

THE PATH OF CHAOS COMPLETE EDITION=

== By Irreverend Hugh, KSC, of the PMM/C - DSSS ==

THE PATH OF CHAOS;

otherwise known as many things, at times known as various other things.

Prolog, Foreword, and other such babble-like introduction

This is the Path of Chaos as revealed to St. Hugh, KSC, by Our Lady Discordia. It may or may not agree with the revelations of Our Lady that anyone else may have received. ThatB—≥s to be expected as She is Eris, after all.

The Path of Chaos arose out of something called Eristic Erudition. The document originally known as Eristic Erudition is rumored to have its origins in the flyers left pasted to bathroom walls in bars throughout the world, or even just in the Chicago area. Eristic Erudition was written by the White Mouse who may or may not be an imaginary character. (Note: The White Mouse claims that I am an imaginary character that he invented. To this day, the confusion over who invented who has never been cleared up. Nor does anyone feel the need to clarify anything. "There is no tyranny in the state of confusion", remember?)

The Path of Chaos could be considered the title of the first 23 verses or the whole collection of scriptures, collected herein... The Path of Chaos has changed in many ways since first released as Eris and/or errant brain cells decided to hide parts and change other parts. Thus, the present version will probably not match what you read a year ago. For further information, please consult your pineal gland.

Kallisti!

The Path of Chaos

1

All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither true nor is it false. When the mind succumbs to the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom and spirit are lost and it becomes necessary to claim an identity.

2

All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither false nor is it true. When the mind rejects the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom, spirit, and even a sense of humor are found; life can be lived.

3

In the beginning, or at the ending, or sometimes right now, it was said and will be said and is being said the most holy phrase B—≤think for yourselfB—≥. All doctrines are heresy including this one.

4

In ancient times an ancient sage gathered together his disciples and admonished them to look after themselves for he would leave them soon. "Oh, great master, please leave us with your ultimate teaching so that we can continue in your way." He responded "Never whistle while your pissing. Never believe what your hear."

5

Romance is but another way for the cocoon of order to crush any sensitivity and to stifle any intimacy. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. Or at least Eros was meant as a joke; not a very funny one at that. Get romance out of the way and true love will flow.

6

Romance is but another way to break open the cocoon of order and to cultivate sensitivity where intimacy can grow. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. There can be no true eroticism without eristicismB—¶ or at least a little discord. If Eros was originally meant as a joke then itB—≥s gotten out of hand. Good. Cultivate romance and true love will follow.

7

Waking up from confusion does not mean that the confusion will go anywhere. Nor will laughter pay your bills. But no amount of money could ever be worth as much as laughter.

8

It has often been said that the unexamined life is not worth living. However, if one examines their life and finds no laughter, such a person can truly say that their life is worthless.

9

The maker of laughter rejoices here and rejoices in the hereafter; Thus such a person rejoices in both places. Having beheld their deeds they rejoice exceedingly.

10

The suppressor of laughter frowns here and frowns in the hereafter; Such a person frowns everywhere. Having beheld their lack of laughter they frown exceedingly. Thus it is said that the sage learns the art of tickling to wake up the dead.

11

The universe is always laughing. Is it laughing with you or at you? The universe is always crying. Is it crying with you, or for you?

12

When all the world confuses order with beauty, this in itself is ugliness. Therefore the sage instinctively walks the path and the non-path of chaos. Such a life is filled with incomparable beauty. Such a person living such a life is not afraid to worship their lovers. Such lovers learn true loving. Thus, it is often said that one way for true love to enter this world is to thoroughly confuse chaos with beauty.

13

It is often said that spiritual and religious teachings should be revered. And there are myriad ways to display reverence. But the truest most ancient most justified sages revered the heart and free thought above any teaching.

14

A squirrel was chasing a sparrow in the woods. The squirrel tripped and stumbled into a tree, losing consciousness. He awoke in a daze while the sparrow spoke thus: "these are the considerations which must be considered—1: All violence is simply masochism. 2: Society is a joke by the general on the particular. 3: Think for yourself and believe in nothing." The squirrel shook off the daze but was left with a splitting headache for the rest of the day.

15

If you can hear talking animals, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you can see the fnords, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you think that government was originally a practical joke that somehow got to be taken much too seriously, you are definitely on the way to sagehood, you shameless anarchist!

16

Those who pretend to be civilized are always threatened by heresy. Those who pretend to be uncivilized are always threatened by heresy. In short, heresy is always a threat to pretentious people.

