

Tsujiigiri

ISSUE #1
FREE!



*Tsujiigiri: Classical Japanese word meaning "to try out one's new sword on a chance wayfarer." fnozd



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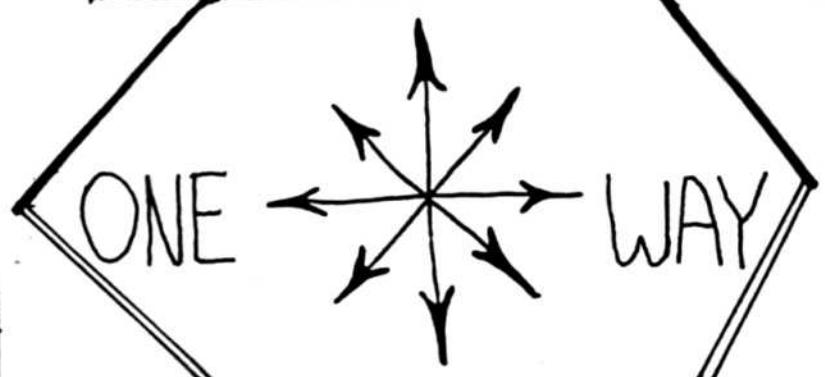
Statement of Chance (not purpose)
Tsujiigiri is a multi-prophet disorganizer, dedicated to the worldwide advancement of Orthodox Discordianism. Founded 1990. Or 1991, I forget. Published at least every Saint Tib's Day, or whenever we deem it necessary. Be warned that the articles in this Official Discordian Document are entirely products of (y)our own imagination (except for those articles which are true*). Anyone in close proximity to this document (or a facsimile thereof) is, temporarily at least, a member of the Hermetic Disorder of the Martyred Kneecap Cabal. Please reproduce and pass out freely (the document, that is).

* All articles which are true are entirely the products of someone else's imagination.



[Addendum: This is actually the third version of this issue. The text in the first version was (for reasons unknown) shrunk to microscopic size, and could only be read by a few, causing severe headaches. I then made an enlarged version from the original master, which worked fine. Until I had to get more copies, anyway. The printer I used made it way too dark, thus making much of the print too blurry to read. I lost the masters to both versions, and with the large number of new subscribers, I decided to go back to my old word processor (a Smith Corona PWP 7000LT) and work from the text in memory, meaning I had to do all the cut and paste and so on all over again. I have also made some minor changes in the text, as much of it was very poorly written (what with all the printing mishaps, perhaps fate is trying to keep this issue buried). The changes I've made were only cosmetic, I decided not to do all of the rewriting I really wanted to, mainly because I'm too lazy. Consequently, this issue is still pretty bad - but the future issues improve somewhat.]

TSUJIGIRI
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Commentary on the Principia Discordia

[editor's note: I shall henceforth be offering scriptural interpretation and/or reinterpretation. This is due to Orthodox Discordianism's ever important mission to shed light upon arcane subjects. Be forewarned: casting light on something often creates more shadows]

The Principia Discordia is sprinkled with a number of Sanskrit words and references (as all Sacred Texts should be - just look what it did for Theosophy). For instance, there is an eristic reworking of a well known phrase from the Rig Veda ("Truth is One but men have many names for it") attributed to Patamunzo Linganaada (the latter being Sanskrit for, well, "Penis-bliss"). Also, there is an Indian Apostle to Eris, whose name is Sanskrit for (basically) "All things are either true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, or true, false, and meaningless in some sense" (which, incidentally, sounds a bit like an updated version of syad-vada, the Jain doctrine of maybe.)

All this being so, a significant tale occurs upon page 00048 of the Principia Discordia which seems to have been grossly misunderstood. For those reading this commentary who have no copy of the Principia (shame on you, get one!), I shall offer a brief summary. It is entitled "Zarathud's Enlightenment". It tells how Zarathud (one of the 5 Apostles of Eris), attempting to make fools out of his opponents, asks the Sacred Chao (who was contentedly grazing) what Her Purpose In Life was. According to the text, the Sacred Chao replied "MU". A footnote to this tale informs us that "MU" is the Chinese ideogram for NO-THING. The conclusion of the story reads "Upon hearing this, absolutely nobody was enlightened. Primarily because nobody could understand Chinese."

