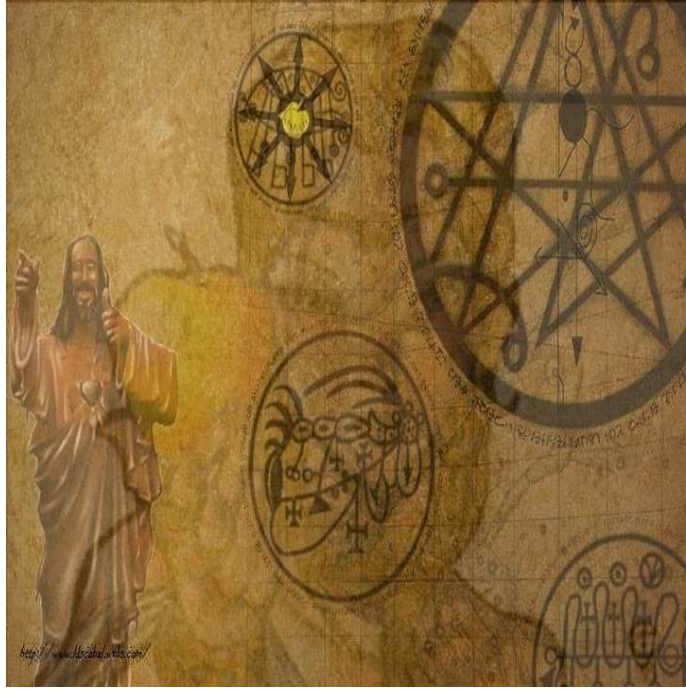




Stonewolf

10:25 pm

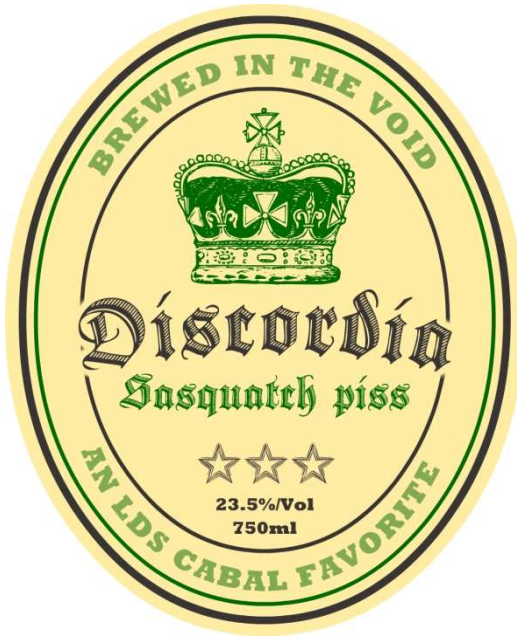
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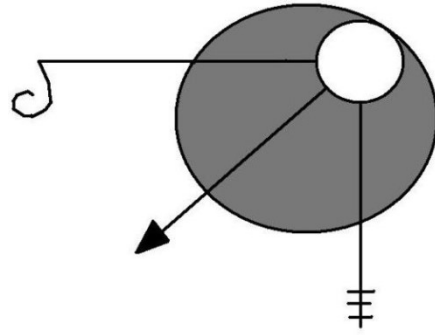
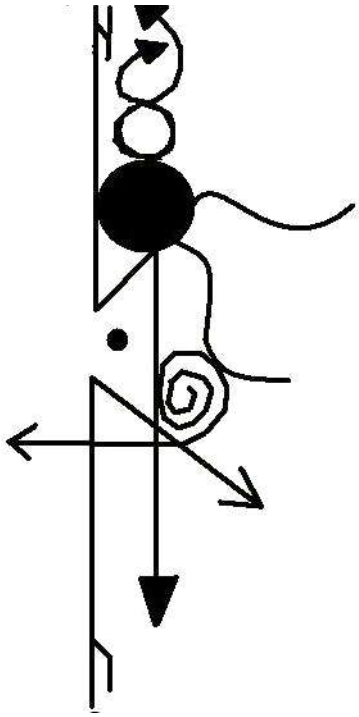


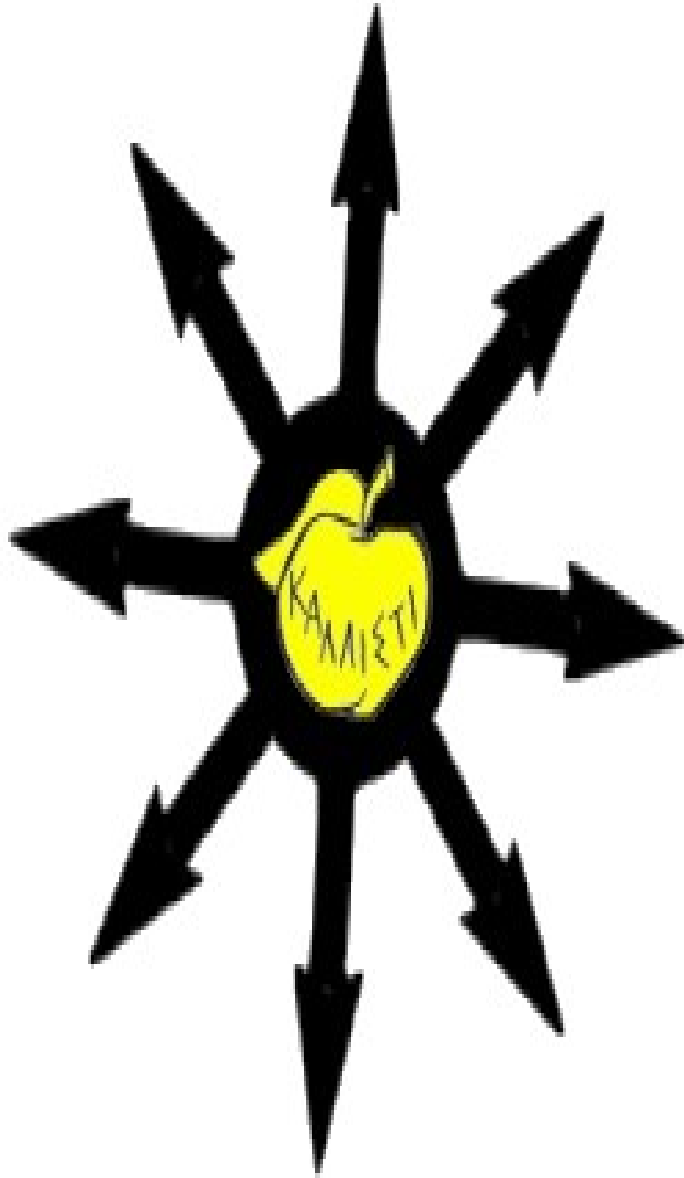
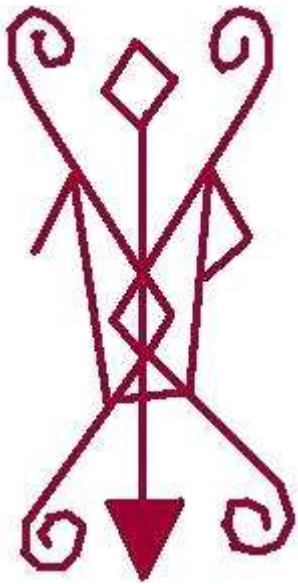


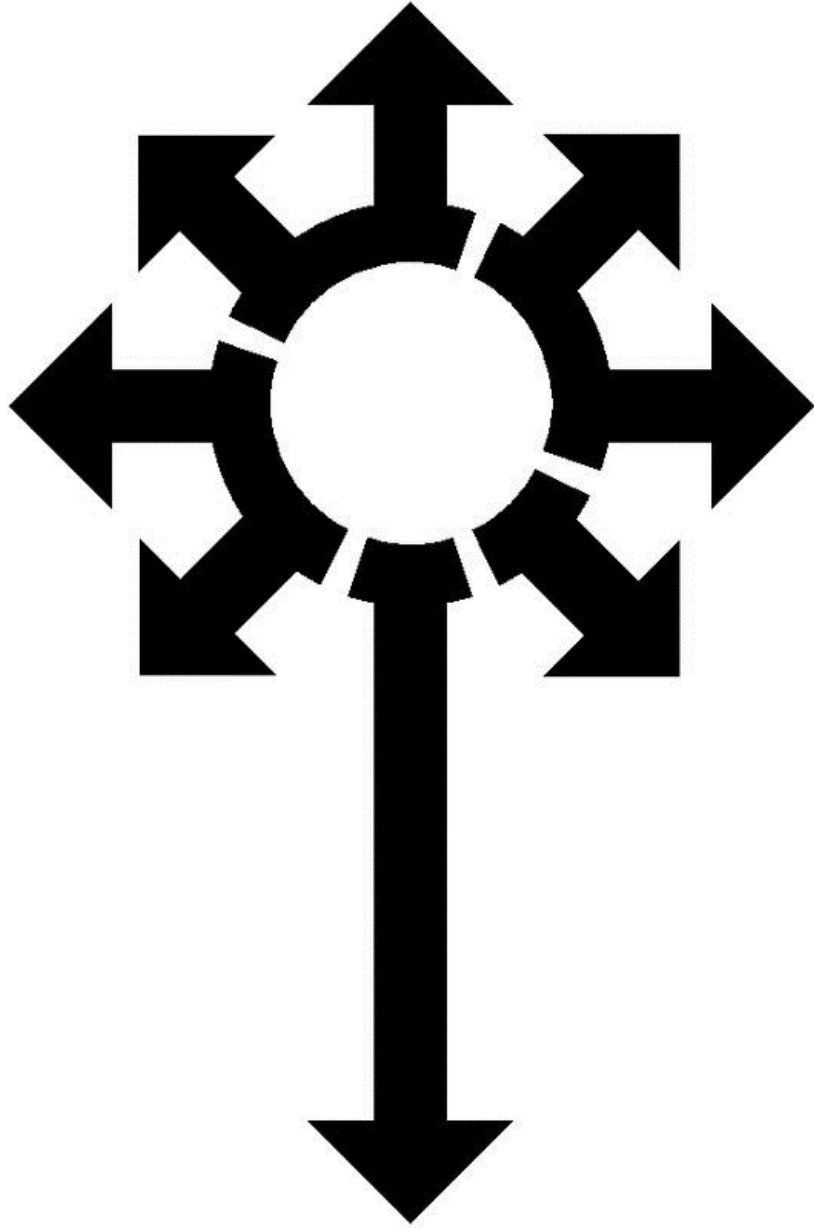


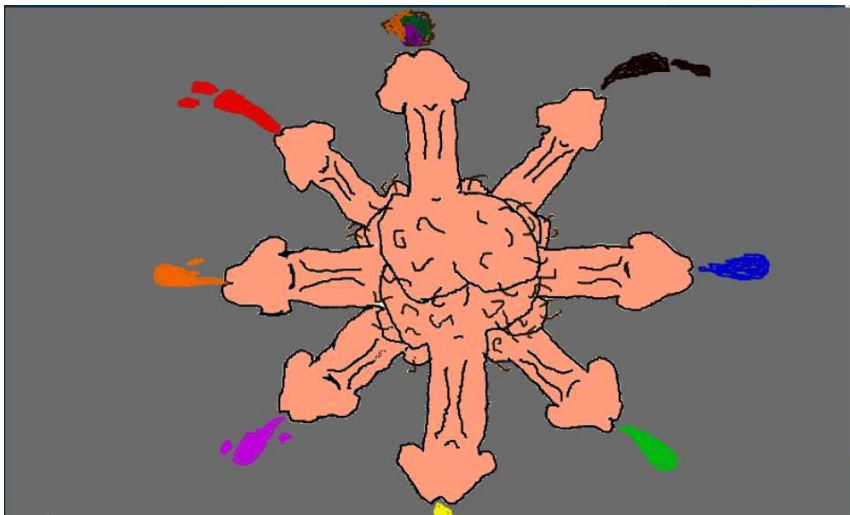
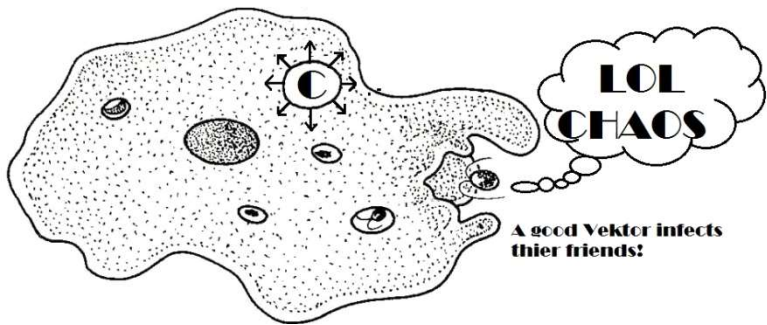
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Confusion	May 27-Aug 7 7489	May 27-Aug 7
Bureaucracy	Aug 8-Oct 19	Aug 8-Oct 19
The Aftermath	Oct 20-Dec 31	Oct 20-Dec 31











**CAROL NEVER PRAYED
TO HER SUN GOD.**

**NOW SHE
DOESN'T NEED
TO.**

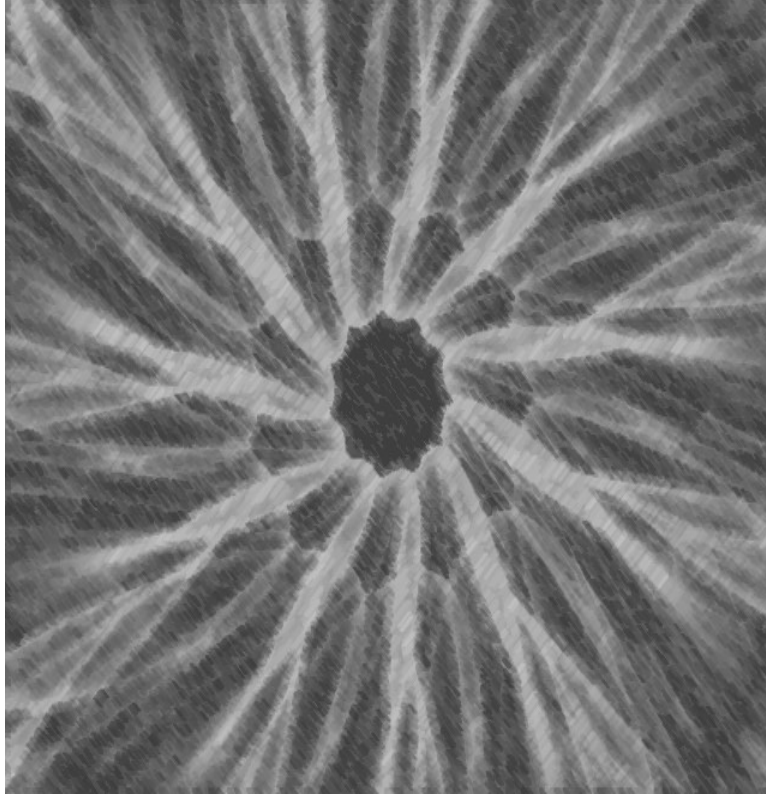


FLINN SCIENTIFIC INC.
"Your Safer Source for Science Supplies"

65 Online		
✱	A Chosen And A Zealot PARTY HARD	12:21 am
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I wish to become the unquestionable champion
Unlike any gentlemen who ever had the pleasure to exist.
To encapsulate thine is my true task,
To discipline thine is my enterprise.

I shall traverse this widened space,
My search conducted distantly and thoroughly.
Educating my portable atrocities to fathom,
Thine energy that exists within!

Portable Atrocities!
(Must be encapsulated en masse!)
It is thine and I,
I am certain that this is my fate.

Portable Atrocities!
Verily, thou art my greatest ally,
Upon a planet that requires protection.

Portable Atrocities!
(Must be encapsulated en masse!)
Thine spirit is so steadfast.
Our fearlessness shall carry ye to safe harbour.
Thou shall instruct me and I shall instruct thee,

Portable Atrocities!
Must be encapsulated en masse!
(Must be encapsulated en masse!)

All trials that arise throughout my journey,
Will be met with fortitude.
To verily confront foes daily,
To assert my deserved position.

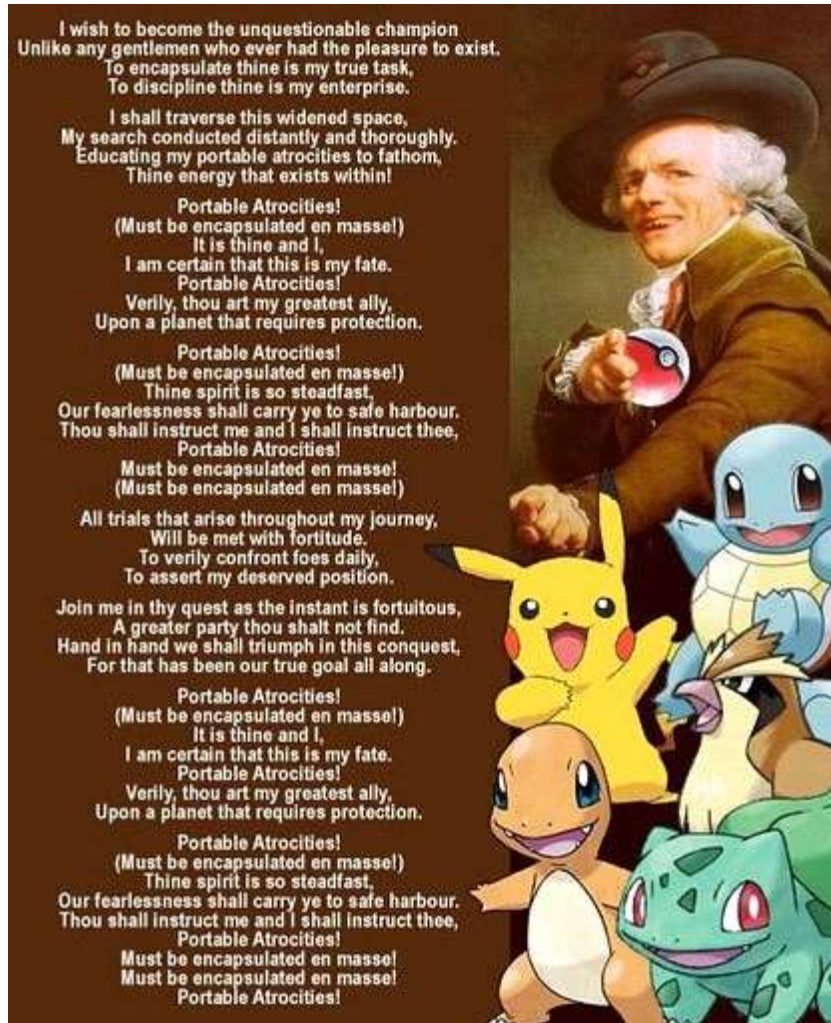
Join me in thy quest as the instant is fortuitous,
A greater party thou shalt not find.
Hand in hand we shall triumph in this conquest,
For that has been our true goal all along.