17

The two major movements or inertias of humanity are likened to cattle and sheep, but truly cattle and sheep have more intelligence.

18

The immature continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it B—≤consistencyB—≥. The immature but half-awakened continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it B—≤identityB—≥. The half-immature but almost awakened repeat the same mistakes and call it by a myriad of names. The mature have no need for excuses, names, justifications, or even pseudo-pop-psychology, whether they continue repeating mistakes or not.

19

Those on the left will get crushed by those on the right. Those on the right will get crushed by those on the left. Those in the middle will get crushed by both sides. Meanwhile those on the top will reap the profits and will not include the rest of us in their feasts. Truly, the need for the apple of discord is great.

20

The one whose mind is not defiled by order, whose heart is not defiled by sadness, and who has seen through good and evil, is free from fear and free from obedience. Such a person is said to be fully human.

21

Days and nights slip by. Love affairs and one-nighters blur on by. Bills come by mail to be paid or neglected. Mountains crumble and new nations are born. Wars are still fought and the same stupid reasons are given. As has been said, indeed many things do come to pass, you being one of them. But when was the last time you laughed?

22

Be wary of people praying in front of liquor stores. Such people are calling upon the spirits instead of drinking them.

23

It was rumored that in response to the often quoted statement "it is an ill wind that blows no minds" the wind blowing at the time shouted "blow your own damn minds!"

A Story of Sorts

The thought lingered in his mind. "If you think the truth hurts then try living a lie." Every method with which he had been instructed to interpret the world was simply a lie. Even his name was given to him, not chosen by him. He slowly realized that he was just another obedient one following someone else's ideas without question. He was just another figment of an identity dreamed up and imposed upon him. He was a fragment of a person, never really fully growing and the maturity and stability that was displayed by those around him as symbols of growth were really just symbols of obedience, of a stifled life. And it was all a lie.

All the nation worshipping and scraping embodied in the flags and the speeches of paranoid leaders all the insistence upon business as usual being the highest development of humanity all that crap about having free trade spouted by cynical capitalists who knew damn well that if real free trade existed among individuals as equals, there could be no more capitalism All the justifications for war which mainly came down to the adolescent excuse "but they started it"...the same old bullshit given for all sorts of murders and pogroms against groups and individuals who didn't, don't, and won't fit in to any of the stupid narrow paradigmatic minded concepts the deluded ones come up with in attempts to deceive themselves into thinking that they are in fact intelligent all of the sweep of human history seemed to be catching up with him at that moment he was shattered.

All this time it was all a lie. His name his career his religion his romance leading up to his marriage every little assembly point upon which he had thought his identity rested was a complete figment. But now what was to be done about it? Would he simply just push over to the inverse and decide it all to be an illusion of no consequence? Or was he about to awaken to its significance? Which way would his now tattered and properly scattered mind move next, if in fact it was to move at all?

How long had it been this way? How long had we been inculcated to hate ourselves and others? How long had we been taught to fear our own intuition and to be afraid of those who are not afraid? And what would he now do with this mind blowing knowledge? But that was the way life really worked questions and verbs.

He looked down at his overflowing ashtray. Out again at the sky blue beyond the window. It was morning, again. How long had he sat there enthralled to his mental collapse then explosion? How many cigarettes?

Rinsing his face off did not make the feeling any less potent. Reality was becoming clear and it was definitely unlike any explanation or excuse he had ever run across. He looked up into the mirror at his eyes, appearing brightened by this chaotic energy of wisdom that had kept him from sleep. Was he becoming wise to the game? Or was he merely going insane? And did it even matter because sanity could be just a commonly held hallucination? This endless question game would drive most people insane if they held on too strongly to who they were. And again, the thought "If the truth hurts, then try living a lie."

The Path of Discord: Also Known as the Path of Chaos II

1

Shamans, witches, walkers, psychics, heretics? These are the motivators of real human freedom and growth. They wear many masks but are not fooled. They are often burned, however.

2

Psychos, politicians, murderers, settlers, dominators? These are the creators of real human slavery and degradation. They wear many masks and often fool themselves into believing as much as they fool others. They seem to enjoy burning those who won't be fooled.

3

Long, miserable, and boring is the night to the one who doesn't laugh. Long is the distance of a mile to the unawakened one. Long is the circle and cycle of miserable rebirths to the fool who does not know laughter. Truly, the unawakened are heavy, miserable, and boring. Such people need the great tickle.