Well, there are multifarious problems with this conclusion. First, there is some sort of language trickery in play. In Chinese, "mu" (see ideogram 1) actually means "tree." Clearly, this makes little sense. The Chinese word that really means "nothing" is, in fact, "wu" (see ideogram 2). "Mu" does, however, mean "nothing" - only, in Japanese. Now, if we take this as a clue, the fiddling of the first letter ('w' to 'm') suggests a common Discordian code -- the word should be reversed. Now, we get: "UM," which is, of course, the sound one makes when confused. What the importance of this is will become apparent a bit later. A second problem with this conclusion is why Zarathud (who, according to the Principia, was from Europe) was talking to a Chinese speaking Sacred Chao in the first place? Perhaps, as hinted at by the substitution of Chinese for Japanese, there is another language altogether involved in all of this. Which brings me back to what I started talking about; namely, Sanskrit. Here is the clencher: there is a Sanskrit word "मू" (pronounced "Moo" with a slight aspirated sound at the end) that translates as "to be in a state of confusion" (I kid you not, see the appendix to Barbara Stoler Miller's translation of the Bhagavad Gita (Bantam Books, 1986). Now, while Chinese speaking Sacred Chao's are hard to come by in Europe, it is even more unlikely to come across one who speaks flawless Sanskrit. But, they are fairly common in India. This leads me into my next point. This was not a story about Zarathud's enlightenment at all, but of Sri Syadasti's samadhi! He, of course, is the Indian apostle I spoke of earlier (the one with the Sanskrit name). And dig this, he is also the Patron of the Season of CONFUSION. Now, Sri Syadasti, being fluent in Sanskrit, knew what the Sacred Chao said, and immediately achieved union with Eris, thus becoming the Saint of Confusion. Having done so, he promptly got all the facts mixed up, and that is how the tale of "Zarathud's Enlightenment" came to be.

With this knowledge, one may get a much clearer idea of what the Sacred Chao is trying to teach us. "To be confused". This is our goal. If one is in a constant state of confusion, one is always on their toes, flexible, ready to go one way or the other. One who is totally confused (a muhavatar) can easily go with the Flow (be it the Tao, the Luck Plane, Dharma, or the Erisian Surf). Remember, there are those who know (and thus do not know) and those who do not know (who thus know - which in turn means they do not know). They are Clueless. One who has transcended knowing and not knowing is Confused. [Confusion has long been held a True Path towards enlightenment (see, for instance, Dorje Trolo in Chogyam Trungpa's Crazy Wisdom, Shambhala 1991)]. Now that I have discovered the sacred teaching and explained it, your way should be clear. May your confusion be fruitful.

CHIT happens.
Shake your BUDDHI.

Precepts of Orthodox Discordianism (as relayed by Don Coyote)

- 1) Malapropose the Younger did not, as popularly recorded, say, "Discordians of the world stick apart." What he DID say was, that Discordians should "cleave." As the word "cleave" may mean split apart or stick together, this makes matters confusing. As most of us tend to choose the former, Orthodox Discordians must attempt the latter. With the large number of Discordians, it would be difficult for all to unite physically (and probably illegal), so we must strive to synthesize all Erisian teachings from all ages into one somewhat coherent whole.
- 2) The only real pattern is one of recurrent randomness.
- 3) Our symbol is a golden apple with an Eye of Enlightenment. This is the famed "lost" fifth apple of Eris.
- 4) The moon is more important than the sun, as it is more important to have light at night.
- 5) Thou shalt not enjoy suffering.
- 6) Being buried alive does not necessarily prevent one from being ordained a saint.
- 7) Before Hiranagarbha, the Hindu "Golden Egg," the Cosmic Egg of Creation, came the Golden Chicken.
- 8) Puns are the highest form of humor.
- 9) God does play dice with the universe, she is just very lucky.
- 10) Holy people should have long hair, as should all Orthodox Discordians (that they might become holy).
- 11) Anarchy is a State of Mind, not a State of any other kind.
- 12) Orthodox Discordians owe allegiance to Emperor Norton I.
- 13) Never Trust A Trickster!

