

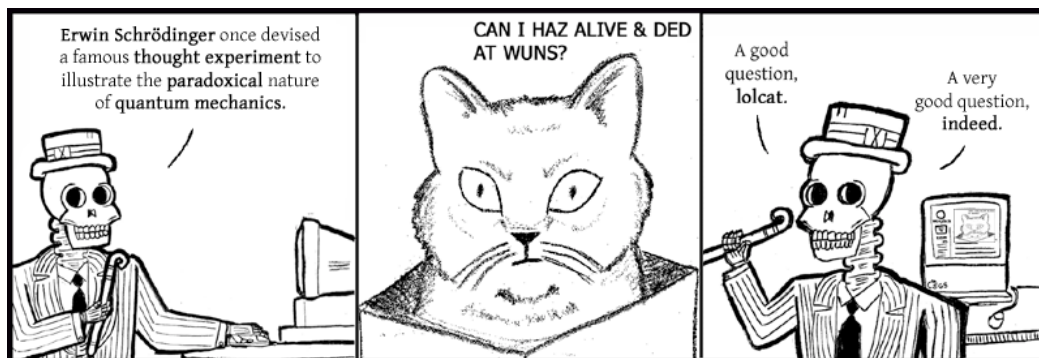


À la
vue de l'ouffon
M. J. de la Vierge



コンテンツ

Contents: Introduction 4. {Gardening Section:} Guerrilla Gardening 5. Guerrilla Gardening? 5. Moss Paint 6. The Discordian Gardener 7. {Games Section:} SF0 8. Sf0 Praxis by Wild Bear 9. The Dreaming 11. {Pranks Section} Operation Mindfuck 13. Rondelhund 14. Mary Toft 14. Self Reference 15. Why I put up posters by Cramulus 15. Effective Micropamphleting by the Barry Bittwister Cabal 16. Discordians Stick Apart by Cramulus 20. {Addendum Section} Discordian Events by Johnny Brainwash. Extract from the Lolcat Bible 23. Anarchist Utopia by St Verbatim 23. Arvin the Sculptor 24. A Discordian Argument against Anarchism by Cain AND Re: A Discordian Argument against Anarchism by Ratatost 26. Chao Te Ching Excerpt 28. Hans in Luck 28. The Drop of Water 32. Premade Poster 34. Credits 35. Letters to the editor go to: intermittens@gmail.com.



Well. Here we go.

This issue is was originally called the 'Meet Space' edition, "dedicated to the real world. To the ways in which we interact with our universe."

However my habit of consistently going, ooh I like that, I'll add that, that would be good, what about this, has led to more of a mish-mash approach to things, and ultimately, one that I'm more satisfied with. And I suppose this is good. After all, most magazine tend to have a focus for an issue, but will still explore regular segments and so on.



There's a couple of things I've done here, pointedly. One, is avoiding being SUPER EXTRA DISCORDIAN. It's a Discordian magazine, and I think that oozes out of the very fabric of Intermittens enough that we don't have to overstate the discordianosity. But I'm preaching to the converted; there's already plenty of this going on with those who have come before me (whom I sincerely salute). Just as a note of explanation though, I do remind you it's not all Discordian, or explained. Sometime I want YOU to work out what the point is. Sometimes because I'm not so sure myself.



Also I have this 'thing' about believing everyone should at least have a basic understanding of another language. I personally speak Japanese, and have included a smattering of different languages in here.

The cover of this edition is by the talented Mel Roach and has been made specially for us. It is of a woman called Mary Toft (or Tofts) and I would like to dedicate this issue to her, and propose her as mighty good Discordian saint material.

I would also like to make mention that after this edition, I am renouncing my role as a Discordian, and will cease to believe any of it. However, I will be continuing to fake allegiance for the sake of saving face in front of my peers.

Please enjoy. (PLEASE! PLEASE)

O Placid Dingo, Keeper of the Peace.

壹：園芸

Guerrilla gardening is political gardening, a form of direct action, primarily practiced by environmentalists. It is related to land rights, land reform, and permaculture. Activists take over ("squat") an abandoned piece of land which they do not own to grow crops or plants. Guerrilla gardeners believe in re-considering land ownership in order to reclaim land from perceived neglect or misuse and assign a new purpose to it.

Some guerrilla gardeners carry out their actions at night, in relative secrecy, to sow and tend a new vegetable patch or flower garden. Others work more openly, seeking to engage with members of the local community, as illustrated in the examples that follow. It has grown into a form of proactive activism or pro-activism. (Wikipedia)



Guerrilla Gardening?

...¡hay de todos los colores y formas! ¡Es divertido! ¡Y es muy fácil!

¡Guerrilla Gardening hace posible la jardinería en la ciudad para todo el mundo! Todo lo que se necesita para empezar son las ganas de hacer algo, unas cuantas ideas, y algunas plantas.

Instrucciones breves:

1. Busca un trozo de terreno abandonado, preferentemente en tu barrio. En Berlín los alcorques de los árboles, las superficies abandonadas o los cubos para plantas inutilizados son especialmente adecuadas.
2. Decide que es lo que te gustaría plantar, y si tu decisión tiene sentido. Las plantas resistentes, y las flores de crecimiento rápido ofrecen resultados muy exitosos al principio.
3. En comunidad es más divertido, ¡busca aliados! ¡Habla con amigos y vecinos!
4. Planta tu jardín. A lo mejor también tienes que llevar un poco de tierra, y en cualquier caso, ¡regar las plantas después de plantarlas!
5. A veces tiene sentido proteger el jardincillo contra los desafíos de la ciudad. Por ejemplo, con una vallita contra los perros o los pies humanos.
6. ¡Cuida tu jardín con amor! Pasa por allí regularmente y riega.
7. Y si alguna vez algo no sale como esperabas, ¡no dejes que te desmotive! ¡Habla con otros vecinos! La mayoría encontrará tu iniciativa estupenda y te apoyarán como mínimo moralmente. ¡Y a lo mejor algunos también empiezan contigo!

Copyleft
Gruenewelle.org 2007.
All rites reversed.

MOSS PAINT

To make a quick moss starter, you'll need:

One or two clumps (about a small handful) of moss

2 cups of buttermilk

2 cups of water (or beer)



1/2 tsp. sugar

a blender
container with lid
paintbrush

How to:

1. Crumble the moss into the blender – try to remove any pebbles or insects you find.

2. Add the sugar, buttermilk, water or beer, and blend at the lowest speed until it has the consistency of a milkshake (add more water if necessary).

3. Paint the mixture onto rocks, logs, pots or statuary, or simply pour it on the ground wherever you'd like your moss to grow.



OR: Create some living graffiti. Paint your chosen design on any shaded, damp vertical or horizontal surface. Porous, moisture-retentive surfaces work best (brick, wood, coarse concrete).

The moss starter method works best if it is kept moist until well-established. A twice-weekly misting with a spray bottle is ideal.



Posted by Andrea Bellamy at 6:31 pm

<http://heavypetal.ca/archives/2007/04/operation-moss-graffiti/> This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported License](#).

The Discordian Gardener.

Gardening seems such a brutal art, so often unrewarding, and so often the very model of the Aneristic Principal. Consider; the patch of grass. We measure and mark out the part that is garden, and the part that is not. Then we tear up the garden, add dirt and seeds, and then fill it with woodchip and surround it with logs just to ensure the distinction between 'garden' and 'not-garden' is very clear. Naturally this causes trouble. The plants start to wander outside of the garden. The grass starts to wander into the garden. How to keep these two lovers separate? How? How?

The antithesis of this jealously guarded garden, I saw in the chook shed. Chooks given scraps from the garden and kitchen will produce a lovely mess of deteriorating plant matter. Under layers of compost, seeds will begin to grow. If left, they will either eek out an existence hiding from chickens or they will be gobbled up again. But generally, it is in the chook shed where fruit trees begin, where plant waste regrows and where maintenance is minimal.

Discordia is based on the balance of order and disorder, which is the perfect premise for gardening. A maintained disorder. Allow nature to do most the work, growing its own trees and plants where it likes. Give it space. Then, when the disorder threatens the whole thing (if Lantana should invade, if getting to the house becomes impossible, or simply if there's a stack of lovely composting seeds you want to give the best chance in life) come in and do your thing. Chop up what is too big, and use it as compost. Tear out what is a threat and burn it. Plant what is not yet underground. Find what is sizzling to death and water it. Find what is verging on rotten and drain it. The central premise of Discordian gardening is that you facilitate nature's path instead of seeking to define it. However, for the sake of wordcount, we can also use the stages of the Discordian year as a kind of model.

1. Chaos. The natural, natural state. Complete absence of control. Wilderness.

2. Disorder. This is basically where it's all getting a bit out of hand and we can't hold it all together. The balance has been tipped, and not in your favour. We're getting weeds, hiding spots for cane toads, wrigglers in puddles etc.