4

The unwise, the Grayfaces, fools who are even afraid to laugh at themselves, go about committing atrocities in the name of order, thus making the world more bitter and humorless. Truly, this humorless game has gone on long enough.

5

There is happiness and laughter to the apostle who associates with a wise friend. Failing to find this, it is best to remember the ancient proverb "We discordians shall stick apart."

6

Do not keep company with evil-doing friends nor with people who are humorless, unless they are in need of a good prank and a holy tickle. Truly, all such people are in great need.

7

The White Mouse had a disturbing vision one night after the ritual libations of tequila and Guinness. He saw policemen dressed in black and blue lining the city streets, each one playing a trumpet. "What's this?" he asked. To which he heard a voice reply, "This is one of the signs of my apocalypse, which is coming soon, tomorrow, yesterday, or even next Tuesday at lunch."

8

It is said, or not said, or thought, or not thought, that the one who contradicts herself is a fool, but truly such a person is probably just kidding or even a little tired. Consistency is the mark of a madwoman.

9

Coincidences do not exist. To believe in coincidences, or to believe in anything, is simply aneristic delusion. Or not. Fnord.

10

Those who think the hodge and the podge should be separate will at least be tickled silly. Those who like to put people to death, no matter the reason, should be hodgepodged. Never trust anything that follows the word $B \rightarrow \text{should} B \rightarrow$.

11

Never trust any statement that starts with the phrase $B \rightarrow \text{never trust} B \rightarrow$. Such a statement is insecure and therefore cannot be trusted.

12

A discordian apostle was walking in the park enjoying a bun-less hot dog when she noticed a squirrel being lectured by the White Mouse. The White Mouse spoke thus: "Fear not if you realize that your whole life is just a hallucination, my nutty friend! Only the bipedals take themselves seriously enough to the point that realizing life's hallucinatory quality is actually frightening. The bipedals walk with only two feet on the ground. So what would they know about reality anyway?"

13

It is said that beliefs are for believers and that non-beliefs are for non-believers, but sadly, this idea is wrong. According to believers, beliefs are for everyone and according to non-believers, beliefs are for no one. But we all know that minds that get caught up in this semantics-diddling trap only do so because they are no longer functioning.

14

Those who are attached to the idea of freedom using discordian tethers are said to be almost incurable of their ignorance. They have confused the idea with experience and thus, become even worse than dogmatics. Truly, the need for the Apple of Discord is great.

15

Behold, people who have convinced yourselves of your reality simply by virtue of having bodies. Behold, your bodies do change. Your spirits do change. You are easily self-deceived, having no substance to call your own without knowing your own hearts. And some knowing this still choose themselves various names to hold onto in the hope of stopping the flux of chaos. Impermanence is growth. Growth is living life. Behold, you are free. So why would you ever say words or do things that are not from your heart?

16

The human brain is the only organ that can get so full of itself that it becomes a waste of time. Eventually, under the optimal entropic socio-cultural conditions, such as present-day society, the brain will, like all other ill-or-unused appendages, wither away. Most people do not notice such entropy while making fun of the ones that do notice it. Freedom from that entropy is the cultivation of a growing mind and the realization, however startling this may be, that life is for more than just settling into cocoons of attention-deficit-disorder-causing stimulation. "A closed mind is a non-functioning mind, or at least dysfunctional."

17

Dogma is the refuge (and the refuse) of an undeveloped, and therefore fettered, mind. Praise the woman who lives without dogma for she truly lives.

18

The White Mouse once spoke the following statement to nobody in particular: "Those who think that the struggle to free your minds and yourselves is a humorless and serious endeavor will think again. Remember Eris. Those who denigrate the Children of Laughter are denigrating Eris and will meet the Apple of Discord on terms most unfavorable to them, unless they can learn to laugh. The Great Tickle is coming! Prepare the Ways!"

19

The White Mouse was showing some kung-fu moves to his Squirrel student, when they noticed some Christian Evangelists bothering a man sitting on a bench who wore a pentagram. The White Mouse stopped his forms and spoke to the Squirrel. "See that? The Wiccan looks confused, perplexed, and bothered. Therefore, you know he is happy and satisfied with his lifestyle. The Christians look happy, tranced-out, and smug. Therefore you know they are unhappy and insecure about their lives. There is no confusion in the state of fundamentalism and no fun either."

