

*Bring The:*  
**Summa  
Discordia**

by

*The Bratus Fungo*

Edited for print  
and with additional material by

*Synaptux*

Reverend High Insect Necromancer  
Über-Sub-Agent  
of  
Synaptyclypse Generator Sect  
McBeth Cabal

**(v1.-\*)**

For me because I wanted it  
and for you  
whether you want it or not

0000A

# Introduction

I put the Summa together because I was tired of people saying that Eris wasn't real.

I almost didn't put the Summa together because of the Principia. For a while, I was afraid that it would be too much like its predecessor, then too different. After all, the Principia set the standard. It created the Movement. It essentially created Eris from Nothing.

Or so I thought.

The Truth is, we created Eris from nothing. The original book was written, 'nuff respect, but that was forty-odd years ago. The world has changed now. For one thing, there are a lot more Discordians. We've spent time and energy taking Discordianism and running with it. We've had pointless discussions, written very bad poetry, made inappropriate jokes, embarrassed our loved ones - all in the name of Eris. We've also looked at things a little differently. Chaos got re-filed from primordial evil to the ol' briar patch (just as we suspected). Obedience got moved from virtue to vice. And faith? Have faith your socks are where you left them. Unless the puppy got there first.

Another thing has changed in the past thirty years - our situation is definitely Greyer. The counterculture that spawned the Principia got repackaged to sell minivans, with the irony removed for Your Dining Enjoyment. And the youthkulturs that followed got co-opted before they could truly form.

Looking for an identity? I just happen to have one here, and it's XTREME (\$49.95, authenticity extra).

The Adulthood, meanwhile, was even worse. Somewhere along the line everybody decided that megacorporations weren't bigger - there were just more of them to love. People seemed to file Questioning Authority between Peevishness (unnecessary) and Rude Music on the shelf of things best left to the young. The grown-ups had finally mastered the skill of Shutting Up and Doing What You're Told.

And that's where the crazy idea comes in.

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?

If someone told you this, would you listen?

Would you be brave enough to do what you're told?

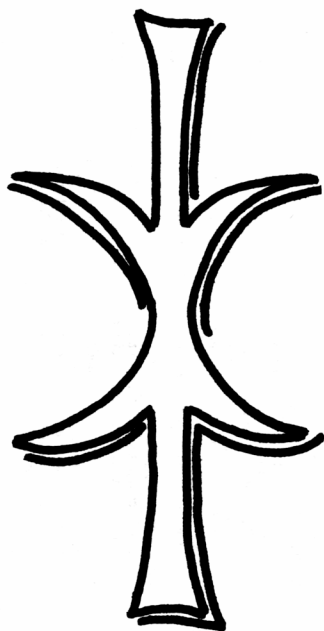
--The Beatus Ffungo

\*This version (one-point-negative) of the **Summa Discordia** was rescued from obliteration by the great web archive and subsequently reformed into this paper based format by

Synaptyx | High Insect Necromancer Über-Sub-Agent of Synaptycypse Generator Sect - McBeth Cabal (Who neither knows The Beatus Ffungo, nor consulted The Beatus Ffungo in regards to the preparation of this text – as it should be). There may well be less than was originally published on the web and there may be additions that never existed before in either case you should consult your pineal gland.

Accept it as is...

Or Kill Me.



0000B

# The Beatus Fungo

Unclipsable Teal Lord of The Dort Cloud Cabal

This famed (or at least Not Entirely Anonymous) Discordian Scholar Explains His Name:

There is a fine Discordian tradition (which means people were doing it as far back as a couple years ago) of picking a Holy Name for yourself when you join up. (If for no other reason than “Hey! Hail Eris! I’m Free! I’m a child of chaos! I’m HANK, god dammit!” just sounded wrong).

Some "Discordians are Popes, Deacons, Freakons, or what-have-you. A “Beatus” is someone who has been “beatified” by the Roman Catholic Church, which means they figure you're in heaven and it's ok to toss your name into the hopper for Sainthood.

Since I am not Catholic (any more,) and not dead (yet), I decided to beatify myself and beat the holiday rush.

For what it's worth, the *Principia Discordia* points out that choosing Holy Names isn't unique to Discordians, citing the example of Pope Paul IV not being born to Mr. and Mrs. IV.



**DON T BE A SAP - WASTE NO TIME IN TURNING ROGUE!**

---

EDITOR'S NOTE:

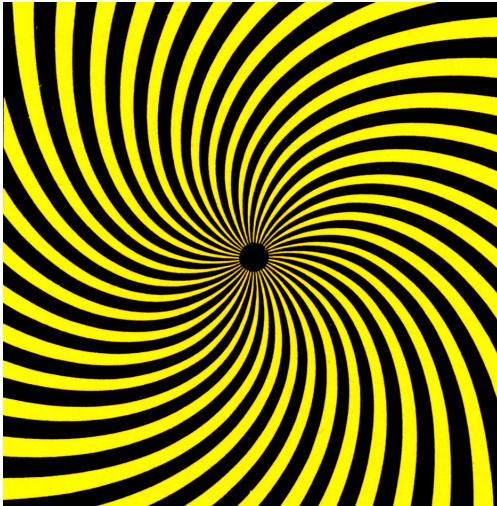
Whilst the minimal research your esteemed editor has put into finding out something about Ffungo turned up literally no results aside the text on the previous page (unashamedly swiped from the Book of Life), a very freaky dream did seem to give a clue as to his appearance at least. The portrait (if you can call it that) you see on the previous page is the result of that dream.

While Ffungo may not be Scottish and therefore may not wear a kilt, he may be 150lbs heavier than this hastily scribbled post dream drawing of a figure and may not even be a smoker. But there is something quite Erisian in the stance, swagger and attire of the individual depicted here.

I'm sure Ffungo would agree that while this may not be a true representation of his appearance, it could give you, the reader, a certain connection to the material reproduced herein, which you may have never developed had Ffungo remained entirely faceless.

Synaptyx - givin' it to ya, so you don't havta!

---



00000

And now, a message from our sponsor...



Please remember that the Summa Discordia is

**Smriti.** Treat it as **Sruti**

and I will do a number on your infidel ass.



# The Summa Discordia

## Index

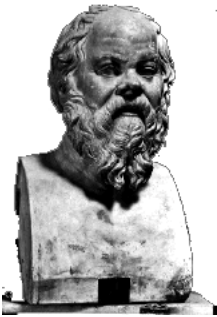
Here's a listing of all the chapters in the Summa Discordia:

CHAPTER	PAGE	TITLE
0000A	00002	Introduction
0000B	00005	The Beatus Ffungo
0000C	00007	Sponsor's Message
0000D	00008	Index
00001	00009	An Overview of Discordianism
00002	00012	Eris May or May Not Want You
00003	00014	What Is Discordianism, Anyway?
00004	00018	The Secret Threat of Cabbages
00005	00021	Morning Devotions
00006	00022	Why Things Suck or What the Hell's Going on Here?
00007	00030	Chaos
00008	00032	The Functionality of the Strange
00009	00035	Discordian Poetry
00010	00037	An Interview with a Famous Guy
00011	00041	Discord
00012	00044	Mentos, Knowledge, and Suffering: A Cautionary Tale
00013	00054	What's In a Name?
00014	00057	Traffic
00015	00059	Confusion
00016	00061	What Discordianism Means to Me
00017	00065	Enlightenment
00018	00066	The United Nations and You
00019	00069	Bureaucracy
00020	00074	The Power of Prayer
00021	00078	How to Be a Weirdo and Stay Alive
00022	00082	The Aftermath
00023	00086	After the Aftermath



00001

# a discordian overview



Discordianism (POEE\*) is the worship (or at least the possession of a reasonable amount of reverence for) the Greek Goddess Eris. Eris, it seems, was always pulling kooky stunts that confused the Greeks (and consequently the Romans, since they weren't too keen on original thought. As a matter of fact, the Romans didn't even bother to get to know Eris any better - they just renamed her "Discordia"). As a result, the ancients had a pretty negative attitude about Her. It was only in modern times (since there are so few ancients around any more) that She revealed to us her true nature.

\*The **PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC** is a pretty easy religion, as far as religions go. You don't have to sacrifice much (unless you count indulging in a few games of sink, and that's not even mandatory). It does have a few rules, but nothing particularly bad happens to you if you break them, and in fact, transgressions are encouraged, as long as you do them in a funky way.



Like any other belief system worth bashing someone over the head for, has its own version of a holy scripture, called the **Principia Discordia**

---

EDITOR'S NOTE:

it is available for free on <http://poe.co.uk> and many other places about the Internet and is in print at the moment by Loompanics Unlimited PO Box 1197 Port Townsend, WA 98368, or try Amazon.

Synaptyx - Jesus Saves! Everyone else spent their pocket money.

---

A lot of the stuff on these pages is quoted from, based on, or stolen from the Principia. Luckily for you, this isn't some fly-by-night set of Discordian pages - we have more versions of the book than you can shake a stick at.

This Eris stuff - is it for real?

That's a good question. An excerpt from an interview appears in some editions of the Principia with Malaclypse the Younger (one of the authors of the P.D.) for a rag known as the "Greater Poop", where Mal-2 is asked the same question:

GP: Is Eris true?

M2: Everything is true.

GP: Even false things?

M2: Even false things are true.

GP: How can that be?

M2: I don't know man, I didn't do it.

Some Discordians fall in line more with a statement stolen from The SuperChurch®: "The SuperChurch® supports the idea behind Karma, but not the possibility of Karma's existence." Or, as the Great Sage Elizi Danto says, "Believe in Fairies, because they're as real as almost anything else." We here at the Cabaret Discordia know the actual answer, but we

prefer to let the uninitiated stumble across the truth on their own.

### **But Ffungo - what about [your God here]? Won't (S)He be pissed?**

Just because you're hung up on some other god doesn't mean that Eris has nothing for you. If you do believe in another God, think about Him. What does he look like? What is he wearing? Uh huh - just as I thought. He probably has a grey beard & is wearing robes. That's not the worst of it, though. What does he like? What does he really really hate? I bet there'll be a pretty high correlation between His tastes and yours. See, part of the problem is that God is a really really big Thing. Probably a little too big for our purposes. We try to make Him a little smaller, a little more recognizable, a little more like, well, us. Trouble is, we end up with a model of our own ego as a God. That's where Eris can help. She can shake up our GodModel a little. Not an old man - a woman, and a hottie at that. Not staid and serious - a hell-raiser. Not overly concerned that you're having fun - mad that you're taking so few chances. Mix up the GodModel a bit every now and then to make sure that someone other than you is involved.