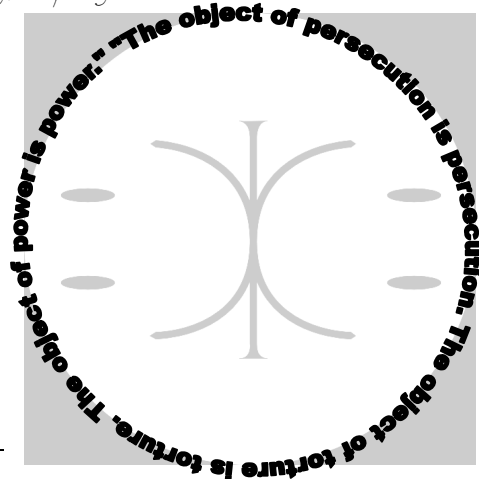
3. Confusion. The beginning of man's imposition of order. This is not systematic at this point, and may not even be conscious. The pulling of irritating or potentially harmful weeds, the movement of branches causing trouble, or just the need to kick a rock down a hill as you keep stubbing your toe on it.

4. Bureaucracy. This is the best time for the Discordian as ee gets to really get in there and get a piece of the action. This is the time to weed the bad stuff so the new stuff has room. A time to plant the fallen fruits and compost seeds. To transplant the stronger saplings to where they will suit best. To mulch, to poison, to sew! Onwards!

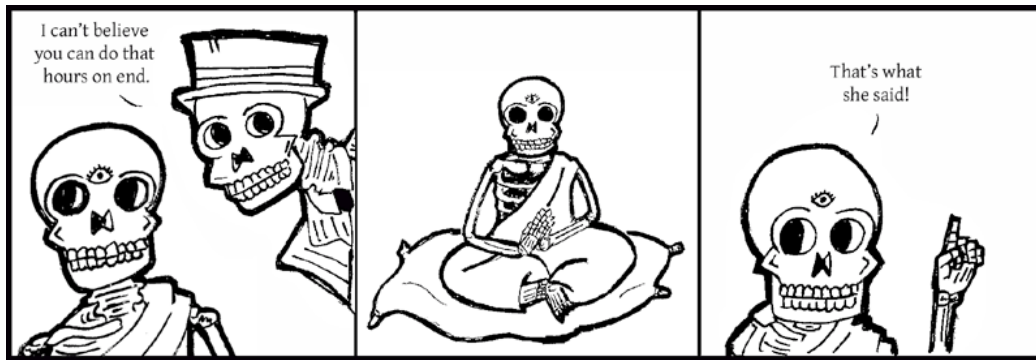
5. Aftermath. The slow return to Chaos. The order takes strength, then disorder creeps in, bringing the balance back.

Love and enjoy your garden. If you don't have a garden, adopt a piece of public property and start improving it. In many cases you will need to start at a rigidly enforced state of Bureaucracy, and move straight to aftermath. See how you go.

Happy gardening. Dingo.



式：遊技



With the heat reaching towards 30, with a day as yet unscheduled, I trekked up a long dirt path in the sun in Dulchara National Park until I reached an abandoned train tunnel, ran through it, then walked home. 15 points.



The run was a task (find something that can be run through, and run through it) from an online game called SF0 (sf0.org). The game is structured very similarly to one such as WoW; players operate in a large scale map (originally San Francisco, hence SF, now only limited to the Earth) working alone

or collaboratively to achieve goals with the aim of leveling up. The difference is that the game is built not on the escapism of the real world, but on forging new relationships with the physical world, developing a new interaction with ones environment by responding to it in new and innovative ways.

Players are asked to explore their environment, to go on long journeys (derive, straight line) to add to and manipulate their surroundings (create public art opportunities, install a coloured light bulb) and to share and interact with fellow players (tasks are developed, submitted and voted for by player, and each completed task must be evidenced online.)

So why would one need to join an online group to get up and interact with their urban environment? Can't you go around changing light bulbs and launching ambitious art projects without the need to 'level up'? You can, obviously, but to simply flit between solo endeavours misses the point of Real World Gaming. These games, like Parkour, guerrilla gardening or activist groups maintain the construction of community, based on common action, in this case through the medium of games and tasks. Sure, you could get the same kind of scenario from

a group of gamers levelling up for finding virtual lost treasure, but SF0 adds in the element of exploring means of engagement with the outside world; and anyway, who wants 100 virtual gold for killing a paladin when you can get 15 virtual points for feeding a pig a pancake? (article; placiddingo.com)

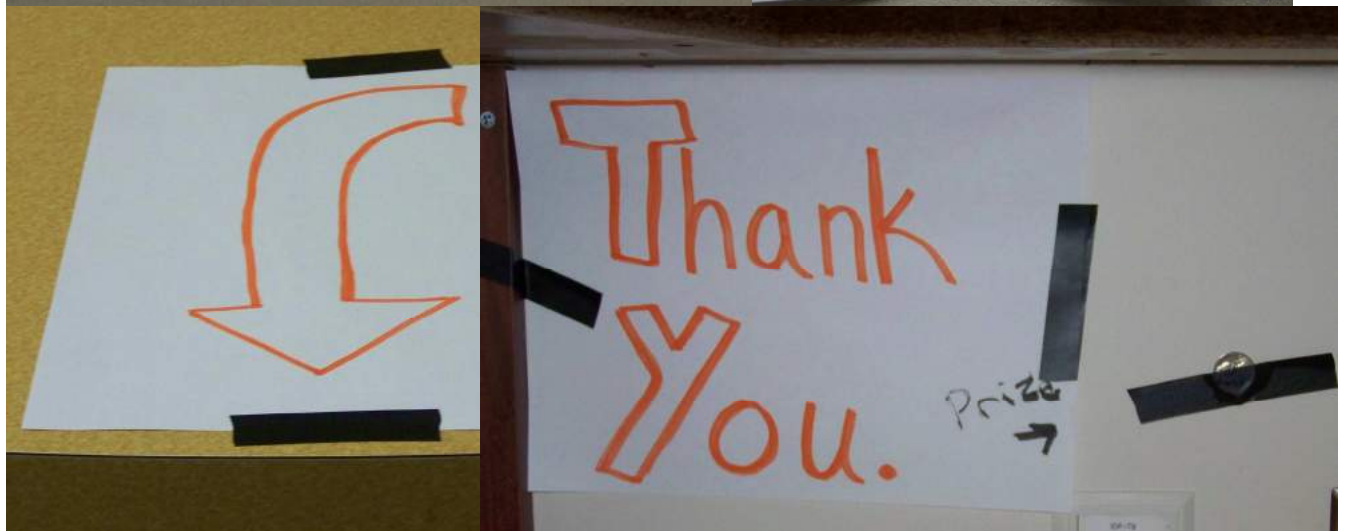
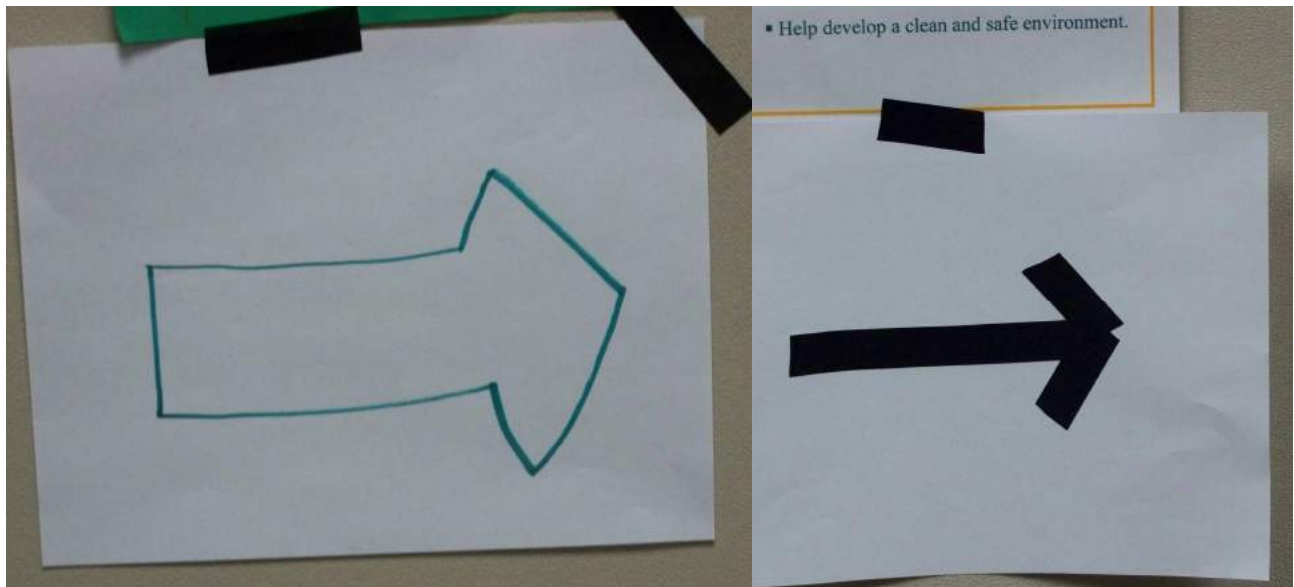
Sf0 Task.

Task: Leave Clues.

Player: Wild Bear

Praxis:







the dreaming

Players pick areas of the real world which would be good spots to play. They use Dreamscaping rituals to give these places a special meaning, and then gather other players there for feasts, tournaments, or adventures. Characters can put curses on each others territories, or st



The Dreaming involves a form of collaborative storytelling. Players document game events by posting blogs, pictures, or videos to the social-networking site. Adventures and folklore can be written by other players too.

