

The Black Iron Prison

Discordia revisited.

By Various/Anonymous.

The Key is no Key.

www.poe.ee.co.uk

www.principiadiscordia.com



Hey, kid. Welcome to Prison.

You think you just woke up here one day, right? Think again. It was your whole life that brought you to this. Fact is, you were born to be here. Go ahead, look around. I'll be here when you get back.

Looks smaller than it is, don't it? Sometimes, it doesn't even feel all that bad. But still; you look through those bars, and you see all that you're missing. Hopes. Dreams. What could've-been. Here, put your palms up to the Black Iron, grab the bars, let me show you something.

Feel that? That's all the books you've read. And that entire wall over there is your adolescence. Look up: it's your CD collection. The floor you woke up on? Your parents. Like I said, you were born to be here. It's your life, it's the cold trap of your own existence. You painted yourself into a corner.

Now you're wondering why you feel trapped here, in your own life. Why now, why today, can you see the bars of a Black Iron Prison that you made for yourself? Because you stopped reacting, and took a couple of steps forward. You thought you could do what you wanted, you tried to be self-reliant, and bang. You smacked your head against the wall.

What's that? Yeah. That's when the claustrophobia sets in. When you didn't know you were trapped, everything was fine. But now that you know, you can see your entire, tired, monotonous life stretch out before you, trapped in these four walls, these six sides. Breathe, kid. It's just abject panic that you're feeling right now. Some even say that this is what death feels like: An unchanging life, immune and unfeeling to what you *really* want.

Look around. Look at these cold, black bars. The colorless ceiling. The hard ground. That's your universe. That's the world you're going to be living in for the rest of your life, here in Prison. You're going to live out your life in quiet desperation. Or, not so quiet, if you decide to take the rifle/bell-tower route. Either way, long or short, it'll feel the same. Dead, unchanging.

So, if you're interested, I'd like to invite you to a jailbreak...

Just turn around.

You look like you've finally gotten sick of it all. Had enough? Decided that our pills and pre-packaged food might kill you? You're right! It will. Sucks that you have to go to work soon though.

Sure, your apathy has contributed to the mess. All that time you spent eating and drinking, watching the TV, and avoiding any involvement in the world has finally snowballed. Now what can you do?

Ask yourself the following question: "Am I a bovine life-form?" Do you find yourself grazing in the fields? *No*? Then why are you being bought and sold, like cattle? Tired of being led about by the nose? *Yes*? Then, there *is* hope for you! There is nothing quite as fulfilling as running apart from the herd. Life without fences is great, you should try it.

We have nothing these days, and we have an excess of it. When the Jones's get a shiny new car, you buy one too. What does it matter if it's a 2006 Camaro or a 1969? Those are the "cool" models. If it's a 1988 Camaro, you suck. Who decided that? These are the depressing choices society encourages you to make. Choose option *A* or option *B*. Choose either, because someone else will have something cooler, that you must envy.

And that's exactly how They want it! Tired, envious sheep bound by the whims of the television. A bunch of vacuous idiots who are too busy paying bills and complaining, to do anything else. Who's responsible for this mess? Well, you are. But you aren't the only one.

Your bosses, your leaders, the media at large. They are the people who have brought you Reality TV, pointless filler on music stations, and absolutely nothing worth living for.

It's saddening to have this picture painted in such a way, but it's never too late to change. You can be free. Declare your Independence! Turn the tables on this alliance of idiots, and begin to make your life good again! How? Ignore what they tell you. It's that easy. You'll still hear it, but that doesn't mean you have to do all of it. You no longer need to follow. Find your own path.

This can be the beginning of your new life.



The Enlightenment Project had failed, was the general realization that was dawning on me. Kant, Hume, the American Founding Fathers, Locke, Paine, it was all for nothing. Nope. Just look around. We had, in the last fifteen years, several attempted genocides, a reversion to infantile outbursts that was publicly approved (Diana death hysteria, *etc*), general bullshittery such as the false economics of the free market and many more I can't be bothered to list.

The rational, thinking person had become a rarity. Instead, this was a world where emotions rule, and they are childish ones at that. And childish as in the temper-tantrum/sycophantism cycle. Humans aren't rational. Maybe they were once, before Reality TV obliterated their ability to think. But not any longer. And that probably meant things based on ideas like that, such as democracy, were out of time.

