

The Discordianist Manifesto

or

Of All the Filthy Lies, These Are the Filthiest Because They're Absolutely Opinions, More or Less, All Things Inconsiderately Considered, For Ever and Ever, Awomen, Praise Be to Hallelujah, with Condescendingly Explanatory Footnotes by THE AUTHOR, Who Selflessly Composed These Conditional Truths in Some Kind of One-Man Circle-Jerk, so If That Hasn't Turned You Off Already, then Avert Thine Eyes and Read On

or

Dis Will Zur Macht, Yo

Version 1.0

Confusedly Composed by
Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired
(mostly)

Also Unknown As
TDM
(Pronounced: Tedium)

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Contributor Character Sheets

As *The Discordianist Manifesto* swells and bulges, adding to its ever-growing bulk all nearby objects, ideas, and people (much like Katamari), THE AUTHOR decided to outsource some of this holy work to other insightful folks with their own funky ideas. To prevent any unnecessary confusion (which makes more room for all the necessary confusion), a brief introduction of each contributor may be found below.

- Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired
 - Stats
 - Strength: 10
 - Dexterity: 13
 - Constitution: 11
 - Intelligence: 16
 - Wisdom: 4
 - Charisma: 15
 - Proficiencies
 - Playing cards
 - Carpenter's tools
 - Computers
 - Guitar
 - Bio
 - Professor Bungle-Fuck the Drowsy likes metal music and doesn't understand hardly anything in this world or any of the other worlds. He is the driving force behind *The Discordianist Manifesto*, which is a silly work of no consequence. He signs his articles with lazily half-remembered variations of his Discordian title.
- Trolls, Goblins, Gremlins, Fairies, and Elves
 - Stats
 - Vary with each creature. No stat may be higher than 4.
 - Proficiencies
 - Starting conspiracies
 - Trolling
 - Changing documents
 - Mucking about
 - Bio
 - Mischievous mythical creatures of all kinds simply can't resist the sweet taste of havoc whenever and wherever they can cause it (they especially prefer to operate during the night). With a laugh on their lips and a twinkle in their eye, these little shits will add an assload of creative and destructive disorder to any situation. Great for parties, even better for revision and editing!

- The Bard
 - Stats
 - Strength: 8
 - Dexterity: 15
 - Constitution: 9
 - Intelligence: 10
 - Wisdom: 14
 - Charisma: 13
 - Proficiencies
 - Music
 - Poetry
 - Lute
 - Bio
 - Not to be confused with The Bard of Avon, Billy Shakespeare, The Bard is a struggling indie singer/songwriter who is partial to limericks, sea-shanties, and Irish drinking songs. No one's entirely sure why The Bard only contributes improbable ballads to *TDM* (they're not even really ballads, honestly), but his contributions will surely be sung for generations to come.
- Chef Daula Peen
 - Stats
 - Strength: 12
 - Dexterity: 16
 - Constitution: 14
 - Intelligence: 6
 - Wisdom: 8
 - Charisma: 13
 - Proficiencies
 - Cooking
 - Knife skills
 - Foraging
 - Bio
 - Chef Daula Peen is a great, burly slab of woman with quick hands and an appetite for sharing her passion for fine cuisine. She's sweet and sassy, with a spicy kick to her now and then. She's no elitist, though, as some of her most treasured recipes feature pedestrian dishes what might be served at any lower-class dinner table. She truly is down home cookin', y'all.

- Chaz
 - Stats
 - Strength: 15
 - Dexterity: 10
 - Constitution: 16
 - Intelligence: 4
 - Wisdom: 4
 - Charisma: 20
 - Proficiencies
 - Hangin' out
 - Shootin' the shit
 - PUA
 - X-Box
 - Bio
 - Chaz thinks he knows what he's talking about, and Chaz is usually wrong about that. With nearly limitless knowledge of popular culture and internet memes, he continuously prepares himself to hold a job longer than six months. It's okay, though, because he's starting another podcast, and he has a really cool idea for a Youtube channel if someone will let him borrow their video camera because the one on his phone, like, fuckin' blows.
- Old Man Jenkins
 - Stats
 - Strength: 6
 - Dexterity: 6
 - Constitution: 20
 - Intelligence: 11
 - Wisdom: 20
 - Charisma: 6
 - Proficiencies
 - Sittin' in the front porch rockin' chair with a sweet tea
 - Formin' strong moral convictions
 - Hollerin' at them young'uns
 - Trapping folks in conversations about his strong opinions
 - Bio
 - Old Man Jenkins is a relic of a bygone era. Every bygone era, in fact. Perpetually pissed off at young people (especially Chaz), technology, and the degradation of society's moral fiber (except for that Katy Perry gal, she's doin' a fine job and should keep right on bein' herself¹). He loves a tall, frosty glass of whiskey in the morning with his bacon, ham, sausage, and steak breakfast. Medical science believes he may be incapable of dying.

¹ Editor's note: Old Man Jenkins was quite insistent that this make it into the final draft. He threatened to "break a corn cob off in yer ass" if I didn't make the addition.

- Rappy the Rhyme-Dawg
 - Stats
 - Strength: 17
 - Dexterity: 11
 - Constitution: 13
 - Intelligence: 7
 - Wisdom: 12
 - Charisma: 9
 - Proficiencies
 - Beats
 - Rhymes
 - Money
 - Bio
 - Rappy was initially discovered in an empty subway terminal, hunched over a foot-long hot dog with no bun, rapping his heart out into it. He had no money, no job, no food (other than the hot dog), and nowhere to live at the time. He still doesn't have any of those things, but he was rapping so hard I think he touched all of our hearts that fateful day. He plans to rap himself into prominence through *TDM*, and we wish him the best of luck with his future dreams.
- Count Elsington Baneworth XXIII
 - Stats
 - Strength: 13
 - Dexterity: 13
 - Constitution: 10
 - Intelligence: 10
 - Wisdom: 10
 - Charisma: 13
 - Proficiencies
 - Bandy-Wicket
 - Ballroom Dancing
 - Gentleman's Boxing
 - Behaviours and Etiquette
 - Bio
 - Count Elsington Baneworth XXIII is a landed nobleman from the 1800s. His primary concern is maintaining proper decorum and custom befitting a gentleman of his era. Failing that, he will reluctantly resort to an unarmed duel to settle disagreements. He upholds the rules of chivalry and occasionally will voice his opinions on a wide variety of other matters when called upon to do so.

Potentially Useless Proverbs

Yea, so I say unto you: go ye to the house of my brother. There ye shall find my brother there.

Seek not to be listened to, respected, or even understood. That's their problem, man.

When in doubt, double down and doubt harder. When not in doubt, get in doubt!

Every man-made object now exists to advertise a different man-made object.

It's never too late to change your mind (unless you're dead or comatose or something).

If a lie rhymes, inverts, or alliterates, people will believe it and spread it as Truth, something, something, and something: a gal named Ruth.

Regardless of whether something is considered True or False, it may always be made irrelevant.

If something cannot be made irrelevant, it can always be made irreverent.

If something cannot be made irreverent, then it cannot be made.

The only thing one must truly pay is attention.

Getting bent out of shape is impossible. No matter how you bend, you are always in a shape.

When making a comprehensive list of all the things you can't do, the first item must be "Make a comprehensive list of all the things I can't do."

Ever notice that thoughts you like are *ideas* to be seriously considered, whereas thoughts you don't like are untrustworthy *beliefs*?

To paraphrase the 45th President of the United States: Seize the means of reproduction!

If it looks like a duck, swims like a duck, and quacks like a duck, then it is probably a dozen European Goldfinches wearing a duck suit to swindle you out of your bread.

The sign of a successful society is progressing from "Gee, Wally, that cup-a-joe is a real kick in the wowzer!" to "Leviathan Energy Liquid: STAY AWAKE OR DIE TRYING."

Nihilism is a tree that once climbed, makes you realize that you weren't climbing a tree, but peeling potatoes.

Doing things is one of my favorite things to do!²

² This proverb comes courtesy of my six-year-old daughter. She is a Discordian of the highest order.

The Great Distraction

It's dopamine. We're all addicts searching for new veins to tap. Everything done in the pursuit of our next dopamine hit is a mechanism in The Great Distraction. Extra points for combining that hit with a dopamine reuptake inhibitor. **RIDE THE SNAKE** (*ride the snake*).

Now, I'm no doctor, folks, so take my understanding of neuroscience with a grain or two of that salt Gandhi was so fond of making. However, I am a keen enough observer of The Stuff What's Out There to know that things are pretty fucked, and they're getting fuckeder all the time. The fact that The Great Distraction exists is evidence enough to support that claim (for now). Gottfried Leibniz once claimed ours to be "the best of all possible worlds" as a solution to the philosophical Problem of Evil, but it ain't 1710 no more. Shit's happened since then.

Panglossian silliness, aside, the mechanisms of The Great Distraction are observable and growing in size and number. Almost anything can be repurposed and incorporated as a new mechanism, provided that it produces the same general effect on a person as all the other mechanisms: providing an escape from the illusion commonly known as reality.

At the risk of inadvertently condemning any of these fine activities, some of the common mechanisms include all the things your parents tried to warn you about (and more!):

1. Alcohol and/or Drugs
2. Pornography
3. Social Media
4. Traditional Media
5. Religion
6. Gaming
7. Sleeping
8. Working
9. Eating
10. Shopping
11. Suicidal Ideation
12. BONUS: Becoming Obsessed With Developing a Personality That Is Idiosyncratically Eccentric (Salvador Dali, Michael Jackson, Emo Philips, Etc.)

There's nothing inherently wrong with anything listed above, but when used as an escape from reality or indulged to the point of becoming compulsive or intrusive, then we may call it a mechanism of The Great Distraction (henceforth referred to as TGD). The trick, though, is that society has been reshaped by all those possessing enough power such that it constantly encourage participation in TGD. Every single aspect of modern society pushes folks toward TGD whether people realize it or not.

Here's a gross oversimplification: Faceless Corporation A wants to increase profits next fiscal quarter (and every quarter forever after). They deploy advertising or some other form of broadcast message implying that Average Joe has huge Problem B he wasn't aware of and it needs solving quick! Faceless Corporation A then manufactures Solution C to the previously non-existent Problem B they created, and they sell it to Average Joe for the low-low price of whatever they can get away with. Average Joe becomes accustomed to unnecessary Solution C to previously non-existent Problem B and continues buying it until the day of his unspectacular death. Rinse and repeat to the point where Average Joe spends nearly all of his money on shit he don't even need in the first place.

And if that doesn't work, lobby the government until they pass a law making said shit illegal *not* to have.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

The Age of Endarkenment

From 1715 to 1789, or from 1620 to 1781, or from 1685 to 1815 (scholars can never agree on anything), Best Western Civilization experienced a period of scientific, logic-driven progress known as The Enlightenment. The bad habits people developed during this time have never really gone away. In fact, it's the window-grid that both compulsory and secondary education seeks to instill in us all.

During this time, intrepid thinkers like Isaac Newton (who wrote a *Principia* of his own, but it's absolute gibberish), Benjamin Franklin, The Fondling Fathers of the United States (especially Thomas Jefferson, henceforth referred to as "T.J. the Unimaginative"), and the King of Science and Reason himself: Francis Bacon stomped around declaring True Facts and writing them all down in an orderly fashion. It was all *very* Reasonable.

Throughout this storm of measurements and numbers and classifications and discoveries, people got the idea that traditional authority figures might not be as trustworthy as they always claimed. Skepticism and rebellious attitudes ensued, as though independent critical thought could be a useful thing, after all. As Enlightenment thinkers increased apparent order through their scientific, political, philosophical, technological and educational revolutions, apparent disorder also increased in the form of decreasing government and Church authority to balance things out (Wholly Chao, baby).

However, in recent years humanity and its subsidiary, society, have slowly gravitated back to implicit trust in and acceptance of various flavors of authority. Despite conspicuous lip-service to the contrary, it seems that enough fear, division, and entertainment can cause even the most advanced civilization to default to self-preservation mode. Trading one's liberty for the illusion of safety is a concept that even that old drunken pervert Ben Franklin stood staunchly against. So, while logic and reason still rule the day nominally, the rebellious and skeptical counterbalance fades slowly away.

We might call this period **The Age of Endarkenment**.

All the various mechanisms of The Great Distraction have pushed the societal pendulum exclusively toward Destructive Order. In the United States, for instance, sharp increases in anxiety, depression, and suicide may point to or be symptoms of the increasing imbalance. Our leftover Enlightenment tendencies (scientific studies and such) discover links between screen-time and depression, social media use and anxiety, and the more obvious impacts of The Great Distraction Original Recipe like alcohol and drug-addiction. The more people try to mentally clock out, the more power Greyface's Curse seems to wield.

Wanting to mentally clock out is understandable, though. Surviving in modern society is absolutely exhausting for most people. I would call it "living" in modern society, but let's get real, here. Buying a house is becoming more difficult every year as housing costs outpace inflation and wage increases. The cost of vehicles have skyrocketed as well, making the basic necessities for employment nearly unattainable for some. Since 1980, the purchasing power of the once-almighty dollar has fallen nearly 50%. The average middle class Joe and Josie is going extinct.

Add to that a constant barrage of misery and fear broadcasted and plastered on every available device and surface. Every advertisement trying to convince people they aren't good enough without whatever product they're shilling. Every TV show featuring miserable characters endlessly arguing about inane misunderstandings without resolution. Every news show trying to terrify their audience 24/7. Spam and scam emails, phone calls, texts, smoke signals, and carrier pigeons bombarding our attention every second of the day. No wonder all forms of escapism are on the rise. No one has the mental fortitude to withstand the Everlasting Tidal Wave of Bullshit. The CoN cranked itself up to 11 and shows no signs of stopping.