[note: none of these precepts are binding.]

Invitations to the Dance



POWERFUL SIDE EFFECTS

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Synchronicity... Or Mere Coincidence?

During the writing of this Eristic Document, several odd things have occurred that can best be described as "spooky." Now, I am no stranger to weird things [note: the word "weird" derives from the Anglo-Saxon "wyrd" which meant basically the same as "Tao." Wyrd was the Natural Way]. There is one particular case of coincidence that nearly wiggled me out for good. I had been reading a book by Mr. Poundstone titled Labyrinths of Reason, and had particularly enjoyed the old "Your-brain-is-really-in-a-vat-and-Mad-Scientists-are-hooking-up-electrodes-to-your-neurons-and-making-you-experience-all-this" theory. I spent much of the night wondering if my brain was in a vat, rather than where I "thought" it was (ah, sweet paradox!). The next day, in my college Intro to Psych. class, I was still obsessed with this perplexing idea. I decided that my brain was most likely in a vat, it just seemed to make the most sense (it would explain a lot). I took a break from writing meticulous notes on the teacher's lecture and doodled a brain floating in a clear cylindrical vat. The teacher, I absentmindedly noticed, was changing the subject abruptly and reaching under his desk. He then pulled out - may Goddess strike me mute if I am lying - a human brain floating in a clear cylindrical vat! I think the Mad Scientists in charge were trying to tell me something (oh, the brain, it turned out, was discovered by a teacher in the closet of the home he had just moved into. Someone apparently left it by accident. Rather odd circumstances, huh? How many people forget to pack their human brain-in-a-vat when they move?). At any rate, I'm rambling.

The coincidences I want to mention all pertain to this particular publication/religious movement. It all started one day when I had just come home from purchasing a "Shit Happens Guide to Religion" tee-shirt. In the mail was a letter from Kerry W. Thornley (co-founder of Discordianism), addressed to Don Coyote. Inside this envelope was, among other groovy stuff, an expanded version of the Shit Happens Guide to Religion. I then turned on the television (to get grounded) and there is a Roadrunner cartoon on. I have the sudden realization that Wile E. Coyote is the Coyote of Native American mythology (the Trickster figure). I say to my mother, "See, this is a modern Coyote story..." and begin to ramble as I absentmindedly start flipping through the channels. I stop on a purely random station, and say to my mother (who is at this point thinking I am crazy), "Boy, it is interesting that Coyote should show up like that. He has great timing." Then we notice that the television is spewing forth a documentary of the Frozen Tundra, and that the part we had caught just in time was about how well coyotes can survive in that climate!

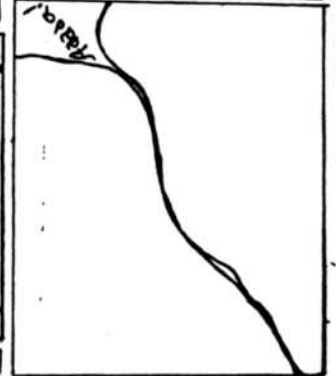
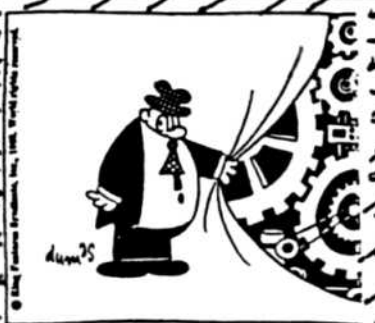
Several days later, soon after completing the Don Coyote interview, things really started getting strange. I read over the Lila Myth (written by Don Coyote, based on the secret oral tradition of Orthodox Discordianism). I then picked up a copy of Mondo 2000 (information overload anarchocyberchaos zine). I flip through, and my eyes fall upon an article about some Australian physicists who are trying to model a theory of physics from a Monist perspective (by the way, besides being an Orthodox Discordian, I am also a Monist - also known as Advaita Vedanta). The project, by the way, is called LILA.