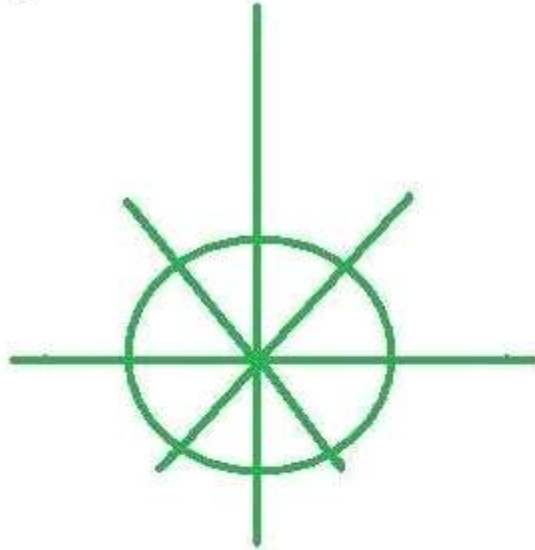
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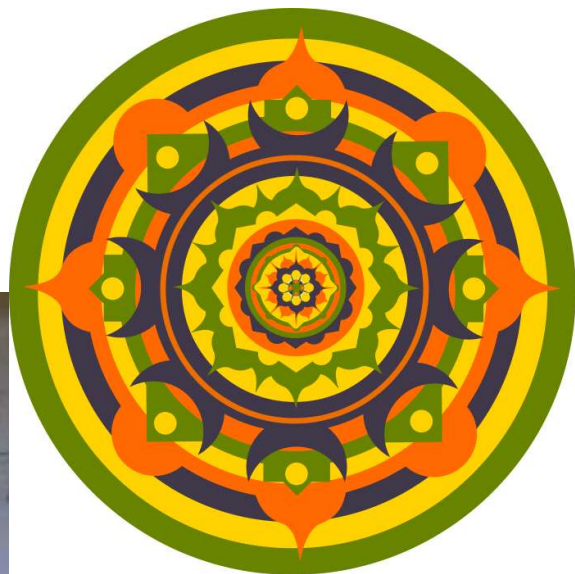
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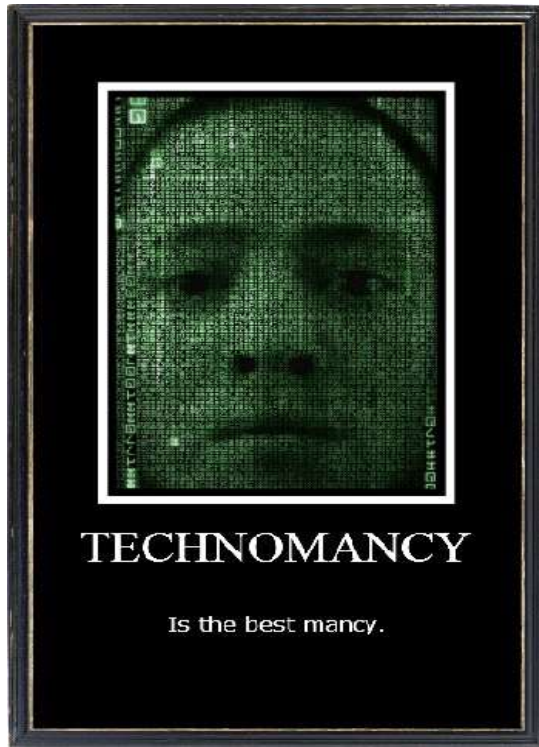
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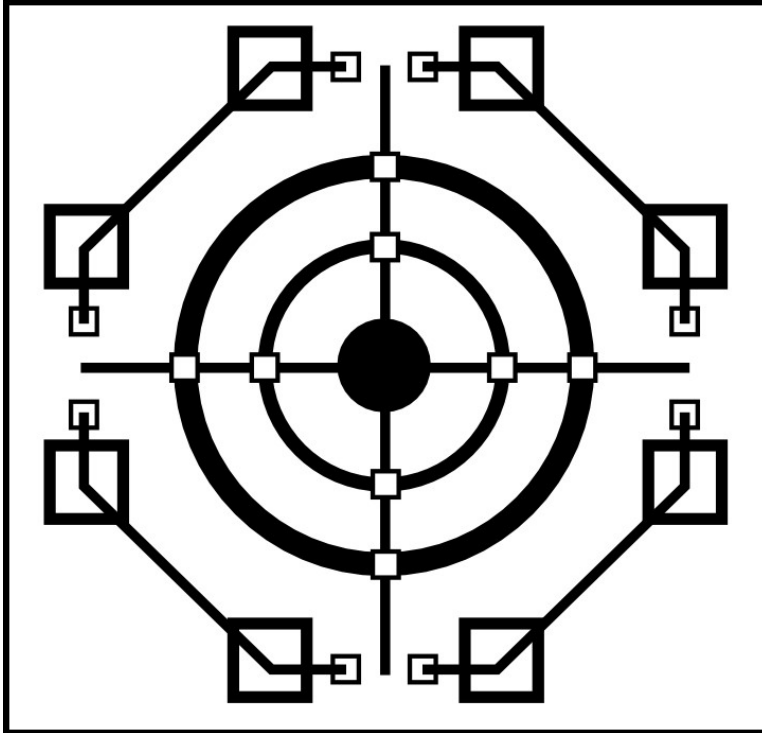












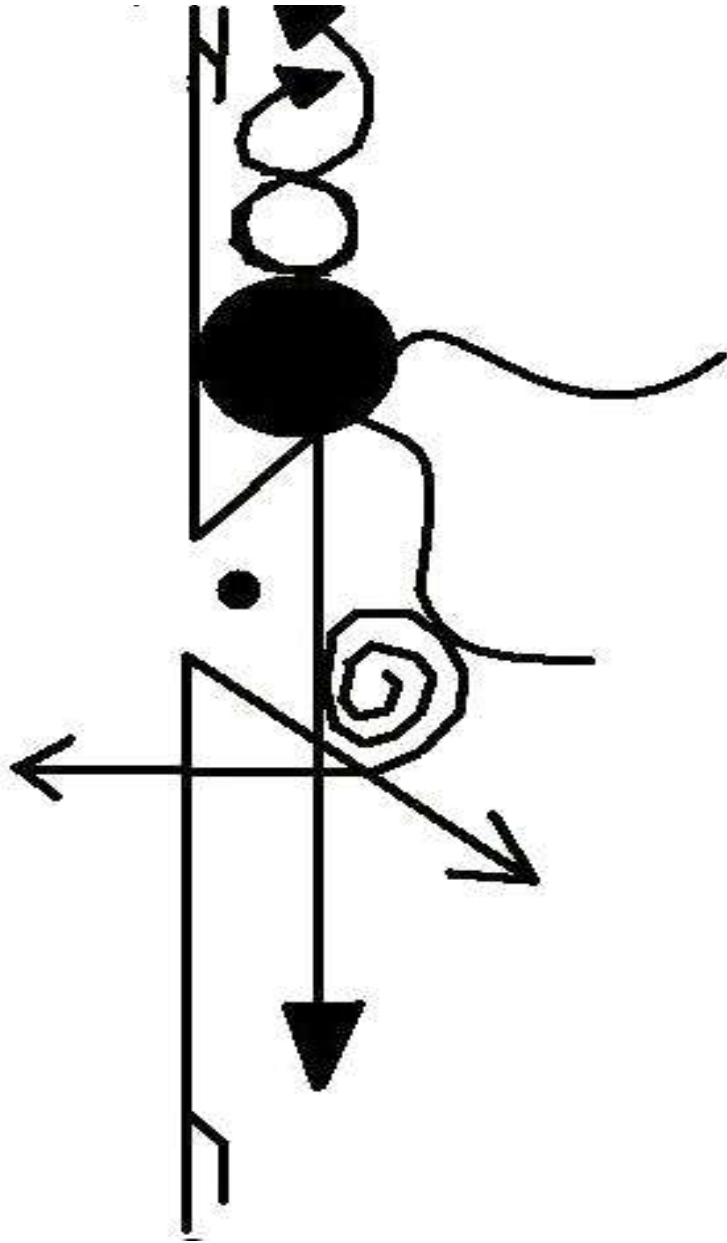
BY READING THIS YOU
ARE NOW A CERTIFIED
POPE OF DISCORDIA
AND THE ERISTIAN
MOVEMENT!
HAIL ERIS!



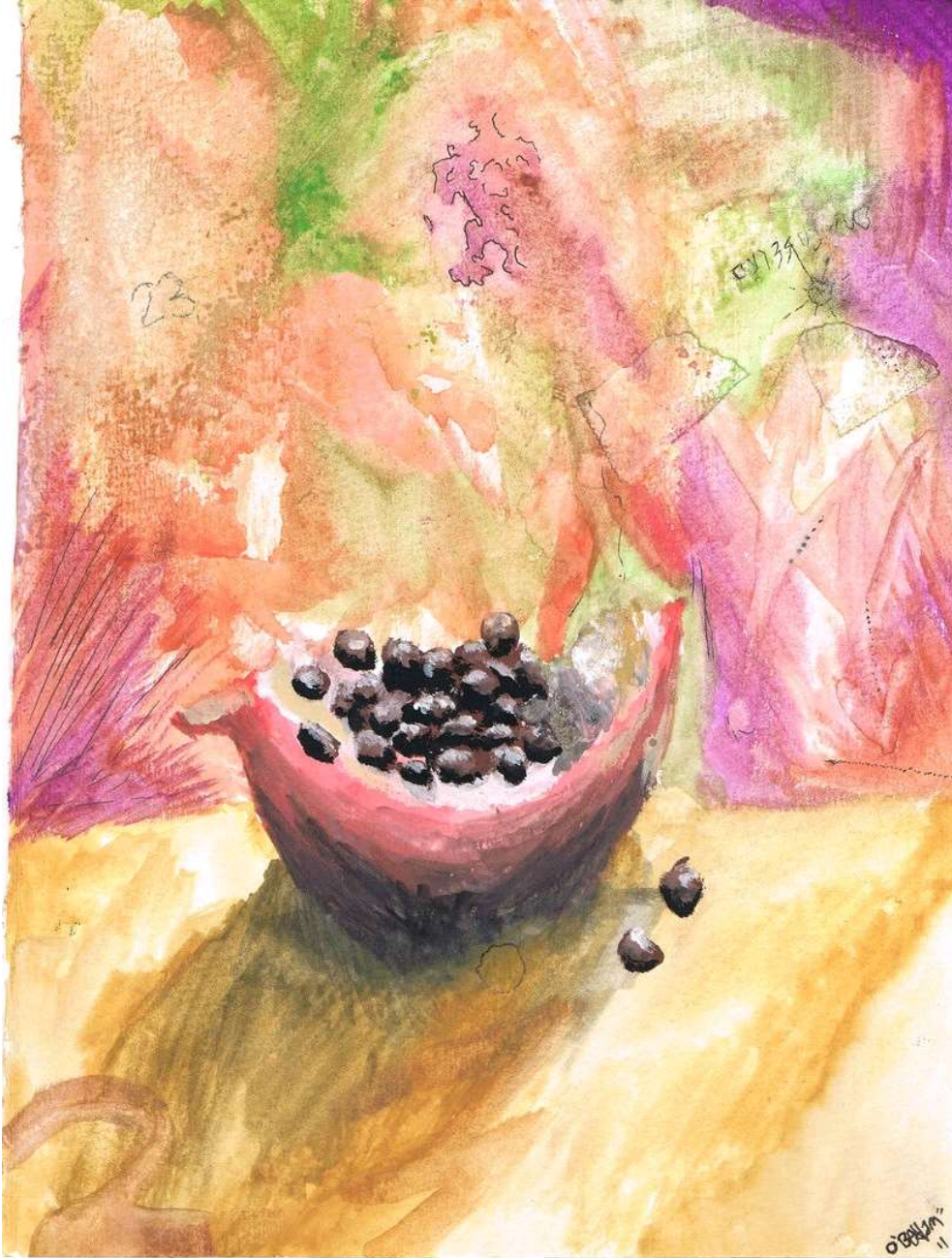












The

Pomegranate Prophecies

A Lost Book Ov thee Babblings Ov Diogenes
Containing Within Lost Mysteries Ov Thee 23

Current

As Found and Translated By Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch Ov thee
LDS Cabal

Glorious Contributions By:

Rev. MadQueen, Rev. Akana Shadowfyre, Rev. Lewis Carpathia, Doktor Metis O'Bedlam, Seth Moris, Thee Vicar Ov Tzeentch, Rev. Kiki, Ave Cthonos, Nyte, Vectress Ouroboros Ov the Qao, Monsignor Feldspar Ov Void, Alejandrew "Puffin" Paparox, Hokurai, Nylus, Beck Beckerton, and some random Discordians.

Funktastic Cover Illustration by Doktor Metis O'Bedlam

Warning: gathering any form of enlightenment from the words written herein and/or performing any of the rites contained within is done at the readers own risk. The Author cannot be held responsible for any damage; mental or physical, that may result. So try not to turn yerself into something fucking odd

About Thee Author



Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch has been a practicing occultist for over 15 years in multiple systems with solid and verifiable results. An Active Ippissipotimus in the A.:A.: He holds the highest initiatory rank in Catholicism, that of an Ultra Pope, in the Society of Power Christ. He is member in good standing of the Prestigious Illuminates of Thatos, South American Section. He has taught meta-physical classes at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the last 5 years as the plum bum presenter has been run out of several other Occultists' store appearances throughout the Midwest. He has taught at several conventions including X-Day, ArsonFest, ConVocation, Antrocon, E3, and many underpasses. Rev. Billy F. Sasquatches majikal career, however, began with a PHD in Pimpology with a Strong emphasis on Smacking Punk Bitches. He is a 17th degree Black Belt and a Benjamin Franckin Electrokinesis Master Teacher, and is working as an un-licensed hypnotherapist. Rev Billy F. Sasquatch has been published in *The Infinity Network's Zine*, *Playboy*, *Hustler*, *Prison Bitches monthly*, *the Principia Discordia*, *the Holy Bible*, and *the Declaration of Independence*. In Addition to his formal training as a Electrokinesis Master and Black Magic Practitioner, Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch comes from a line of magically inclined Sasquatches who and include Witchdoctors, Crowley, Double Crowley, Jesus, Vampires, and The Moon.



Stonewolf

10:25 pm

sasquatch, have you even tried any chaos magick w
techniques, energy manipulation?

People who have Read this Book Have the Following to Say:

"Dude that sigil some Goth shit I'm not fuckin with that"-Thomas Drupperspear

"Fuck your shit, the void is awesome." -Sidney Woshforth

"This book misquoted me" -Banksy

"What?" - Some guy being asked to give a review on this book, no name given

"This book made us proud to be Americans again"- The Black Community

"The most horrendous piece of white power propaganda since the third Reich"- Metis

"It seems adolescent behavior and occultism still go hand and hand. Since I know the message will get back to [lds cabal], Subverting is fun, rebelling without a clue is not." - Andrieh Vitamins

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of your mom" - Saint Everblaze the Badikal

"It's the epitome of mediocrity it's not notable in any way"- Littlepick

"This book is filled with omissions" -Name Withheld

"A fucking [this book] is a miracle. If people can't see a fucking miracle in a fucking [this book] then life must suck for them, because an [this book] is a fucking miracle." - ICP

*"The pomegranate prophecies is the *BEST* book you'll ever read. It will send you down the path of hobo travel, DIY magic, new meta paradigms, and drugs"-Rev. Kiki*

"The Reverend Billy Sasquatch does it again with his new family-friendly book titled 'The Pomegranate Prophecy'. Within one will find the innermost secrets of the LDS Cabal, an Erisian Cabal founded by the Reverend himself after witnessing the extinction of the dinosaurs while on a wicked bitchin' drug trip. You'll learn what it's like to be an educated Sasquatch in a world of unbelievers, and maybe, just maybe unlock the secrets to enlightenment. Two thumbs and two toes up." -LuciferWhite

"Idk, I didn't pay much attention/read...I was like lolwut"-Love

"I'd fuck me. Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me." - SethMoris, (who then gloriously rode off into the sunset on his white steed).

"Woof. Woof woof, woof bark, growl snarl. Snore, fart, bark snore. Woof, burp woof." - St. Tigglegif,

[This Page Left Blank - Fuck Your Self; As In Go - The Editor]

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How to read cards the Wandering Bard way: Pg ?

Alchemical Chant for Manifestation: Pg ?

The finding of a Temple: Pg ?

Ranting about God: Pg ?

The Void: Pg ?

Toast to the Great Corndog: Pg ?

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The Liber BullShit: Pg ?

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The Vektors Handbook: Pg ?

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Epistles: Pg ?

A Bedtime Story: Pg ?

The Story of St. Malcolm: Pg ?

The Discordia Zone: Pg ?

What is Pokemonism: Pg ?

SerBluntus: Pg ?

St. Washington of Boner Dollars: Pg ?

The Lesser Elvis Banishing of the sequined Pentagram: Pg ?

Ave Cthonos is Best Cthonos: Pg ?

Surythys: Pg ?

Tevatron: Pg ?

Locational empowerment, or cheating at cheating: Pg ?

Persephone and the Pomegranate Seeds: Pg ?

Time Cube: Pg ?

Gagaism: Pg ?

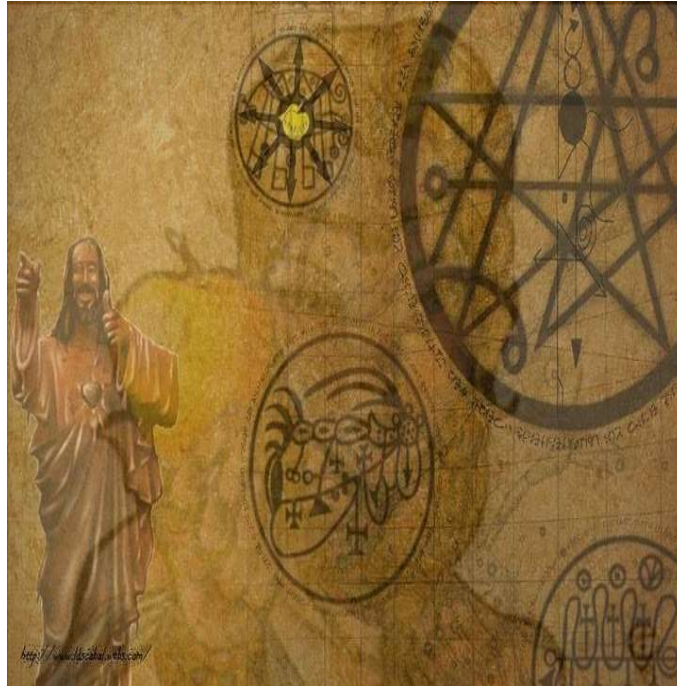
Kallisti: Pg ?

An Affirmation: Pg ?

A Prayer: Pg ?

A Revelation: Pg ?

The Final Word: Pg ?



Forward

We are the psychedelic pandemic. With limbs stretching across the globe and minds reaching the far ends of space and time. We are human beings that have discovered our purpose in life, and with that sense of purpose we limit ourselves to no boundaries, spiritual or otherwise. All borders are porous to cats. What a wonderful time to be alive. You can get in on this shit to! Even if the group that put this book together is crumbling in the dust and all but forgotten by history, this book is not. You, future person, inevitably found it on your weird dead uncle's shelf or in some seedy black market used book store because undoubtedly books are illegal in the future.

I can only encourage you to do what we did and start your own weird Internet cult, because at the bottom of things, we are simply bored kids with too much free time, Internet access, and carpal tunnel syndrome from excessive masturbation. Also drugs. That bit is key what you are holding in your hands is a product of pure inspiration made with the sole intention of inspiring you.

This book is dangerous (as fuck.) and should not be possessed by anybody unwilling to stop taking themselves so fucking seriously. If you don't get it, you probably aren't in on the joke. I love you. Hail Eris! Ave Ellis! Ia Ia Doombringer! Zalty Lives! Crowley is a punk ass bitch! In summation, Fuck The Police. (Imagine me dropping the microphone at this point.)

Saint Everblaze "Metis O'Bedlam" the Badikal, Ipsissopotomus (DKMU/LDS/INFN)

The call

By Rev. Kiki

“Pomegranate Prophecies,” she said aloud in a soft voice as she picked up the hardcover book from the library book shelf. She brushed back her blonde hair hastily, initially interested in its deep reddish purple cover. She lightly caressed the cover art, tracing the pomegranate seeds and peering closely at the lightly written symbols, wondering what they were.

She lifted her green eyes in thought, and then flipped the book over. She slowly flipped through the pages, feeling the familiar stirrings that meant she had to read this one. Sometimes she felt like being a bibliophile was a disease; an escape from the life of a painfully shy wallflower into the adventures of others who weren't. At least she managed to live life vicariously.

She walked up to the counter and clunked down her large armful of books, along with her library card. “Hey Rain,” the librarian said. Rain nodded at her, and busily shook her bangles back down her arm, the tinny tinkle making her smile like it always did. As she waited for the woman to scan and stamp her books, she impatiently straightened out her gypsy skirt, the brightly colored fabric swirling around her feet.

She was surprised when the librarian handed her back the pomegranate book, shaking her head and adding “This one's not ours, hon.” Rain took the book back, and wondered, and then threw it into her book bag with the others.

The book sat on her desk -with all of the other books waiting to be read- for a week. Every night she dreamed of a cheeky blonde, with a handful of five pomegranate seeds in one hand, and a golden apple in the other. “Rain,” the beautiful woman would say, “you are the one; one of my children. Eat the seeds, taste the fruit of my forbidden golden apple, and discover who you truly are.”

Some mornings she would remember the thrill of the sound of her name rolling off of those perfect lips, while other mornings she would only remember the seeds, or the apple itself.

Finally she had a free day. The slow drip of the warm summer rain on the tin roof was the perfect sound for reading to, and she picked through the books waiting to be read aimlessly, finally settling on “The Pomegranate Prophecies,” beckoned by the seeds she remembered so well from her dreams. Curling up in the window seat, she looked out at the city life below, and then began to read.

...

As dark began to fall, she closed the cover of the book, her mind swirling with all of the things she had read and learned. “Eris...” she softly whispered, finally having a name for the cheeky blonde who had been haunting her dreams. She looked around, surprised it was dark already. She had lost track of time.

Smiling, Rain gathered a few things together, and then opened the book back up, searching for a particular passage. Unhesitatingly she began the self-initiation ritual, putting her own spin on it to match what she

had on hand to work with. She danced until she could dance no more, passing out on her bed, and dreamed once more of Eris.

“Welcome,” she was told as she received the pomegranate seeds. “Welcome to an existence that is both heaven and hell. Free yourself from the lies and chains. You have begun on your journey...”

Introduction piece

By Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch

I knew it was time yet again, to ditch sleep and do drugs and to make and record the magic of my life as well as those I consider accomplices, and to share these dark twisted Fruits with anyone Dumb enough to pry open the dusty cover.