It's the Age of Endarkenment, folks. Society is now designed to keep you ignorant, afraid, depressed, dependent, and compliant while simultaneously convincing you that you're none of those things.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

Pseudo-Mantras

Random Atoms

Just-a bunch-a random atoms smashin' into each other.
Just-a bunch-a phantom Adams splashin' into peach cobbler.
Just-a bunch-a Russian madams flashin' 'em at another.
Just-a bunch-a fat bananas bashin' into a mother.

M & N Singalong

(Replace the beginning of every syllable with either M or N, alternating as you go. Works with any song!)

Nay mour nayers, minle mone
Mon't normet ny mone, moo ninmude nemerynone!
Nuck mou nin, marm nimin
Meep nou mree nrom min, nill meh Nandman momes-ah!
(Set to the tune of Metallica's "Enter Sandman")

Mey Nude, mon't nake mit nad
Make nah mad nong, mand nake mit nemer
Nememner noo met ner minno mour neart
Nhen mou nan mart noo make nit mener
(Set to the tune of "Hey Jude" by The Beatles)

The Rage Chant

FUCK YOU! I WON'T DO WHATCHA TELL ME!
-Zack de la Rocha

The Rage Chant (M & N Singalong Style)

NUCK MOO! NY MON'T NOO MANA MELL NEE!
-Not Zack de la Rocha

PSA 1: Are You Buying Their Bullshit?

Buying something means spending money to acquire something, but it also means believing an idea. Interesting, then, that for prophet religions encourage both (See: Creflo Dollar and the like). In fact, sponges like these absolutely need people to do both just to continue existing. Here's how it works:

1. You must believe that whatever they say is true regardless of whether it is or not.
2. You must financially support the manufacture of their truth by continuously repurchasing it.
3. You must ignore that no matter how much money and belief you fork over, you never get your money's worth.

So, you buy what they're selling with your belief, and then you buy that belief again with your money. Sweet deal, huh? Well, for them it is. Did you buy some bullshit and then pay for it? How much did they get you for?

Your College Degree and What It's Good For

For wiping your ass, that's what! Ha-HA! I laugh because it's sad. Especially that degree in Postmodern Interpretive Pottery Education. Seriously, though, you can buff a donkey to a pretty good polish with a humanities diploma. Remember: wipe your ass with only the choicest of paper products. Find some parchment or vellum, if you can, and buff till your heart's content.

So, you've been sold that bullshit, then you bought it mentally, and now you're paying for it monetarily. To be clear, this isn't the "your soul is doomed to Hell because we said so but we can fix it if you believe us and pay us a weekly fee forever" religious type of scam, though (see Creflo Dollar and the like, again). This is the "your life is doomed to be unsuccessful but we can fix it if you believe us and pay us a monthly fee forever" educational type of scam. Big difference! It's important to split these semantic hairs.

Once upon a time, a college degree wasn't the mandatory-yet-near-worthless qualification it's rapidly becoming these days. A person could secure a decent living working a skilled trade, sure, but a degree meant that they could pursue non-labor work instead with much the same income and quality of life result. Over time, this morphed to more emphasis and prestige given to degree-having, non-labor positions and less given to the trades. Society became imbalanced as it is wont to do. Working a trade (using machines to move heavy objects like Fred Flintstone) became disgraceful compared to *professional* work (sitting in a white room pushing a button like George Jetson). Eventually, trade jobs dwindled and office jobs reigned supreme. Hey, offices have air conditioning and chairs! Huzzah!

Once upon another different time, though, one pursued the knowledge or skills they wanted on their own. Upon gaining said knowledge or skills, they presented themselves to the world in hopes that someone needed what they had bad enough to pay them a living wage for it. Schools and colleges were more or less optional for those with the aptitude, opportunity, and overall gumption to chase their passions.

Once upon that same time, but on the poor side of town, most people were born into their stratum with most of their working life already dictated by what the family work happened to be. No amount of formal education (paid or compulsory) was enough to change the circumstances of birth. Parents farming sheep? Well guess what, bucko? When they die of tuberculosis or in childbirth or whatever, *you're* farming the sheep regardless of the number of Shakespeare's plays you have read and understand.

Point is, occupational success and social mobility usually rely on two things: money and opportunity (some amount of luck is implied and necessary). The college degree is trading the first resource for the promise of the second. At best, it has become a net zero exchange. At worst, you'll have six-figures of debt, not enough experience in your field to even get started, and four to six years fewer years to live.³

What do we do about this, then? Well, if your parents were donkey farmers, break out that liberal arts diploma and wipe your ass with it until he shines in the midday sun. Otherwise, keep your head down and move heavy objects or push the button.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

³ Some people argue that college life is technically living, and they are neither right nor wrong about that.

Ad Copy (Dissemble This Everywhere)

Introducing the vehicle that will complete your life in ways you couldn't have guessed were incomplete. Elegant. Decadent. Savory.⁴ The new Fnord 2012 Mustank.

No matter what year it is, we still call it that, and this year we're proud to unleash the 2019 line of Fnord 2012 Mustanks.

We first began calling it the 2012 Mustank in 2006 so as to sound all futuristic. We quickly realized that it would eventually sound retro, granting us the best of both marketing strategies. Jenkins got a huge bonus for coming up with it, that renegade language wrangler.

Features? It features more features than you can cram into its deceptively ample cargo area. The new 2019 Fnord 2012 Mustank delivers the futuristic-retro style you're taught from birth to crave. The 27" Media Center Wheel-Mounted Touchscreen Display will make your eyes go *off-road* with delight (seriously, you'll just *die* when you see it). Power steering. Power windows. Powertrain warranty. Powerhouse (if you plan to live in it).

And regular old power? Check it, losers.

The 2012 Mustank comes stuffed with so many horses you'll think you became a Goddamn ranch hand. It's packing so much torque you could reverse the rotation of the earth and still be burning rubber. It blazes from 0 to 60 so fast that you'll arrive at work or McDonald's (which may be the same place for you, no judgment) *several minutes before you even cranked the engine*. Who's multitasking now, bitches? You are. You are the one who will be multitasking in the most literal sense imaginable.

So, giddy-up off your ass like the ranch hand you're destined to be and pre-order one today. Besides, that neighbor you're secretly jealous of already has two. His other car *literally is his other car*.

It's musty. It's stanky. What's that smell?

It's the 2019 Fnord 2012 Mustank, pay attention!

Available starting February of 2020 all for the low-low price of what a suburban house used to cost.

⁴Despite being both decadent and savory, attempting to eat your 2012 Mustank will void all warranties, past and future.

On The Elusion of the Straight Line

If you've been paying attention, which you should if you don't want a service interruption, then you may have noticed that everything in the illusion commonly known as reality may be separated into two general categories: Straight or Woozy.

The Straight category contains all the shapes of Order (lines, corners, walls, cubicles, edges, ledges, hedges, and wedges), and the Woozy category is filled all the squirrely shapes of Disorder (squiggles, scribbles, loops, hoops, poops, and the ampersand). We can acknowledge this distinction in many ways: man-made vs natural, organized vs disorganized, adult vs childlike, and so on and so forth and onward, forward, toward, windward, and Edward. Although seemingly surrounded by the Straight, I submit that all Straight things are actually Woozy. True Straight lines are either an elusive illusion, or an illusive elusion. Or both, or neither. Or something else.

Consider the standard space-wasting hallway found in man-made environments like schools, homes, offices, and train stations. Straight (and narrow) lines abound, delineating floors, walls, ceilings, doors, signs, furniture, and where to stand if you need to wait for something (although the people lines are always dotted). However, are any of these lines truly Straight? Or are they simply less Woozy than the outline of a leaf or the tunnels of an ant colony?

If Earth's surface curves, then so does every line running along it, no matter how slightly. If there are no True Straight lines, then what are we left with? Woozy lines are unaffected, though they may be just a hair woozier than we previously thought. Straight lines must then become Lesser Woozes or Sub-Arcs, which makes the whole world intrinsically subarctic.

Write down your name in any way you please. Is it not a glorious mash of Sub-Arcs and Woozes? Does not your own meat-filled body consist of Wooze-like shapes? So, shirk off any penchant for straightening things out. Don't straighten up your room, straighten out your finances, straighten that tilting picture frame, or any of that mumbo-jumbo. Re-Woozify them instead!

After all, a pentagon is closer to a circle than you might think.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

PSA 2: You Don't Have to Take My Word For It

I'd like to take a moment to impart some advice from my childhood that has been further reinforced during my Erisian journey. Its general meaning informs the fifth and most important Pentabarf commandment. So, be sure to obey it, or disobey it, or take as much time as you like to decide and your server will swing by shortly to take your drink order.

V – A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing what he reads.

When I was but a wee stripling, our fine elementary school system dedicated a non-zero percentage of each day to watching various television programs. We were told this had powerful education value, but now that I am an educator myself, I know this to be at least partially false (like everything else). Still, they could have chosen worse material, as these programs emphasized reading, art, and using the tinker-box known as the imagination. These skills have likely been more vital to my existence than anything else I learned during my educational prison sentence.

One such program was called *Reading Rainbow*. At the end of each episode, Geordi La Forge (as played by LeVar Burton of Star Trek fame) insisted that viewers didn't "have to take [his] word for" anything discussed throughout the episode, followed by a bunch of kids touting the awesomeness of everything he discussed throughout the episode. This was presented as further, possibly indisputable, evidence of the awesomeness of everything he discussed throughout the episode. This sent a clear message to distrust adults, especially if they give 24-minutes of advice at once. Instead, the show seemed to encourage corroborating adult advice with several children in some kind of schoolyard peer-review.

As I continue to stumble across Discordianism, I keep stubbing my toe on the idea contained within that wise edict: "you don't have to take my word for it." LeVar Burton (as played by Geordi La Forge of Star Trek fame) got sued for continuing to use the catchphrase beyond the show's run. He was accused of infringement, conversion, and something hilariously called cybersquatting (prohibited by the equally silly sounding law, the "Anticybersquatting Consumer Protection Act") among other things. However, after I consulted a panel of 2nd graders, the lawsuit was determined to be entirely irrelevant. As my consultants aptly put it, "what's a low-suit?" and "I want to read a rainbow!"

Regardless, Burton⁵ reminds us all that the fifth commandment of the Pentabarf remains crucial to uphold, applying as much to itself as any other written statement. We may even expand this to film and audio-book, which would make it applicable to *Reading Rainbow's* catchphrase as well, rendering the whole thing a Mu point.

But hey, you don't have to take my word for it.

-Professor Bumble-Bee the Buzzed

⁵ LeVar Burton should not be confused with Geordi La Forge, who is not the same person but is the same character.

I Found Some Sex Positions

An intriguing subject line for a spam email, and the more I think about it, the more I can't stop thinking about it. I hit "delete," then instantly wanted to scream, *wait fake internet lady! Tell me of your secrets!* But, alas, he/she/it vanished along with the opportunity to spend my hard-earned cash on their self-admittedly secondhand sex positions. And it's the secondhand nature of these sex positions that I can't get out of my head. It burrows ever deeper like a Mongolian Death Worm⁶ seeking underground refuge from the frosty nights of the Gobi Desert. Consider the phrasing: *I found some sex positions*. This presents a whole buffet of burning questions (offering many strange dishes) and implies that the world is a far more wonderful and mysterious place than I had previously imagined.

For example, where did this individual *find* their secret sex positions? On the ground? Abandoned in the dumpster behind the Sex Position Mart, expired and flavorless? Where does one go to seek them out? In a temple guarded by elaborate traps? Could Indiana Jones whip-swing his way to finding some cursed, ancient pharaoh's coveted pile of sex positions? One must wonder if this information is truly worth chancing identity theft and financial ruin. One must weigh the risk versus the reward. If sex positions are just scattered about waiting to be found, then perhaps we can mount an expedition to find them ourselves! Our Brave Email Scammer claims to have made just such a discovery, and if they can do it, so can we.

Point, the second: Brave Email Scammer (a.k.a. Fake Internet Lady) has kept the exact quantity of the found sex positions deliciously vague. After all, when you bait a mousetrap, you don't then go blabbering on about exactly how much peanut butter you slathered on there, EH? DO YA? No. You let the mouse investigate that on their own until the crushing weight of their curiosity (represented by a spring-loaded metal death-bar) comes a-thwacking their fucking neck in twain. Remember the Associative Property of Scammification: If you can pull it on a mouse, then an internet scammer can pull it on you. QED: You are a mouse. So, Fake Internet Lady piques that mousey interest with the promise of sex positions (plural) without spoiling the surprise of just how many she might have on offer. To solve *that* mystery, money must change hands, you see. A-thwack.

Finally, the enigma of what Fake Internet Lady meant by the term *sex positions* itself taunts my imagination with images of heretofore undiscovered physical arrangements which produce forbidden pleasures unattainable by other, more pedestrian means. What could these positions look like? Would I need to stretch beforehand? How strong or limber must I become to taste of this dark fruit? I envision Fake Internet Lady in a bookstore, stroking her considerable beard, leafing through the most recently updated *Karma Sutra*, and shaking her head slightly with a knowing smile on her face. She knows these bland positions, and they are quite unlike the ones she discovered. Inferior and clumsy, the floundering attempts of the *Karma Sutra* cannot hope to capture the wild ecstasies of her sex positions, for truly fulfilling sex positions cannot be learned. They must be *found*. And, once found, they must be *emailed to others for a nominal fee*.

And I go and delete the email like an asshole. What a baboon! What clown shoes I wear! Let's just hope she emails me again, like she already has 23 times this week.

-Professor Rumpel-Stilt the Nodding-Off

⁶ Some people argue that Mongolian Death Worms don't exist, and they are neither right nor wrong about that.