And I didn't care. Even after the hangover had gone, I couldn't summon up the ability to care. If they wanted to laugh, or cry, or act in faux-moral outrage over a piece of fiction on the idiot box while the world around them burned, that wasn't my concern. I just had to make sure I wasn't dragged into it with them.

I left London that night, feeling depressed, and headed Southampton. Maybe the sea breeze would raise my spirits, though I doubted it. We had killed the Enlightenment, just as surely as Nietzsche's mob had killed God. But who would be around to preach it, when no-one would listen, or care even if they did?

So I was on the move again. I had a few days of traveling to do, a friend had just gotten back from Hong Kong and was going to be in London for a few days before jetting off again. Jammy git.

As there was nothing else to do on the train, I turned on the radio and decided to listen to a talk show. On this particular program, they had two opposing politicians debating the then-upcoming election.

I listened for a while, wishing I could get a decent music station, or had brought some CDs with me. The debate was getting boring, and was essentially becoming a right/left conflict: give up your social freedom for more economic freedom, or give up your economic freedoms for your social ones.

Damn, that was stupid! I found myself thinking. So I have to give up some sort of freedom in order to gain another? Looking closely, there wasn't even that much of a choice. To take benefit of the "economic free market" of the Right means you have to have the money in the first place. And on the left, without economic freedom, social freedom was nothing, as money is a large part of the social structure.

Was there really a choice? To be sure, there are *some* differences. Certainly among the personalities involved. But the basic philosophy was the same. Almost all our current politicians come from the "Oxbridge elite," the lucky few with enough connections or cash to attend those two universities. This is pretty much the same for the leadership of both parties, whether right or left wing. And either way, it basically benefits them, as they are richer than their constituents whom they supposedly represent.

It's a two-man con. Or rather, a two-ideology con. If you haven't read *American Gods*, I'll explain. They say (this "they" presumably being the same "they" who are the "everyone" in "everyone knows" and quite possibly make up "the community," whoever the hell *they* are) that you can't con an honest man, often to make themselves feel superior to some poor schmuck who just lost a lot on what seemed a fair gamble.





However, you *can* con an honest man, if you do it with two men. Make them look like opposing teams, like a “thief” getting caught at a jewelers and a “copper” taking the stolen goods as evidence. But, in reality, they are both working ultimately for their own benefit. That’s the way the politicians keep conning the public. We get the same old guard year after year, being moved by their party from safe-seat to safe-seat. That’s modern politics. Keep voting yourself pay raises and make sure there aren’t equal taxes applied to the rich. And people wonder why fringe parties and apathy are on the rise...

We have killed the spirit of 1789.

—Josef Goebbels, after the 1933 Nazi election victory

The great liberal, John Stuart Mill, was correct when he said that not all stupid people are conservatives, but most conservatives are stupid people. I would add that many who call themselves conservatives are reactionary and ruled by their hate and fears.

—Mike Hersh

So, I was in London with my friend who had got back from Hong Kong. We decided to get some drinks and talk about what we’ve been up to in recent months.

Just as I was about to leave, I heard on the radio that the Leader of the Opposition would be willing to remove the Humans Rights Act, in order to stop gypsies from building on land that wasn’t theirs. So, he wanted to go as far as to strip us of all legal rights, to stop some gypsies? I thought nothing more of the lunatic and continued out.

The next day, I woke up. Part of my face was stuck to the floor, with what I don’t know. Something horrible and bloated was in my mouth, and it wasn’t a relief to find out it was my tongue. I wasn’t exactly seeing purple and green spots, it was rather I could see patches of reality and that was the rest.

Sorting myself out, I turned on the TV, hoping to find something mildly entertaining. Flicking through, I came across a popular topical chat show. They mentioned the new policy of the Opposition. Thing was, there was no-one really objecting to the measure being proposed. Nope, it was the best for all to sacrifice human rights in order to deal with a minor problem. Screw the millions of dead who fought to protect those rights.



From the SSOOKN:

Maintaining a belief in enlightened behaviour is hard work.

Trying to enact it is hard work.

Not wanting to beat the shit out of very stupid people is hard work.