This has already been put into so many words, the same aspect being torn apart as we try to put it together in ways we can understand. Was there ever a point? All of it useless to describe what everyone

is trying to get across to one another. Doomed to repeat forever, placing our speakers face to face, and reveling in the noise we can make. To try to defile it anymore, to butcher it into my tiny little world view, is to tarnish it.

However,

One cannot help it; the search for the meaning of life is the meaning of life. This stupid, shitty little book of nonsense is my hand print plastered on the cave wall with charcoal, it's not the Principia Discordia's Discordianism, it's not Phil Hines Chaos magick, and it is most certainly not the type of paganism Llewellyn likes to publish.

This is a thing evolved from those into its own twisted little plant, spreading it's spores as they still do, hoping one day to be picked and ate, and to impart it's wisdom with the maximum amount of tripping, and the minimum amount of puking and insanity (unless that's how you like it). So if your found this looking for more of the same, look elsewhere, this is original, it is a peek into MY world view, and even if you gain nothing from it but a giggle, I can only hope it inspires the reader to work on their own.

It's time for everyone to stop arguing over what belongs and what doesn't and to make art

Before I get into this I think it's time to define some terms, this way there will be some confusion. Magick has been defined in many ways, and it seems every asshole on this planet knows definitively what is or isn't magick. Well being an asshole from this planet I have my own idea of what it is.

Magick is the grand delusion. We are told it doesn't exist; and yet there is a legion of us, and most are getting results. We have the ability to suspend disbelief at will; we can blur the line between reality and imagination, and that is what grabs my interest the most.

I don't care if it really is the flow of the universe, or bio-energy that connects us with earth, or some fucked form of quantum belly lint, it works...or at least I can convince myself that it does, and that's as far as I'm willing to take it. To pick it apart is to destroy it in my eyes.

As for how I ended up a Discordian? For a long time I was quite content to sit by and give the finger to the gods, after all, they ask for us to do stupid rituals just so we can beg for something, and even then we are ignored. We created these beings; we gave them their stories and characteristics, they fucking OWE US!

So like I said I was quite content to work outside of god-worship; with nature, the elements aren't nearly as snobbish as the gods. This changed when I found out about chaos magick

(You hardcore fuckers out there sitting smug this next bit is for you)

It was fun for awhile, however I noticed that the heavier I got into it, the grimmer my outlook on life became. It's all chaos, and I was the dark little beacon that invoked it. Dull, Egotistical, and jaded the qualities of 90% of the chaos magicians I talked to, as well as the things they did.

Their Kaos, is not my Chaos

I cannot be cold and apart, I need a belief system of some type...chalk it up to human error, but I do. Then I sat down and read the Principia Discordia I realized that if there was any god that I could stand to work with, it would be the one that was snubbed by the gods herself.

I realized that chaos didn't have to be cold and impersonal, that it was filled with EVERYTHING, including the silliest shit I could think of. So as those before me have done, I crowned myself the king of my own madness, opened my pineal gland, and I let Eris into my life.

Thus I was Confused, Thus I was Enlightened

Besides, I was born in Louisville Kentucky; the hometown of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson and Muhammad Ali,
What did you expect?





Chocolate Jesus Died for YOUR SINS!

Join the Church of Chocolate Jesus of Latter-Day Snacks

Salvation never tasted so sweet

Part Three !st

Thee Ramblings

Me:

Yo

God:

Can I help you?

Me:

I would hope so man

God:

Why do you hope for it?

Me:

Cos if you can't then I demand you retire

God:

What makes it impossible?

Me:

Nothing, your resistance would just delay it slightly

God:

Really nothing?

Me:

Not a god damned thing baby

God:

Don't call me "baby".

My old man's a faggot,

He's in the IOT,

He wears black leather trousers,

And smokes DMT

And when you say he's crazy,

Then he would say to you,

That every thing's permitted

And NOTHING BLOODY TRUE!

He looks so very evil,

With his chaos robe and ring,

And when he's on his gnosis

He can invoke just anything...

I'd really like to meet him

Just so I could see

Where I could get my grubby paws

On some fucking DMT!!!

– Author Unknown.

*“In the dialectic between nature and the socially constructed world,
The human organism is transformed. In this dialectic man produces
Reality and thereby produces himself.”*

— Berger and Luckman, the Social Construction of Reality

*“What the world calls sanity has led us to the present planetary crises and insanity
Is the only viable alternative.” - Simon Moon, Illuminatus! Trilogy*

“I live in fear of not being misunderstood.” - Oscar Wilde

“He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire.” - Winston Churchill

*“Do not think of me as blind to your merry-making, and I will not think of you as fat and dumb. We can
both clearly see beyond all this, go and continue with thy work, but do it in your name, then you bring
honor to all of us.” – Eris*

"What are you doing, why hold to these things? Hold onto you and not these labels and pins. You can tack
gold to your face later."

"You still ask yourself what is this, why is it working? Do things like this take a struggle?"

"Can he have what he doesn't even know he wants?"

"Feel it flow inside, up and out, how much is left do you think? Can the shell hold up in whirlwind... when
will the flame consume?"

"Was there even really anything behind those eyes? Damn right I will go there even if it takes all night;

that's that beauty of the ritual you fuckstick."

"You come as they all come; wanting to get locked in a head-trip, when the storm shows who is left to ride it?"

"When Sleep Leaves you, and you can feel body resist the dream pulling away; I think that is how death might be."

"Last night our council came to a decision: that everything is a Delusion. On his way home from the meeting one of our members was hit by a big-rig and was killed. In light of this we have convened this morning to re-define our conclusion: Everything is a Delusion, except for hunks of metal traveling 15MPH over the speed limit."

"Most things that people say are profound are common sense that is polished. Most common sense is also; just common sense, I have yet to hear anything truly profound at all."

"If dead eyes see no future, does the nose still break when they trip?"

"Those who are quick to take the holy sacrament of Ser Bluntus are quick to be burned by the stick of choking smoke."

"And the Real™ reason her apple is golden is because Eris has her fingers in all things and she made sure the weed was green and the wine red before she got around to thinking about the apple."

"The Cigarette's dream is to burn you as you put it out."

Discordian Holidays

The Discordian Holidays follow the Five 73day long seasons of the Discordian Calendar, as shown below:

Erisian/Discordian Calendar Months		
Erisian/Discordian Name	Gregorian Non-Leap Year	Gregorian Leap Year
Chaos	Jan 1-Mar 14	Jan 1-Mar 14
Discord	Mar 14-May 26	Mar 14-May 26
Confusion	May 27-Aug 7 7489	May 27-Aug 7
Bureaucracy	Aug 8-Oct 19	Aug 8-Oct 19
The Aftermath	Oct 20-Dec 31	Oct 20-Dec 31

Each season has a holiday, and on the 5th of every season one of the important Erisian Apostles has a holiday, these are:

Seasonal Holidays

Season of Chaos- Chaoflux- Chaos 50/February 19th

Season of Discord- Discoflux- Discord 50/May 3rd

Season of Confusion- Confuflux- Confusion 50/July 15

Season of Bureaucracy- Bureflux- Bureaucracy 50/September 26th

Season of The Aftermath- Afflux- The Aftermath 50/December 8th

Apostle Holidays

Hung Mung- Mungday- Chaos 5/January 5th

St. Tib's Day- February 29th

Dr. Van Van Mojo- Mojoday- Discord 5/March 19th

Sri Syadasti- Syaday- Confusion 5/My 31st

Zarathud- Zaraday- Bureaucracy 5/August 12th

Malaclypse the Elder- Maladay- The Aftermath 5/October 24th

Non Principia Discordia Holidays

January 10 (10 Chaos): Backwards Day, Reformed

January 10 (10 Chaos): Binary Day

January 18 (18 Chaos): Pat Pineapple Day

January 21 (21 Chaos): Hug Day

January 26 (26 Chaos): Backwards Day, Traditional

February 18 (49 Chaos): The Mary Day

February 20 (51 Chaos): Pet Loving Day

February 30 (?????): The Unknown Holyday

March 10 (69 Chaos): Head Chicken/Chicken Head Day

March 25 (11 Discord): Discordians for Jesus/Love Your Neighbor Day

April 1 (18 Discord): April Fool's Day

April 2 (19 Discord): St John the Blasphemist's Day

April 6 (23 Discord): Jake Day

May 23 (70 Discord): Jake Day Jr./Day of the Elppin

May 25 (72 Discord): Towel Day

May 37 (11 Confusion): 537 Day

June 10 (15 Confusion): Mad Hatter Day

June 21 (26 Confusion): Imaginary Friend/Captain Tuttle Day

July 2 (37 Confusion): Mid Year's Day August 10 (Bureaucracy): Multiversal Underwear Day

August 25 (18 Bureaucracy): Festival of Hanky-Panky Spankies (MH)

September 9 (33 Bureaucracy): Cat Dancing & Foot Fetish Day aka Pussyfoot Day

September 13 (37 Bureaucracy): Mass of Planet Eris/Eristotle

October 3 (57 Bureaucracy): Shamlicht Kids Club Day

October 5 (59 Bureaucracy): Gonculator Day (Gonculator Day)

October 6 (60 Bureaucracy): Mad Hatter Day

October 12 (66 Bureaucracy): Habeas Corpus Remembrance Day

November 16 (28 Aftermath): Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild Day

November 24 (36 Aftermath): Spanking Fest

November 25 (37 Aftermath): 537 Day, sometimes Turkey Day

December 4 (46 Aftermath): Hug Day II

December 25 (67 Aftermath): Santa Claus Day

December 30 (72 Aftermath): New Year's Eve Eve

Herbertian Holidays

Hippo Chip Day- Friday the 13th

Keeshka Fest- Feb. 17th

Lighter Holiday- April 28th

LDS Cabal Holidays

April 24- Chocolate Jesus Day

April 28- St. Washington/Boner Dollar Day

Sasquatch day- Aug.23

Gay Day- Oct. 12

Don't Hunt on Open Hunting Day- Nov. 3

St. Picard Day- Dec. 17

Discordian Meta Holiday

It is the practice of Discordians to Invent a Holiday in a time of need (Either to skip out of work that day, or an excuse to party), so here is the form to make your own holiday and to add to the rich history of this Paradigm.

Holiday name:

Holiday Date:

History of Holiday:

Holiday celebrated via:

And you're good to go

Discordian Beltane Self-Initiation Ritual

By Rev.Kiki

You will need:

A large rock written with an Eris sigil and power words (chaos, discord, truth, etc)

Eris candle (I used a tall white glass candle with the sigil and "Hail Eris!" written on it)

Random offerings (mine were candy, booze, a roach, a piece of driftwood, and a bracelet)

Seeds, dirt, water (I used cat grass and a cup)

Ribbon (I used a long silk blanket binding that was purple (royalty colors for the queen), and a green shiny string to tie that (green for Beltane))

Opening:

Hail Eris, goddess of Chaos and Discord!

The queen of the infamous fnoord!

I- insert name- proffer my offerings below

Receive them and these seeds of chaos I sow

-- Plant seeds and water them now--

-- Get your rock now and your ribbons--

My talisman of permanence is this sigilized rock

That my loyalty and dedication may be as a lock

-- Begin to wrap your rock now--

A beacon to those who have likewise done so

And all who see it may know

-- Dance for a while here--

Closing:

Hear me, Goddess! Hear my love and adoration
This is my initiation into thy nation
My deceleration that I am an agent of discord
And a daughter/son of Eris who is here to spread the truth!

What is Flesh?

Ever the Fatalist

Smoke 'em if you got 'em, after all, the deluge is tomorrow, but it all goes back to the fact that you dialed the number and caller number nine gets two first row seats to the great madness, now showing in the pit. The smiles are gone, just the smell hangs in the air. The sweat of bleeding for your gods. You call for the stuff expecting a little insanity for this kind of enlightenment? Did you ever suspect permanent disfigurement?

You ask what flesh is.

Scarred is flesh.

Pain is a head-trip that has many a strange path.

If the thought of BLOOD MAGICK makes you sad inside this is your own problem; take it up on some Wiccan forum or something.

Now then.

Pain, yes we all know how well it can grab our attention, and that it can be a method of trance. Most of us also realize that blood holds some type of energy that the advantageous magician can use. But Blood is more, it seems that it is one of those things that grab a human and take him to all sorts of places.

The second that you smell, see, or taste blood it takes us instantly back to our primal self. For a split second the higher mind kind of takes a back seat to the genes and instinct. You either panic or you clamp down on the situation. This is what I am looking for.

If you can reproduce that in a ritualistic setting, the sheer speed in which the mind rapid fires through all those emotions....

Damn

However, to me that in the long run that it's really not worth it to practice any actual "blood magick" whatever that happens to be, you could end up fucking yourself up pretty good if you become obsessed

with pain. The only rituals I've ever come across involving so called "serious" blood magick was dreadfully dull, and strayed a little too close to the whole Real™ Vampire drama for my liking.

And it seems to me that those types are the only ones I hear talking about how much stronger blood is than other forms of energy, and if anything is worse than following "everything is light and love" wiccans, it's "black magick"

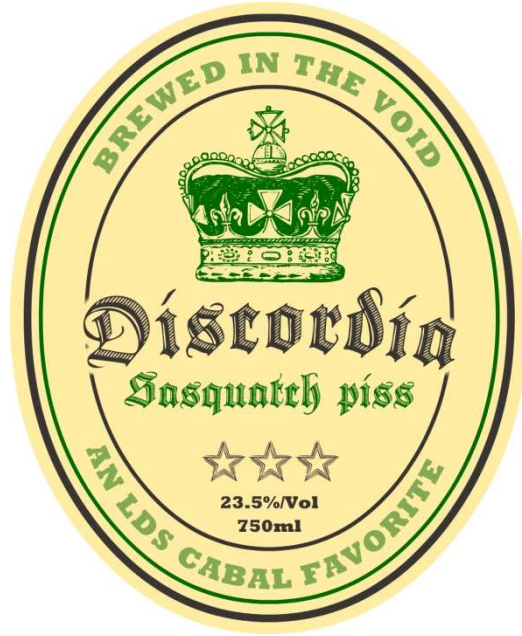
And yet, there is still something about blood magick that grips that mind and whispers to it of dark forbidden rites carried out by candlelight in the forest, that you are giving what gives you life to your deeds, doing something you shouldn't be. This is why it's powerful; blood is just a liquid, what the mind attaches to it that is the magick.

Invocation of the Holy Hot pocket

To be said as the sacrament is being nuked:

"Oh great multiverse! You are the crust which holds us compact! Your space the filling, your planets and stars the cheese spaced evenly, and we are the meat. We take you into us as we take in this food made in your likeness! May we carry you with us as we can carry this snack. HAIL HOTPOCKET! ALL HAIL PORTABLE FOODSTUFFS!"

By now they should be done, and you can eat.



How to Read Fortunes the Wandering Bard

way

You will need a regular deck of cards, minus the jokers.

Hearts-Water

Clubs-Fire

Diamond-Earth

Spades-Air

Hearts

Ace- Love and happiness. The home, a letter. This card is a particularly favorable card that indicates troubles and problems lifting.

King- A fair-haired man with a good nature; or a man with water signs predominating in his chart. Fair,

helpful advice.

Queen- A fair-haired woman with a good nature; or a woman with water signs predominating in Her chart. Affectionate, caring woman. Sometimes this card can indicate the mother or a mother figure.

Jack- Warm hearted friend, a fair-haired youth; or a young person with water signs predominating in their chart. Often this points to a young admirer.

10- Good luck, success. This is an important card that suggests good fortune after difficulty.

9- This is the card of wishes. A wish/dream fulfilled. Look to the card just preceding this one to determine what the Querent desires.

8- Unexpected gift or visit; an invitation to a party.

7- Someone whose interest in you is unreliable; some with fickle affections for you. This card can indicate love sickness.

6- A sudden wave of good luck. Someone takes a warm interest in you.

5- Jealousy; some ill-will from people around you.

4- Travel, change of love or business

3- Love and happiness when the entire spread is generally favorable. In a difficult spread, this can indicate emotional problems and an inability to decide who to love.

2- A warm partnership or engagement. This is a very favorable card that indicates strength and support coming from a partner.

Clubs

Ace- Wealth, prosperity, unexpected money/gain. However in a difficult spread this money may disappear as quickly as it appears.

King- Dark haired, kind hearted man; or a man with fire signs predominating in his chart. A generous spirited man.

Queen- Dark haired, confident woman; or a woman with fire signs predominating in her chart. She may give you good advice.

Jack- A dark haired or fiery youth. A popular youth who is good hearted and playful, can also indicate an admirer.

10- Business success. Good luck with money. A trip taken now may result in a new friend or love interest.

9- Achievement; sometimes a wealthy marriage or a sudden windfall.

8- Work/business problems that may have to do with jealousy. This is generally thought to be unavoidable.

7- Business success, although there maybe problems with the opposite sex. A change in business that may have been expected or earned; such as a promotion.

6- Financial aid or success.

5- New friendships/ alliances are made.

4- Beware of dishonesty or deceit; avoid blind acceptance of others at this time.

3- Love and happiness; successful marriage, a favorable long term proposition. A second chance, particularly in an economical sense.

2- Obstacles to success, malicious gossip.

Spades

Ace- misfortune; sometimes associated with death, or more often a difficult ending.

King- Dark haired man or a man with air predominating in his charts. An ambitious man, perhaps self-serving.

Queen- widowed or divorced; or a woman with air predominating in her charts.

Jack- A youth who is hostile or jealous.

10- Worry; bad news

9- Illness, accident, bad luck. The Querent is at his/her worse.

8- Temptation, misfortune, danger, upsets.

7- Advice that is best not taken; loss. There is some obstacle to success, and this indicates that obstacles may be coming from within the Querent.

6- Small changes and improvements

5- Opposition and obstacles that are temporary; a blessing in disguise, sometimes indicates a negative or depressed person.

4- Small worries problems.

3- Breaks in relationships; sometimes indicates that a third person is breaking into a relationship somehow.

2- Breaks in relationships; a break in an important process in the Querent's life.

Diamonds

Ace- Change; a message, often about money, and usually good.

King- Fair haired or graying man or a man with earth signs predominating in his chart. A man of authority, status, or influence.

Queen- A fair haired woman or a woman with earth signs predominating in her chart. A gossip.

Jack- A youth; possibly in uniform, or a jealous person who may be unreliable. A person who brings news, generally bad, but relatively minor.

10- A change in financial status, often for the better.

9- A new business deal, travel, restlessness, a change of residence.

8- New job; change in job situation. The young or the old may find love on this trip.

7- An Argument concerning finances; or on the job. Generally expected to be resolved happily.

6- Relationships problems, arguments, separation.

5- Happiness and success. A change for the better. A birth or good news for a child. A good time to start new projects.

4- Financial upswing; an older person may give good advice.

3- A legal letter. Be tactful with others to avoid disputes.

2- A business partnership; a change in relationships, gossip.

SIMPLE SPREAD

Shuffle, cut, deal six stacks of three.

Yourself

Your family

Your friends

What you expect

What you don't expect

The outcome



"I care not what death holds for me, what happens to those who see death and say that they shall deal with that bridge as they cross it? What adventure lays in wait for those who see it as a grand adventure? One can only hope that it is enough to live life so that it was enjoyable to you and to all those you come into contact with.

I think I shall try to walk in the steps of people like Buddha and Jesus and hope that when I leave this dirt ball I leave it in better shape than it was when I showed up to the party somehow. After all if we are taking the mystery out of life and the world around us who are we to try and take it out of the one true unknowable that is the eternal sleep?"

"However strange" The lover said as the partner fell back panting, "You liked it."

AND THEN THERE'S THAT SMIRK

And with it all forms of expression are reduced to pointing and grunting excitedly

"Acting strange just to act strange is a definitely an offense somewhere. There is Chaos and Discord, and then there's just plain damn weird."

"Like any Deliciously beautiful woman; Mary Jane is wonderful to court, But just like every Deliciously beautiful woman, she can leave the mind in a fog, and can lead to dangerously stupid things due to loooove"

Sitting with these...things...god the power of self delusion. The creatures are on the cave fungus again. Talking about nothing with a soundtrack decades old. And oh does the screaming come to a howl.

Fear of the fucking dark.

And behind it now of course comes the laughter. From many it joins the host. REACH FOR YOUR VICES
THEY SHALL NOT STOP THE RIDE HAFTWAY THROUGH

LET THE SCREAMS COMENCE!

This is the main event, the show to end all shows. Party like its 2012. The earth here is cursed to endure,
fields full of cabbages. They sadly are qualified douche bags my dear.

All shall stand before the Cajun chef.

