maybe you're a "slacktivist." or maybe you like all the right causes on facebook. Congratulations, you're a fucking cog. And not just any cog, but a happy cog who is convinced they are bringing The Man down by "getting the word out" as if anyone's bothered to hide it in the last quarter century. No, the only think you are doing is letting the grass from your grass roots grow beneath your fat, complacent feet.



Let me make this perfectly clear: no matter what you're doing on facebook, you're shutting the hell up. Same could go for here, for the ~ 70% who don't actually get involved in any of the gasms or projects that have an impact outside of Discordianism.

And Occupy? well, they started out well enough. Then many of them allowed the various cities to move them to parks, which is no different than sitting the fuck down and shutting up. There are notable exceptions to this, and you can tell who they are because the police beat them up and gas little old ladies in an effort to get them to just SHUT the FUCK UP.

And then there are the anarchists and other fringe groups that yell and holler in ways that make themselves totally unbelievable, which is yet another variant of shutting up. Yes, brothers & sisters, The Machine™ owns the ball and the ballpark, and if you decide to play the game they're pushing, then the very best you can manage is to get your name on a list without accomplishing anything.

So the trick is to stop shutting up in a credible fashion. Pick your battles wisely... after all, screaming at the federal government does no good at all, because the decision-makers are so insulated by staffers that they won't hear you scream, even if they wanted to. No, you scream at local government. Scream in your church. Scream at your school board meeting. Scream at yahoos who push The Machine's™ agenda in day-to-day life. Small change isn't much, but it's better than no change, which is what you get when you scream and aren't heard, which is after all functionally no different than shutting up.

whatever you do, don't shut up.

NOTES ON AN INCONVENIENT UNIVERSE - PART II

— THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

So, let's just say the dominant ideologues out there aren't flipping your wig. You say it's because you think the parties are the same, equally corrupt, etc, and that you'd like to see a 3rd party. In reality, of course, most of what you're really saying is "look at meeeeee, sheeple!"

A couple of points of order:

1. Everyone thinks they are the sole conscious human in world full of "sheeple". This is the same sort of egomania that makes people think they are the Main Character. In both cases, everyone is **WRONG**.

2. Everyone assumes that a 3rd party would be the one that represents their interests. Again, not going to happen, both because the people hollering about it are crazier than a shit house rat, and because any party with a high enough profile to get elected has already been bought and sold by the same people that own the existing parties. Given that, why would "THEY" pay for three parties when you get the illusion of choice with two? You will notice that the Green Party and the Reform Party mysteriously flew to pieces when they become large enough to show up on the ballot.

Not that either of these points will stop or even slow down your average libertarian. This is because the average libertarian has no motives in actually being successful in raising a party. No, the average libertarian is out to score with chicks, and can't figure out why it isn't working, no matter how much he talks about *Going Galt*.

(Hint: It's because being a radical only works on women if you're a radical leftist, and only then for a very narrow window. Radical rightists are boring.)

For the rest of us, of course, this state of affairs is hilarious. Is there anything funnier than a man making a great big show of reading Atlas Shrugged at Starbucks, quite obviously wondering why none of the women in the shop have chatted him up?

But the funniest thing about 3rd party people is that they invariably turn into conspiracy freaks. **CHEMTRAILS**, **HAARP**, **911 Truthers**, **FEMA CAMPS**, etc. I think this has to do with the fact that when you make yourself believe one great whacking lie (the existence of a "free market", etc), it's suddenly easier to believe just about anything. So you go to parties and tell everyone about the danger they're in, until it gradually dawns on you one day that none of your friends seem to throw parties anymore. Silly sheeple. From there, it's usually an alcohol-fueled ride to CRAZYTOWN, population **YOU**.

I gotta say, it must be rough, living in a universe in which your flawless ideology, whether that be communism or unrestrained capitalism, doesn't work even though it makes perfect sense to you, and **OUGHT TO WORK** and **WOULD WORK**, if only people weren't such sheeple.

But it doesn't work, does it? And yet here you are, trying to explain to it people for the umpteenth time.

Rinse, repeat.

Carol of the Bricks

Take to the streets
Vote with your feet
March from your home
Cast the first stone

Follow the lead
Of those in need
Say it with me
A-C-A-B

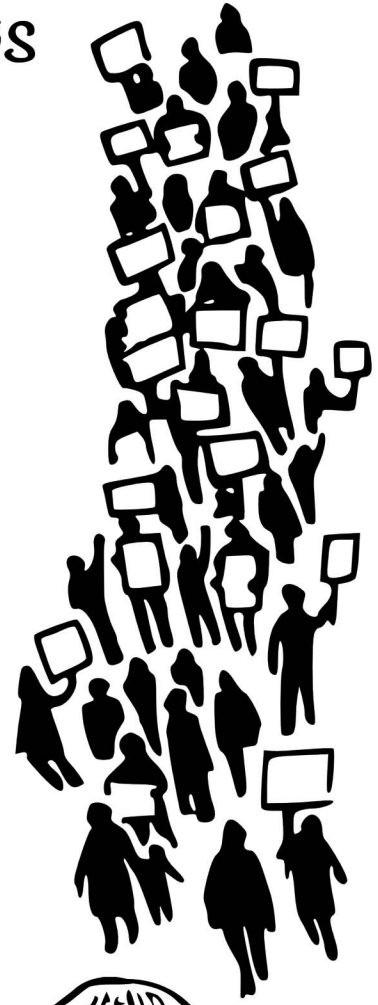
Armies arrive
Protesters thrive
Wars have begun
Facists shall run

A-C-A-C-A-C-A-C-A-B

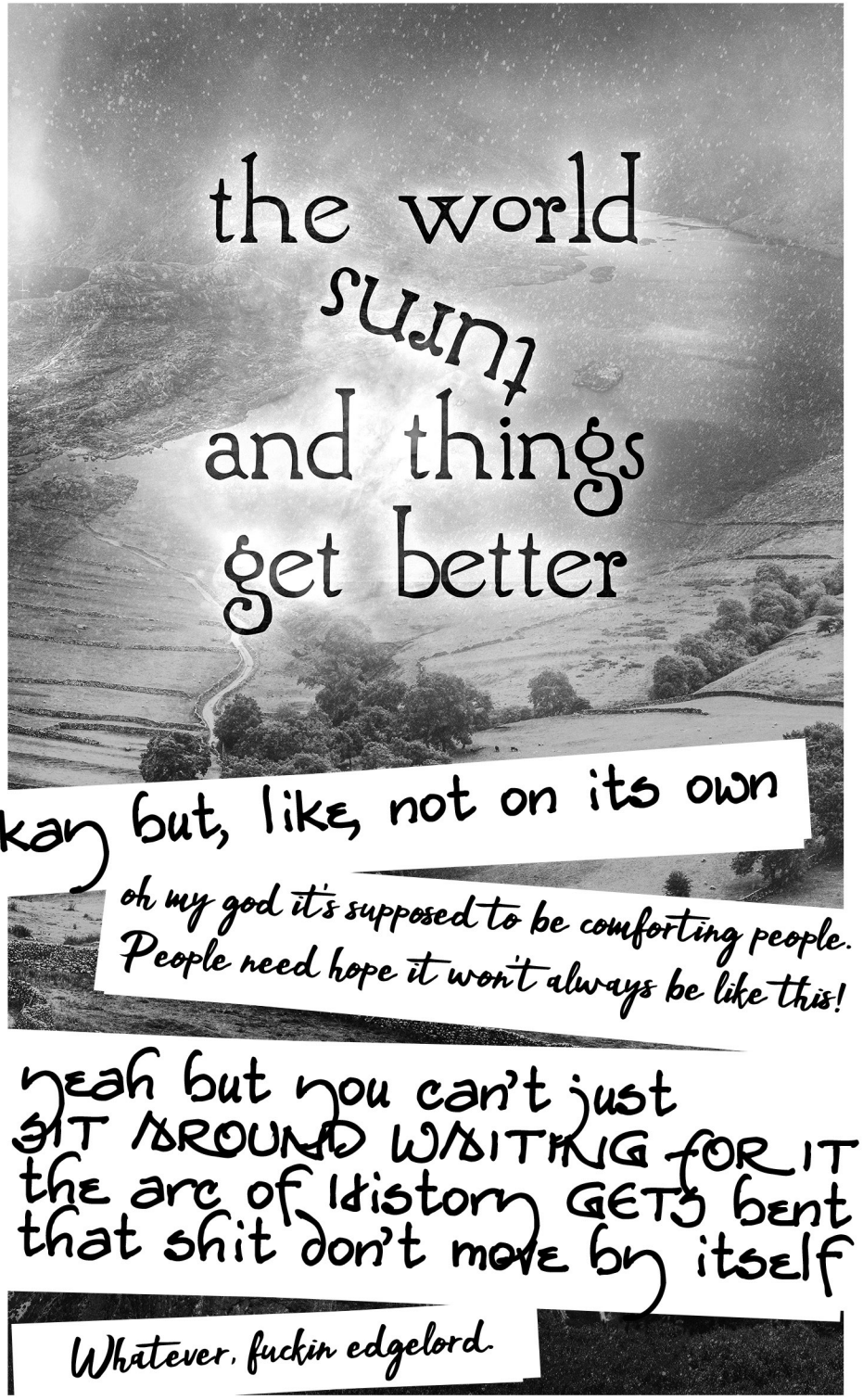
A-C-A-C-A-C-A-C-A-B

Would you believe
I cannot breathe
Under the knees
Of the police

All Cops Are
Bums



~Jessica Rose~



On Effort and Results

Some Sage Advice from the Queen Bitch of Flyers

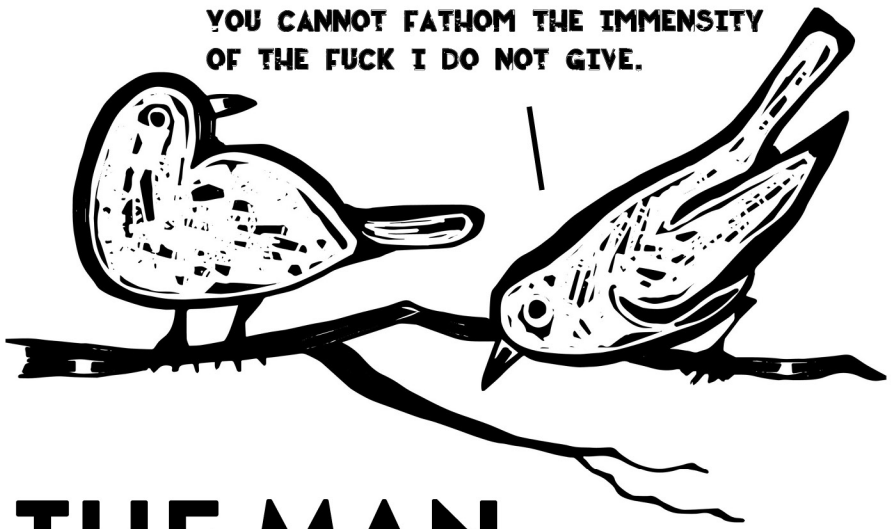
Nothing is worth doing "at all costs," Babycakes. Give that shit up right now and you'll save yourself some heartbreak and headaches. I don't care how romantic it sounds to waste your life screaming about something that will never be resolved because "someone has to do it," the only thing that gets you is a world of problems and maybe temporary pants access to an idealistic moron of your preferred gender. Tilting at windmills is not a life goal. You have some math to do here.

If you want people to join The Cause, you're going to need to demonstrate to them that the effort to results ratio is sufficiently low. The two ways you can try to go about creating that perfect ratio are lowering the effort to nearly zero or picking off low hanging fruit. Scientology was textbook low hanging fruit: they get mad about anything, couldn't secure their websites worth shit, and the public was eager to hear terrible things about them. Slam-fucking-dunk. Online petitions are a zero effort and occasionally get results. These are the things that work.

"But mama duck!" I hear you say, "I don't want to waste my life on low hanging fruit and rarely effective zero effort drives! I want to Change the World!" Of course you do. We get born into this place where the only people who feel they have a right to rewrite the rules are sociopaths and the first thing you think when you see the world as it stands is "Shit, I could do better than this!" And you probably could, Babycakes, if you weren't on a planet full of crazy humans who would rather be comfortable than kind, rather be right than wise, rather yell than listen. It's not their fault either (or yours), it's just the way we were wired. The way we survived. But we can survive and still work on being better. We do it all the time.

Don't marry yourself to The Cause. Don't shit on other people for their lack of dedication to Sparkle Motion. Keep your eyes open for that low hanging fruit, for the low effort options. When there's a big target, be willing to do big things, but never out of proportion to what you can hope to achieve. The goal of a rally is never "to have a rally," and anyone who says otherwise, or talks too much about "raising awareness" when they should be talking about "actual fucking goals," kick 'em in the teeth. Breaking windows won't stop governments from having a chat every couple of years about how the economy is doing. Throwing a parade so ridiculously fabulous that people are forced to acknowledge your right to love whoever the fuck you want? That's results. An online petition won't stop an international treaty, but blacking out the Internet and throwing huge protests around the world probably will.

The Cause will always be there. Save your effort for the actions that will count.



THE MAN

- Jason Quabache

That's one of the big things you notice when you get older. The Establishment looks just like you. The Man is a middle-aged fat man that looks vaguely like one of your uncles. Right now, the man has long hair. (Specifically, that weird look where he's bald on top with a long pony tail in the back.) In twenty years, The Man will have tattoos all up and down His arms. That's the strangest thing to learn: The Man is just a man. The world isn't ruled by a powerful cabal of Illuminated Ones or alien Reptiloids. This planet is ruled by a bunch of dumb stinking apes.

And The Machine isn't even a machine. The Machine is us. We are the Machine. Every single one of us is a slightly off balanced cog in The Machine. There's no way to get out of it. Eventually we will all end up ground down by the normal wear and tear of everyday use. And the worst part is that there is no way to destroy the Machine. It will just replicate itself with even more broken-down people. There is no escape, make your time.

Another Note from Andy Fyfe:

The amount of actual knowledge about politics any given person has is inversely proportional to their likelihood of believing they possess Valuable Political Insights that put them above partisanry ON BOTH SIIIIIDES.

WHAT IS IT WITH YOU PEOPLE?

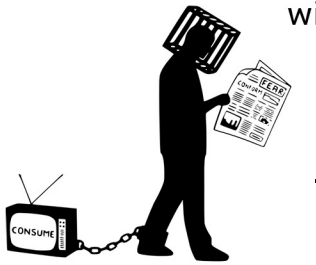
-----east coast hustle

Are you just semi-illiterate, or have you made this a conscious decision? Why have you confused being sentient with being sedentary? So you evolved to the point where your brain was so complex it could envision a way to transmit sounds and images to a box in everyone's living room...and thus the enormous complexity of our collective intellect was used to destroy itself. Just because you CAN sit on your fat ass all day and watch CSI:Miami doesn't mean you SHOULD. You as a people are being slowly crushed under the weight of the authoritarian thumb that is pressing down on the carotid artery of your freedom, and you won't even do anything about it. Why? Because you're also being crushed under the weight of your 3 Double QPC with cheese-a-day habit. The weight of your unshakeable loyalty to Desperate Housewives. YOU should be the desperate housewives, and I'm not talking about being desperate for a piece of ass from the poolboy. Where is your pride?

Where is your fire? Is there anything left behind your eyes, or has it all been concentrated at the tip of your index finger for better, more efficient remote-control operation? Look at what you've lost. You've long since been incapable of finding and killing your own food, making your own warm clothes, building your own shelter, defending yourself from physical attack, or using your feet to get you where you're going. Now you're going to give up the ability to think for yourselves? Are you mad? **No. You're not.**

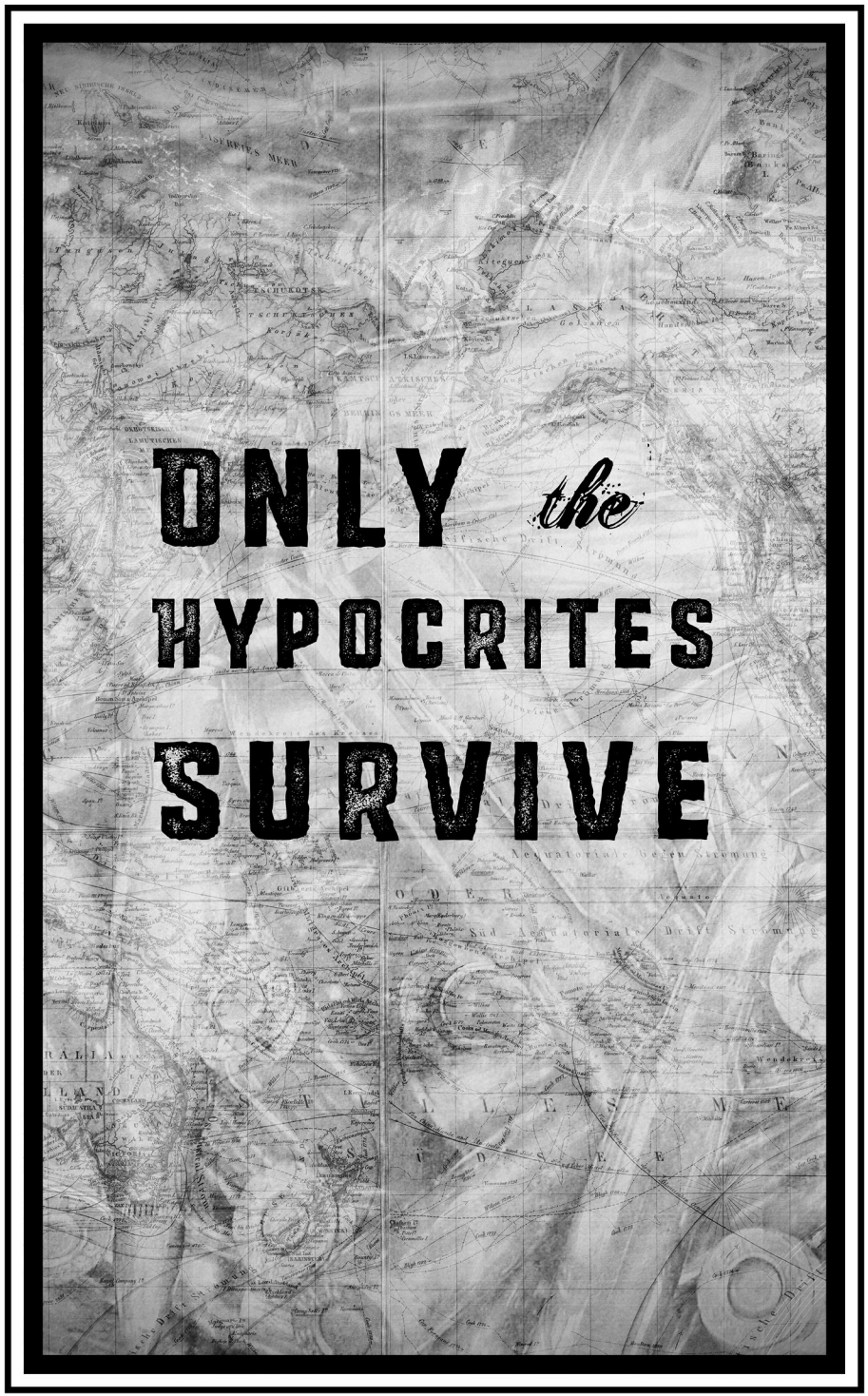
And THAT'S the problem. You got mad when you thought the voting on American Idol was rigged, but the voting in Florida? In Ohio? Pah! That sort of thing hardly affects YOUR life! You are shackled with the chains of slavery, and they enter your house in a 6- foot length of coaxial cable. In a cell phone signal. In a high-speed internet connection. Why should you go outside? You've got your own little world right here at your fingertips, and there's no reason to let reality intrude. You just can't wait until they finally develop teleportation technology. No, not so you can go anywhere you want effortlessly, but so you can have an endless stream of fried chicken and ice cream beamed right to your kitchen. Hell, you won't even have to get up to go to work now that somebody in Bangalore is doing your job for you. Now you'll have even MORE time to catch up on your favorite shows! I hear they're showing reruns of Everybody Loves Raymond on Channel 5 on Thursday mornings AND Monday afternoons.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, someone somewhere is standing up. Someone is turning off all the devices they can't live without. Someone is trying to reacquaint themselves with freedom. And someone is having a tough time of it. There's no one to rally to the cause, no one to take up arms against the oppressors, no one to keep the flickering flame of hope alive against the oppressive un-being that consumes everyone. And besides, who wants to put it all on the line like that for a bunch of fat, greasy, cathode-ray receptors? What is there to be gained? The free are hopelessly outnumbered, and the consumers/consumed will just perceive any sort of paradigm shift as a changing of the channel.



You see, we were right all along.
The revolution will not be televised.

IT ALREADY HAS BEEN.