Issue 7, "At Play in the Unified Field" by Nick Herbert, check it out for yourself. If that were not enough, I went to turn the Idiot Box on, naively thinking it will normalize my mind. It was seven in the morning, I had been up all night writing. It was one of the three or so times I had been conscious at that hour to watch TV. I turn it on, and (once again, may Eris paint me purple if I am making this up) the first words to come out of the television were, "Don Coyote will be right back!" For a second I thought I had taken a one way ticket into the Abyss. Then I realize it is a merely a Hanna-Barbera cartoon, "The Adventures of Don Coyote and Sancho Panda." I look in the TV Guide, there it is, Seven AM: Don Coyote. Right next to it is a show called "Freedom." I laugh for about three hours straight. Do you think Eris was trying to tell me something?

Another incident of note involved my girlfriend's father. He had asked her what I was planning to do with my life, or if I even had plans (I'm in between colleges at the moment). She asked me what to tell him. I replied that I was founding a new religion. She asked for something serious. I said that, besides founding a new religion, I plan to finish college somewhere, then go to Harvard Divinity School and be a religion professor (or perhaps a Vedantin priest). I'm not sure what exactly she told her father (I know she did NOT mention my plans to start a new religion), but he used a particular Spanish word to describe me (he's from Spain, by the by). That word was quijotesco, which means "Don Quixote like." I think I'll start that new religion after all!

These are only the grade A synchronicities that have occurred in relation to Tsuigiri, I'm leaving out the weaker ones, as well as the multitude of coincidences not related to this publication. For instance, there was the time that I went to a bookstore I had never been to before and looked in a section I rarely peruse (Music) and discovered a book about Kate Bush that I had been hoping to find somewhere for years. I bought it, later to discover that it had been Kate Bush's birthday! This is even more significant, as, two years ago I was practicing sketching and I attempted to sketch Kate Bush from an album cover. Yes, it was coincidentally on her birthday. Then there was the Star Trek Next Generation episode I saw recently, in which the crew is stuck in a time loop, and a ship keeps popping out of the time warp and crashing into them. I remark to those watching the show with me that the other ship should be called the USS Eldritch. I explained to them that was the name of the ship they used in the Philadelphia Experiment (go find out about that if you don't already know). Anyway, as soon as the show was over, the channel is switched to the station that scrolls all of the program listings for the three hundred or so cable stations. What started scrolling up as soon as it was on was, on HBO, the movie called The Philadelphia Experiment. Cue the Twilight Zone theme music...

But once again I digress. I asked my guru Don Coyote what he thought about all the meaningful coincidences. He told me to read the chapter on Coincidence in Aleister Crowley's Magick Without Tears. He then added enigmatically, "The connection density ratio increases as you approach the Heart of the Web. Who spun it? Weave No Idea."



*Rover - the evil weather balloon from the classic TV show The Prisoner.

It's a great book, too, so go buy one!

The following is from Hindu Myths, translated by Wendy O'Flaherty.