There are four unique races to choose from, each with their own flavor and motivations. The game's story is up to the players - you can choose your role within the Dream society. The Dreaming is a great excuse to get out, meet some new people, and experiment with new ways of having fun. Come play - we are excited for you to be a character in our story! <http://dreamings.ning.com>

What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 77K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 77K, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 77K.
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

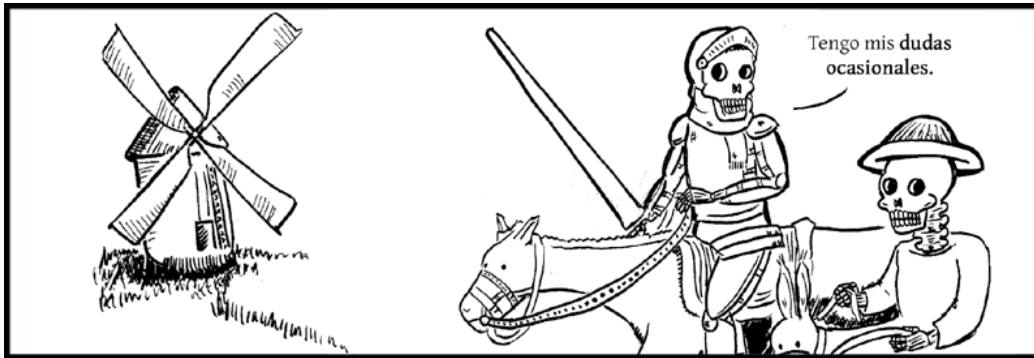
Name _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
(if any) State _____

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

参: プランク



Operation Mindfuck or OM is an important practice in the Discordian religion. The concept was developed by Kerry Thornley and Robert Anton Wilson in 1968 and given its name by Wilson and Robert Shea in *The Illuminatus! Trilogy*. It is most often manifested as a decentralized campaign of civil disobedience, activism, art movements, especially performance art and guerrilla art, culture jamming, graffiti and other vandalism, practical jokes, hoaxes, reality hacking, chaos magic, words of power, trolling and anything else that is believed to bring about social change through disrupting paradigms and thus forcing the victim to question the parameters of one's reality tunnel. (Wikipedia)

Did you see the movie Matrix? Actually the induced night "dream world" is synonymous with the academic religious induced daytime "word world" enslavement of humans. Word has no inherent value, as it was invented as a counterfeit and fictitious value to represent natural values in commerce. Unfortunately, human values have declined to fictitious word values. Unknowingly, you are living in a "Word World", as in a fictitious life in a counterfeit nation - which you could consider Matrix induced "Dream World". Can you distinguish the academic induced "Word World" from the natural "Real World"? Beware of the change when your brain is free from induced "Word World" enslavement - for you could find that the natural "Real World" has been destroyed



A roundabout dog

(Swedish: *rondellhund*, originally *Östgötsk rondellhund*, "Ostrogothian roundabout dog") is a form of street installation, which began occurring during the autumn of 2006 in cities and towns all over Sweden.

Anonymous people put out homemade dog sculptures, typically made of wood (or sometimes plastic, metal and phenomenon has been also started occurring in other being mentioned on Spanish tabloid paper *Expressen* Circus. (Wikipedia)



textile) in roundabouts. The reported all over Sweden and has countries, such as Spain after it was television (PuntoDos). Swedish even placed one at Piccadilly

Mary Toft (née **Denyer**; c. English woman from the subject of considerable believing that she had given birth

1701–1763), also spelled **Tofts**, was an Godalming, Surrey, who in 1726 became controversy when she tricked doctors into to rabbits.

Toft became pregnant in 1726, but by a rabbit she had seen while birth to parts of animals. Local investigate, and upon delivering prominent physicians. The matter André, surgeon to the Royal Britain. St. André investigated and truth. The king also sent surgeon remained sceptical. By now quite and was studied at length. Under rabbits, she eventually confessed to imprisoned as a fraud.

later miscarried. Apparently fascinated working, she claimed to have given surgeon John Howard was called to several animal parts he notified other came to the attention of Nathaniel St. Household of King George I of Great concluded that Toft was telling the Cyriacus Ahlers to see Toft, but Ahlers famous, Toft was brought to London intense scrutiny, and producing no more the hoax and was subsequently

The public mockery which followed created panic within the medical profession. Several prominent surgeons' careers were ruined, and many satirical works were produced, each scathingly critical of the affair. The pictorial satirist and social critic William Hogarth was notably critical of the gullibility of the medical profession. Toft was eventually released without charge and returned to her home.

Toft essentially represents the very purpose of *the prank*; to hold a mirror to power and institution and to reveal the nude Emperor, fat and exposed, surrounded by the laughing public. It is proposed as certain that Ms Mary Toft is indeed good material for Discordian Sainthood.

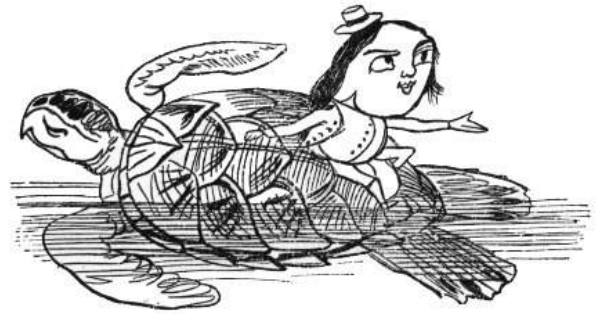
{SELF REFERENCE} : *Intermittens* is a periodical journal of Discordian logorrhea - an incontinent splattering of juicy ideas and corny jokes. Originally produced by the irreverent spags of the Peedy cabal, *Intermittens* is an expanding attempt to document some of the antics going on today in the Discordian Society. **Every issue has a different editor.** All content (unless otherwise marked) is from / for the public domain.

The project is an attempt to create an open-source Discordian magazine. The editors encourage anyone, even you, to haphazardly throw together an issue of what you think is cool. The project itself is a Golden Apple Seed Mission, or GASM, meaning we want your help! We need people who have writing, graphic, and layout skillz. We also need people with the balls to edit their own issue of *Intermittens* and join the elite Editor Cabal. **Do you have what it takes? No, you don't; none of us do. That's why we're making DIY magazines, not professional ones.** And that's why we need more cooks to foul the broth.

Why I Put Up Posters

by Professor Cramulus, ASS

I have a little brown messenger bag which waits by the door for me like a puppy wanting to go out.



In my bag, I carry a few pages of stickers, some markers, post-it notes, pope cards, my notebook, a camera, two fake mustaches, and a folder containing a few hundred posters. I like to walk around the neighborhood, putting up fliers, making changes to signs, and generally having fun.

One day, past midnight, a one-eyed bum approached me on the street. "What've ya got there?" he asked. "I seen your pictures around the neighborhood. What ARE you doing?" This question always stumps me. It's a funtime activity I've never really attached a name to other than "putting up stuff".

Searching my brain for a quick explanation, I eventually told him, "It's art," but the word stuck in my throat. Well I guess you could argue that anything is art, but I don't really consider this art.

I lay in bed that night, the question turning over in my mind: What AM I doing?

For **one**, I'm taking back my environment and gradually transforming it into the place I want it to look like. I just like making everybody's day a little bit more surreal, and this is a really visible way of doing it.

For **two**, I know that somewhere out there, there are other people like me. Other people who appreciate these weird little intrusions into pedestrian reality. My posters are signposts saying "I'm here, and you're not alone."

And for **three**, it sends the message to everyone that public spaces are public property. We all modify our environment by living in it. The sounds and smells and rhythms of the neighborhood are an organic reflection of its occupants. Putting up posters is just like trimming the hedges or mowing the lawn.

Walking through the neighborhood with my bag over my shoulder, my cabal at my side, I'm reminded of don Juan Matus and Carlos Castaneda on their way to Ixtlan, trying to walk with the entities and intelligences of the desert. We're urban shamans, befriending the spirit of the neighborhood. While you go on your ventures, I recommend this attitude, one of respect and stewardship for your environment, your companion on this journey.

Effective Micropamphleting

The Theory Behind Micropamphlets

Despite appearances, micropamphlets are firmly rooted in solid marketing and similar brainwashing techniques. Think "Work From Home" or those Chick tracts and you'll see this isn't new at all. We're not going to bore you with the deep psychology of this, but we do want to mention just enough to maximize the use of the technique. Just trust us, this uses deep magic.

Aside from the advantages of being cheap and easy, the principle advantage micropamphlets have is that they are small. This makes it possible to use the element of surprise as part of a micropamphleting campaign, and is the source of their "magic". If someone finds a card somewhere where they don't expect it, it makes it nearly a certainty that the card will be examined, even if only momentarily. This is miles beyond messages placed where people expect them to be, and are thus largely tuned out and don't even register. (Not that posters, signs, etc., don't have their place -- they do! And they can combine with micropamphleting for an exciting synergistic reaction. See below.)