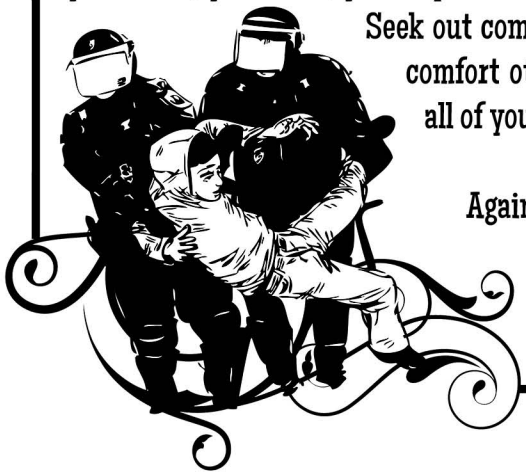
This letter is to inform you that The Revolution is not in need of any martyrs at this time. We are all set on names for hashtags, on candlelit vigils, on impassioned pleas from mourning relatives. The blood shed on the streets already is quite enough for a lifetime of fighting, thank you.

We apologize for the inconvenience.

Those among you who are feeling too sharply the weight of the world, who are carrying your own personal fights and disappointments, who have been quietly looking for a way to unburden yourself without abandoning your post, know that you are heard. Unfortunately a death on the front line is no longer a valuable contribution to the cause. You will need to find your peace in other ways.

There is simply no need for another man on fire, another woman shot down in her prime, another body found under suspicious circumstances. There are no openings for dead heroes at this time. We are, in fact, overstaffed in that regard.

You need to get your shit together. We need you fit for the fight. We need your boots on the ground and your voice on the megaphone. We need your labor, your time, your experience. Take a break if you have to. Seek out comfort where you can find it and comfort others as you are able. We need all of you. Alive.



Again, The Revolution is not in need of martyrs at this time.

Thank you.

NOTES ON AN INCONVENIENT UNIVERSE - PART III

— THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

What's the matter, Bunky? You say things aren't what they used to be? That the future has made you uncomfortable? That things would be much better if the Gays weren't quite so *Gay* about things, and maybe if the Blacks and the women would go back to being quiet about what and who they are? That a Black president was okay the once, but reelecting him has made it look normal, and now you worry?

Well, fuck you, Bunky. You would be more comfortable if ~ 54% of the population was less comfortable. How nice. How very fucking nice. All it would require to make **YOU** - the main character - is for all of those people, almost 200 million human beings, sit down and **SHUT UP** about how they've been treated and continue to be treated on account of Brown skin and/or female genitalia, homosexuality, transgender issues, whatever.

But has it occurred to you, even once, that none of those people give a fuck about your feelings on the subject, any more than you give a rat's ass about their feelings? Do you not suppose it irritates them when you open your face and weird rationalizations as to why they are inferior and should **SHUT UP** and vote for their own oppression? It irritates **ME**, and I'm as whitebread as you are.

It irritates me because it *is* and **YOU** *are a* **DUMBSHIT** and it really **WOULD** make the world a better place if you'd **SHUT UP** or even maybe accidentally crash into a gas truck on the way home from work tonight. Because what all your whining really says is "I am afraid to compete for jobs and/or mating chances with that many people", and "I may be a po'bucker swine, but at least I'm not on the bottom of the heap."

But you are, aren't you?

Yes, you are viewed by the vast majority of the population as a useless throwback. Too ugly in spirit to associate with, and too dumb to hire. Your day has been over for 50 years. You will soon live under a bridge, and your children will drink filthy water for the rest of their lives...Because **YOU** were too lazy and too cowardly to stand up on your hind legs and act like a human being. And the world will not miss you.

And nor will I.

Should I buy these eggs?

Because we don't cook a lot of them
And I don't want them to go to waste
But if we don't have any I skip some foods
That I'd otherwise like to make
And they're not all that expensive
But I'd hate to take them home
Just to rot
And I don't know if I should buy these eggs.

Because there was a car following us
From the office to the store
A black sedan with square-jawed passengers
And when we were in the produce section
One of them got out
Walked over to our car
And stood by it before leaving
And maybe they were just placing a GPS
Or taking one off
But maybe it was something worse
And when we get in the car it will explode
And scatter our corpses and groceries everywhere
And the eggs will splatter dramatically on the pavement
An unintended casualty of our assassination
And these eggs really didn't do anything to deserve that
They deserve to be cooked and eaten
Not serve as a PG rated stand-in
For the nearby mess that was our bodies
B-roll for the 6 o'clock report
But I might want to make omelettes
And are the white ones cheaper?
(Nope, brown is less this week)
And I don't know if I should buy these eggs.

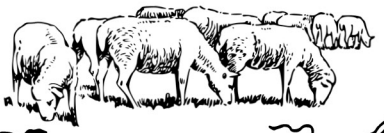
PEOPLE LIKE US DON'T NEED ANYONE'S PERMISSION

LOOK OUT

The Future is coming
The Future is here
All full of madness
And promise
And blood
And no power in the world can stop it
It sweeps us up like a tidal wave
And the old is smashed to pieces
And dragged out to sea
The Future doesn't care who you are
The Future doesn't care whose fault it is
It explodes
Like a bomb in a public square
Indifferent to the suffering it causes
The Future doesn't care about your wallet
The Future doesn't care where you come from
It is post-scarcity
Post-identity
Post-borders and post-fear
The Future is screaming
The Future is loud
It booms in our ears and shines in our eyes
A cacophony of old themes remixed and mashed up
It lives in the art
And the song
And the dance
It lives in test tubes
And robots
It lives in the wires
In our homes
And our cars
The trains and the buses
The offices and the streets
It lives in space and under the ocean and on the farms
The Future is coming
With all the wrong values
And those who do not hear its approach
Will not survive
The Future is beautiful
And terrible
With vertical farms and sustainable cities
And random acts of senseless violence
And it is not either-or
It is all

YOU CAN'T STOP ME.

The most frightening thing I've heard in this season of Whatever-The-Hell-This-Is was when a man insisted his candidate could not be racist, because "if he was, they wouldn't let him run." Sadly I was too gobsmacked at the time to respond coherently, and now the moment is lost. I wish I could have told him that the "they" he was expecting to intervene was actually him. People get so caught up in fighting the power that they seem to forget that the powers that be answer to them. Have you ever spoken to a politician? Every single one I have ever met has been every bit as horrified as the rest of us at everything going down, and feel every bit as powerless! Your vote is the only meaningful check on mad men. Your choices matter. All the Freemasons and Lizard People and Elders of Zion in the world can't do a thing without our permission. If you don't like what they're doing maybe you should stop giving it.



5. An Age of Confusion, or an Ancient Age, is one in which History As We Know It begins to unfold, in which Whatever Is Coming emerges in Corporal Form, more or less, and such times are Ages of Balanced Unbalance, or Unbalanced Balance. 6. An Age of Bureaucracy is an Imperial Age in which Things Mature, in which Confusion becomes entrenched and during which Balanced Balance, or Stagnation, is attained. 7. An Age of Disorder or an Aftermath is an Apocalyptic Period of Transition back to Chaos through the Screen of Oblivion into which the Age passeth, finally. These are Ages of Unbalanced Unbalance.

HBT; The Book of Uterus, Chap. 3

Some wrong lessons were learned in the last century, and I'm not sure how they got learned. Take the two biggest social change movements that happened in the 20th Century (in America) -- Women's Suffrage and Civil Rights. These two movements started as all great movements start out -- from the bottom up, with more and more people becoming sick and goddamn tired of the way things are, and deciding to live in a world where things aren't that way.

Somehow, when the history books were written (or taught, or both), people got the idea that the hard-fought equality (or progress toward equality, anyway) won in those movements was somehow a product of things like the 19th Amendment or the Civil Rights Act. And while yes, those pieces of legislation were -- and are -- crucial to the eventual and continued success of these movements, they are not the springs from which equality flows.

*** V3X Wrote This ***

They never would have happened if people weren't out there, being all *free* and shit,

Without Permission.

But now we have this idea that the quickest way from Here to There is via the government and convincing lawmakers to send down enlightenment from Mount Olympus or wherever the fuck we seem to think those overblown lawyers live. But just as you can't legislate morality, you can't legislate liberty, either. You can't pass a law that says:

"Shit is hereby fixed."

That isn't where liberty comes from.

It sounds quaint, and for some reason it seems counter-intuitive, but government follows a popular charge for social progress. Government does not lead those charges. You will never, ever find a government anywhere -- no matter how advanced or progressive you think it is -- that will ever be very good at paving the road to equality so the masses can have a smooth ride all the way to Utopia. Like any road, it gets built first by a ton of people walking that way before there's a fucking road there, breaking their legs, stubbing their toes, and spraining their ankles along the way until finally somebody notices:

"Hey! Everybody's going this way, let's put a grader on that shit and lay down some pavement."

and now a word from the **GOOD REVEREND DILLINGER**:

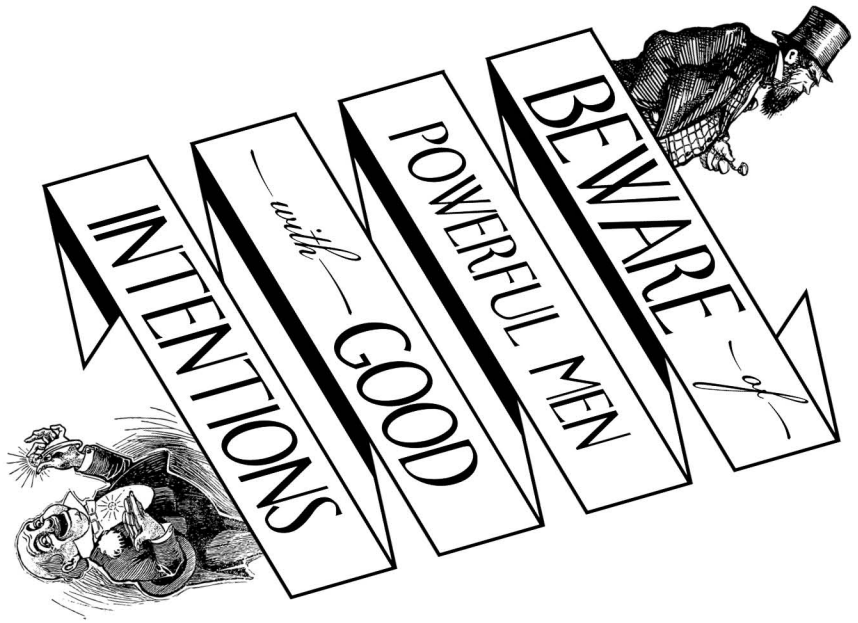
AMERICAN OUTLAW

I was just trying to **EXPLAIN**. To offer my **EXCUSE**. They bought us and sold us and lied to us and stuffed us full of filters and slammed us into these...these uniforms. I don't **WANT** a uniform, I want to be **ROGER** and I don't really want everyone **ELSE** to feel like **THEY** have to be Roger. I just want more froppin' and less **PUNISHMENT**.

Life was supposed to be **FUN**. It's about 80 years of screeching hysterical laughter and getting your monkey on in ways that **CONCERN NOBODY ELSE**. But They made it about **TERRORISM** and **PRISON** and **NOT GETTING CAUGHT, YOU CRIMINAL BASTARD**. They killed Johnny Cash and They killed Elvis and They shut down Motown and gave us **GUNS** and **WAR** instead. And **LIFE IN PRISON** if you say **SHIT** about it.

But that's not for you and I. We **KNOW**. We **UNDERSTAND**. There is no "They", there is only "**US**," 312 million profoundly retarded primates in this nation **ALONE**, all terrified of **SHIT THAT DOESN'T EXIST**. Yeah, you heard me. None of the things you've been trained to be afraid of are **REAL**. They are social fictions generated to **PUNISH** people, because that is the easiest mindset for homicidal apes to adopt.

But we are not apes. We are Yeti, and we scoff at their "speed limits" and their "moral rectitude" and their "**APPROVED SOCIAL ACTIVITIES**!" That's why we have shit like **TUCSON** and **PORTLAND** and **PROVIDENCE**, **AND THAT'S WHY WE WILL ALWAYS ESCAPE**, until such time as **THEY KILL US**.



Supplication of Morale.

the Deacon Richter

I'd just like to say sir, I'm still behind this project. 100% I'm with you on it.

I'm glad to be a part of this, and
I beleive in the work that we are doing.

There will be sacrifices, and I am prepared
to take one for the team **as many times as needed.**
I am prepared to give up my time. Beyond 8-10 hours a day.
Not to sound mercenary, but it's what you pay me for isn't it?
I want to make sure you know I WANT my job,
and that I intend to act like I want to keep it.

I accept that my social life may suffer and wither.
It was just distracting me anyways.
Every hour away from my desk,
my terminal and my files let my brain
slip out of the zone where work could happen the easiest.
The revelry with my friends, the drinking, the occasional smoke,
it was all bad for me anyways. Dangerous, unhealthy.
I could meet people of loose morals
and contract a venereal disease.

I am willing to get my hands dirty in this.
Someone had to put down all of those "Samples."
I am willing to bite the bullet and do it.
No matter how they looked at me
with innocent eyes, or how much I wanted to cry.
That's not what I really thought about it.

I can accept the hunched back, the arthritis,
decaying tendons as reasonable risks
we all run by working.
The sores and the tooth loss,
I'm certain it's just temproary,
and will pass when I can be
assigned to a different function.

I am fine with it. All of it.
I am fine with it.
Fine with it.

WE'RE IN A DOUBLE-BIND.

WE ARE ALL COMPLICIT ACTORS IN THE BIG NASTY DYSTOPIAN MACHINE (YOU FUEL IT EVERY TIME YOU VOTE OR TAKE OUT YOUR WALLET). BUT TO CHANGE THE MICRO-PHYSICS OF POWER, WE WOULD HAVE TO TOSS ASIDE DEMOCRACY AND INSTALL "THE RIGHT KIND" OF BENEVOLENT DICTATORSHIP, WHICH IS ALSO UNDESIRABLE.

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM.

Stupidity is the state

in which you refuse, for whatever reason, to think. A person with a big brain that won't use it has no advantage over a person with limited cognitive abilities. Look at the po'buckers out hollering praise for Trump or putting on angry town-hall face at a teabagger rally; when you refuse to question your own assumptions, then that freak is your equal. The fact that he is your equal because you are slacking rather than him being smart is irrelevant, from a results point of view.

The thing that makes most smart people stupid is arrogance. When you begin to think that the fact that you are smart implies that you are the smartest or even the only smart person around you, congratulations, you are now an extra in the movie deliverance. Likewise, when you decide that your solution to a problem is superior to any other solution by virtue of the fact that you thought of it means that you are a DUMBASS. Usually that isn't a conscious process...When an alternate idea is explained to you, you listen with the intent to sabotage it or pick it apart to defend your own cherished notion.

The people - in my own experience - that are most susceptible to this trap are those with professional standing. Doctors, engineers, narrow-field tradesmen, and teachers at higher education levels are in fact the most obvious examples (though it is of course not universal in those fields). You have to be careful with this, as a doctor that has become stupid can be worse than no medical care at all. Less visibly, a stupid engineer or tradesman can also be a threat to life and limb. Worst of all, an instructor that has allowed themselves to become stupid is contagious.

Oddly enough, lawyers seem to be less likely to fall into this trap, mostly because they are natural schemers and have no time for that sort of thing. Their arrogance is instead reflected by their almost-universal poor taste. Anyone who has ever seen how a lawyer dresses while on vacation will know precisely what I mean.

There is no universally-applicable solution to this. Each person has to find their own way to not be stupid. Personally, I always assume there is some data that I do not have, and I go into a solution assuming that it is fatally flawed. Then I try to find the flaw. When I am listening to someone else's solution, I trick my own ego by asking "what part of what they are describing can usefully modify my plan? Asking that means I have to LISTEN to their idea for what it IS, at which point I often find that their idea was better as a whole...And if not, then there's one avenue that can be closed off. But the plain fact is that I did in fact listen. I accepted data contrary to my own personally-cherished idea.

Of course, this works far better in theory than in practice, at least at first.

~ Doktor Howl
who hates you

I hear
the Vice President is
from Delaware, but I know that's
just the liberal media at work trying to
convince us Delaware exists so they can distract you
from the fact that yeah, fairies are real and yeah, they will
gnaw your fucking brake lines if you don't spray repellent.

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 that 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.

ENLiGHTENMENT

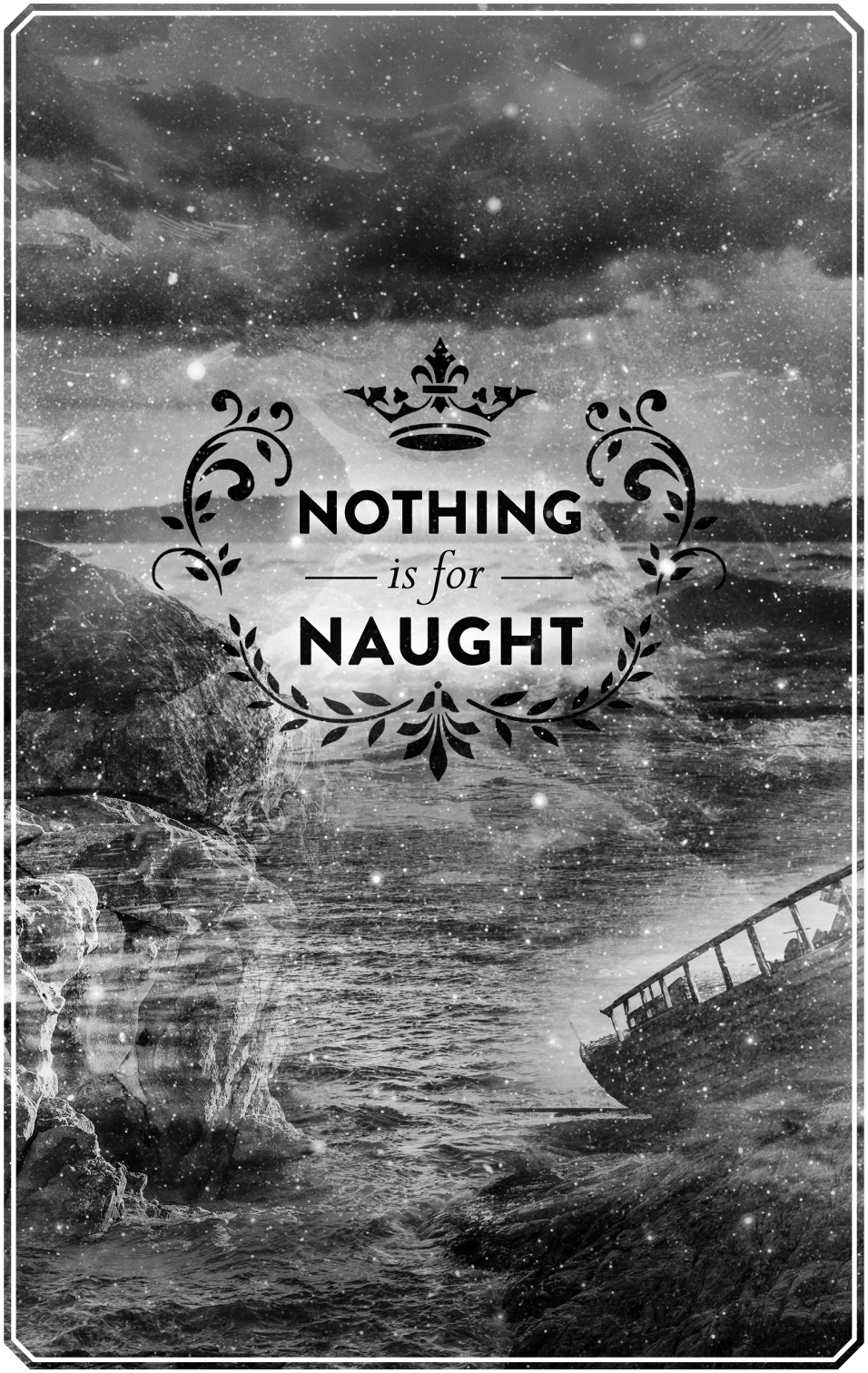
listen to everything around you
listen, and tell me everything is well and good
listen and tell no lies

