

STFU with Your Hippie Shit

Cain

The very concept of chaos was still considered equivalent to strife and treated as a negative.

—*Principia Discordia*

Eris was there with Kydoimos (Confusion) among them, and Ker (Death) the destructive; she was holding a live man with a new wound, and another one unhurt, and dragged a dead man by the feet through the carnage.

—*Homer, Iliad 18.535*

I have a high art; I hurt with cruelty those who would damage me.

—*Archilochus, 650BC*

I'm absolutely sick of this uninformed, bury-your-head-in-the-sand, cute-fluffy-animals-and-sweetness view of Eris. Yeah, you read right. I've read all the crap I can take from seventeen-year-old MySpacers who think that calling themselves "xXxErisxXx" and acting in a poor imitation of "wacky" means they are somehow like our Lady of Discord. Most people here [on poee.co.uk] have little on Eris, but you types ain't even in the same ballpark.

Eris is more than the Goddess of Confusion. I know not many Discordians are Greek scholars, but even the name of Our Lady herself means "Strife" in the ancient Greek! Strife, Chaos, and Disorder, mother of the terrible Kakodaimones, the leveler of cities, the equal of Athena in warfare. Why do wars keep on happening if no-one wants them? "[Eris] is hateful ... [she is the one] who builds up evil, war, and slaughter" (Hesiod).

"Oh, but that's too mean and nasty to believe! Eris is a cute Greek lady and chaos is laughing children dancing in the happy anarchy!" You

better slap that hippie shit out of you before I do it myself! You can embrace the “positive” aspects of Disorder all you want, but you cannot forget there is a pretty nasty flipside. And even that has a purpose.

Who feared Eris most? For whom does Disorder mean all is lost? Authority, authority, authority. The men and women of The Con crave order, and only use chaos when it is the means to the greater end of more order. They hate messy, unplanned, and uncontrollable disorder, because it screws up their careful conspiracies. Eris most certainly brought war and death in Her wake, but it never said anywhere against whom She would bring destruction on, or that it wouldn't stop even greater death and violence.

[Aion, god of time, addresses Zeus:] “Lord Zeus! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world! Do you not see that Enyo [Eris] has made the whole earth mad, mowing season-by-season her harvest of quick-perishing youth?”

—*Nonnus, Dionysiaca* 7.7

You read that? They feared Her. The immortal Olympians themselves lived in dread of this uncontrollable goddess, who sowed lawlessness in Her every step. Who fed the infernal beast Typhon and unleashed him against the King of the Gods? Eris. Who put Zeus in the embarrassing position of having to choose between his daughter and wife in a competition of beauty? Eris. Who gifted the Queen of the Amazons, the allies of Troy, with a dread weapon from the armoury of Ares, in order to defeat the Greeks? Got it in one. At every stage She took an active hand in undermining the plans of gods and mortals, whether in person, via trickery, or by steps removed.

You may call me a personification of Destructive Disorder. You may even think of me as a hypocritical trickster, trying to lead the faithful to a terrible doom. You can certainly think of me as an agent of Strife, because that's about the only thing that is true of the above. The worst people in history are those who chase “peace,” especially when they equate it with order and are willing to do whatever they can to get it. Hitler wanted peace. So does George W. Bush. Almost everyone wants

peace. The question is always, “On what terms?” Disorder doesn’t recognize “terms” and it sure as hell doesn’t recognize a wasteland called “peace.”