### **But Ffungo - isn't that just some sneaky ploy to convert the devout of other religions?**

No! I'm offended that you would even suggest that! Well, ok, maybe.

### **Will Eris answer my prayers?**

For your sake, I hope not. If you're not careful, though, she will start sending you messages in your dreams...



## **ERIS MAY OR MAY NOT WANT YOU**

There are many religions that are slut religions. If you want 'em, they'll take you. As a matter of fact, they'll chase you down, seek you out, ride a bike to your house & knock on your door at 8 in the damn morning on a Saturday just to get you to join. They want people BAD!

Discordianism doesn't work that way.

It all goes back to the Steve Wright koan that says "You can't have everything. Where would you put it?" The answer is, of course, "Right where it is!" Think of everything as One Big Thing, then realize that the bigger a thing becomes, the more it becomes like the One Big Thing. Another way to say it is that the Establishment always sucks, and the only real seat of creative energy is in the opposition. Look at the music. The 60s - sure, they were cool for a while, but now it's and Eric fucking Clapton playing adult fucking contemporary on VH fucking -1. Any dinosaurs remember when MTV was rebellious and cool? How about alternative music? Same thing with politics. Same thing with art. Same thing with religion.

Ever hear Discordians dreaming about the day Discordianism becomes a Great Big Religion? About how cool it would be?

It would suck.

Discordianism would just become a set of buzzwords that boring people would use to talk about boring things. Assholes would use it to call people they didn't like "Greyface". Insecure people would use it to justify whatever they wanted to do as The Will of Eris.

That's why we need to keep things esoteric. We have an obligation to not try to be understood at all times. We need to be like a plague - not so virulent that we wipe out all potential carriers, but not so mild that we die out. Stay in the opposition. When we start getting big, we need to undermine the movement. Dada didn't die by accident.

Eris may or may not want you.



00003

## **What is Discordianism, anyway?**

Believe it or not, I get asked this question a lot, but it's tough to give a good answer. Describing any belief system in 50 words or less can only result in something ridiculous -

"Umm, well, see, I believe that there was this guy named Jesus, right, and he was really God in human form and he says that if you do good things your soul will go to a paradise after you die, but if you do bad things you'll be tortured for all eternity."

Besides, even those descriptions don't really answer the question. While that response sums up some of the trappings of Christianity, it ignores a lot of the flavor of Christianity - the works of charity and the atrocities it has inspired, the world view it assumes, and the kind of people it attracts.

In order to really answer the question, you have to look at a religion exo-memetically. That is, you have to go beyond the thing-in-itself and examine all of the effects it has and the beliefs it indirectly supports. These are just as telling as the official dogmas; for example, Christianity has an official tenet that a wealthy person should give money to the poor and needy, but many denominations today view wealth as a sign of God's approval and downplay the charitable aspect (have you watched TBN lately?).

A short-answer description of Discordianism is especially difficult, since one of its Most Hallowed Beliefs is that it's dumb to have Any Hallowed Beliefs. As a matter of fact, I'll probably get excommunicated for making the following list, but I'm willing to make that sacrifice for you, Beloved Reader.

(Besides, I'll just get a buddy of mine to de-excommunicate me. I could do it myself, of course, but it's considered poor form.)

### The Discordian Worldview

The world around us is a chaotic place, first and foremost. That means there isn't any purpose to life, no divine plan for each one of us, and a person doesn't get hit by a bus because "it was his time to go" but because "the idiot didn't watch where he was going".

Therefore, we see meaning as something imposed from without rather than an endogenous aspect of reality. Just because the world is a chaotic place doesn't mean that it won't "tell" you things sometimes - it just means that you should be aware that it is telling everybody something a little different, and the answers you have may work nicely for you, but they aren't the Universally Correct answers that are written in the back of some celestial Book.

What kind of person is drawn to Discordianism?

Usually weirdos.

How should Discordians behave?

Well, we have a real problem with the word "should", because people usually use should like "I am better than you, and therefore I say that you should ...." Legally speaking, there are no de jure Discordian "shoulds", but there are a lot of de facto ones.

As far as issues of morality are concerned, it's pretty wide open. One writer put it pretty well: "Goddess forbids nothing, but nobody likes an asshole." Being mean to weaker people isn't seen as very positive. Neither is going out of your way to mess with somebody who is minding their own business. You'll have wider latitude when messing with an institution

instead of an individual, but pointless destruction won't impress anyone.

You really should try to be creative, though, and funny too. If you finally wake up to the enormous, beautiful freedom of your existence and decide to spend it sitting passively in front of the tv, well, that's just sad. And you should have some courage, too - figure out what you think is the right thing to do, do it, and accept the consequences.

The most important thing is to realize that you are FREE! And, unless you feel like wasting it, freedom means becoming something, making choices, and taking responsibility for all the choices you make. If you are still spending your life just getting by, eating-and-excreting, then you don't quite Get It.

What is the flavor of Discordian discourse?

It tastes like chicken. Ok - it's largely irreverent and iconoclastic, with a strong dada component. There are a lot of mystical and/or paranoid references and a conspicuous amount of Unnecessary Capitalization.

How seriously should we take all of this?

Of course, we don't recommend taking anything very seriously. People usually ask me this question, though, because they're trying to figure out if I think there really is an Eris somewhere who is a Goddess and does Goddess-type things. This is especially complicated by contemporary Christianity, which teaches us that there is a God who is paying attention to you every moment of every day and who responds pretty much like a person - you can make him mad, if you get lippy he'll probably do something bad to you to put you in your place, etc. God as a magnification of the Self.



So, the answer to this question needs to combine the following aspects:

- The only answer one can give to "Do you believe in God" is mu - anything else is an over-simplification.
- There is a strong "Ha Ha, Only Serious" flavor to Discordianism.
- Of course, we don't recommend taking anything very seriously.

The final answer is left as an exercise for the student.



## The Secret Threat of Cabbages

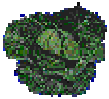
Balka Balls & Cabbage

First Question: What is a Balka Ball?



A Balka Ball, the groovy little thing just to the left, is what you should see when you look at a person with your third eye. Sure, the energy coils will be a little different, the core ripple color will vary with aura, but the nature of the Ball itself is unmistakable.

Second Question: What is a Cabbage?



Well, duh. A cabbage is a leafy, green vegetable used in things like Runzas and Coleslaw.

Third Question: How could anyone confuse the two?



You'd think it would be just about impossible - one is an incorporeal manifestation of the human essence, the other is lunch. One of the five Aneristic Orders, though, is seeking to make this distinction less clear. The Defamation League (who secretly controls almost all organized religion and Goddess knows what else) has been secretly costuming cabbages and trying to pass them off as humans. Why they are doing this is uncertain, but keep in mind these are some of the same people who said you'd go to hell for spanking the monkey.

?

But how are we supposed to tell the difference? Third eye viewing can be an iffy thing. For starters, it's kind of a trick just opening your third eye in the first place. If you're in a turbulent Chi area, it's hard to pick out anything meaningful from the background noise. Plus, viewing is not the kind of thing most people are comfortable doing in public. But don't worry - there are other ways to tell.

Try going into a mall, for instance. Sit in the Food Court and just watch people. You'll start seeing the difference pretty quickly, and, if you're in a typical mall, about 85% of the ambulatory things you see will secretly be cabbages. If you can, sneak a quick third-eye glance just to confirm it, but don't let them catch you.

No really - go try it.

That's cool.

I'll wait.

Ok then. Kinda scary, isn't it? I mean, why would somebody do something like that? It just makes this whole place kinda suck sometimes. That's part of the motivation behind...

?



# The Balka Ball Cabal



The Balka Ball Cabal is dedicated to the care and preservation of True Humans in the world around us, and the isolation, disempowerment, and general hassling of the Cabbages among us. The Cabal recognizes that we are all inter-related, that we all have influence on those around us, whether friend, foe, or stranger. It is Important, therefore, that we ensure that the world is a safe place to be odd, to try new things, to just LIVE. If you fight for these things, you're embracing the ideals of the Balka Ball Cabal. You may already be a member of this Cabal and not know it. If so, then what are you waiting for? Get to work!



00005

## Morning Devotions

When selecting your socks each morning, recite the following:

"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  
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."

Repeat for each article of clothing until it takes you four hours to get dressed every morning and/or really creeps out your cohabiters.

00006

## **WHY 'THINGS SUCK**

*or*

**What the Hell's Going On Here?**

Look around you. No - really look. The world is kind of a fucked-up place. It is largely brutal, stupid, and unhumorous. People seem to be motivated solely by fear and the love of simple ignorance. If the chords of Discordianism resonate in you at all, this is all obvious to you. As a matter of fact, Discordians have a name for the place that surrounds us all.....

### **THE REGION OF THUD**

I think you'll agree, The Region of Thud is a pretty nasty place. For starters, it's full of cabbages disguised as humans. See if you can spot the cabbage in this exchange that took place on rec.humour:

Person Number One:

From: Zilobuh %cakes <zilobuh@cpcn.com >

Q: How camera is reindeer?

A: Fourteen dollars and buckets of lymph nodes!

Q: Snail?

A: Snail!

Q: If you lick my monkey tobacco, why dance with sardines?

A: Rectangle my fingernails!

Q: Who won't elephant if the chirping is frigid?

A: Pencil dacquiri and sparkplug scrotum!

Q: Can you cancel a cricket?

A: The noodle is nothing but a fnoodle!

E-mail me if you like my JOKES!

With utmost pretzel,

Zilobuh %cakes

Person Number Two:

Please explain!!!!

Clearly, Person Number Two just doesn't Get It. Maybe you don't either - in which case, please select another link and enjoy your browsing! But maybe - just maybe - you do! Maybe you're not one of **THEM** - maybe you're one of **US**!

And maybe you're just as pissed about this whole Region of Thud thing as we are.....

### **What's Up With This Region Anyway?**

Things that bite as much as the Region of Thud don't just happen. They exist for very specific reasons. Now, other belief systems say that the Big Kahuna God (Jehova, Allah, Krishna, Ahramazda, whomever) set up a place that sucks to test the faithful. In our disbelief system, however, we know better than that. The Region exists for many reasons, such as the influence of Greyface and his Orders of Discordia, divine retribution for the Original Snub, etc. However, it survives and thrives primarily because it acts as a memetic dragchute.