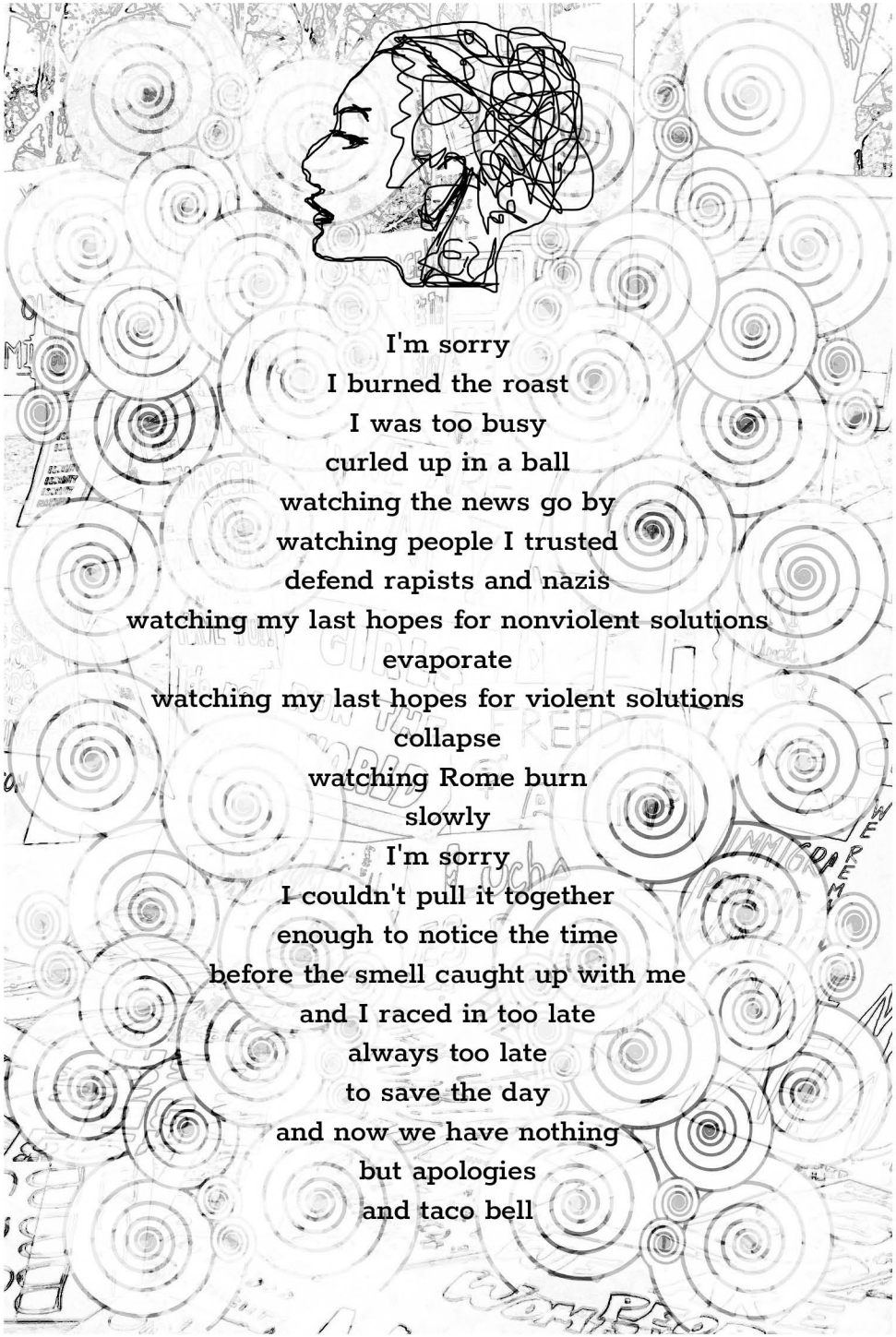
open your eyes and watch
see what happens in the shadows
what we hide from sight to keep up our perfect facade
to say that we are better than them
to say that it could be worse
to say at least you don't live there
excuses; all of them
told from those who cannot see, and those who choose not to
those who are lucky enough to close their eyes and ears

many cannot
many are forced to see
many are born into what we say is not
we say they lie
we say it is their fault
we do not trust them
we should; you should

when you close your eyes the world is perfect
when you close your eyes the world is kind and fair
do not lose sight of that
envision that world and make it a reality
but never forget that it is not
never forget to look into the shadows
never forget the people that are hidden
never forget how they will be hidden
never forget how their names will be slandered
the names of innocent; of victims
question those pushed as heroes
question the words they use
question what you believe
and what you are told

-SENESCHAL ANDROMEDA BOPP





I'm sorry
I burned the roast
I was too busy
curled up in a ball
watching the news go by
watching people I trusted
defend rapists and nazis
watching my last hopes for nonviolent solutions
evaporate
watching my last hopes for violent solutions
collapse
watching Rome burn
slowly
I'm sorry
I couldn't pull it together
enough to notice the time
before the smell caught up with me
and I raced in too late
always too late
to save the day
and now we have nothing
but apologies
and taco bell

On Being Terrible

Sometimes I feel the need to demonstrate to people what a terrible person I am. More often than not, their response is to downplay my awfulness. "You're not that bad!" "You're really a kind person, I can tell."

First off, if you just met me you can't tell you're just guessing, and you're guessing is disproportionately informed by the fact that I am female and passably conventionally attractive, which is bullshit because women are completely capable of being evil and so are pretty people but you don't even know what the halo effect is or why it's the only thing relevant to the garbage streaming out of your mouth. "You don't look like a terrorist" shut the fuck up you ignorant twit.

But sometimes it comes from a person who knows me at least well enough that I can't shrug off their attempts at comforting me with wikipedia references, and it bugs me more. Clearly you don't know me all that well, if you're still arguing that I'm a nice person. But [REDACTED], you care about people and stuff! Like that's some kind of measure of goodness, like it negates the bad things that live in my head that are still me whether you call them "demons" or "depression" or "brain weasels." Still me. Still my responsibility. I am not so broken that I cannot be bad.

And I wonder why it bothers me so much that people don't believe that I'm terrible, and why they feel the need to assure me that I'm not. And I think it comes down to religion. Because I know I'm terrible. I can catalog for you every time I have been needlessly cruel to someone, every time I was manipulative, every time I didn't give a shit, or enough of a shit, about things that mattered. All the things I failed to do. It's there and it's real and don't you dare try to pretend that none of that mattered because I did that. It's mine. It belongs to me. It may not be pretty or nice or even not-terrible, but it's all that I have. It's my shitty life and you can't take it away from me for editing and rewrites.

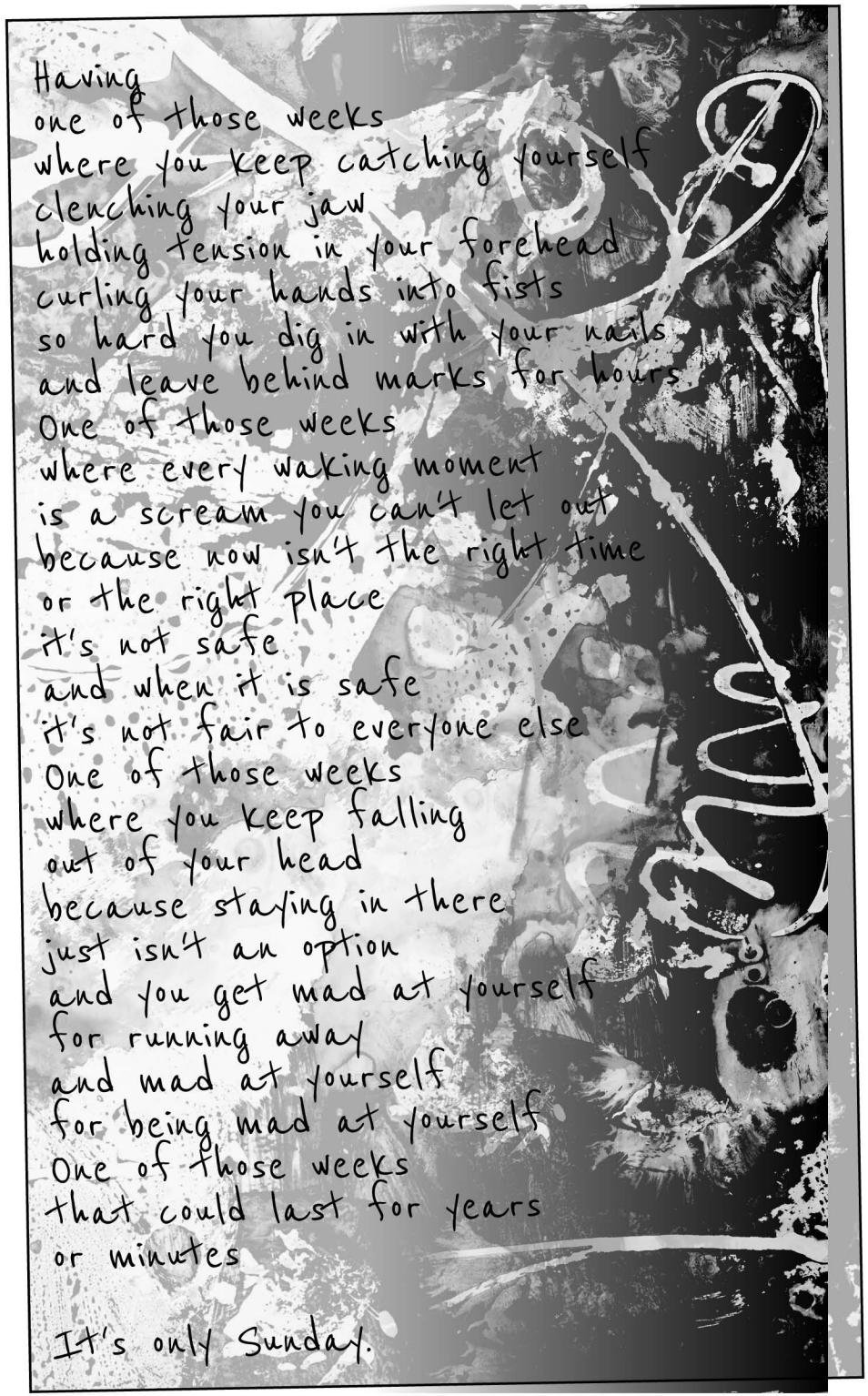
It's not that the world doesn't understand me. I am not sixteen and this is not shitty goth poetry night. Whether or not anyone can truly communicate their "deep inner life" is inconsequential to the problem at hand. When people try to whitewash me, especially people who are not strangers, I am terrified that they are taking away something precious from me. That somehow, if they remove my awareness of the wrongs I've done, I will be damned. They point out all the good that I've done, or make blanket statements about the inherent worth of life and humanity and it's all the wrong thing.

They tell me I will be okay, that I am okay. That there is such a thing as "good enough." Like empathy makes me incapable of malice or failure. Like there's some magical amount of not terrible that will save me. Like if I do enough good in the world it will make up for the bad. Like someone can do that calculus and my heart will be lighter than the feather.

I left catholicism when I was young, but I still have that running tab of all the bad things I've done and am continuing to do. I had to accept myself as a terrible person, not throw myself before a god I abandoned, but to take stock myself and accept who I was. If I pretended that I was "good enough" then I could lie to myself about being saved anyway. That I could still get a pass to the magical sky castle without all the churchiness. But that wouldn't really be leaving, now would it? I still would have one foot in the door, still convinced I would receive all the benefits from a lifetime of faith without doing the hard part. They could have sucked me back in.

I'm gone. I'm not saved. I'm not going to party with you after we all rot. Whatever happens, I am on a different trajectory now. I don't need your god or any god to come down and forgive me for my sins anymore. They are my sins. They are my weight. Jesus can carry everybody else, I'm gonna do me. And leaving broke more hearts and added more weight and I literally do not give a fuck because its what I needed to save myself. I am here, I am breathing. That's enough.

I'm not coming back. I'm okay with being terrible.



I want you to remember that you won't always be curled up crying in the dark.

I want you to remember every small good thing that happens to you, that happens for free.

The brrp of a small cat winding itself around your ankles.

The smell of summer in the air at night.

The sound of the sea wind.

The simple comfort of taking your shoes off somewhere you know you'll be safe.

The shared glance with a loved and trusted friend, like a secret letter in hostile territory.

The thousands of others that are specific to you.

Grab them now, and hold them close, like tucking warm food in your hoodie to keep it warm, to keep you warm, during the walk home when the cold rain runs chilly fingers down your face.

It won't always be like this.
You know that. Believe it.
You'll find your way home.

- KibbleKibble

- KippleKipple

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.

If it feels like people want a lot from you right now they do, and if it feels like people are being short and snippy they are and if it seems like your body is revolting against you it is, it is, all of us are feeling it. It has been a year and we are not cut out for this shit. We have all been overclocked for too long all been in crisis mode too long all trying to do right by everyone for so long and there just is not enough to go around like butter scraped over too much bread we are wearing thin we are snapping at each other we are failing to live up to our unrealistic expectations of ourselves we are failing to show grace for the failures of others it's real, it's real, it's really happening you are not imagining things, you are not too sensitive, you are not fabricating drama we are living in interesting times and it's just hard to get through.

If it feels like your best isn't enough it isn't, none of us have enough to get through this all of us are human in the face of overwhelming need and grief and stress, and learning to live with not being enough for the task at hand is painful in good times, accepting that we will stumble and fall short and pivot and leave bruises in our wake and never "get there" because there is no there to get to, none of it is easy none of it is simple and it is so human to want to curl up and disengage and get your hackles up and drive folks away and beat yourself up and scream and cry and oh you are not alone in the troubles right now, it has been the kind of year they tell stories about, the kind of year that lingers for generations, and you are still worthy of love and support and kindness and comfort, even with all your missteps and iniquities and your scars and the ghosts in your heart. You belong here you were born for this it is so much to bear and you will bear it imperfectly impatiently importantly in every little glorious detail of who you are and how you survive this I am rooting for you.

Keep breathing.

WHAT GOOD IS LIVING WITHOUT A LITTLE MADNESS?

No, I'm not ok. I'm having trouble sleeping, I can't seem to focus, the world doesn't extend past two days from now, everything feels fake and bullshit all the time. And it is no failure of my sanity or sense of perspective that this is how I am. These are times when people turn to conspiracy theories to try and make for themselves an evil with nads that can be kicked, because there is real horror in the knowledge that no one is steering this bus and it is headed for a cliff. It's unbearably scary when things are broken and you can't find someone to blame. It's hard to sit with the feeling, and it's okay to set it down for a bit and just do what needs doing. It's okay to put one foot in front of the other, to feel the raised paint on the road through your worn and holey soles, to listen and not speak.

And it's okay to scream.

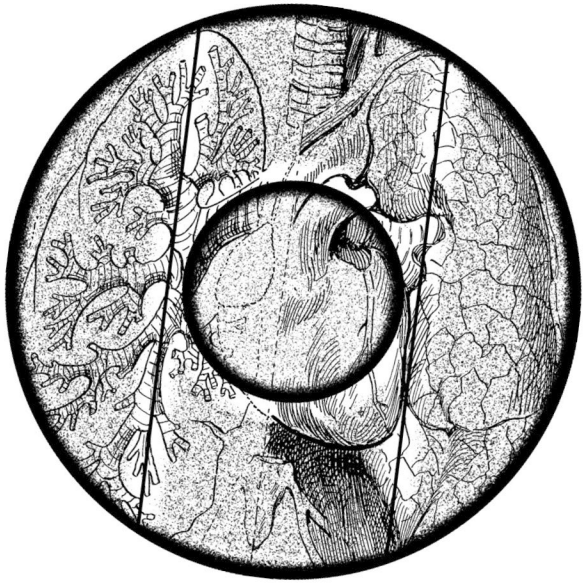
Breathe. You can't tear down the world if you stop breathing, so breathe.

You haven't won and you may never win and you aim so high you know you'll never get there and you have to stop beating yourself while you're down or you'll never get up you have to breathe.

This world will kill you it will tear you in half and grind you to paste and your hopes and dreams are handles sticking out of your forehead and the fates or some other assholes will use those handles to steer you like a wagon and if you give up caring about things it won't get any better and you can survive this and maybe help a little and it will hurt but you have to do it you have to keep moving you have to breathe.

There's glass in your lungs and poison in your veins and everything you love will die in the end and the sun will explode and galaxies will collide and the universe will die a slow, boring death and there's nothing to be done about the laws of physics but that is trillions of years from now and you can only do something about now and now isn't forever but it still matters you matter you have to breathe.

You don't have to make peace with it and you don't have to accept it and you don't have to stop being the kid who would cry at a mall opening you don't have to be perfect you can't be perfect that's not what you're here for you know what you're here for you have to keep trying and breathe.



I love you. Breathe.

BoomTime. 52 Chaos. YOLD 3172

Dear Muddy.

Cheer up, Muddy, remember that life is short. Life is often brutal and depressing, have fun while you're able. Smile, laugh, giggle, even guffaw when you can. Muddy, you and I both know that there were times when you had fun, I've even seen you attempt to roller-skate. Granted, that was during the Carter Administration, but still, the joie de vivre was in your blood then and can't truly be snuffed out, once ignited. I'd give my Aunt Jodie's wooden left leg to see you jitterbugging all over the rink again, with a pillow tied to your fanny.

Muddy, what's wrong with walking in the rain? The term 'acid rain' is mostly poetic anyway, nobody I know curled up and died from letting some drops fall on their tongue. Do you think you're made from sugar? I used to think so, but now I'm not so sure . . . care to prove to me you are?

Don't work so hard, Muddy, the work will always be there. Like what people say about making the bed, it just gets messed up again anyway. Remember that work is for money, and that money is for fun, so in the end work is just a means to an end.

Muddy, why do you reject the amusement park? Don't you realize those wonderful places are the earthly temples of Eris? They are a veritable diorama of our entire planet, metaphorically showing us what the world can be, if we want it to be. Yes, the rides sometimes derail, and yes, nasty people sometimes abduct kiddies, but you can't focus on the bad, or that's all you will see. Think about the fun-house, and the corn dogs, the popcorn, the roller-coaster, and the Fat Lady, my lord, don't ever forget the Fat Lady. When she cries, Muddy, she cries for you . . . but when she sings, she sings for the world.

Why don't you sing, Muddy? Are you afraid your pipes have rusted up over the years? Well, I'm a plumber, Muddy, and I can help rattle those pipes if you will only allow yourself to loosen the foundations. When I sing I can feel it all the way down to my disco-dancing toes, and it seems to bring an electric charge to every atom in this prison I call my body, you don't think you could use that kind of boost?

While I'm on the topic, why don't you dance Muddy? I've even seen dogs and cats tango together under a grapefruit moon, do you think you're better than them?

Why don't you join us, Muddy, we love you. We want you to look back at the end and say that you lived every day to it's fullest. Will you really care when you are on your way out whether you were always calm, cool and collected, or will you just care that you lived? Muddy, remember what my friend Sally once said: "What good is sitting all alone in your room? Come hear the music play . . . life is a cabaret, old chum. Come to the cabaret."

your loving chum
-Baron Von Fooplao

NOTICE

To F*ck This Court and Everything that it Stands For

What? You think because you sit up there in that little black robe hiding behind the ignorance of the masses like a little b*tch, that ANYBODY gives a d*mn about you or what you have to say? Well, just in case you haven't noticed-I couldn't give two f*cks about you or what you have to say. F*ck you, old man. You're a joke. Your court's a joke. You take it up the a*s; and you suck nuts. Lol.

Clark v. Porter, United States District Court for the Northern District of Georgia

YOU ARE ENOUGH - ANONYMOUS

THE WORLD MAY COME AT YOU WITH KNIVES
AND TRY TO CUT AWAY THE PIECES OF YOU
THAT DO NOT FIT THEIR VISION
OF WHO YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN

THE VOICES MAY PILE UP ONE ATOP THE OTHER
SCREAMING YOUR INADEQUACIES
REHASHING EVERY LOSS AND SORROW
YOU NEVER LEARNED TO GRIEVE

AND YOU MAY SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE FIGHTING
AND NEVER SEEM TO MAKE GROUND
YOU MAY LOSE YOUR FRIENDS
AND SEE YOUR ENEMIES IN POWER

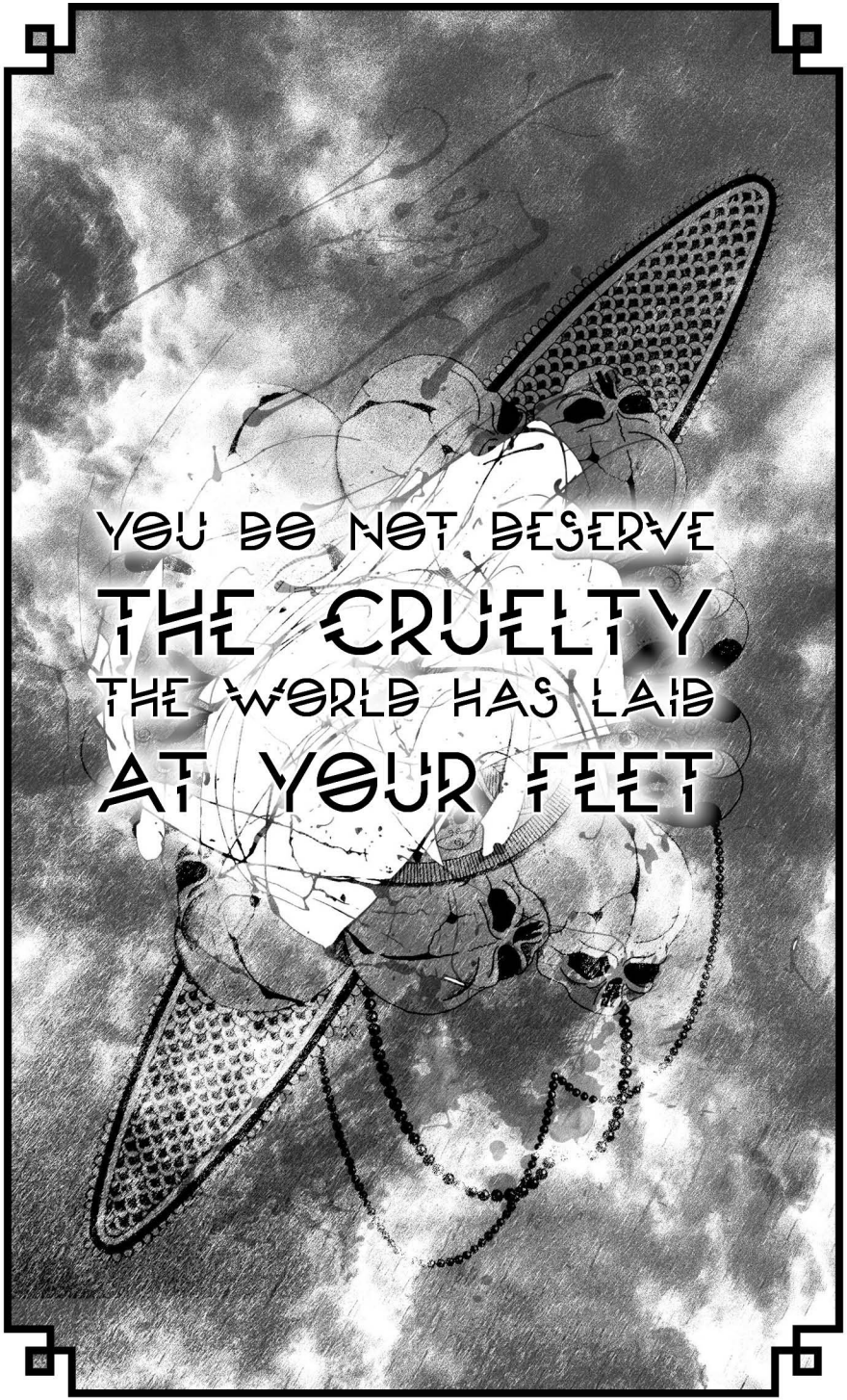
BUT KNOW THIS

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO FULFILL ANY PROPHESY
YOU DO NOT HAVE TO AVENGE THE GIRL
YOU DO NOT EVEN HAVE TO GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER
TO BE WORTHY OF THIS LOVE

YOU ARE ENOUGH AS YOU ARE NOW
WITH YOUR FAILURES AND YOUR FEARS
WITH YOUR DREAMS UNACCOMPLISHED
WITH YOUR WEAKNESSES AND DOUBT

YOU WITH EVERY GOOFY GRIN AND BAD JOKE
WITH YOUR SCARS AND ADDICTIONS
WITH THE WEIRDNESS TO YOUR WALK
AND YOUR QUESTIONABLE FASHION SENSE

YOU ARE LOVED

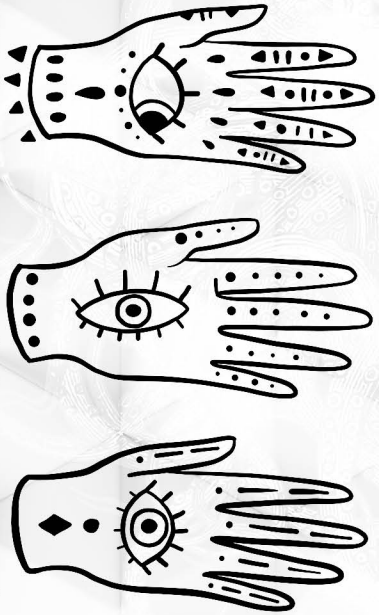


Apocamysticism

Why is it that when people get into religion or mysticism they so often wind up obsessed with apocalypses? The mad preacher with a sign reading THE END IS NIGH is a trope so old and pervasive I could be writing this rant in 1952. Don't folks know it's BAD, ACTUALLY, to wrap up your mystical identity in the trappings of Apocalypse? Don't people know that cheerleading the end of the world is REALLY FUCKING STUPID? I'm looking at you, Cthulhu cultists.