12. FROM THE Bhavisya Purāna
 One day, the lord Atri was practising asceticism on the banks of the Ganges, together with his wife Anasūyā, and he was meditating intently upon the Godhead.⁴¹ The eternal ones, Brahmā, Hari, and Śambhu, approached him, each mounted on his own vehicle,⁴² and told him to choose a boon. The sage who was the son of the Self-created Prajāpati heard their speech but did not say anything in reply, for he was firmly immersed in the highest Self. Observing his emotion, the three eternal gods went to his wife Anasūyā and spoke to her. Rudra himself had a liṅga⁴³ in his hand; Viṣṇu was exhilarated with desire for her; Brahmā's godhead was annulled by lust, and he was entirely in the power of Kāma.⁴⁴ He said, 'Grant me sexual pleasure, or I will abandon my life's breath, for you have caused me to whirl about drunk with passion.' When Anasūyā, who was true to her vow to her husband, heard their improper speech she did not say anything in reply, for she feared the anger of the gods. But the gods, out of their minds, grabbed her by force and prepared to rape her, for they were deluded by the Goddess's magic power.
 Then the sage's beloved and faithful wife became angry and cursed them, saying, 'You will be my sons, for you have been infatuated by desire. The liṅga of the great god, the great head of Brahmā here, and the two feet of Vāsudeva will always be worshipped by men, and so the supreme gods will be the supreme laughing-stock.' When they heard this terrible speech, they bowed to the sage's beloved wife, bent low with reverence, and praised her with Vedic verses as recited by the gods. Then Anasūyā said, 'When you are my little sons, you will be freed from my curse and you will be content.' Then Brahmā became Candramas, Hari became Dattātreya, and the lord Hara became incarnate as Durvāsas. And they all became yogis in order to dispel that evil.

Man's body found at recycling center



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In the Beginning was the Void, and from the Void came Chaos. From Chaos issued forth the planets and the Sun, and everything else that is in the world. However, the Earth was not as it is now. Back then it only had dirt and one big ocean. For some reason, known only to Chaos, the Earth also had a coyote. Now this coyote, being the playful sort, soon grew tired of the Earth. One day, while attempting to amuse himself by confusing his shadow (a difficult hobby which consisted of a lot of quick gyrations and spontaneous displays of dexterity), Coyote had an idea. He would steal a bit of chaos for his enjoyment.

As Coyote was made from Chaos himself, this task was easy. He merely had to expel some of it from his lungs. First, Coyote blew as hard as he could. Sure enough, fragments of Chaos came forth. Oddly, the things which came out of this Chaos were all invisible, unless you knew just how to look. These were the spirits. Coyote, always trying to outdo himself, decided to give these spirits material objects to live in, if they so wanted. This entailed howling, for the vibrations of speech gave form to the Chaos. A yowl or two later, there was a huge clump of pure manifest Chaos in front of Coyote.

Joyfully, he started rolling the clump around. Everywhere the Chaos touched, something happened. Plants and trees sprang up, mountains rose, rivers ran, and rocks formed. Many of the spirits decided to dwell in these things, and this made Coyote happy. Not only had the entire face of the planet changed, but it was infused with life. However, Coyote noticed there were many more spirits sulking about. They did not want to join in the Game. Well, Coyote certainly did not want to leave anyone out, so he devised a plan. With part of the remaining Chaos, he created thousands of coyotes. Almost immediately, he realized that wasn't quite right. So, he altered each coyote until it was completely unique; turning fur into feathers and scales, shrinking and stretching bodies. Eventually, Coyote had created all the species of animals, fish, and insects. A bored Coyote can accomplish quite a lot, if he has a bit of Chaos! Most of the remaining spirits decided to try on these physical "costumes" and join in the fun. Still, there remained a few spirits who were being rather stubborn.

For these, Coyote did something special. He fashioned the silliest looking creatures he could imagine - sort of bald, snub nosed, awkward coyotes who walked only on their hind legs. In each of them, he placed an extra piece of Chaos so they would be able to create their own fun. Nearly all of the remaining spirits took these forms. Indeed, just as Coyote expected, they managed to create quite a bit of Chaos. Their creative folly brought about love, art, music, religion, and a host of other things which they enjoyed. They, of course, remembered not to take themselves too seriously, because they were really just invisible Chaos spirits in manifest Chaos bodies. Life was a game with no winners or losers. The play was what was important. For a while, everything was good. They played fairly and no one ever got hurt (unless they chose to play a tragic role).

Coyote was so pleased with these players, that he forgot about the few remaining spirits who had no forms. Instead of trying to do something to accommodate them, he went off into the world to try and rework that idea of more coyotes which looked like himself. He eventually came up with the idea of breeding, and sex became his favorite creation of Chaos. He liked it so much, he gave the skill to whoever else wanted it. The animals and humans (as the snub nosed furless coyotes became known) took to this immediately, and the plants and flowers adapted it to their own needs. Thus was there change. The Chaos spirits found that they could create forms, leave present forms, and inhabit others. They saw it as merely playing different roles in a play.