And, best for last, micropamphleting allows you to more easily leverage the element of surprise in order to mess with people's heads. We'll talk more about this in a bit.

General Suggestions

- Always keep a stack of cards in a pocket you can access easily when you're out and about.
- Don't leave stacks of them in unsupervised places, or in supervised places without permission. They'll vanish without effect too rapidly.
- If you are leaving a stack in a good spot, put them in a business card holder rather than just in a stack on the counter. You can cheaply and easily fashion your own holder out of cardboard or wire or something, with a little imagination.
- Anytime you retrieve something from a machine (change, product, whatever), drop a card in for the next person to find.
- Buy a paper? Leave a card on top of or slipped inside the next paper in the stack.
- Similarly, you can slip them easily into magazines at the checkout stand, books at the bookrack, etc. When doing this, insert the card completely so that it remains hidden until the purchaser actually turns to the page.
- Slip one or two into stacks of other business card stacks sitting in offices and waiting rooms.
- Enter the card in those "free lunch drawing" fishbowls in restaurants.
- Anytime someone in the street hands you something, hand them a card in return.
- Beggars can get cards, too!
- If you micropamphlet the same area heavily, be sure to frequently change the pamphlet design so people won't get too used to seeing them (and start tuning them out).
- Be sure to match the pamphlet's exact message to the audience it's likely to get. Distributing cards that say "Don't Be A Dick" probably won't advance the cause in your local church, but a card that reads "Jesus Says This War Is Evil", with supporting biblical references, might be just the thing.
- For the elections, print up cards supporting the candidates running against the warmongers.
- Don't piss people off by littering or hitting an area so much that people are picking cards out of every nook and cranny. You want people to react to your message, not

because there's an epidemic of soggy, illegible garbage being strewn around. Be cool and be considerate. Look at how much mileage the warmongers are getting simply by being polite.

Advanced Techniques

With a little thought, you can also set up some psychological dissonance (yes, marketers really talk this way). This is valuable because if you successfully induce dissonance, then for a brief split second the viewer's conscious, logical mind is logjammed. For a moment, it's pure subconscious looking at your message, with conscious filtering turned off. Yes, it's very creepy. Yes, it's messing with people's heads. Yes, it's psychological warfare. But that's the nature of the war we've found ourselves in. Marketers do it to you all the time, too, because it can be very effective.



The technique is called disrupt-and-reframe. The surprise of finding a card can provide sufficient disruption, if it has the proper message considering the context it is found in. The card must, necessarily, contain the "reframe" part, which in this case would be some call to action against war.

For instance, a card placed under a windshield wiper is easy to overlook when entering the car, but can still be visible from the driver's seat through the windshield. The card could read, in bold letters, "**There's Blood In Your Gas. Stop The War.**" The disruption is provided not just by the finding of the card, but also the dissonance involved in comingling the concepts of the car they're sitting in with the war (helped along by the similarity between the words "car" and "war"). If you pull this stunt, don't be surprised if some people turn off their car when they see it.



This is a real weapon with which we can fight this war.

One final word of advice. Ideally, your pamphlets should do the following things: Identify the problem, make the viewer feel really uncomfortable about the problem, and offer a way to resolve the problem.

We also encourage everyone to start really paying attention to the other techniques advertisers use all the time, all around you. Use the same techniques yourself. They work -- that's why businesses spend billions doing them.

Using Synergy

The effects of your efforts can be amplified dramatically if you use micropamphleting in conjunction with other efforts such as picketing, normal pamphleting, etc. The key is to have a common graphic/layout/design so that the design itself triggers the memory of the other messages. This is the reason companies spend millions on developing logos -- the logo is the common design.

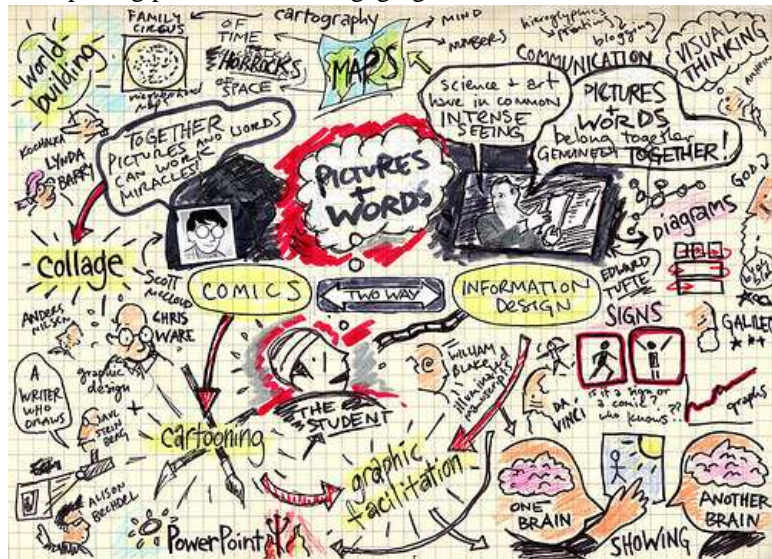
If there is an event planned in the future, do a more intense micropamphleting campaign beginning the week before the event. Make the designs of the cards match the design of the posters, flyers and other materials that will be present at the event. This "fertilizing" of the area will add to the impact of the event literature, and will also reduce the "fear of the unknown" reaction -- the people will have seen the design before, here and there, and so it won't be completely foreign.

Other Ideas

When I was picking up some diecut business cards, I happened to notice a few other items of interest in the same rack. This happened to be an Avery stand, so I'm going to be mentioning Avery products, but I'm sure that other brands produce similar items. I'm not an Avery salesman, honest!

Inkjettable Magnetic Sheets. These are Avery #3270, and are 8.5 x 11 inch sheets of refrigerator-magnet like stuff. I haven't toyed with it too much yet, but this has real potential for putting messages in even more surprising places, without engaging in vandalism.

You can cut the sheets in any way you choose, so how about little skinny strips that you can attach to the tops of door frames? Restroom stalls tend to be made of steel, too. You can give people bumper stickers that won't make them furious, because they can be taken off easily. You could print a really big sign in panels on the sheets, which can be easily pieced together in the field. Add a little decoration to the back of that big ol' truck.



T-Shirt Transfers. (Avery 3271) We've been using these for years (various brands), and they work very well. You just have to remember the image on the shirt is going to be mirror-imaged from what you print.

Window Decals Avery 3276. Clear sheets of plastic-like substance, with adhesive on the back. Don't vandalize by putting permanent markings, decals, or stickers in places that you don't have the OK for. Not just because it's wrong (which it is), but because it will drive people away from a cause they might otherwise support.

Sticker Project Paper. Avery 3383. Just like the magnetic sheets, but using glue instead of magnets. See the note about vandalism above.

JUST ARRIVED

A GENUINE

MEXICAN Tee Nee ORIGINAL
2 Piece Gaily Printed

FIESTA DRESS

- IMPORTED FROM MEXICO! • SIZES 4 TO 14!
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CIRCLE SIZE: 4 6 8 10 12 14

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Joe Sarno

"Discordians Must Stick Apart!"

That's what the scripture tells us. It suggests a few things:

1. Discordians are generally disagreeable and have trouble cooperating
2. When human beings gather up, they're unable to get anything done without a leader, and all leaders are tyrants
3. Why split up? To quote the great sage Peter Venkman, "We can do more damage that way."

I propose that all three of these assumptions are false (in some sense). When we do manage to coordinate our efforts, we are capable of giant hilarious things. And to quote St. Mae, "Sticking apart is more fun when we do it together!" In my experience, this is the correct motorcycle.

It's not like we have a census or anything, so it's hard to tell how many Discordians there are. Most of us are isolated, disconnected from the greater imaginary society. But the society is there (in some sense)-- Boston and Providence both have growing Discordian communities which regularly prank and jake and shake it up. San Francisco and Portland, Oregon also have surprisingly large collectives of irreligious nutjobs. (Portland even has *two* Discordian operated coffee shops) Tuscon now has a Discordian cabal which reports over 60 members, and there's at least fifteen of us here in Connecticut.

I was at EsoZone in 2008, in which 20+ Discordians actually managed to have a caucus and not strangle each other. I gave everybody print outs from PosterGASM, but there was too much noise to try and coordinate anything. Johnny Brainwash suggested that when planning gatherings, we should look at how college clubs organize themselves. After all, clubs at a university tend to have many people with many different motivations, and often adopt a democratic process for deciding what project to tackle next.

I've never made it to Kallisticon, St. Mae's Discordian convention, but I did participate in some cross-continental ceremony she planned in which we buried Eris's corpse in the earth. Take that, you confusing bitch!

The Day of Discord never fails to disappoint. Our new Discordian tradition, initiated by Rev. St. Synaptaclypse Generator of poee.co.uk (the guy who publishes those awesome hardcover copies of the *Principia*), involves seeking out other Discordians in your area and doing something cool. Two years ago I went a'poster in White Plains NY, and when I got back to my car, I found that I had been counter-postered by other friendly pranksters. Last year I met another awesome spag from Australia. This year, I'm going up to Providence to meet a whole bunch of hilarious malcontents. Hail Eris and Hail Yes!