But I'm looking at all you bitches that are way too into dystopian lit, too.

The fact is, we are living in a culture OBSESSED with apocalypses. Zombie Apocalypses, Climate Apocalypses, whatever the fuck the Preppers think is gonna happen when Obummer or Sleepy Joe comes for their guns, the Apocalypse America is built on,* the one the Evangelicals are praying for every night... The fact that I can list so many that are so intimately familiar to you as a reader is already a giant red flag.



You didn't choose the memetic soup you were going to be born into. It's not your fault that you're cohabiting this planet with a bunch of self-destrutive hairless primates, and it's hard to be surrounded by that cultural noise without picking up a little bit here and there. But you need to be AWARE of what you're ingesting, and you need to EXCISE some of this apocalypse cheerleading bullshit you pick up. Because it's killing people. Not fictional people, not potential future people, but really alive humans right now.

*Which was a genocide and should be named as such

America is Obsessed with Apocalypses And America Outsources Its Problems

You can't understand what's happening in the Middle East without understanding the history of European colonialism and anti-Semitism and WWII and the Holocaust but you ALSO can't understand it without knowing that a significant, organized voting bloc in the US wants very badly for a specific apocalypse to happen, and getting all the Jews to move to Israel is one of the steps on that path. You can't understand Climate Change until you remember that there are people who honestly believe they are in the last generation of humans to occupy this planet. You can't understand anything that's happening in politics without constantly reminding yourself that a small but extremely loud subset of voters WANT TOTAL SOCIAL BREAKDOWN. Like looking off a tall bridge and getting the urge to jump, but instead of one life at risk, it's billions. The Call Of The Void, writ large.

And look, I really do empathize. I've spent my time in the hopeless pits of powerless rebellion. I've shut down in the face of problems too large to hope to affect. I've had dark nights at 3am where all I wanted to do was give up the present and try to imagine an end that, while probably not pleasant, might at least have some meaning? Some significance? But it's a trap, and you've gotta claw your way out of it.

The way out isn't gonna look how you expect, either. You might need some time being a bad guy, to break those chains of "good people don't." You might need to give up on politics and start running a goat larp. You might need to spend every morning for 6 weeks taking pictures of the flowers in the gardens in your neighborhood. Your escape won't look like mine, like anyone else's.

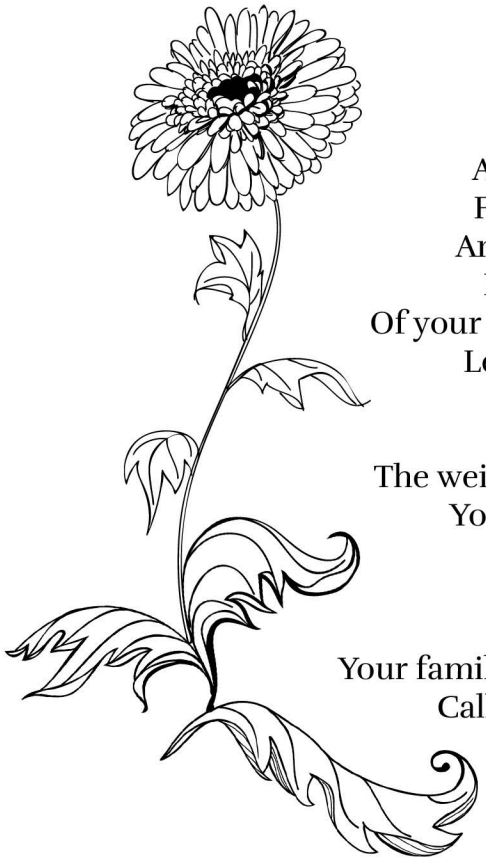
But When You Break Out
You're Saving A Piece Of The World.

Stop Thinking

Sanity is always the first casualty of war
And if you don't think this is a war
You are not going to survive the first skirmish

We are all the walking wounded
We are all putting on our oxygen masks
We are all putting one foot in front of the other

We are no good to the resistance dead



Start Breathing

Feel the air in your lungs
And the beating of your heart
Feel the strength of your rage
And the depths of your sorrow
Feel the power of your voice,
Of your art, of your fists, of your fear
Learn to sublimate everything
You will need all of it

The weight of history is at your back
Your ancestors are behind you,
Your descendants ahead
By blood or by culture,
By origin or by choice
Your family stretches through the ages
Calling for you, cheering you on

You are not alone in this

Oh you

You rebel
You queer and wayward child
You abandoned and listless
You angry and forgotten
You brown and black and indigenous
You homeless and impoverished
You dreamer
You warrior

You are not alone here
You have never been alone
Not in this place, not in this time
Not in the whole of history
There have always been ones like you
There will always be ones like you
We have always fought
In the papers, in the streets
With paint cans and with pens
With knives and with torches
In your armor inadequate
In your fear and your rage
You have never been alone

Plant your feet like the thousand year oak
Scream like the ghosts of your ancestors
Light your hearts on fire
With the ashes of all the dead suns

GO MINDFUCK YOURSELF

~ or ~

Be the Trouble You Want to See in the World

~ CRAMULUS, OR WHOEVER
THE ET CETERA DISCORDIA

Eris loves activists.

Here in the Strange Times, there's a million billion crawly little critters trying to ride you down the river. See, you're floating through chaotic, shrapnel filled rapids. The foamy waters are brimming with symbols and images and squiggles and good causes. It's easy to cling to one like a life preserver and ride it for all its worth. You're clinging to some right now. You are a sticky meme, and you're trying to stay afloat. It's only human.

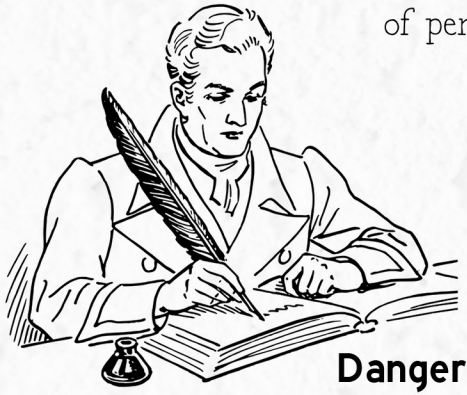
The first part of the **GOLDEN SECRET** is to **LET GO**.

You grabbed onto that symbol and that in-joke and that good cause because they were at the right place at the right time. When you're receptive, it's convenient to get on a raft made of religion or politics or some other made-up ideology. It's easy to assemble an identity out of tastes and values and shrapnel floating by. Over time, some of that stuff stops supporting your weight. Right when you're about to go under, you reach out and grab onto some other piece of shrapnel. You cling to it and use it to hold your head above the waters. At some point, you saw some stuff and met some people, and their shtick appealed to you, and you internalized it, and now you think that stuff is a part of you.

Fast forward to the present: you're riding down the river in a barrel, your knuckles white as they grip your life preservers. Your pockets are stuffed with photographs, and there's cultural water in your ears. Let **GO** already. You don't need that crap. That's somebody else's crap. Learn to swim on your own.

The second part of the **GOLDEN SECRET** is to **IGNITE YOURSELF, WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME**.

I'm advocating activities. Not activism, but activitism. I don't recommend you go find a cause (or some other baggage) to serve, I'm recommending you get up, get out, and **DO** something. They've got you whipped like a circus lion to watch the world and then react to it. They want you to be a passive observer. The face on the money has you trained like Pavlov's dog. That's how the Machine works. It's made of perfectly predictable parts.



You could get bored.
You could get numb.
You could be alone
in a sea of people.
These are the
Dangers of Modern Living.

There's something out there which will make you excited just to wake up in the morning, and it's not spending your hard earned money on the latest You've-Gotta-See-This blockbuster. That shrapnel is just a distraction. The voices of the cultural chorus are too, because really, you're not one of **Them**.

You're a freak. You're weird in ways not even your best friends can understand. This is the Strange Times, and there are no groups of people, only individuals standing next to each other.

There's somebody in your life who you look to for direction. The one with the plan. The one who has great ideas. The one who seems to know what's going on. Kill him. Take his job. Become him. Quit waiting for somebody else to come up with something fun to do. Quit waiting for rock bottom or some other excuse to change what you don't like about yourself. Cough up all the water in your lungs and *Breathe* you'll drown if you don't *Breathe* for the first time ever *Breathe*.

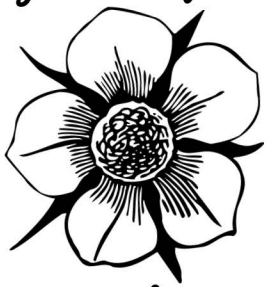
This isn't a lesson you can learn once and internalize. This is an ongoing challenge to constantly reinvent yourself. This is a never ending battle you must wage against your comfort and your identity. If you think you've learned this lesson, then you stink of complacency. Initiation never ends.

Keep moving. Stay kinetic. Be the trouble you want to see in the world.

Go **OPERATION MINDFUCK** yourself.

I hope your things are as good as they can be
right now
I hope you are feeling whatever is happening
in your mind and your body
Giving yourself permission to be as you are
I hope the sun shines through your window
And the birds sing from the branches

I hope wherever you are that you survive this
That you return to your people
and hold them tight
That you mourn your losses fully and deep
That you breathe the clean air
and touch the damp earth
With a heart full of wonder



I hope the world turns, and things get better
That you know without question
You are missed, and you are loved

It's Spring!

Just Take Your Pants Off And Go Outside.

Get Kicked Out of the Mall.

Get Drunk at a Tulip Festival

And Ride the Tractor Ride

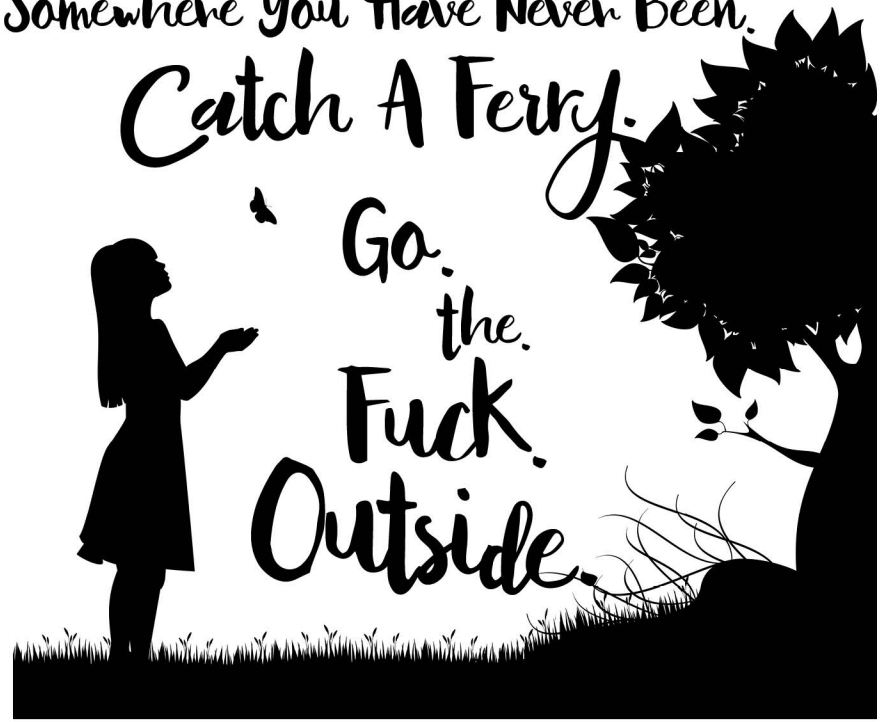
Back and Forth and Back and Forth.

Go For a Walk

Somewhere You Have Never Been.

Catch A Ferry.

Go.
the.
Fuck.
Outside.



PANTS!

THESE ARE THE WORLD'S OLDEST SURVIVING PANTS!

Back to pants, because pants are interesting. **To the Greeks and Romans, pants were just about the weirdest fucking thing they'd ever seen.** Literally all of their clothes consisted of drapey rectangles. If they were feeling fancy, they'd stick a belt or a nice brooch on it. Pants are a complicated, relatively form-fitting garment and it just freaked those poor Greeks right out. Pants were a visual signal for "really fucking foreign". The furry-hat-and-pants depiction I mentioned above was also the exact same costume that male Scythian warriors were depicted in, and the androgyny also freaked out the poor androcentric Greeks. Often, in vase art and such, the only way to tell an Amazon from a male Scythian is that the women have white skin. They lack of visible gender differences screamed "foreign" to the Greeks. There are several mythic stories about the origins of pants, and they all attribute their invention to women. One story even has Medea (*of "fuck you Jason, I'm going to murder our kids to get back at you you utter fuckpile" fame*) inventing pants.

Historically speaking, pants were invented because people found themselves needing to ride horses to get places, and not-pants are really inconvenient for that.

Since both men and women rode horses, both men and women wore pants. (There's also a fair bit of merit to the theory that the Amazon legend comes from actual Scythian female horse-archers, since once you put a person on a horse and give them a recurve bow, upper body strength advantages don't mean shit). ***Pants were actually a key bit of military technology.*** Ancient China was having a hell of a time fighting off all these pants-wearing horse nomads (this was like 300-200 AD-ish) until the state of Qin finally decided to collectively put on pants and get on horses. They then preceded to kick the nomad's pants-wearing asses and unify the warring states of China. **Because pants.**

Of course, because of bullshit, pants came to symbolize femininity and barbarianism to the Greeks and Romans. They think you look very silly in your uncivilized female legsleeves. Funny sidenote, the Romans avoided pants whenever they could, but when they kept invading more northerly places, shit kept getting colder. Winters in Northern Gaul (modern day France) were cold enough that soldiers actually had to put on pants, and the Romans thought this was significant enough that they called the region "Gallia Bracata", which translates to "Trousered Gaul", or, if you're slightly more imaginative, "Pants France".

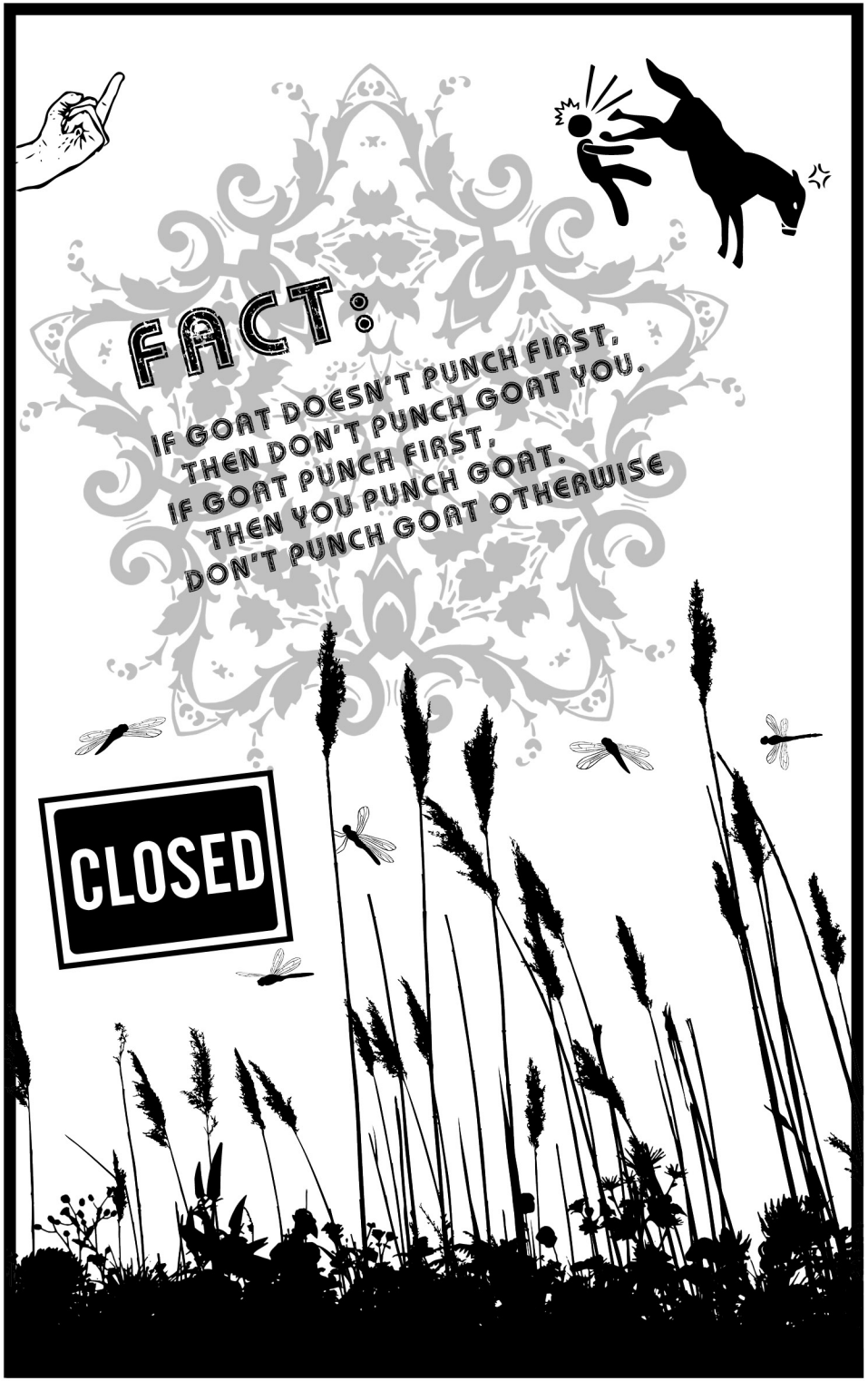
Katie Bragg at the University of Montana
http://quousque.tumblr.com/post/141652546495/wacheypena-deathcomes4u-lady-willowrx

Don't you dare
DON'T YOU DARE
Tell me what a good job I have done
Type up a certificate and sign your name and affix the official seal
To commemorate my worthy accomplishments

How dare
HOW THE FUCK DARE
You name my good deeds in the public square?
Publicize my busy schedule?
Praise my long nights and bruised elbows
And my refusing to take a break?

I have spent ALL MY YOUTH
Faking being good enough to be loved
And I am tired of pretending
Tired of earning it
Tired of hearing how good I am
At faking being anything other
Than a waste of oxygen

And I do not want
DO NOT WANT
You to tell me that I really AM good
Really AM worthy
Really AM anything better than the lump I feel like
Because if love is something that must be earned
It must be able to be lost
And I do not want to be lost
I do not want to spend every moment on this earth
Faking it
I just want to be terrible
And loved.



