

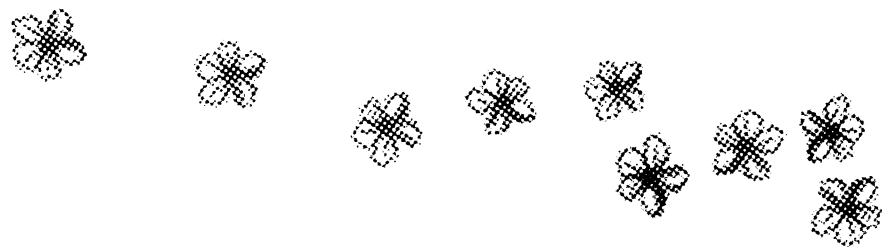
A STORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

It was a custom in ancient Babylonia to choose a “king for the day” one day out of each year, taken from the common stock. This king would rule Babylon until his first sunset on the throne, after which he would be sacrificially put to death. There is one incident in which the real king, Era-Imitti, chose his gardener, Enlil Bani, to be this doomed king. Era-Imitti, ironically, was even more doomed, and died of natural causes while the ceremonial party still raged on. The Mock King ruled for two decades, and did it well. Thus may the sacrificial lamb wield the dagger for himself. Somebody, somewhere, has to win the lottery.

AN ALCHEMICAL FORMULA: THE PURPLE THROAT POTION

From the Formulary of Raskol Cohen the Russian, the Swinging Jew:

Settle in the crucible both the breath of the iron snake (being taken from him when his aspect is fire) and the Dust of Soft Elixirs, then adding the SWEET crystals (those of the first of the Five Elements) and blending until their aspects become one. To this mixture must be added two and three and five measures of the Water Stone, and (to the brim of the crucible) summon again the service of the serpent, from his aspect of biting wind. Thus is perfect the potion made, and it will satisfy the formula.



Alchemy is not, as the less benevolent factions of our Conspiracy want you to believe, the quest to turn lead into gold. Rather, the transformation of base metal into noble metal is allegorical. Alchemy and Gnosis are the same thing; the goal of the alchemist is to transform HIMSELF from base humanity into something in contact with the Gods, into a more perfect being, Illuminated, comprehending the nature of himself, both profane and divine. The formula above is one step, not towards Illumination, but towards the powerful channeling of the tension that binds us and make us less like Gods and more like Richard Nixon. In addition, the formula provides a kick in the pants to the bloodstream, followed shortly thereafter by deeper relaxation. It can also be used as an aphrodisiac, though it only works on potential lovers who are already close to Gnosis themselves. In so doing, both of you will come closer to the Goddess. The Purple Sage and the Purple Throat Potion were not named for one another, despite popular rumor. The Sage did, however, have a fondness for its effects.

HELPFUL ADVICE FROM TWO SOURCES

Don't Wake Up, If You Aren't Finished With The Dream

— St. Peshier

“Not with that O.P.A., Brother”

— Legionnaire L.C.

NOVUS ORDO DISCORDIA

The Gospel of St. Peshier, the Gardener

Truth Nailed to Paper under the supervision of His Holiness, Patriarch Wilhelm Leonardo Peshier-Principle Episkipos, and Keeper of the Sardonic Tea. Singer of the Hanky-Time Song, and Pastor-Prelate of the Mobile Illuminated Chapel of Discord

Hymns by Abbot Dennis “Mighty” Freud

Missing page by “Father Whiskey” (Father Jung Willie Liquor), former Roman Catholic Priest and Dealer in Chemical Amusement

We Are All Fictional Equals

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“There’s two things I don’t like and it’s bridges and mustard. And if you want to burn me up, brother, all you gotta do is stick me in the middle of a bridge with a handful of mustard.”