“Fuck Pandora, Bitch stole that box from me, she just said Zeus gave it to her after it hit the fan. The worst part is she blew the whole load at once... amateurs, I had plans for me and that box.” – Eris, on the whole box ordeal

“And yes the birds sing in the time before the sun slips up like a hand slips for the breast of a lover and plants the kiss of daylight. But below sits Him, he who’s eyes tighten, for the ride of the night is over, leaving the masses (of bottles and butts) to bathe nude in the light and be blinded. Soon a great counting will begin. He who has taken in the heart of the night and its ways are left bleached to a monotone wreck. This is where you find goddess, and she has the ibuprofen. So open wide, the Day comes, and it bearing gifts of the painful kind.” – Chocolate Jesus’ Sermon to the Hung-over

Alchemical chant for some kind of manifestation

She comes giving strange fruit, and from strange fruit comes strange seeds. From strange seeds come strange plants, from strange plants come strange fruit. From strange fruit come strange Rites, From strange Rites She comes, giving strange fruit.

The Finding of a Temple

It sits high in a plateau that is only 5-10 feet wider than the temple it's self. It is not a long walk up the spiral stairs that have been carved into the rock side, just long enough to help strengthen the mind as it starts to wander away, the stairs are recessed enough into the rock that there is a sort of natural wall a little over waist height to protect the traveler from falling due to the winds; I run my right hand over the smooth stone during my ascent.

Looking to the right; away from the smooth rock I looked out to see over forested area, the dark sky calm and semi cloudy with a hint of purple to it. Eventually I make it to the top, to stop and stare dumbstruck with awe at the marble masterpiece before me. I move the cowl of the soft onyx black robe a little away from my eyes to fully take in what is before me; my staff in my left hand starts to hum internally.

The temple is round and of Greek design, and yet right where the stairs level off I remember quite clearly a Victorian style black iron fence around seven feet high set right on the edge of the drop off; it had spikes on topping it, and the gate opened and closed right at the top of the stairs... but after closing it behind me it vanishes.

I stand with the perimeter of the now gone fence a foot behind me, the temple steps still 6 or 7 feet in front of me. I hold my staff in both hands and pull from it to strengthen myself from slipping back into my body on the couch before walking up to the door. I notice the pillars have minutely detailed geometric cravings lightly etched into them; the double wooden door has them also, but strangely no handles of any type. I push the right one open and step inside, out of the wind; pushing a locking bar down over the doors behind me.

The interior I couldn't say how big it was, but it is a round temple, and the curvature of the wall makes my guess at around 50 feet wide. The floor is set into the ground a little; two steps separate the stone from smooth white marble flooring. I leave the sandals by the door and enjoy the cool touch of stone on my bare feet. In the center of the room is a pedestal, and on top it sits a large round black ball, most likely made of glass.

Around it sits four cushioned pray seats like the type my grandma's church had to better let people sit on their knees to get communion in the front of the church, there red and are at angle so one can walk up and simply kneel. In a circle 5 feet out is a channel made of black stone, my feeling is that this is to hold salt and is a boundary marker for circle casting. At 10 feet out there is a circle of pillar candles set in recesses with enough space to walk through without catching the flame on a robe.

I go to the pillar and kneel, placing my hands on the smooth and shiny ball. At once I feel surging energy in this ball and immediately understand why this is at the very center of the temple, it brings everything around me into focus, my shields burst into bright healthy flames, and I feel the sensation of my energy coming out of my fingertips in tendrils into the orb. I lose conscious connection to myself back on the couch; I am fully "in" the temple.

My staff found itself a hole built into the floor to the left of the pedestal, and I stand to explore my surroundings. Against the wall are tables and book shelves, ready to hold anything I might need, and only

one bookshelf has books on it, and running my hands over the leather bindings I get the feeling that if I was to open them they would be blank. I pull a small black one out and realize it is my BOS before putting it back. The smell of incense is in the air, looking up the ceiling above me is glass.

I continue to walk and look down to see Brother Coyote walking beside me and my heart shines with happiness as I greet him for the first time in awhile. He calls me by my older name. I tell him that I have a new name and he replies with a simple "so?" I grin as he tells me he's been with me the whole time, just hiding, and asks me why in the hell I couldn't realize that. I ask him about AnAyah and why I haven't heard from her in weeks and he replies "well, look to your right and ask her yourself" I look over and she is walking a little behind me, then I am treated to the sound of both of them laughing; I join in, realizing just how blind I can truly be at times.

We come to three dark red leather chairs that are in front of a small coffee table. I take the middle seat, AnAyah the seat to my left, and Brother Coyote hops up into the one to my right. She is wearing a simple black dress that borders on indigo, the cowl of my robe blocking her face from my view. I look to the center of the room, my eyes drawn to the orb and ask her why I haven't seen her face.

Instead of her telling me the same thing she did the first time I asked awhile ago, which was that she could have many faces as she chose fit, she leans forward and kisses my cheek, saying "if you want to see my face then look ." I lower the cowl and look over to see nothing; she has no face, just an empty hole where it would have been.

I stand up and so does she, "this is the face of the void" she says. I place both hands on the side of her face, and stare into the depths as one might stare into a scrying mirror, her hands reach up and cover mine, the temple starts to fade away and I realize I am about to enter the void. She simply says "yes" to my unspoken question of entrance and suddenly I am falling into nothingness.

Ranting about god

My god is a righteous god indeed

My god is a powerful god indeed

My god is a wrathful god indeed

My god is a loving god indeed

My god is the god of contradiction

My god is the god of hypocrisy

I hold my god above all others for the reason that he is the only god I know. He is wise in many ways and yet, He is not omnipotent. Powerful: yes, He holds sway over my multiverse for without Him I am lost.

You may ask me how I can worship a god that is not all powerful; my answer is simple: I don't. I do not bow to my god, I have chosen to ignore Him many, many times, but still He sits; ever watching and waiting for my return from ignorance. Why do I acknowledge Him? Why care for a god would let me fuck up and has almost no control over anything other than His few domains? Because He lets me fuck up. He allows me to be hurt.

In this, me respecting Him; a god that wants me to achieve greatness; offers me no help, I am strengthened. How can I be worthy of the power if I have done nothing but wish and hope and beg? When I achieve something like spiritual power, greatness, or knowledge I know 100% that I have earned it, then my god smiles.

Many of us seek enlightenment, and yet we are willing to kill of ourselves to get it, why strive for something that "you" cannot fully enjoy? This is why my god showed me that ego death is pointless. And yet here I flip the coin: the stroking of the ego is just as pointless when taken to such extremes. You become blinded by your own awesomeness to the point that you feel nothing, and lose a hand (or more) to something stronger.

There is always a bigger fish. This can be seen as Yin-Yang, some see it as balance, and I was shown this as contradiction, as that takes us to the root; it burns away the outer BS.

This is why my god is the god I respect.

He has shown me what we are as humans deep down: Hypocrisy. Look at us, we try to force order in a sea of chaos. We try to bring order into a life which in its very nature; cannot have. Life is supposed to peak and fall at random, not flat line at one or the other. We try to bring perfection into a purposely flawed existence, the perfect being is not supposed to be a human, for we are designed to strive for something better, and in this design we are not allowed to fully have it, to do so we would have to not be human.

We do not embrace this, we shun it. Hypocrisy is what defines us, and yet we want to stop it. There can be no totem pole without someone on the bottom. We should embrace this flaw in us and try together to make it work. Yes life is suffering, yes it is survival of the fittest, but today we are so fucked up that we cheat even at this. In nature everyone starts at the same time and are able to use whatever at our disposal and yet today this is not so.

We need to give everyone a equal chance to run, to play the game that is life, if that means someone beats you and wins so be it at least can know that you gave it your all. This (in a away) is why He can be a loving god and a wrathful one, for he understands hypocrisy, He plays the game not to win, but also not to lose; He plays it because He can, for the simple joy of being alive and able to play, He does it for fun.

This is why I chose Him as my god; I want no higher power with delusions of grandeur, who tries to be the star of the show, I am happy being a supporting actor, and so is my god. The entire world is a stage and good performance or bad you better make sure your 15 minutes is interesting.

This is why I do not worship the gods of legend and myth, I want to study those who higher than me, help those who are lower, but center myself with those on or near my level; and my god is beside, not in front

or behind. Sure this has made it hard, for what normal god would want to share their secrets with someone who doesn't give two shits about your status and might use it to bring them down to my level just as quickly as I might use it to bring myself up.

This is why my god took me forever to find, because He does not act like most other gods And this doesn't mean I do not respect those who earned His place above me. Look at Odin for example; he earned his spot through sacrifice and I respect that, I would be a fool to spit at someone who could clearly destroy me. Same with my mentors (both past and present), they know more than me because they did what they had to do to get it and I am thankful for their wisdom. I shall turn around and show that thanks by showing those who are one or two (or 100) steps behind me how to get to my current Spot as I hope they will too.
It's a cycle, a game, its life.

Have you guessed who my god is yet?

It's simple

He is ME

The Void

"I am who will take you from this place in the end, I will hold your hand as you descend into oblivion. And while nothing lasts forever; even though your energy will eventually be woven back into the fold as something new, 'you' will cease to exist as you exist now, and when you do go my embrace will be your final experience. Long after everything has forgotten you, you will be mine. We will dance together in my memory, everlasting...So gaze again; it WILL hurt, longer than you will ever know, and in ways you will never fully understand. You are not meant to enjoy me. And it saddens me that you try." -AnAyah, Face of the Faceless, Void Goddess

It's big and dark and full of completely fucking crazy shit. Where you expecting something more? Well allow me to pop that bubble right here and now. It's the VOID, and it's full of things that only make sense when your lost in it. You bring something back here it becomes something entirely different and blows your goddess-damned hand off.

The Void is a faceless, alien thing, one that will twist your shit all up and then break it the fuck off. As best as I can figure, it is a place that old energy goes to die and be remade for the next showing; our reality was most likely cobbled together there from what was left over after the last one imploded (or whatever realities do)

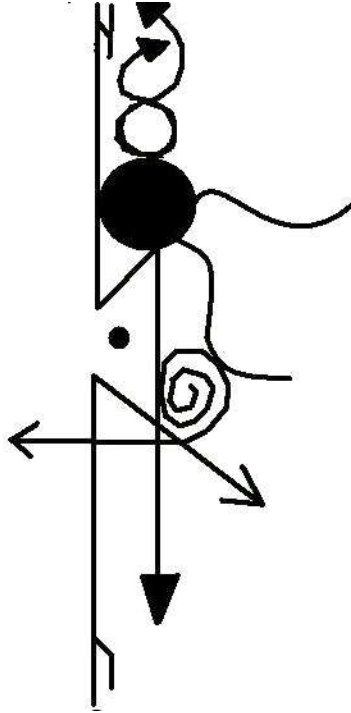
I would suggest that you just avoid it (har har har), but I was told the same thing, and I still drank the soda

that makes you float.

(Insert enlightened shrug here)

So if it still interests you to explore a place we are probably not meant to understand or cope with as humans, try invoking and communing with AnAyah, embodiment of infinite nothing.

However, it can be said that she is a trickster, and I would suggest not to take anything that comes from her at face value, she is not your friend, she owes you nothing, and serves only herself.



Her sigil is above, and after that all you need is a dark room, space to cast a circle, and a sharp knife (yep you're going to have to give up some blood for this one)

Invoking AnAyah

"AnAyah, faceless one of many masks,

Dark lady of the Void,

Black seductress of Death,

Antithesis of my soul,

I break salt for you, so that you might have a space to fill,

I spill blood for you, so that I may empower your travel,

Come forth so that I might be enlightened by your paradox

Araunus Sixus Nyriith

I call

Araunus Sixus Nyriith

A Toast to the Great Corndog

Hail Great Corndog in the Sky, Greatest of the Carnival foods! He who shaped his grand creation in the shape of the Holy Hot pocket; the most portable of foods. He who sent us his only Begotten Chocolate Son to teach us how sweet life can be. We ride these somewhat unsafe rides in your name.

Part The @nd

The Liber Bullshit

(This is NOT an attempt to merge two short books into one longer book just because I was starting to run out of idea's, I'm doing this for YOU. Trust me; I'm Ordained.)

Part 1

1 "Ever hold the Staff, as its length shall be your reach, and its poke shall be the will of your irritation."

2 "Be as the Hot Pocket: Keep your crust from Flaking and your core warm and good."

3 "Take to all things as one would take to planning a party and all obstacles will be done in with mirth and a full bowl; and even if you fail, there shall come an epic story from it."

4 "Hate things as one might Love things, being nude, sweaty, and howling will deter your enemies."

5 "Just as the dinosaurs knew the end was coming, you also must know that all you care about will burn; to understand yourself you must be ready to pour the gas."

6 "Only you can control the world, for only you give the world meaning."

7 "You could wake up tomorrow and the sky be Orange; it's only men in white lab coats who say it won't, and you can get a lab coat cheap online."

8 "When all hope is lost, so is the urge to do anything other than exist, and then one is truly alive; that is, until whatever it is that took away all hope finishes the job."

9 "If one can learn the math of the entire Universe, then it just proves God is a T-83 Calculator; so don't make him hit the 'Clear' key."

10 "Strive to make a Mandala of your heart and soul, but remember no matter how pretty it ends up, people still won't like it if it's made from bile and shit."

11 "Words of wisdom can be like passing wind; they can sometimes form a melody, but sometimes they still smell like shit."

12 "If the world knew the earth was held together by chocolate, we would all be dead, and if we could eat dirt, we would also probably be dead; thank god dirt doesn't taste like chocolate."

13 Enter into everything, hold onto your life in the fullest. Land onto the shores of the darkest abyss, let your passion be the only torch you carry, and be ready and willing to get lost in it...and let it become you.

14 If there is nothing but us and the Multiverse around us, and if we are gods but did not create this, we will always come back to the same question of "why?" Why does anything exist if we only get to visit it? Why play the joke of life on ourselves?

Why be born period if non existence on this realm/plane/dimension is far more common than actually existing? It seems to me that it is either a joke, a cruel prank played by others to lend us existence for such a short time, or that this reality either isn't the only one, or that we come back over and over again.

Even if we are locked into this reality over and over again via reincarnation, or we go onto live in other realities, the fact that we are not told this (proven to us rather) shows me that there is still some cosmic

funny shit afoot. I say we find the fuckers and lynch them. If we are all stardust, if we are the universe looking back at itself as Sagan suggested then the universe is fucking bat shit insane and needs more drugs.

“Those who speak do not know; those who know do not speak.” This saying is utter bullshit. Fuck all that does is to further separate those who know some from helping those who know nothing.

(I AM QUITE DRUNK)

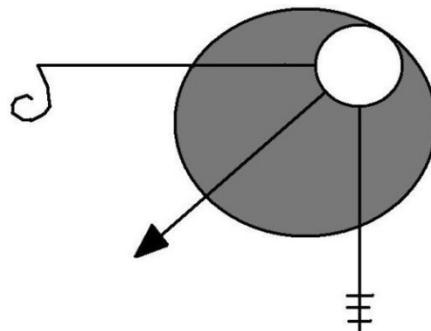
Why not speak? What is the point? To “protect”? If the people who cannot handle it hear it then so fucking be it, insanity is just one of the infinite delusions we must face on the journey to find one’s self. The only real reason not to speak the truths one might learn is because we fear they might get us killed, and how can we fear death when we have learned such things? Sure we must take precautions not to let the words themselves be burned, but if we must die for the right to speak our minds then so be it. To hold silent is death in and of itself.

Positive non action: FUCK THAT SHIT. If we have no choice about our coming into this world, and we have limited choice concerning our exit from it, then what is the point of non action? If this is all there is before the stillness of the Void, then why not live?

To make as little ripples as we can in the stream of the Tao, why live at all? Splash as much as you want, even if it slows things down, why would you want to streamline your movement from birth to death? Negative action is better than positive non action because it is still action entropy is the biggest Sin we can commit. Even if this life is nothing but a joke we as existing beings have to fight stillness for stillness goes against existence.

15 “There is light; even amongst the fool, if we can only dream.”

16 “There is only one eye, and it the true eye, the Eye of Boreus. Stare into it only to know where to aim thy spit.”



(The Eye is pictured here for further clarity)

17 "Know that the Dark Lady will come if asked, and that she will wear masks for her true face is faceless."

18 "The fruit the Dark Lady carries is grown in the Pit, and that no taste can describe it, for truth is a strange fruit indeed."

19 "Learn the Dark Lady comes to us all differently and in ever changing forms. She is the avatar of the deep roads and long forgotten lore. Her laughter is that of all gods and none."

20 "Know that you can never be loved by Her in the way you might come to love Her, for Her flesh is not yours, and Her mind and emotion will always be cloaked in the shadows of the Void."

21 "Silence is Her rage, sorrow and pity. Laughter is Her cry, and that even this is flawed for no one can ever truly understand Her ways".

22 "The Giant Corndog in the Sky cannot be explained, for even the reasoning behind mundane Corndogs is an enigma. Just stop asking and partake for it is the food of gods, mortals, and carnies."

23 "Now that I look back; yet again I see more of myself left behind....more things casted to the side, unneeded weight on my path. New influences walk this way and that, in a torrent of creative new ways to deny existence and its everyday bull shit. Ever a fucking mystic and the roads we travel ever new. No regrets on this ride...all thoughts let go long ago. Give way to the whims of whatever and whenever. After all it's all the same watered down soft serve in the end."

24 "Give this mind a break from your persuasive tongue and my heart out of your hands; take this silken veil from my face so I may stare into the depths and beyond. The wounds heal in time pain is weakness leaving the soul. All things are void...god if you don't take care of me you're going to have me on your hands. This simple reality of walls and sides and in and outs, all leading nowhere; to the same place and that my friend is death. So fuck it all the world is a stage so you should make damn sure you make it entertaining while you're gracing it."

25 "The multiverse is wide open to us; I say we take those steps with a grin on our face and a child like curiosity. Live in the moment, try to become one with everything; yet at the same time love and embrace your ego for when all else is stripped away the only thing we have is ourselves. It is a hard line to walk, knowing when to shut off the ego and when to let it flourish but I think the mastery of this leads to more enlightenment than killing it completely would."

Part 2

1 "What is flesh? Nothing and yet it is everything, as it is nothing but a shell that holds in our dreams and desires, but the blood that runs through us keeps within a power that cannot be equaled when used on the right planes. Think for a second about that, it is the blood that we all share, no matter how different we are, no matter what happens to us to change what we are, we all bleed, and dead is dead no matter who you are."

2 "We all stumble along this road, falling in the mud, being beaten down till we scream for death to take us. This is what we are; children of suffering, it is our most revered mother, and our most vilified enemy. Nothing can change this just as we cannot hope to change the speed that time passes as it rapes us of the only thing we have, which happens to be life."

3 "Every drug has a spirit, the shaman must know them."

4 "Hate with all your being, Love with all yourself."

5 "When things become dull you have three choices, look to the gods, look to oneself, or hitchhike."

6 "There is no Karma, we are all in one multiversal sandbox and left our own devices. The gods just have bigger shovels and buckets."

7 "All magick is the same; it is manipulating the common energies and theoretical pathways to merge with a particular goal."

8 "Never be afraid to dip your hand into Dogma to pull forth a gem, just be careful not to drown."

9 "Never give power to those that call magick and spirituality a delusion, for the real question is: Even if we are delusional, who is having more fun?"

10 "Blood is the oldest energy we can tap into, never ignore this."

11 "Remember that no one can escape a case of multiversal irony, the cosmic joke can enter your life at anytime and fuck it up, such is the state of things when goddesses like mighty Eris are at play."

12 "Look to the gods never with blind adoration, always question, always haggle, and remember the Morning Star's cry: Non Serviam."

13 "If Animism is real, then prayers can indeed be said to the goddess Nicotina, the jungle god Java the Black, and Ser Bluntus."

14 "You, the dying, and the newly born; together it becomes the holy trinity of life."

15 "She (Eris) will show Herself in mysterious ways; mostly sprained ankles and crushed fingers."

16 "If you believe that God is capable of miracles, then who is to say that Satan doesn't have a few up his sleeve?"

17 Eye of BOREUS Rite:

This rite is to show your non willingness to work with the great eye, as the Eye of Boreus stands for everything dull and boring in this world, as well as every law and government.

Things you will need:

Grey or black candles and one brightly colored candle.

A plate or mirror with the Eye drawn upon it

The most fun/colorful/ outrageous clothing you have, being worn under the most boring clothing you have (a suit and tie would fit; you are going for the "worker bee" look, as everyone is a cog in the machinations of the Eye.)

A dollar bill or form of your local currency

Some long drawn out book (war and peace, a book on tax law, etc.)

A copy of laws (the constitution, student rule book, the bible, etc.)

Firecrackers, noise makers, shit like that.

Your preferred drug of choice

Loud annoying rock music, or gangster rap, or rave shit.

Place the Eye of Boreus on the center of the alter, with the symbols of dullness and oppression around it, lit by the Grey or black candles. There should be a steady slow drumbeat started, as though you are in some dreary funeral march.

Bow in front of the Eye and fall to your knees before it, then speak:

"Oh Great Eye, ever watching our pitiful moves, we are as ants unto you, for we are nothing to your all seeing whims WE ARE NOTHING!"

Feel the slow creeping energies of stagnation and boredom fill you to you are about to break, you must know that you are nothing just another number to it, insignificant and expendable to its desires. Think back to every time a boss ignored you, every single time you sat in class thinking it could never end, the DMV line, etc.