I've run with a number of meatspace 3D cabals over the years. I started off with the Fairfield Cabal of the Headless Chicken, which consisted of about five jerks who spent nearly all their free time creating pranks and conspiracies at our high school. Years later, I'd form the OBNOXIOUS JERK CABAL, a sect of over-the-top ne'er-do-wells who found enlightenment through screaming at the top of their lungs all the goddamn time. Three of us lived at the OBNOXIOUS JERK CABALHOUSE in Stamford, CT, and two others regularly visited for costumed mayhem. We spent many a Saturday jousting on bikes in front of the mall, or handing out dada sheets and pope cards to innocent bystanders.

I'm also a member of the FOOP cabal, a three person group which is cloaked in mystery and silly hats and watching the movie Labyrinth over and over again until we bleed from the eyes.

You never expect to meet other people who identify with this crazy Discordian thing, but sometimes you find yourself sitting next to one at a wedding, giggling behind your hand. I guess in-jokes are our equivalent of churches. Whenever you are snickering inappropriately, you are in Eris's house.

There's a bit of a paradox in coordinating Discordian meet ups. On one hand, you want to let the fun emerge from the mix on its own. On the other hand, you want to channel that collective energy into something kick ass. I was at a Discordian party last year (in Middletown CT) in which we filled out hundreds of those "business reply mail" cards with absurd answers and mailed them in. It was a good activity because you could do it mindlessly while drinking and it didn't turn the party into a forced absurdity sweatshop. I think there's some wisdom there.

We're out there. *Way* out there. You should come out and join us at the greatest ongoing party of the decade. Speaking for myself, it's really been a nonstop adventure. If you seek out other people who are into Eris, Eris will take you on some really absurd journeys. You can be a spectator, or you can be a participant, the game's already started and we're all taking home the trophy. Hands up if you bought the t-shirt, you know the one with the smiley face? Stand up if you're going the distance, the finish line of the human race. ; Cramulus.

Discordian Events

Day of Discord 2009 and Fools Day 2010 (Johnny Brainwash)

5/23/09

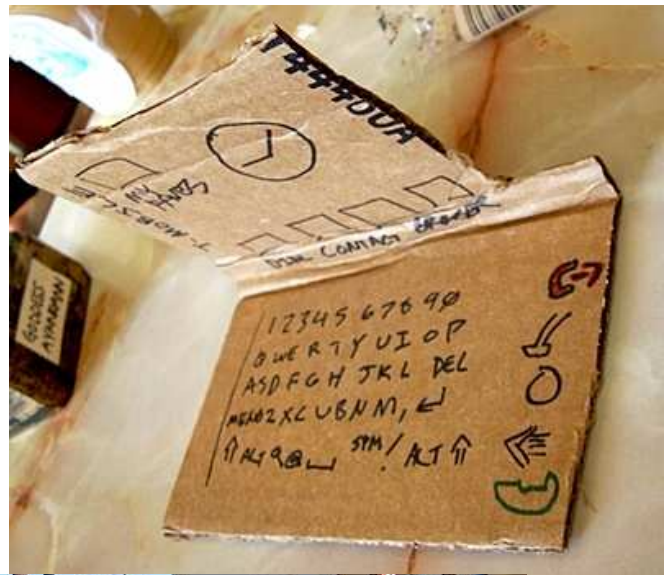
Portland, OR

We met up at the coffee shop more or less on time, more or less prepared to terrorize the neighborhood as a roving band of cargo cultists. After lots of caffeination and baked goods, we headed out on the sidewalk.

After that we went to the park and grilled massive amounts of food until sometime after dark. We performed several posthumous gay marriages by proxy, including Ronald Reagan to Aleister Crowley. Then we returned to Chateau Brainwash and drank more beer.

In total, about 25 people took part. Most of them identified as discordians in some sense. Some just ate the food. It's all good. Photos by Crawford and Trevor, I think.

Eds note; no info on 2010 but contact details here;
<http://johnnybrainwash.com/dod/dayofdiscord.html>



FOOLS DAY

A Journey of Initiation, or Whatever.

FEATURING

from San Francisco
The New Eccentrics

Portland's Own
Duke of Uke

**Reverend Doktor DJ
Princess Starbright
Crystal Initiatrix**

Thursday, April 1
8 PM
The Parlour
2628 SE Powell



Free ! Free ! Free ! Free !

Fools Day happened on April 1, not surprisingly, at The Parlour, SE Portland's Mustachioed Venue. My guess is that we drew a little over 30 people, and at least half were people we didn't know.

There was about an hour of chatting and activities, including 60-second tarot, balloon animals, painting and um, drinking I guess. DJ PCS Initiatrix kept up the background weirdness.

We opened with the invocation of St Gulik, and I got a response from the crowd for nearly every line. The calling of the quarters was based on the discordian seasons, with each standing up in the audience and doing its thing as it was called. Then Ms Monstrrr introduced the Duke of Uke, who tried out a bunch of David Bowie songs that were in beta and



received the crowd's approval. Then Ms Monstrrr summoned the demon Technocrust and we were on with the show.

The play went off pretty well. The audience laughed at most of the laugh lines and was generally engaged, much to our surprise. The first act ended with the New Eccentrics performing a song about entropy, then some PSAs for our friends' shows, the second act and another New Eccentrics song. Then the New Eccentrics put on the world's only pop-up book musical, we blazed through the closing ceremonies in 15 seconds of obscenity and confusion, and we all danced. Everyone. At swordpoint if necessary.



The event was total win. We actually got total strangers to sit through our bullshit and enjoy it. We made some new friends, the Parlour had a good night, the New Eccentrics and the Duke of Uke picked up some new fans, and oh yeah, we ritually entered the Region of Thud. The discordian journey through the underworld that began at Kallisticon 2008 (I think) progresses erratically towards a semblance of purpose.

肆: 追錄



[23](#) Wun Caturday Happy Cat n him crewe wur n teh prowel, n so teh crewe wuz chooin teh gras.[24](#) N teh Fariseees wur liek, "Oh, hai, N00BZ! Yu cant eated gras n teh Caturday!!1"[25](#) Adn Happy Cat sed, "No, yu STFU n00b! Haz yu evr red abuoet David? Him crewe wur hungree.[26](#) So tehy bustd intu teh tempel n ated holee bred. Srsly.[27](#) Bcz liek, Caturday iz fur catz.[28](#) So teh Cing ov Catz is Cing uv Caturday. k?"

**Quisquis amat. veniat. Veneri volo
frangere costas
fustibus et lumbos debilitare
deae.**

**Si potest illa mihi tenerum
pertundere pectus
quit ego non possim caput illae
frangere fuste?**

**I used to tell people we live in an
Anarchist Utopia. It was a kind of IRL
troll in the days I used to hang out with
activist-types. It was a lot of fun, because
it is a very difficult claim difficult to
argue against: we are all free to do as we
will. You can smoke a joint in front of a
police station - you just have to be prepared
to deal with the consequences. You can do
anything you can get away with.**

**It is very easy to confuse what we *can't* do
shouldn't do. It is all too easy to forget that we have the choice. The
internet pirate, downloading and propogating stolen materials, he has
the choice. And stopping at a red light, I had the choice to keep going
and risk arrest or injury.**

**Freedom, in this its most basic sense, seems rather constant in human
history across space and time. The only way people have managed to
truly limit freedom in this sense is imprisonment of others - and this
has always been applied to a small minority, even in extreme cases**



with what we

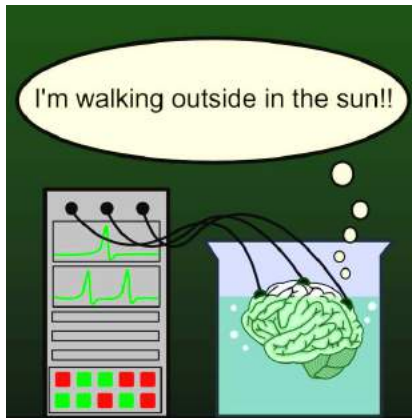
where entire ethnic groups were rounded up and confined.

So if we sense we are in a state of decreasing freedom, clearly the freedom we are referring to is not this freedom of choice, ever so hard to truly limit. The freedoms now being slowly taken away must be subtler ones - indeed, these freedoms must consist of our choices not being

affected unduly by outside considerations. I should be able to write what I want, when I want, where I want, without this choice being affected by fear of retribution. Imposing this fear is a subtle encroachment upon my freedom.



But perhaps the easiest way to limit one's freedom is to make one forget this freedom ever existed in the first place. After all, why put a man behind iron bars when you can just train him to stay indoors? If you can convince The People that they *should not* do what you do not wish them to do, you save a great deal of energy you would otherwise spend actually stopping them from doing it. If you can convince them that they *cannot* do this, *cannot* go there, all the better.



It is good to remember once in a while that we are fundamentally free. We may have fears imposed on us by unjust rulers. We may have to face choices no free person should be forced to face. We may have to take great care to preserve our freedom. But we are free nonetheless, and the choice is ours. Merely knowing we are free is half the battle. – St. Verbatim. (Copyleft)

Arvin the sculptor was well known for his arts. He worked with gold and silver, bronze and iron, and had many well to do customers.