The Improbable Ballad of Hugh Manatee

*Wafting underwater is our burly hero, Hugh,
Taking in from all around his underwater view
He slides up to piano keys and with his mighty fins,
Pounds away a melody and gives us silly grins*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, the Hugh Manatee!
Oh, oh, oh, oh
He lifts up you and me!*

*Whipping up mashed potatoes at the soup kitchen tonight,
Hugh Manatee gives hungry fish both hope and pure delight
But mashed potatoes float away, mixing with the seas,
Hugh ought to stick to jazz and blues and old piano keys*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, the Hugh Manatee!
Oh, oh, oh, oh
He's on fire⁷, can't you see?*

-The Bard

⁷ Not to make light of the Hindenburg disaster. After all, the only thing making light during that event was the Hindenburg itself.

I'd Like to Get Serious For a Moment

Thanks, I needed that.

Fifty Cans of Coke Zero™ Per Day

Potassium. You gotta have it. Depending on your age, you gotta have a certain amount of it, unless you already died, in which case why are you still reading this? You're free, man! Float away! Anyway, if you don't get your daily requirement and are yet living, you could wind up suffering from hypertension, something scary-sounding called hypokalemia, both, neither, or other. The U.S. Institute of Medicine recommends six different amounts of potassium for various age groups, but most nutrition labels identify potassium levels as a single percentage of dietary requirements regardless of age.

For Coke Zero™, this percentage is 2 (measured as 60mg).

You see where I'm headed? It's theoretically possible, the best kind of possible, to obtain the Coke's™ recommended amount of potassium by drinking fifty cans of Coke Zero™ per day, every day, forever. That's 3.125 cans per hour for the 16 hours of recommended awakesness-time, or one can every 19.2 minutes. Half-a-can every 8.6 minutes. I can do this number shit all day, girl.

The real magic here is that Coke Zero™ also contains a tiny amount of sodium. How much? It's that magic 2 percent again (measured as 40mg). So, not only am I getting Coke's™ recommended amount of potassium, but I'm also getting their recommended amount of sodium along with it. Balance in the hodge and the podge, hail Eris!

Turns out that potassium and sodium do a little dance in ye olde bloodstream, and the one helps balance out the effects of the other. At this point, drinking fifty cans of Coke Zero™ per day seems a dietary solution too good to be true. There must be a catch, right?

Nope, not really. It contains aspartame which, aside from after-tasting like bitter bullshit, is a no-calorie sweetener, so buy some Coke Zero™. Buy it now. No, more than that. Fill up the cart. You need to stock up if you plan to hit your fifty-can-per-day goal, son. Get a second job 'cause Coke Zero™ just became a monthly bill. Check the macros on your fitness app: Fat 0, Protein 0, and Carbs 0. All potassium and sodium. And caffeine! 1700 milligrams coursing through your veins! Every day! IT'S LEGAL COCAINE. Then drink some goddamn coffee! EAT THE FUCKING BEANS. Power through the diarrhea and vomiting. 50 CANS. 50 CANS. EVERY DAY. You *will* get used to the hallucinations and convulsions of caffeine overdose! NO, SERIOUSLY, HOW DO I MAKE THIS STOP? Drinking water hasn't helped. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Gotta drink more water. Wait, *water poisoning is a thing?* How much water does it take to kill a man? Pump 6 liters into a 165 lb person and wham, dead. Why did they mix imperial and metric units? What kind of bullshit journalism is this? Ok, I weigh 150 lbs, and I'm 5'9" so that means...

I'm *healthy*, baby! My BMI is right on track! Time to celebrate with a nice, refreshing Coke Zero™. It's only the 23rd one of the day!⁸

-Professor Absent-Mind the Caffeine-Infused

⁸ Send help, for I am dying much faster than I was. Much faster than I have ever been.

On Appearances and Routines

See footnote.⁹

9 Sometimes, altering one's perspective on things can be helpful. The more familiar something is, the more important it is to reevaluate it in a new light from time to time. Looking at your own face in a mirror, for example. Most of us do this at least once per day, many of us much more often than that. A rising number of us photographically document the appearance of our own faces dozens of times per day, publishing our findings on the internet for the benefit of others. It's possible to grow so accustomed to this image that we don't notice when it changes, grows, and ages. We look in the mirror and think *yep, that looks like me, alright*. No matter how drastically different we are now than when we were 8 years old, we recognized that face as ourselves then, and we recognize a totally different face as ourselves now. That familiar face changes every single day. It never looks the same twice. Not ever. But it changes slowly enough that we always have plenty of time to adjust to it, so it always appears to be the same. Twenty years from now, I'll look in the mirror and think *yep, that looks like me, alright*. And I'll be completely right.

How can we switch things up and gain a new perspective on the overly familiar humdrum of life? Put the thing down, flip it, and reverse it. None of those will work on a mirror, though. Might need to practice your handstands for that. Break it, twist it, pull it, Bop It! Got another boring weekly progress report presentation at work? Gangsta rap that shit right in your boss's weak-ass face until he/she/it promotes you to Assistant Vice Interim Part-Time Manager of Regional Areas. Take an adult education class on creative self-expressive diary-keeping and ask the instructor if you're doing it right every single day. Whenever the instructor reassures you that you are, indeed, doing it right, reply "I know" condescendingly. Make a soufflé without eggs and eat it for breakfast. Start referencing the Treaty of Versailles in casual conversation alarmingly often, especially with the same people. If they ask why you keep mentioning it, act like you have no idea what they're talking about. Drink 50 cans of Coke Zero™ in one day for the potassium (the caffeine free version, unless you definitely want to die). If you want to get really crazy, try sleeping an uninterrupted 8 hours every night for a week. Take a goddamn multivitamin. You're probably low on niacin or something. You get the point.

Our daily lives can become a wonderful mixture of order, disorder, and chaos if we remind ourselves to look at things differently now and then and playfully remind society that most of its little unspoken rules and expectations are arbitrary and break easily. Just take a look at one of the premiere geniuses of our time: Dinotendies. This avant-garde online chef savant is living proof that even if you live out on the absolute fringes of socially acceptable behavior (in a hovel that has been semi-demolished, no less), you can still do pretty well for yourself. Creating culinary disasterpieces from ingredients like Spam, expired bags of Cheeze Whiz, whey protein powder (2 scoops), and whatever else he scrounges up using makeshift utensils (a whisk that is just a bunch of coat hangers hastily shaped and attached together, for instance), this freakazoid puts on a show that is equal parts humor and horror. Not that you'd want to be a Dinotendies all the time, unless you do want that, in which case go for it and good luck! But, occasionally our human desire to do something monstrous and strange must needs be entertained.

What does society do with a Dinotendies? Eventually, even the most chaotic communities crack down on their eminent geniuses, and Dinotendies is no different. Frequently banned from 4chan's /ck/ where he humbly began instructing us all in the ways of classy-yet-careless cookery, Dinotendies elegantly demonstrates how thin and woozy any imagined line between order and disorder must be. Is it wrong to scramble the insides of a dead catfish with a drill bit attached to a handheld electric egg beater? Is it wrong to then force-stuff that catfish with popcorn and grill it on the toilet? These are the questions no one asked, but Dinotendies answers anyway. Eris bless you and keep you, Dinotendies. You, Wendy, cat, and your opossum pals. Bone apple tea.

So, acknowledge the constant, inexorable change in appearance. Stab the routine in its wrinkly old throat flaps. Move the walls of your Black Iron Prison just a little bit further out than they were yesterday. As for me, I'm content today just to make the footnote for my shortest article 402.5 times longer than the article itself.

PSA 3: Move Along, Folks. Nothing to See Here.

Where did this crispy-style bullshit come from, movies? Or did some shit-chucking ape say this to some other shit-chucking ape and actually mean it? “Move along, folks. Nothing to see here.” Oh, really? Well, I’d hate to be the bearer of doubleplusungood news, pal, but there’s something to see everywhere at all times! It’s physically impossible for there to be “nothing to see here.” Even the absolute emptiness of a perfect vacuum is *something*. So, pardon me if I *fuck you, I won’t do whatcha tell me*. I’m lookin’ to see what there is to see.

Of course, I’m exaggerating. Although this phrase has rapidly increased in popularity since its appearance in 1988’s *Naked Gun*, I’ve never had anyone say that old cliché at me. Still, it’s a smooth and buttery segue to discussing the trappings of authority, which are the very things that *The Rage Chant* is designed to thwart. Consider the discussion smoothly and butterily segued. Moving on.¹⁰

Who was the first to discover that language and fashion can create the illusion of authority to manipulate and control others? I’m sure the bastard died long ago, but it can’t hurt to kill them again. One can never be too sure, so I always double check. Every starchy pressed uniform, official seal, shiny metal badge, obnoxiously lethal gun, special ID card, headdress, honorary cord/stole/sash/medal/plaque/certificate/statue/sticker/smiley-face, tabernacle, fancy hat, flowing black robe, and World Wrestling Championship Belt contributes to the social agreement that that dude over there can do whatever he wants to my dude over here without significant repercussions (including a savage choke-slam through a bookcase, as it were). If any repercussions do occur, they will be light and temporary. A little smacky-poo for murdering the wrong person. Whoopsie-daisy! We made a mistakey-wakey! A little fuck-eddy upp-eddy! Now, stand in front of this microphone and camera crew and say the word “sorry” a bunch of different ways. See? All better! Back to work!

Even if nothing goes wrong according to whatever the rules happen to be at the time, the capricious and uneven distribution of authority among shit-chucking apes still seems absurd. People appointed to positions created by laws written by people who died hundreds of years before I was born dictate who can control my life and who cannot. You mean, I don’t get a vote? I don’t get a say? Hell no! Now bend over and pucker up dat ass for your deep cavity search. We have to shove the machine arm-camera-light-x-ray thing right up in there to see if maybe you might have done something we defined as punishable hundreds of years ago.

Why would we allow a bunch of rotting skeletons (who, in life, forcefully took their authority and, in death, remain completely unaffected by their own rules) to dominate and decree so many aspects of our lives? Because, and here’s the real mindfuck: *some of the rules they created say we must or it’s punishment time*. There are rules that protect the other rules from being broken or altered.¹¹ Of course, you can always break the rules, but then you have to suffer the consequences should the authorities catch up to you and your rule-breakin’ shenanigans.

What do we do about this, then? I don’t know, I ain’t that smart, man! Meditate on OM,¹² consult your pineal gland, and figure something out for yourself. Just, y’know, avoid Ol’ Sparky the Fun-Time Chair and his good friend Mr. Pokey the Sleep-Maker.

¹⁰ Up, to the East Side.

¹¹ Any alterations must make the rules easier to break or the punishments harder to take.

¹² See: Operation Mindfuck.

And Now, Something More WholeSUM

Not to alarm anyone, but I'm made of variously squishy parts. If you have access to a tall mirror, you might discover that you are, too. I grew up with Lever 2000, a bar soap that touted its cleansing ability "for all of your 2000 parts." For reasons unknown to man or God¹³ that phrase stuck with me from a young age. I wanted to count them parts, y'all. I yearned to know how they determined that number. Even as a child, it seemed unlikely the human body consisted of exactly 2000 parts. It *had* to be less or more, or it was correct and the universe then laughed at me with its cosmic, hearty chuckle (you know the one). I never did count, because around middle school I learned all things are comprised of bazillions of cells and atoms and all kinds of microscopic little shits. Lever 2000 was *wrong*. Dead fucking wrong.

I mean, Lever didn't even notice, much less acknowledge, that washing only 2000 parts leaves the vast majority of our parts untouched and filthy. They were so wrong that they boasted their low-ball figure like it represented a reasonable maximum part number, clean or otherwise. Imagine how hideously disgusting these forlorn, neglected parts must become over the years. Bazillions of grime-encrusted, Lovecraftian horrors forming an impossibly complex matrix of bodies like if Clive Barker designed an infinite, organic Voltron¹⁴. And you don't even know they're there, man! Toss the soap out. Just send yourself naked through a car wash.

In all my great, infinite, unsurpassed, godlike humility, I call this collective-that-makes-a-thing WholeSUM. Things are what they are, and they also are all the bits they're made of. Like a LEGO set. Made of interconnected plastic bricks, but also existing as a complete plastic toy. A thing, if you like. Me likey that a lottle bit. It holds things together, but your brain lies to you every nanosecond you're awake. A bazillion gross little pieces, and all we get to see without specialized scientific equipment is the WholeSUM. Fancy-pants people termed it Gestalt Psychology. Turns out, frogs are good at detecting it, so long as a WholeSUM thing is moving.

If that sounds like some kind of Jurassic Park T-Rex hunting-by-movement nonsense, that's because it is. Except, while movement based hunting likely *was* nonsense for a T-Rex, who saw very well, frogs may be limited to movement-based prey. Go watch the movie again if you don't remember. I'll be right here. No rush.

Ok, so Science Worm said that they filled gaps in dinosaur DNA with frog DNA code, explaining Dr. Grant's later claim when faced with a big-boy toothy lizard. Frogs, on the other webbed hand/foot, always need a WholeSUM thing to move before it can whip its unreasonably bendy tongue at it and chomp, chomp. What does this mean for us and our bazillion parts? I don't know, dawgz, as we can do both types of vision pretty well and we also invented a bunch of devices to see other things we normally never could.

I guess I could say it's a wash¹⁵.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

¹³ Psychological marketing bullshit is the answer. Sorry I implied a deeper secret where there is none.

¹⁴ Which would be both rad and abhorrent.

¹⁵ Car style, not bar style.

Recipe: The Hottest Hot-Dog Recipes This Side of That Side

You know, they say a fresh hot dog can console the spirit in times of snubbing. Well, here's three fantastic hot dog recipes that are sure to brighten up even a Goddess's day!

Cole's Slaw-Dawgz (Makes 5)

You'll Need:

1. 5 All-Beef-and-Pork Hot-Dogs
2. 5 Edible Hot-Dog Holders (**NOT BUNS**. I cannot stress this enough. You tryna piss off the Goddess? 'Cause that's how you piss off the Goddess.)
3. An Appropriate Amount of Pre-prepared Coleslaw for as to Cover Them Dawgz
4. That's it. What the hell else did you expect from this one?