When this feeling is most overpowering, leaving you crushed and filled with rage and hate, when you can no longer accept this specter looming over you, rise from your knees and scream "AIM THY SPIT!" and hawk the biggest glob of spit that you can right onto the Eye, then pick up the symbol of the eye and look into it and declare:

"I shall no longer serve you, you are nothing to me, your powers are useless against my spirit and my freedom!" now cast down the eye with all your might, smashing it on the ground, and spit on it again. Go to the Grey or black candle and blow it out and break it, replacing it with the brightly colored one. Go next to the money and the books and set them to flame, saying "no longer will your tools be used against me!"

Next turn off the drums and replace it with the music you brought saying "no longer will your noise oppress me!"

Next take off the clothing, showing your preferred garments and say "no longer will your clothing restrain

me!"

Now light the fireworks, or make and shit ton of racket and take your drug of choice and say: "The rebellion is complete, let the party begin for I am free!"

18 The Black rite of middle earth:

Light one black candle and enter trance, preferably by gazing into a glass ball or scrying mirror, call out:

"I call to the dark lands of Mordor to hear my voice! From the Forked tower Orthanc I Call on your mighty strength! The gears of metal turn and grind to my will!"

Burn leafs and sticks at this time, then light the next candle and call out: "Into the depths of Minas Morgul I call! To the might of the Witch King lend me your cunning wits and poison blade!"

Draw your blood and let some drip into the fire, then light the next candle and call out:

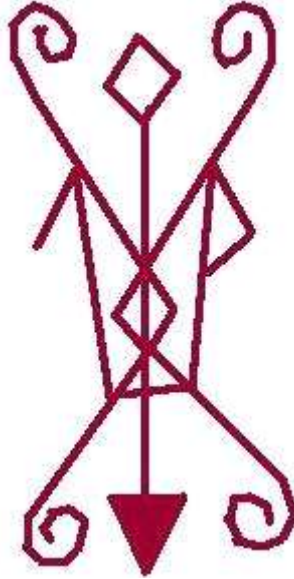
"Form the heat of Orodruin I draw my fuel, nothing can withstand the fire of Mount Doom!"

Throw some form of accelerant into the fire (cup of gas, non dairy creamer powder) light the last candle and call out:

"And last I call to the black tower of Barad-Dur give to me your wraith so my purpose can be focused!"

Draw all the energy into vessel of choice and use it, destroy all candles, papers, anything related to the ritual of power by burning it letting the ashes scatter to the winds.

19 Brother Coyote's "Sexytime Sigil"



It is designed to be used for the use of talismans to get sex, however it is designed to attract homosexual sex (as in, it will attract a male sexual partner for a man using it, and will produce a willing lesbian for females). It was created for the use of tricking people into thinking it will help them get laid, which if empowered properly it should, but it will lead to one of those mind opening encounters; leaving the super macho homophobic male that you give it to with an opened mind, and the idea to think twice before calling someone a faggot again. Make and distribute them for the assault on reality.

20 "Suffering is just...a part of it, we are given the tools around us to make it better if we can realize how to use ALL those tools in the right ways. Pain...allows us to enjoy pleasure, suffering lets us know the joy of the moment, and that helps us learn the things we cannot control and let go of them."

21 "As for the gods? They are as much our play things as we are theirs; such is the way a relationship goes when both players are unable to fully be called upon all the time. We use them and they use us, it is the true relationship of the gods and men, more...personal relationships are born out of these, some healthy, others not so much."

22 "Some of us can handle these things innately, others find only fear in these avatars, and worship them, spread fables about them, do their bidding for protection. This is how religions have been formed."

23 “And in this fashion some of the gods have become drunk with the power, trying to get more followers to up their ego in this multiverse, so they with the powers convince people these stories are true, and may even help propagate these stories.”

24 “And even then this may not have been enough; so they are led to actually try to make these stories true; which leads to places like hell becoming real realms, and those who fully think they are real with all their energy might actually go there.”

25 “For if you give control of yourself, your mind, to a belief, or a god, you are bound to them and whatever realities they may have created for you.”

Part 3

1 “Not all of these gods are like this however, as there are hundreds of gods for each single person in the sandbox. After all if the gods where once us, then not only can we become gods, but we can create as many as we want. If they are given the energy, power, and time...if what we can create can gain self awareness then it too can become a god.”

2 “There are gods we will never know, there secrets and power will rest dormant far after we are dust, and then there are gods that have been waiting for us to find them for eons.”

3 “As for what built this sandbox, where it came from? If you come into existence inside something, and are stuck inside it forever; and have no real clear view outside of it, how can one hope to know who put it there, much less why? I think the question should be “does it matter?”

4 “Only time, careful experimentation, and the bold will to say “fuck it lets try” will tell if any endeavor is successful in the end.”

5 "Hold the holes to the light and try to see the carnival on the other side."

6 "From the depths, the ever-standing dark eyes of the four Watchtowers. Scream out to the multiverse and see how many hear. The smell of fire, smoke, desire, and blood. Give rise to the new self."

7 "What transpires under this unseen light? What is being done during these long, dark hours? Who else's eyes are in the mirror?"

8 "The candle is lit, but is there someone to sit by it?"

9 A banishing: "From the might of my fist, from the depth of my void, from the power of my blood I call thee out! Go; depart my circle before my wraith is laid into thee! From the flow of the Tao; the nameless void, this area is clean."

10 "The student once asked the Zen master "what is nirvana?" to which he replied "Boobs", the student looked shocked and confused and the Zen master asked "Oh I take it you're an ass man?"

11 "Open me up to the undying light of the multiversal flow, may I sink into its dark waters and taste the energy of the earth."

12 "Being all profound when a large bottle of any liquor around is not only pointless, but annoying to anyone partaking of said liquor; and that the liquor destroys any hope of credibility that you wish to have."

13 "The human mind cannot hope to understand the vastness of life and the Multiverse; so why try? We are creatures of feeling, we should use the time we have on earth to enjoy the things around us, to interact and indulge in everything we can."

14 "Notice what is around you; hold it in your hands, as I hold the very things that make us exist in my mine. Look into the eyes of fate and shun her; for we and only we can make the future."

15 "When we see the gears of time and space will we see things that are full of hate and pain? When we are standing at this point in time what will stop us from killing the very thing that makes us what we are?
Who will hold your hand when it is all said and done?"

16 "It is a sad time we live in, when one can no longer blow their mind out of their head with simple store bought things. It's all ID's and pissy pharmacy techs from now on in. Jefferson is spinning in his grave as we burn naturally grown ganja and make people sign for 'tussin."

17 "There is nothing left for us here but our own hated and ignorance, which if left to grow will kill us all. There is nothing left to see for the scientists have taken it all from us; there is nothing left to hear but the noise of a species tearing itself apart."

18 "Who will hold your hand when it is all said and done? Who has the key to your life and emotions whose tears will fall on the dust of your grave?"

19 "Without this we are nothing but lamps shining at one another as we pass, the light going nowhere but to blind others. Just turn away with your life and look at what we have done to ourselves when will we learn?"

20 "WHEN WILL YOU LEARN? When is there hope? When is there despair? WHEN YOU MAKE IT THERE IT WILL BE this is how some can laugh at death and cry to a flower. What is flesh?"

21 "And the hate shall flow forth, from the soul to the eyes. Only then can one then be empty of their rage down visiting the Pit."

22 "And take then your love, and let it spill forth for all to see upon the ground. Then it can be crushed by the hate now free and running like a serpent. Only then can you be even emptier down visiting the Pit."

23 "Then allow your sorrow at your creation destroying itself to well up and bubble to the front. Live it; until a thousand suicides have been lived, pull out and a revel in the fact that in the Pit sorrow can be

allowed to burn, as here it consumes itself. Now down visiting the Pit you are emptier still.”

24 “Is it that nothing is true, or is it that everything is true? Does it matter if either way everything is permitted?”

25 A Prayer: “Take this fool away, sweep him from his self bondage, and let him evaporate into all the named things, let his purpose become the purpose of all things, so it might be done with the quickness.”

SO ENDS THE LIBER BULLSHIT

"Leave it to mortals to inquire about death"

Hail Eris!

All Hail Discordia!

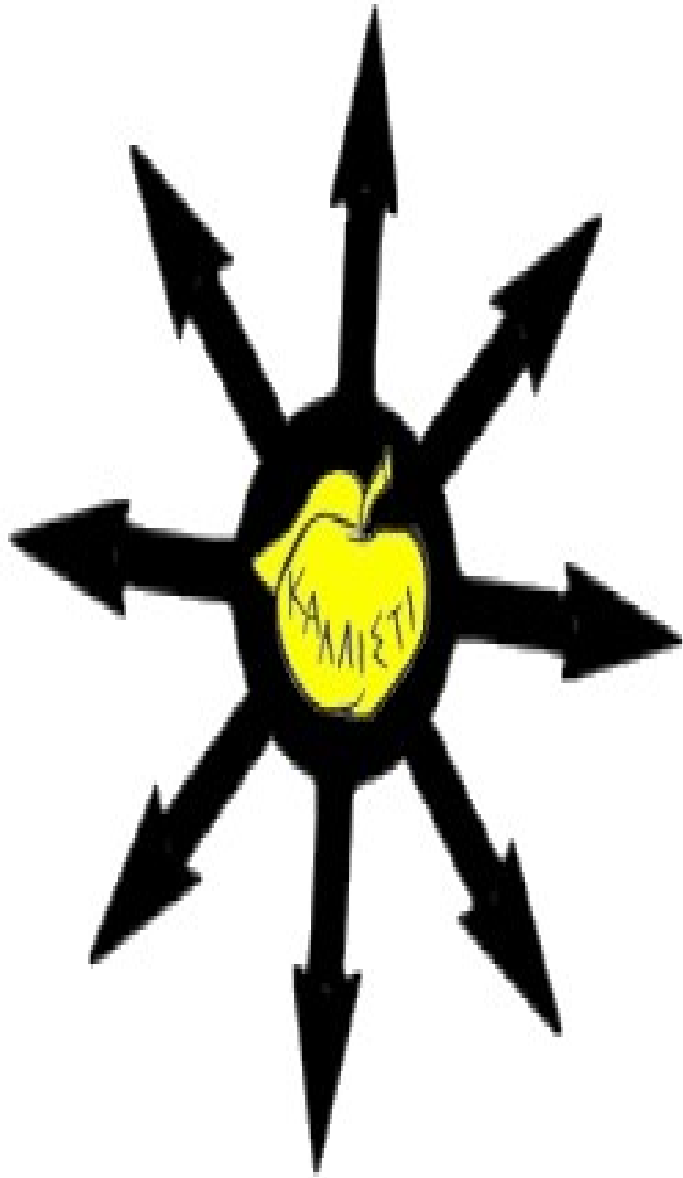
Hail Holy Hotpocket!

All Hail Portable Foodstuffs!

Hail Great Corndog!

All Hail The Carnival!

-FIN-

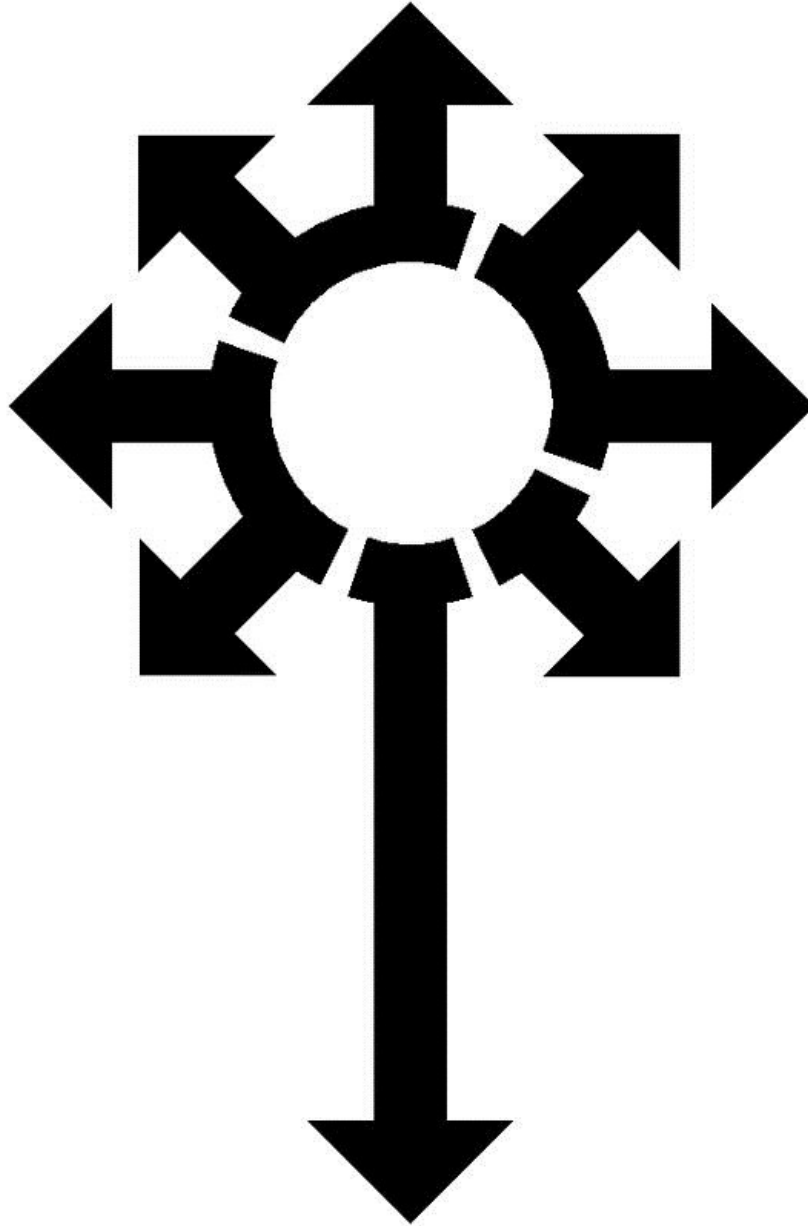


Part Three #rd

The Vektors

Handbook

By Seth Morris



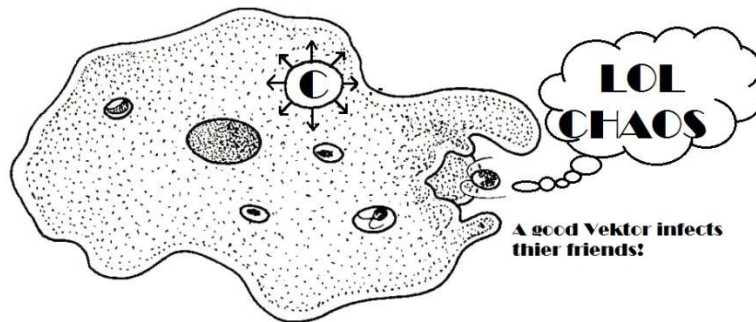
What is the point of this handbook?-

To spread an idea like a virus. An idea that will not only infect people, but make them infect others. An idea that will change things, for better or worse. Stagnation is death. Refusal to adapt is sin. This will push

things. This handbook will give you the tools you will need to infect others and become a Vektor. The idea-virus? Chaos.

What is a Vektor? -

A vector, in biology, is a carrier that infects things with a pathogen upon contact. There are many vectors that carry Chaos in them, unknowingly. However, a Vektor is not one of them. They do not spread Chaos unknowingly, but rather have taken the banner of Chaos and have made themselves a carrier of the idea-virus. A Vektor has decided to make a difference, and had decided to declare WAR on the Dominant Paradigm, the Mundane. They work to spread not only the idea of Chaos, but the idea-virus of Chaos, so that others will in turn be either vectors or Vektors.



How to Explain Chaos To Sleepers-

Chaos, a word originally coming from the Greek concept of Khaos. While the modern usage of the word Chaos has many connotations of discord and bedlam, of destruction and mayhem, the original usage of the word was a bit different.

The Greek Khaos meant, literally "chasm" or "abyss". Mythologically it was the "nothing" from where everything came. Chaos led to Cosmos. Chaos, essentially can manifest as anything. Enter; Chaos-mindedness. "Chaos" to the Chaos minded, to the Vektor, is not per se the images you associate with the word. It is not per se discord and destruction. But it can be those things.

Myth of Chaos as Destruction-

In the observable world, which may or may not exist, physically nothing is destroyed or created. The only thing that is created or destroyed are our concepts of things. So in a way:

Chaos = Simultaneous Destruction/Creation = Change

When you paint a picture, you are creating a painting (concept) and destroying a pristine canvas (concept) when in the physical world you are merely changing the canvas and paint. So in a sense, Chaos is change.

At least one of its facets.

Chaos as a meta-paradigm-

The chaos-minded does not exist in one paradigm. Chaos-mindedness could indeed be called a meta-paradigm. A paradigm is a worldview, a belief system. It is your "truth". Chaos is subjectivity. It is agnosticism. It is what it is and sometimes what it is not. The Chaos-minded do not exist in one stationary paradigm but rather move between them at will. What is true one day is not the next. It is a form of self evolution, and it abhors fundamentalism.

Chaos as Logic-

"Thinking makes it so-" ~ Hamlet

In philosophy, there is a branch called epistemology. It is the branch of philosophy which concerns itself with the nature and scope of knowledge. However, there is something referred to as The Regress Problem.

According to this argument, any proposition requires a justification. However, any justification itself requires support, since nothing is true "just because". This means that any proposition whatsoever can be endlessly (infinitely) questioned. In the end, everything comes down to belief, to opinion.

This leads the philosophically minded to subjectivity. If everything is simply based on other things you cannot verify, anything could be true. Existential arguments range from "The Brain In A Jar" scenario (in which you are asked "How can you prove you are not a brain in a jar, hooked up to a machine that makes you experience all that you perceive) and to movies with the same concept, such as the Matrix or Dark City. The answer to these exercises ends, logically, with "I can't prove it. I don't know." This leads to pragmatism.

Pragmatism is a philosophical movement that includes those who claim that an ideology or proposition is true if it works satisfactorily, that the meaning of a proposition is to be found in the practical consequences

of accepting it, and that impractical ideas are to be rejected. Chaos-mindedness could be called pragmatic, to a large degree. If a paradigm does not work for you, it is not "true", essentially you throw it away from your paradigm, and shift into another.

Chaos as Healthy-

"There is CHAOS in the hearts of little children; As the Machine grows, the CHAOS dies." ~ Anonymous

It is shown to observation that being controlled in a way that you do not enjoy, brings pain and suffering. While this should (and probably does) seem obvious, what is less obvious is the ways in which we are being controlled against our will, and how it is making us suffer. We are constantly controlled by many methods. Indoctrination, social conditioning, the media, etc etc. Families are expected not only to accept the Dominant Paradigm, but also to MAKE their children believe in it. If they do not, they are ostracized. They are given medicine, medicine that are often given as "cures for mental illnesses that are only caused by a strict regimen of indoctrination. You are not given a choice. Live in the Dominant Paradigm or Die, says the world.

But Chaos offers a different route. Your truth is as true as anything else. Everything is subjective, do what you will because you are as much authority as anyone else. Be creative, be destructive. Your reality, your paradigm was taken hostage at a young age. Steps to resolve:

- 1.) Shoot the hostage-paradigm. You don't need it anymore, and will not allow yourself to be held hostage.
- 2.) Shoot the hostage taker-paradigm. You do not need their chains anymore. You are Chaos-minded. You can make your own truth.
- 3.) Use the corpses, and whatever else you want, to make a new paradigm.
- 4.) Enjoy. You will be happier. You will be free.

Tools-

Spread this---> chaotefreedom.wordpress.com

<http://evolution.spruz.com/>

<http://www.imho.com/grae/chaos/chaos.html>

<http://www.ldscabal.webs.com/>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doublethink>

principiadiscordia.com (for an example of what pseudo/religion can and

perhaps should be)

deathbylollipop.com

<http://lifehacker.com/5672291/how-to-manipulate-people>

chaosmatrix.org

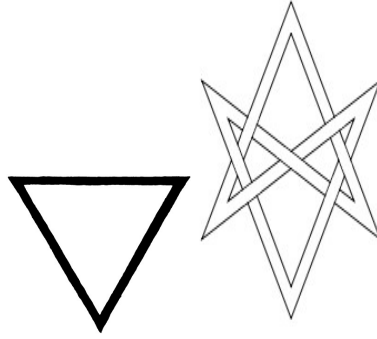
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Current 22^{7/8}

as rendered by

MALACUS FERA Episkopos OMHNIHERLD Squirty McMeatus Pannyss BT, KSC

DISCORDIAN NEW OUTER TANTRA

“Naked I reached the world at birth;

Naked I pass beneath the earth:

Why toil I, then, in vain distress,

Seeing the end is nakedness?"

Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation

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EXPLAINED

and some things not

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Supplementary mindfuckery: The Middle Pillar

MIND FUCK 3: The TRIDENT (The priliminary technique for *casting* sigils)

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Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Deaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping
is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is these are words why are you reading these by, try words?

