

Zarathud's Enlightenment

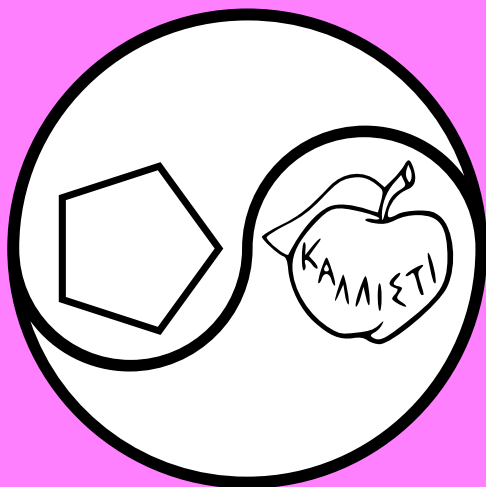
Before he became a hermit, Zarathud was a young Priest, and took great delight in making fools of his opponents in front of his followers.

One day Zarathud took his students to a pleasant pasture and there he confronted The Sacred Chao while She was contentedly grazing.

"Tell me, you dumb beast," demanded the Priest in his commanding voice, "why don't you do something worthwhile. What is your Purpose in Life, anyway?"

Munching the tasty grass, The Sacred Chao replied "MU."

Upon hearing this, absolutely nobody was enlightened. Primarily because nobody could understand Chinese.



This is the Sacred Chao. The Pentagon is Order, the Golden Apple is Disorder. The Hodge Podge is balance. They are elements of the Chao, a single unit of chaos. Study it well. This means something, I tell you! This is important!

Joining the Discordian Society

Please fill out the following:

Name _____

Holy Name _____

Born [Y | N] Eyes [2 | Other] Hair _____

Nose _____ Brain _____ Teeth _____

Race [Horse | Human | Other _____]

What kind of freak are you? _____

Is your name E. Howard Hunt? [Y | N]

Why do you want to be a Discordian? [Y | N]

Now, total up the number of correct answers and divide by five. Multiply this by 23 and take the square root. If the result is transcendent, you may have already won. If the result is five or imaginary, then you're already a member. What ever happens, DO NOT LOSE IT! Make five copies of this. Send two to the proper authorities. Nail one to a post. Make one into a paper boat and Sink it. Bury the other one in a cigar box. Our underground agents will contact you.

HAIL ERIS! ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!

Brought to you by the Discordian Society, a non-prophet disorganization. There is no more oil.

(K) 3170 the other anonymous. All rights reversed.

**DISEMBRACE
THE
GREYFACE**

and find peace with a contented chao

Discordia

The Un-Religion

Did you know that God is a crazy woman? The Greeks called her Eris, the Romans called her Discordia, and you can call her Betty (but only if, when she calls you, she can call you Al).

She has come to tell you that you are free. She is chaos. She is the substance from which artists and scientists build rythms. She is the spirit with which children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. She is chaos. She is alive and she has come to tell you that you are free.

There is no tyranny in the state of confusion. There are no laws in the Discordian Society.

What is The Discordian Society?

The Discordian Society has no definition. It has been called a disorganization of Eris freaks, or a geurilla mind theatre. Episkopos Randomfactor prefers, "The World's Greatest Association of Whatever it is we are." But all of us agree that we don't know what we are.

Something that THEY won't tell you is that every man, woman and otherwise on earth is a genuine and authorized Pope. Take advantage of your postition. Declare something already.

What's the Catch?

Well, actually, there isn't one. Discordianism doesn't have sins, taboos, or damnation. If you like being whatever it is you are, you'll like Discordia.

It is our firm belief not to hold firm beliefs.

The Book of Secrets

almost by Prostheticus

I have seen so many people on this planet blantly disregard their ability to think and feel, that it would make a rabbit scream. I have seen so many carbon units believe that the world is full of constraints, and follow these invisible, intangible constraints. There are no laws anywhere! The Goddess prevails!

Discordianism isn't about being weirder than the next guy. It's not about being destructive and "chaotic." It is simply about being free. And if freedom takes you down the same road as others, then so be it. One life shouldn't be judged relative to another.

The idea that wrecking things is free will is perhaps the most unfathomable idea. Order and Disorder are both imaginary descriptions set upon that which is chaos. Chaos is the blenderbus of reality. It is made of cows, bricks, and vacuum cleaners. One person's order is another's disorder. In truth, they are both illusions, Rorschach blobs which each person interprets for him-, her-, or itself. While it is a simple thing to determine our choices, it is both difficult and wrong to force another into a certain choice, unless that person asks to be forced into a different choice, which is another case entirely.

Eris doesn't want your soul. She only wants to dance with you. And, as for the universe, it wants to play! Hail Eris!

*Bullshit makes the flowers grow,
and that's beautiful.*

*Do whatever it is that you do,
and be whatever it is that you are.*

What is Enlightenment?

The pineal gland is a conical little organ in the brain that has no known function. However, one can consult this organ through improper, irreligious enceremony to communicate with Goddess (if she's in the mood to talk).

Unfortunately, it seems that as Discordians become enlightened, others begin viewing us as unsensical weirdos. Therefore, if any of this has made sense to you, YOU COULD BE NEXT in line for Illumination.

What is Truth?

Everything is true, even false things.

But How Can That Be?

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

Is This a Joke?

*Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.*

With Them, the Search for Truth can be tiring and futile. But with Discordia, it's always fun!

Lorum Ipsum

10. The Earth quakes and the heavens rattle; the beasts of nature flock together and the nations of men flock apart; volcanoes usher up heat while elsewhere water becomes ice and melts; and then on other days it just rains. 11. Indeed do many things come to pass.

—HBT; The Book of Predictions, Chap. 19

A Sermon on Ethics and Love

One day, Malaclypse the Younger asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request her presence for some desperate advice. Shortly thereafter, a radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female voice said,

"YES?"

"O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!"

"What bothers you, Mal? You don't sound well."

"I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe."

"What is the matter with that, if it is what you want to do?"

"But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it!"

"Oh. Well, then stop."

At which point She turned Herself into an aspirin commercial and left the Polyfather stranded alone with his species.

This Document is Toilet Tissue

Are you having trouble pondering the depths of Discord? Wondering if we even have any depth? Rejecting this out-of-hand due to an indomitable bitter skepticism? Try consulting your pineal gland. Everyone has one, maybe you do too.