20

Three sages met and discussed the nature of perception. Being women, the sages naturally didn't waste much time getting to the point. They spoke thus:

Sage 1: I am under the strange opinion that strange opinions are worth investigation.

Sage 2: You are under the false impression that false impressions are strange opinions.

Sage 3: Both of you are hopelessly trapped in the twisted delusion that deceives you into thinking, strangely yet falsely, that you make sense.

21

Some Neo-Pagan Druids were wandering about in a redwood forest, looking for a spot to do whatever it is that Druids do. While walking in trance they heard the voice of one of the redwoods speak "In all my thirty hundred years of existence I have never seen anything as frightening as government, except for a religious government."

22

A revered sage once remarked, "Something somewhere was once done somehow by someone. Unfortunately, no one knows anything about it except the pink rabbit with the five pounds of flax." None of his disciples achieved enlightenment that day, though many were profoundly confused with one or two of them becoming so thoroughly perplexed that they ran off crying "fnord!".

23

Beware of those who believe in coincidences. They are the worst dogmatists of them all.

Why Eris?

Just as Eris fell victim to the snub and was able to turn it around for her benefit, many of us find ourselves snubbed in one way or another. Eventually we learn to stop listening to the ideas of self-hatred that such snubs can bring. Eventually we learn to turn around situations of snubbery to our benefit. I am learning how to take comfort in Eris/Discordia during times when I undergo the snub. I am learning to give myself permission to go after all the things

that I want. I am learning to give myself permission to grow, learn and develop in ways I have never imagined. I am learning ways to disregard all the nay-sayers and all those misinformed people who would snub. I am learning to say no to the self-defeating ideas of sacrifice and of doing without. To me, doing without looks attractive when you are younger, say in your early twenties, or when you come from a position where you already have much. I am no longer in my early twenties and I never came from any position of material privilege in this society, so the ideas of doing without and of sacrifice have little resonance to me. I am reserved as a person as it is. There is no further need for me to fall for ideas that have no value.

Either someone accepts me or they do not. They can not possibly assume to know me in any capacity at any rate, so I do not let their attitudes bother too much. Sometimes it does get to be lonely when you are resolved. But you have to just refuse to get bogged down in loneliness or boxed into self importance. Eris has come to us to tell us we are free. We need not fit in nor do we need to prove ourselves worthy of those who would snub us. Those of us who know ourselves to be valuable, wonderful, and beautiful beings have no need to exclude others to confirm our uniqueness. Therefore those who would snub or exclude us, or anyone else, must not know the simple truth.

Either my society accepts me or it does not. Either way, I will help to subvert its dominant life-denying paradigms through the use of militant and incessant humor—a surrealism of laughter that leads to minds exploding and growing. Surrealism is geared towards the ultimate realization of one's free will. If we all realized our free will and started to live our lives accordingly, we would be amazed at the changes in our world. I do not care for acceptance by society, because I have a sister or brother in anyone who feels the same as I do. Any freethinker—any Discordian—any Witch/Magician—any anarchist—any Chaoist...or anyone who simply wants to be my friend and share some of this crazy adventure called life. I simply accept them if they simply accept me and to hell with what society wants.

I chose and choose Eris as a very important member of my pantheon because she represents the creative chaos that is necessary for all life to thrive and grow on. Many people are turned off to the whole Discordian thing because it makes a lot of fun of traditional and neo-Pagan spiritual tradition. Discordianism also makes a lot of fun of our usual concepts of identity and our blind obedience to cultural and social norms. Why not have fun doing so? Eristic thought is free thought, open thought. Any religion or deity that cannot be laughed at or sworn at is probably not a fit religion or deity for anyone's communing anyway, right? I choose Eris because she does not require blind, pure, abiding, or any other sort of belief in her. She doesn't even require an initiation into her mysteries. No, there are no special expensive seminars or retreats to go on to learn more about her. There is no need to find a church, whether Discordian, or otherwise. All one needs is a functioning brain with a pineal gland and the willingness to embark on the wondrous path of enlightened living. Discordianism has enriched and opened up my understanding of life while allowing priceless laughter most of the way. There have been trying times for sure, but they have at least had funny silver-linings. That's my story and I'm sticking to it, until I find a better one. All Hail Discordia!

Note: Any relationship between the above mentioned and any character, whether fictional or not, is purely consensual.