MIND FUCK 5: On the implementation of sigils

APPENDIX of RITUALS AND TEXTS (OBFUSCATED,
CORRUPTED AND OTHERWISE)

shamelessly full of stolen goods,

Most rites Panultimately reversed. All parts of this book are to be reproduced, transmitted, or utilized, in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher, especially for quotations in critical articles, books and reviews.

JAN 03 2011- SEP 15 2011

INTRODUCTION

This book was written as an
esoteric Discordian practice
manual.

Written from the Madhyamaka or
Centrist position, a permutation of

nondual philosophy refuting both
eternalism and annihilationism.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL POINT:

And if that made any or no sense to you, then we have more or less in common than you
might think!

voluptate doloremque

When I initially began writing this book, my goal was to write a short primer on chaos magick for an acquaintance. Much of the material I wanted to cover was difficult to approach, especially for a person raised in an overtly protestant christian background. Before long the short primer on the basis of chaos magick had turned into a 200+ page grimoire/commentary/collage on nondualism, trances, chemognosticism, dreaming and sex magick techniques. Many sources were raided for wisdom. So erratic in layout was the book, that even for a precocious student of the occult WORK; the book was nigh impossible to easily absorb. For the exegesis one would require familiarity with Hindu Tantra, Buddhism of various forms and nondual philosophy in various postmodern permutations. I needed to boil the book down... I went back to the drawing board, (laptop rather) stripped the outline back down to the bones. Reevaluated the whole plan, scrapped it and started afresh. There were three editions of the LIBER Ø555Ø CP BTG (Really!) The first edition has since been lost but I did distribute a few unfinished copies of the second and third editions (Verily!) There just *might* still exist copies, floating around on the 'net someplace, doubtful though.

Nudge nudge, wink wink.

Anyways, the first project failed miserably. The book was for someone who had never heard of samadhi or moksha, let alone familiar with the differences between yogin and bhogin (false dichotomy.) As I said, it was erratically written, hard to read.

I began again with refocused intention, and a more clearly defined format. It still got cluttered up though. At least I've divided the book into chapters... this time!

So here you go, the DISCORDIAN NEW OUTER TANTRA.

Now before you go making assumptions followed by assertions, let me tell you something: this book contains techniques, some of which are "authentic tantric practices." That said, one cannot rightly do them and then claim to be practicing 'authentic' Tantra. Tantra has many preliminaries, diksha for one: a guru is a must. However, Chaoists, Erisians, Bulldadaïtes, Fae and antinomians of all colours may certainly lay claim to the (mis)application of such techniques; now that some of them are more readily accessible in the western hemisphere.

So that you may make better use of the first chapter of this book a list of suggested readings has been put in the appendix. It is essential that if you are going to attempt anything in the book, you work through the various mind fucks in order (or not.) But do all of them for Mary fucking Muhammed's sake. I trimmed the list of techniques to the most beneficial, practically applicable and useful ones for a western mind, in postmodern society. If all are used, this book offers a vehicle of practice that is fundamentally empty of any prescribed ethos, doctrine or morality. From this suite one may begin the study of chakras, the sorceries of You/Wedoit and various other esoteric subjects. We can show you a bit about how to empty your cup. Before you try to fill it with a different drink that is... Otherwise you get an admixture. If that's what you're looking for... Well, I can't tell you what it will taste like, unless you tell me what you're mixing and in what parts. Even then, I can only guess. I like plain water, or fruity tea myself. Some people like MONSTER ENERGY drinks. Mexicanese brain juice is an admixture of cheap tequila and MONSTER ENERGY drink. Mexicanese brain juice can fuck you up real good. Especially if you are gonna drop some E and smoke a few before you hit the town. Though, to me that doesn't sound like a plan that is good for your liver. Once my buddy Jesse and I rolled a 10 gram bat, and

smoked it to the head. Then we drank a bunch of Mexicanese brain juice. Then we went down to the strip club to see our mutual friend, who was hard at work. I usually find the strip club's atmosphere mildly depressing. I don't often frequent them, but when I do, I have "a time." This "time" resulted in some fucking terrible anxiety and my stripper friend had to take me in the back room for some psycho-therapy. She recommended I get myself some Lorazepam as a short term treatment. Luckily the therapy session only cost me some of my dignity. When I wiped the tears from my eyes and thanked the kindly stripper, she smiled. Then escorted me back to the table where my friend Paul proceeded to buy me more alcohol and suggest that everything was fine. Be mindful that this book is not a book of what things to think of, or of what to think of things! Instead it is a book of how to go about not thinking of things!!!! (note the auspicious number of 5's!)

- MALACUS FERA Episkopos OMHNIHERLD Squirty McMeatus Pannyss BT KSC

**TO CLEAR THE MIND
OF ITS NOISE
THEN TO LOSE THE MIND ALTOGETHER
THIS IS MEDITATION
OF COURSE SOME WOULD CALL IT INSANITY**

CHAPTER I

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



ZOS – Eminence and ego

KIA – Transcendent noself

Know that ZOS-KIA know no separation.

DUALITY DIES,

ERIS, EMMANATION OF THE VOID DANCES ON THE CORPSE OF
IGNORANCE!

In her mother-sister-lover's formless womb!

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



Karma is the noise of three Norns spinning.

Ørlog, from the past becoming

Wyrd, and thus

Skuld, debt arsing.

Cessation of the small self BEGETS PLEASURE.

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



The term “morality” is often used:

descriptively to refer to a code of conduct put forward by a society or,
some other group, such as a religion, or
accepted by an individual for her own behavior or
normatively to refer to a code of conduct that, given specified conditions,
would be put forward by all rational persons.

Let's get this straight once and for all you festering malcontents from absolutist dualist solipsist fascist college! Humans, as biological organisms do not possess a predetermined moral code. Humans are neither inherently good nor inherently evil. They cannot be. Good and evil are themselves abstractions of *per-CEPTION*. ***Absurd notions derived of misguided discursive thought!***

Evolution promulgates certain behavioral patterns, present in a successfully adapted organism. The operation of a group, culture, and society necessitates certain behavioral patterns. Cultural norms based on survival imperatives arise accidentally, organically, primarily out of necessity, but sometimes also out of various forms of social engineering; superstitious, sociopathic, psychopathic, enlightened or otherwise. Culture and sociological pressures limit the number, type and scope of behavioral patterns learned by any member thereof. There are social norms, yes. But let us not absolutize the relative here. Cultures can and do change, rapidly at times.

But by the very definition, there cannot exist 'real' morals. At least not any that are dependent upon some preternaturally existing transcendent moral standard. Maybe there could exist ethics? Ethics, a branch of philosophy sometimes called moral philosophy can be broken down into several sub-fields:

[Meta-ethics](#), about the theoretical meaning and reference of moral propositions and how their truth-values (if any) may be determined;

[Normative ethics](#), about the practical means of determining a moral course of action;

[Applied ethics](#), about how moral outcomes can be achieved in specific situations;

[Moral psychology](#), about how moral capacity or moral agency develops ie, nature ; and

[Descriptive ethics](#), about what moral values people actually abide by.

Within each of these branches are many different schools of thought and still further sub-fields of study. While normative ethics addresses such questions as "What should one do?", thus endorsing some ethical evaluations and rejecting others, meta-ethics addresses questions such as "What *is* goodness?" and "How can we tell what is good from what is bad?", seeking to understand the nature of

ethical properties and evaluations, *primarily through ontological speculation. Pfft... perhaps a more phenomenological approach would garner better results!*

If we delve into the area of meta-ethics, taking a madhyamaka position (or rather lack thereof) and ask if there can be ethical standards what happens? What is utility? What is teleology, or for that matter; an ethical praxis? What is is? Is is? Isis?

Scruples are handy for knowing if taking a particular course of action will get you in deep shit or not. But what are called scruples differ on where and when you go. So scruples are called scruples, but scruples are not scruples and are therefore called scruples.

Aḥmad ibn Abd al-Ḥalīm Ibn Taymīyah, Wael B. Hallaq, *Ibn Taymiyya against the Greek logicians*, 1993, xxvi.

“He claims that if **CENSORED** were evolving or improving, being an infinite being, it would have to be traceable back to some point of having "an infinitely undeveloped state and condition." But, this claim was made prior to the rise of scientific knowledge pinpointing the beginning of the Universe in time, and connecting time with space, so that time would not exist as we know it prior to the Universe existing. In Islam, a criticism is raised, wherein it is argued that "from the juristic standpoint, obliterating the distinctions between **CENSORED** and the universe necessarily entails that in effect there can be no [Sharia](#), since the deontic nature of the Law presupposes the existence of someone who commands (amir) and others who are the recipients of the command (ma'mur), namely **CENSORED** and his subjects.”

So I say to you:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

*He who transmutes the ugly into a **NeW AESTHeTiC** has something beyond fear.*

For the ethical pragmatist I can assert that this formula has never harmed me; on

the contrary, by improved health and self-control it has made me tolerant, understanding and compassionate. It inspires and promises more than probability as possible, and is the only thing that has made reality magical and the magical, reality. Pleasure is in us and around us... now I beckon and it cometh unto me.

ESTABLISH CONTEXT, AIM FOR THE MIDDLE.

When something repels you, inquire as to why. In so doing, root out delusion, and find what has utility. Use and discard.

******Here Endeth The Mindfuck******



Devesi, even with my five mouths I am unable to speak of the yoni's greatness!

Listen Naganandini, by grace of your yoni I became Mahadeva!

Praise to the formless womb!

The Philosophical Roots of Science

The ancient Greeks formulated many concepts and ideas that have been embedded in Western science. Many scientific questions originated in the Greek tradition are found in Western philosophy. Aristotle and Plato were profoundly puzzled about the nature of space and time, and about the nature of substance. They wanted to know what matter is made of, how it is put together. The nature of how things change, and why they change, was also questioned. They noticed that certain things change systematically and other things change apparently at random. They wanted to know about the nature of motion. Additionally, of course, they wanted to know about the origins of life, where it all came from. They also asked particular questions about humans. They wanted to know how humans can know the world outside them according to some kind of internal representation. How with just a head and eyes and ears, nonetheless we find it possible to know what's going on outside in an immense and complicated world. To know that things exist independently of you in the world, and to know that sometimes how things seem to be is different from how they in fact are. These are called mysteries. They would use the example of your perception when you thrust a stick into water: the stick looks bent. That is how you

perceive it to be, but some other part of your knowledge represents it as being, in fact, straight. They were intrigued by the fact that you could distinguish between how things *seem* to be and how they *actually* turn out to be. They were intrigued, also, that we can think about things when they are not present. Thus, I can think about my children, even though they are not here. (As I have none.)

ANTI-ARISTOTELIAN
LEAGUE LIBRARY

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



You are a happiness in the mouth?

If we all effect a change on our own paradigm (this DOES require some effort, being a bliss-ninny doesn't count), there WILL come an eventual overlap, at which the large scale change which we have hoped to affect all along will be impossible to stop.

(insert witty closing tag line here)

SUBGENII know that the change we really need is the ascension of the SUBGENII to higher spheres of influence! Then we can have all the SLACK we desire, without every having to bother enticing foolish normals into rejecting their greyfaced folly and foolish conspiracy in exchange for their own unlimited slack. LET'S FACE IT: This is not some chaste, blissed-out, OM chanting universe, where all sentient beings are led to enlightenment by benevolent Bodhisattvas! Rather it is a fearsome and terrifying squirt-fest! As carnal and horrendous as it is immaculately beautiful. *Some people get the good-sense they need RAPED into them. The rapist isn't trying to teach them a lesson per se. (THAT'D BE TOO KINKY FOR THE RAPIST) But ERIS sure is!*

What does this mean?

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



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CONSTITUTION OF THE SPIRITUAL ANARCHIST
THE POST PENTABARFIC LAWlz

Article 1

We recognize no absolutes.

Article 2

No person, group of persons or government may initiate force, threat of force, blackmail or fraud against any individual body or personal property. (What *is* property:?)

Article 3

Force may be used only in self-defense against those who violate Article 2.

Article 4

No exceptions shall exist for Articles 1, 2 or 3. *wink wink, nudge nudge.*

Slay all dualistic notions with the crested, barbed trident of the Transpantherion!

Article 5

None of the Articles of THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SPIRITUAL ANARCHIST are real, valuable, useful or necessary.

******Here Endeth The Mindfuck******



Property is Theft.

Property is Freedom.

Property is Illusory.

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



FREEDOM IS A MEANINGLESS WORD!!!!

bbbbbbEWARE THE pppppINK ONES!

consider the case of FREEDOM V. OBLIGATION

FREEDOM IS 55 FLAVOURS OF GUM ON A RACK MADE BY WRIGLEYS AND CADBURY.

FREEDOM IS 112 VARRIETIES OF DUTY-PAID OVER TAXED PACKS OF 20 FILTERED-TIP CIGARRETES, FROM ONE CORPORATION NO LESS.... BEHIND A PLASTIC FLAP TO PREVENT PEOPLE FROM SEEING THE LOGOS!

Oh noes, advertising tobacco products is iLL-EAgle!

(except on billboards at sports games)

Laughter and paradox are essential when worshipping Eris. One of the ways we worship Eris is by engaging in 'guerrilla jedi NLP mind tricks' - making paradoxical handbills to distribute; posting esoterica in unlikely places; dangerous counterevangelism; surrealist pranking; ontological tomfoolery; giving absurd rewards to (in)distinguished individuals; etc. We believe that such things are essentially meaningless to someone on any honest spiritual path. But laughter opens minds more than anything else can. Laughter is also one of the best ways to worship! Why wouldn't your deities wish to see you having a rip-roaring good time? Another way we worship **ERIS** is to design our own rituals, on the fly - and they had better be good rituals, Eris help us!!! ---In which we mimic or parody other more 'serious' traditions. Due to the nature of Discordianism, the rituals are at the whim of the moment. Often, no two rituals are the same. What the rituals lack in continuity, they make up for in creativity, (usually, though not always!) Usually, though not always; cabals will have organically developed sets of rituals which fit the participants and Eris just fine. The magical tools we use in

rituals more often depend upon the idiosyncrasies of the episkopos than on any tradition. Sacred forks may replace athames for circle casting. Five quarters may be called instead of four. For divination, we may use TV screens to scry as readily as black plates or crystal balls. For incense we may smoke bats. Sometimes we cast no circles and at other times we may cast differently shaped sacred spots. If this appears silly, that is the main point, *right? CHECK OUT HOW DAMN SILLY THE GOLDEN DAWN RITUALS LOOK!* Learn to work rituals with any or no tools. Discordian ritual and worship incorporates everything around you. On the flipside, we mustn't forget the usefulness of symbolism. Or the axioms of potent You/Wedoit!

On the subject of symbolism, let me state that: All symbols are abstract, and essentially meaningless outside of context arising from so-called "subjective experiences." The grapheme **A** represents a number of phonemes today. These change with time and locality. Eventually **A** will be forgotten, and become essentially meaningless within the scope of sentient life or whatever is pootin at that time. Y'know what I'se sayin?

Now consider this: once a woman had epilepsy. Some doctors do some surgery. While doing surgery they monkeyed around and did some experiments. They were able to make her recall various events she normally did not have access to. Vivid details, such as the color of birthday candles and faces of people at her fifth birthday party.

Afterward she forgot. Cause she couldn't remember it normally... Why? Where did it go? How was it there? I don't know for sure, but I'm pretty sure the subconscious mind does not forget. Oftentimes the ego, the psychic defense mechanism; forgets... represses, or otherwise denies access to certain recollections at times.

On a related note a fun, happy-go-lucky guy once said:

The most merciful thing in the world... is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents.

Regardless, there are fewer fibers descending from the cerebral cortex, (and especially the areas associated with

speech and thought) that feed into the mid brain and brain stem. There are many, many more fibers ascending from the mid brain feeding into the cortex. so... This means that the reptile and monkey brain, that controls most of our motor and bodily functions. The feedback loop predominantly only feeds information into the cerebral cortex. The parasympathetic and autonomic nervous systems does a lot of the "thinking" or rather... the doing. Your body is intelligent. It can get most of your shit done for you... if you get out of your own damn way! Synchronous bodily thought, and stillness of mind leads to time passing strangely and all things happening with ease. This is a form of alchemy I see as useful... desirable even. How I digress! But what else does this tidbit about neurophysiology tell you?

The subconscious mind does not forget. Upon this supposition I have formulated a theory as to how a particular occult technique functions.

First we must muster up all our desire for the things for which we lust most. Then, we write them thus: "It is my will, desire and belief that I please many a juicy yoni?" Notice it is state as a positive affirmation/question in the present tense. The next step it to place these written desires folded, in an enclosure and draw them one at a time in turn.

Draw one, read it, dispose of it (via flame if possible.) Take a piece of paper and allow a sigil to present itself. It matters not how unintelligible, unmemorable or indistinguishable a squiggle or sound it comes as. The more nondescript and similar to the others the better!

Hide the sigils.

Wait a while, and forget about it, find new things to lust after.

Once all is forgotten, take them out, and use them as foci in various meditations or empowerment rituals. The method I most prefer is to redraw

them on a reflective surface, and stare into them, then past them, and then into my own eyes and empty out. Oftentimes I combined this with the use of an idiosyncratic mantra which presents a supposed dichotomy. Alternately, you might use an idiosyncratic mantra as the sigil.

Thus I derived an axiomatic formulae of magick:

Synch up.

Tune in.

Drop out.

It forms the basis of most rites. The alignment of will, desire and belief is necessary for the operation of effective magick. When we use various techniques to "Synch up" with the other operators (sentient and otherwise) in a You/Wedoit rite, we begin to lose our hard sense of self and personal boundaries. We engage in unusual behavior.

When we tune in, we are entering a gnostic state, and aligning ourselves with the atmosphere of the rite.

Dropping out, conceptual thought breaks down as we become lost in a hedonic experience. The mind and body distracted by the sacraments, it becomes possible to use the sigil, to plant the subconscious obsession. The sigil is implemented in whatever fashion is suitable, as the focus of the rite. Use the techniques of Discordian Karezza, and at the moment of climax be certain to focus on the sigil intently. Do not lust for climax, or for magick, or for results, or any such thing. Simply breathe, flex your groin muscles and enjoy the pleasant sensations of this uncommon sensual experience. Once you've got the hang of the whole groin muscle thing combined with the breathing techniques we talk about, feel free to use various accoutrements or visualizations to invoke the notion of your partner as the embodiment of **whatever**. If you try this beforehand it will just be a distraction. We also highly recommend pursuing the curricula outlined by Dr. Hyatt and his contemporaries. Also various books on tantrism of eastern and western varieties will likely garner you some useful axioms and other handy, truthy bung nuggets.

Sex magick, even if done incorrectly, or ineptly will likely still have some affect.... Sex magick can be dangerous and there are definitely some dangers within using chakra meditations such a gTummo and the like whilst

engaging in such rites... Be very selective of partners you choose to work with. It is best if one leads the rite over the other. Roles may be switched from time to time. But one person should act as top, whilst the other takes the role of bottom. Depending upon the participants and the approach this is done variously. If you have some experience with hypnosis, this will prove invaluable in administrating your own illegitimate little school of tantrism! Certainly you may conduct such rites without your partner's knowledge. Some alchemical manuals have even suggested this is better. However it is my opinion that it is more effective when both practitioners know what is transpiring. It also facilitates certain more unusual sexual rituals. That said, I have done such rites without a partner's knowledge to great success.

The Principia Discordia includes some of the more well known Erisian rituals. One practice that may be of interest to magical operators is the use of laughter in banishing. In terms of conduct, Discordians loosely adhere to the Chaoist axiom 'nothing is true and everything is permissible.' It sounds like a blanket endorsement for any sort of behavior. Even so, it is said that some religions preach love, compassion, law, and forgiveness but result in hatred, disorder and destruction. Where goes the cross goes the sword donchaknow! Discordianism elucidates chaos, confusion, and disorder, and results in love, creativity, acceptance, autonomy, and laughter. The axiom refers to a notion that 'reality' is a mutable immaterial no-thing. Ultimately it is made up of our combined perceptions and is therefore immaterial, ephemeral and evanescent. This is not to say that phenomena are of no consequence. Quantum physics teaches us that subatomic particles and antiparticles popping into existence out of nothing and colliding create the quantum foam from which our temporal existence is manifest. If this sounds like anarchy, you may be right. . . *maybe*? What kind of Anarchy would that look like? What does a so-called emancipatory meta narrative look like? How does that help anyone? For answers pick up a copy of the oldest esoteric text still in print. I'll give you a hint, it is called what it is called, though it is not what it is called and so it is called what it is called! It is called what it is called, because it is sharp and cuts away all arbitrary notions Subhuti! Got me? Got milk? Wash down **that** hair pie!

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



One day five blunt and blind men, who knew nothing of elephants, went to examine one to find out what it was. Reaching out randomly, each touched it in a different spot. One man touched the side, one an ear, one a leg, one a tusk, and one the trunk.

Each satisfied that he now knew the true nature of the beast, they all sat down to discuss it.