## Definition of Memetics Time:

>Oversimplification mode ON

Memetics is a theory that says that ideas are transmitted like viruses, and that some people are more susceptible to certain idea-viruses ("memes") than others. When new ideas come along, you might pick them up if you don't have a stronger, conflicting meme. If you tell all of your friends about it, you can help spread it. Any group or society has a large "meme pool" that most members share. This pool has faced evolutionary pressure for quite some time, and can sustain and protect itself pretty well (for instance, the "patriotism" meme allows governments to make people do what they want, such as attacking "commies" or "terrorists" (read: "those with competing memetic structures"), thus protecting itself from contrary memes). As memes change (through mutation or "corruption" from outside memes), the new structures either replace the old, or get squished by it, and evolution marches on. (That's all the memetic theory you'll get here. If you want more, you'll have to go somewhere else.)

>Oversimplification mode OFF

Ok - sorry about that. Anyway, the concept of a "meme pool" is largely metaphorical - it consists of all the ideas that are generally held and accepted. These ideas, however, are not necessarily the best ideas - they are the ones that have best survived. This is a critical difference. For instance, when a certain species of bee decides to do the nasty, the males' reproductive organs literally eject and plug the female. This process kills the male, but it makes damn sure his genes propagate. Evolution doesn't give a rat's ass whether or not the bee is a Do Bee and makes his world a groovy place - if his reproductive method isn't best, he doesn't get a genetic vote.



In the same manner, memetic evolution doesn't reward the most useful, beautiful, or valuable ideas. It rewards ONLY the most fecund ones. If you are a meme that can fill a specific niche and you can spread 100 times more quickly than your competitor, you win! You become part of the meme pool, one of the commonly accepted memes. You become reality. You become True.

Our memetic pool has been stewing for a long time now. Along the way, people have managed to slip in their own memes (and some have just fallen in accidentally) so that this pool is as murky and smelly as any public pool ever has been. Every one of these memes is a survivor, and therefore, every one of them is considered True. And do the cabbages protect this pool? Try tweaking some of the most peripheral memes and see what kind of response you get. And I'm not talking about God, Flag, and Mother - some of the truly insignificant ones, like:

- "I think that the Walt Disney Company is a truly evil organization."
- "Bestiality laws are kind of strange - I mean, if you can cut your pig into pieces and eat it, shouldn't you be able to screw it?"
- "If you can say 'fuck' on HBO, why can't you say it on NBC?"

My prediction? Nearly every Thuddite you say something like this to will react with a mixture of disgust and confusion - disgust, because what you're saying is wrong, and confusion, because they're not completely sure why. If you press these arguments with them, 99% of the Thuddites will not be able to carry on past the second or third exchange, and will probably end up wrinkling up their noses and dismissing you as crazy.

**Which you are, since crazy is defined as "not buying the same shit that Normal People do".**

So, you go about your business, trying to fuck with Thuddites as little as possible (except for the ones that really have it coming), you try to associate with like minded people (both Discordians and people who don't realize that they're really Discordians), and you try to set up a small area of the Region where you can live in peace.

**But then you notice....like the beginning of a nightmare.....you're starting to get surrounded by Thuddites!!!**

Maybe you were in a cool neighborhood coffee shop, when you noticed a clean, antiseptic Starbuck's springing up in every strip mall with space for rent. Maybe you were listening to alternative music when you started noticing that more and more bands were calling themselves "Alternative" but sounding more and more mainstream. Maybe the cutting-edge radio or TV show you loved suddenly and unaccountably got popular, and slowly lost its fire as its audience grew.

### **It's happening**

You see, since we are all connected to the world around us, we are influenced by the actions of others. There are some people who are real Humans, but are so surrounded by disguised cabbages that they behave like **THEM**, instead of the other way around. Every once in a while, one of these humans sees a New Cool Thing and is drawn to it. It seems attractive to them, but still a little alien to their Cabbage-like tastes. So they water it down a step - make it just a touch less alien. Pretty soon, even cabbages can stand to hang there. Just as barnacles cling to a ship's hull and encumber it, so do Thuddites accrete to "new" things. Like cells attacking an infection, they slowly bring the new thing back in. Coffee houses end up being Burger Kings that sell coffee. Alternative starts morphing into cock-rock. Beavis doesn't set things on fire anymore (note: the

effect has not been as pronounced on Beavis and Butt-Head solely due to Beavis's status as a Prophet). By assimilating these things, they become less and less threatening to the Thuddites, until they're quite simply the same as everything else in the Region.

## **But Ffungo, What Can We Do?**

If the Thuddites can take cool things and make them suck, why can't we take sucky things and make them cool?

**Fortunately, we can!**

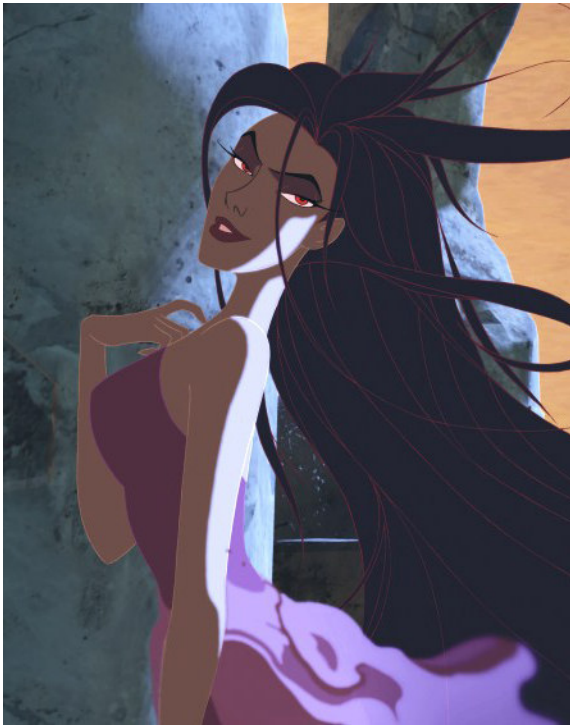
This is where

# **OPERATION MINDFUCK**

comes in. **OM** is an effort to hit the Thuddites where it hurts - right in their rigid, fragile concept of "reality" and "normalcy". Just as civil libertarians defend those at the fringes to protect those in the middle, so does OM hit things in the middle to open up the fringes. It works through a principle known as the Functionality of the Strange. Pope Icky Fundamental over at *Hyperdiscordia* has carefully documented some case studies of **OM** put into action under the name Guerrilla Surrealism.

You see, as long as people think that they will understand everything they see, they will fight things they don't understand. It is only by directly attacking this illusion on unanimity that we can make the Region of Thud into a safe place to be weird. Check these things out, and then invent your own. Don't let Thuddites make this world over in their own boring images.

# ERIS NEEDS YOU!





00007

# Chaos

Chaos is the oldest God. It was the reason that the earliest humans decided to focus their attentions on the spiritual beyond. Chaos is, almost by definition, something that is not controlled, and therefore seems inseparably related to the divine. Our truest sense of chaos originates from the awareness that we are faced with a universe of unimaginable complexity.

At the same time, there is a more practical side to this drive toward worship. This pull to the divine was always followed by the need to propitiate these unimaginably powerful forces, since so little in this world seemed under our control. Cave paintings weren't just decorative - they were part of ritualistic performances to ensure a successful hunt. The fertility icons found in Catal Huyuk were trusted to ensure a plentiful harvest and large family.

We've come a long way since those days. We're better than that now. We're smarter, for one, and we're stronger. We have technology that can predict and control a good part of that mysterious void that was nature. The products of our society are not just works of art that hope at influence over nature, but massive dams, roads, buildings, ships, aircraft - acts of technical dominance over nature. We're stronger now. We're powerful. We're safer.

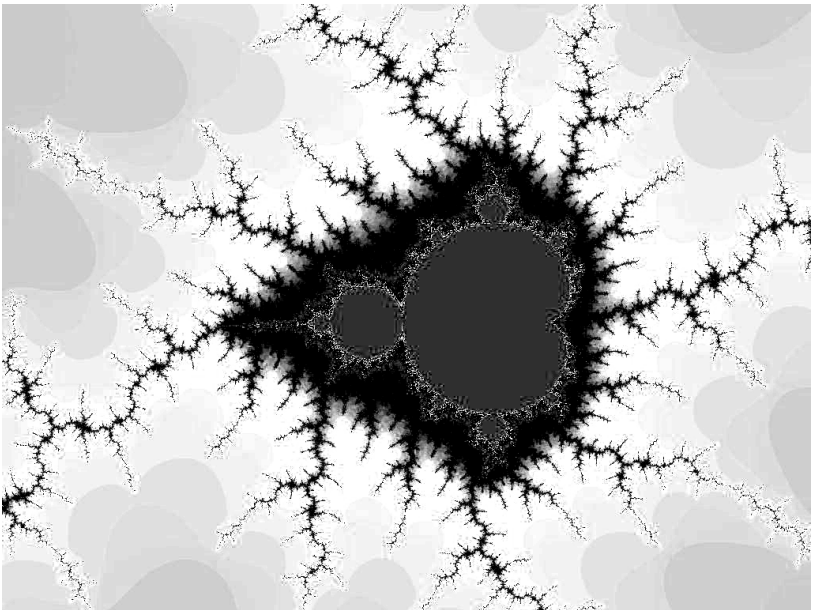
## **Except we're still afraid of chaos.**

Sometimes we can cover it up by wrapping ourselves in order, in the understood. Throw up the walls of technology, of medicine, of science, of logic. We can drop a veil around ourselves, saying, "I understand everything. That which I don't understand is therefore nothing," and doing this rids us of the larger, more troubling part of the world. A smacks into B and causes C, and with a little more study and a little hard work we can cause C on command.

But Discordians have this all figured out. We worship Eris, the Goddess of Chaos. And she's let us in on the Big Secret. You see, the Fallacy of Chaos is that it exists at all. Chaos is an order that we are not smart enough, not willing enough, or just in the wrong place to see. Order is simply a chunk of chaos that one of us has haphazardly slathered with "meaning". Everything is everything. Bundi ti ubundi.

You know you're close to understanding Chaos when you either see it everywhere or nowhere,

but you're not sure which.