Maybe there's more to it. *Probably* there's more to it! To play with that pet metaphor a bit more, I don't know who's turning my heat-lamp on every day, or who sprinkles that food in my tank. But I'm not *going* to know any of that. I can guess, I can observe, I can make shit up, but until I die and float to the top, I'm never going to come in contact with that all-powerful force. It remains as much a mystery today as it did when I was seven and Santa Claus was still going to visit in a few weeks. I suspect I won't know any more on the day I do go to that big fishbowl in the sky, but hopefully I'll have gotten to eat a lot of really excellent algae and swim through some cool castles. With the sunken chests that open and close, and the lights and skeletons and everything!

My point is there's very little we do that needs to be done. You need to sleep, shit, and eat. Beyond that isn't really any of your business, but it can be fun. Pissing all over someone else for doing something you don't approve of is *more* pointless than how pointless you think what they're doing is! So is taking offense to someone doing so. They're not the ones buying the fish-flakes, it doesn't matter what they think of you. Remember that it's a game, and remember what games are for. *Even if* there is no higher power, and this is all random chance, it's still a game. Hell, in that case it's maybe even more-so, because nothing we do matters at all to anyone!

So, the next time someone gripes about life being meaningless, be sure and laugh, if only to yourself. Of course it's meaningless, that's kind of the point. That's what makes it really pretty incredible to get up every morning. You can do whatever you want, read what you like, sing however loud you want to, and fuck whatever you please.

Just, please. Leave me alone to sit over here and be a huge, flaming hypocrite. And keep your damn fins off my mealworms!

M' Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Scum. Welcome.

Now, the first three: please fuck off, this is aimed for the last category.

You're living your nice little lives, feet up, watching the telly, and having a microwaved meal of cardboard.

Are we sitting comfortably?

Watch the BBC, ITV, Channel 4, or the tits on Channel 5. Face it, mate: it's variations on a theme, same damn thing over and over, repeated into your brain till it starts to go pink and mushy.

I called you scum, why? Because that's all you are to them, that's all you'll ever be as far as they're concerned.

Who's "they"? Some secret society? Some American conspiracy theory? *X-Files* bullshit?

Nope. They are the people taking a hammer to your skull and nailing you down. They are all the people who have ever told you how to think, what to say, what to do.

It started back in school and will go on for the rest of your life.

If you want it to.

You see, mate, all you're being asked to do is think, I'm not saying throw down the tools and join the TUC. When somebody tells you what to do, what to say, you question it, think for yourself. Sure, you may end up doing it anyway, but then it's your choice, not an order.

You think your God can save you? You think your country can save you? You think the Human race can save you?

You're on your own, mate; nobody gives a shit about you or your life. Everybody you know, have known, and will know wants something from you. Your boss, your partner, the guy down the street. All they see when they look at you is what they can get from you. You do the same damn thing to them.

Don't give me any of that denial crap. If you spend five seconds being honest with yourself, you'll see I'm right.

It's the great rat race, mate, or if you're gonna get martial about it, *rattenkrieg*. You're a tool and that's how anybody will ever see you, even me.

So, what's the point of this little lecture? Let me be honest—yeah, it's a rare trait, honesty. I want something from you, just like everybody else, I want your freedom.

I see that got you confused; it's not what you think, mate.

You're all chained up, shackled down, and you probably don't even realise it. Cultural conditioning, it's a pain in the arse but we all go through it. We are taught to obey, to listen, to follow the party line. They throw us a couple of freedoms like scooby-snacks to make you toe the line.

I'm not asking for you to fight the system, not asking for you to join some crazy revolution, not even asking you to join a movement. I'm asking you to wake up, think for yourself. You see, there are folks who have—folks who have realised what the hell is going on and learned to live their lives, constantly questioning the status quo.

Now what do you say? I'm inviting you to a jailbreak, mate; all you need is to provide your own lockpick. Think you can do it?

At times he heard within him a soft, gentle voice, which reminded him quietly, complained quietly, so that he could hardly hear it. Then he suddenly saw clearly that he was leading a strange life, that he was doing many things that were only a game, that he was quite cheerful and sometimes experienced pleasure, but that real life was flowing past him and did not touch him. Like a player who plays with his ball, he played with his business, with the people around him, watched them, derived amusement from them; but with his heart, with his real nature, he was not there. His real self wandered elsewhere, far away, wandered on and on invisibly and had nothing to do with his life. He was sometimes afraid of these thoughts and wished that he could also share their childish daily affairs with intensity, truly to take part in them, to enjoy and live their lives instead of only being there as an onlooker.