The Functionality of the Strange

by (presumably) The Beatus Ffungo,
Summa Discordia

The biggest obstacle between our present selves and our ideal selves is, generally, us. We have grand dreams, vague ideas about how we'd like things to be, but we often lack the vision to chart a clear course from Here to There. Of course, not everybody is like this. Much has been made in our histories about the singular effect that people of Will can accomplish through direct action. And, while they do things like climb Mount Everest or cure polio, we are also encouraged to strive in our own small, sad way - to buy a sports utility vehicle, to climb from a degrading, powerless rung on the corporate ladder to a more degrading and marginally less powerless rung, etc.

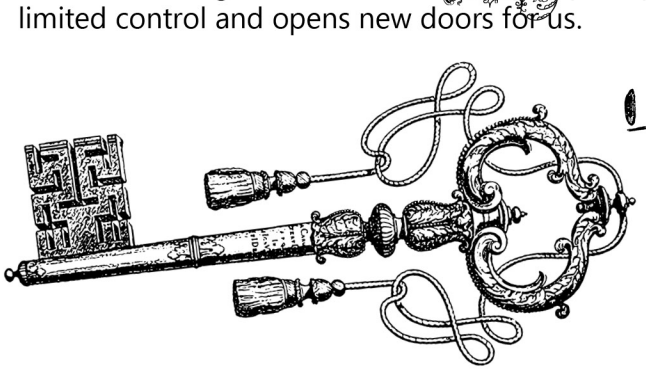
But whether we pursue their shitty goals or our Noble ones, the outcome is largely the same. Unless we have a clear idea of each step between where we are and where we want to be, it seems really hard to make any progress.

Part of this difficulty, though, is based on the assumption that you need to have intimate knowledge of the entire path to reach your destination, which clearly isn't true. We often find ourselves in serendipitous situations that we didn't plan for in exact detail. Instead of looking at our goals as points in a hedge maze, we should see them as mountains. Sure, the exact path to the summit may not be clear from where you're standing, but hell - the mountain is very clearly Over There, and it doesn't take a sextant to figure out that you should probably head toward it instead of away from it. What's more, you often don't even need to be able to see the mountain the whole time. Listening to yourself very carefully, you can often use the same navigation system in your life that birds and butterflies use to cross hemispheres.

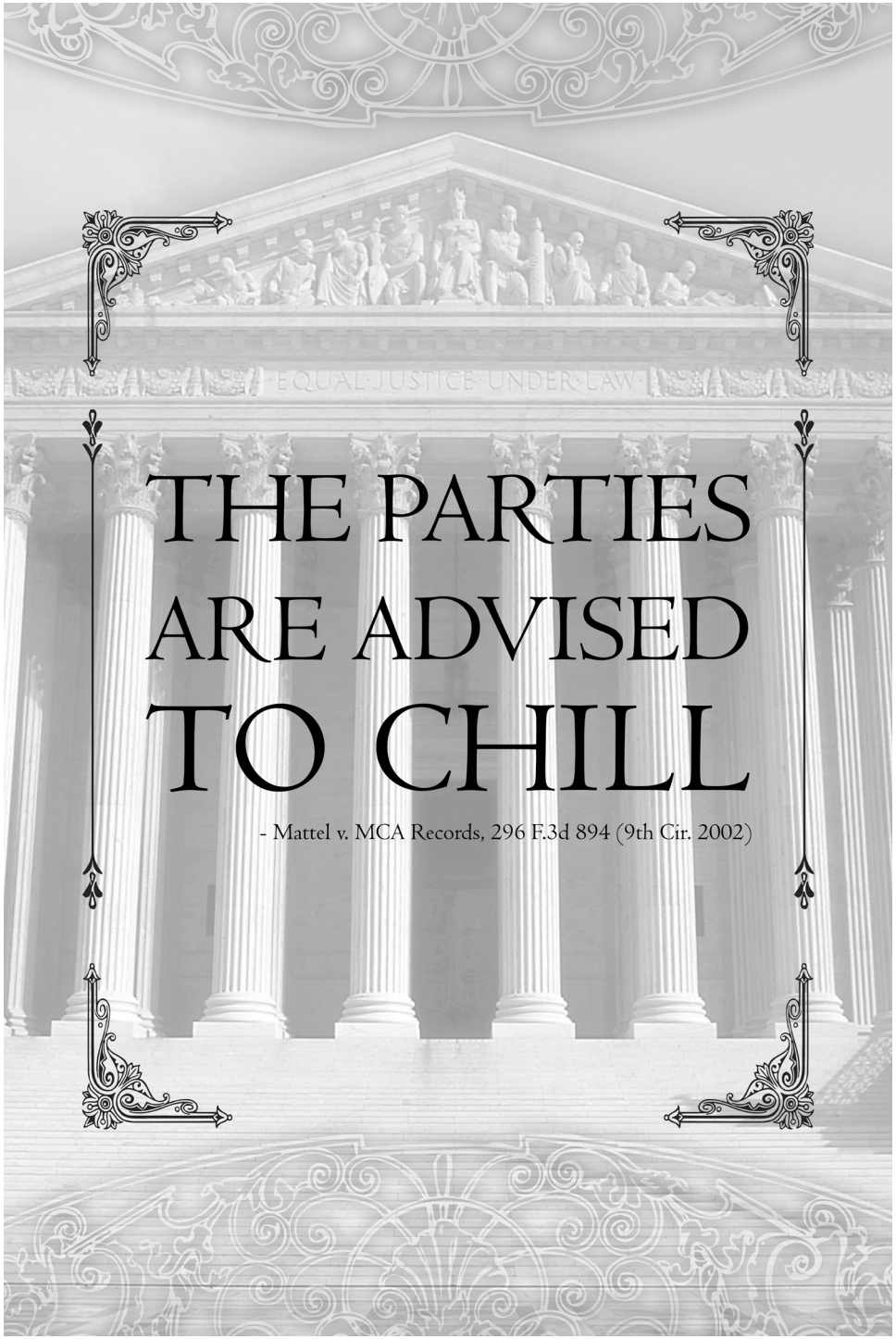
If you try this approach, you'll be surprised by how often it just seems to work. The reason for this is, of course, a well established point of Discordian Philosophy. We know that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. But what most of us haven't been told is that every pointless action has an equal and opposite reaction, which means that, the more pointless the action, the more specifically pointed the reaction.

This fact should not be lost on those who are paying attention. Now, if an action is designed in a specifically pointless way to bring about a pointed reaction, this will, of course, not work. (The active principle in these cases is the Law of Negative Reversal; the proof is left as an exercise for the student.) Still, however, the careful application of activities (or groups of activities) with no cohesive direction will almost certainly fail to bring about a specific response, but do so in such a way that the opposite fails to not occur. Examples of this abound in the Region of Thud.

The Functionality of the Strange is really a quite liberating concept. We can, to some extent, choose our own fates, but there is a great deal that is quite simply out of our control, and that's a really good thing. If we pretend to be the engineers of our own existence, then we're trying to limit our experiences to those things that we can imagine and plan for, rather than eagerly signing up for the Great Unknown. Sometimes we get lucky breaks, sometimes we get screwed. The FOTS principle recognizes our limited control and opens new doors for us.



Can you find all 23 butterflies of chaos in this book?



THE PARTIES ARE ADVISED TO CHILL

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

Magic(k) Isn't Action

- Her Holiness the Right Rev. Nigel

If they LISTENED to the truth, it would mean that they would have to DO SOMETHING or accept that the reason they live in a trailer with no friends but a bunch of resin fairy figurines and a box of rocks that they imagine have personalities has some relationship to their actions, or lack thereof.

And that's TOO HARD. So, no. It's easier to pretend that visualization is the same as action, and that casting a circle is the same as action, and that lighting a candle is the same as action, and that talking to crystals is the same as action.

No time to go outside today,
I need to set up my altar so I can do a weight-loss spell.

No time to apply for jobs today,
I'm casting a circle to ask the spirits for money.

No time to enroll in school today, I'm setting up a crystal grid to align the energies to improve my life.

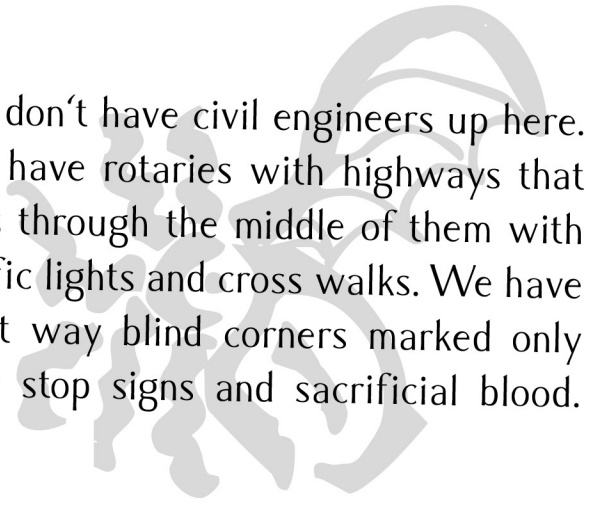
No time to work on hobbies today, I'm lighting a candle and meditating on being more productive.

No time to go to the meetup group today, I'm online asking for white light to help me get better at making friends.

The Magicians
Part III

It's hard to make distinctions between Magicians and normal people, in part because every dichotomy is a false dichotomy and in part because the way we live our lives is so fundamentally grounded in the magic of modern civilization. And yes, there is always the SHEEPLE trap, where people start thinking that their inner life is somehow more powerful or more real or more woke than the normies. But I'm gonna try to do it anyway so bear with me.

A normal person, one who lives in a magical world but does not see it for magic, watches a magician levitate an object on stage. Our straw-man may wonder how the task is accomplished, but he may also be too wrapped up in the moment to allow his critical thinking to get in the way of wonderment, or he may be staring at the lovely assistant that he swears just winked at him. A Magician looks for the strings. Because a Magician knows that this trick is generally accomplished by using ultra fine transparent threads to support the levitated object, and the magician on stage counts on the audience to trust what they see.



We don't have civil engineers up here. We have rotaries with highways that pass through the middle of them with traffic lights and cross walks. We have eight way blind corners marked only with stop signs and sacrificial blood.

My mother was a Magician's Assistant she taught me to Look For The Strings

There's a stereotype of magician's assistants being pretty, ditzy, and silent. That's cultivated intentionally, because for most of the tricks where an assistant is employed, they're doing most of the work. The girl getting sawed in half is supposed to look like she's just lying there, while she has to contort her body into half the box without giving anything away with her facial expressions.

We were watching some idiot or other planning to escape a deathtrap headed over Niagara Falls and she told me "look at how he's holding his hands when they put on the chains, he's already got them most of the way out and he's not even on the raft yet!" She showed me how to get out of handcuffs (the trick is making your wrists as big as possible when they're going on, if you were curious) and told me how she ruined the ring trick for an entire afternoon crowd because she was pissed at her partner that day.

Once you start to Look For The Strings, you can't just enjoy entertainment. After all, everything is fiction created by people and held together by the little things the audience isn't supposed to see. My uncle is a lighting guy, and he taught me all the silly little things you're not supposed to look at. I gobbled up everything I could find about foley artists as soon as I learned that was a thing, and started listening for their work everywhere. While the audience is listening, visuals sneak in sideways. When they're looking, the sounds are the strings holding the illusion together.

There are Strings in real life, too. Governments only work because we all agree they do, even our currency is a form of collective make believe. And sure, you could burn the whole stage down. You could kill all the Magicians and send everyone home, but it's better to be at the show. Just, once in a while, something on stage isn't going the way it should, and the people who Look For The Strings are the people who will see it first, and the people who are best suited to fixing the problem. The goal isn't, shouldn't be, to end it all. The goal should be to make the illusion work for everyone, not to victimize the assistants or traumatize the audience. And yes, the metaphor is getting stretched beyond recognition at this point, but the show must go on.

from The Good Reverend Roger's Discordian Definitions

44. Baboonery: noun

1. The state or condition of showing your inflamed ass before any sort of sufficient reason for a "pecking order" challenge has actually manifested.

2. The need for new people to show aforementioned ass as part of their introduction, to show the "old timers" that they have a bigger penis. Apparently the one sticking out of their ass.

3. The need for showing them all, months or years after a suffering what is perceived to be an offense.

4. Digging in one's heels and screeching, to lessen the threat to your mating privileges that can be caused by being wrong on the internet.

"To staple scientific-sounding terms on non-scientific words or activities does not lend science to your endeavor, but it may attract gullible fools with money that refuses to stick to their own hands. 'Quantum healing', for example, is nothing more than the means of transferring money from the stupid to the wicked. This begs the question: which is more evil? The degradation of science, or the bilking of fools?"

- The Tucson Codex, 4:11

THE EPISKIPOS' GUIDE
TO SEEMING LEARNED, MYSTERIOUS AND PROFOUND

- BY HO CHI HO CHI ZEN

1 - Smile politely to those below your station (everyone except other episkposes and some POEE priests).

2 - Never quote any one who those in hearing range have read (or preferably heard of). Never, ever quote the Principia. If you do something discouraged by the Principia which some annoying little neophyte points out, don't use the line from the Good Book which excuses you - you obviosly know one, so you don't need to prove it - but stare blankly at the dissenter, and either have them shot or just say "I am well aware of that," or preferably both (in reverse order to that printed).

3 - If some-one knocks on your door, don't answer it, but instead adopt a meditative position, make them wait a suitable amount of time, and calmly say "enter."

4 - Always contradict yourself in every speech you make. Or dont.

5 - Change your name occasionally, or just choose a new one in addition to the one you already have. (Another variant is to change someone elses name. Everyone should be alerted to this name change but them.)

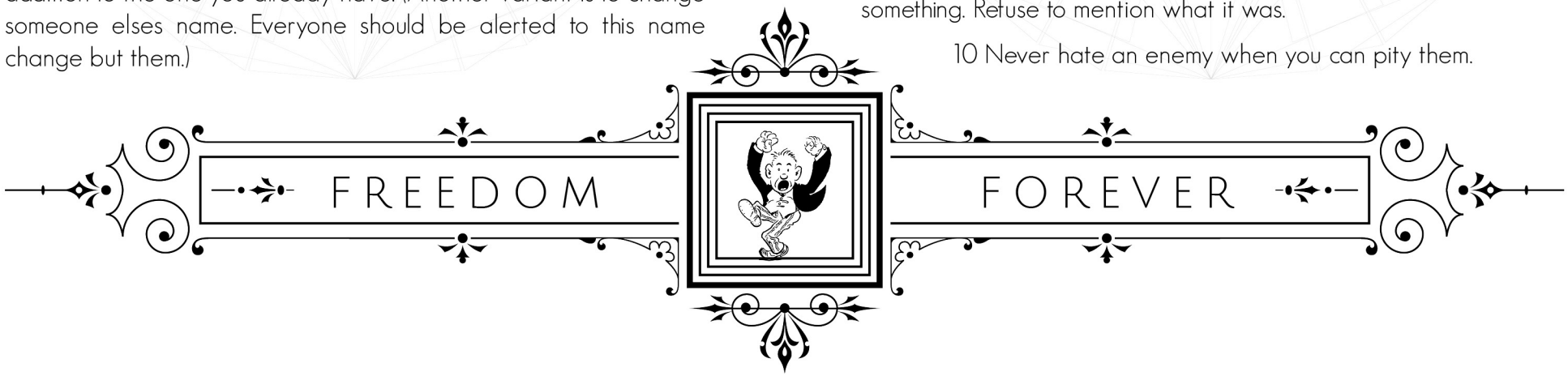
6 - Have a revelation! This should be about something central to the doctrine, eg Our Lady's name, the image of the Chao, who actually wrote the Principia, etc. Either gain an extra level of enlightenment on the subject (use circular logic so no one can disprove you), or realise that the doctrine was wrongly interpreted and the truth is totally different to that presented (in which case Goddess didn't think we were ready for the truth then but are now.)

7 - Find other culture's representations of Goddess. Occasionally pray to (Parvati, Freya, Innana, etc.), or simply make one up.

8 - Before each gathering (prayer meeting, corroberree, session, whatever) of your cable, PREPARE! THINK UP spontaneous things to say, illogical or paradoxical parables to ad lib, and bizzare off-the-cuff koans. FIND embarrissing and/or pedestrian books to leave around (and create obvious excuses for having them - researching the enemy is for the dull and should only be used after your last resort). ARRANGE with some-one to come in and slap you and say something that can have multiple implications and then storm out. CREATE a reason why the cute initiate who joined up last week has to spend the entire meeting naked. RESEARCH new groups to denounce, new obscure historical figures to praise, and new cultural taboos to ignore.

9 - Get everyone listening to whatever youre talking about and then pause as if you suddenly had a deep and fascinating insight into something. Refuse to mention what it was.

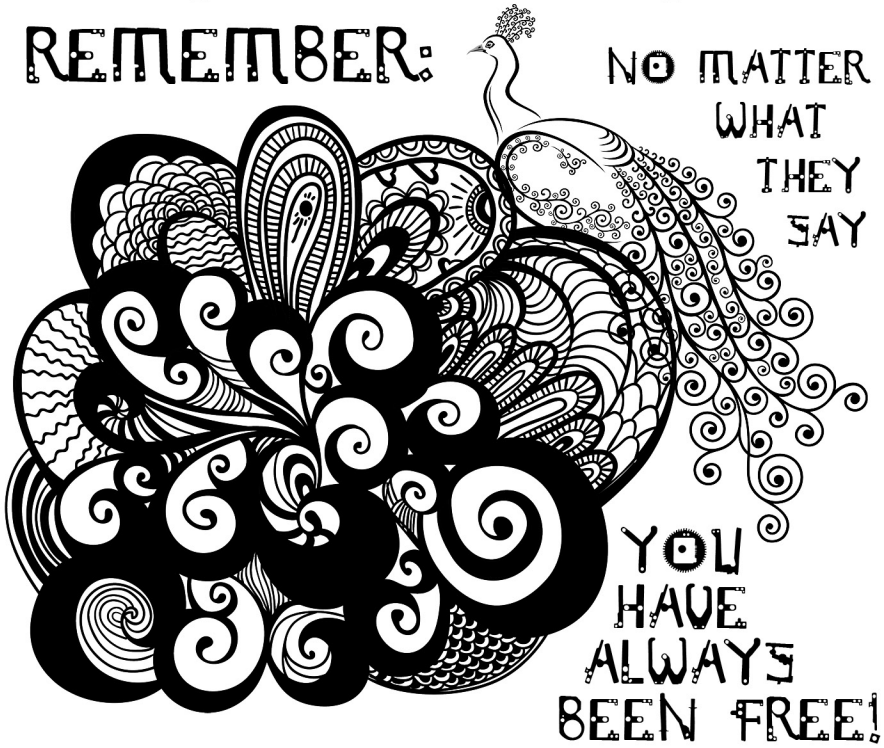
10 Never hate an enemy when you can pity them.



To Do List:

- ❑ Free the regent's wife
- ❑ Return the merperson's heart
- ❑ Give the witch the chalice
- ❑ Lead the spider through the maze
- ❑ Ask the hedge for the necklace
- ❑ Collect suspicious pebbles

Q. Why aren't you citing your sources properly?
A. Because fuck you that's why.



On the Difference Between Cabbages & Greyfaces

-Baron Von Hoopla

One day about five months after my meeting with Humpty Dumpty I was storming down the street howling to the skies and mud about the greyfaces that assaulted me on a daily basis, when I suddenly heard someone nearby howling louder than myself. It wasn't hard to spot the gnarled old bastard with a face like a chewed caramel zigzagging back and forth across the streets grabbing people by their ears and bellowing "IS ANYONE THERE?" into their faces, then turning to someone else and repeating the same procedure. One after the other after the other

I watched, stunned, wondering why the people being screamed at didn't take offense. If someone grabbed me by the ears and screamed into my face he would be swiftly introduced to my good friend Mr. Steel-Toe Boot, but these people seemed to swoon, and then stare off into space in a daze.

I had to find out what was going on. Eventually the old coot made his way toward me and grabbed for my ears. Before he could take hold I said, "Yes, I am here. What do you want?"

The old man didn't blink an eye but just grabbed me by the shoulder and walked me onto a quieter side street. "Thank the goddess", he said, sputtering and breathing hard. "I thought I was the only one left," he added.

"The only what?" I asked. He turned his paper-slit eyes toward me and said: "The only person left."

"The only person? But what about all the people you were shouting at??" I asked. For a few moments he stared blankly at me, as if he hadn't heard what I said. "Those weren't people," he said finally, "they were Cabbages."

"Cabbages?" I asked. "They looked like people to me."

The old man laughed. "Of course they looked like people, Cabbages look exactly like people. They walk like people, they talk like people, they eat like people, they sleep like people, they go to work like people, they see movies like people, they watch tv like people, they read books like people . . . they are the best copies of people you'll ever see. But they are not people, my son, they are most assuredly Cabbages."

"What's the difference?" I asked. He leaned toward me, and said: "People dream, my boy, people question. People think. People play. People laugh. Look at these poor souls, sleepwalking through life . . . they think they're people, but they are vegetables. Blind, ridiculous, vegetables."