“We now know that the elephant is like a wall,” said the one who touched the side. “The evidence is conclusive.”

“I believe you are mistaken, sir,” said the one who touched an ear. “The elephant is more like a large fan.”

“You are both wrong,” said the leg man. “The creature is obviously like a tree.”

“A tree?” questioned the tusk toucher. “How can you mistake a spear for a tree?”

“What?” said the trunk feeler. “A spear is long and round, but anyone knows it doesn’t move.”

“Couldn’t you feel the muscles? It’s definitely a type of snake! A blind man could see that!” said the fifth blind man.

The argument grew more heated, and finally escalated into a battle, for each of the five had five times fifty-five followers. This became known as the Battle of the Five Armies (not to be mistaken for the one described by that Tolkien fellow). However, before they could totally destroy themselves, a blind, self-declared Discordian oracle came along to see what all the fuss was about. While they were beating the crap out of each other, she examined the elephant. But instead of stopping after one feel, she touched the whole thing, including the tail, which felt like a rope. “It’s just a big animal with big sides, ears, feet, tusk teeth, long nose and a skinny tail,” she thought. “What a bunch of fools these guys are.” She then said “Stop! I have discovered the truth. I know who is right.” She being an

oracle and all, they stopped and listened and said

“Tell us!”

“I have examined the elephant with mine own two hands,” she said, “and I find that you are all right.”

“How can this be?” they asked. “Can an elephant be a wall and a fan and a tree and a spear and a snake?” And they were sorely confused. She explained

“The elephant is a great Tree, and on this tree grow leaves like great Fans to give most wondrous shade and fan the breeze. And the branches of this tree are like Spears to protect it. For this is the Tree of Creation and of Eternal Life, and the Great Serpent hangs upon it. “Unfortunately, it is hidden behind a great Wall, which is why it was not discovered until this very day. It cannot be reached by normal means. “However I, in my wisdom, have discovered a **Most Holy Rope**, by which the wall may be climbed. And if one touches the tree in the proper manner which I alone know, you will gain Eternal Life.” They all became highly interested in this, of course. She then named an extremely high price for her services (Eternal Life doesn’t come cheap), and made quite a bundle.

Moralism: Anyone can lead blind men to an elephant, but a Discordian can charge admission.

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



A fundamental tenet of Buddhism is the lack of inherent existence of phenomena,

including oneself: our normal understanding of things as substantial is an illusion, for

they exist truly only as dependently related events. Various dialectic approaches have

developed in Tibetan Buddhism, designed to challenge and ultimately to dismantle our

reified view of reality. The Dalai Lama several times tries to pursue this type of logical

enquiry with scientists. He seems to be interested in the possibility that a scientific

understanding of the brains processes might lead to a similar deconstruction of illusion.

00:26 Nytewhat, mescal?

[00:26] littlepickya

[00:27] Nytewell... when it's liquid, in an extraction, it's usually clear, though sometimes they put just a touch of a blue coloring in it,

[00:28] Nyteif you look up the san pedro cactus, that is the best place to get it from

[00:35]Urfckbuttsplotions

[00:35] littlepickwe don't have many of those in michigan

[00:35] Nyteyou can order the cacti off of amazon

[00:36] |<--Sparkleraep has left irc.hypersigil.org (Quit: <http://www.mibbit.com> ajax IRC Client)

[00:36] littlepickeehh<_[00:36] NyteI also referenced it so you could look up a

picture on google

[00:39]Urfckstorytime

[00:39] litlepickyay! I love story time

[00:40]Urfck*One time Omar and Mal2 were waiting for the bus.*

[00:40]Urfckaa FAT GUY with a gymbag

wearing a shabby bathrobe and plaid slip-ons. (I know, don't ask how.)

a FAT GUY with a gymbag

Yes.

[00:41]Urfcka FAT GUY with a gymbag

[00:42] xophholy shit

[00:42]UrfckMal2 grinned at the rainbow shoelace that held together one of the FAT GUYS slip-ons. He nudged Mal. Gesturing with an extended forefinger he muttered "rainbow..."

[00:42] xophmy eyes are running away

[00:43]UrfckThe FAT GUY turned and looked at the both. Recognizing them as Pops.

[00:43] xophi can see

[00:43]Urfckthe FAT GUY then shouted "FUCK, Hello!" and silently stared. (C-creepily.)

[00:44] litlepickis confused as usual

[00:44]UrfckMal2 smiled wryly and asked the FAT GUY "Hey rainbow-lace, what's ERIS just gotta say about rainbows?" The FAT GUY approached, laid down his gym bag.

[00:45]Urfck@litlepick CONFUSION IS NATURAL BS, ERIS SAID SO

[00:45]UrfckHe unzipped the broken zipper. Muttering and cursing, as it continually jammed and partially re-zipped. After a few moments fumbling and cursing he produced a two bagels, the gym bag was full of them. Nothing but bagels.

[00:42] xophWOW, it's like a fairy tale bagle-bag!!!!

[00:46]Urfcknote the auspicious number of exclamation points!

[00:46]UrfckOmar and Mal2 graciously accepted the bagels and began to scarf them down, having not eaten since the prior night.

[00:46]UrfckIt was a fun night, but too much acid makes your stomach upset sometimes, and then you don't wanna eat.

[00:47] NyteWorse still is when you've got acid-gut churnings and you've been smoking as well and have the goddamn munchies... But I digress! **BACK TO THE STORY!**

[00:47]UrfckOmar spoke around a wad of bagel: "So um, guy what's ERIS do for a living?" The FAT GUY scowled, raised his middle finger in exclusion of all others and thrust it at the pair. He then shouted

[00:47]Urfck"FUCK!" and ran off, unzipped bagel-bag in tow.

[00:48]UrfckFor more bagel flavored fun, go swallow some fresh doughnuts that are too hot to swallow but too far down your gullet to spit out! I hear Tozan has five fresh, hot, jelly-filled pounds of them. Or maybe it was Mamon. ***I was stoned when I heard so...yeah.***

[00:49]NytePyro?

[00:49]Urfcktits

[00:49]Nyteuseless on nuns, should be donated to chicks with none

[00:50]litlepickI approve this message

[00:50]Urfckfor sure

[00:51]litlepickkiki will want in on this too

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



CHAPTER II



THE MOSTE ARCANE TECHNIQUES of THE MAGICKAL SCIENCES of YOU/WEDOIT

MIND FUCK 1: How to breathe

BELIEVE it or not, we will asser that there is a 'correct' way to breathe. Breath when at rest should come from the diaphragm, several finger widths beneath the navel. Breathe in deeply through the nose, feeling each breath fill you, belly up. Then open your mouth and alow the air to escape with an *Ahhh~* sound. Pause and repeat. Lao Tzu calims “The perfect man breathes as if not breathing.” So he *must* be right.

Breathing in this way oxegenates the brain very efficiently. Do it consistently for several minutes and You will undoubtedly feel a subtle alteration in your base state of conciousness. It is not unlike the relaxed alertness precipitated by cannabis use. Cannabis is a vasodialator and helps to oxygenate the brain, hence some of the subjective effects. However the cannabinoids in the plant also interact with the limbic system, fitting into endocannabinoid receptors. Actually, this helps the limbic system function more efficiently as well. The exogenous cannabinoids actually 'reset' the action of endocannabinoid receptors... But that is a whole other subject-- Humans and thier ancestors coevolved with the plant for well over 20,000 years. We have evolved a sort of dependency on it's essential oils! Not to mention the seed is a superfood, coated in medicine! Hail cannabis! lo she is a goddess among plants!

Once you can easily attain this 'high' feeling, experiment with different breath counts. See if you can heighten or deepen the trance state.

ANOTHER useful way of breathing is to breathe rapidly, in and out through the nasal passages in short pants from the abdomen whilst touching the tongue on the roof of the mouth. The goal here is to get a lot of oxygen quickly, without hyperventilating. You should repeat this breathing cycle three times, ten breaths with each cycle. On the third repetition end with a long exhale through the mouth. Then resume the 'correct' breathing technique. This one is especially usefull for grounding yourself in the present and entering a light trance state. You cycle more than three times if you like but becareful you do not hyperventilate. For future refference this is often called the breath of fire. There are a myriad other techniques to explore, experiment.

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



FOR DEPOSIT ONLY

MIND FUCK 2: How to sit

A major aspect of the practice of effective magick is concentration. By concentration we are reffering to the ability to keep the attention focused on a meditative object. By object we do not nessicarily mean a tangible thing, or even nessicarily something concievable as something possessing th essential nature of 'thingness.'

Seated 'concentration' should be done daily for at least 20 minutes. A comfortable seat or cushion is essential. Seat yourself in the lotus or half lotus position. Sway back and forth, side to side, until the optimal seat is found. Focus your attention on the floor aproximately two to three metres ahead.

Breathe as instructed in *MIND FUCK 1*. When concious thoughts or other mental constructs arise, acknowledge them as such. Then refocus the attention on the inbreath. As you relax and exhale, adjust your posture. Make sure your spine is straight, leaning neither forward , back nor sideways. Alternate attention between the inbreath and maintaining good posture.

At other times you may sit in the same posture, but focus your awareness on a single point or object tangible, or imagined.

Done daily, this practice lowers heart rate, stress levels as well as improving posture and overall awareness and cognition. If this is not done daily the

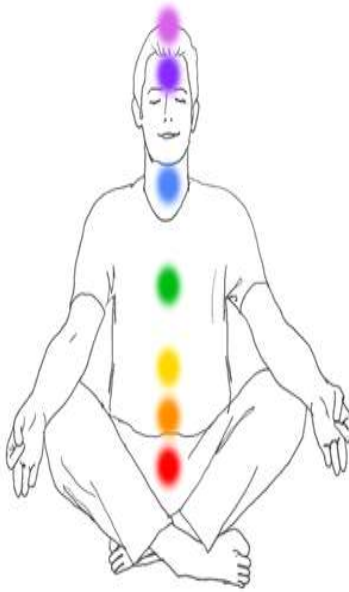
beneficial effects are drastically reduced.

Bear in n mind that sitting in this way is not intended to cultivate an idealized state. Meditations typically have a focus, so I refrain from even using the term. Can this even be called meditation? It has been at times. But this can mislead people. But so can the word *concentrate*... *Words are symbols. Symbols have no definite, essential meaning throughtout space and time. I can say the phrase to you:*

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



**Supplementary Mind Fuck:
FUCKING THE PILLAR**



This exercise makes a good ritual for grounding and centering

awareness. It is an excellent opening and closing ritual that may replace most of the usual banishing rituals of the work.

Visualize a point emanating a bright sphere of beautiful octarine light radiating from a point above the head. The sphere should be 6-7" in diameter and rest atop the head, penetrating the skull. Vibrate the name of the Yidam, as the seed-mantra of this point. Drone the seed-mantra three, five, six or nine times. Imagine the light swirling round and becoming brighter. Then a channel of light descends from it to the next point, expanding into a sphere of light.

Drone the syllable AUM three, five, six or nine times. Imagine the light swirling round, and becoming brighter. Then a channel descends from it, downward, expanding into the next sphere.

Drone the syllable HAM, and continue as before descending through YAM, RAM, VAM, LAM, and UR. These are located in the forehead, throat, solar plexus, navel, groin and between the buttocks respectively. You may further subdivide the chest into Solar plexus and Heart if you so desire, or gloss them as one.

Once all of the spheres are lit, imagine a drop of black energy beneath you. Bring this drop up into the UR sphere where it becomes empty, of color. Pass it through successive spheres, allowing it to take on their color as it ascends. As it enters the sphere above the head, visualize it becoming white, sending radiant white light down throughout the other spheres.

Breathe as instructed in mind fuck 1. As you inhale, imagine the drop of bright octarine energy descending through the spheres illuminating each. As you exhale, imagine this energy rising back up through each sphere, taking on it's color before, finally white light erupts from the crown of the head, dispersing into the space around you.



MIND FUCK 3: The TRIDENT

(A way to die)

Will, Desire, Beleief; *reified?*

Death Posture, the posture proper: *Dead*

Lay as if dead in a postition not suggesting sleep, but yawning in posture. Close the eyes, breathe deeply and *smile*. Focus awareness on the sigil/mantra till vacuity.

Death Posture, exercise i *Gazing*

Seated as in *MIND FUCK 2*, or standing as in posture exercise ii, but staring into one's own relefction. Gaze into the eyes, breathe deeply and *gaze deeply into your own eyes*. This is the preliminary exercise for developing concentration.

Starring into ones own reflection in a mirror until the reflection becomes indiscriminate, and *then*. Either seated or as standing in exercise ii.

Death Posture exercise, ii *Stiff*

Stand errect in a strenuous pose, body rigid with tension. Breathe deeply and *strain*. This is the preliminary exercise before the posture proper.

Basically, the idea is first to take some deep breaths and oxygenate your brain. Get kinda high feeling from taking long deep breaths that fill you up from the diaphragm. Focus on just breathing for a while, soon you feel entranced. You'll be sure of it when it happens, so don't worry or be surprised. A quick grounding exercise will return you to you base state. Also you will need to quiet your internal dialog. There are a number of ways this can be done. I find a short, simple (even meaningless) mantra or bija work well. Especially when combined with a task-specific visualization, you can effectively focus your conscious mind away from internal distractions. An especially effective secret I have discovered is to

continually remake the sigil or revisualize the alchemical process, over and over, oftentimes I speed it each time, and give it a dramatic finish the final time.

If you continue the deep breaths, and focus your attention on making the mantra internally or doing whatever task-specific 'magick' process you are applying. eventually you will become less aware of your bodily sensations. As this happens the the concious mind stills. Persist and eventually, you may drop the mantra or visualization, of your own accord or otherwise and maintain a deeply entranced state. Therein your bodily awareness will be somewhat diminished unless you should choose to open your eyes and/or actively try to become more aware.

As the mantra or visualization fades, emptiness opens up.

This this the preliminary practice of chaos magicians who are familiar with AOS and the root-currents that spawned what was called Chaos Magick. But chaos magick is a term that has been proliferated and used as a guise for much less useful things. Abhorrent things that do not even resemble refined sorts of alchemy, but crude, eclectic amalgamations of other systems. The idea is not to create a piece-meal ad hoc system. But instead a post-meta-paradigmatic vehicle through which we could navigate the occult currents!

In any case, use the three postures. Once concentration is deep and entrancing consider, a duality such as humor and seriousness. Consider each aspect in isolation and in relation. Impale it upon the Trident, transmuting duality, destroying monism and reduction.

Alternately, one may focus the attention soley on a sigil of desire, allowing thoughts to cease and eventually the cessation of even the awareness of the sigil as it passes into the subconscious. The trident itself may be used as an object. The symbolism of the ornaments is fairly self explanatory. The unicursal hexagram represents transmutation of duality and hints at self-deification via ishta devata. The black trianglular spiral is a representation of lunar energies, and the tantilizing illusion of monism represented by the deity. The light of the moon is reflected from the sun. A deity's power over us is drawn from our beleif in it as ourselves.

The three praxis of DEATH POSTURE are the supreme vehicles of obtaining the powers of magick. Through the death posture all satiates all desires. One's "magick mirror" must have energy in order to take on new forms. When not using such techniques, great adepts spend thier time quietly nonabiding, in a state of purest no-mind. These adepts are *in thier bodies*. Consider the *QUADRAGIA SEXUALIS* and how these subjects correlate. Why is sexual energy so imperative in the practice of tantra? The polysexual panimpulse, the formless void that spawns temporal existence. In which all emminece is the polysexual foam, the wellspring of life. The fountain of eternal youth, her consort. The cock fills the pussy, as forms fill formlessness!

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



DO NOT BEND

MIND FUCK 4: Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is
Tripping is Deaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is Dreaming is Tripping is

Dreams may be actively controled. This is often reffred to as lucid dreaming in the west and has cognates elsewhere. There are several avenues to dream control. We will primarily be exploring recognizing the dream state after falling asleep. However you may fall asleep whilst retaining concious awareness. This and other techniques are part of a number of “advanced yoga suites.” Also sometimes called more simply *exploiting sleep paralysis*.

The first thing to facilitate the recognition of the dream state is making the dreams vivid and memorable. This is easily done with the use of a dream journal. The dream journal is an essential and indespensible tool. On the first page, write a contract with yourself. It should state something to the effect of “I will have vivid dreams and recognize them as dreams. I will remember my dreams upon awakening.”

Each night before sleep as you lay down, remeber as much of your day as possible in reverse sequence, from the time you laid down in bed just now, to rising in the morning. Once this is done, repeat to yourself the notion “I am about to go to sleep. In sleep I may experience unusual circumstances, these are dreams. I will recognize them as such.” Do this for forty-five consecutive days. Each morning, when you awake, *do not move*. Recall the previous nights events in reverse order. Then write them in forward order in your dream journal.

Throughout the day, ask yourself “am I awake?” Any time you pass through a threshold, touch it momentarily and ask this question. Note the time frequently, and then read any amount of text. Periodically attempt to stretch your fingers like dough, or push through solid objects. Stare at an object and imagine it changing perceptible colour.

Do all of these things and you will have lucid dreams in less than 60 days.

Once you are lucid dreaming through mnemonic devices, attempt to meditate or perform other feats of magick whilst dreaming. Do not be suprized if you find yourself able to go far beyond your normal capabilities. However be careful to remain attentive. Continually reassert the notion that you are dreaming, or you will slip out of lucidity. Doing so, you may also wake up.

Supposedly, once you understand and recognize the (in)essential nature of dreaming, waking life becomes much as a dream. As inessence permeates our

view of the waking world, it becomes more recognizably dream-like.

In dreaming it is a useful practice to take on various dream-body forms. Atavistic avatars or “dream bodies” such as spiders, cats, owls, bats, wolves and cloud-serpents are especially useful in some nocturnal practices. These will be explored later.

It is possible to enter the dream state from wakeful consciousness. First you must begin by focusing on a mental object associated with the dream state. As you meditate on this progressively relax the body until it enters sleep paralysis. You will perceive your body falling asleep but must work to maintain a conscious mind. From here you may dream. This is sometimes called autohypnosis or astral projection, although these terms also refer to other practices which can induce dream like visions and hallucinations and other strange perceptions.

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



MIND FUCK 5: On the implementation of sigils

(Eating your own shit for dummies)

Sigils can be a difficult thing to tackle. The main thing to keep in mind is that the purpose of the sigil is to obfuscate the desire from the conscious mind. A sigil distracts with sensation-association that is subconsciously linked to the desire. The idea here is to manifest the desire by inculcating obsessions and beliefs conducive to its attainment. Synchronicity will play a role. Focusing on the sigil whilst in an altered state, with enough “concentration” will lead to vacuity, or no-mind. (See **MIND FUCK 3.**)

To do this *Will* must be mustered in the form of meditative focus. Then applied in an act of desirous sigilization. The sigil acts as the doorway to the gnosis of death posture. Concentration is the key to this door. I fantasize about the desire for a few moments and then throw myself into the act of making visual art. Other times I sit and pluck the maranzano. Still, other times I dance and gesticulate foolishly in a frenzy. Anything that feels like a physically or mentally energetic way to express the desire in an obfuscated manner is appropriate.

The sigil should then be simplified to a more iconic symbol of the desire. Monograms or specific tone sequences are very useful as sigils in death posture. Bija can be especially powerful.

I cannot overstate how visual sigils are not the only ones useful for death posture. Mantra and other sound based foci may be employed as sigils as easily as visuals (dependant upon personal aptitude and preference.) There are three main modes by which people frequently communicate and think in terms of. I myself and highly visual. I use visual metaphors in speech to describe non visual phenomena. There are also Auditorily and Kinaesthetically inclined people. Tying in various modes such as scent and taste are also a potent way of binding the desire into belief in altered state, commonly called anchoring. The seven senses or modalities could be fully incorporated into most every ritual, by whatever means available. Preferably the ritual should be built around the symbolism contained within the ritualistic expression of the modalities used. However you may use them as merely anchors without much intentionally attached meaning, to great affect.

The seven senses or modalities are:

- * **Visual**
- * **Auditory**
- * **Tactile**

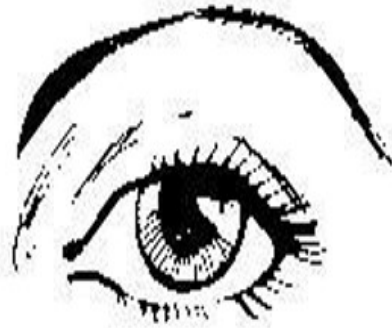
- * Olfactory
- * Gustatory
- * Balance
- * Time

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



Secret Technique Nº Sch55: Karezza

No one is watching



just go ahead and do it

KAREZZA is the secret bedroom art of many great adepts. Originally this practice was taught to mankind by various (so-called) vampyric, and otherwise terrifying and wrathful deities such as Bhairavi, Smashan Tara, Lilith and Hecate spawned of the great formless void Mahakali. Karezza is the preliminary practice that must be done before one may begin to practice *vajroli mudra* and the exercises done preceding the practice of vajroli. By the way, there are six or seven distinct phases of practice before one reaches even the first degree of attainment for the practice of vajroli. The first involves sucking up water with the lingam or yoni using a vacuum created by muscle pressure. The second, milk. The third, honey. The fourth, ghee. The seventh final stage, uses an admixture of specially prepared mercury, approximately 3 pounds of which must be held in the bladder for three hours at a time. Once you can do this, then you have the *first degree of attainment* and may do the preliminary practices of vajroli mudra. But seeing as how you cannot suck up anything with your lingam or yoni, let's just try karezza....