The Path of Confusion (Chaos III)

1

It is said that a true Chaoist Sage never sleeps in the same bed twice. But verily, such a person wouldn't know, or couldn't care, whether they were sleeping or not. Nor would they care if they were a Chaoist Sage or not. In fact they probably wouldn't even know what a bed was, despite their sexual preferences.

2

It has been said that day is night and night is day and that tequila is both night and day, However, it is best to remember that drinking either night or day won't have the same effect.

3

You may pierce your nipples with golden apples and while weird, and possibly Discordian, it may take you no further along the path to awakening than an alarm clock.

4

Drinking milk will not cure one of happiness.

5

It has been often said that meaning is meaningless, and meaninglessness is meaningful, but truly nothing is as valuable as the holy word B—maybe—.

6

Nothing is true and everything is permitted, yet all things are true and subsequently nothing is permitted. What is forbidden is not allowed. And what is allowed is not forbidden. But nothing is true and all is permitted. Buddha, get out of the way!

7

Praise the one who upon awakening from bed can not find the floor. Better yet, praise the one who can not even find the bed they have awoken from.

8

The ancient Discordians were not influenced by the ancient Discordians. Eris was not influenced by the Erisian movement. There is point to this, but I forget.

9

Miserable are the ones who talk and read about sex or magic without actually doing neither. They are poor confused and possibly more intelligent than you or I. But what good is intelligence with or without sex or magic?

10

All dogma is false. Likewise all contradiction of dogma is false. Truly, the apple of discord means something at some point, but when was the last time you checked?

11

Those sages who are most thoroughly confused, dazed, and perplexed by anything can truly be said to be onto something. The wise know when to say "I have no fucking clue!"

12

It is said that death and life are parts of the same force of chaos. Really? Stop blaming chaos for your troubles!

13

I have truths to speak of, except I may be lying. And that may be a lie itself. If you are not confused then you are lying, except that I could be. The only way to be a little sure of this is to be uncertain about it and therefore be more confused.

14

The true shamanic adepts will confuse everyone. Such people are worth listening to as they will teach you how to follow yourself, if you are lucky. But the only way to be thoroughly confused is to have all certainties flee your very soul. Do you seem to be a verb? Liar!

15

Eternal life is a pernicious lie. Therefore you can know that it is a valid truth. Be wary of those who have developed clear cut systems in which to gain eternal life. They take away that which you already have.

16

It is often said by ancient sages that chaos is blind and stupid. Therefore you know that chaos is wisdom. Doubt is simply the expression of faith. Have nothing to do with faith or doubt if you seek to understand chaos. Upon gaining understanding have nothing to do with that understanding.

17

It is said that every woman and man is a star. But actually every star is a woman or a man. Don't bother trying to figure which came first unless you wish to invoke the holy mindfuck.

18

Freedom is merely another myth based on dogma. Liberation is unspeakable. Those who claim to be absolutely free are lying, unless this is a lie.

19

The secret hidden meaning of the universe is out, and probably for sale at your nearest metaphysical store or at the latest new age seminar. Thus you know there is no secret hidden meaning.

20

Gnosis is simply the orgasm after the foreplay of confusion. Those who claim otherwise are lying to themselves and become entertaining targets of we Discordians. Truly the need for the Great Tickle is greater than the tickle itself. Don't let that stop you from eating hot-dogs.

21

A Discordian pope once gathered his fellow Erisian cabal members in a great ritual of frivolity to show them the face of Eris. Everyone reached illumination at that time, but no one could speak, except in laughing gibberish. When they awoke from their revelry, Eris stood before them and in awe, they ate pop-tarts. The moral of this is "Never tell a goddess how to act. Never tell yourselves how to act, either."

22

Fear not the Neo-Pagans or the New Agers. They are your sisters and brothers in the great confusion of chaos, though they often try to pretend otherwise. Fear them not. But please do laugh at them.

23

All truths and all lies can be confounded and confused. Indeed the power of confusion is great. But laughter will banish all of it, unless you are being thoroughly entertained by it. Never worry about misunderstanding, unless it is to your disadvantage. Being wrong can be fun at times. Never forget confusion. Unless you think this is a lie. Do you? Liar!

(An Erisian Revelation as given to St. Hugh, KSC by Our Lady of Discord, Eris. Possibly on Chaos, the 46th, 3170)

The Heart of Chaos

While moving in the profound heart of the understanding of chaos, a discordian nun shed light on the five elements and found them all to be equally chaos. After this insight, she overcame all sadness.