— from the Kostelic Dialogues;
Legionnaire L.C.,
Addressing the Abbott

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ABOUT THE BIG ERISIAN MINISTRY

Like most Eristic cabals, the BEM has its roots in antiquity, arising first among mystics in ancient Egypt, and reviving first among the European Gnostics and Alchemists, later in the secret societies of the 18th century, and most recently in the inspired hands of 20th-century Lovers of the Occasionally Bitchy Goddess. Pope Leo, or Patriarch Wilhelm Leonardo Peshier-Principle, first discovered the Love of Eris while questing the highway (by thumb) on a pilgrimage to see the Gutenberg Bible on display at the Library of Congress.

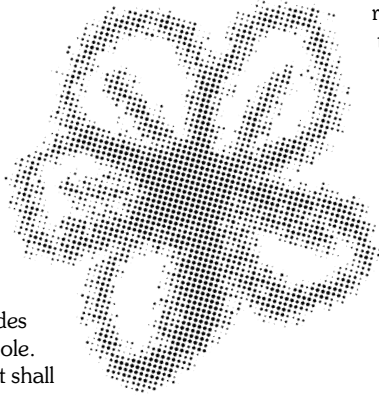
Eris appeared to Pope Leo and his traveling companion, Metropolitan Collin Pyros, calling herself “Satan” and possessing the two in turn in order to dialogue with them. This got both of them arrested and tossed in cells for the night, where their stolen copies of the Canturbury Tales and their harmonicas were taken from them.

The two priests would experience personal discord in the coming days, but that night, Pope Leo had Important Thoughts: It struck him as absurd that his harmonica had been taken from him. Hadn’t these agents of Order seen MOVIES? Even in the established communal illusion, prisons are a place where harmonicas are played for solace. By being imprisoned without such solace, Pope Leo felt truly wronged, and questioned authority. Pope Leo had questioned a lot of authority in his time, but hadn’t done it while imprisoned before, and that seemed to make the difference. He never saw the Gutenberg Bible, and hasn’t seen Metropolitan Pyros in a long time. He did, however, witness the Goddess for the first time, and worked to find the roots of his new path. His Erisian Gnosis occurred in the Coming Months (so named due to his personally chosen path to Gnosis), and in the Following Months (so named due to the arrival of followers), the new Erisian Movement, BEM, was founded on the principle of exploiting and reshaping the existing communal illusion. The first goal was to re-build an illusion in which prisoners

could have harmonicas, but that was soon discarded as foolish and a strong case of Missing the Point, but the Goddess corrected Pope Leo and now he just wants to relax and Get Enlightened some more.

THE MOBILE ILLUMINATED CHAPEL OF DISCORD

- ✿ Our Law is No Law, which is the Law of Laws, which is the Law of Fives, which has many sides but only one loophole. Do What Thou Wilt shall be the hole in our Law.
- ✿ Our Goddess is Eris, Goddess of Discord and Chaos, snubbed by the Gods of Olympus. It is for this reason that we cry at weddings.
- ✿ Our Original Sin celebrates our Original Snub, and some of us like mustard on it, and some don't.
- ✿ Our Symbol is the Sacred Chao, composed of both Order and Disorder, and symbolic of our Creative Trip.
- ✿ Our History is eternal. We are alchemists and gnostics, and believers and make-believers. We were of Ur and Babylon. We were of Egypt. We were of Jerusalem. We were of China before our Duke united us. We were of Russia before the Khans imprisoned us.
- ✿ A Bible of our Movement is the *Principia Discordia*, a book which is not a book, which does not exist. There is one comma too many on this page.



BONUS REVELATION!

The Dust of Soft Elixirs should begin with a "C," but it is in the honor of Eris that it begins with a "K," a thing seldom seen in the towers of the Corporate world.

The true Dust is purple, and relates not to the dead rulers of the Earth. No lemons in mine, thanks. The "C" is within, and it's GOOD for you. They did Apple a few years ago, but nobody bought it.

CHAPTER ONE: THE GARDEN OF THE KING

Pesher lived in a City, a dreary maze of concrete and glass where the legacy of Greyface was ubiquitous.

Pesher was a gardener for the City's King, a bitter and pained champion of all that is old and tried and in accordance with things that are also old and tried. Pesher the Gardener had been hired because he had a magic with growing things, and could make them green, when all the King could do was make things become ashen and die.