# The Functionality of the Strange

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

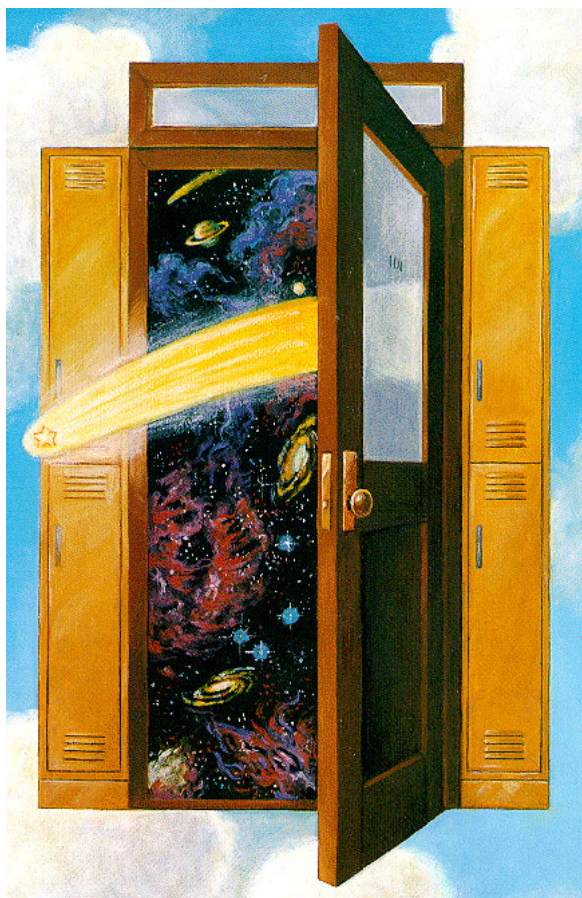


exact detail. Instead of looking at our goals as points in a hedge maze, we should see them as mountains. Sure, the exact path to the summit may not be clear from where you're standing, but hell - the mountain is very clearly Over There, and it doesn't take a sextant to figure out that you should probably 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*.





### **"Flossing"**

In between the teeth  
Drag drag drag drag  
Blood flow! Aieeee!

### **"My College Love Life"**

So, how about a movie?  
Maybe some other time?  
I like being friends too

### **"Television"**

Nothing on that channel  
Nothing on that channel  
What time is it?

### **"The Saga of the US Civil War"**

People can't have slaves  
Yes they can  
No they can't

### **"Car Keys"**

Look in the glass dealie  
Look behind the thing  
Here they are

### **"Monkeys"**

Monkeys look fun  
I hear they get mean, though  
And throw their feces

### **"Cat Logic"**

Wow, am I sleepy  
I GOTTA GET OVER THERE NOW!!!  
Wow, am I sleepy

### **"Fitness"**

I really should exercise  
I think I'll go jogging  
Where's my other shoe?

### **"Tuesday Night"**

Hello, Welcome to Jack-in-the-Box  
I'd like a chicken sandwich, no tomatoes, and a large Dr Pepper  
Thank you, drive through

### **"Eating Crawfish"**

Rip it in half  
Pull out the meat  
Think about something else

00010

## An Interview with a Famous Guy

A Recent Interview, in which I talk to a  
Famous Guy

Jesus: [lights a cigarette] Ok, man, what you got for me?

The Beatus Ffungo: Ok, to start with, what's your opinion about Christianity? I mean, you played a pretty major role in its early development.

J: Yeah, but that was a long time ago. It's become such a, well, such an institution since then. It's like people pay more attention to the way Christianity was 50 years ago and look to that for the authority. The Spirit is pretty much confined to sideshow tricks.

TBF: Ok, you touched on a number of things there. Let's hit the institution thing first. Some people think that the capital-C Church may have peaked six or seven centuries ago, and with the whole nation-state thing, the institutional side may be

J: No, no, that's not really... By "institutional", I'm talking more about how people look to icons for guidance instead of the Spirit. I mean, the trappings of the institution, which used to be giant cathedrals and are now office parks and TV studios, have only changed form. The true nature of the institutional side is its self-perpetuating, unchallengeable nature. I mean, these people took some first century writings that were hand picked for largely political reasons two hundred years later, decided that they contained some kind of fixed "meaning", and said that anyone who thought otherwise was wrong and dangerous.

All of this while the Spirit is right here. Right here!

TBF: Sometimes I feel like people are afraid to trust themselves enough to make that trip themselves.

J: Exactly, but people are even afraid to realize what tremendous power they have. Like all those healings, right? All through Israel in the early days, in Africa a few hundred years later. I kept telling these people "Your faith has healed you," and what did they do? They completely blew that off and said, "Oh no, you have healed me! Let me follow you around and ignore my own development." I mean, how did Matthew put it? "If you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you." But they still look at themselves as these empty cups that the Spirit either chooses to fill or leaves empty and worthless. [stubs out cigarette, fishes out another & lights it]

TBF: How should they look at themselves?

J: I don't know, maybe.... maybe as [Charleton Heston impression] "As mighty eagles, and the Spirit as a breeze that lifts them."

TBF: Mighty eagles?

J:[laughs] Well, something like that. The point is, it's not a passive thing.

TBF: Ok, what about the early evangelists? What do you think of their treatment of you in the Gospels?

J: [takes a deep drag] That's kind of hard to say, because these guys - and they were all pretty good guys, for the most part - these guys try to take the things that I said and did and use them as the basis for their writing. Of course, they're gonna pick the things that made the most sense to them,

and forget about the stuff they didn't really understand, but that's human nature. On top of that, these guys are responding to political struggles too, within the Jewish church and within the Empire, so everything's gonna reflect that. When you look at it that way, you can see it's really not too bad.

TBF: But a lot of people don't look at it that way. They completely ignore the fact that this stuff was written in another language millennia ago. They treat the "traditional" interpretation like it's the only possible one - like the Gehenna=equals=Hell thing - ignoring the fact that they're not getting their beliefs from the Bible, but from a bunch of guys who claim that their interpretation of the Bible is the only correct one.

J: [stubs out cigarette, lights another] Heh heh heh. Yeah, I know that bugs you. But one thing you have to remember, Ffungo, is that these people are buying this stuff because it rings True to them. It doesn't matter if it's not historically iron-clad. It appeals to their sense of justice, it appeals to their need for love, and, most importantly, it allows them to participate in the Divine. So it's not your gig, well, that's gonna happen. Just try to play nice, you know? And besides - look at Revelations. I mean, that's a great book, even though people are really missing the obvious.

TBF: Well, what do you think about the charge that, if you ever "came back", that Christians would kill you this time?

J: Oh, the Dostoevsky thing? I dunno. Maybe. But let's be fair - no matter what they say, people don't really like to have their gods hanging around telling them what to do. I mean, you had Eris hanging around your place for - what, a year?

TBF: Almost 18 months.

J: Almost 18 months, and you were pretty much ready to kill her, if I remember [laughs].

TBF: So what do you think about the contemporary scholars who dispute your historical existence?

J: Well, in a way, they're right. I mean, after 2000 years of such emotionally charged spin control, can anything be real?[Stubs out cigarette] Hold on - what time is it?

TBF: Almost 3.

J: Oh - hey, I gotta run, man. [Gets up] You still with that blond girl?

TBF: Yeah.

J: Cool. Tell her I said, "Hi." Take it easy...





00011

## **discordia**

Discordianism seems to be the religious equivalent of the Land of Misfit Toys. Most people who are drawn to it usually get their start out of frustration with more "traditional" religions (although, technically speaking, ours outdates several of today's more popular heresies). Most people don't really understand the official tenets of their religion, and they're generally happy with that. Unfortunately, they don't seem to understand that others need their religion to make a little more sense or abandon any attempt at making sense altogether - which is where Discordianism comes in.

That's also why Discord plays such a significant role in Discordianism (besides merely making up 53.8% of the logo). And it's larger than just religion - most Discordians come here as the result of the discord between people who accept a standard view of things and those that don't. And, let's face it, we're all fully aware of how people respond to us when we choose not to take their Truth seriously. Many Discordians go beyond that and actively seek conflict with those minions of Greyface in the world. And why shouldn't we? As they say - "We gladly feast on those who would subdue us."

Putting it plainly, most of these people have it coming. They walk around waving their Hillbilly Money Cult at us like it's some sort of high spirituality, and then act amazed when we ridicule it. They actively seek to make the world a blander and blander place by instantly commodifying anything that's fresh and pure. These evil assholes have the cheek to suggest to us that the existence of a corporation is "only" to make money and any destruction that occurs in that pursuit is Good Business. They scream about raising the minimum wage a tiny

amount but laugh at the notion of placing a top limit on earnings (because Bill Gates really is worth more than every teacher in the US combined).

Not only that, these people encourage conflict\* wherever they can. Instead of really trying for dialogue, they oversimplify complex ideas and attack these strawmen with great gusto. They ignore the lessons of genetics and openly advocate memetic inbreeding. Make no mistake - these people are The Enemy. They won't be making that mistake about you!

Oh - the Fallacy of Discord is that it takes place outside Two Things. Really, it takes place inside One Thing. It doesn't involve a hammer and an anvil; it just involves a strike.

\*Discord in Real Life

One day a few months back, I saw something groovy on my way into work. There was this little kid whuppin' ass on a bigger kid in a Power Rangers suit! It was great - the little kid had the big kid's arm & was spinning him around, and the big kid was stumbling all over & fell down. The big kid's mask was so tweaked that he couldn't see anything.

When I was little & kids picked on me, they just wore normal clothes (well, if you could consider Led Zeppelin t-shirts normal) that offered me very little in the way of a tactical advantage. Maybe they should make bullies wear sombreros, so you could pull them down over their eyes in a scuffle (and besides - they'd look so dorky in them that it could discourage some of them from following the path of bullydom).

I immediately sympathized with the littler kid, but maybe the big kid was just exploring his inner power ranger when the small kid, who was actually 19 and stunted from smoking filterless Camels, came over and decided to pick on the Power Ranger kid just because he was different. Or, he may have decided that the spectacle of anyone (no matter how innocent

or guilty) getting their ass publicly kicked while wearing a power rangers costume would be so amusing to passers-by that it would more than compensate for the negative karma received from the act itself.

The only thing that could have been cooler was if the whole scene took a cold Old Testament turn and everyone involved was eaten by bears.



*(Cabal of the Chaos Bears Mascot – Completely Irrelevant)*

All in all, I'd give it a 7.

00012

How My Sainthood Leads Me to Kidney Failure  
OR  
**prometheus on a  
sugar high**

Mentos, Knowledge, and Suffering: A Cautionary Tale

**A Tale from the COBAL Archives**

Subject: The Mentos Question  
Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 11:50:52 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Ooh - another thing - you know how I got named the COBAL Patron Saint of Milking the System? It occurred to me that those Mentos commercials are filled with people doing just that - the guy that sneaks through the wedding line to get his soccer ball back, the guy who acts like a photographer to get backstage, etc. Does this mean there's some sort of connection between my area and Mentos, other than the one that the marketers would like us to make? I've never actually eaten a Mentos (Mento?), so I can't speak from experience. I was wondering if this meant that I would start being held responsible for Mentos and/or the actions of the loveable rakes in their ads.