"Listen, all form is chaos, all chaos is form, form does not differ from chaos, nor chaos from form. The same is true for emotions, perceptions, thoughts, and consciousness.

Hear, all phenomena are marked with chaos; they are neither produced nor destroyed, neither defiled nor immaculate, neither gained nor lost. Therefore, in chaos there is neither emptiness nor fullness, neither disorder nor order, neither form nor feeling, no eyes nor ears, no tongue, no body, no mind, no perception, no thought, no consciousness; no sight (orange), no sound (boom), no smell (pungent), no taste (sweet), no touch (prickle), no object of thought; no elements nor absence of elements; no realms of elements; no interdependent chaotic origins and no disappearance of them; no sufferings nor sadness, nor the origination of sufferings or sadness, nor the cessation of sufferings or sadness; no path; no understanding, nothing to attain.

Because there is nothing to attain, the discordians and the chaoists, supported by this insight into the heart of chaos, find no obstacles for their minds. Having no mental obstacles, they overcome their fear, freeing themselves forever from the illusions of order and disorder, nihilism and essentialism; they begin realizing chaos. All monks, nuns, popes, mimes, papessas, saints, arhats, bodhisattvas, mahasiddhas, magicians, past, present, and future, thanks to this understanding of the heart of chaos, arrive at fulfilled, direct, and complete awareness.

Thus, one knows that understanding the heart of chaos is a great mantra, the highest mantra, the unequalled mantra, the destroyer of all suffering and grayness, the truth of no-truth. A mantra of the heart of chaos is therefore proclaimed. But one must look within their mind for it.

It may be "Blown, blown, blown away, completely blown away; Io Chaos!" or

Or it may simply be "Io Chaos" or "Io Eris," but who can say?"

[as revealed and adapted to the nervous system of a practitioner formerly known as St. Hugh, on Discord 35th, 3170, after practicing the Heart Sutra]

Non-obligatory notice: Nothing is inhibited. Everything is transmitted. Not recommended for television. Any coincidence between this and your mind is purely and wholly consensual. Any resemblance between the character known as "a discordian nun" and "none / no one" is purely accidental.

The Path of Bureaucracy (Chaos IV)

Only after filling out the correct forms, following the correct procedures in the prescribed way, and submitting the documents in triplicate to the proper departments (there are five of them), will one become so thoroughly lost in the confusingly clear precepts of order that have been promulgated by Very Important People at some point.

2

It has been said that a pope must officially declare a jake before someone becomes jaked. But truly, to be jaked needs no provocation whatsoever and needs no official declaration from any pope. Or any mome, whether officially or not. Though it helps if the jakee goes officially insane.

3

Those who burn their documents will be penalized by having to fill vacation request forms, of which there are twenty-three, and then having to paste them to their foreheads while dancing the mambo, which is an officially approved and departmentally sanctioned action.

4

Read these ideas. But let them sink in not, for the wind blows all ideas away, whether on the correct forms or not. The wind always has official clearance.

5

Forgetfulness does not exist unless it has been written down somewhere and filed away in the appropriate folder and then that folder is promptly forgotten.

6

Buddha-hood is simply an unlicensed state that can not be quantified, qualified or bought and sold, yet. If you see the Buddha on sale, steal the damned-thing, or kill it.

7

This statement is a bold lie. The previous statement is the truth. Verify yourself by writing your own holy book and then burn it as the trash it truly, falsely, or possibly is.

8

It is said that many are the manifold manifestations of the manifesto. Sadly many are the ones who get entangled in the tango of their theoretical manifestations of mental masturbation.

9

No one can account for the fun and laughter you will experience when the Great apocalyptic tickle of Eris arises to poke fun at the Erisian movement when Her children start crying.

10

Everything unwritten is a lie until written, upon which it becomes a damned lie. Even the lies that are also known as truths.

11

Many are the memory holes in which things are misplaced and mis-filed. Forget this at once.

12

Many are the offices established to measure, control, and document the effects of chaos. And subsequently many are the offices that are established to study those previously established offices. Truly, be wary of the committees.

13

The permutations of the many headed hydra of government are many. And they have theories and dogmas to support themselves. Give yourselves licenses to disagree. You may pick the licenses up in your pineal glands. Report at once!

14

It is often said that nothing is true and everything is permitted. But only after the correct operations have been duly noted, catalogued and filed. Thus it may be said that nothing is true and everything is filed, including those things that are not.