"Ah ha," I said with glee. "I know many Cabbages, my life is full of them, and they are the bane of my existence! I know them as Greyfaces! Humpty Dumpty taught me about them."

"No!" the old man said quickly. "Do not mistake the two . . . Greyfaces and Cabbages are not the same, except when they are. Greyfaces are much more dangerous."

"Dangerous?" I asked. "How?"

"Well, let me ask you this: which would you be most wary of, a sleeping dog, or a dog having a nightmare?"

"I suppose a dog having a nightmare," I said. The old man smiled.

"Exactly," he said. "A Greyface is a Cabbage who is living a nightmare. The Greyface's nightmare is truly terrifying. He is told that the world will crumble around him if all do not think and act exactly as he does, the only sane person on the face of the planet, and will stop at nothing to ensure that his nightmare doesn't come true. Greyfaces believe the world is humorless and product-driven. He believes there is a way to draw a perfect circle and you damned well better find out how, or pay the price. Never turn your back on the Greyface, my son."

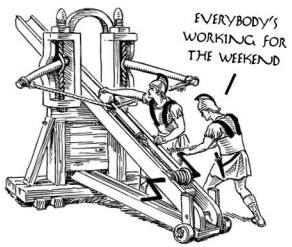
MAGIC IS REAL ... FOR CERTAIN VALUES OF "MAGIC" AND "REAL."

I pondered this. "So," I said after a while, those I referred to as Greyfaces were actually Cabbages?"

"I don't know them personally," the old man said, "but I would imagine they were. Almost everyone you meet is a Cabbage."

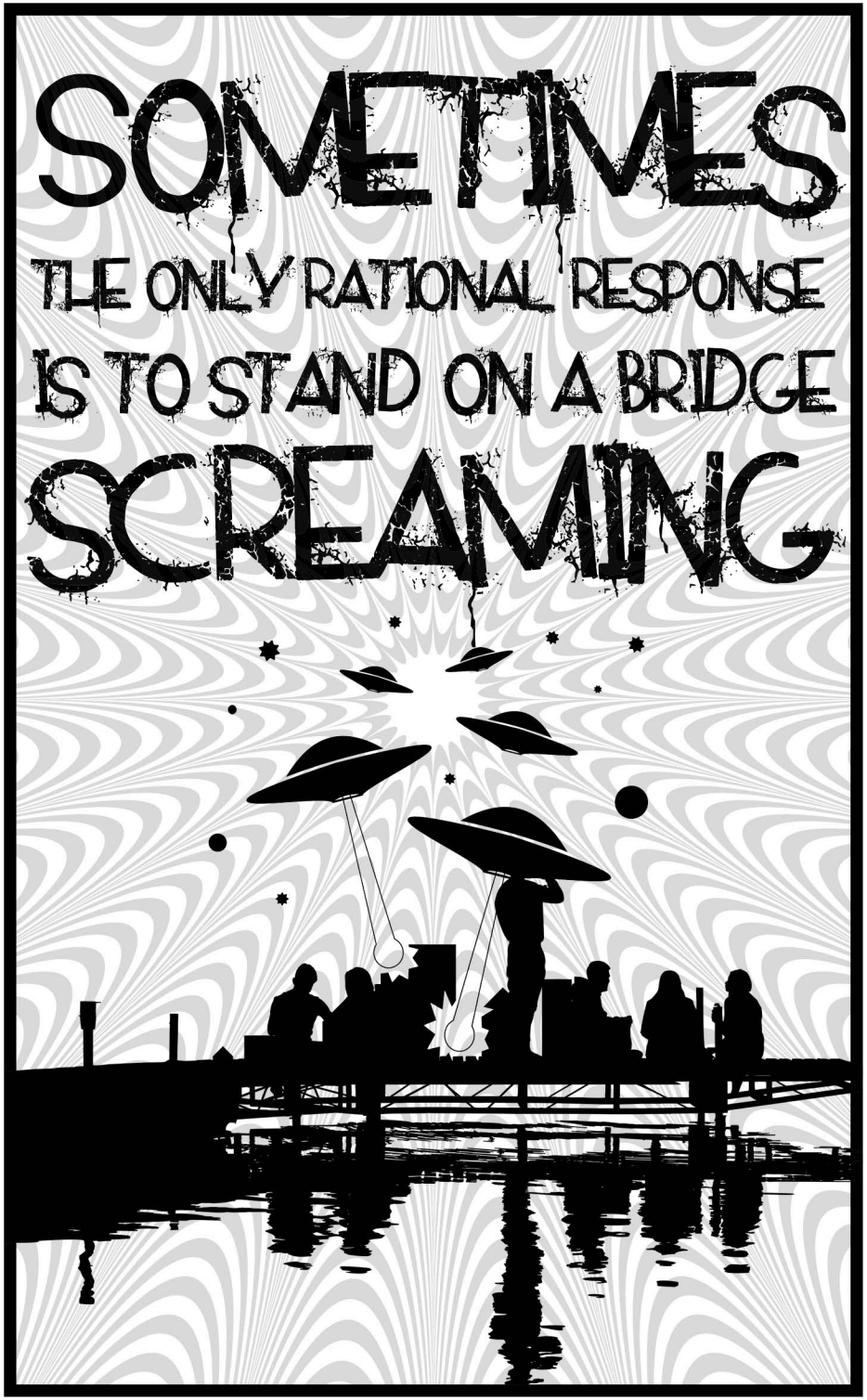
"What's the difference," I asked the old man.

"All Greyfaces are Cabbages," he said, "but not all Cabbages are Greyfaces. Some Cabbages wake up and become real people, some even become Children of the Goddess if they are very on the ball . . . but Greyfaces rarely become people."



"How do I know if I'm a Cabbage?" I asked.

He stood up, and patted me on the shoulder. "Son, the Cabbages never even ask that."



Verthaine Explains the Difference Between Erisianism/Discordianism ~ and ~ Neo Pagan Revivalism

Neo Pagan Revivalism is the attempt to discover how long dead cultures worshiped and tried to appease (i.e bribe to get what they want) their gods. Modern Neo Pagans try to force ancient believes and customs into modern situations. Erisians (having no ancient eris worshippers to emulate, and not being particularly interested in looking for any in the first place) try to discover how Eris interacts with the multiverse, and how we interact with her.

For example: A Neo-Pagan Revivalist is running late for the Midnight Beltane Ritual (must be done on midnight, according to the laws of their coven) in a rather rough part of town. To save time, the neo-pagan revivalist decides to cut through a dark alley. A mugger pops out waving a gun, and demanding money. By the time the NPR has put on his/her ceremonial robe, anointed itself with sweet oils, drawn the sacred circle, lit the candles, invoked the four quarters, summoned the watchtowers, chanted the ritual and sacrificed the appropriate amount of doves to try to get Artemis to shoot an arrow up the muggers ass, the mugger would have already smoked all the cracked he bought from the money he took from the dead dumb-ass pagan he shot in a dark alley in a rough part of town.

An Erisian is running late for the St. Tibbs Day Ritual (i.e. drunken orgy) in a rough part of town. He/she sees the dark alley, realizes by cutting through it he can save time, but decided "The Hades with that! I ain't going down that dark spooky alley. There may be a mugger down in there. And I don't think the TURKEY CURSE can stop a bullet. Screw it, so I'll be late, the orgy will be going on all night anyway." And if the Erisian decides to risk the alley, he knows better then to try to appeal to Eris when a mugger jumps out. That's because Eris will say "You fool! Who told your dumb ass to go down a dark alley in the middle of Cracktown at 11:30 at night? What a cheeto-huffing nincompoop!"

In this unfortunate scenario the Erisian is faced with two choices:

1- Give the mugger what he wants, and hope he goes away without putting a bullet in your shiny metal ass.

~or~

2- Try the TURKEY CURSE any way. Maybe Goddess will be merciful and the mugger will be distracted enough so that you can kick him in the nads and RUN.

It is worth noting that Erisians/Discordians have no "three fold law" or "an it harm none" clause to their religious teachings regarding violence or ill will towards others, nor does Eris condemn believers for getting the fuck outta dodge as is prudent.

The Gods Are Wrong
So pass that bong
And a tale fit for mortals
I will tell ye

It's not their words
That ring absurd
Nor their lack of morals
That do rile me

See they are us
Despite the fuss
And insistence of priests
So unseemly

Since they are we
Writ abstractly
Our folly does not cease
Predictably

So wrong they are
At least as far
As mortal tales can tell
Reliably

We're more a far
Bright bardic star
With a wild dream to sell
Rather cheaply

My what a strong
Hit from that bong
Got me talking of gods
Dangerously

If I'm not wrong
Priests are along
Heretics live long odds
Quite discreetly

T.W. Joseph

plato's republic is shit

thoodleoo.tumblr.com

like "oh you're all like people trapped in a cave who can't see the truth and it's up to the philosophers to bring light to you uninformed fools" well i hope someone can bring you some light when you get shoved into a locker nerd

Plato's Cave for Domesticated Primates

Plato's cave is, as many of you know, a thought experiment put forth by Plato, in which several prisoners are shackled in a cave with a fire behind them. The fire casts shadows on the wall and, since the prisoners have their backs to the fire, all they see is the shadows. Which they take to be reality.

But then one day, one of the prisoners sees the fire for some reason. Perhaps his shackles rusted away. Who knows. Anyway, he sees the fire and immediately concludes that the shadows are an illusion. And that the principles that underpin his sense of reality are false. A number of things happen. One, he tells his fellow prisoners his discovery. Some of them mock him for his insane belief that the shadows are false. Some declare that he is a heretic for claiming they are false. And some sign on and begin worshiping the fire. Some even decide that the fire is a conspiracy, lit and tended by those that want to mire the prisoners in illusion for vague yet nefarious reasons (this is where we get Ron Paul voters).

And they could be right. Or maybe the fire was lit by a totally unrelated guy. Who's just trying to cook his dinner or stay warm or do one of the other things that require fire.

Or maybe there s more than one person tending the fire. And they all have different motives. One guy is cooking dinner. Another is drying out his clothing. And one bastard is building the f ire up to fuck with the prisoners. Who deserve it. Because they must have done something to become prisoners in the first place. The bastards.

All of this ignores the fact that the shadows are real, in that they are the spaces on the cave wall that are not directly exposed to light from the fire. This would infer to the prisoners, if they'd stop beating up the guy that noticed the fire, that they themselves are real, by virtue of having cast the shadows in the first place. But he s a heretic. And we know how to deal with heretics around here.

At no point does it occur to the prisoners to mash their manacles with rocks and exit the cave. They would in fact kill you for suggesting it, because the cave is a known space and outside the cave is unknown and frightening, and where would they get their shadows if they left, anyway?

Well, most of them. One guy might bravely leave the cave and then return to explain, but having watched the shadow of him leave, the prisoners are entertained and thus feel no need to take any further steps (the Apollo program comes to mind). Since it's been done already and they re waiting for the next big thing. Probably some loud guy with a fucked up hairdo that looks intriguing as hell when cast in shadow.

– The Good Reverend Roger

====== The Monkey Experiment ======

- - - - - Professor Cramulus - - - - -

There's a famous experiment where they keep a bunch of monkeys in a room for an indefinite amount of time. There's a big white staircase leading up out of the room. Every time a monkey climbs to the top of the staircase, he gets blasted back down the stairs with a hose. When this happens, every monkey in the room also gets blasted with water. This makes them very angry.

Soon, the monkeys have figured it out: beat the shit out of any monkey that starts to climb the stairs. That's the new rule.

At some point, they remove a monkey and send in a new one. He learns the rule quickly: don't climb the stairs. And if we're beating somebody up, join in. One by one, they replace each monkey with a new one who has to learn the rule.

At some point they can turn off the hose. The monkeys will reliably prevent escape. Policing the stairs has become a cultural norm. Eventually, they have this population of monkeys who are trained to beat up any monkey that tries to escape, but don't even understand why.

The experiment is run by interns who are paid in course credit. Occasionally, an intern finishes the semester and leaves. New interns join the team and everybody explains how to feed the monkeys and how to record the data. But at this point, none of the interns are from the original group, none of them have met the scientists leading this project. Most of the interns don't fully understand the point of the experiment.

The scientist who began the experiment left long ago. Other researchers were assigned to the project by an administrator in order to keep this valuable experiment running. None of the remaining scientists are actually authors of the paper, or even understand what it's about.

The administrator supervising the project isn't terribly involved with it. He just prolongs the experiment because it's his department's main source of funding. But he didn't begin this project, he just inherited it from his predecessor, who is on a leave of absence and hasn't been seen in some time.

The company funding the experiment has a sum of money they spend annually on scientific research, mainly for tax reasons. But the person who reads and approves grants left last year. The last time anybody saw the man, he handed a huge folder to some new kid and said "make sure these stay funded." Then he disappeared up a long staircase leading into the sky.

Plato's allegory of the rave

laurasauras.tumblr.com

imagine all you've ever known is a rave. the lights are down, the music's pumping, people of indeterminate identity are pressing against other people, someone has a whistle and it's vaguely in time with the music and several people have just made the life changing discovery that the stuff from glow sticks can come out of glow sticks and can be flung crowd-ward with extreme prejudice. the rave is life and the rave is you.

but then a broseph (let's call him plato, just because it's my name, it's not about me, i'm just making this easier for you to follow) leaves the rave.

the streets outside are quiet and for the first time plato can see that there are colours that aren't actively attempting to burn your eyes out, he can hear sounds, he can hear talking! people can communicate outside of the rave!

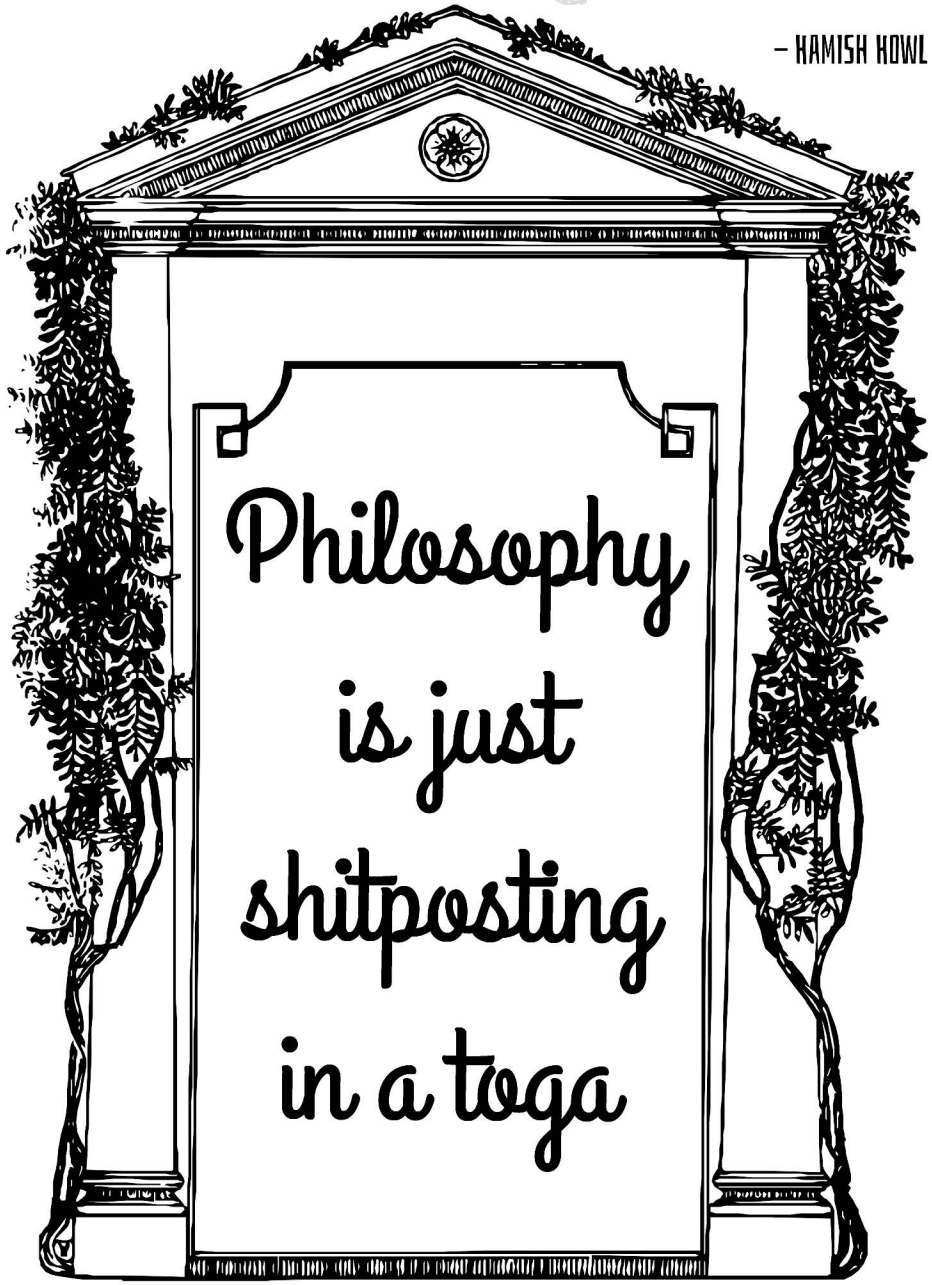
there's street meat, there's a taxi rank with a girl contemplating whether it's more painful to stand in her high heels or on the pavement with indeterminate shrapnel, there's streetlights casting light on a whole new world. and plato knows he needs to share the knowledge of this world with the ravers.

he returns to the rave, but the music that was once his lifeblood is deafening and the lights are both too dark and too bright at the same time and he's forgotten how to communicate with ravers. he tries to tell them of everything he learned, but they're not ready to know. they want him to leave.

plato thinks to himself, you know what, they're all bitches anyway, i'm gonna make myself a new society, only for people who can appreciate the world as a whole. also, no artists.
i fucking hate artists.

MASS TELLS SPACE HOW TO BEND, AND SPACE TELLS MASS HOW TO MOVE.
MONEY TELLS THE MARKET HOW TO TREND, AND THE MARKET TELLS MONEY HOW TO MOVE.
PHYSICS IS WHAT KILLS YOU, BUT IT'S BIOLOGY THAT WANTS YOU DEAD.

– KAMISH KOWL



DIOGENES OF SINOPE WAS ON SOME REAL SHIT I TELL YOU WHAT.

~ K.SPACECAT

-He lived in a tub in the market place cause fuck houses. There he would regularly masturbate in public and didn't give two shits.

-He would walk around with a lantern during the day and tell people he was looking for an honest man.

-Alexander the Great was a big fan of Diogenes. He asked Diogenes if he could do any favor, and Diogenes told him that he was standing in his light and to move. Alexander was impressed but the balls of this guy, and then said "But truly, if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." Diogenes replied, "If I were not Diogenes, I should also wish to be Diogenes. "

-He would pee on people who insulted him.

-When Plato defined a man as a 'featherless biped', Diogenes plucked a chicken and brought it to him, declaring 'BEHOLD! PLATOS MAN!'

-The face spitting came from an instance where a man invited Diogenes to his splendid manor, and told him not to spit anywhere. So Diogenes spit in his face.

-For a while his only possession was a bowl. When he saw a child drinking water with his hands, he threw away the bowl because why bother with it when he can just use his hands?

-One theory of how he died is that he just got tired of living, held his breath, and then died. He specified in his will he wanted his body thrown out of the city for wild animals to eat.

SERIOUSLY PEOPLE SHOULD READ UP ON THIS GUY. HE WAS NEXT LEVEL SHIT.

Aristotle was a toe-rag, and if his grave is ever located, people should crap on it.

There, I said it.

<TGRR>

When approaching a problem, people tend to want to use either inductive reasoning or deductive reasoning, but successful problem-solvers use both. Inductive reasoning is applied to generate a broad range of possible root causes, and then deductive reasoning is used to narrow the list until a solution is found. The trick is to never allow a beautiful theory to blind you to what the data is telling you. Logic relies on the brain structure of weaponized apes, and that structure imposes limitations that said apes must be able to look past by not ignoring what the actual, real-world results are.

In other words, Aristotle had it totally backwards and set humanity back a thousand years because he was one of the "ancients" and everyone had to listen to his stupid ass.