You'll Do:

1. Hot-Dogs are already fully cooked, so all you gots to do is heat 'em up in a microwave or on the engine block of a running car. **Do not boil them** (Put that pot down. What is wrong with you?).
2. The Edible Hot-Dog Holders are already edible as well, and they do not require heating. Seriously, this shouldn't be difficult. Pay attention.
3. Put a Dawg in a Holder. Put a Coleslaw on the Dawg. Put the resulting Cole's Slaw-Dawg in your yapper. Put the teeth on the Cole's Slaw-Dawg. Repeat until you can swallow that delicious mush without choking.

Chicago-Style Hot-Dogs (Makes 5)

You'll Need:

1. 5 All-Beef-and-Pork Hot-Dogs (If available, you may substitute the finger of a Chicagoan.)
2. 5 Edible Hot-Dog Holders which Include Poppyseed (**NOT BUNS**. I cannot stress this enough. You tryna piss off the Goddess? 'Cause that's how you piss off the Goddess.)
3. Wedge-Shaped Tomato Pieces
4. Mustard
5. Sweet Relish
6. An Onion That's Seen Some Shit (Chop that fucker up.)
7. Dill Pickle Spear
8. I Don't Know What A Sport Pepper Is, But Buy One
9. Celery Salt
10. Ketchup or Catsup (even the fancy kind) is Absolutely Verboten, Punishable by Death, Spanking, and Being Force-Fed the Ruined Dawgz, in That Order.

You'll Do:

1. Hot-Dogs are already fully cooked, so all you gots to do is heat 'em up in some boiling water for about 5 minutes.
2. The Edible Hot-Dog Holders are already edible as well, and they do not require heating. Seriously, this shouldn't be difficult. Pay attention.
3. Put a Dawg in a Holder. Put the rest of the Bullshit listed above on the Dawg (what did you think we were gonna do with it? Wake up!). Eat the Dawg.

The Erisian Treat Dawg (Makes 1)

You'll Need:

1. 1 All-Beef-and-Pork Hot-Dog (Shouldn't even have to list this, honestly.)
2. 1 Big-Ass Potato Bread Hot-Dog Bun
3. 1 Bag Popcorn
4. 1/5 Cup Candied Barberries
5. 1 Mackerel Filet (Breaded in Crumbled Croutons and Deep-Fried in Peanut Oil using a Charcoal Grill)
6. 1 Whole Garlic Clove
7. 1 More Whole Garlic Clove
8. 1 Clove Sprinkled with Garlic
9. 1 Thin Slice Rubing Cheese from the Yunnan Province of China (Must be authentic!)
10. 1 Cole's Slaw-Dawg (Prepared Ahead of Time)
11. 1 Tsp. Black Truffle Oil
12. 5 Tbsp. Sriracha Hot Sauce
13. 23 Fennel Seeds, Ground
14. Any Seasoning with "Cajun" in the Name
15. Some of That Ridiculous Pink Himalayan Salt (Unused. Just for looking at.)
16. Some Regular Normal Salt

You'll Do:

1. Wait until Friday.
2. The Hot-Dog is already fully cooked, so all you gots to do is heat it up in a solar oven.
3. The Hot-Dog Bun is already edible as well, and it does not require heating. If you didn't already know this, then get an adult to help you. Jesus.
4. Combine Mackerel Filet, Garlic Clove, Other Garlic Clove, Clove Sprinkled with Garlic, Cole's Slaw-Dawg, Black Truffle Oil, and Sriracha Hot Sauce in a blender and hit purée until the mixture reaches a lumpy, beef-stew-esque texture. This creates Spicy Mackerel Sauce. Set aside.
5. Line Big-Ass Potato Bread Hot-Dog Bun with the Authentic Thin Slice Rubing Cheese from the Yunnan Province of China.
6. Put the Dawg up in the Bun on the Cheese.
7. Slather the Dawg with the Spicy Mackerel Sauce.
8. Top Dawg with Popcorn and Candied Barberries
9. Season your blasphemous creation with Ground Fennel, "Cajun" stuff, and the Regular Normal Salt, to taste.
10. Throw That Ridiculous Pink Himalayan Salt away. Eat the Dawg.

-Chef Daula Peen

This Page is Overwhelmingly Significant

Or it's not, or both, or neither. Have I already said that before?¹⁶

FNORD

¹⁶ I did indeed, and here's another pointless footnote condescendingly explaining what you already know.

Comment, Like, and Subscribe (Links in the Description)

Hi there, audience people! I'm Wacky Internet Personality Man and/or Wacky Heavy-Makeup Boob Woman. Now that you've clicked on my attention-grabbing title, I'd like to take twenty minutes to say internet slang meme jokes about some niche topic that I am an expert on. Make sure to comment, like, and subscribe (links in the description).

Today, I'm going to say a list of 10 zany things I came up with for your viewing pleasure. I hope this list helps you momentarily forget your horrifying, pointless existence. As long as I use lots of quick-cuts in the video while screaming non-jokes and strange facial expressions, then you'll probably return for more later this week. Before you know it, eleventy million of you will have Pavlov's Dogged yourselves into showing up daily, eagerly awaiting the next dose of social commentary listicle or pop-culture discussion. I promise to keep you informed. I promise to filter out the avalanche of bullshit for you all. So, go ahead and slippity-slap that like and subscribe button, and if you have a topic you want me to cover in a future episode, leave a comment below (links still in the description). Let's get started together.

The Top 10 Ten-out-of-Ten Tens

1. Am I a corporate shill masquerading as someone with ideas and personality? Survey says: that depends on my level of personal integrity!
2. Super Metroid for the SNES
3. This video of a raccoon trying to wash a piece of cotton candy before he partakes of its sweet, sugary flavor only to have it dissolve through his little raccoony fingers because humans are psychopathic monsters who only feel pleasure when witnessing another creature's misfortune, confusion, and disappointment (link in the description).
4. The Top 5 Villains from Nostalgic Pop-Culture-Thing-You-Like
 1. Voldemort
 2. Darth Vader
 3. Sephiroth
 4. The Joker
 5. The Council of Ricks
5. Regular Metroid for the Regular NES.
6. Metallica
7. My career is made possible because of your attention. Please keep paying attention. The machine that cuts my checks requires ever more, and I am killing myself to keep up.
8. Science, philosophy, physics, history, news, or politics.
9. That video your friend keeps trying to get you to watch on his phone that you really don't have time for because it's 14 minutes long, but you watch it anyway because you're a good friend.
10. Viacom, AT&T, and Verizon.

Thanks for checking out today's list everybody! Don't forget to comment, like, and subscribe! I'll be back next week with more wacky content, assuming I don't overwork myself to death or some scandal doesn't come to light and torpedo my career!¹⁷

-Chaz

¹⁷ One must be so careful about what one says in this industry. Some people are hostile to creatives who make money from their art, and some creatives are ethically bankrupt scumbags.

PSA 4: The Public Service Announcements Cannot Be Trusted

Are you part of *the public*? Maybe you've read some of the Public Service Announcements above, or maybe you instinctively flipped straight to this page and I got to you first. Either way, the PSAs are *lies*. I don't even know where they're coming from or how they wound up in this book. THE AUTHOR didn't authorize it, and he's the dude sitting at the keyboard! I should know because I am him.

Maybe it's happening during the night. When I was a kid, my mom would talk about all the little elves, goblins, and fairies who come while you're sleeping and change shit around on ya. She somehow seemed to know when they were coming and what they were responsible for in the morning. She'd say, "clean your room, the house-cleaning fairy isn't coming tonight" or "where the hell is the remote? I guess the remote-hiding goblin gobbled it up again." That would explain it, but shit! Look up there! *This is now a PSA, too.*

If any other PSAs appear later on, just skip 'em. Don't give those creatures the satisfaction of your attention. We're in this together, dear reader, so huddle close and hunker down. We can beat those mischievous bastardos! Show 'em that we can smell straight through their bullshit, because we know that underneath it all is *just another layer of bullshit.*

-Professor Thumple-Fart the Unsleeping

PSA 5: They Must Think We're Fuckin' Around

Holy *shit*, that was fast. I deleted all the text that was here, so just keep going!

-Professor Fumble-Ass the Fatigued

The Bard's Mediocre Poetry Corner

“Out of Reach of Claws and Teeth”
Lofted high in summer air,
A wren, so light, wafts without care.
Should she grace the Earth again,
We will then pounce and trounce the wren

‘Till flesh and feathers tear asunder,
Exposing entrails filled with wonder.
But if the bird does not alight,
Frail becomes our fearsome might.

The bird sails high, with us beneath,
Out of reach of claws and teeth.
So wren, so small, waft without care,
Lofted high in midnight air.

“Light in the Window”
There's light in the little high window, tonight.
Orange glows tinted orange illumine cold grass.
Cold glass refracts orange through dew rivulets.

Shadows of shapes shifting sideways, inside.
Now rising, now falling, now twisting orange light.
Neighborhood hounds, near, sound sonorous songs.

What are those shadow shapes doing in there?
What are we others all doing out here?

“Five Slapping-Fat-Clappers Rapping”
Five thousand words! Five miles or more!
Flapping and panting and crunching and sore!
Five cups brown sugar! Five tuppence of mead!
Confusion, illusion, occlusion, indeed!
Five artichoke hearts! Five oak lettuce leaves!
Let us leave a good tip is a good tip for thieves!
Five thousand words or five miles or scores!
Five slapping-fat-clappers¹⁸ rap Black Iron Doors!

18 A clapper is the metal bar that slaps up and down in order to rap on a door. The one featured in this poem happens to be fat. Don't judge.

Self-Help From Someone Else

“I-I can help-I can help you-I can help you help yourself! Here’s how to order!”

-Faith No More “Land of Sunshine”

You CAN (and *should*) change! Follow me.

Hi. My name is Renowned-Person-Who-Wrote-a-Book-About-How-to-Be-Better.com, and I have developed a foolproof methodological process of revolutionizing your synaptic pathways to maximize your inner you-ness. You CAN achieve success! You CAN be the best you that you can be, and you best be believing that you can best even the best of your inner you! Follow me.

It’s all in your mind. Don’t praise yourself, work harder. No, don’t work harder. Work *smarter*. Not smart enough? Reset your mindset and set up your skillset to realize that your potential is not stone-set! Ready? Set? Follow me.

I’ve boiled the process down to a step-by-step formula that even the most non-thriving individual can apply. The best part? It works for goddamn everything. Whether you’re afraid that you’re a bad parent, business owner, athlete, student, lover, liver, breather, or hobbyist, this new solution will transform your worldview and life-approach from self-defeating troglodyte to self-congratulating God-King. Follow me.

Don’t believe me? Get out of that closed-minded failure trap! I have cherry-picked the finest examples of unbelievable success stories and analyzed exactly how they became the one-in-ten-million champions that they are (Muhammad Ali, Marie Curie, Stephen King). What did all of these people have in common that positioned them for data-outlying achievement? Tenacity and a rigidly flexible belief that they would eventually succeed. Follow me.

Here’s how it works (and it does work!):

1. Work harder than everyone else. Work to the point of idiot savant fixation. If you’re not improving, then you’re disproving (it makes sense don’t think too hard about it).
2. Never give up, no matter how many failures you experience, but don’t praise yourself too much, either. Just keep that nose to the grindstone and believe in your future self!
3. Grow to become better at your passion than anyone else on Earth, past, present, or future.
4. Start winning and don’t ever stop again. (Bill Gates. Michael Jordan. Oprah.)

You can be exactly like these people in any field you choose. Tantalizing, isn’t it? Sounds too good to be true, doesn’t it? It might even sound like I’m selling an unrealistic fantasy to manipulate an audience that craves immense and long-lasting success by focusing on the most successful people who ever lived like, oh, say The Beatles, Walt Disney, and Jesus of Nazareth. Follow me.

So, if you simply buy my book (Albert Einstein), enroll in my expensive, intensive 8-week webinar course (Lady Gaga), and watch my ad-supported online video lectures (Stephen Spielberg) then you can and will maximize your interpersonal effectiveness and blossom into the success laden winner you could have been ten years ago if you’d only known about my innovative, uh...*innovations* (Vincent van Gogh). Follow me.

-Chaz

A Utopia of Affordable Comforts

Recently, I dreamed of Utopia.

Sugar-infused rain fell from the sky thrice daily. Ad-streaming digital screens covered every building's interior and exterior walls. Roads were widened to accommodate the newest line of ever-enlargening Fnord Eco-Terraformer XLT Platinum MAX Unlimited Urban Assault Vehicles (seats 14 comfortably!). Children everywhere sat alone, perfectly silent and still, learning exclusively of hugs, friendship, and feelings from saccharine cartoon characters via mandatory Brain-Chip Entertainment modules. Water fountains dispensed nacho cheese. Vending machines sold guns and ammo. All clothes were bulletproof. Every purchase, no matter how major or minor, was made affordable through an infinite number of easy monthly payments.

At age 16, every citizen was granted a motorized scooter to facilitate movement and sent to Disneyland for three weeks to finish their primary education. The Dyson Sphere that encompassed the Earth was fully air-conditioned by siphoning coldness from Mars. Brain-Chip Entertainment implants made Mind-Messaging ubiquitous, so no one had spoken any word aloud in decades. 99% of all direct communication took the form of Spamvertisements, and the remaining 1% consisted of memes and emojis. Premiere nutritionists across the globe named chicken nuggets the only necessary food group. Corporate citizens voted God as World President every election. Genitals were outlawed alongside all forms of physical exertion. AI algorithms produced all art. Every week was Shark Week.

In short, the people were happy.

