

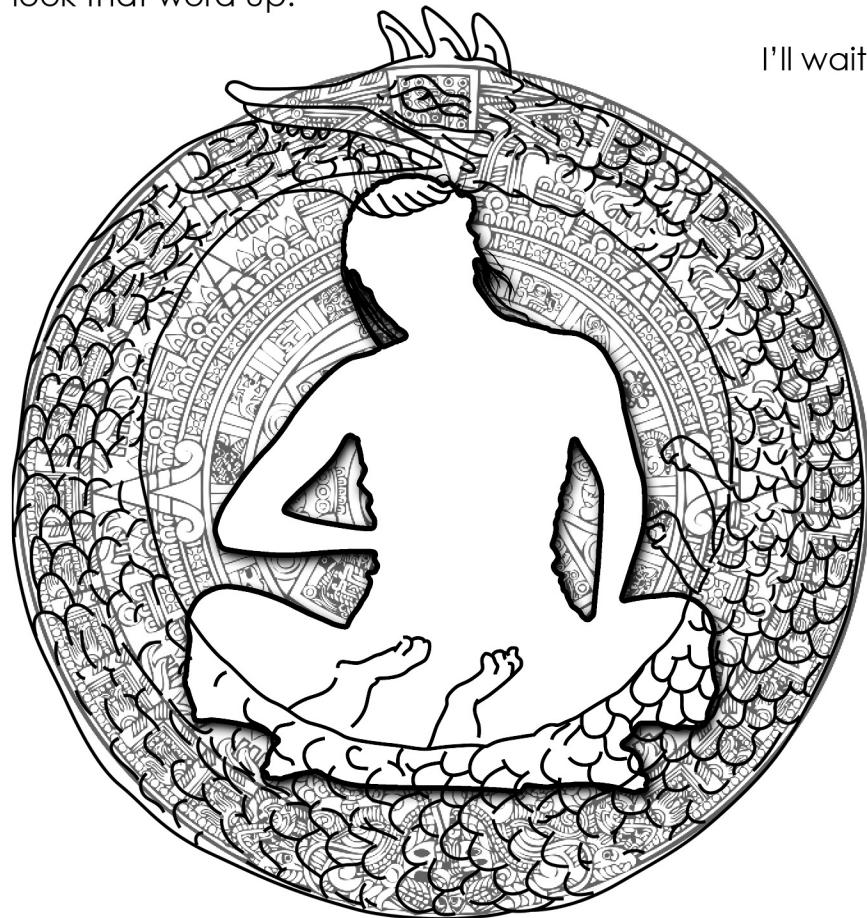
SORRY, WRONG GODDESS

~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.