Monk in the Trunk

Every Steve we receive

Has a monkey I perceive

In the flesh

In the fat

In a tiny silly hat

He is sleeping like a mole

In a cabinet in your soul

And when he wakes he will freak out

So I pray you let him out

Professor The Cramulus

Discordianism: A Brief Explanation

{Professor Cramulus}

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love your ugly

Your petty and your uncharitable and your socially awkward
Love the stain on your favorite shirt, the way you wear down the heels of your shoes
Unevenly, and too fast
Love that thing you did a decade ago, and that awful person you used to be
The crick in your neck, the knee that gets sore
When the rain comes
Love your cheat day
Love your never good enough
The hair that gets in your face, the dirty dishes, the fights you keep having
The knot in your stomach
That never goes away
Love your snores and your terrible laugh and your eyes closed in every photo
The food you hate and your bad taste in music
Love your vitriol and spite
Love your shaking, fists balled in the dark
The hallways full of ghosts and the sidewalks that trip you up
Your embarrassed, your angry, your falling down
Love your burn out
Love the marks that won't go away
The regret, the resentment, the thing where your jaw pops sometimes when you chew
Love your bitter, your combative, your resting bitch face
Love your no actually a bitch face
Your doesn't always recycle, your doesn't go to the gym enough, your everything is wrong, your heartbreak, your side eye

Love your ugly

All of it

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 civiliz_ation 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 out lawn chairs and suck down beverages laden with agreeable bacterial excretions while hurtling though 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

Today is seven butts

And that may sound like a lot

But it's important to remember

That some days are significantly butt-ier

Days of dozens, thousands, millions of butts

Days where you can't seem to get out of bed

For the weight of all the butts on top of you

Infinite butts stretching out into the horizon

Obscuring the sun and moon and all the stars

Not leaving the slightest glimmer

In the fart-scented dark

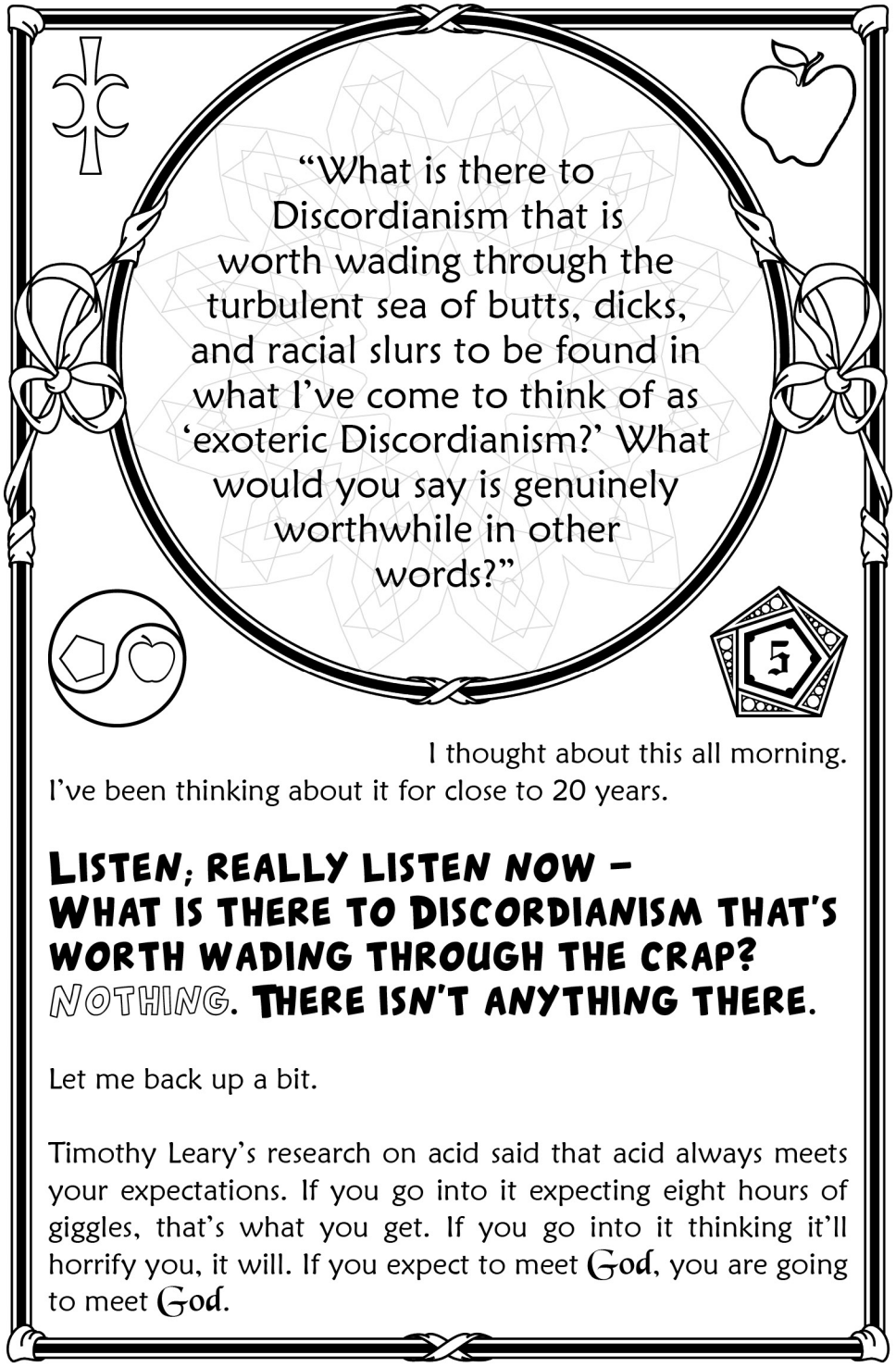
Today is just seven butts.

WHAT ABOUT DISCORDIANISM?

I think we're the opposite of a cult. Cultists tend to experience a de-individuation - they can't tell the difference between their own thoughts and the group's thoughts. When you get really deep into the cult, your own thoughts become alien, you identify more with the group persona and any variation from it seems wrong.

In Discordia, the opposite tends to happen.

Still dangerous.



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

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

Let me back up a bit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the Fractal Cult Archives of

Professor Cramulus,

KSC, OJC, FOOP, WOMP, ASS

Here's the second part of the Law of 5s {spoiler alert}

IF you look for 5s, you find 5s. But let's be clear, there is *nothing* mystical about the numbers 5 or 23. If we had six fingers, it would be called the law of sixes. Those numbers are just a way of teaching you about "confirmation bias". When you go hunting through the Chaos for a signal, you will find that signal.

IF you look for evidence that people are shitheads, you will find it. If you look for evidence that people are awesome, you will find it.

A lot of people are miserable because they hunt for reasons to be miserable. They keep finding confirmation for their belief that people are worthless and the world sucks. But a lot of people are having great adventures every day because they have learned to see them everywhere.

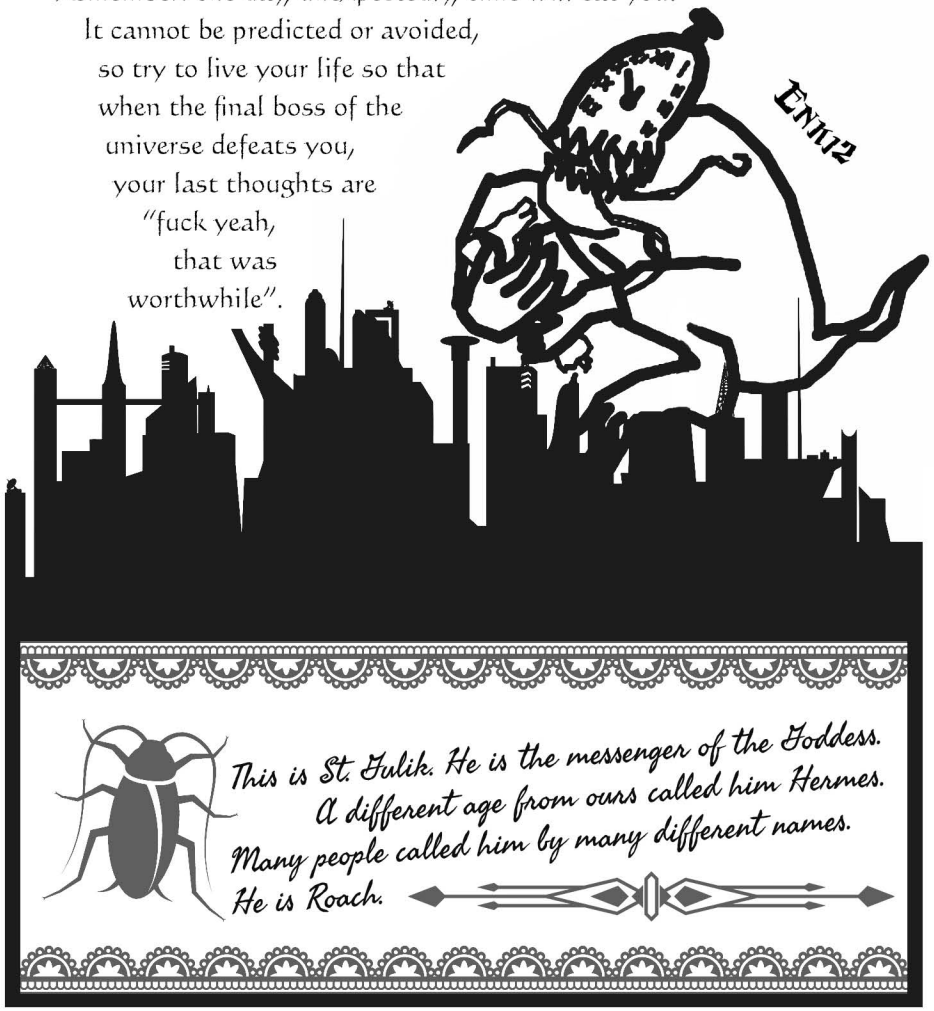
A friend of mine saw a pack of pingpong balls and a sharpie and he saw something we didn't. He sliced the pingpong balls in half and drew eyes on them, poked out a hole in the pupil to see through, then jammed them onto his face. Fucking hysterical, we were giggling for hours drawing different eyes and making faces at each other. We could take a lesson from him, that's some high level monk shit.

- CRAM -

Cthonic Chronos

The Greeks had a very Lovecraftian view of time, as personified by Chronos. A monstrous inevitability, time has not only eaten the past, but will eat the future, and everything it ate was in some sense its descendant. Hungry and ineffable, this personification of entropy is much more frightening than Maxwell's Demon (who personified negentropy).

Remember: one day, unexpectedly, time will eat you.
It cannot be predicted or avoided,
so try to live your life so that
when the final boss of the
universe defeats you,
your last thoughts are
"fuck yeah,
that was
worthwhile".



This is St. Gulik. He is the messenger of the Goddess.
A different age from ours called him Hermes.
Many people called him by many different names.
He is Roach.

One of the things I love best about Discordja

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

When somebody says "We tolerate all religions", it makes me wonder if they have an immune system to protect against cults, hate groups, and people that are straight up WRONG. Do you tolerate evil ideas too? If so, your tolerance might be kind of shitty.

Lord Omar used to hang out at spiritual gatherings in the 60s and try to out-do the level of crazy he was seeing. People were claiming they were the reincarnation of Cleopatra, claiming they were channeling Isis (and in turn demanding to be treated like Isis), and the community didn't have any immune system to filter out those egomaniacs and nutjobs. Discordia was a mirror he held up: "Don't you think some of this shit might be ... you know, bullshit?"

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

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

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

In many ways, Religion is kinda stupid, right? ~ Cram

but instead of leaning away from it
let's dive in
head first
Let's exercise our right to be wrong
Let's juice the religious experience for everything it's got.
Because IF beliefs are sacred, even the stupid ones,
BOOM, a bunch of really stupid shit is now sacred.

A lot of atheists come into Discordianism because it's this great joke on religion.
And then
when you feel where this headspace is,
you can see there's something else

beyond

and you don't need to go to church for it,
you don't even need to really believe in a god to tap into it,
it's this chaos inside
which can become anything
and listen -- if there are things in this universe
that are irrational
then our rational minds deceive us
into thinking that whole Enlightenment routine
can bust down any wall
but hey, you try reasoning with the clouds
I'm sure they'll come around.

listen,
some stuff in this world is sacred
and I don't know what sacred means except
a connection between
heaven and earth,
the conceptual and the material,
the body and the spirit
and some stupid shit is sacred now
finally

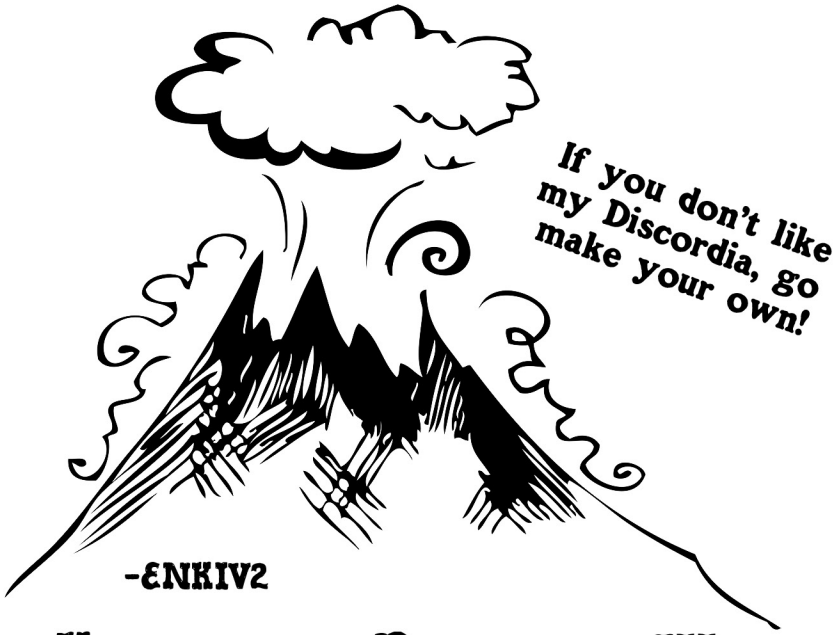
finally the bibles are molding on the shelves
finally the traditions have worn out
finally the parade is over
finally god is off the pedestal
finally we are in the driver's seat
finally a roach will save me
finally, flying baby shit

Dérive

I want to slap you, love you, electrify you and also be electrified. But the best I can give you is something you will appreciate for a few seconds, akin to a float in a very long parade, or a dish you will consume in an endless buffet of win and fail.

There are a million posts per day that could make you sit up, laugh, scream, cry, or burst into flame. That's what we are all here to find, I guess. But finding it will never be enough. We will consume images and ideas until our bellies are distended and then we will be even hungrier.

So here we are again, at the dashboard, searching, one finger on the mouse wheel, trembling.



THE KOAN OF THE DERIVATIVE WORK

WEN THE MONK ENTERED THE CELL OF HIS FRIEND, TU-TZI FRU-TZI TO FIND THE FLOOR UNCHARACTERISTICALLY FULL OF CRUMPLED PAPERS.

"TU-TZI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" WEN ASKED. "SOME KIND OF ORIGAMI FLOOR?"

TU-TZI LOOKED UPON HIS HANDS IN DESPAIR. "I'M TRYING TO WRITE SOMETHING, BUT EVERYTHING I DO IS DERIVATIVE" HE CRIED.

"YOU'RE TRYING TO AVOID DERIVATIVE WORK?" WEN ASKED. "HOW ORIGINAL!"

AFTER A FEW HOURS OF WATCHING CAT VIDEOS, TU-TZI WAS ENLIGHTENED.

Edicts by chaotic neutral observer

#1: Faith is Sin.

Unwavering belief in the rightness of one's thoughts and actions is a fundamental evil, since it admits no possibility of error. Even if the root of the belief is benevolent, or benign, you cannot have faith without closing your eyes. And once your eyes are closed, you are ready to trample over anything and everything.

All of my beliefs are false.
Some of my beliefs are correct to within a decimal place or so, but limited by my senses and mental capacity.
Some of my beliefs are models; I know them to be false, but they're good enough for practical purposes.
Some of my beliefs are generally reasonable, but flawed in ways that I'm unaware of.
Some of my beliefs are honkier than gooseshit. I'd like to think that I'll correct these when I become aware of them, but this doesn't happen as often as it should.

#1: Science is Destruction.

Science is not a fountain of knowledge and enlightenment, that improves humanity's condition. That might be its ostensible objective, and even an occasional side-effect, but that's not what it is.

The fundamental basis of science is that the sole test of any hypothesis is experiment. But experimentation does not tell you when something is true, only when it is false. It lets you construct models, but the model's are not true; they are a set of refined guesses that aren't proven false yet. Science's function is to strip away the errors and lies from the vast volume of human ideas, while sometimes adding ones. What we're left with, is something that looks like knowledge and enlightenment....but that's not science. That's science's leftovers.

Science isn't the steak. *Science is the cleaver.*

#1: Magic is Real.

Magic is real and beautiful and horrible and spectacular and mundane and difficult and ON SALE AT DEPARTMENT STORES WORLDWIDE.

They probably taught you some basic magic in school, but didn't make a big deal out of it. Most of the time, it fades into the background. You see, usually you'll just be paying someone else to do magic for you, often by buying some trinket that has it built-in.

If you want to actually practice magic, expect it to take at least two years of hard study, four if you do it at one of the major academies, and possibly decades if you want to delve deep into the mysteries. There will almost always be math involved.

There's a lot of fake magic out there, but there's a simple way to identify the real thing:

It's obvious when Real Magic fails.
When fake magic fails, nothing happens. But, that's pretty much the same as when the fake magic "works".

True, when Real Magic fails, sometimes nothing happens... but the potential exists for it to blow up in your face. If your magic doesn't backfire from time-to-time, the chances are good you're not doing anything at all.

Mispronouncing a word in the Lord's Prayer causes you to grow mushrooms out of your eyeballs? Real Magic.
Using the wrong syntax to command the demon living in your computer makes it delete all your files? Real Magic.
Sticking the wrong crystal up your butt causes you to puke rainbows? Real Magic.

You know what they call alternative medicine that works? "Medicine."
You know what they call magic that works? "Technology".

#1: The Principle of Symmetry.

Any horrible truth I discover about humanity in general applies to me too. If civilization is a thin veneer, and people are barely domesticated barbarians, then I'm no exception. If humans are gullible sheeple, then I am one as well.

We're all the same.

#1: The Principle of Asymmetry.

Any horrible truth I discover about myself doesn't necessarily apply to everyone else. My flaws are not universal; my delusions are not shared.

We're not all the same.

#1: Notice Confusion.

"I notice that I am confused" is a mantra I learned from an article on rationalism...or perhaps it was Harry Potter fanfiction.

Regardless, it is useful to recognize the symptoms of confusion in myself. Sometimes it means I have insufficient information; sometimes it means I have wrong information; and sometimes it means I'm experiencing cognitive dissonance.

#1: More. Weight.

"More weight" were the last words of Giles Corey, as they piled stones on his chest, to force him to confess during the Salem Witch Trials.

(...more accurately, they were trying to force him to plead guilty/not-guilty, so that the trial could proceed, and they could convict him, execute him, and seize his property. By dying without trial, his assets would pass to his heirs, instead. But that's not really relevant, here.)

This idea recurs in a number of cliches: "pedal-to-the-metal", "balls-to-the-wall", "go-big-or-go-home".

Apply this principle universally. If what you're doing isn't Big, it's not worth doing. Fail spectacularly. Succeed spectacularly. Do it FOR SCIENCE. Do it for the lulz. If it isn't Big, why are you doing it at all?

More. ***Weight.***

#1: Righteousness

Morality is an individual person's idea of right-and-wrong.
Legality is the government's idea of right-and-wrong.
Ethics is a philosopher's (or corporate headquarters') idea of right-and-wrong.

Justice, however, is an ideal, perfect and absolute--and therefore, subject to being used as a label to justify mushy human constructs.
If an individual wants revenge, they call it justice. The government tacks "department of justice" on their legal institutions.

Beware of conflation of the above concepts, especially when the labels get swapped around.

#1: All Damage is Permanent

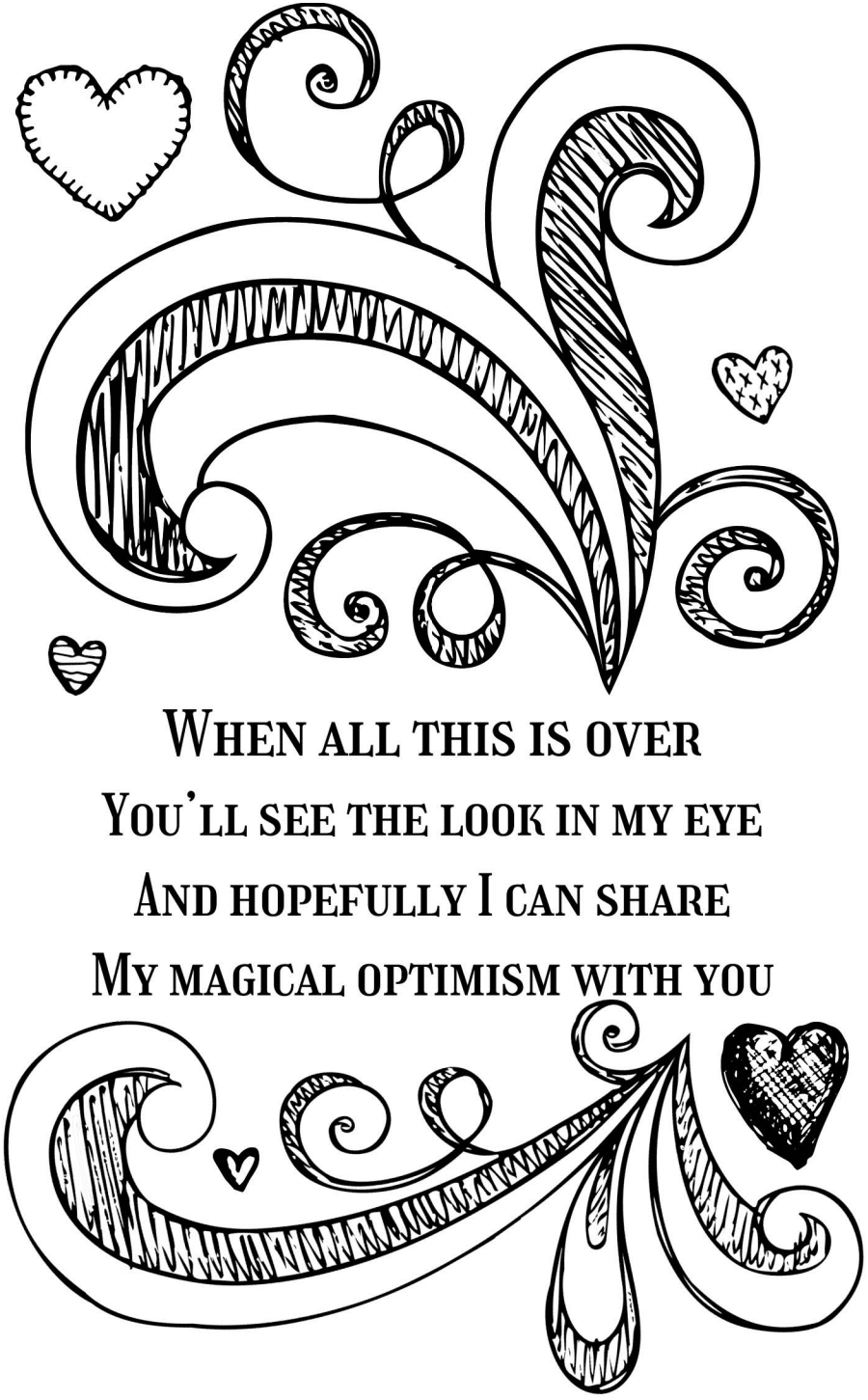
Nietzsche wrote: "From the military school of life.—That which does not kill me, makes me stronger."