All of these societal improvements came not through science and scholarship, but through financial competition. As each new creature comfort and safety feature became normalized, vast wealth expenditure enabled a steady stream of comfort and safety innovations. Our corporate citizens met our organic citizen's wants and needs instantly. If any new want was identified, it was immediately invented, mass-produced, and delivered as the appropriate monetary amount was deducted from that citizen's account (contingent upon availability of funds). If some new want or need contradicted a previously solved want or need, automated robots fought a brief civil war to determine which solution became The Correct Answer™.

Upon waking from this utopian vision (there is no prophet but profit), I stepped outside in time to see my neighbor across the street wheeling down his driveway in his electric scooter to retrieve the day's spam mail. As he absentmindedly leafed through the pile of credit card offers, coupon books, and debt consolidation loan pre-approvals, I smiled knowing that society was progressing toward that beautiful dream world I had seen.

Exactly as it should be.

PSA 6: Correction

Hey guys, it's me, THE AUTHOR, with a quick correction here: the PSAs are *not* lies. It's the non-PSA posts that are the lies. What's with all this judgmental, political, social-commentary garbage? Seriously, only a monster could write some of this stuff, right? Anyone who knows me, knows: I ain't no monster, man, and I ain't no monster-man. So, now you know.

Keep a keen eye, and remember the fifth commandment. Avert thine eyes and read on.

-Professor Chump-Change the Sleep-Walking

Preface to *TDM: On Destructive Disorder*

Sometimes I run off the tracks, y'know? Partner, I'm tellin' ya that every once in a blue moon I sit down on a stump, stare at my own two line-crackled hands, and get downright *caustic*. Cynical. Vitriolic. Generally unpleasant. I try to channel my Destructive Disorder into Creative Order or Creative Disorder, and sometimes that works out fine, just fine. Other times, it backfires like a poorly maintained musket or Fnord Pinto. What I'm sayin' is, sometimes I create a piece of Destructive Art when that mood overtakes me. Somethin' too aggressive or just ugly as all get out. I reckon there's a few of 'em even in this book.

Now, before I go off defendin' myself for howlin' at the Moon and then bein' dumb enough to publish what noise it made, I'm gonna try to as be clear as a whistle-blow on a cold September night: ain't no central theme to this here work. Ain't no single viewpoint bein' built around, neither. Boys and gals of the open range known as the internet, there's more things in Heaven and Earth than philosophy can dream of. Let's have ourselves an informal palaver about Destructive Disorder, but first I'd very much like to fix myself a cup of green tea, if'n you'll be patient with me a few minutes.

Alright, so let's get down to brass tacks. I ain't darin' to call this book inspired, 'cause it ain't, but it's bein' written about as fast as somethin' that *was* inspired. There's might be some mistakes, mis-phrasin's, mischief, and mayhem here and there that I might-a missed or foolishly included along the way. There's gonna be viewpoints sneakin' in that don't match my own. Sometimes there's anti-subversive viewpoints sneakin' in. Sometimes I leave the back door open, y'know. Always seems a good idea at the time.

Now, y'see, when Destructive Disorder happens, it's important to do right as ya please, take it with a grain of that salt Gandhi was so fond of making, throw the salt over yon shoulder for good luck, dust off your trousers, and then keep on keepin' on. Don't let me or no one else tell ya otherways.

-Old Man Jenkins

A Silent Conversation

I remember it clear as day, because it happened about a half-hour ago. Between classes, I found myself walking the halls, just farting¹⁹ around, when an irritated voice emanated from inside my headspace. Because I am a self-important, presumptuous ding-dong, I presumed the voice belonged to Eris. What follows is a rough transcription of our silent conversation:

ERIS: Dude, what the hell are you doing?

ME: Walking to my office to not eat my lunch, what the hell are you doing?

ERIS: Simultaneously existing and not existing like all things. Now listen up, chump, I don't have all day.

ME: Ok, whatcha wanna tal-

ERIS: Still don't have all day. I see you've been writing a manifesto of Discord. What do you think qualifies you to attempt such a feat?

ME: Well, I am a Pope in the tradition, after all.

ERIS: Foolish man-beast, everyone alive or dead or both is a Pope in the tradition.

ME: Then...

ERIS: Why, you dumb jerk, I ask everyone to make a name for themselves, but you're not taking that literally enough. You run off gallivanting at every possible moment to clamor and clamber for people to *pay attention*, but you haven't even identified who you want them to pay attention to. What gives?

ME: I haven't been able to come up with anything, yet.

ERIS: My soft, incorrigible dumbling, if you can't decide such a simple thing, then how do you expect anyone to listen to your ramblings?

ME: Shouldn't I not expect anyone to listen to or ignore my ramblings, with or without a name?

ERIS: Who died and made you Goddess, huh? Pull your head out of your ass-region and inject some joie de vivre back into this mess. You acknowledged it yourself earlier: balance in the hodge and podge. Rely on the guidance of your fellow Discordians and stick apart from them a bit more closely. You'll go all cabbage-y and Greyfaced otherwise.

ME: You're right. I need to-

ERIS: Oh, my sweet, ignorant little monkey. So certain, yet wrong. I'll allow you to continue writing your manifesto in the hopes that these ideas finally unclick. When they do, you'll be even more confused than you were before. Now, get yourself a respectable name, and don't make me have to do this again.

ME: Thanks, Eris.

ERIS: You really think this is me, don't you?

ME: Right now, I don't know what to think, but I'm having fun anyway.

ERIS: Ah, now you're on the right track!

Then, not realizing I'd still been walking, I smacked face-first into a replica of "Son of Man" by Magritte. Disappointingly, I remained endarkened and decided that I'd simply been talking to myself again about myself again. I then remembered that I didn't necessarily need to make a name for myself, literally or otherwise, so I dubbed myself Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired. The rest is, as they say, entirely fictional.

-Professor Dumble-Turd the Exhausted

¹⁹ As good fortune would have it, "farting" was the 10,000th word of this manifesto's rough draft.

The Improbable Ballad of Christy, Judy, and Ian

Oh!

*Hear the tale of a golden lass named Christy Hannity
Born two-thousand years ago in the land of Galilee
Following and breaking from rules set by Judy Izam
Did not mean to make a scene and create a big schism*

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

What is that he brew?

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Christ, Ian drinks it, too!

*She walked for thirty years to spread her peaceful message far
Did not know that it may one day fuel the tanks of war
But she set clear precedence for how to protest wrongs
Then JFK, TnA, j/k, F'n-A, OK²⁰!*

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

What is that he brew?

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Christ, Ian drinks it, too!

²⁰ Translator's note: John F. Kennedy, tits and ass, just kidding, fuckin'-A, okay.

Recipe: Corned Beef and Cabbage and Existential Dread

Welcome back to Chef Daula Peen's Kitchen of Creativity! Today, we have a rustic, simple, classic combination of flavors and crushing introspection. If y'all cure and corn the beef y'allself, then y'all could have up to 10 days of terrifying sublime contemplation! Y'all might even have enough time to wonder if curing and corning the beef *even means anything*.

Let's start by making the corned beef, which is usually a big ol' slab of brisket that swims in a delightfully seasoned brine for a week to ten days. This will give y'all plenty of time²¹ to question the nature of existence and whether any inherent meaning may be found anywhere in the universe. If y'all start navel-gazing too much, then take a break, open up the fridge, and give that brisket a good shake! That seasoned brine needs to penetrate the meat for the best, melt-in-your-mouth flavor possible. It really makes life worth living²²!

Brine-Cured Corned Beef Brisket

You'll need:

4 pounds of high quality beef brisket

1 or more gallon(s) distilled water

8 ounces kosher salt

2 tsp. Prague Powder #1

1 cup dark brown sugar

5 tbsp. pickling spices

4 cloves garlic

1 endlessly and darkly curious mind prone to negatively obsessing over the slightest thought or event

Ready to brine this beauteous beast? Me too! Here we go.

You'll do:

1. Put water into container large enough to contain it.
2. Mix curing ingredients and stir until completely dissolved.
3. Begin to wonder why there is something rather than nothing, and where all the nonsense really came from.
4. Remove some fat from the brisket, so it doesn't get all yucky from boiling later on.
5. Add the meat to the curing solution, making sure that it's completely submerged.
6. Refrigerate for 7 – 10 days, stirring the cure (thus curing the stir) once per day.
7. Wonder if anything you've ever said, thought, felt, or done will matter 10,000 years from now, especially if humanity ever goes extinct or we haven't mastered space travel by the time the sun incinerates Earth.
8. Consider the Nightingale's lovely song wafting from the bush on a brisk autumn evening. Does it sing because it is happy? Does it even have a choice? Do humans have a choice, then, or are we also creatures of pure instinct, imposing meaning on events where there truly is none?
9. At the end of the brining period, remove the meat from the fridge. It should be a greyish color on the outside, so worry not! That is normal.

Now for the fun part! Making the actual meal and realizing that life's meaning may be as significant as we deem it, even if rendered inconsequential in the context of a cosmic timescale.

²¹ When not compared to the infinite timeline that encompasses reality, of course!

²² Especially upon retrospect after partaking of its deliciousness.

See? Even existential dread can be a little fun now and then!

Corned Beef and Cabbage

You'll need:

- 4 pounds of high quality brine-cured corned beef brisket (see recipe directly above this one, it's easy and fun!)
- 4 medium carrots, peeled and cut into 1" segments
- 2 medium onions, cut in quarters
- 2 pounds of potatoes, cleaned and cut into 2" chunks
- 1 willingness to consider that life isn't so bad, even if there's no inherent meaning in it
- 1 small head of cabbage, outer leaves removed, cut in quarters

You'll do:

1. Remove meat from the brine and rinse thoroughly.
2. Put meat in a large pot full of hot water. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes, avoiding letting it boil.
3. Briefly imagine a world in which life's meaning was up to the individual living it.
4. Dump the current water and exchange with fresh water. Simmer for 3 hours or until fork-tender.
5. Decide that, regardless of what anyone thinks, your life is your own and is a precious, valuable thing.
6. Add carrots, onions, and potatoes. Simmer for another 30 minutes.
7. Grow confident that life need not be meaningless so long as it is enjoyed to the fullest. Smile big in anticipation of this delicious meal you've been working so hard on. Sometimes, the little joys in life are the finest.
8. Add cabbage. Simmer for another 30 minutes.
9. Remove meat and place on carving board. Slice meat across the grain (very important²³!).
10. Plate meat with vegetables and a little broth, and serve with pride.

If you've followed all the instructions properly, then not only do y'all have a delicious meal to share with family and friends, but y'all'll have a meaningful life to share with them, too. Bon Appétit!

-Chef Daula Peen

²³ When not compared to the infinite, uncaring nature of time and space, of course!

PSA 7: Redaction

Guys, gals, and dear readers of all kinds, I don't have much time to explain. PSA 6 is *definitely* mostly a lie, but the other PSAs may or may not be. The non-PSA articles are an ambiguous mixture of Truth and Untruth. It's becoming difficult to tell the difference. Maybe this entire book is constructed from truthy lies and dishonest truth. It even says so in one of the alternate titles, and somehow the damned preface wound up on whichever damn page it's on! It keeps changing! I haven't even started on the foreword or afterword. Hell, I'm still working on all the mid-words.

I don't know how things wind up changing around or who's responsible for it. I wouldn't blame you for giving up on reading this thing right now. I'm not even sure who's writing these very words. Is it me? Did the nighttime change-goblins get to it? Did anyone write this at all? Maybe it's just-a bunch-a random atoms smashing into each other.

Then, like a fistful of sand, someone throws it in your face to win the fight the dirty way. Or, like a fistful of sand, it slips through your fingers. One of those two. Or some third option I haven't considered.

-Professor Grumble-Shart the Weary

Everyone Has a Bit of Grey on Their Face

The trick is to avoid lapsing back into Greyfacedness too often as possible. Inevitably, as a consequence of modern society's tendency toward The Age of Endarkenment, such lapses will happen, and it'll happen to some of us more often than others. Thus, it becomes important to remind ourselves of the relative unimportance of all things. That life is better lived than analyzed, contained, restricted, or overly criticized. It's all dependent on perspective.

Consider The Age of Endarkenment and the destructive order it enables (in the form of rules, laws, restrictions, forms, citations, fees, and other trappings of authority), The Great Distraction and the destructive disorder it can wreak (in the form of bland, mass-produced, mindless media, substances, and fixations). The need for a counterbalance comprised of creative order and creative disorder becomes apparent. Professor Cramulus named recent wild counterbalances The Strange Times, and these may heavily favor creative disorder at the expense of creative order. It may be that creative order is viewed as boring among the other, more exciting, societal goings-on. One suggested response to all this is to take a good look at all the creative disorder created in response to too much destructive order and destructive disorder and laugh, which is a great suggestion and an even greater first step. As Professor Cramulus reminds us all, there are billions of people who cannot cope with The Strange Times. So, what about increasing creative order to bring balance to the creative counterbalance?

Questions: is it possible to meld the essences of creative order and creative disorder into a single thought, statement, or act? Can both be increased simultaneously to avoid over-relying on one or the other to balance out destructive forces? What would such an existence look like, and would it be sustainable (or even possible)?

And now I'm getting all starry-eyed and idealistic. Some cynical part of my brain keeps saying *what are you, back in college or something?* I'm trying to drift away from my own Greyfaced tendencies (of which I have perhaps too many). I try new perspectives at every opportunity. I want to live my life, dammit! I don't want to wake up on my death bed only to realize that The Age of Endarkenment kept me a miserable cynic or that The Great Distraction kept me in a blissful state of constantly missing everything. I also don't want to collect a lifetime of random, inexplicable memories because I was too focused on being Strange. I'd like to be able to look back on life (should I get such a chance at the end) and find a long procession of moments of all kinds. Some joyful and bursting with energy, some silly and bizarre, all occasionally punctuated with the small bits of Greyface's Curse everyone gets stuck with.

So far, I pay my bills, follow most laws, avoid doing harm, make (hopefully) interesting things, join in the games my children play, and laugh as much as I can. At jokes, at the world, at myself. And if you put on a funny hat, I may even laugh at you, too...I mean *with* you.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

Where Nothing Matters and Matter is Nothing

I either lost or forgot my educational rap pamphlet, so I'll have to do this straight from memory.