He was asked therefore one day, by a Mayor of a great city if he would stay for a while to make a statue of the Christ that would reflect the true Godlike nature of the figure. The Mayor thought the task impossible, and was sure Arvin would fail and be mocked for his failures. He gave Arvin 30 days to complete his work.

Arvin began to work in the streets, using space the Mayor had granted him. Though the Mayor had offered him 100 gold bars and a large bag of precious jewels to work on his piece, he made it know to the public that he would accept donations of gold pieces and precious stones for those who wished to help him create the most

wondrous and stunning work of art.

People were happy to donate. The rich and the well to do heard of his task, and sifted through their property to find what precious things they could donate. Arvin found himself donated gold pieces, necklaces of pearl, ruby rings, sapphire earrings, a velvet jacket with jade buttons.

Every day people would watch him work, and wonder at the very beauty of what he was creating.

On the 29th day, it seemed he had completed his golden sculpture. The Mayor was too moved to speak, looking upon it, and demanded it be immediately erected in front of the government house. But Arvin refused.

"You promised me 30 days, and I've only worked 29. Tomorrow it will be complete."

There was much busyness about the town. In the night the Mayor had his people caution off an area around the golden shimmering Christ so that they might charge a great deal to let people through to see the final staged of completion.

On this final day a great crowd had gathered. Arvin waited, standing staring at the sculpture for some time, as the people looked on. The poor stood at the edge of the street, trying to gain a glimpse of the final completion, but could not get in to see the final steps.

At last Arvin moved, picking up a large hammer. Taking a deep breath he raised his hand and beat the face. A diamond shattered, and the gold scraped away, disfiguring the perfect features, and there was a horrified cry of shock through the crowd. Across the rest of the day he continued to mangle his perfect sculpture, tearing it apart with his tools, ripping the precious stones out of the golden flesh. At times the outrage of the crowd grew so great that he truly feared they would approach and tear him limb from limb. Sweat glistened across his face as he continued his destructive

work, bending and destroying the delicately shaped contours, until all that was left was a mangled heap of gold and jewels. He turned to face the crowd, who had so passionately loved his tribute to God. Their eyes were red and their faces streamed with tears, and he spoke;

"Where were your tears," he said, "when you came to give me your precious trinkets you no longer needed, then walked past the poor and the starving? Where were your gold pieces when a mother needed them to feed her child?"

He indicated to the pile of wrecked gold and jewels.

"Tear this apart and give it to the poor and starving. Your actions shall be my great sculpture. All else is simple idolatry."

Brenton Clutterbuck.

**I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT EVERYTHING I DID,
I DID FOR MY COUNTRY."**
-- Pol Pot

A DISCORDIAN ARGUMENT AGAINST ANARCHISM.

"Anarchism is Order"

- popular Anarchist saying, often attributed to Mikhail Bakunin

"We simply do not consider it desirable that a realm of justice and harmony should be established on earth"

- Nietzsche, *"The Gay Science"*

"A state of extreme confusion and disorder"

- The Princeton Dictionary definition of "Chaos"

BY
CAIN

I've been meaning to write this for a long time. On and off for about 4 years, to be perfectly honest. Sometimes I decided it was unnecessary, at other times I didn't necessarily feel like writing it very much, but now I have both the opportunity and motivation, so I've finally done it.

=====

One of the things which has often caused a good degree of mirth, if some confusion in me, is why so many Discordians consider themselves Anarchists. As the first definition above suggests, Anarchism is based on the idea of spontaneous and natural, yet lasting order. That, if certain impediments to this vision of social organisation were removed, that we could all live in relative peace and harmony with each other.

This has always sounded somewhat suspicious to me, both as a general political sceptic and a Discordian. It doesn't sound like the kind of comment one would expect to come from people who insist that disagreement, discord, chaos and strife are just as valid and important as order, harmony and cooperation.

The basis of anarchist political and economic thought can be found in the 18th century, and especially in the doctrine of laissez-faire conceived of by Adam Smith, and developed by others. Essentially and very shortened, the argument is that without state control, the individual will act in ways which not only benefit themselves, but community interests as a whole. This is the idea of the harmony of interests, and it is from this much, though not all, anarchist theory stems. In fact, according to Smith, someone doesn't even need to try and act in the public interest, because his private interest will naturally lead him that way, "as if guided by an invisible hand".

Now as a factual argument, this had some validity when applied to the 18th century economic structure. However, as society changed with the industrial revolution, so did the social structure and economic systems of production. As such, while the doctrine of the harmony of interests continued, despite a dubious relevance, its new role was to act as a legitimizing tool for dominant group interests, whereby they could identify their interests with those of society as a whole.

An unspoken pillar of the success of laissez-faire was, at the time, that of expanding and new markets. Because of new markets, producers did not compete too strongly in currently existing ones with entrenched companies or individuals, allowing a semblance of harmony to exist. It's the same sort of harmony that exists when one has very few road users. As the traffic increases, so does the complexity of the system and the possibility of conflict, or at the very least, non-zero sum relationships between road users. The same is true of markets.

However, as we all know, infinitely expanding markets are simply untenable, if not logically impossible. The question of conflict can only be put off for so long.

Somewhat ironically, this adoption of harmony of interest undermines certain Anarchist arguments, since it is possible that the existence state is not opposed to the citizenry, at least theoretically. Running with that, many European liberals and free-marketers that had no problems with the state put forward the opinion that the good of each individual state did not necessarily impact negatively on other states, and that pursuit of self-gratification would benefit the international community as a whole. So would free trade, naturally.

Building on this, 19th century liberals, such as Mazzini, the Italian reformer, argued that nationalism also did not impact negatively on any other nation, and that every nation was suited to a certain part of the division of international labour. At the time, with the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Prussian militarists and the Russian Empire keeping an effective lock-down on the various ethnic groups of Eastern Europe, that certainly seemed true, however anyone who knows the history of conflict in the region knows how short-sighted that viewpoint really is, and how many groups have competing claims on the same patches of land, claims that are now entirely exclusionary thanks to xenophobic nationalism.

RE: A DISCORDIAN ARGUMENT AGAINST ANARCHISM.

YOU WILL FIND that the STATE is the kind of ORGANIZATION which, though it does big things badly, does small things badly too. - John Kenneth Galbraith as quoted in the *Principia Discordia* pg. 17

BY

Rafatost

Many social philosophies aim for order in some sense. Libertarianism, Communism, Socialism, Capitalism, Monarchies, Oligarchies, Democracies and Totalitarian Dictatorships all aim for some sort of stability. Some assume that shared responsibility will bring about some kind of order, others assume that the smartest leaders would reduce chaos. Anarchism, at its core assumes that non-compulsory systems will bring about the most stable system. This is its one true difference. Anything beyond that depends greatly on which system of anarchism we're talking about. The various systems under the generic label "Social Anarchism" include diverse concepts such as regulated markets, communal systems and social systems where there is a shared burden of responsibility (for example, where all members might cover medical expenses for the group). Individualist Anarchism, another label for a group of different systems, focus on the individual over any social system (social norms, tribal traditions, governments etc). These are less wildly varied than the social anarchist systems, but there are still several differences (often found in Punk rock and Libertarians).

My point here is that an argument against Anarchism because it presumes that its perfect implementation will result in peace on earth, and good will toward men... is applicable to any and all systems of social organization. They all presume something about humans which will hold true some of the time, or most of the time, but not all of the time. In fact "anarchism" as a generic label includes systems which use the same mechanisms for trying (and failing) to achieve some kind of perfect social order.

No system is 100%. That goes for Anarchists, Capitalists, Socialists, Communists and as-of-yet 'undiscovered' tribes in the Amazon. We can say its human nature, the way of the Monkey or the wobble of the Sacred Chao. Either way, aiming for a perfect system, or a naturally ordered system, or a compulsory ordered system plays like a short game that ends with dead referees.

Flaws, so exquisitely laid out by Cain in the OP, seem to apply across the board to me. This quote popped out at me more than the rest:

The purpose of this was to show that one of the main foundations of Anarchist thought – that we can all get along, productively and without conflict – when actually tried in reality only works when those too weak to fight back or protest effectively are ignored and sacrificed for a nebulous greater good. The claim that conflict can be overcome generally and that everyone can benefit from a single system generally is a lie, and that lie can only ever be enforced through military might.

Could we not say the same of Classical Liberalism, as he demonstrated? The current state of the US political system doesn't seem to help us all get along productively and without conflict. Currently, it seems to help us poke at each other with sticks, pee on "platforms" and "talking points" while our leaders do everything they can to turn the other half of the leadership into "the enemy" with death panels and torture chambers. From the first Cabinet of the First President, the United States has been divided and that division is as strong now as it ever was. Communism thus far doesn't seem to have come up with peaceful co-existence without conflict. In fact, the most similar thing, it seems, between all of these systems is 'enforcement through military might'.

(Cain, cont) As nationalistic claims became more insistent and pronounced certain economists in second-tier economies, like the United States and Germany, began to point out how free trade disproportionately benefitted the major trading power of the time, the United Kingdom. Marxist theories, which denied the harmony of interest and placed class-conflict at the centre of its analysis, were also becoming more popular on the Continent. Laissez-faire came under unprecedented attack, and it was only the appropriation of the evolutionary theories of Charles Darwin which helped save them.