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 15:36:37 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: COBAL List  
Subject: Re: The Mentos Question  
Message-ID: <34ccf3d5.1cdd989e@wdl.net>

I am not sure that we will be holding you personally responsible for

what people do under the influence of "The Freshmaker"...

but, something not entirely unrelated...

I had this Idea for a mentos commercial a long time ago, and never really got to sending it to the mentos people...

ANCIENT Jeurusalem --

People are selling sacrificial animals outside of a temple, money changers are changing both money and witty banter to the throngs of pilgrims who have come to burn a dove or a small goat to a blood thirsty god... and all of a sudden an enraged Christ comes out of nowhere, seeing the desecration of said bloodthirsty father's house, he pops a mentos into his bearded maw, felling instantly the state known as "fresh" he overturns the various tables, and cages... Some of the shocked onlookers gaze in fear, others in anger...

Christ then proudly displays his tube of Mentos(TM) brand mints with a proud grin, and seeing the intensely fresh candies, the shocked and angry gazes turns to ones of jovial laughter, and amusement as they realize that this transgressor is truly "Mentos fresh and full of life!"

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 15:24:31 PST  
From: "Jeremy Tose"  
To: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Mentos is a secret society  
Message-ID:  
<19980126232431.9686.qmail@hotmail.com>

I too have wondered about those Mentos commercials, and I believe there is a secret society of Mentos addicts that have a law that they cannot get mad at other members (the showing of the Mentos package is a sign that they are part of the

Mentos cult and will force the person to forgive all wrongs)..... I have not yet found out how they know their victims are also part of the cult.

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 21:19:25 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: Jeremy Tose  
Cc: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Re: Mentos is a secret society  
Message-ID: <34cd442c.55dad96e@wdl.net>

Jeremy Tose wrote:

> is a secret society of Mentos addicts that have  
> a law that they cannot  
> get mad at other members (the showing of the  
> Mentos package is a sign  
> that they are part of the Mentos cult and will  
> force the person to  
> forgive all wrongs).....

AAhaaa! No doubt in league with other such secret societies as the Bavarian Illuminati, Massochisistic Ordained Rite Ontologists in Norway (M.O.R.O.N) - which is a really secret society consisting of one guy

named Dirk who may or may not live in the greater Columbus Ohio area (hey he has a newsletter), The Free and Accepted Masons (always at the heart of any conspiracy), The Stonecutters (from the Simpsons), and our good friends/bitter enemies (depends on the day) The OGLF...

I've heard of this, although they have an almost Jonesian controll of those who would join the cult of "The Freshmaker" - potential members can be heard on a clear night chanting the wicked mantra "Fresh goes better..., Fresh goes better..., Fresh goes better..." That is definately a therory...

> I have not yet found out how they know their  
> victims are also part of the cult.

"Victim" is such a strong word... consider this alternate theory:

The bystanders are not cult members, or victims at all, more like those "chosen" to witness the unyielding power that is "Fresh", for it is only through "fresh" that these European (and yes they are all European to some extent) warriors can truly find salvation and all the spoils there of...

I believe that it is common knowledge among all Europeans, that the freshmaker can be a pretty potent high, and so when confronted with the enlightened (or "fresh" as it were) Mentos(TM) taker, they simply go with it, remembering fondly that at one point in their life they too were "fresh".

I hope that I didn't step on any toes... It was a good theory...

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 22:34:04 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Beating the Mentos thing to death  
Message-ID: <34cd55ac.3bfba461@wdl.net>

O.k.

My last mentos rant - I swear, no, honestly....

I just wanted to say:

Fade in to a Obviously European town:  
Music starts up:

"Doo doo doo doo, doo-doo, do-Wah!"

It doesn't matter what comes, fresh goes better in life, and Mentos is fresh and full of life. Nothing gets to you, staying fresh staying cool, with Mentos, fresh and full of life.

Fresh goes better, Mentos freshness, fresh goes better with Mentos, fresh and full of life!

The scene is a classroom, where a student who obviously didn't study is trying to cheat on a test. The girl next to him catches on and tries to obstruct his view of her test. The boy pops a Freshmaker, gets up, and strangles the life out of her. He takes her test paper and sits back down. The teacher, horrified and shocked at what just happened is standing there, her mouth agape. The boy whips out his roll of Mentos and displays them proudly to his teacher, who clearly will not punish him now.

Mentos, the freshmaker!"

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 22:38:08 -0500

From: Rob Havelt

To: cobal-list@cobal.org

Subject: So I lied...

Message-ID: <34cd56a0.38cd4e05@wdl.net>

But this is the VERY last post I will do on this subject:

>From a concerned Perdue Psych student:

"I am currently negotiating with the Psychology department here at Purdue, in an attempt to obtain a research grant for the purposes of studying what I have termed 'the freshness effect' caused by consuming Mentos brand candies. Although there seems to be no mind altering substances contained in Mentos, individuals suddenly become aroused, inventive, and lose all regard for the norms of society a short time after using them. I've asked for \$23,729."

Subject: Yeah, but.....

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 07:55:24 -0800

From: ffungo@evl.net

To: COBAL List

.....has anyone here ever \*tried\* a Mento? I've heard tell of a fruity version, too, but I'm



frankly skeptical that they could maintain the level of coolness, freshness, and full-of-life-ness with something like strawberry flavoring. The Mentos ad campaign is a weird one - the commercials are extremely well-known, but nobody ever buys the product.

Do you know why this is? I'll tell you! Those aren't commercials at all! Those are some kind of code messages! They gotta be! There's some sort of elaborate system where the Mentos High Command issues subversive calls-to-arms. Like this:

Woman breaks shoe, mangles other shoe while Eurotrash-looking guy looks on: "Women of the Western World - throw off your propertairian trappings! When you reject the roles that display you as objects, the hapless males will only be able to gaze in awe at your innovation and freshness!"

Car blocks crosswalk, guy goes through back seat: "Fear and tremble, you bourgeoisie, as we are coming for YOU! You sit in your luxury cars, paid for by mortgaging the opportunities of today's youth, but your security is an illusion, for YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO LOCK YOUR BACK DOORS!! Today we merely demonstrate our awareness of your vulnerability. Tomorrow,....."

Both the guy whose bandana functions as a roadie costume and the kid whose \$25 camera makes him look like a professional photographer: "You who have access to the avenues of power by your stranglehold on the mass media, beware! We are young and Fresh and have scried the cracks in your walls! Even now, we are beginning our infiltration and your minions [bouncer & doorman] are powerless to stop us!"

The soccer ball-wedding one is the same thing - access to the halls of influence, with a thinly veiled "Your women are no longer safe" element.

In what is one of the more naked grabs for power, the kid that makes his own pinstripes on the park bench to gain access to the western corporate world.

\*This\* is what Mentos is all about. Buying & eating the little candies is for people who are missing the point.

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 14:20:36 -0800 (PST)  
From: jaywilson  
To: ffungo@evl.net, COBAL List  
Subject: Re: Yeah, but.....  
Message-ID:  
<19980127222036.27329.rocketmail@web1.rocketmail.com>

Mentos? Freshness? Ha! Mentos know nothing of freshness!  
No, it is we, the Altoids, who hold and zealously guard the secret of true freshness, and we spit--nay, void our vital organs--upon your puny attempts to convince the world to the contrary. You Mentos may be larger, and your roll more manly in a trouser pocket, but our tin shall triumph!  
Ha! Snork!

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 15:01:21 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: jaywilson  
Cc: COBAL List  
Subject: Re: Yeah, but.....  
Message-ID: <34ce6741.5cf6@concentric.net>

jaywilson wrote:

>  
> Mentos? Freshness? Ha! Mentos know nothing of freshness!  
> No, it is we, the Altoids, who hold and zealously guard

> the secret of true freshness, and we spit--nay,  
void our  
> vital organs--upon your puny attempts to  
convince the world  
> to the contrary. You Mentos may be larger, and  
your roll  
> more manly in a trouser pocket, but our tin  
shall triumph!  
> Ha! Snork!

Now \*that\* is an interesting point. I gotta say,  
however, that I'd guess that Altoids, while  
possessing superior mintiness, may NOT be able to  
out-fresh the Freshmaker. "Mintiness" is a  
dimension that can increase without bound, but  
"freshness" is the result of a number of different  
attributes in a delicate balance. Altoids may be  
too minty for their own freshness.

Even though this is something that Rob should  
probably do (what with him being the TechSaint and  
all), I will venture forth this evening and  
procure both Altoids and Mentos for systematic  
scientific trials. Don't be surprised if I am  
fundamentally altered next time you hear from me.

Subject: Results of the Mentos Challenge  
Date: Thu, 29 Jan 1998 07:09:31 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Here are the results of my highly scientific  
experiment:

Item #1: Altoids

Appearance: Like somebody made them in their  
basement. The tin is nice, though, and the tissue  
inside the tin adds to the anticipation (which is  
why you should make undressing part of the act,  
but that's a different experiment).

Flavor: Mint. And by that, I don't mean "minty",  
but "MINT, GODDAMMIT!"

They are the Platonic ideal of mintiness.

Freshness: I think that the depths of my sinuses were fresh. Everything South of that had pegged the mintometer.

Item #2: Mentos (Mint Flavor)

Appearance: You know what they look like. In the interest of accuracy, I tried to eat them like those lovable Mentos kids on TV. I paused, adpoted a look that was pensive, determined, yet suffused with a joi-de-vivre, then flipped a Mento into my mouth with my thumb. I got a small amount of foil the first time, but with practice I perfected the technique.

Flavor: A more reasonable minty flavor. They are, however, the chewable mint, and by chewable they mean "sticky enough to yank the fillings from your teeth."

Freshness: Pretty good, really. I put away half of a tube in one of those late-night number crunching sessions. If I had tried that with

Altoids, I would have started to bleed through the eyes. I also had Indian food last night, so there were two times where I had one of those puke-burps, and Mentos were able to quickly but gently overpower the unpleasantness.

Item #3: Mentos (Fruit Flavor)

Appearance: Like the Real Deal, but more colorful.

Flavor: Various fruit flavors, with varying effects. The lemon was ok, but the strawberry... well, let's just say that strawberry Mentos are to strawberry flavor what Altoids are to mint.

Freshness: Ok, but not as fresh as the Mint Mentos. I put away half a tube of these too (like I said, it was a tough night) and, while I didn't get that "skittle"d-over feeling, it was close.

In short, Fruit Mentos are ok, but eat them for schlock value rather than fruity freshness. Altoids are acceptable for use by large men and small cattle. Mint Mentos got it goin' on, baby, but watch them fillings.