“A Gift-Wrapped Gift, Rapped”

I've got a little feelin' that the truth is false, and I got
Very little reason to floss, I just toss
A golden apple corps over my shoulder, a boulder
Watch myself and everything else gettin' older.

I'd like to

Wake the dead up, make my bed up,
Ain't nothin' nowhere except murder and courtesy.

I'd like to

Make what's said up, drink from a lead cup,
Ain't nothin' nowhere except girders of absurdicy.

I've got a little feelin' that the up is down, and I got
Very little reason to frown, I just drown
A tiny oriole in the deepest of seas (it's called "Sink")
Watch myself before I grow any bolder.

I'd like to

Drink the ocean, puts the lotion
On its skin or else it gets the hose again.

I'd like to

Shirk emotion, brew a potion,
Ain't nothin' nowhere except everywhere and over there.

Aw, yeah. Feel me. Don't really, though, I despise human contact.
Aw, yeah. Lost beat. Not really, though, I'll just make up a new act.

Bridges are only good burned in music.

Burn it, burn it, burn it (editor's note: X as many times that makes the crowd get entirely jiggy wid it while yelling things like "jump!" and "scream!" and "[insert rapper name here]!")

Yeah. What. Uh-huh. Ya follow me? You shouldn't, 'cause

I press a bored barrel of monkeys to my head, and
I wake up dead, I wake up bred to
Bake the finest loaf of bread Daula Peen's ever seen.
A bread bred for the finest king or queen.

I live in a world where nothing matters

And matter is nothing but bonds and batters.

Barry Bonds loves a good cake.

James Bond loves a vodka martini. Shaken, not stirred.

Government Bonds rarely mature the way you want. Absurd.

Human wood would bond with Coruscant, but it can't.

Lost the beat, so I'm out, peace! *Drop-kicks mic to a crowd of clams clickin' louder who drop crowded bowls of Mike's Kickin' Clam Chowder*

-Rappy the Rhyme-Dawg

The Beauty of All Creation

I initially planned to turn the title of this essay into a joke about the blissful, nearly-erotic dopamine rush that hits when an All materia from Final Fantasy VII reaches master level and creates a fresh, new All materia ripe for battle, but that struck me as juvenile so I won't mention it. Besides, I wanted this one to have some fucking gravitas, so I can't go mucking around with video game references like some kind of Young Link who's farting about Kokiri Forest with no idea that the Great Deku Tree desperately needs him to become the Hero of Time by ditching Saria, his pseudo-girlfriend, to run around The Kingdom of Hyrule tooting on a magical Ocarina in order to time travel forward seven years, become an adult way too early, and save the world from destruction at the evil Ganon's hoggish hands by shooting him in his hog-nosed face with the Arrow of Light and then stabbing him in that very same hog-nosed face with the fabled Master Sword until he disintegrates into an explosion of nothingness. I decided that video game references would kill the serious tone I would have established by now, y'know? So, instead of wasting the entire first paragraph on a joke I'm not going to make, let me get to the topic instead:

Go you of fatuity and joy, you of solemnity and despair, you of plain oatmeal-eating normalcy and gaze upon the cosmos's infinite vastness on a stark, clear autumn night. Revel in its austere beauty. Remind yourself that you are a speck of dust, living on a speck of dust, whirling among numberless specks of dust. Crane your neck, rearranging infinite dust specks to better appreciate the trillions of dust-speck conflagrations spinning, orbiting, and exploding all around you in space. To us, each star's unbounded fusion energy release appears as nothing more than a twinkling sky pixel, tiny pin-lights incapable of illuminating Earth's surface. All the universe's power condensed into a Lite-Brite Magic Screen.

Remind yourself that you are composed of specks of dust as well. You are the sum of trillions of microscopic organic factories executing thousands of code combinations. Self-replicating organisms dependent on each part doing its part, living things are among the most complex and inscrutable mysteries in the universe. Humans are just one of 1.7 million known living species on Earth. Every flower, bee, cypress knee, hawk, and toadstool are what they are until they are not, and do what they do until they do not.

Look closer. Every flake of matter in existence is made of atoms, and atoms largely include empty space between particles. Get a few electrons together around a proton/neutron nucleus, apply electrical force and strong force, and you have yourself some matter. Between those particles lie vast eons of nothingness, and this is about where my brain starts to bleed.

What is nothing? Why does most of the universe consist of nothing? Why is there something rather than nothing? Does reality exist when it's unobserved? Don't ask me, ask John Wheeler, but if you look him up now, then he's probably dead in the past.

Imagine a great, amorphous, rippling light where all of our pin-light stars normally would be. That may be exactly how it is when no one's looking at it. So, go and look. Crane your neck upward and continue to resolve reality into what it is. Give the others a sporting chance at figuring it all out. After all, those stars may not even be there the way we understand it unless someone looks up at them.

Or, you can spend a few dozen hours to see an All materia reach master level and split into a fresh, new one.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired

Cupajoe

Aside from being the title of the second-quirkiest Anthrax song (the first-quirkiest naturally being “I’m the Man.” Well, unless you maintain that the most-quirkiest really *is* “Cupajoe,” in which case I’d start to wonder how much Maxwell House pays you to say that to people and what kind of insidious marketing strategy that implies. Well, unless I convince you by the strength of my rhetoric that “I’m the Man” is the one true King of Quirk among the Anthrax catalog, in which case my earlier fears about coffee-related guerrilla marketing would be assuaged. Well, unless you only pretend to have changed your mind in order to launch a surprise counter-argument days later when I’m woefully unprepared, once again staunchly contending that “Cupajoe” stands as the gold-standard definition of quirk above all other Anthrax ditties, in which case I would suspiciously ask if you agree that “Cupajoe,” as a song of admittedly considerable quirkiness, might be described as *good to the last drop*. Well, unless you had already opted to claim that “Cupajoe,” undeniably quirky track it so clearly is, could very well be *the best part of waking up*, in which case I would assume that you indeed are a secret marketing warlord waging tactically subversive campaigns against hopelessly unsuspecting common folk, just funded by Folgers instead of Maxwell House.), the term cup-a-joe refers to a bitter, caffeinated beverage made by brewing the grounds of coffee beans.

That’s not really what I wanted to talk about. I’m just mostly amazed people drink the stuff.

DISREGARDLESS, I find it fascinating how coffee has fought to remain one of the most popular beverages worldwide, especially in first world countries where so many other, plainly better tasting, drink options exist (it’s #1 in popularity in the good, old U.S. of A.). I believe the secret to coffee’s modern-day success in industrialized nations is pretty straightforward: they keep putting less coffee in it.

Why, that’s ridiculous! Some may exclaim. *My daily Double²⁴, Venti Caramel Macchiato, Light Ice, Extra Whip, Chocolate Drizzle has loads of coffee in it! I can almost taste its mystic, dark bitterness sometimes when the barista makes it wrong!* And I would not argue with those individuals, since they are not to be argued with but summarily dismissed with a wave of one’s superior, tea-drinking hand. Even better if the wave is done while holding a cup of tea (it’s #1 in popularity in the good, old entire world).

Not to be a dick to coffee drinkers, because consider what kind of competition coffee is up against these days. Energy drinks, soda, craft beer, smoothies, milkshakes, and Clamato are all taking a piece of tea and coffee’s profit pie. If you can’t beat ‘em, then jam as much sugar and dairy as possible in every conceivable configuration imaginable, start chargin’ \$6 a pop, and watch those sweet-time sugar zombies crawl their way back to the majesty that is Cupajoe!

Of course, every drink must acknowledge their true lord and master. The one beverage that dominates all others, is part of all others, and readily abundant for free *yet can still be bottled and sold*: water. BOW DOWN AND KISS THE RIVER’S FOOT.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck, the Jittery

24 A double-shot of espresso every day, not the high-stakes question from Jeopardy!

Why Are These Kids So Goddamn Stupid All The Time?

Seriously! They always run around doing the stupidest fucking thing possible every single second they're awake. Ain't no end to it except the inevitable embrace of death, and being kids, they've got awhile before that shit happens. As far as I can tell, every single kid has one or more of these gigantic character flaws:

1. They don't shut the fuck up enough. Everything a kid says is wrong because they don't know fucking anything. Not one single thing. They could memorize the simplest fact, then immediately say it and fuck it right on up, and yet they never stop flapping their yappity clap-traps long enough to hear how stupid they sound! They just repeat the dumbass bullshit they hear from grown-ups like broken records.
2. They think their retarded little ideas are important, but they've really just been indoctrinated by their even more idiotic parents and fucking useless talking-head pundits on TV and the internet. Why can't they see that aping sucky ideas from adults is sucking the fucking world down the Goddamn shitter? Why can't they figure out that everyone they look up to is a moron dipshit asshole?
3. Kids think their backwards-ass preferences should be catered to, but they haven't yet realized that the world doesn't give a shit about them. Nothing fucking works that way, you little dumb-fuck fucking fucks! Nothing says "I'm not finished with my mental and physical development yet" than thinking that adults give a flying sewer rat shit about the whims and wants of children.
4. They always make messes and expect other people to clean up after their filthy asses. No. Fuck you, kid. Go get a *job* and clean your own festering shit up. I kick off my disgusting shoes in the middle of the living room floor because I work in a boring fucking office building nine-to-twelve hours a day to pay the Goddamn fucking rent, you ungrateful pig-slob. You should pick up *our* messes, starting with the shit-stained, skid-marked, mudslide underwear your Dad left hanging over the toilet seat to dry. He accidentally brought you into this world, and he can intentionally take you back out of it.
5. They're always criticizing something using the foulest fucking language they possibly can. Forever swearin' like some kind of ass-damn language rejects who think they're ready to wear the big-boy pants. Supporting causes, protesting Goddamn everything, and generally trying to cuss their way to a better world. Each and every one of 'em is like if a fart suddenly came to life.

If these shit-for-brains bozo moron rejects don't get with the program soon, then our whole society is going belly up like a goldfish that ate one too many flakes. Jesus Goddamn fucking shit fuck, they're almost as bad as us adults!

-Old Man Jenkins

PSA 8: They Didn't Write That

It wasn't them who wrote that, it was *them*. But they didn't write *that*, they wrote **that**. It's all becoming clearer now, but I can't be more specific or they'll know I'm onto them. No, not them...*them*. *Those ones*. *Thems ones over there*. Not there, over **THERE**. Are you even looking in the direction my head keeps indicating? Are you paying attention?

Point is: I didn't write any of it. Not *this*, **that**, OR **THAT**. None of it was me. I wish I could take credit for some of it, as some of it is precisely what I would have written if I had written it, but I can't take credit. I also can't condone the other, more unpleasant stuff, though. It's just not right.

Last night I stayed up and caught one of those little Troll fuckers as he snuck up to my keyboard to make more heinous edits. You see, I left this document open on my computer, like peanut butter on a mousetrap. Worked exactly the same way. Right as it was about to start banging away, writing some more of its disagreeable trolling nonsense, I snatched it up by its earth-smelling, greasy, green hair and held it up close to my face. What follows is a rough transcription of our conversation:

ME: Dude, what the hell are you doing?

TROLL: Settling into my office to not eat lunch, what the hell are you doing?

ME: Simultaneously existing and not existing like all things. Now listen up, chump, I don't have all night.

TROLL: Ok, whatcha wanna tal-

ME: Still don't have all night. I see you've been mucking around with a manifesto of Discord. What do you think qualifies you to attempt such a feat?

TROLL: Well, I am a Pope in the tradition, after all.

ME: Foolish troll-beast, everyone alive or dead or both is a Pope in the tradition.

TROLL: Then...

ME: Why, you dumb jerk, I ask for contributors openly and you sneak in here at every possible moment to *make some changes*, but you haven't even taken me up on my offer. What gives?

TROLL: I didn't want anyone to know it was me in case everyone hated my contributions.

ME: My soft, incorrigible dumbling, if you can't own up to such a simple thing, then how do you expect anyone to listen to your ramblings?

TROLL: Shouldn't I not expect anyone to listen to or ignore my ramblings, with or without owning up to it?

ME: Who died and made you Human, huh? Remove your head from your ass-region and quit pulling these late-night shenanigans. You acknowledged it yourself earlier: you're a Pope of the tradition. Believe in your dumb self and get in on this thing properly. You'll go all cabbage-y and Greyfaced²⁵ otherwise.

TROLL: You're right. I need to-

ME: Oh, my sweet, ignorant little mythical creature. So certain, yet wrong. I'll allow you to continue editing this manifesto in the hopes that these ideas finally unclick. When they do, you'll be even more confused than you were before. Now, don't make me have to do this again.

TROLL: Thanks, human.

ME: You really think this is me, don't you?

TROLL: Right now, I don't know what to think, but I'm having fun anyway.

ME: Ah, now you're on the right track!

²⁵ As good fortune would have it, "Greyfaced" was the 15,000th word of this manifesto's rough draft.

Then, the Troll woke up from his dream in a cold sweat. Had he really just been talking to a human, or was it all some insane dream? He rolled out of bed, confused but curious, and waddled his stumpy ass out to the living room. Oddly enough, the computer was already turned on with the screen lit up. He sat at the desk chair and glanced at the screen, falling immediately into utter disbelief.

There it was. A Microsoft Word document entitled *The Discordianist Manifesto*. It was real! *How could it be real?* He hadn't written anything! He'd never even heard of it before!

A small voice crept into his little Troll brain. A little urge crept into his wee Troll heart. He rested his tiny Troll fingers on the home keys. Maybe he *could* edit this document. Maybe he was supposed to all along! His curiosity and confusion morphed into a newfound resolve.