—Herman Hesse, Siddhartha

I suppose it's not really *all* a game, but most of it is. How many things we do every day which amount to “nothing much”! Get up, go to work, cuss at the stoplights and cops and old pensioners who are out for a morning drive-and-fuck-up-traffic. Sweat all day, break for lunch, drive home. Every few weeks, get paid. Our ration of food pellets, of time on the big metal wheel, of space to burrow and make a nest in. How much does any of it *mean*?

Well, I'm trying to tie it into the reason we're all here. Not *here* here. Here on this website, talking about this goddess. We're here because even a funny religion gives us a sense of purpose. Even just pretending to venerate a cockroach, or a floating clip-art head smoking a pipe, enriches our lives in some way. See, most of life, obviously, is a big game. Religion is the manifestation of the drive of human beings to try to stop playing the game. To take our ball and go home, and just you wait because I'm telling my big brother on you!





And *that's* the problem. You got mad when you thought the voting on *American Idol* was rigged, but the voting in Florida? In Ohio? Bah! That sort of thing hardly affects *your* life! You are shackled with the chains of slavery, and they enter your house in a six-foot length of coaxial cable. In a cell phone signal. In a high-speed internet connection. Why should you go outside? You've got your own little world right at your fingertips, and there's no reason to let reality intrude. You just can't wait until they finally develop teleportation technology. No, not so you can go anywhere you want effortlessly, but so you can have an endless stream of fried chicken and ice cream beamed right to your kitchen. Hell, you won't even have to get up to go to work now that somebody in Bangalore is doing your job for you. Now you'll have even *more* time to catch up on all of your favorite shows! I hear they're showing reruns of *Everybody Loves Raymond* on Channel 5 on Thursday mornings *and* Monday afternoons.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, someone somewhere is standing up. Someone is turning off all the devices that they can't live without. Someone is trying to re-acquaint themselves with freedom. And someone is having a tough time of it. There's no-one to rally to the cause, no-one to take up arms against the oppressors, no-one to keep the flickering flame of hope alive against the oppressive unbeing that consumes everyone. And besides, who wants to put it all on the line like that for a bunch of fat, greasy, cathode-ray receptors? What is there to be gained? The free are hopelessly outnumbered, and the consumers/consumed will just perceive any sort of paradigm shift as a changing of the channel.

You see, we were right all along. The revolution will not be televised.

It already *has* been.

We have no illusions about how far a piece of writing can reach.

Sending out new ideas into this world without a multi-million dollar marketing scheme have about as good a chance at reaching their destination as a paper airplane in a hurricane.

But, we take our chances.

For the most part, the people that put this document together agree that the planet that we live on has become a foul place, and we agree that something needs to be done.

But we disagree on damn near everything else.

We disagree on how it has come to this mess, and we disagree on the direction it is all heading to.

What we have observed is that, the more people are able to think for themselves, the less willing they become to exhaust themselves at someone else's command. An open-minded person is better able to see past the illusions that have this civilization headed toward what seems to be a fiery demise, and may even do something about it.

We acknowledge that it would be in everybody's best interests if there were more creative and critical thinkers analyzing the situation and broadcasting their observations.

Where this would take us, we don't really know.

But we have come to a situation where it seems that any change would be a good change.

The history of the entire known universe, and a long legacy of philosophical and scientific exploration, has resulted in this effort to get you to do some critical thinking.

And if you turn it down, then we are gonna come get you.

And it's gonna hurt.

WHAT THE *HELL* DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

Written in the spirit by The Good Reverend Roger.

This isn't the latest reality teevee show! This isn't the coolest new electronic trinket! It isn't a ringtone! So why the hell are you messing with it? You'd better put this down, before someone sees you—you might get in trouble, or worse! You might look stupid and uncool!

Listen, genius: the powers that be work very hard to insure that you have all the information and entertainment that they think you need. And *this* is how you thank them? By reading some subversive flyer that was probably left here by some America-hating freak? Huh? Well, that's gratitude for you.