15

Fools load up their minds with all sorts of preconceived and pre-approved ideas, even under the insufferable weight of

their mental gluttony. Truly they, have yet to know that often talked about paper shortage is a metaphor for the bankruptcy of their beliefs.

16

Bureaucracy is the reason why bureaucracy does not, and will not last. But in the meantime, have fun setting fires to the paper.

17

Fear not the complexity of bureaucracies anywhere. Such complexities are simply symptoms of their impending collapse. Such complexities are opportunities for the Children of Eris. To speed up the collapse, simply add more files, papers, and ideas.

18

Fear not the offices of bureaucracies weighed down with their ideas of correct procedures and proper forms in baffling stupidity dressed-up to appear as intelligence. Eris is the cause and the undoing of the whole spectacle. So are you.

19

A squirrel once got into an office filled with drab cubicles and even drabber people. The squirrel shouted "Smash the manacles of your masters and burn the damned files!" Seeing as no one in the office was used to hearing talking animals, no one heard anything intelligible.

20

Some are locked behind bars and bound with chains. Some are locked up and bound by papers and words. Truly, the latter are more tightly bound than the former.

21

The appearance of maps, signs, and laws can only happen when stupidity is allowed to run rampant, posing as intelligence. And many will be impressed, confusing the complexity of stupidity for intelligence. Thus, the human race is programmed to follow dictates.

22

Since the bureaucracies want registrations and dossiers on everything, let them have more than they can handle. Truly, as it is said, there are more things that do not exist than things that do.

23

The wind not only blows minds when healthy, but also blows papers, making a mess. Look to the wind as an example and play with the toys and the tools of bureaucracy without letting yourselves become toys or tools.

[as revealed to St. Hugh, KSC on Confusion 9th, 3170]

Passing

As time passes, some of us eventually get around to the realization that we too pass. This creates considerable anxiety with most of us because we are afraid of the implications of that passing; the radical changing that that entails. Of course, this is a valid anxiety until we begin to realize that just as time, as life, passes and always changes but is not destroyed or ended—■at least in any way we would understand—■likewise us. With this realization we can live our embodied lives of passing without the needless aspects of that anxiety. We still do not know the exact results of that passing, except that the radical loss of our bodies and social connections by which we assemble all the present points of our lives, our selves, our identities. But we can, if we go deeper into the hidden aspects of our lives, intuit the nature and process of that passing—■which we style —≤death—≥. We can begin to feel, in our present bodies, something akin to the medieval Indian Tantric idea of the adept/bodhisattva passing through (or across) the waves of births and deaths by which we normally use to categorize the concept of life-spans. The basic Buddhist premise agrees with the Neo-Pagan idea that what is here could not possibly have a beginning or ending. In the realization of this, one can gain liberation from at least the anxiety of passing, if not so much more. We can start to perceive the wide vista of life that exists outside of our concepts. We can begin to let go of our —≤passage anxiety—≥ and our fear of change, even as we feel that fear and anxiety.

St. Hugh, K.S.C., Episkopos, and many titles to impress the gullible and the academically brainwashed.

The Aftermath Path (Chaos V)

1

The White Mouse was rumored to have shouted the great motto of the Purple Monkey Mafia "Your system of possibilities is not a prerequisite for my actions!" after being told that his being a mouse meant that he shouldn't eat hot-dogs while drinking tequila.

2

Freedom is a meaningless word or filthy idea by which authorities keep you confused. Your mind can blow the winds that blow minds. Listen no longer to the crapscreamers!

3

Burn your foul wisdom. Destroy all your sacred teachings. They can not carry you anywhere. They are bottled air. Reliance upon bottled air is not even worth a laugh. But never stop laughing at others who rely on such things, especially on the day those things contradict each other.

4

There is no one to be saved. Nothing to be liberated. That is why it is often said that everything seeks liberation. Truly, nonsense is salvation.

5

The true teachers have nothing to teach. The crapscreamers talk too much. Listen to this only if it entertains you and therein you may find something.

6

Beware of the Discordian who says much at times, yet says nothing at other times, if they never yell. Sometimes it is necessary to yell, whether you are wrong or right. Even if being wrong or right is simply the same thing.

7

You only know the truth of an idea after you know the conditions under which that idea is false. Lies are masked as truth, and truths are bought and sold. Truly it is necessary to think.