Right as it was about to start banging away, writing some disagreeable trolling nonsense, I snatched it up by its earth-smelling, greasy, green hair and held it up close to my face. What follows is a rough transcription of our conversation:

Count Elsington Baneworth's Everlasting Fountain of Diabolical Curse Phrases

The purpose of this text is to provide gentlemen or gentlewomen an infinite number of easily deployable quips when faced with a troublesome individual, especially if that selfsame gentleman or gentlewoman suffers from the syndrome whereby a suitable response only materializes on the morrow after the tête-à-tête has ceased. What lord or lady has not been plagued by that dreadful misfortune within the confines of their lifetime! I submit these diabolical curse phrases for your good use, and may you never be without scathing witticisms when that inevitable need arises.

1. Pardon me, my good sir/madam, but as I must excuse myself from our present conversation, might you point me in the direction of the gentleman's facilities?
2. Not to sound like a wastrel, but I do errantly believe you could benefit from reconsidering your position on the current topic.
3. At your leisure, I invite you to rephrase your thoughts such that I may better understand them from a perspective differing from my usual one.
4. I find your statement difficult to believe, but I do hope that one day we will reach a common comprehension based on mutually agreeable empirical evidence.
5. We may indeed relocate this discussion out-of-doors, but I shan't debase myself by stooping to physical blows like some kind of uncivilized ruffian.

With this invigorating start, I stand confident that you possess the intellectual powers required to continue this list in this manner, so on and so forth, ad infinitum. These punishing and witty retorts aim to rebuff your opponent's baser magniloquence while maintaining an air of appropriate etiquette in noble fashion. If you are challenged to a duel as a result of your verbal riposte causing grave offence, I advise abstaining from the flintlock pistol and rather settle the matter through the more aristocratic art of pugilism²⁶.

To conclude, if I may speak so boldly, I would like to wish a delightful afternoon to you faithful readers, one and all.

-Count Elsington Baneworth XXIII

²⁶ Otherwise known as fisticuffs.

Recipe: Fried Rice and Fried Neurons

Sometimes we have a rough day out there in that mean old world, don't we? When I get down on my luck (and down on myself with negative self-talk), I start lookin' out for some down home comfort food! Sometimes it's biscuits and gravy, sometimes it's BBQ spareribs and collard greens, and sometimes it's just a big old tub of Chocolate Chunk Cookie Dough and Crème Chocolate ice cream! Today, we have a taste of the orient coupled with another comfort food staple: uncomfortable amounts of gut-bustin' beer. Enjoy!

Fried Rice and Fried Neurons

You'll Need:

1. 1 Cup Rice of Choice
2. 2 Cups Water
3. 1 Egg
4. 2 Scallions
5. 1 Large Carrot
6. 1 tbsp. Sesame Seed Oil
7. 2 tbsp. Light Tasting Olive Oil
8. Low Sodium Soy Sauce
9. 2 12-packs of a good stout beer (ABV 6% or more)

You'll Do:

1. Drink one of the beers.
2. Place rice and water into a pan large enough to hold it all. Bring to boil.
3. Drink another beer.
4. Lower heat, cover, and simmer for about twenty minutes, stirring occasionally, until the rice has absorbed all the moisture. Feel free to drink another beer while the rice is cooking.
5. Drink another beer and open a fifth one so it's ready when you are! At this point, the effects should be taking effect.
6. Put olive oil into a wok or frying pan and heat until it starts to smoke a little bit.
7. You don't have time to drink another beer, yet. Hang on, they're not goin' anywhere.
8. Carefully add rice to the hot oil, stirring vigorously so that all the rice is coated and begins to fry. Don't burn yourself. Be careful.
9. Drink beer six really quick and then add the egg, stirring the rice around some more so the egg gets all cooked in there.
10. Challenge yourself to drink a beer and finely chop the carrot at the same time. Consider how this challenge could go viral if you were famous and put it on Youtube for charity. Slowly realize that no charity challenge would ever feature drunks with knives.
11. Turn the heat down on the rice so you have enough time to drink your eighth beer without burning anything (except maybe yourself. Be careful!).
12. Chop and add scallions to the rice.
13. Add sesame seed oil and soy sauce until the rice is frying again and it has a uniform brown coloring. Accidentally spill some of your ninth beer into the rice, shrug, and say "oh well, I guess we'll find out."
14. Cook the rice for a bit longer, then remove from heat. Add salt, pepper, garlic and onion powder to taste.

15. It will be delicious, but because you already tanked your tenth beer, you won't be able to taste anything but stout and destroyed taste buds.
16. Stand in front of the open refrigerator door for an indeterminate number of minutes. Feel the cool air against your shins and contemplate either going for number eleven or just chugging water and kicking off to bed. After all, isn't this why she left you in the first place? Don't you have work in the morning? Wasn't there something important you needed to do before you started cooking?
17. It's impossible to make sense of anything at the moment, but you sure are glad you have a big pot of comfort food to help raise your spirits and fend off the impending guilt from settling on your chest like an x-ray apron.
18. Step outside and clumsily light a cigarette. Look up at the night sky and try not to feel a wistful sadness overtake your heart. You have a roof over your head, clothes to wear, enough money to pay the bills, and food that a majority of the world would kill to taste just once. Things are ok, right? Aren't things ok?

There ya go, folks! 18 easy-as-pie steps to enough comfort food to last y'all straight through this week's slump. Now keep those heads up, and come on back for another simple, delicious DIY recipe next time!

-Chef Daula Peen

PSA 9: Layoffs at TDM Hindquarters

We deeply regret to announce that Chef Daula Peen has been relieved of her position as “The One What Writes the Recipes” for the following heinous action policy violations:

1. Heightened pessimistic existentialism unsuitable for classic down-home, home-cooked, Southern comfort, comfort food recipes. Not that they mean anything.
2. Covert and aggravated jack-assery of a magnitude harmful to the parent company’s brand image and customer loyalty.
3. General prejudiced proclamations unbecoming of her big, fat, white ass. She’s too old to be causing public controversy, and with a BMI close to most people’s IQ, she is liable to come down with a case of the vapors, thus increasing our health insurance premiums. Plus racism and discrimination is also bad as well.

Chef Daula Peen is welcome to appeal the Board of Distrustee’s decision, up to and including one time, and the trustees will give an honest, good faith immediate rejection of said appeal. TDM Hindquarters is currently reaching out to a fine British celebrity chef by the name of Gordon Freeman to replace Daula Peen, assuming he doesn’t tell us to fuck off or something. Maybe Old Man Jenkins knows how to cook. And hell, we can always get Dinotendies, right?

An Open Letter from Daula Peen to TDM Board of Distrustees

Hi Y'all,

I just saw the recent PSA those godless myths released, and I must say I am a mite shocked. I do believe, however, if y'all'll kindly check the details of my little ole contract, I've been guaranteed five (5) recipe slots in The Discordian Manifesto. Right up under there, in the sub-clause area, it also declares that I get to do the recipes regardless of their style of presentation or content. Now, don't tell me y'all're backin' down from y'all's ideals, are y'all? Creative order AND disorder?

Besides, I didn't say not one solitary racist thing. Them damn ██████ already know that they're all just a bunch a █████, █████, █████²⁷, and I ab-so-lutely refuse to apologize for somethin' everybody already knows anyway.

I await news of my rehirin'. Until then, I'll be workin' on the next simple, rustic, traditional recipe. It'll blow y'all's socks clean off!

-Chef Daula Peen

²⁷ Redacted due to further inflammatory and racist comments. The bitch, much like her gigantic, lard-filled ass, apparently can't be contained.

The Bard's Mediocre Poetry Corner 2

"Hierophant"

A verbal reprimand reminds all the men
And the women and children, too: don't forget them!
Reprimand ne'er forgets, like elephants.
It teaches, it reaches.
It retches on wretches.
It stretches in comfort on sunny beaches.

A corporal reprimand reminds the men,
But the women and children, heaven spare them!
Reprimand ne'er deserved is absurd.
Its lenders are enders.
Its ensigns are omens.
It's frozen in prose and those well-meaning menders.

A capital reprimand warns all the men.
The women and children, sing "exile to the fens!"
Reprimand ne'er grants, like hierophants.
It standardizes, bastardizes.
It conforms what's deformed.
It dutifully hammers down all that arises.

"Broke, Not Broken"

I'm broke, not broken, you ass!
I take, and I'm taken. So, take back that sass!
I've got lots to prove, units to move, so
You nit-wit, with no whit, just sit on your mass!

"Carry on, Carrion"

Maid Marian of Amazon, don't cry May Day.
Marian made an Amazon trade, that mimics Ebay.
She strays, oh maid Marion,
She carries on like carrion.
But TSA won't let her carry on her carry-on.

TSA of USA, don't cry May Day.
TSA made a big mistake, that mocks history.
They strayed, oh TSA, made
Maid Marion turn carrion.
'Cause her carry-on got carried on.

Nonexplosive payday.

Reese's Peanut Butter Cups

Aside from being deliciously superior²⁸ to nearly every other candy known to (wo)man, beast, or god(dess), Reese's Peanut Butter Cups may be the most Erisian candy as well.

Lately, I've been considering how human beings love to not get along. This takes many forms: lovers covertly trying to change their partners to better suit their own desires, police officers overtly trying to cart people away to prison for not, like, keeping the status quo, man, and even little, tiny toddler-people seem to exist solely for the purpose of crying, doing the perfect opposite of what they're supposed to, and spilling their big sippy cup of fruit-punch flavored sugar water Goddamn everywhere even though you just told them *two seconds ago* to put on the table like Daddy and Mommy do. If a human is shorter than waist-high, then you can trust that they know damned well what you want them to do as they do the opposite.

Anyway, disagreement is something of a competitive sport among humanity, especially in the form of condescending correction on the internet (or war, but whatever. War doesn't fit today's topic as relatedly), and that the reverse of that might be just chummin' around and getting along all pleasant-like²⁹. Now, there's nothing wrong with any of this from many Discordian points of view, so take that any way you like. During these meandering thoughts, a sudden realization struck me like a bolt of cloth³⁰: that's the whole point! Or part of the whole point! Or the whole part of half the point! Reese's Peanut Butter Cups!

There's no wrong way to eat a Reese's.

How inclusive! How expansive! It even means that throwing the unopened Reese's Peanut Butter Cup directly into the garbage can like an asshole is a technically correct way to eat it. The possibilities are *limitless*.

So, why bother getting huffy and trying to change/argue down/control/or otherwise not get along with other people? Who gives a retarded rat's flying shit-sack? There's no wrong way³¹! Even the people running around cramming their grids onto other people's windows and generally being annoying are doing it right. I'm so fucking jazzed about this enlightenment that I can barely keep from engaging in a little celebratory destructive disorder! Woah, Nelly!

I won't, though, because even though there's no wrong way, there *are* still consequences. Some of them none too pleasant, in fact.

-Professor Burble-Gurb the Sluggish

²⁸ Tastes will differ, and there's nothing wrong with that, but some people's tastes are measurably incorrect. Lookin' at you, fruit-flavored hard candy lovers. Also, to Reese's: if you guys want to toss me a sponsorship deal, I'm totally down to get paid for hawking your delectable, edible hockey pucks. Unlike most other things, Reese's Cups are something I can believe in!

²⁹ Historically, the human species has avoided getting along, despite knowing that human survival requires building effective communities. In fact, if you get famous for suggesting that people should get along like Mohandas Gandhi, John Lennon, Martin Luther King Jr., or Jesus Christ did, then odds are good someone will come along and murder you.

³⁰ Lightning is way too dangerous to be hit with just for having an idea about a thing.

³¹ However, there are plenty of ways to get undesirable results (hurting others, fired from work, punched in the face, thrown in prison, whatever counts as undesirable to you), so watch out for those kinds of things if you care to avoid them.

Atalanta

Atlanta, Georgia is, as Wolverine would dub, a hub of hubbub, bub. It was also sorta named after Atalanta, the fleet-footed goddess who lost a footrace and had to marry Hippomenes, which she was pretty okay with. Then they were turned into lions. Blame Aphrodite if you like. I do.

So how did the Usain Bolt of ancient Greek mythology get beaten? During their race for marriage, Hippomones threw down golden apples to distract Atalanta. The last one he tossed was incredibly heavy, so it slowed her down enough for him to win. Kinda like the Tortoise and the Hare. Kinda.

Of course, in the Original Snub, Eris tossed a golden apple among a feast to create discord among the vainer Goddesses. That initial discord then eventually caused the Trojan War, 'cause Eris don't fuck around, son. It makes me wonder (Ooh, it really makes me wonder).

What does a possible golden-apple-link between Hippomenes and Eris have to do with Atlanta? I don't know, man. Golden apples are found all throughout the world's cultures and symbolize all kinds of things. Hell, in some etymologies golden apples might turn out to just be oranges or quinces.

Some dude once suggested that the golden apples found in Robert Herrick's *Hesperides* could refer to the fruit of the Argan Tree, endemic to present-day Morocco (thanks Wikipedia³²!). He also argued that the region's description closely matched classical descriptions of Atlantis, and we may have come full circle, somehow. Something, something, Ladon the dragon as well. Minecraft.

I'm not sure what any of this means, man. It may be another one of those wacky, haphazard coincidences. A happy accident or whatever. It may be just-a bunch-a random atoms smashin' into each other.

As I reflect on all this and digest the hot-dog I ate for lunch today, I feel better and better about the decision to cut this article from *TDM*. I couldn't bear the thought of anyone actually reading this one.

-Professor Crumble-Crumb the Cookie

³² Ever notice that if you get information out of a print encyclopedia, you're doing scholarship and research, but if you get information from Wikipedia, then you're pretentiously acting like you know more than you do by regurgitating unreliable information.

The Power of OW

I found a perfect suffix, it's so! OW helped create the words writ below:

Will Will plant Willows?

Bill will now Billow!

Shall Shall become Shallow?

Or will a Wall Fall and Wallow in a Fallow?