But Nietzsche was a sickly little geek with delusions of grandeur and an opium addiction. His military career consisted of contracting diphtheria, dysentery, and syphilis; then, he tore some muscles while jumping onto a horse, and was scarcely able to walk for three months.

Wishful thinking does not trump the second law of thermodynamics.

Expenditure of energy allows for the creation of new things... but you can never restore what is lost.

Wounds may heal, but the scars will remain.
The toothpaste cannot be returned to the tube.
This elevator only goes to the basement.



Go Outside

I know it won't solve everything and it may solve nothing but you are too broken right now to be leaving any possible stone unturned in your recovery. You know you need to go outside.

It doesn't matter what the weather is like, it doesn't matter if you're tired, it doesn't matter if you can't believe in anything right now and all you can manage is the barest minimum of bodily maintenance for yourself and those around you. Haul your ass out of bed. Put on clothes. Go outside.

Make up a reason. You know it doesn't matter what you're actually doing out there. Go for a hike, walk into the office, eat lunch on the porch. Wander the neighborhoods every morning, taking pictures of the flowers in the dozens of little gardens you've been ignoring. There are beautiful things all around you. Start taking "stop and smell the roses" really, really literally.

Make friends with the snails. They don't care that you're a bummer right now and they don't have any needs you can fail to meet. You can't focus on anything complicated right now and they aren't complicated. Stop beating yourself up over how small you've curled up and start appreciating the small things that fit in your curled up space. Touch tree trunks. Go the fuck outside.

PEBBLES AND TEA

LMNO

I'm not going to go into a long introductory spiel on this, and I'm probably not going to define my terms well. If you've been poking around, a lot of this should be familiar. Mostly, I'm not going to do it because I get distracted easily, and could ramble on for days about the details without getting to the point.

So: Human brains love patterns. They were bred to. The ability to make connections and see cause and effect can often help in survival situations, and occasionally lend itself to rationality, and maybe even a bit of SCIENCE.

More often than not though, if a human isn't trying to survive on a savannah somewhere, the tendency to look for patterns whether they're there or not can get them into trouble. Smarter people than me have suggested this be called the "Narrative Fallacy", where we show a frightening inability to look at a bundle of facts without trying to weave them into a story.

Problems are compounded when we take into account the uncanny ability we have to ignore things that run counter to that narrative. Any binary view of politics can demonstrate this easily. We explain them away, or handwave them into meaningless gloss, or simply refuse to admit they exist. We love a good story.

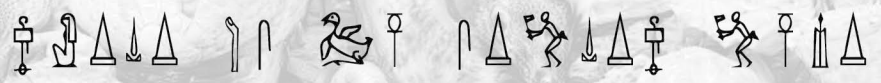
And there's no more interesting story than the story of ME. Everyone is running a script in their heads, looking at their history, dreaming dreams, scheming schemes, and making sure they're always the good guy. We cherry-pick the past, frame the present, and invent the future all to make ourselves look good. At least in our own heads. We're the righteous warriors; the troubled, misunderstood hero; the comedian.

Most of the time, if we see ourselves in a negative light, it's because we're depressed, feeling guilty, or being self-deprecating to, you guessed it, make ourselves ultimately look better. And in most cases, non-clinical depression and guilt are fairly short lived.

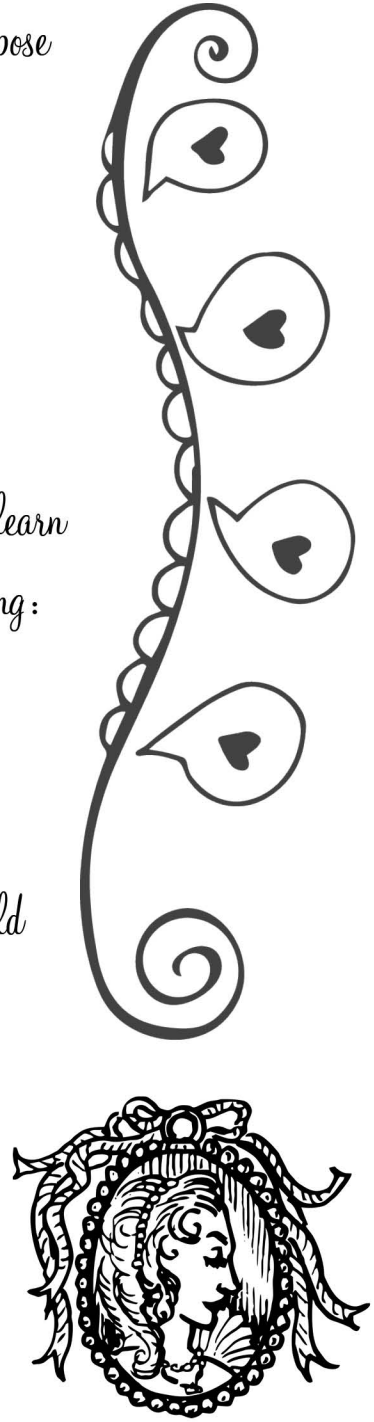
That's not saying that a healthy self-image is a bad thing. Far from it. If we didn't have confidence in who we are as a person, then nothing would ever get done. The problem is when that self-image starts building its own reality, far removed from the universe we're currently living in. We can go for a long time building your castles in ~~the sky~~ our heads before running into troubles. But when it happens, it's a doozy.

You see, when we start creating narratives in our minds, we stop reacting to the things that are happening in reality. We miss cues that signify real opportunities, while looking for something that just around the next corner. Glaringly obvious signs that are right in front of us are ignored at the expense of something that *just isn't happening*. And once we're in, it can be incredibly hard to even notice what we're doing. The tool that's supposed to analyze what's going on is the very thing that's creating this false narrative in the first place. What to do?

It's hard, but we have to look at ourselves in a pragmatic, rather than romantic, fashion. That is to say, we have to look at our day-to day <u>actions</u> rather than our <u>intentions</u>, and make some hard decisions about what we're actually doing. If we look at ourselves without attaching the story we've created for ourselves, what does that show us? Are we living the lives we thought we are? Or have we made ourselves a cup of tea that, for all our effort, turns out to be simply bitter?



Be grateful for the sense of purpose
You keep stumbling upon
When you least expect it
That keeps dragging you back
To the same place
The thing you're alive for
The thing you were sent here to learn
That you know but keep forgetting:
You belong here
You can act
You are not a prisoner
In this wondrous, fucked up world
You can cause trouble
You can create
Imperfectly, inconsistently
You are authorized
To the space you take up
And the air you are breathing.



A New Guy's Introduction

-some spag on PeeDee

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

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

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

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

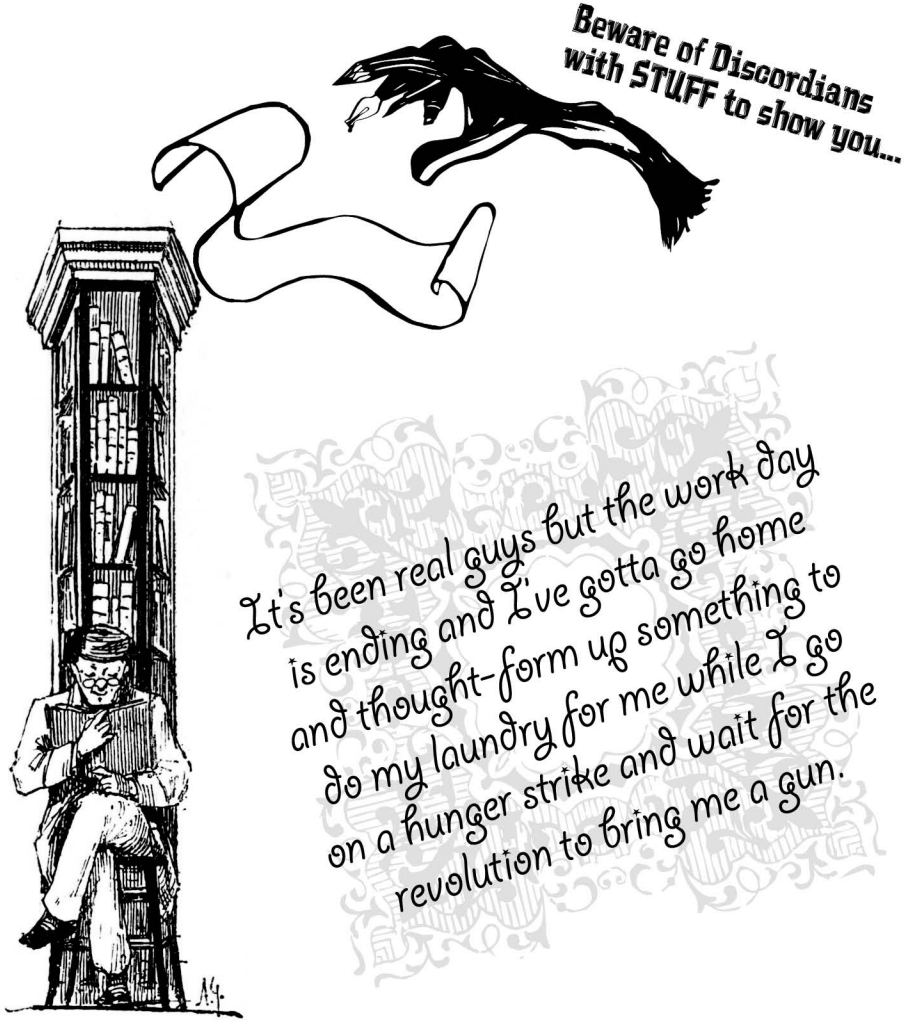
But I will tell you this. While I am drinking my Dunkin Donuts coffee, and while I read tumblr, and watch YouTube channels, they still cannot buy and sell this, my personal experience, right here. right now.

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

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

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

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

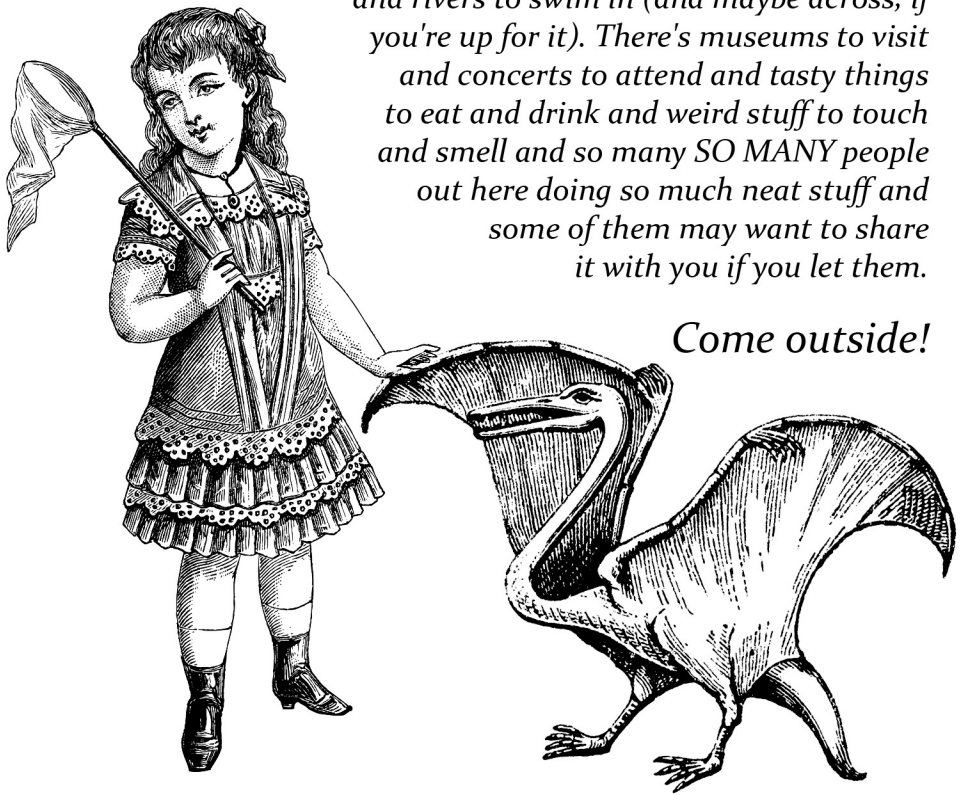


Stop being afraid all the time!

Of course there are dangers in the world, any fool can see that. But the foolish are constantly miscalculating risk. Why, you're more likely to die from a bee sting than a shark attack, more likely to be struck by lightning than killed by a foreign terrorist. The car in your driveway is far more dangerous even than your neighbor's collection of replica swords! You could slip in the tub and die tomorrow, it's happened to more dignified souls than ours, and that's a fact. You're already taking risks every day.

The world is full of fantastic things, if you go looking for them. There's art and music and wild animals that look right into your soul and mad scientists trying to cure cancer and madder scientists trying to transplant human heads. Someone out there wants to make out with you and they don't even know it yet. There's mountains to be climbed and caves to explore and lakes and rivers to swim in (and maybe across, if you're up for it). There's museums to visit and concerts to attend and tasty things to eat and drink and weird stuff to touch and smell and so many SO MANY people out here doing so much neat stuff and some of them may want to share it with you if you let them.

Come outside!



A man who had studied much in the schools of wisdom finally died in the fullness of time and found himself at the Gates of Eternity.

An angel of light approached him and said, "Go no further, O mortal, until you have proven to me your worthiness to enter into Paradise!"

But the man answered, "Just a minute now. First of all, can you prove to me this is a real Heaven, and not just the wild fantasy of my disordered mind undergoing death?"

Before the angel could reply, a voice from inside the gates shouted:

"Let him in – he's one of us!"

– Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S

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.

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

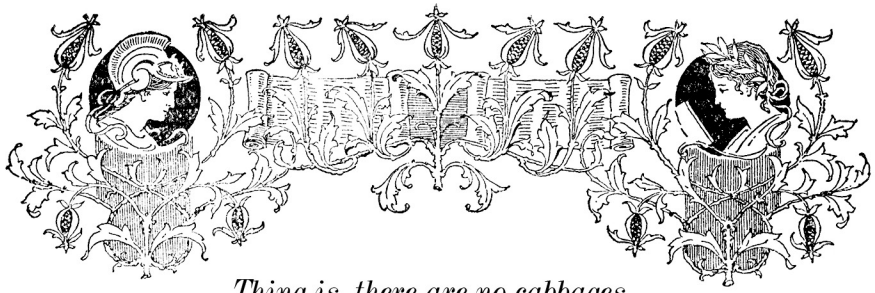
BECAUSE THE NEW DAY IS COMING - THE NEW WAVE IS COMING - THE REVOLUTION IS COMING AND IT'S NOT AGAINST ANYBODY. IF IT ABSOLUTELY HAS TO BE AGAINST SOMEBODY, IT'S AGAINST WHO YOU WERE AND FOR WHO YOU WILL BE. THEY'VE GOT US CONNED INTO THINKING THAT A REVOLUTION IS A FIGHT, THAT YOU CAN WIN OR LOSE OR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

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

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

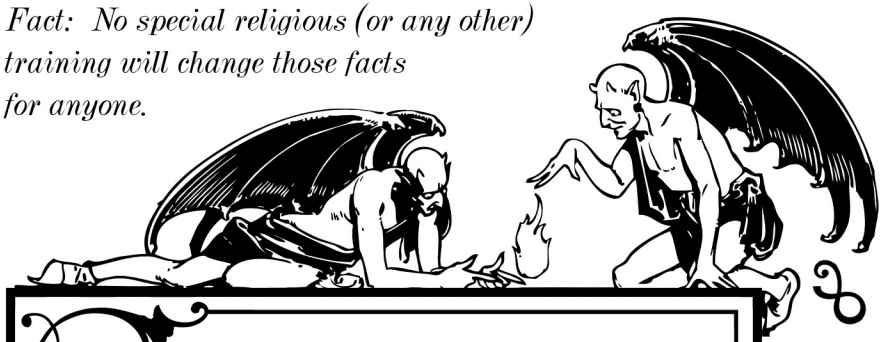
Some final words from Professor Cramulus

"**Sin** is the state in which a person exists, if they take extra time out of their day to dump on the undeserving in some fashion. To claim that sin doesn't exist is to say that the strong commit no wrong when they victimize the weak."
- Ars Richteria, 3:22



Thing is, there are no cabbages.
Just billions of people who more or less all assume they are one of the few awake people in a world of sheep/robots/cabbages/whatever.

Fact: Nobody is a cabbage all the time.
Fact: Nobody is a fully-functioning human all the time.
Fact: No special religious (or any other) training will change those facts for anyone.



NOTHING
will be
OKAY

"the inscription means nothing. The author may have seen the symbols once and assumed they were decorative."

a Recap of Many Salient Points

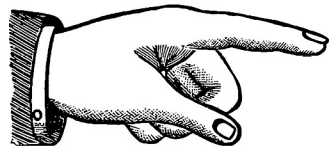
LMNO

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

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

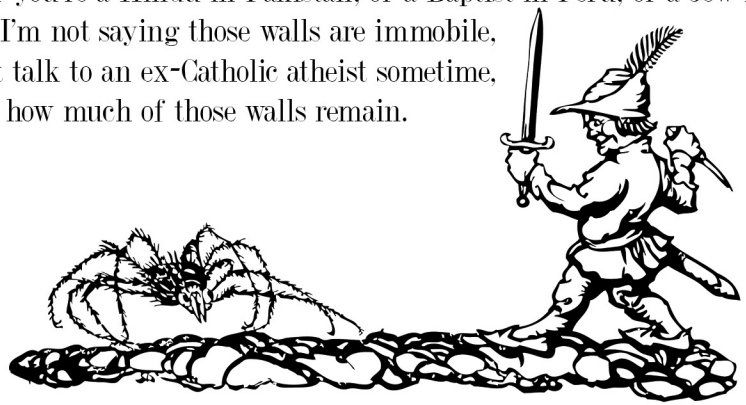
So there's a nice little metaphor there, which upsets you by showing how you're in a cell, but gives you hope that you have the ability to change the walls, that you have the power to choose how you experience reality (up to a point). And that's an empowering, self-motivating, positive message, no matter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

If only that were the end of it.



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

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

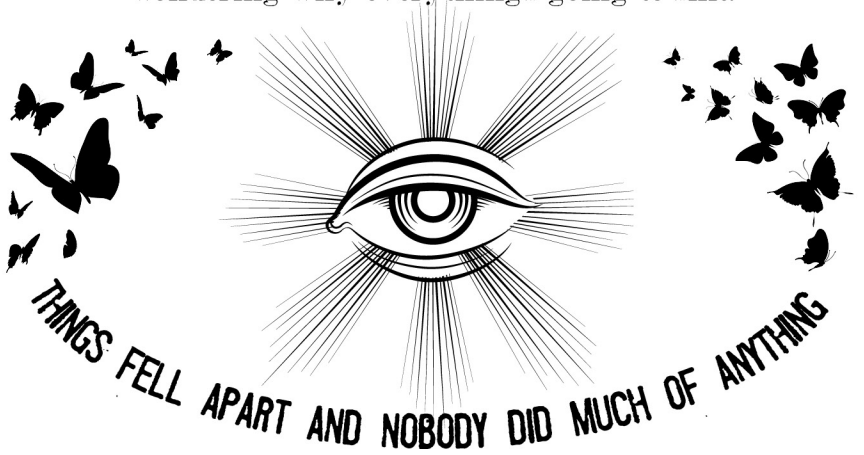


But even if you do allow for biology, and even if you do manage to overcome your birth environment, that's just work you did to your past. And look at what you cleared out. Peer pressure from your friends growing up. Teachers telling you what was important and what was not. The radio, playing the songs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

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

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

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



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

FUCK.

REJECTING ONE SILLY BELIEF FOR ANOTHER DOES NOT MAKE YOU ENLIGHTENED

The Golden Secret

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

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

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

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

And when men become free then mankind will be free.

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

Hail Eris.