However, those spirits which did not want to join in the fun grew more and more grumpy. They did not understand the purpose of frivolity, for they were Serious. Seriousness is just one of those odd things which come out of Chaos every now and again, only She knows why. After a while, these spirits decided that everyone else should be serious as well. Because they lacked the understanding of play, they could never think creatively. One by one, they entered bodies to be born into the world. They preferred Human form, as they seem to have the most influence (this was, of course, due to the extra Chaos that Coyote had given them so they could be especially silly). These Serious unplayful beings worked very hard to end Joy. After a while, people actually started listening to them. Only Chaos knows why. Because of this, people began to take their roles too seriously, and stopped having fun. They even forgot that they were all formed out of Chaos. They then started being destructive and judgmental. People who did not take life seriously were often punished. This caused all sorts of problems, and the age was for the first time disharmonious.

Coyote noticed this and was rather displeased. He took it upon himself to remind everyone that they are the very stuff of Chaos, and to enjoy life. Coyote plays tricks on us, adds surprise to our lives, and disrupts our staid plans. This is why, to this day, Coyote and his descendants howl so much, to try and reawaken the Chaos within us. Unfortunately we have long ignored his call to abandon seriousness. To some, the song of the coyote sounds mournful - but if you listen to it just right, you can hear the ecstatic abandon, the pure source of creative power, and a hint of rascally laughter...

A Few Quotes from Diogenes the Cynic (b. 404 BCE)

- "When I die, throw me to the wolves. I'm used to it."
- "I pissed on the man who called me a dog. Why was he surprised?"
- "In a rich man's house, there is no place to spit but in his face."
- "If, as they say, I am only an ignorant man trying to be a philosopher, then that may be what a philosopher is."
- "To a woman who had flopped down before an altar with her butt in the air I remarked in passing that the god was also behind her."
- "Why not whip the teacher when the pupil misbehaves?"
- "Beggars get handouts before philosophers because people have some idea of what it's like to be blind and lame."
- "A choirmaster pitches the note higher than he knows the choristers can manage. So do I."



Discordia's Advocate

Our Lady of Chaos has informed me that She recently re-read the Christian Bible, and while she found many things she agreed with, there was one big flaw. "It's this whole Fall of Man thing that got me steamed," she explained. I asked her to elaborate, here is what she said: "Well, Adam and Eve were kicked out of Paradise because they ate of the fruit of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Now, according to the text, they were innocent of Good and Evil before munching on the apple. My beef with Jehovah is this - how could Eve and Adam have known it was wrong to eat this fruit if they had no concept of good and evil before eating it? I asked Mr. Bigshot Himself, and he said that they were kicked out of Eden because they disobeyed His command (don't eat the fruit of the Knowledge of Good and Evil). I pointed out that they could not have known it was wrong to disobey Him until after they had eaten the fruit, so the whole thing is moot. I think any half decent lawyer could have gotten them off. Jehovah just sulked at that. I think He's still upset that I disproved his omnipotence. All I did was ask Him to create a boulder that was so heavy He could not lift it. He never had a head for paradox, poor fellow."



A Must!

Zenarchy is a veritable Orthodox Discordian Manifesto - one of my personal Favorites!

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"Lila- The divine play; the Relative. The creation is often explained by the Vaishnavas as the lila of God, a conception that introduces elements of spontaneity and freedom into the universe. As a philosophical term, the Lila (the Relative) is the correlative of the Nitya (the Absolute)."
- The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna

"...Coyote and his kin represent the sheerly spontaneous in life, the pure creative spark that is our birthright as human beings and that defies fixed roles or behavior. He not only represents some primordial creativity from our earlier day, but he reminds us that such celebration of life goes on today, and he calls us to join him in the frenzy. In an ordered world of objects and labels, he represents the potency of nothingness, of chaos, of freedom - a nothingness that makes something of itself." -Erdoes and Ortiz, American Indian Myths and Legends

tell 'em who sent you!