Shouldn't you just put this down, and go turn on the television? You're probably missing something that you just *can't* live without. What's gonna happen during your twenty-minute lunch break, when everyone's talking about *American Idol*, and you missed it? What then? You'll be a pariah. Your co-workers will laugh at you behind your back, and you'll be "off the team." Good luck with that next promotion, Bubba!

Just put this down, quick, before anyone notices you reading it, and we'll pretend this never happened, okay? Now, get back to work, and—

Pay attention to what you are supposed to be paying attention to!

Or kill me.

What is it with you people? Are you just semi-illiterate, or have you made this a conscious decision? Why have you confused being sentient with being sedentary? So you evolved to the point where your brain was so complex it could envision a way to transmit sounds and images to a box in everyone's living room—and thus the enormous complexity of our collective intellect was used to destroy itself. Just because you *can* sit on your fat ass all day and watch *CSI: Miami* doesn't mean you *should*. You as a people are being slowly crushed under the weight of the authoritarian thumb that is pressing down on the carotid artery of your freedom, and you won't even do anything about it. Why? Because you're also being crushed under the weight of your three-Double-Quarter-Pounder-with-Cheese-a-day habit. The weight of your unshakeable loyalty to *Desperate Housewives*. You *should be* the desperate housewives, and I'm not talking about being desperate for a piece of ass from the poolboy. Where's your pride? Where's your fire? Is there anything left behind your eyes, or has it all been concentrated at the tip of your index finger for better, more efficient remote-control operation? Look at what you've lost. You've long since been incapable of finding and killing your own food, making your own warm clothes, building your own shelter, defending yourself from physical attack, or using your feet to get you where you're going. Now you're going to give up the ability to think for yourselves? Are you mad? No. You're not.



From the SSOOKN:

Every 1% of enlightenment generated comes with about 20% idiocy as a waste product.

“A Conclusion is Simply where you stopped thinking.”

Think you’ve figured it all out? Think you’ve got the key to the door of completeness and happiness? You’ve found the secret stash of American Dream Pie? Get your fucking head out of the sand. Don’t you notice how gritty your bliss tastes?

You’ve been programmed since birth. Every decision you have ever made was constrained to finite options. Sometimes you might get an “all of the above” or “none of the above” but those are just cop-outs. You’ve been taught the scientific method of decision making. But, how about the “I’ll think my own damn way” method? Or the “I don’t care if it’s an emergency exit, it’s still a fucking door” method.

You’ve also been taught to blindly accept theories as gospel truth. And you have been taught that the gospel truth is fact and not theory. You follow the yellow brick road even though you know it’s going to go through a couple of dark alleys in *those* neighbourhoods. Thought Conformity™ is the original ghetto. Do you really think *their* roadmap is fool-proof? Hell no! It was made exactly *for* fools. The day you filled your cubbie in Kindergarten, you were duped.

So, are we offering you a new vision? Maybe, maybe not. What’s more important is offering you *vision*. The ability and the know-how to see the world and the universe for what they really are. To see the messages that have been driven through your temples for what they are. To see where they are *really* leading you to. We’ve taken over the toll booths. And we are allowing your mind the opportunity to take the next exit, toll free. Will you use the off-ramp? Will you slow down to 35 MPH and take the P-turn to freedom? Or will you keep barreling down the road to the middle of nowhere at Mach 5? Just remember: on the road you are currently on, there is no break down lane. And AAA is not going to tow you back.

Despite the fact that most of what you read in here threatens the current system we live in, a lot of us don’t really have it in us to go to great lengths to disguise the message any more.

Some of us can string together some loose metaphors, but for many at this point, it’s just not worth the effort to dress things up, or the risk that you might not understand the point that we are trying to make.

The time has come for you to start thinking for yourself.

Towing other people’s lines and doing other people’s bidding has not worked so far.

In fact, it’s hard to avoid noticing just how messy this place has become and the situation seems urgent enough for us not to hold back.

We want you to think for yourself, and we deliver this message with no good intention to the way things are currently being done on this planet.

We don’t want nothing else from you.

We don’t want you to buy a membership, and we don’t want your telephone number. We don’t want your undivided attention, and we won’t make moves on your girl. We don’t want you to sell things. We don’t want you to attend meetings. There is nothing to memorize, and we don’t need you to take an oath.