Naturally, Darwin himself cannot be blamed for the poor importation of his scientific theories into a pseudoscientific area of study. As smaller companies were put out of business by larger competitors and as new markets shrunk, it was claimed by those who benefitted from these actions that this too was evolution – and as such benefitted the community at large. But of course, there is not a direct match between this vulgar Social Darwinism and the doctrine of the harmony of interests, and so it was the latter who underwent a subtle change. Now the good of the community was redefined as to mean that the community was made up of those who were strong enough to succeed, and those who failed were weaklings, who were holding back society at large. They were the price which had to be paid for progress.

Of course, this Social Darwinism quickly found currency in justifying territorial expansion and conquest by the major world powers, by claiming war as a form of “natural selection” which weeded out the weak nations and races of people. As with weak individuals, so were the weak nations sacrificed for the greater good and harmony of the world at large. And although this laissez-faire liberalism became less popular in the domestic sphere as WWI drew closer, it still remained a very real factor of international politics up until the war.

All of this is a nice history lesson, but you are probably wondering exactly how this impacts on Anarchist arguments, since they deliberately disavow the state, a factor they would most certainly claim separates them from the unfortunate side effects and decay of classical liberalism. The purpose of this was to show that one of the main foundations of Anarchist thought – that we can all get along, productively and without conflict – when actually tried in reality only works when those too weak to fight back or protest effectively are ignored and sacrificed for a nebulous greater good. The claim that conflict can be overcome generally and that everyone can benefit from a single system generally is a lie, and that lie can only ever be enforced through military might.

Anarchism, for all its vaunted “individualism” and talk of freedom, at its core cannot tolerate real difference. It cannot accept actors who do not act in a “rational” manner and do not have aims which coincide with everyone else’s aims. And when people are confronted with those who won’t conform, especially to an ideological system like Anarchism, violence is almost always the response of choice. Equally, those who suffer because of the system are cruelly discarded with contemptuous statements about their lack of “fitness” and utility.

Indeed some of these trends seem to have been picked up on by the “National-Anarchists”, Anarchists coming from an extreme right wing point of view, who denounce the state and everything it does as against the “Natural Order” – a list that also includes multiculturalism, feminism and homosexuality.

As I cannot stress enough, when one “naturalizes” certain attitudes, trends or ideas, and combines the idea of “natural” with “good”, the results are not very pretty. It causes the sort of mentality one frequently finds among fanatics and fundamentalists – because it is precisely the same mentality, only religious bigots replace “natural order” with “natural law” ie; God’s Law. Naturalizing anti-statism and spontaneous order has some very serious implications, ones which I don’t think many Anarchists have clearly thought through.

Now, to clarify, this isn’t a “pro-state” argument, though it will almost certainly be construed and portrayed as such by some people. The state/anti-statism dualism is about as clever, and useful, as calling all Americans on the left “Democrats” and on the right “Republicans”. States have good and bad things about them. So does anti-statism. Treating it as some sort of Manichean struggle between good and evil is another reason why I suspect latent fanaticism and dogmatism in much of the Anarchist movement, because it is incapable of seeing the world in any other way than black and white, where you are either for whichever minor political sect they are a member of, or The Enemy.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, are among the reasons I consider Anarchism...well not exactly incompatible with Discordianism, since conceivably any political position could be taken by a Discordian (though their sincerity and motives for doing so would be quite different to many of their compatriots), but why I find it an unusual choice. This emphasis on harmony and order and naturalism...it has some very sinister undertones when one thinks about them, ones which are not necessarily in agreement with adherents of chaos and disorder.

(Ratatost, cont) As a Discordian, this all seems rather trivial. Chaos leads to Discord which drags us into Confusion, after which we flounder in Bureaucracy until the sweet release of Aftermath collapses into Chaos and then the next year shows up. Big States doing Big things or Small States doing Small things...

Thus I reject all of the aforementioned political views. I am not a Individualist Anarchist, because they don't seem to consider the base nature of some human beings. Personally, I think most humans would probably try to get along, but it would only take a few Hatfield's and McCoys to blow the dream all to hell.

I am not a Socialist for the same reasons that my moral system doesn't come from religion. Sacrifice/assistance/help/sharing under duress is not sacrifice/assistance/help/sharing at all, its simply forced behavior and that doesn't seem like a very good idea to me. Besides, each of these systems put some small group of people in power. As those people are likely humans, some bad ones will eventually show up and ruin the party.

Social Anarchism, in its varied forms suffers the same flaws, because they use the same mechanisms (communist, socialism, capitalism, etc)

I have found a viewpoint, however, which seems compatible with my interpretation of Discordianism.

It appears obvious to me, that most humans (for better or worse) want some kind of government. All government, at best, rests on some form of mild compulsion and at worst, jackboot thugs and Cable News Commentators. Taken together, this means that it is likely most Discordians will live in a place where there is a government. If they're fortunate, it will be one of those 'mild compulsion' sorts of government, if they're not so fortunate... well... ick.

In any society where we assume a government, we assume some rise in order. Chaos comes from the inability to predict completely what dynamic systems will do. So if a Discordian is being ordered, via some form of compulsory system to act in a way that they do not want or that "everybody hates", they can apply Eris' advice to Mal-2 and "STOP".

In short, we all live in anarchy today. Every action we make is the result of our individual, conscious choice. Recognizing this choice allows us to rationally consider the effect of the action, the moral choice in doing or not doing the act and the consequences of the act. The system may be laissez-faire capitalism, but Bernie Maddof is still personally responsible for his actions. The individual actors within Magnetar Trade are still responsible for the high risk investments they put together and then hedged against. Abolitionists that assisted with the Underground Railroad and hid runaway slaves, for example, were acting as Rational Anarchists. Rationally had to disobey the State because they could not justify acting as the State demanded, even in a representative Republic.

In short, Rational Anarchism espouses only this: "Think For Yourself, Schmuck". No matter which current facade of Order is draped around you, you must think for yourself, because your actions will be yours to bear.

This is a different sort of Political view than Cain started this thread with. Cain's post discusses the sort of ordered systems which are bound to fail, bound to be imperfect, bound to be flawed and abused. This Political View, which I find compatible with Discordianism focuses on the individual attempting to act rationally in what will invariably become an irrational system. Not rebellion for the sake of rebellion, or freedom by bomb and molotov cocktail, but a political view which asserts that we are already anarchists, acting as individuals and responsible as individuals.

Also, anyone that bases their political system on Discordianism should probably be ignored.



Chao Te Ching: Chapter 61.

**By concentrating on goals
without playing ego
games,
much can be
accomplished.**

If all you want to do
is brag about how cool you
are,
you might want learn to play
the guitar, instead.

Hans in Luck

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Hans had served his master for

seven years, so he said to him, "Master, my time is up. Now I would like to go back home to my mother. Give me my wages."

The master answered, "You have served me faithfully and honestly. As the service was, so shall the reward be." And he gave Hans a piece of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped up the lump in it, put it on his shoulder, and set out on the way home. As he went on, always putting one leg before the other, he saw a horseman trotting quickly and merrily by on a lively horse.

"Ah," said Hans quite loud, "what a fine thing it is to ride. There you sit as on a chair, never stumbling over a stone, saving your shoes, and making your way without even knowing it."

The rider, who had heard him, stopped and called out, "Hey there, Hans, then why are you going on foot?"

"I must," answered he, "for I have this lump to carry home. It is true that it is gold, but I cannot hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I will tell you what," said the rider. "Let's trade. I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump."

"With all my heart," said Hans. "But I can tell you, you will be dragging along with it."

The rider got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up, then gave him the bridle tight in his hands and said, "If you want to go fast, you must click your tongue and call out, 'jup, jup.'"

Hans was heartily delighted as he sat upon the horse and rode away so bold and free. After a little while he thought that it ought to go faster, and he began to click with his tongue and call out, "jup, jup." The horse started a fast trot, and before Hans knew where he was, he was thrown off and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the highway. The horse would have escaped if it had not been stopped by a peasant, who was coming along the road and driving a cow before him.

Hans pulled himself together and stood up on his legs again, but he was vexed, and said to the peasant, "It is a poor joke, this riding, especially when one gets hold of a mare like this, that kicks and throws one off, so that one has a chance of breaking one's neck. Never again will I mount it. Now I like your cow, for one can walk quietly behind her, and moreover have one's milk, butter, and cheese every day without fail. What would I not give to have such a cow?"

"Well," said the peasant, "if it would give you so much pleasure, I do not mind trading the cow for the horse." Hans agreed with the greatest delight, and the peasant jumped upon the horse and rode quickly away.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him, and thought over his lucky bargain. "If only I have a morsel of bread -- and that can hardly fail me -- I can eat butter and cheese with it as often as I like. If I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk. My goodness, what more can I want?"

When he came to an inn he stopped, and to celebrate his good fortune, he ate up everything he had with him -- his dinner and supper -- and all he had, and with his last few farthings had half a glass of beer. Then he drove his cow onwards in the direction of his mother's village.