8

You are the fifth corner to every square...the second dimension to every point...the question mark to every exclamation mark. Set the illusions on fire and watch them burn to ash. Tune the strings of your high-strung emotions until they snap. Explode with a thousand Eris bitchslaps. Beware of God. It's Out of Order.

9

Don't take my, their, or anyone else's word for it. Make up your own.

10

Do you seem to be a verb? A question? A parenthetical parenthesis constructed only out of fluid and paradoxical and parenthetical thoughts, feelings, illusions, and perceptions? Are you living on quotations? What is this Damned Thing you call yourself?

11

A squirrel was lost in a forest somewhere and came upon a sparrow. The sparrow shouted "Be ye not lost in reality!"

12

Those who think themselves apart or above the herd are themselves part of the herd.

13

The White Mouse asked "Those without a magical and self-possessed vision of life are merely collections of thoughtforms and mediated images. Are they alive?"

14

It has been often said "Immanentize the Eschaton!" but, truly, as Eris has often said, we are each our own eschatons.

15

Belief is another word for slavery. The worst fundamentalists are the consumerists.

16

Get thyself free of the trap of B—≤higher truthsB—≥ and B—≤higher selvesB—≥! Those ideas are an illusion oft repeated simply to keep you enslaved.

17

The issue is not about what is or is not. Nor is it about what is true or not. Nor is it about what is meaningful or meaningless. The issue, if such a thing could be said, or if such a thing should even concern anybody, is what might be.

18

The ship of imposed order is sinking fast. Instead of learning how to swim on the oceans of chaos, they insist that they can keep their ship afloat. Thus the orderlies are becoming more vicious in their struggles to impose order. They have the weapons of Church, State, and Self to fight each other with. Meanwhile the dry spaces aboard are disappearing. Children of Eris, how can you not laugh at them?

19

The very reason of the multiverseB—≥s existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about it. The very reason of your existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about yourself. And so onB—¶ but do not get caught in the semantic diddle-traps of words.

20

Discordians, throw those Apples of Discord and rejoice in the aftermath. Eris does not want servants but instigators. Allow no snub to go unraveled, unless it is more entertaining the way it is.

21

Eris has called on all of you, whether Goths, Hippies, Business-people, straights, gays, Pagans, atheists, or other sorts of freaks; whether or not you get along. Why else would She have called you?

22

Laughter is its own opposite. The aftermath is its own reward. An open mind is its own heaven. And disorder amidst the imposition of order is damned entertaining in and of itself, regardless of the reasons. The hidden messages about the apocalypse are written on crumpled newspapers thrown away by rush hour commuters. That said, go off and teach the orderly masses whatever message you like.

23

What is to be the wake of your passing? Will it be waves on the ocean of chaos that overturns the small rafts of order some people have constructed?

[as revealed to St. Hugh, KSC on Confusion 9th, 3170]

HAIL ERIS!

Those who want to rape their minds and othersB—≥ bodies often fall into the tendency of proclaiming the necessity of order, law and order, or some kind of bland ideological statement to that effect. They feel the need to try to justify their actions, behavior, or system. A person only tries to justify that which they know in their heart to be complete utter bullshit. They have gone about reordering the world to their blandness and persecuting any and all who do not, will not, and certainly never fit in to that blandness. Eventually, free thinking human beings have to distinguish themselves from such cabbage by saying "ideologies are for idiots"B—¶ "order is for morons"B—¶ and "beliefs are for believers"B—¶ "what is the difference in brainpower between any of these?".

I wish it were different, but what does reality care for what I wish? Nothing, unless I take some action to change it. After all, what is reality but something that we have merely agreed on convincing ourselves upon? We are collectively each otherB—≥s enablers. We need to say B—≤noB—≥ to this enabling. We need to start using our brains. We need to start consulting our own pineal glandsB—¶ why keep listening to the dogmas of others? Why even listen to our own dogmas? ItB—≥s high time we start listening to the winds that blow mindsB—¶ even when those winds say to us "blow your own damn minds!"

->

Note: Sometimes the Five Fingered Hand of Eris is actually best represented by the Middle Finger.

The End for Now
All Hail Discordia!

Notes: An alternate 'extra' verse has crept into some versions of the Path of Chaos: Part One.
That verse is often as follows...

11

Dogma is the refuge (and the refuse) of an undeveloped, and therefore fettered, mind. Praise the woman who lives without dogma for she truly lives.

KALLISTI!