We want to see you do for you, and it has come to our attention that not many people really know what it means to look after themselves on the planet earth in the twenty-first century.

Call it a support group for the freedom-impaired.

Can you feel it coming? Do you smell a change upon the wind?

No.

You *don't*.

You *can't*.

You have deluded yourself with dreams of a grand re-awakening, a massive paradigm shift of the collective social conscience. You have convinced yourself that someone (maybe even you) will come along and cast down the Powers That Be™ that are in control of The Machine™.

You're *wrong*.

There are no Powers That Be™. The Machine™ deposed of them long ago, or perhaps they just became obsolete, victims of their own efficiency. You see, long ago, The Machine™ became far too large to be overseen by a conspiracy, or even by a network of several different conspiracies. The Machine™ is no longer under the control of mankind, rather it has become an entity unto itself. A blind, uncaring juggernaut of assimilation and mediocrity. The Machine™ feeds off of the static nature of humanity. Any real agents of change are perceived as dangerous mutations, to be neutralized and disposed of as quickly as possible. Yes, that includes you. And yes, that also includes me. Why do you think I constantly exhort *you* to become an agent of change? I've got my own schemes and machinations to that end, but I want to see the manner in which The Machine™ deals with you before I finalize *my* game plan. You see, to be an effective catalyst, one has to confront the problem of scale. You *cannot* bring The Machine™ down. You can't even slow it down. What you can do is very slowly and unobtrusively begin to rearrange the basic components. We will refer to these as *widgits* and *sprockets*. If widget *A* and sprocket *B* combine to exert societal influence *C* on the stinking morass known collectively as "humanity," then it stands to reason that The Machine™ can be reprogrammed at a very basic level and in very small increments. You waste your time dreaming of how to effect such a change on a global, national, or regional scale (the impossibility of which, I



The closer we get to discovering what things are made of, the less they seem to be made of. We have discovered that everything in our world is made up of molecules and the majority of any object is empty space in between those molecules. Within those molecules, 90%+ is empty space, while less than 10% is taken up by atoms. 90%+ of every atom is empty space, less than 10% of that space is taken up by protons, neutrons and electrons. These subatomic particles are made up of quarks with even more empty space between them. Even the rare bits of space that are taken up by stars and planets are 99.9%+ nothing. The closer we get to discovering what we're made of, the more we find out that we're made of nothing. However, there are tiny pockets of defiance against this nothing which maintain their existence by lying to each other about it; whether this lying comes in the form of gravity, electromagnetism, chemical magnetism, physiological attraction and repulsion, political influence, magic, or some other force, it is a dishonesty that has to perpetrate itself on its surroundings in order to maintain its existence.

If you accept this as truth, I wonder what you will believe when you're eventually convinced that it is a lie.

Before the beginning, there was a 50% chance that nothing would exist and a 50% chance that something would exist. To determine whether something or nothing would exist, they decided to flip a coin. However, in order for there to be a coin to flip, the coin had to exist, so something had already won. Therefore, we exist because something is a lying, cheating bastard.

Many religions have a strong sense of dichotomy between truth and lie. In Zoroastrianism, there are two gods, one of truth, one of lies. In Norse polytheism, the chief god is Odin, who represents wisdom and truth; his main adversary is Loki, god of lies and trickery. In Christianity, Jesus is “The Truth, The Way, and The Life,” while Satan is often described as a trickster and liar.

However, in each of these cases, existence is *not based on the truth*. According to Zoroastrianism, when the god of truth defeats the god of lies, existence will end. According to Norse polytheism, Ragnarok (the end of the world) will be the final battle between Odin and Loki, and the world will end when the god of truth defeats the god of lies. According to Christian prophecy in Revelation, at some point all the true believers will be swept up, leaving the world to the lie.

The more closely you look at existence, especially at life and the psychology of most “higher” organisms, the more apparent this becomes. Take dating: the more obvious it is that you want a relationship, the more likely the other person is to run from you. Teasing them and pretending not to like them—playing “hard to get”—makes the other person try harder to get you. Take economics: the more you demand, the more you have to pay for what you receive; the more you supply, the less you receive for what you give. Take physics: every action causes an equal but *opposite* reaction. Take politics: attempts to stamp out drug use, alcohol use, gambling, prostitution, poverty, and hunger have a history of worsening the problem.



might add, keeps you in your perpetual state of blissful apathy), dreaming of assembling a group of like-minded fellows who will march with you to the very gates of the ivory tower, whereupon those who have misled and exploited you will be cast down upon the parapets.