The garden of the King was atop a skyscraper, high above the streets below where people shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. Lovers in the City met in darkened rooms with blinds drawn, and didn't laugh about everything.

The garden was overflowing with life and color, a discordant blend of greens and reds and whites and purples. Some paths went noplac at all, some were apparently very structured, but their structure made no sense to the King.

Near the middle of the garden was a pool, around which Pesher had made a flower-clock that ran backwards. It was here that he spent most of his time, tending the clock-

RIN: A DISCORDIAN DIVINATION METHOD

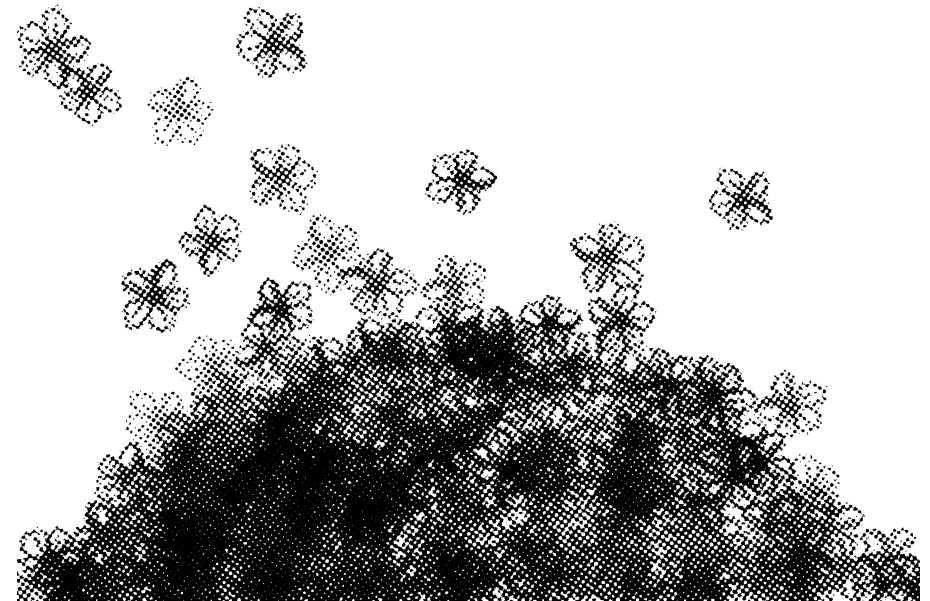
If you can't read cards or leaves or smoke or entrails, you can still read rocks using the ancient technique known as Rin. Developed by one of the earliest Discordian Cabals in 1129 B.C., Rin requires Five Interesting Stones, one white, one black, one red, one yellow, and one blue. You might have to Paint the Stones Yourself. This is a matter of some ceremony; take your time to stay inside the lines and (when you're finished) use the Dedication Prayer found in chapter 29 of the Second Gospel of St. Prefect. Cast the stones into the shadow of an apple, and arrange them in the order cast.

- ✿ The first house (in which the first stone dwells) is the house of passions; this is where the flames of your heart are quenched. The color of the first house is Blue.
- ✿ The second house (in which the second stone dwells) is the house

of razors; this is where your mind arranges reality. The color of the second house is White.

- ✿ The third house (in which the third stone dwells) is the house of bones; this is where your body is centered. The color of the third house is Yellow.
- ✿ The fourth house (in which the fourth stone dwells) is the house of dancing light; this is where your imagination comes to play. The color of the third house is Red.
- ✿ The fifth house (in which the fifth stone dwells) is the guest-house; this is where the rest of the world can crash for the night, and it is the house of greatest mystery, of deepest darkness, and of the steepest personal expense. The color of the fifth house is Black.

When the stones are cast, they will fall into their respective houses and reveal past, present, and future. All colors in alignment is a powerful omen, indicative of great energies put to great purpose (the odds are 1:120, if you prefer to use divination methods for gambling). All colors unequal is discord, and more likely (One in Five).