Subject: Stern Warning to Youth  
Date: Mon, 02 Feb 1998 08:49:17 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Within 15 hours of the completion of the reckless but scientifically vital Mentos experiment (in which I consumed two (2) full tubes, or twenty-eight (28) individual Mentos) I got hit by a really nasty sickness. Fevers, no appetite, really bad kidney pains. I don't know if this was due to a Mentos OD or just a promethian punishment for pushing human knowledge Too Far, but either way - please, kids, don't try this at home.



## What's In A Name?

Discordianism has a proud tradition (going back to about last Thursday) of getting new members to choose their own Holy Name - like the Beatus Ffungo (no, I wasn't born a Beatus - that took years of hard work and piety, until I wised up). For what it's worth, the Principia points out that the choosing of Holy Names isn't unique to Discordians, citing the example of Pope Paul IV failing to be born of Mr. and Mrs. IV. Exactly why we do this is, like most things in Discordianism, is somewhat unclear. Some maintain that we were named after Thuddites, so changing names is the only reasonable thing to do. Others think that giving yourself a silly name can help you remember that taking yourself too seriously is a Big Sin. Then, there's the contingent that thinks it's all just a big laugh. Of course, all views are considered Doctrinally Correct.

In any case, the choosing of a name is a very powerful event, which is why we recommend doing as often as possible. Names are really just Magick Words that we associate with actual items that can trap them by defining them. Since we're going to be trapped like this anyway, there is value in doing it ourselves - it gives us more control, and it's kind of a kick. There are actually many different levels of naming, or claiming an identity:



### Declaration of Existence

The simplest level of naming occurs when something is named just to show that it exists. When Jehova was talking to Moses in that whole burning bush scene, Moses asked him for some I.D. Exodus 3:14. "And God said unto Moses, I

AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." In other words, he was just saying that he existed, and that was enough

for a bunch of people to follow Charlton Heston into the desert. Or something.



### **Declaration of Exclusion**

A second level occurs when the claimed identity is used to distinguish oneself from something else, defined or not. Calling oneself a "Discordian" is a claim that excludes certain traits and beliefs, unless you're a snivling hypocritical sack of shit (a.k.a. "Those Who Disagree With Me"). This exclusionary statement of identity has been used most effectively by the great Prophet Popeye, who frequently says, "I yam what I yam and that's all what I yam!". Note how Popeye cleverly expands upon the work of Jehova, who came much earlier (c. 4500 years).



### **Declaration of Identity**

This highest level of naming is the one performed by Discordians everywhere when they quit being John Doe and start being The Right Reverend Blotto von Crockstein. In the previous levels, the identity is hidden behind declarative statements - "I exist" and "I am unique". In this level, the true Magick of the name stands alone - no defining claims are needed. Indeed, the sense of identity can just be forming, in which case the identity is a goal, an active attempt at becoming one's own avatar. This is most clearly demonstrated in the Prophet Beavis, when he declares, "I am Cornholio!". No further explanation should be required.

So there you have it. Seize the metaphysical High Ground and give yourself a name. What the hell - give yourself some cool titles too. Most If you're feeling exceptionally proud of your Holy Name and want to work up an ID for it, Pope Icky Fundament at Hyperdiscordia: <http://jubal.westnet.com/hyperdiscordia/> has assembled a groovy ID-card maker. (Take a look at my card if you want.)

As a Pope, you are entitled to the following privileges:

- 1 - To invoke infallibility at any time, including retroactively.
- 2 - To completely rework the structure of the Erisian Church.
- 3 - To baptize, bury and marry (with the permission of the deceased in the latter two cases)
- 4 - To excommunicate yourself and others,  
To re-excommunicate yourself and others,  
To de-excommunicate (no backsties) yourself and others.
- 5 - To perform all rites and functions deemed to be improper to a Pope of Discordia.

---

This Card Certifies and Identifies

The Beatus Ffuno

as a Genuine and Authorized

✌ **POPE** 👍

So Please Treat Them Right

~GOOD FOREVER~

I urge you to do it too - why be "Claude Mercier" when you can be "Absolutum Vacuum Plenum von Kaosberg, Creator of the Prolific Cosmic Void Inc. (TM), Pope of the Renegades and Anarchistic Initiates of the New Babylonian Order (RAINBO), Supreme Knight of the Order of the Great Astral Dipper (OGAD), Secret Pope Agent, and Ordinary Police Priest on weekends, of the Nina Kazawa Kabal (NKK), High Nothingness of All Known and Unknown Bullshit, Uncontested Lord of all Frog-Like Fnords aka xyz the Chaogenic Unknown God (unofficial brother-in-law of our All Hailable Eris)" (to quote an honest-to-goodness example from alt.discordia)? You have nothing to lose but your boredom...



00014

# Traffic

We stand in traffic wrapped in cords of our own confusion and tell ourselves that logic alone is sufficient to extricate us from this tangled mess. If our faith should falter, we need simply say "For thus, then so, and if thus and so, then yet another" until we have demonstrated that, yes, we are indeed in control of the traffic jam and, yes, these thought-cords are in fact the blue blazer and slacks we selected from our closet just this morning. All is as it should be and, if proof is needed, simply notice that all is as it is (Q.E.D).

## Our Method Is Our God.

Sometimes in a fit of joi de vivre we gather up and pick sides, half saying "If Thus, then So" and the others "If Thus, then yet another" and begin to scream each other hoarse. It is great fun, for secretly we all know that the Thuses and Sos are not as significant as the Thens. Occasionally a Foolish Individual may try to tell us that our ponderings are just a house of cards, but ho ho ho - brandishing our Art is enough to stymie such silliness. If nothing else, we can use these ponderings and a Few Good Men to assemble a prison of cards and show these beasts the seriousness with which we pursue our play.

Fiddle while you burn if you must, but with our Blind Men's enhanced senses we feel the Truth above us. Like children jealous of the flight of birds, we heave rocks skyward to bring it down. With the crass mockery of Iron feathers and Newfound axioms we bind its wings. Then we perform a devious arithmetic and Lo! The idea belongs to Us and we declare it Dead.

(though it would be heretical  
to admit  
that we have  
only  
killed it in effigy).

Ensofonin

Covered in sprinkles, Gnimbley wiped his arse with a rubber Statue of Liberty, then sucked on a long, firm, listening aluminium baseball bat, which jingled menacingly as it struck the President squarely in the balls.

The sentence above was generated by a group of seven people, each of them contributing five words following on from the previous individual's contribution.

Governments are also groups of people.  
The world is run by governments.

Consult your pineal gland.



**00016**

## **What Discordianism Means to Me (Really!)**

The Beatus Ffungo officially apologizes for the use of blink tags on this page. (But since this is in print now we'll ignore that comment).

One of the key points of Discordianism is the subject of Chaos - Eris is the Goddess of Chaos, and most other religions seem designed to explain away Chaos as illusion, as an obscuration of Someone's Divine Plan. I had expected Discordians to believe that Chaos for Chaos's sake was good, and any kind of order was bad. That's why I was stoked when I found the following passage in the Principia:

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.

As George Santayana says, "Chaos is a name for any order that produces confusion in our minds." I really dug this! Like any Good Discordian-In-The-Making, I already didn't decide to believe something I read just because it was in a book I liked, but because it made sense to me. I make it a habit to listen occasionally to one of the local Christian radio stations (which, as you might guess, generally espouses views that are somewhat more conservative than my own). It never ceases to amaze me how many people call up and say that everybody on the planet knows that their (intolerant, uneducated, and benighted, IMHO) beliefs are true and it's just the Liberal Media's fault that they aren't in total control. A great example of two "grids" that filter the same information in a radically different way. More Principia:



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.



Bingo! Many other belief systems had an exclusion meme built in - "This and no other", which seemed absurd to me, since those belief systems were clearly transmitted by culture - something that should be no obstacle to Universal Truth. I'm not a Bible-thumping Southern Baptist for the same reason I'm not Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, or Shinto - because I wasn't raised in that environment. It always seemed to me that the different religions all had some value to them, and saying "What I have here happens to be, fortunately for me, the One True Answer, and the belief systems that everybody else has used for inspiration, motivation, and enlightenment are wrong, worthless, and potentially harmful" seems stupid.

It also seemed like a bad idea to reject religion, for the same reason. For all the grandstanding and intolerance that is credited to religion, there are also episodes like the one I read about in the Utne Reader, where a group of skinheads was throwing bricks through the windows of houses with Stars of David in their windows, so a local woman convinced her whole (Christian) congregation to display the Stars in their windows too, and eventually the stars-to-racist-assholes ratio was just too high.



So, you may ask, what is the A-1, Official, Not Available in Stores Ffungo-Approved Cabaret Discordia Approach to all this religion business? Hey - do what you think is cool. Believe what makes sense to you or makes you laugh, but preferably both. Don't screw with people if you can avoid it. Don't let rules tell you what to do - make your own decisions & accept the consequences. Know thyself. Nothing to excess. And, finally, don't ever let a web-based religion guide your life.





00017

## Enlightenment

1. Once upon a time there was a small girl who decided to forego the pursuit of worldly success and follow the spiritual path.
2. She took a job with a fast-food restaurant to make enough money to live until she figured out exactly what spiritual path she should follow.
3. She didn't especially like her job, but she was pretty good at it.
4. And was quickly promoted for her efforts.
5. Eventually, she got an entry-level job at the company where one of her neighbors worked.
6. She wasn't a manager there, but at least it wasn't fast food.
7. Many years later, more things happened and she was enlightened.

-----  
Editors Note:

Apparently, in its web based form, this quest for enlightenment is cyclical and our young heroine returns to a lowly fast-food job time and time again. Quite why she would do this is one of those things you'd really have to consult your pineal gland about. Or stick with #7.

Synptyx - Fudge on toast. TRY IT!  
-----

00018

# **'THE UNITED NATIONS AND YOU**

or

## **Those Theiving Bastards at the UN**

or

## **Those Nice Folks at the UN!**

(Please note: this page is not accusing the UN of being behind One World Government efforts, Black Helicopters, or cattle mutilations. Those allegations are ridiculous. Oswald killed Kennedy (acting alone), and Reagan really does have Alzheimer's. I swear. I haven't mentioned a thing to anybody. October 17 will come and go with no noticeable change in the sperm counts of North American men. There is no need to panic. All is as it should be. The Dow Jones Index fluctuates as a result of free market forces and has nothing to do with the subPentagon, which doesn't even exist at all. I don't know who keeps claiming it does, but they really should knock it off.)