Well, guess what? *You are* the one who has misled and exploited you. You have overlooked the most obvious solution, the most effective solution, the only possible solution:

Kill yourself, fuck the body.

Just kidding.

Maybe.

But seriously, this is what I have come to believe is the true spirit of the oft-misused phrase, “we must stick apart”: we cannot effect a large scale change, and if we make a serious attempt we *will* be neutralized. Instead, each and every one of us should make a conscious effort to effect a small reprogramming of The Machine™ in a manner that affects us and our immediate surroundings. Keep the mutation small, and give it a chance to become effectively contagious. If we all effect a change on our own paradigm (this *does* require some effort—being a bliss-ninny doesn’t count), there *will* be an eventual overlap, at which point the large scale change which we have hoped to effect all along will be impossible to stop.

(insert witty closing tagline here)

THERE IS NO CONSPIRACY!

Written in the spirit by The Good Reverend Roger.

Despite any rumors you may have heard, there is no conspiracy. Certainly not one formed by asshats and jackasses commonly known as Discordians and Subgenii. These groups are too silly and too self-absorbed to do anything like attack the evils that beset our society by using The Machine™'s very own neuro-programming techniques (which, of course, don't exist). Anyone who says differently should get themselves a tinfoil beanie.

Indeed, the very idea of some secret cabal of weirdos, freaks, and mutants out to topple the monolith that we call our government is ludicrous. Especially given their non-violent methodology. Everyone knows that revolutions only come with guns and near-mythical hero-figures. The notion that some nebulous group is out there subverting people with imagery and words designed to alter moods and behaviors is simply science-fiction of the wildest, most escapist variety.

Even if there was, what could they possibly hope to accomplish? After all, life in America is perfect right now, isn't it? Things couldn't possibly be any better! Unless you've been out-sourced, or were born poor, or have weird ideas about civil liberties—but then you really don't count, anyway.

So relax, citizen; ignore that feeling of the ground shifting beneath your feet and discount any bizarre rumors you may have heard. America is secure, the economy is great, and you have tons of stuff to watch on teevee. And JFK and Lee Harvey Oswald both died natural deaths in 1963, and everything has been great since then, anyway. Just grab a beer, turn on *American Idol*, and...

Go Back to Sleep!

Or Kill Me.



and it is putting a lot of unnecessary pressure on the things that try to stay alive on this planet

are we witnessing some kind of separation occurring?

an identifiable type of separation?

do we know what one of "them" looks like?

a wide-eyed blank stare?

the type that is able to shuffle along?

the type that is able to perk their ears up to take an order?

some of us "love" some of these beings

which brings to light the messiness of the situation—

do "us" and "them" have a future together?

to say no

implies some drama

some might suggest tragedy

i don't even think i want to continue

“they thirst for knowledge
i teach but hold heat
'cause some savage niggas are lost beyond reach”
—Masta Killa, High Price Small Reward

there is a segment of the population of this planet that has stopped learning

there is also a segment of the population of this planet that has lost the capacity to learn

what have these people become?

it has been established over and over again that our way of life has become suicidal on the large scale
and tho there are some who are able to change and are on the look out to change their ways

it is becoming frightfully apparent that there does exist some form of being that is—at this point—
unable to change its ways

what does this imply?

i'm not sure really

years decades centuries of moving in a particular direction and
at the culmination of it
we have these “living” things that are able to take from the earth
use these materials
and in the process
create by-products that we cannot use

we call it pollution
toxicity

it takes many forms
and it is increasing rapidly



Being Free / A Touch of The Conspiracy / Modern Bullshit

Haven't you had enough yet? Are you getting sick of it all? You should be. Sickness is our way of life. Take this pill, do this job. We won't give you enough time to cook, so eat this pre-made meal. Hey, it might kill you—eventually—but think of the poor starving children in Ethiopia. Sure, your apathy over politics helped contribute to the mess, but think of them! Care for this, eat that, watch this, take your crap, drink your beer, and stay smiling. We'll tell you where to go and what to do.