THE TRUTH ABOUT TAROT CARDS

If magic were real, it would make the world go. Magic isn't real, so it makes the world go faster.

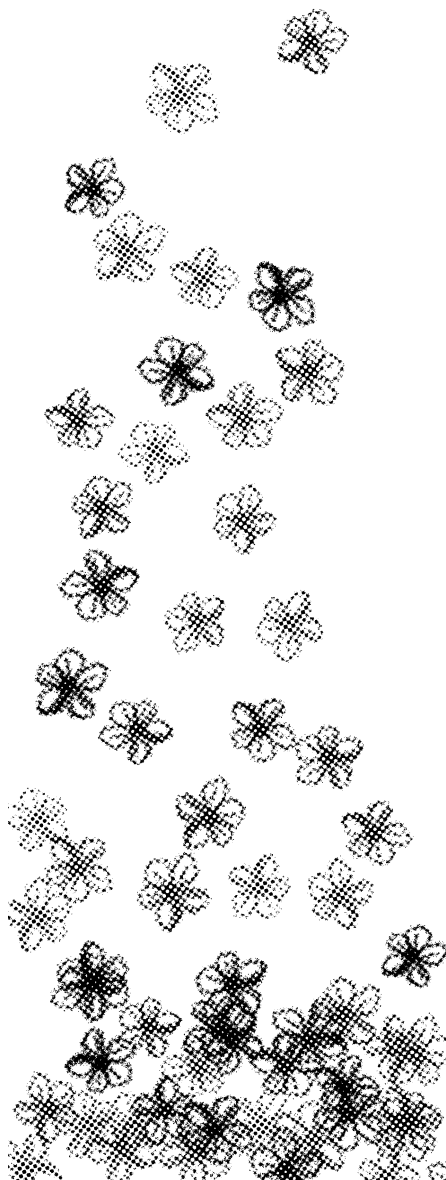
LESSON IN ERISTIC INFLUENCE

The lesson of the Goddess and the Original Snub can be applied directly in everyday life, and doing so is a spiritual path toward Eristic Gnosis, the intimate knowledge of Discordia's sting. This is called "tossing apples," a term applied to any influence exerted on a group without their prior consent.

One example of this sport: While among a group of quiet people (in a library, a classroom, on an airplane, or while infiltrating another church, for instance), sharply draw in air through your nose. Make a sound. Sniffle. Be noisy about it. Now be quiet and wait. The others around you will sniffle; a chain reaction will occur. If it doesn't take by the second try, it will take on the third. Check to see if anyone become self-conscious about sniffling after others have sniffled. It will be obvious; their eyes will dart about, looking either nervous, embarrassed, or apologetic. If one of them looks you in the eye, immediately scratch your arm, imitating a sudden itch. They will scratch, too. Soon, others will scratch, and again, it will only take two or three tries to make the "trend" catch on. Do the same trick with coughing, clearing the throat, toying with pencils, and other "nervous habits." This is a mild apple to toss, and is more likely to awaken latent Tourette's Syndrome than cause a new Trojan War.

CHAPTER THREE: REIGN OF FLOWERS

This chapter was never completed.



flowers and dipping his toes in the water. The King seldom visited the garden, which he had wanted simply to remind himself that he could isolate anything on top of his tower, Peshier and the garden included. The King didn't like the bright colors, the humidity, or the bugs.

There were many bugs in the garden, and they did buzz.

And each flower is the Sacred Chao. Some of the bugs did sting, and Peshier was stung often. When he could, he swatted the bugs away or smashed them. Peshier cried out to Eris when he was stung, crying "Why do I have a magic with plants but not with bugs? The plants do not sting me! Only the bugs do!" But the Goddess laughed, because Peshier did not understand. Peshier kept getting stung, sometimes in embarrassing places.

Peshier did have a magic with the bugs, who never once stung the King. The Bugs flew in the eyes of the King, but never in the eyes of Peshier. But Eris forgave Peshier for not seeing the truth of this, because she was always invited to Peshier's garden, and to his room, and to his parties with his friends, and to the movies, if she was ever up for it.