As noon approached, the heat grew more oppressive, and Hans found himself upon a moor which would take at least another hour to cross. He felt very hot, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth with thirst. "I can find a cure for this," thought Hans. "I will milk the cow now and refresh myself with the milk." He tied her to a withered tree, and as he had no pail, he put his leather cap underneath, but try as he would, not a drop of milk came. And because he was working in a clumsy way, the impatient beast at last gave him such a blow on his head with its hind foot, that he fell to the ground, and for a long time did not know where he was. By good fortune a butcher just then came along the road with a pushcart, in which lay a young pig.

"What sort of a trick is this?" he cried, and helped good Hans up. Hans told him what had happened.

The butcher gave him his flask and said, "Take a drink and refresh yourself. The cow will certainly give no milk. It is an old beast. At the best it is only fit for the plow, or for the butcher."

"Well, well," said Hans, as he stroked his hair down on his head. "Who would have thought it? Certainly it is a fine thing when one can slaughter a beast like that for oneself. What meat one has! But I do not care much for beef, it is not juicy enough for me. But to have a young pig like that! It tastes quite different, and there are sausages as well."

"Listen, Hans," said the butcher. "To do you a favor, I will trade, and will let you have the pig for the cow."

"God reward you for your kindness," said Hans as he gave up the cow. The pig was unbound from the cart, and the cord by which it was tied was put in his hand. Hans went on, thinking to himself how everything was going just as he wished. If anything troublesome happened to him, it was immediately set right.

Presently he was joined by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They greeted one another, and Hans began to tell of his good luck, and how he had

always made such good trades. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening feast. "Just heft her," he added, taking hold of her by the wings. "Feel how heavy she is. She has been fattened up for the last eight weeks. Anyone who bites into her after she has been roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth."

"Yes," said Hans, hefting her with one hand, "she weighs a lot, but my pig is not so bad either."

Meanwhile the lad looked suspiciously from one side to the other, and shook his head. "Look here, he said at last. "It may not be all right with your pig. In the village through which I passed, the mayor himself had just had one stolen out of its sty. I fear -- I fear that you have got hold of it there. They have sent out some people and it would be a bad business if they caught you with the pig. At the very least, you would be shut up in the dark hole."

Good Hans was terrified. "For goodness' sake," he said. "help me out of this fix. You know more about this place than I do. Take my pig and leave me your goose."

"I am taking a risk," answered the lad, "but I do not want to be the cause of your getting into trouble." So he took the cord in his hand, and quickly drove the pig down a bypath. Good Hans, free from care, went homewards with the goose under his arm.

"When I think about it properly," he said to himself, "I have even gained by the trade. First there is the good roast meat, then the quantity of fat which will drip from it, and which will give me goose fat for my bread for a quarter of a year, and lastly the beautiful white feathers. I will have my pillow stuffed with them, and then indeed I shall go to sleep without being rocked. How glad my mother will be!"

As he was going through the last village, there stood a scissors grinder with his cart, as his wheel whirled he sang,

"I sharpen scissors and quickly grind,
My coat blows out in the wind behind."

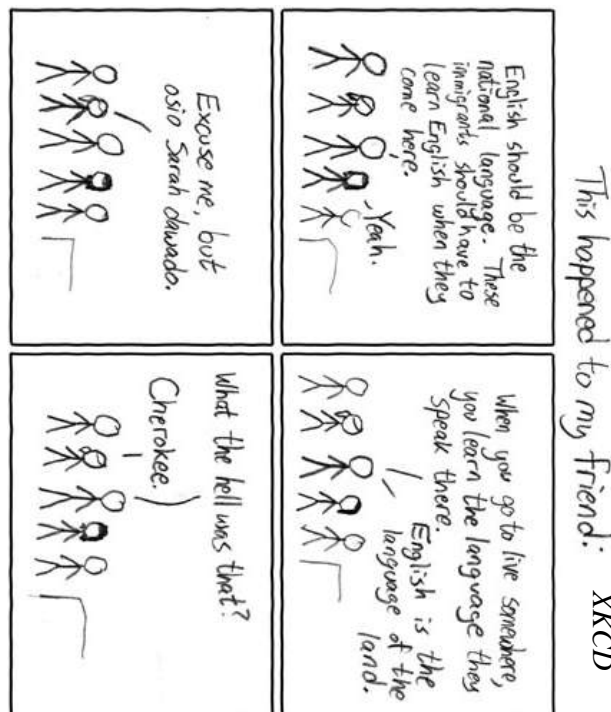
Hans stood still and looked at him. At last he spoke to him and said, "All's well with you, as you are so merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the scissors grinder, "this trade has a golden foundation. A real grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket finds gold in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but traded my pig for it."

"And the pig?"

"I got it for a cow."



"And the cow?"

"I got it for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Well, that was my wages for seven years' service."



"You have known how to look after yourself each time," said the grinder. "If you can only get on so far as to hear the money jingle in your pocket whenever you stand up, you will have made your fortune."

"How shall I manage that?" said Hans.

"You must become a grinder, as I am. Nothing particular is needed for it but a grindstone. Everything else takes care of itself. I have one here. It is certainly a little worn, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose. Will you do it?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow on earth. If I have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, why should I ever worry again?" And he handed him the goose and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the grinder, picking up an ordinary heavy stone that lay nearby, "here is another good stone for you as well, which you can use to hammer on and straighten your old nails. Carry it along with you and take good care of it."

Hans loaded himself with the stones, and went on with a contented heart, his eyes shining with joy. "I must have been born with lucky skin," he cried. "Everything I want happens to me just as if I were a Sunday's child."

Meanwhile, as he had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel tired. Hunger also tormented him, for in his joy at the bargain by which he got the cow he had eaten up all his store of food at once. At last he could only go on with great difficulty, and was forced to stop every minute. The stones, too, weighed him down dreadfully, and he could not help thinking how nice it would be if he would not have to carry them just then.

He crept like a snail until he came to a well in a field, where he thought that he would rest and refresh himself with a cool drink of water. In order that he might not damage the stones in sitting down, he laid them carefully by his side on the edge of the well. Then he sat down on it, and was about to bend over and drink, when he slipped, pushed against the stones, and both of them fell into the water. When Hans saw them with his own eyes sinking to the bottom, he jumped for joy, and then knelt down, and with tears in his eyes thanked God for having shown him this favor also, and delivered him in so good a way, and without his having any need to reproach himself, from those heavy stones which had been the only things that troubled him.

"No one under the sun is as fortunate as I am," he cried out. With a light heart and free from every burden he now ran on until he was at home with his mother.

The Drop of Water: Hans Christian Anderson

OF course you know what is meant by a magnifying glass—one of those round spectacle-glasses that make everything look a hundred times bigger than it is? When any one takes one of these and holds it to his eye, and looks at a drop of water from the pond yonder, he sees above a thousand wonderful creatures that are otherwise never discerned in the water. But there they are, and it is no delusion. It almost looks like a great plateful of spiders jumping about in a crowd. And how fierce they are! They tear off each other's legs. and arms and bodies, before and behind; and yet they are merry and joyful in their way.

Now, there once was an old man whom all the people called Kribble-Krabble, for that was his name. He always wanted the best of everything, and when he could not manage it otherwise, he did it by magic.

There he sat one day, and held his magnifying-glass to his eye, and looked at a drop of water that had been taken out of a puddle by the ditch. But what a kribbling and krabbling was there! All the thousands of little creatures hopped and sprang and tugged at one another, and ate each other up.

"That is horrible!" said old Kribble-Krabble. "Can one not persuade them to live in peace and quietness, so that each one may mind his own business?"

And he thought it over and over, but it would not do, and so he had recourse to magic.

"I must give them color, that they may be seen more plainly," said he; and he poured something like a little drop of red wine into the drop of water, but it was witches' blood from the lobes of the ear, the finest kind, at ninepence a drop. And now the wonderful little creatures were pink all over. It looked like a whole town of naked wild men.

"What have you there?" asked another old magician, who had no name—and that was the best thing about him.

"Yes, if you can guess what it is," said Kribble-Krabble, "I'll make you a present of it."

But it is not so easy to find out if one does not know.

And the magician who had no name looked through the magnifying-glass.

It looked really like a great town reflected there, in which all the people were running about without clothes. It was terrible! But it was still more terrible to see how one beat and pushed the other, and bit and hacked, and tugged and mauled him. Those at the top were being pulled down, and those at the bottom were struggling upwards.



“Look! look! his leg is longer than mine! Bah! Away with it! There is one who has a little bruise. It hurts him, but it shall hurt him still more.”

And they hacked away at him, and they pulled at him, and ate him up, because of the little bruise. And there was one sitting as still as any little maiden, and wishing only for peace and quietness. But now she had to come out, and they tugged at her, and pulled her about, and ate her up.

“That’s funny!” said the magician.

**“Yes; but what do you think it is?” said Kribble-Krabble.
“Can you find that out?”**

**“Why, one can see that easily enough,” said the other.
“That’s Paris, or some other great city, for they’re all alike. It’s a great city!”**

“It’s a drop of puddle water!” said Kribble-Krabble.

My Shadow is

my Graffiti

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