Divine Play

Many centuries had passed since Coyote had created the life of Earth from a stolen bit of Chaos. Mankind had, for the most part, forgotten that he was part of this Chaos, and had grown Serious. Coyote decided that if they wanted to be serious, that was their trip, and he let them be. He was much happier hanging out with the dolphins anyway, a species which was entirely dedicated to play. However, Coyote still had hope that Human kind would remember their true nature someday. He so loved them that he sent one of his many daughters into their domain to teach them. Her name was Lila, and this story is about her teachings.

Lila took the form of a beautiful human female; flowing hair the color of raven feathers, ever present mischievous smile and a twinkle in her eyes. She moved like a glowing candle flame in a gentle breeze, a living personification of grace. She was a cosmic giggle in earthly form.

Not knowing what state she would find mankind in, Lila was relieved to see they really weren't all that bad. Children, for instance, knew instinctively where they came from. Lila often spent time with children, laughing and playing in innocent anarchy. She noticed that the adults also played, but usually took themselves entirely too seriously. Their games were not played for the sake of playing, but for winning. Lila decided she must teach that games with winners also had losers, and that was unfortunate. Besides, those kinds of games only lasted until some person or team won, rather than forever, as games played for their own sake do - with no losers. Obviously, people would get along better if the goal was to continue the play, that was a positive approach.

Lila found very few adults willing to listen to her, and far fewer who understood what she meant. They had been far too conditioned to be somber - life was considered a burdensome task to them, rather than the joyous gift of freedom that it was. They forgot that life was from Chaos itself. Even worse, they had a negative attitude towards Chaos - their Mother. Lila shook her head in bemused wonder at the human condition. She set out on a journey through the ages to teach humans of their Source. She had great success with a handful of people, such as a Greek fellow named Dionysis who found joy in Spirits, an elderly Chinese gentleman by the name of Lao-tse, a European theologian named Erasmus (who later wrote a book in praise of Lila), not to mention countless artists, clowns, and poets.

Well, it was a start. She eventually decided to wait for people to come to her in search of understanding (after all, if they wanted to be serious, such was their decision). Anyone with the desire to learn inevitably came across Lila, for she was an aspect of Pure Chance.

One day, a Seeker of Truth came to Lila. He was a curious but somewhat disillusioned young man, whose name was Hector Keshava. He approached Lila timidly, not wishing to disturb her.

"My brother," exclaimed Lila with joy, "you have no need to be afraid. Come, sit, and we shall talk." She waved her hand invitingly and patted the floor beside her. Hector sat down awkwardly.

"I come before you, O Revered Mother, to find Truth." Lila smiled gleefully and spoke in her endearing sing-song voice, "Please, I am your sister. Your Mother, indeed, the mother of all things, is Chaos."

Hector raised his eyebrows in alarm. "But how could life have come from such a disharmonious strife-filled source?"

"Chaos does not mean strife. That old bore Marduk is to blame for that mistake, he never was very intelligent, the poor dear. That is a fundamental problem with human society, words and definitions get mixed up and then enslave the mind. A charming student of mine, Chuang-tsu, once wrote a clever joke: 'A fish net is used for catching fish. Once the fish are caught, you should discard the net. Rabbit traps are used for catching rabbits. Once you catch a rabbit, you have no more need of the trap. Likewise, words are used to convey meaning. Once you have the meaning, you may forget the words.' Now, let's forget words so we can talk. You see, the Chaos of which I am talking about means the raw creative source, and that is a positive force. Chaos has nothing to do with order or disorder, at

least not in the sense I am speaking of. So you should look beyond the word 'chaos' and see the meaning. After all, the menu doesn't taste like the meal!" Lila Smirked.

Though Lila's voice was as melodious as a flute, the meaning seemed to dance out of reach for Hector. He was confused, and asked Lila to elaborate. Lightheartedly, she pulled a coin from Hector's ear, then flipped it into the air ten times, letting Hector see the result each time.