Eris had taken a Holy Shine to Peshier, and had made him her Passing Fancy for a time, but she didn't go to the movies with him. Eris is playful with her lovers, and likes to bite. It is written that all who love Eris are her lovers, and we are all, at a time when we do not know it, her Passing Fancy.

FUN THINGS TO COLOR AND GLUE

The word Grandfather contains the letters NDF, together. There are only a handful of words that contain NDF in succession; most of them also end with the letter "L." Think of two that have no "L" in them, then think of three that do. Every day, make a point of remembering a sorrowful incident from your past. Meditate on the incident until it strikes you as funny. Find the connection between these two activities, and you are three steps closer to Illumination.

THE TRUTH (SOME OF IT)

1. In the natural chaos-order-order-chaos, all creatures, even cabbages, are born Innocent, and do not feel Guilt.
2. The prevailing forms of paganistic Order draw much of their power not only from suppression of chaos, but from convincing creatures to feel Guilt.
3. Eris likes her followers to feel Gilt.
4. Throwing a Golden Apple at the skull of those who snub you is more respectable than throwing it into a crowd of Innocent strangers. But rolling a gilt apple on the floor works better and has more style.
5. Nothing's quite as bad after an intense fuck.

TEMPLE PROCEDURES: RITUAL CLEANSING OF WORSHIP AREA

What follows is an emergency procedure for the cleansing of any area of worship, for use when the Lysol has run out and the primal chaos isn't providing loose change. It may be performed by any two Popes and a Dupe. The Dupe should be given a silly hat, but shouldn't be allowed to keep it afterward.

The First Pope (Addressing the Dupe):

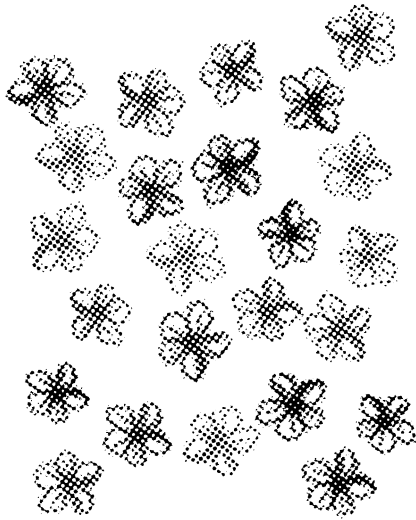
Know ye now that you are standing on holy ground, a center of Discord and a warm home for Chaos?

The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Indicating the Unclean Nature of the Place):

Know ye now that this place is not clean, and the Goddess is not properly honored?



The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Smiling Broadly): Are you offended by this mess?

The Second Pope (Interrupting): I'm not! It's good enough for a Pope, and if the Goddess doesn't like it, she can sleep on the couch!

The Second Pope then looks to the Dupe for a response.

The Dupe: (Responds as he pleases)

The First Pope: The Wicked Queen, when jealous of Snow White, also sent an apple.

The First Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat.

The Hat is then removed from the Dupe, who is thanked for his assistance.

The entire proceedings demonstrate the Illusion of Organized Free Will; the Dupe is always "free" to respond as he pleases, but his response has no effect on the outcome, and always brings punishment. If the Dupe elects NOT to respond, you've found a new inductee. If the Dupe is of your preferred sex for mating with, ask the Dupe for a date.

Lysol, on the whole, works better. But even Lysol needs a day off.

CHAPTER TWO: RAIN OF FLOWERS

The seeds of flowers can be the seeds of Discord in any place where flowers are not wanted. Some men fear flowers.

Pesher tended his garden with care, for his friends and his room and the movies gave him no pleasure like his magic with growing things, and, despite his cries, even the bugs felt comfortable to him.

In a year in which the Curse on mankind seemed to weigh down more heavily than ever, there came rumors to the Royal Court about Pesher's garden, and many of the gentlemen and ladies of the court longed to see its beauty. Pesher knew none of this. If he had, it would have made him smile and invite the gentlemen and ladies there. But in the laws of the City, the garden was not Pesher's. The garden was the garden of the King.