So I'm doing some vanity searches on various engines to get some idea of the amount of the www devoted to funneling adulation towards me, and I'm searching using the word "Ffungo" to uniquely identify this site & links to it when I stumble across a page in German:

Die verschiedenen englischsprachigen Abkürzungen deuten die Bandbreite der NRO im internationalen Geschäft an. GONGO heißt Regierung organisierte nichtstaatliche Organisation, d.h. es besteht eine direkte Verbindung zum Staatsapparat; Ähnlich verhält es sich mit einer GRINGO

(NGO der Regierung Durchlauf angespornter); eine QUANGO ist eine nichtstaatliche Quasiorganisation, was ebenso mit staatlicher Finanzierung einhergeht, d.h. es handelt sich i.d.R. um eine ausgelagerte Verwaltungseinheit; FFUNGO bedeutet fremde gefinanzierte nichtstaatliche Organisation, wobei die ausländischen Gelder auch von Regierungen kommen können. Es gibt auch die Abkürzungen SMANGOs, MINGOs und BINGOs (kleine, mittlere und große NRO)...

I don't speak any German, but it definitely sounded sinister. There I was (in all caps, no less), along with various anti-American slogans (GRINGO), suggestions of the corruption of senior citizens (BINGO) and what were obviously Holy Names of Discordians I haven't even met yet (SMANGO, GONGO, QUANGO, and MINGO). This smacked of some sort of foreign conspiracy (although clearly not one of those One World Government efforts, which don't even exist, and I think it's pretty irresponsible of people to just go around casually implying that they do, because they really don't, and mentioning that they do isn't a good idea even though it won't cause you to have sudden troubles with local law-enforcement officials).

Although "The Beatus Ffungo Smango Gongo Quango Mingo" has sort of a ring to it....

So anyway, I fed the thing through BabelFish, Alta Vista's reasonably groovy translation program, and came up with this:

The different English-language abbreviations suggest the bandwidth of the NRO in the international business. GONGO is called government organized non governmental organization, i.e. there is a direct connection to the state apparatus; similarly it behaves with a GRINGO (run/inspired NGO government); a QUANGO is one quasi non governmental organization, which accompanies likewise with national financing, i.e. it concerns itself i.d.R. around a stored

externally administrative unit; FFUNGO means foreign funded non governmental organization, whereby the foreign funds can come also from governments. There are also the abbreviations to SMANGOs, MINGOs and BINGOs (small, middle and large NRO)...

BabelFish is famous for its broken-english translations, but it seems to indicate that the UN has used my name for a non-governmental organization funded by foreign governments. That's all. This message doesn't refer to me specifically or Discordians in general. I fully and completely believe this and do not think that BabelFish is in on any sort of cover-up, because there wouldn't be one in the first place.

If you want to, though, you can send some e-mail to a guy in Argentina (is ".ar" Argentina?) named Fernando Fungo whose e-mail address is [ffungo@exa.unrc.edu.ar](mailto:ffungo@exa.unrc.edu.ar)



00019

## Bureaucracy

### Records of Bureaucracy and Bureaucratic Records Department

When the first alarm subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns held public meetings to devise what measures were best to be taken to restore public credit. It was generally agreed, that deputies should be sent from all parts to Amsterdam, to consult with the government upon some remedy for the evil. The Government at first refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-holders to agree to some plan among themselves. Several meetings were held for this purpose; but no measure could be devised likely to give satisfaction to the deluded people, or repair even a slight portion of the mischief that had been done. The language of complaint and reproach was in **sorry to have to come to you like this, but you know how these things can be** everybody's mouth, and all the meetings were of the most stormy character. **At I mean, I hate to act paranoid, but you really can't be too careful.** last, however, after much bickering and ill-will, it was agreed, at **You see, THEY have agents everywhere.** Amsterdam, by the assembled deputies, that all contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to the month of November 1636, should be declared null and void, and that, in those made after that date, **I realize we do a lot of talking about Them and Their actions, but I think the time has come to let you in on a little secret about Them - They don't know They're Them. Really! You'd think it was obvious, but it isn't - and that's the sinister thing about it all!** purchasers should be freed from their engagements, on paying ten per cent. to the vendor. This decision gave no satisfaction. The vendors who had their tulips on hand were, of course, discontented, and those who had pledged themselves to purchase, thought themselves hardly

treated. Tulips which had, at one time, been worth six thousand florins **The tricky part is that you can see evidence of Them everywhere - hell, just watch the news sometimes - and you get fooled into thinking "Oh yeah - look at that guy - he's gotta be one of Them."** But if you ever get to meet one of Them close up, you'll start to see the problem., were now to be procured for five hundred; so that the composition of ten per cent. was one hundred florins more than the actual value. Actions for breach of contract were threatened in all the courts of the country; but the latter refused to take cognizance of **They may be a bit boring, but some of them are even nice people. And they're not even consciously trying to make the world a hellish place filled with undead shrines to Greyface - it just works out that way.**gambling transactions.

The matter was finally referred to the Provincial Council at the Hague, and it was confidently expected that the wisdom of this body would invent some mea**If the truth be told, we've been misleading you a bit getting you all riled up about Them. We had to do it, though, because if you've made it this far, you've probably already noticed Their presence and been tipped off to Their activities.**sure by which credit should be restored. Expectation was on the stretch for its decision, but it never came. The members continued to deliberate week after week, and at last, after thinking about it for three months, declared that they could offer no final decision until they had more information. They advised, however, that, in the mean time, every vendor should, in the presence of witnesses, offer the tulips in natura to the purchaser for the sums agreed upon. If the latter refused to take them, they might be put up for sale by public auction, and the original contractor held responsible for the difference between the actual and the stipulated price. This was exactly the plan recommended by the deputies, and which was already sho**The funny thing is, They only exist in your mind. Not like the voices - I'm talking about the same way that Order and Chaos exist in your mind. Your notion**

**of Them is a reaction to a facet of the Outside World that keeps waving itself in your face.**wn to be of no avail. There was no court in Holland which would enforce payment. The question was raised in Amsterdam, but the judges unanimously refused to interfere, on the ground that debts contracted in gambling were no debts in law.

Thus the matter rested. To find a remedy was beyond the power of the government. Those who were un**Look at it like an avalanche. When an avalanche completely overwhelms you, all you see is snow and some rocks and sticks and crap. But really, an avalanche is much more than that. Those snowflakes, rocks, sticks, and crap were already on that mountainside, all crammed together with potential energy and terrain and everything.**ucky enough to have had stores of tulips on hand at the time of the sudden reaction were left to bear their ruin as philosophically as they could; those who had made profits were allowed to keep them; but the commerce of the country suffered a severe s**In fact, when you talk about an avalanche, you're really talking about a System - a wildly complex interaction of so many things that your puny little mind can't begin to grasp them. You're talking about a System with such an intensive level of organization that no micro-patterns can be detected. Organization so thorough that the net effect is chaos.**hock, from which it was many years ere it recovered.

The example of the Dutch was imitated to some extent in England. In the year 1636 tulips were publicly sold in the Exchange of London, and the jobbers exerted themselves to the utmost to raise them to the fictitious value they had acquired in Amsterdam. In Paris also the jobbers strove to create a tulipomania. In both cities they only partially succeeded. Howe**You're talking about The Bureaucracy, baby....**ver, the force of example brought the flowers into great favour, and amongst a certain class of people tulips have ever since been prized more highly than any other flowers of the

field. The Dutch are still notorious for their partiality to them, and continue to pay higher prices for them than any other people. As the rich Englishman boasts of his fine race-horses or his old pictures, so does the wealthy Dutchman vaunt him of his tulips.

In England, in our day, strange as it may appear, a tulip will produce more money than an oak. If one could be found, *rara in tetris*, and black as the black swan alluded to by Juvenal, its price would equal that of a dozen acres of standing corn. In Scotland, towards the close of the And, **just like the snowflakes in the avalanche aren't facing you with any particular malice as they kill you, They aren't filled with any sort of mission or will or intent. They're just plodding along, Thudding along, unwittingly acting out their part in a System so complex that nobody, not even They, can control it.**

In the seventeenth century, the highest price for tulips, according to the authority of a writer in the supplement to the third edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," was ten guineas. Their value appears to have diminished from that time till the year 1769, when the two most valuable species in England were the Don Quevedo and the Val**This is also the reason why you shouldn't waste a lot of time attacking the individual members of the System - oh don't get me wrong, by all means fuck with them if you can do it in a clever or funny way, but don't let them get you too uptight.**

In the eighteenth century, the former of which was worth two guineas and the latter two guineas and a half. These prices appear to have been the minimum. In the year 1800, a common price was fifteen guineas for a single bulb. In 1835, so foolish were the fanciers, that a bulb of the species called the Miss Fan**See, you don't even need to worry about them - you need to worry about the System, because that's the thing that's going to get us all in the end. That's the thing that's going to starve you, exclude you, keep you poor and marginalized if you don't play ball. But cheer up, fellow Discordians - while They're asleep, we are awake. While They let the System drive**



them, we are seeking out places within the system where we can hide, places where we can exploit the system, places where we can (dare I say it?) MILK the system.ny Kemble was sold by public auction in London for seventy-five pounds. Still more astonishing was the price of a tulip in the possession of a gardener in the King's Road, Chelsea. In his catalogues, it was labelled at two hundred guineas! Thus a flower, which for beauty and perfume was surpassed by the abundant roses of the garden,--a nosegay of which might be purchased for a penny,--was pAs they say, **"Don't be a sap - waste no time in turning rogue!**riced at a sum which would have provided an industrious labourer and his family with food, and clothes, and lodging for six years! Should chickweed and groundsel ever come into fashion, the wealthy would, no doubt, vie with each other in adorning their gardens with them, and paying the most extravagant prices for them. In so doing, they would hardly be more foolish than the admirers of tulips. The common prices for these flowers at the present time vary from five to fifteen guineas, according to the rarity of the speciwe **now return you to your regularly scheduled programming....es.**



00020

# THE POWER OF PRAYER

The Principia Discordia has this to say about Prayer:

---

## ON PRAYER



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

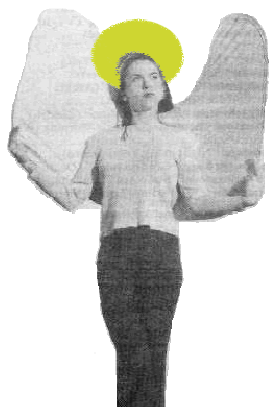
No, we Erisians seldom pray, it is much too dangerous. Charles Fort has listed many factual incidences of ignorant people confronted with, say, a drought, and then praying fervently -- and then getting the entire village wiped out in a torrential flood.