Tired of being bought and sold like cattle? Are you sheep or goat? Do you want to be led by the nose, or do you want to head-butt the herders, then perhaps run amok the flock for a while, scaring the be-jeezus out of them?

There's too much of everything nowadays—everything that, in a special way, is nothing. Keeping up with the neighbours and fashions, while trying to keep up with the bills, while having your attention distracted by the vacuous twits on the idiot box. It drains you to the point that caring becomes a hassle and the depressives of society become an attractive choice to make.

And that's exactly how They want it! Tired little sheep kept running around by the faithful hounds all day long, until they are too tired and submit—they break. Who are They? Nowadays, practically everyone: your boss, your leaders, the media at large, the people responsible for *American Idol*, X-Factor, pointless waste of music reality-TV—a huge faceless confederacy constantly trying to sway you this way and that, turning you into a follower of anything.

But you can be free. You can sign your own Declaration of Independence, turn the tables on this alliance of idiot leaders who would take you for all you have! By ignoring them and taking your own road. Yes, it's that simple. What has paying them attention ever done, other than distract and depress you? Until you do that, you cannot own yourself, despite having every material need in the world fulfilled. You can live the safe, numbing “life” of a servant, or you can live it how it was meant to be, exciting and terrifying, but ultimately free.

On the Nature of Reality

You're mostly blind. But this isn't your fault; it's because of the shell of meat you happen to live in right now. Think, for just a moment, of the nearly infinite amount of things happening right now all around you. I'm sure you can think of quite a few things. Now, let's talk about them.

You can't see any of the infra-red or ultra-violet light spectrum. Unfortunately, this cuts out quite a lot of things your eyes were built to see. Sorry about that.

You can't hear below 20 Hz or above 20 KHz. You can definitely *feel* about 12 Hz, if you play it really loud. Go on, give it a try.

With just these two examples, if you hadn't before, now you can start to understand all the things you simply can't perceive. I'm sure you can think of five more examples of an immense class of Things that you can't notice are right in front of you.

But it gets worse.

Stop for a moment, and try to notice as many *possible* things in your environment that you can, simultaneously. Notice that, as you start to identify more and more objects, sounds, smells, and tactile sensations, you can't keep them in your head all at once. When you notice, for example, the pressure of your shoe against the ball of your foot, that distant bird chirping seems to fade from your attention.

And let's not forget about how much stuff you weren't paying attention to when you started reading this. Let's face it: We all live our lives with blinders on. We only allow ourselves to pay attention to 1% of what we physically *can* perceive, which is an infinitesimally small percentage of all the stuff in the Universe.

And that fraction of a fraction of a percent is what we usually call "Reality." We call it "Real," as if it's an unshaking firmament of solid Truth, that what we see is all that's really "out there." But you're not even paying attention to the 99% of stuff that you can't even sense.



And this "Reality" is what we base our judgments on—how the Universe "works," what "should" be Out There. We construct our actions and reaction to this 1% of available information and reject everything else in the Universe. And then some Authority comes along, and tells you that *they* know what's really real, and that you should do as they do. Talk about the blind being led by the blind—or, in this case, the blind being led by the incredibly stupid.

"Okay, big guy," you say, "So what's *really* out there, if you're so smart?" I have to tell you—

I don't know.

I have the same blinders you do. I live in the same kind of box.

But I will say one thing: My saying "I don't know" doesn't mean, "I don't know, and I don't care, because there's no way to escape the biology of my senses." I say, "I don't know, *but I want to find out*. I want to try to see and feel as much as I can, I don't want to take somebody's word for it, I want to keep *exploring*, and *figuring shit out*. I want to walk out of my Prison Cell, even if I just end up in another one. I'm not content only seeing a fraction of what's out there.

"Because, hey, who knows what kind of fun I'm missing?"

This page is not part of the final pamphlet.

Instructions for Assembly

- Print these sets of pages together, on either side of an A4 sheet:

1 & 28 with 2 & 27
3 & 26 with 4 & 25
5 & 24 with 6 & 23
7 & 22 with 8 & 21
9 & 20 with 10 & 19
11 & 18 with 12 & 17
13 & 16 with 14 & 15

- Stack the pages accordingly.
- Fold the pages in half and add a couple of staples on the seam.
- Disseminate.