And the King, too, had heard the mutterings of the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and was worried. The King didn't like his garden, and saw it as a prison for Pesher, whom he both envied and hated. The King didn't think the garden was beautiful, the King just hated the bugs. Which was fine; the bugs didn't especially like him, either.

It was the bugs which inspired the King to do what he did, which was his plan to make his subjects forget about the garden.

One day the King appeared before the court, at one of the Royal Parties. It was a dreary affair; the music was the kind that hid the soul of the composer, and the costumes and masks were the kind that hid the souls of their wearers. But the ladies and gentleman still danced. It was all they could do.

The music stopped and the King stood up before the Band, and spoke out to the dance floor, saying "I have heard echoes and mutters and shapely silences, and their shapes were all the same. You, my subjects, envy me my garden. "This is as it should be; a King must have enviable things," he said, "but a King's wealth is the wealth of his people."

The dancers shuffled nervously in clothing that hid their bodies, behind masks that hid their souls, and felt fear. All of them wanted to see the garden, yet all of them knew that the King's words were somehow not sincere. They knew the Order of the City, and the Order of the City didn't include sharing anything that belonged to the City's King.

The King spoke thus: "Come, my subjects, to the top of my skyscraper. There you will see all things as I do, both the garden and the City. As you have heard, the flowers there are beautiful, and are of colors seldom seen." In fear, the gentlemen and ladies of the court followed their king to the top of his tower. The members of the Band, mercifully, were allowed to stay behind to polish their instruments.

Pesher the gardener was dipping his toes in the water of the pool, and the flowers of the flower-clock were opening and closing all around him, each one the Sacred Chao. He was surprised and delighted when a the sounds of a crowd was heard, arriving from the brick and glass house where the elevator was. The King entered the garden, smiling. He knew that the bugs he so hated would pester and irritate his guests, and that they would stop longing for his garden.

The bugs didn't go near the King that day. Not even to cloud his eyes.

The ladies and gentlemen stepped fearfully into the garden, and were struck by what they saw. Colors, bright colors, and dances of swirling mist. Green leaves and pebbled paths, following structure that they had never seen, and sometimes no structure at all. The garden of Pesher was a Creative Trip, and they were Tripping on it. The bugs did not go near the Gentlemen and Ladies, and they did not go near the King. The subjects of the Royal Court watched in wonder, instead, as the bugs swirled in the mist, their golden wings glittering in the sunlight, bright and dancing above the shadowy fog of the streets far below. The bugs formed circles and swirls, and suggested symbols that the ladies and gentlemen did not understand.

And Pesher saw the light in their eyes, and was satisfied, and kept right on splashing

his toes in the water. Happily, the subjects from the dance tore off their masks, and hiked up their costumes, and joined him. Some wandered barefoot to the edge of the garden, to watch the mists swirl down into the blackened corridors of the grey skyscrapers of the city. They shook their heads and laughed.

The King was pissed. Royally. "These bugs!" he cried. "They always fly in my face! They always buzz in my ear! They fight me and drive me away! "These colors! They are too bright! They inspire no sense of Order! They inspire no sense of Dread!" And the King railed and cried and the ladies and gentleman kept right on splashing their toes.

The King killed the garden that day.

With his bare hands he started, and with his bare, bloodied hands he finished. He tore up every flower, he tore up every shrub. His hands ripped roses from the ground and threw branches into the gravel. His feet crushed tiny flowers barely born. And he threw it all into the black abyss of the concrete canyons of the city. The ladies and gentlemen put on their masks, and shrank away in fear. Pesher, the gardener, simply wept, lying dirty in the ruins of his flower-clock. On the streets of the city, men and women shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. They did not know that the King was above them, murdering a garden. They did not know that the gardener was crying.

Until the flowers fell.

And the streets of the city were filled with colors seldom seen, and fresh earth and mist and dancing bugs with glittering golden wings. For the first time, the people smiled, and the women put flowers in their hair, and the lovers laughed about everything.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE AND FEAR

If your tendency is to love the opposite of what you fear, you have no freedom.