Heads, tails, heads, heads, tails, heads, tails, heads, tails, tails.

Hector shrugged. He saw nothing unusual, it seemed perfectly ordinary. Just a bunch of random tosses of a coin. Lila mischievously snatched up the coin and tossed it ten more times.

Heads, heads, heads, heads, heads, heads, heads, heads, heads, heads.

Hector was taken aback. He demanded to see the coin, suspecting it was a trick of some kind.

"There, you see," chided Lila, "even the concepts of order and disorder are misunderstood by you. Remember, there is an equal probability for any combination of results in a coin toss. It is no more miraculous for it to end up all heads than it is to be evenly divided. Your mind merely imposed the concept of "order" over one result and "disorder" on another. However, the only real pattern is one of recurrent randomness. Indeed, you could even say that the idea of order came from randomness."

Hector was still bewildered, but at least intrigued by his playful teacher. "But I have always thought of Chaos and randomness as frightful and harmful. What gives?"

Lila grinned impishly. "Ah, that is the result of taking life too seriously. Instead of seeing life as a delightful web of improvisation, Serious people want scripts. They don't want to act, they want to Direct. Because there is a lack of control in Chaos, these people fight against it. It is because they fear it and fight it that it becomes hurtful." Seeing the muddled expression upon Hector's face, Lila went on. "Think of Chaos as a huge river that winds all around and goes to who knows where. Now, we are in that river. People who don't trust it, who are scared of the mysterious flow, try to swim against the current or even attempt to scramble onto the river banks, only to get hurled against them violently. Now, obviously these misguided people would (understandably) decide that the river is cruel and make it synonymous with strife and danger and disorder. However, those who decide to go with the flow, to trust that the river knows where it is going and enjoy the trip - become one with the river - are carried effortlessly and safely forward. Is it not better to trust the Chaotic flow from which we came and revel in it? Remember, it is not the river that is bad, it is resisting the river which causes grief and harm."

Hector abruptly felt illumined. "Why of course! How silly of me to have been fighting my natural creative nature for so long! Tell me, what must I do now that I trust chance?"

Lila clapped her hands together excitedly. "Just remember that life is an improvisation, we are free to be anything, to play any role. Interpret anything which chance deals you positively, everything an opportunity to experience the joy and wonder of life. See all other people for what they are, fellow players of the game. Cooperation is the key to prolonging the play, so make no separate teams. Do not be afraid, be in bliss. Give in to the natural flow of life. Be creative, for that is your birthright. Thanks to the chaos within you, anything can be brought into being for the enhancement of joy for everyone and everything. Always use this power positively."

Upon hearing this, Hector began doing somersaults and laughing happily. He gave Lila a great big hug and went off to join in the dance of life.

"Chaos often breeds life when order breeds habit." -Henry Brooks Adams

"I tell you: one must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star!" -Nietzsche

"There is a serenity in Chaos
Seek ye the eye of the hurricane."
-Malaclypse the Younger

Oldest Profession -

The young woman found the conversation so amusing that she joined a surgeon, an architect and a politician who were arguing about whose profession was the oldest.

"Prostitution," she said, "That was the first and thus oldest profession."

"But Eve was made from Adam's Rib," said the surgeon. "That was a surgical procedure."

"Yes," said the architect, "but before that, order was created out of chaos. That most certainly was a job done by an architect."

"That's right," shot back the politician. "But don't forget - somebody created the chaos first!"



Tsujiqiri -
It's a chip off the ol'
Uncarved Block!

5.

Well, hope you enjoyed this humble revelation filled zine. Please feel free to send in your questions, answers, comments, criticisms, art, left kneecaps, testimonials, rants, donations, or what have you. No guarantees any submissions will be printed (or even that there will be a Tsujiqiri #2) Remember, Practice Random Kindness and Senseless Acts of Beauty. Wavy Gravy is God. Be Seeing You.

Next issue: Erisian Ahimsa Self -
Defence (Non-Duelism);
Chaos Religions; + MORE!