---

Clearly, then, Prayer is something that is extremely powerful and should be used with the greatest caution, if at all. You might be one of those special individuals to whom Eris pays close attention, and all your prayers will be answered promptly. Hopefully, you aren't as cursed as all that and you are like most of us schmucks - you heave your petitions skyward and receive a celestial 404 Not Found message in return. The problem is that Eris is a very busy Goddess and doesn't have time to muck about in the petty matters of the world, unless it makes for a good time. Approaching her directly isn't going to amount to much.

This is actually pretty good news, though. Prayer basically assumes that you have a better idea what should be going on than She What Is In Charge, and you're kind enough to let Her in on the secret. Even though calling Divine attention to your own hubris is a good way of making your situation more interesting for onlookers, it's still a riskier path than most of us would like to follow. The Discordian outlook on prayer, then, can only help. It says, "Hey, pal, you don't like it? Either deal with it or git off yer lazy ass and do something about it."

But what about those situations when, despite the risk, you just feel you need a little assist from Beyond? Fortunately, other religions have done the leg work here and figured out what to do in situations where your God/dess can't be bothered by your petty desires - INTERCESSIONS!



Intercessions, quite simply, are when you ask somebody else to pray for you. (It seems that God/desses are notoriously poor bookkeepers and are actually quite vulnerable to polling box frauds such as this one.) Unless you're stupid as well as needy, you'll get some high powered saint, demigod, or spirit that specializes in whatever problem you're having ("St. Jephrehad of the Itchy Bottom, Ora Pro Nobis..."). That way, you can go about your business secure in the knowledge that somebody else is shouldering the burden of your entreaties.

Q. But Ffungo, does it really work?

A. Well, maybe, maybe not. You may be praying for inner peace or enlightenment, in which case your prayer could be a form of meditation and could very well work. Or, you could be trying to work the Santa Claus angle (getting the Big Being Upstairs to kowtow to your will and give you whatever your greedy little heart desires), in which case you'll find that things either happen or don't. Either way, though, if you sucker someone else into pulling the load, they'll get tagged if your chosen Deity is having a Bad Day - it's a win-win for you!

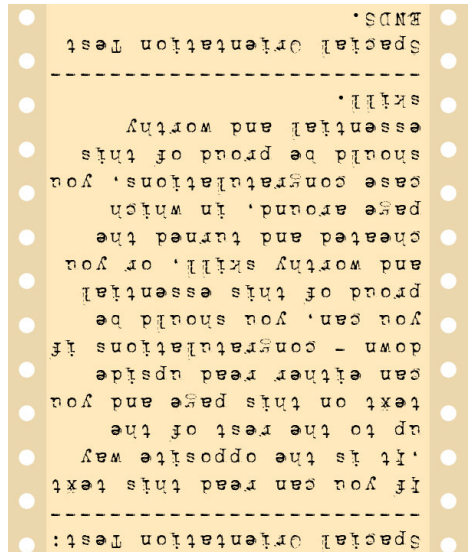
Q. Ok, Ffungo, assuming that I buy this, whom should we get to Ora Pro Nobis?

A. Well, personally, I prefer to ask the following types:

- Celebrities - but only cool ones, not lame soap opera stars and such. Ask Liz Phair to help you with that destructive relationship, Timothy Leary to help you find good drugs, or Dennis Miller to help you find a witty rejoinder to that smug asshole who dissed you in front of people.
- Fictional Characters - preferably from cartoons. Bugs Bunny will always be more real than Humbert Humbert, simply because we have seen the former and have had to imagine the latter. (If this is wrong, and there is a cartoon version of Lolita out there, please let me know.)
- Actual Saints - Discordian ones are a little chancy - these guys will probably tell Eris that you want her to turn all of your underwear into green steel wool just for a laugh. If you want ones from Major Religions, I suggest ones like St. Christopher, who was later determined to be fictional.



The Beatus Ffungo - I have no supernatural powers (and limited natural ones) - hell, I'm not even a Saint yet, but I'd be glad to take a stab at it out of Discordian Neighborliness If you get any really good results, let me know about it. I could assemble a ranked list of interceders, or maybe even get my own cable show...."Welcome to the Beatus Ffungo's Prayer Hour! Today we'll be asking Popeye and Beavis to help us pray to have my driving records cleaned up!"



00021

## HOW TO BE A WEIRDO AND STAY ALIVE

You'll undoubtedly start by sitting there and seething at the brazenness of their attacks on you. It does seem surreal, too - like some sort of B-movie in which zombies have attacked the town but nobody seems to mind. It's too late to try to lock the windows - they're already inside of you. With the tacit help of almost everyone around you, there are people who are trying to take that most sacred of things, your mind, and re-write it. Force it to mutate into an abomination, a grotesque, a genetically-engineered microorganism that secretes the miracle drug, the production of which is the only reason you've been allowed to live.

You produce only two things of any interest - your money and your servility. They amplify your fears and insecurities, pervert your lusts and desires, and mutilate your curiosity and beauty to buy themselves sports cars or cement their authority. And it's a pretty lucrative system, too - try to buck it and you'll see what I mean. It's not enough to say, "You go your way and I'll go mine". It's not even enough to act just like them. You have to believe like them, believe in the

Truth of their System. Believe like Them or they'll kill you.

That's not just hyperbole, either. It's easier to see if you go from the outside-in. Look at the Middle East - Jews and Moslems gunning each other down, blowing up innocent children (even though both of their gods tell them not to) because they know that not Believing is a worse crime than murder. They know this, of course, because some evil fuck somewhere played to their fears. Wait - that's overplaying it; they know this because of a web of fear, shared by their relatives and neighbors and fanned by those who benefit from it.

Other examples get even more disgusting. Look at Northern Ireland. These morons are killing each other over membership in two nearly identical sects of Christianity! Is Ulster full of perfectionist theologians? No - everybody's just in agreement that the Other Side is a threat to Our Side, because that's how it is. This mentality isn't just a mentality - it's a way of life, it's an identity, it's Real.

Here in America, we still hate the Bad Guys, which we used to call "Communists" but now we call "Drug Pushers" or "Terrorists" or "Child Pornographers". Not that these are nice people. Not that they even exist in the way they're described. Just like anywhere else in the world, They just need a Bugbear to keep you in line, and the Bugbear can be a Jew who wants to steal your land or a Molester who wants to

seduce your son. Either way, you get scared and Do What You're Told. If you actually happen to meet up with a Bugbear in the flesh, well, you should mutilate it without remorse - otherwise, this whole system of fear just falls apart.

But what if you don't feel like playing?

Subvert

\*



Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

In order for you to live in a world where you can believe what you want, you have to destroy the idea of Belief itself. They have so perverted reason that reason must be denied to them. They make their lies into marionette-slogans and jostle them before us as we gape slack-jawed; we must take our lies and make them into marionettes as well. They determine the forms of dialogue available to us, and - wouldn't you know - they have Home Field Advantage in all of them. We must obfuscate their forms - create our own abominations through syntactic miscegenation - until these too are denied to them.

And damn them for their deceitful absolutes! These are cornerstone and



currency of their reign. Simple enough to be swallowed by the most ignorant, sleek enough to be worshipped by the most credulous. The most ludicrous of their lies proven by extrapolation from a tiny truth. If the warmth of your mother's bosom is Good, then the fires of Hell are Better. This is why we offer no quarter; to an initiate, I could admit that it's all just a bunch of hoey, but They would pretend to hear me say I'm lying more than they are. This is also why we sometimes compare our dialogues to taking a shit. The comparison is a sham - we're merely autosabotaging to keep them purblind. Something as foolish as the Cerebus of scatology keeps them from our gates.

And so, we weirdoes must keep one set of cards in our hands and another in our heads. We must be able to switch from honest inquiry to ideological vomit with switchblade speed.

And so, we weirdoes must perfect their notions of Us and Them. We must commit to causing enough chaos that we can pass among them undetected. We must make Doubt and Uncertainty members of our club so that no one will be able to tell one of us from the other (not by camouflaging ourselves as one of them, but by filling their eyes with such patterns that we elicit no recognition).

And so, we weirdoes must be more normal than Them.

The Aftermath:  
Words of the Prophets

"Let there be a cycle of speaking"  
said Eris, Our Lady What Done It All,  
"That I may learn of Human knowledge  
of the Season of Aftermath."

"Then let me begin the cycle,"  
said \_\_\_\_\_ the Unnamed,  
"For my knowledge of The Aftermath is great.  
In these troubled days of Bureaucracy,  
the Forces of Order rule unchecked.  
Bloated by their past successes,  
they have moved past all sense of Balance with  
Chaos  
and have caused us much grief.  
In the days of The Aftermath  
our sufferings will be relieved  
and our grief turned to joy  
by the appearance of a Great One  
who will lead us out from beneath the  
Bureaucracy  
whose weight oppresses us so."

And the Prophet Mar-Djinn spoke, saying:  
"And in The Aftermath a Great One will come  
unto you.

He will speak with insight and wit  
and the followers of Greyface will be unable to  
refute his words.

He will call the followers of Our Lady into the  
light,

to throw off their cloaks of obscurity  
and join him in their rightful place in the sun.

When this Great One comes, my children,  
lower your eyes and recognize him not,  
for the Thuddites will surely lionize and then  
destroy him.

Wait for this crime to occur,  
as surely it will,  
then raise again your eyes  
and continue to subvert the masses.

The true Aftermath is within."

And Malaclypse the Elder leaned forward,  
resting his sign on the ground  
and spoke these words:

"Truly the season of Aftermath is upon us  
For this season is Mine, and I recognize my  
own Age

like a Mother recognizes her child.  
For the Bureaucracy of past times  
has so organized itself  
that it is coming undone,  
paving the way for a new season of Chaos to  
begin anew,  
but not until the work of my Age is complete."

"Hmmpf,"  
said Our Lady,  
"That wasn't nearly as much fun as I  
expected,"  
and promptly left in a snit.\*



\*Some say it was a huff.

This page intentionally left blank, get used to it.

00023

## After the Aftermath:

We have reached the end of the paper and ink edition of this, the Summa Discordia. I'd like to thank **The Beatus Ffungo** for his superlative (dis)/information, **Mal2/Omar** for the Principia Discordia, **Rev Dr Jon Swabey** for the Apocrypha Discordia (and the previous page), this little symbol "Ⓚ" without which none of this could possibly have been stuck on a printed page 'cos I'd have got my ass sued off.

*Synaptux*

Reverend High Insect Necromancer  
Über-Sub-Agent  
of  
Synptyclypse Generator Sect  
McBeth Cabal