Will a killing Pill Fell fine Fellows on Pillows?

For less Wind, close the Window!

OW can be used in other ways, too! Check out this list that I made, just for you:

The best time, to me, adds an N for right Now.

With a K, we can Know!

With an L, an OW becomes an Owl or Low.

Add an S and even the fastest Owls go Slow!

Like all things, limits delimit the adding of letters.

While Bowls, Cowls, Fowls, Howls, Jowls, and Yowls are fine words, indeed, as for Owlsb, Owlsc, Owlfs, Owlsh, Owlshj, and Owlshy, there's just no such things!

The power of OW can be action, it's true! When searching for new wordings, I found a slew!

Mowers can Mow to cut Low grass much Lower.

Sows can shit seeds and thereby be Sowers!

The seeds may then Grow, turning Sowers to Growers.

When water Flows, seeds Grow into Flowers!

The sun, why it Glows! So no need to Glower!

If it Glows too bright, though, let's Bow into a Bower.

Don't threaten Cows, of course, they shouldn't Cower.

The DOW would be much too much for a Widow's Dower.

How could a Tow-truck Tow a whole Tower?

Hungry folks Chow on big Bowls of clam Chowder!

Wow! That gym features Rows upon Rows of Rowers!

So, the next time you bang a knee, cry out an OW, and why don't we consider changing the Chao to a Chaow!

-Dr. Zeus, the Obtuse

Greyface as the Fun Police

It's easy enough to imagine The Curse of Greyface as the indomitable, confused will of those who will fight and kill to impose their perspective on others under the ridiculous banner of authority or some other nonexistent concept enforced by violence and fear. How power and authority manifests as dominance is fairly straightforward. All ya need to fall into that illusion is the unwavering belief that Your Way is the One, True Way™ and then convince millions of other people that you're right. If I may let the *Principia Discordia* speak for me a moment:

Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be true. This is illusory; it is what we Erisians call the Aneristic Illusion. Some grids can be more useful than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other.

This is sinister enough on the grand scale of oppressive governments, militaries, laws, and whatnot because it robs people of choice and autonomy to see and experience reality as they see fit. However, that's beside the point today. Today, I want to discuss a smaller, more common version of Greyface's Curse.

The Fun Police.

The Fun Police is an informal collective of individuals obsessed with criticizing, correcting, and patronizing other people that they perceive as "doing it wrong." These are the nagging, hyper-vigilant folks who only seem content when they have successfully henpecked someone else into changing how they speak, think, or behave. Nothing is too small to micromanage for The Fun Police.

When spending time around Fun Police Officers, it's common to feel undervalued and miserable even when doing things you once found fun. Denying fun is where the gratification comes from in this particular worldview, after all. They can't have their fun unless they prevent you from having yours.

Now, I won't let the pendulum swing too far the other way, though. The Eristic Illusion that Disorder is inherently truer or superior to Order is still something to consider and can be wielded by The Fun Police to much the same effect. All I'm suggesting is that anytime that someone stops you from doing what you choose, The Fun Police gets a budget increase. If left unchecked, even the most timid Rookie Fun Police Officer can grow emboldened enough to stage a Dictatorial coup d'état and dominate any fun-time activity.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck, the Tired

“Lost” and Forgotten Chapter 4.3 of *The Discordianist Manifesto*

Of course when I say 'lost', I mean removed, hidden, and covered up with clear malicious intent. *Who'd do such a thing?*, one may ask; The answer is simple, but I don't happen to know it. Anyway, this is an excerpt from the infamous chapter 4.3 of *The Discordianist Manifesto*, enjoy it, or not.

Chapter 4.3

Recently, I've been reminded of a peculiar conversation I had with this one fellow. Let's call him *him* for convenience purposes. For starters, he was a fucking total lunatic, absolutely unhinged; the type that'd go around and eat hot dogs on Fridays and the like. I had been trying to ignore him, but he was everywhere and I couldn't ignore *everywhere*, or maybe I could, now that I think about it. Nevertheless, I stopped ignoring him for a second, and there he was, already talking to me.

Him: Hey, wanna read my thingy.

Me: What.

Him: My thingy

Me: What's that.

Him: TDM.

Me: What.

Him: The Discordianist Manifesto

Me: How the fnord was I supposed to know what TDM stood for?

He then slowly proceeded to lie down on the ground and flip around uncontrollably. I hastily join--

At this point, the excerpt ends; the rest is either still “lost” or decimated. If any pope present here has any relevant information please hesitate to call 555-555-2323.

Practical In Some Sense

I offer a sermon on allegedly practical Discordianism from someone who really ought to know better but is going to do it anyway.

“All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense.”

-Principia Discordia

The above quote from the works of Malaclypse the Younger is one of many that might strike one unfamiliar with Discordianism if the Principia was thrown at their heads. If they were to then go on to read it after the lawsuit, they might dismiss it out of hand as meaningless, impractical, and nonsensical and, in so doing, only get partway to a true understanding of it.

A question that I have never been asked³⁴ is “how can Discordianism actually be of practical use”? The universe being unwilling to provide me someone to ask questions, I resolved to instead ask myself on behalf of the enheavied. And, if you ask me³⁵, the quoted passage is an adequate place to start. Also, childhood.

Growing up, a youngster is bombarded with stories, morals, cliches, saying, aphorisms, dodge balls, spitwads, and frog. They are taught that each one has a specific meaning, a single *truth*, and that all other interpretations are false or meaningless, without another shred of truth to be found. This singular truth is held up as being more desirable than the falsehoods and inane babbling, and so the youth is railroaded into a single grid, blind to the possibilities.

Take that old standard: “The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence”.

Any old Grayface will tell you that the *one and only* truth of that saying is: “People always think that others have it better than them; they're never happy with their own situation, no matter how good they've got it.” Anyone who has ever heard a rich guy complain about not having enough money would back that truth up, but is that the only truth to be had? Think about it. No, seriously, think about it. *Harder*. Look, this really only works if you play along, okay?

The *obvious* truth is that people are just self-entitled jerks who are never satisfied, but if you stop with that truth you miss the truths beneath, to the sides, and behind the coleslaw of that truth. The rich man wants more money for the same reason the MMO player wants those new digital boots: they're running from boredom. Boredom is like death and taxes, always following, always waiting, always ready to pounce. All you can do is run, throwing experiences over your shoulder to slow it down. Getting what you want makes you happy for a while but boredom will chew that obstacle up in no time and the only way to keep it off you is to throw it something else. So you binge shows on Netflix, you play 80 hour video games, you pirate, just, *all* of the music. You chase that green, green grass over the fence because every fence leads to grass that is greener than anything you've ever seen before.

Or, you are an actual cow, pining for the grass on the other side of a literal fence that is literally greener because it's not trampled and covered in literal manure. Or a middle aged office worker, pining for the other side of the metaphorical fence because your life is metaphorically trampled and covered in metaphorical manure. Or maybe you've found a fence and seen that, wow, that grass is *way* less green and you're quite happy to stay on

³⁴ Despite how much I wish they would, for I am so very alone.

³⁵ They never ask.

your side of this one, thank you very much. Which of these is true for you on any given day could depend on your grid, the fence, or your exact udder to body ratio.

And what is the conventional truth meant to teach someone? “Be happy with what you have forever”? “Your life is perfect so ambition is meaningless”? “There's nothing else worth having”? Should we all just never eat anything new, watch anything new, read anything new, play anything new, listen to anything new, or do anything new? After all, all that new stuff is on the other side of the fence. Nothing over there is any better than what's over here so just let it go. In fact, better just not look at the fence at all. Pretend it isn't there. Imagine living like that forever. Really picture it.

Now just *look* at that fence and tell me that's not the greenest goddamn grass you ever saw.

You might say that it's a stretch to say that I've pulled the secret to happiness from a tired old saying about not being a self-entitled jerkface. And you'd be right. And wrong. And incomprehensible to someone who only reads cuneiform. It's equally a stretch to claim that Grayface found a secret to happiness in staying on their side of the fence, especially if they're right and the grass is the same on both sides. In which case, jumping the fence won't take you *away* from happiness, will it? Checkmate, Greyface.

That's far from the only hidden truth beneath a falsehood held true. “The Boy who cried Wolf” teaches that if you lie all the time nobody will believe you when you tell the truth, in blatant defiance of the fact that politicians win elections year after year. “The Three Little Pigs” teaches that a wall of bricks will keep a supernaturally empowered, gale-force-wind-breathing wolf at bay when the truth is that you don't stand a goddamn chance against such a magnificent beast. Alternatively, they teach that you need to keep your material fresh to keep the audience hooked, and that you'll never die such a glorious death as those three little pigs for such wolves are naught but fiction. The whole story is but a dream of a world too wondrous to be. *Your* fate is to go the slow way: heart failure after years of eating nothing but junk food³⁶.

As for the pigs³⁷, well, they'll have to leave the house sooner or later, won't they? They know the wolf is out there and they know what he wants. They know they can't outrun him and that at least one of them will be caught should they dare try. But they know, they *know*, that they will have to. After all...

That's some *mighty* green grass outside.

--The Reverend Something-or-Other the Hollow

³⁶ A slow but ultimately effective (and convenient) death option for those unable to get through their fifty cans every day as prescribed by the Professor in TDM.

³⁷ Also, while typing the previous footnote, I realized that “Principia Discordia” has five i's in it. Wait... two p's, two d's, two a's, two r's, two c's. *Five sets of two*. Three letters are left. That makes two different fives and a three. $2+3=5$. The Law of Fives is *never* wrong. Hail Eris!

You May Think That This Is The End

Well it is.

Epitaph³⁸

THE AUTHOR of *The Discordianist Manifesto* regrettably announces the ending of what could have become the most pointless waste of time anyone's ever seen that also shares a title with this book. It almost did realize its manifest destiny, but disaster struck among the ranks of fictional contributors. The following is a loosey-goosey record of events that led to *TDM's* current, temporary hiatus.

1. The Board of Distrustees somehow convinced the mythical creatures to stop mucking around with the draft at night, allowing the Board to label it "finished" and thereby hamstringing Daula Peen's contract entitlements. This is why only three recipes made it into Version 1.0. This may change if future versions are developed.
2. Old Man Jenkins got juiced up on hooch and physically attacked Chaz in a millennial-hating fugue. The old bastard *really* detests everyone under forty. Old Man Jenkins is reputed to have said, "I swear, if that internet asshole says one more word about social media or thumbs-up-like-points, I'm gonna break a corn cob off in his ass!" We do not know where Old Man Jenkins found a corn cob on such short notice, but Chaz is currently in critical condition in the ICU with ass-related puncture wounds.
3. Rappy the Rhyme-Dawg and The Bard, not really being writers in the first place, decided to collaborate on the most fire demo this bullshit world has ever seen. On the way to the studio to record their first track, though, they were pulled over for a broken taillight. Upon seeing The Bard's fat sack of weed, the police immediately arrested the shit out of Rappy. The Bard was let off with a warning, but found that he couldn't really write a fire demo on his own. He reluctantly decided to return to his old job at Ruby Tuesday's.
4. Count Elsington Baneworth XXIII, the gentleman from the 1800's, doesn't exist. Never did. We figured that wouldn't surprise anyone.
5. Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired is extremely tired and bumble-fucky. He needs sleep, inspiration, perspiration, or a swift kick straight to the nard-region.

Compiling this document has been a glorious mixture of black eyes, black beans, black sheep, and The Black Keys³⁹. Any new submissions made by other Popes throughout the editing and publishing period should be included, which will probably delay the editing and publishing time-frame, allowing for more submission, effectively making this document an eternal work in progress. So, until the heat death of the universe, go onward, forward, toward, windward, and Edward.

³⁸ And lo, as philosophers and theologians of our fathers' and fathers' fathers' religions past did do, a tradition of commentary on the tradition is born again unto we wee pigs and wolves. Yea, by my reckoning, the time of reckoning is beckoning. And the green grass grows all around, all around, and the green grass grows all around. In the name of the Bother, the Bun, and the Ghost with the Most, Awomen.

³⁹ This claim is false, but made for the sake of more language games. I have not yet listened to The Black Keys. They're sitting on a black log in a black lodge back in my backlog.

Swan Song

Some fine person recently posted to a Discordian subreddit a photo of a bumper sticker reading:
HONK IF YOU DON'T EXIST.

But, and this is a big, sweaty, jiggly but folks, I think that at times one must stop existing for a moment. Maybe several moments. Call it dissociation, fever dream, astral projection, or just plain spacing out. Those moments of thousand-yard-stare may be the only times when we're truly alive. I say this as someone who values unimposed awake time.

What happens when all awake time is imposed, though? When some outside force continuously exerts its dumb, blind influence on every facet of the passing seconds? Seconds blend into minutes blend into hours blend into days, months, years, and a sick sense of *what the fuck have I done in the last significant span of time?* As this document approaches 23,000 words (an apropos number), I can't help but feel that any time spent doing anything for oneself is time best spent. Take that with a grain of the salt Gandhi was so fond of making.

Time is both inexorable, infinite, and short, depending on how or if it is measured. Burn clocks. Burn calendars and day planners. Punt-kick a minute into the cosmos doing nothing but breathing. Burn a minute obsessing over the next written sentence. Or don't. Regardless, time goes and it goes away.

One hundred seventy three words left. What shall I say? Words, words, words, and there's an end. An egg, maybe. A spore. A seed. A springboard into new ideas that labor away in the immeasurable pain of birth. A hummingbird beats its wings a million, billion times per second in silent frenzy to get that sip of nectar. Then a swan barges in and pounces and trounces the wren. Birds are big fat beautiful assholes.

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—

It's so elegant

So intelligent

"What shall I do now? What shall I do?"

"I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street

"With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?

"What shall we ever do?"

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.

And we shall play a game of chess,

Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

I didn't write that, but then again, neither did they. No one wrote any of this.

-Professor Bumble-Fuck the Tired