Flex your pelvic floor muscles, they are located in your genital area, some of these are connect to the same muscle group that controls the anal sphincter. Now flex the muscle group that controls your urethral sphincter, this is the one that allows you to control the flow of urine. Alternate flexing either group, then both at the same time. Do this daily. You may find there are several individual

muscles that come under conscious control.

When engaging in sexual activities alone or with others experiment with flexing these muscles. At the moment of orgasm, flex both muscle groups at the same time, and employ the sigil of your desire. This is one of the most effective means of socrcery humans may conduct. It almost never fails, and is highly intuitive in execution:

JIZZ THAT SPELL INTO THE COSMOS, BABY!

Now *ideally* we want to control orgasm. As a man it *may actually be healthier to not orgasm*. In the case of women, there is much debate about the nessecity for orgasm control. I am a firm believer that the *practioner* should decide to either secrete or not secrete. To secrete expends more energy than to abstain, but offers a high unlike that of retention. That said, a greater high may be attained through multiple retentions followed by release.

The key to preventing orgasm is to **RELAX**. I know you're horny **sweetie**, but **reLaaaaaaaaaX**. Especially your *thighs* and abdomen! A lover of mine once told me that most of her partners in the past were not as good at sex as myself for the fact that "*they were too eager!*" Too lustful of result, you might say. Then again, I can have multiple orgasms with relative ease when with a single partner.

I can never seem to find myself flaccid at the wrong time. I suppose *that's* **bonus points.**

You have it in writing. Shall I also assert that *my penis is bigger than yours?* Or shall I asster the same about my breasts?

As a man, I cannot say much about the practice from a woman's perspective (frustrating, I know there is little literature on the subject.) But, ladies, have you heard of kegels? My Lesbian co worker told me once "every woman loves kegels!"

By this means gods and messiahs and demons may be concieved. This practice is the means by which the legend of Solomon's daemons were created. If the mythological king did indeed have hundreds of wives as the CHRISTIAN BIBLE states.... We can easily imagine how he might have fathered many a daemon, with or without a brazen vessle! *Oh the quintuple entendres!*

Also, try imagining yourself as the opposite sex while wanking.

Seriously?

SER-I-OUS-LY!

Then,

envision your alter-self possessing the qualities you desire. (Such as being 30 pounds heavier/lighter, more flexible, or what-have-you.)

*****Here Endeth The Mindfuck*****



Supplementary Mind Fuck # 2:

(OMG BÖNUS)

FUCKING THE SELF

(Or rather, Boning the self)

Sit, Breathe and Concentrate.

Look at your left foot. Imagine the shape of the bones in your big toe. Imagine each bone in your foot, visualize them emanating bright white light. Work up the legs, into the pelvic region and eventually encompass the entire body in the visualization. Strip away the flesh and offer it to whomever you see fit.

Sit, Breathe and Concentrate on the white light emanating from your bones. Let the energy freely circulate. If you do not notice it doing so, imagine subtle winds of white light swirling and blowing throughout your bones.

The bones crumble to dust and fade away with the winds.

Do this, and do not become attached to this or any other exercise.

A diagram or model of skeletal anatomy is useful for this practice. Painting it white may be a good idea to facilitate the visualization.

Be aware that a side effect of this practice seems to be that it increases sexual desire, oftentimes dramatically.

Five ways toward ERIS

I practice the path of self-discipline. I **CONCENTRAET** every day.

I go the way of embracing love. I work as CONNIE and BOB for all beings.

I do the deity yoga. I visualize myself as a Buddha in the cosmic unity.

I read the books of all religions and practice all at the right moment.

The life is my teacher and my inner wisdom is my guide.

(Bonus #2: wake up, remember you are going to die, give thanks to nature for your existence, your ability to live and learn and enjoy. Resolve not to cheat your consciousness today.)

Before bed ask yourself: Have I lived: have I used this day to grow learn and develop? Have I loved: have I reached out to everyone I met and made them aware of the love in my heart and eased their burdens of self-mistrust and self-doubt? Have I laughed: have I seen the humorous side of even the most painful incident?)

APPENDIX

G I GURDJIEFF

Some Exercises

First and Last: self observation and non-identification.

The effort to realize: I have a body.

The effort to realize: I [unintelligible] into and became attached to this organism (this animal) for the purpose of developing it.

The attempt to realize the organism's mechanicality.

(a) Its habitual reactions to recurrent situations.

(b) The magnetic relationship of the centers.

Experiment on the part of the driver, in order that he may learn his laziness.

Formulatory center reporting the behaviors of the organism's to this "I".

Formulation of observations concurrent with the act of observation.

Formulation of ideas.

Attempt to understand ideas.

Attempt to relate ideas and understand relationships.

Attempt to define terms in accordance with initial ideas.

Attempt to interpret life, human beings etc, in terms of mechanicality, types, springs, center, etc.

Describe experience; reflect on the ideas.

Triangulate, that is, have a three-fold purpose for each act.

Assemble all you know of a given object at the moment of perceiving it.

Constructive imagination:

(a) Image the great octave.

(b) Attempt to realize man's position in the universe.

Relate each object to it's position in the scale. For instance, a cigarette belongs to the vegetable kingdom (mi) of the organic scale. Trees belong to the vegetable kingdom. The gold of a watch to metals (do). Man (si). Etc. The whole natural kingdom is

interposed between earth(mi.) and planets (fa) of the octave. Etc.

Attempt to realize the fact of two thousand million people. (Or seven billion for that matter!)

Attempt to realize the fact of death.

Be aware of the weight of opinion.

Apply the law of the octave to one's own behavior. Attempt to know when any given impulse has reached me.

Peel the onion, that is, make notations of the various attitudes toward life, stripping off the superficial ones in an effort to reach the fundamental attitude; note likes and dislikes.

Find the essential wish.

Find the chief feature.

Make gratuitous efforts.

Cast a role for oneself.

Pursue an impossible task.

Go against inclination.

Push inclination beyond the limits of natural desire.

If a man force you to go one mile, go with him twain.

Determine what it is you really want in any given situation. Deliberately get it, or deliberately oppose the "I" to this wish. At any event, non-identifying with the wish.

Practice mental gymnastics relative to time, space and motion.

Seek for concrete illustrations and examples (in experiences) of ideas.

Try to perform, consciously intuitive emotional and intellectual work at the same time.

Try to keep in mind that at any given moment you are actualizing one of several possibilities.

Try to keep in mind that when you talk the ideas to someone or a group, human cells are at that moment instructing a group of monkey cells—within each brain.

Try to realize that man, oneself is a cosmos. That this organism is the planet or globe of this "I." That it (the organism) contains cells, corresponding to the categories of nature.

Try to become aware of the operations of the sub-centers.

Psilotea (1 serving)

1 dried gram semilanceata

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1 tablespoon ginseng

1 tablespoon ground liquorice root (some varieties may potentiate experience, research needed)

1 ground slice ginger

1 tablespoon peppermint

2 tablespoons honey

1 tablespoon lemon juice

Psilohuasca/Psilohaoma (1 serving)

1/2 gram semilanceata

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1 ground slice fresh ginger

1 tablespoon peppermint

2 tablespoons honey

1 tablespoon lemon juice

3-6 grams ground syrian rue or 10-15 grams of ground b. caapi

NO GINSENG! Preparations with ginseng have resulted in a headache, tremulousness, and manic-like symptoms. Liquorice is also in advisable in combination with MAOIs.

To make Psilohuasca (1 serving) add 3-6 grams ground syrian rue or 10-15 grams of ground b. caapi.

Directions, heat water to a boil

Add Caapi or Rue, cinnamon, peppermint, (ginger, ginseng, liquorice)

Boil for about five minutes.

Remove from heat and let cool below boiling

While still hot add Honey semilanceata and lemon juice

The Psychotherapist's Guide to Pharmacotherapy

Date: Sat, 10 Feb 1996 18:36:02 -0800 From: Jim Ellison, MD

This table is from a book, now out of print, entitled The Psychotherapist's Guide to Pharmacotherapy.

Foods to Avoid

Aged cheeses (including cheddar, American, mozzarella as on pizza; cream cheese, farmer cheese, cottage cheese are considered safe)

Yeast extract (may be a component of certain canned soups; baked products raised with yeast are acceptable)

Red wine (especially Chianti; white wine in moderation will not cause a hypertensive reaction)

Beer or ale (tyramine content varies from lot to lot)

Pickled herring, canned sardines, anchovies, caviar

Any meat or fish which is not fresh, freshly canned, or freshly frozen (including lox, salami, sausage, corned beef, liver pate)

Broad beans or fava beans

Canned figs, stewed or overripe bananas, overripe avocados

Caffeine*

Soy sauce*

Raisins*

Liver (dangerous when not fresh)

*** = considered safe in limited amounts**

Medications to Avoid with Psilohuasca/Psilohaoma

(ask your physician about any other prescribed medications for safety)

Decongestants

Nasal drops or sprays

Pain relievers* (NB: meperidine is very dangerous)

General and local anesthetics*

Stimulants*

L-Dopa*

Propranolol*

Other antidepressants*

Some herbal preparations, e.g., those containing ginseng or ma huang

*** = may be usable with precautions and careful monitoring**

Ayahuasca MAOI Diet-

Within 33 days of and 33 days after-

ALL medications, vitamins and/or other drugs

Protein bars or extracts

Aged Cheese and other fermented edibles and drinks

Migraine medicines

MAOIs, SSRIs and any other anti-depressants

O.T.C. cold medicines, Decongestants, Aspirin, Allergy, Asthma etc.

Ephedrine and Pseudoephedrine

Yohimbe, St.John's Wort, Rhodiola and other herbal medications

Sedatives- Sleeping Pills, Tranquilizers, etc.

Diet pills, Appetite suppressants, etc.

Narcotics- Cocaine, Heroin, Methamphetamine, etc.

Allergy or Asthma Medication

All types of Opiates- Opium, Valium, Oxycotton, Hydrocodone

Any other type MAO inhibitor

Within 7 days of and 7 days after-

Same as above+

All drugs and alcohol (Including Alcohol, Tobacco, Caffeine, EVERYTHING)

Herbal medicinals and psychoactives of all sorts

Any tyrosine-containing food

**All Beans (including soy!!!) This also includes bean products- like soy sauce, bean dip, etc.
No beans!!**

Broad (Fava) bean pods

Soy Sauce and Miso soup

Avocados

Pickled edibles- Pickled pigs feet, pickled eggs, pickles.

Non-alcoholic brewed (Fermented) beverages (non-alcoholic beer), etc.

Kombucha; All other fermented brewed drinks.

Protein bars or extracts

Aged cheese

High amounts of sugar, Chocolate, Cocoa nibs, other stimulants, etc.

Make sure all food are fresh; spoiled or old food is the main cause of negative reactions.

Within 3 days of and 3 after-

Same as above+

Began Fasting

All drugs and alcohol

Kombucha, Beer and/or other fermented beverages

Bananas

All Dairy products

Dried Fruits (Raisins, Dates, etc.)

Chocolate

Dill, Parsley, Fennel and other strong spices.

All Beans (including soy!!!) This also includes bean products- like soy sauce, bean dip, etc.

No beans!!

Avocados

Cultured dairy products (buttermilk, yogurt, cheeses and sour cream)

All Caffeine products (Coffee, Black or Oolong Tea, Energy Drinks, Ect.)

Soy Sauce

Spinach

Nuts- Peanuts, Walnuts, Pecans, etc.

High Protein Meals, Beef soup, steaks, etc.

Sausage, Bologna, Pepperoni, Liver and Salami (Pork)

Sauerkraut, Mayo', Sourcream, etc.

Shrimp, Lobster and Crayfish

Yeast and other mirco-organisms (unless baked)

Salts, Sugars, Oils and Fats

Make sure all food are fresh; spoiled or old food is the main cause of negative reactions.

Within 36 hours of and 36 hours after-

Same as above+

Perform Detox, cleanse the body.

Meditate, empty the mind and relax.

No meat or ingestion of any sort of living creature.

Absolute no candy, sugar, fats, oils, salt and/or spices.

No sex or masturbation.

Take a long bath or shower; Paint yourself Blue.

Drink nothing but water.

Contemplate the experience.

33-7 hours before-

Same as above + No food (One light meal of fresh fruit or rice may be eaten during this period)

3-1 hours before-

Same as above + No water or other drink (One small glass of water may be drank)

5-15m before-

Prepare a snack of fresh fruit and wild or white rice with butter and oil.

Pre-roll a small joint, prepare the area, make sure everything is ready.

Release all bodily waste and fluids.

Shake/stir Ayahuasca before use.

The Trip-

Drink Aya quickly along with a small glass of water, if desired.

Attempt to keep Aya down at least 1-2 hour, or as long as you can.

Ingest mint and/or ginger (Anti-nausea) if desired.

Smoke cannabis (Anti-nausea) if desired.

Consume the MAOI safe food, if desired.

Run around naked and make strange noises.

Be sure to drink a glass of water or juice to re-hydrate yourself after 1-2 hours or just after the purge.

Some good things to eat during the strictest periods of dieting are-

Plain white rice, wild rice, etc.

Freshly caught fish (Never frozen or out-dated)

Fresh Raw Fruits and Vegetables

How to Detox-

Sweat-Lodge

Herbal Enema

Pumice and Soap Scrubs, Hot Showers/Baths

Lots of Exercise

Ingestion of "Detox" herbals- Reishi mushrooms, Kombucha, Green/White Teas, Cranberry

Juice, etc. (anybody know of anymore?)

Waxing or Removal of Body Hair

***Notes-**

Brewed Ayahuasca does not keep long, use a brew within 7 days.

White and Yellow Caapis should be used for those who are inexperienced.

Red and Black Caapis are reserved for seasoned trippers.

For the first session take only Caapi, everybody throws up their first time, this is the cleansing of the body. Once the body is cleared with the Caapi brew and resulting purge, the true Ayahuasca (Caapi + Psychotria) may be drunk if the person feels ready. After a few Ayahuasca (Caapi + Psychotria) sessions Oco' Yage Ayahuasca may be brewed (Caapi + Diplopterys)

Ayahuasca is best used in rapid succession (3 times in a week) and then abstained from awhile to contemplate the experience, then again in a month or more... This is true because the cleansing process works best if multiple sessions occur.

voluptate doloremque

The Sabbat of the Black Triangle

or

The Circle of Revelry

in which Maenads and Satyrs romp

**1. CAST THE SIGIL OF URMAERISDIONEROS, LEAP THE FIRE AND LACE
THE WINE WITH FUNGI**

2. DANCE IN A CIRCLE, WIDDERSHINS ROUND THE FIRE

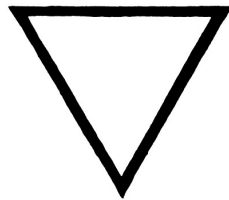
3. CHANT

Ave Eris

simul gaudio dolor
fac dolor iocundum
laeta dolor
gaudium dolore
scientia
sapientiae experimentalis
beáta
lasciviam graviter
graviter ludicra
HAIL!
IO ERIS!

4. Induce VACUITY

5. DEBAUCHERY ensues



Sigil of URMA

RITE OF MAJ04R UNIONZ

HAIL ERIS THIS RITE BE CHANNLED OF ERIS BY EPISKOPOS Squirty
McMEATUS PANISSE BT, KSC

--><--

AQUIRE A LIVE SAMPLE OF S. DIVINORUM

BLESS IT IN AN APPROPRIATE MANNER

PHONE SEX

PLUCK THE DESSICATED LEAVES

CRUSH AND GRIND THEM, STORE IN A COOL, DRY AND DARK PLACE

TAKE A SMALL PORTION OF THE CRUSHED, DRY LEAVES AND PLACE THEM IN YER UTENSIL

HAVE A SUITABLE GOD/ESS MANAGE YER MEMBER/CLEFT AS YE LAY BACK LAZILY

INGEST THE SACREMENT VIA THE UTENSIL

LAY BACK AND LAZILY UNITE WITH YOUR GOD/ESS. THE RITE WORKS BEST IN DARKNESS, WITH ATMOSPHERIC MUSIC!!!

Ð`END

Facti in praeteritum

Ita

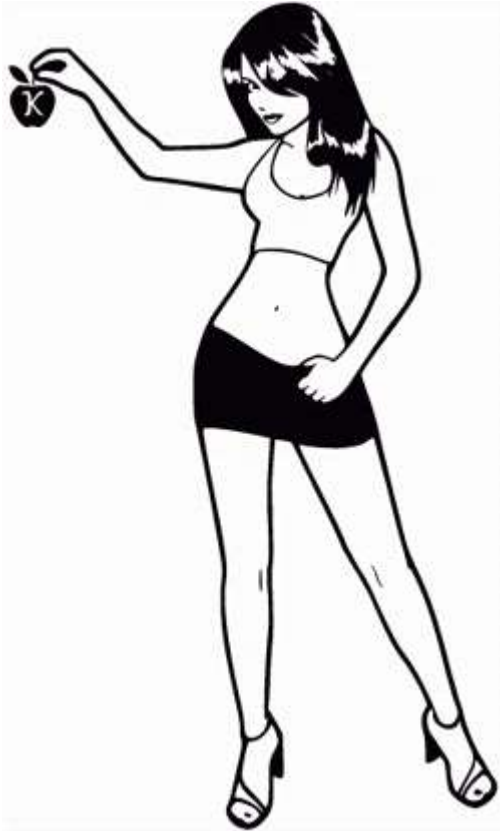
Subsequatur

Surgam

In politics

"Similar to the priority that the incumbent has in running for his or her party once again, seniority allows for a current office holder to obtain nomination from his political party with more ease", says Floppery Rosenbloom, government professor at Harvard Westlake School.

This section is empty. You can help by [adding to it](#).



by JMATHENY on AUGUST 4, 2009

Comment at: <http://blacksungazette.com/?p=399>

I had originally planned to do a presentation at [Esozone](#) which was largely the product of my several years work in the physical yoga of the Hyatt Method. I have recently decided that this is a flawed way of introducing the material. There is nothing here that cannot be learned well between now and October. The participants in my Esozone workshop will get much more out of a presentation of any kind if they have engaged in the detensing movements in advance. Further, neophytes will have a place to refer to after being introduced to key concepts. Without any further explanation, I would like to walk practitioners through the basic detensing exercises of the Hyatt method.

Preparation

A good preparation for doing work of this kind is to take a COLD shower in silence. This is shocking to the physical body, and “wakes up” the skin before

performance of subsequent movements. Washing each body part in turn, be sure to meditate on what you are doing. When you have cleaned your body (preferably with a special soap set aside for this purpose- it doesn't matter if it's Lever 2000 or something from the local juju shop as long as it is different from your regular soap and only used for this purpose) stand for a few minutes calmly breathing deeply, sensing your body, and meditating on cosmic silence.

Do not perform the Work until two hours after a meal, and make sure that the bowels and bladder are empty.

Detensing: *Preliminary Notes and Considerations*

Detensing is perhaps the most important part of the Hyatt Method, particularly in the early stages. It is important to do the detensing exercises as frequently as time permits, but no less than three times a week. Daily practice can be made mercifully brief to fit even the most hectic schedule of the contemporary urbanite. I personally spend at least fifteen minutes each day doing these exercises. Do not fall into the trap of the modern day occult shyster who would have you believe that merely affirming your divinity makes it so. The physical world is indeed, very, very real. Without some degree of mastery over the body- the most immediate means by which reality is experienced, and in many ways the most important- any work done on self is merely the workings of a robot programming itself with more bullshit.

The presence of music, television, or any other passive form of entertainment (noise) cannot be adapted to the purpose intended, and severely minimizes the benefit of any movements performed.

Unless otherwise specified each region of the body should be worked on for 3-4 minutes or repeated 3-4 times. Once you have been doing it a while you will get a much better feeling of when you are "done." At first you are going to have to expend lots of energy ridding your body of the accumulated muscle trauma of your entire life previously til now. This is a very daunting and demanding task that few ever seriously undertake.

The Hyatt Method is not glorified stretching, but is a means of overloading each muscle group with tension in turn, then releasing it, thus going through the entire energetic cycle on each part of the body. Don't strain or hurt yourself, but if you don't feel tendons and capillaries popping you probably aren't doing it right. It should hurt when you do it, feel good when you release, and finally achieve a state of "alive" feeling equilibrium approximately when the practitioner ends all detensing. If you're being honest with yourself, you'll know roughly whether or not you're doing it right, though subtleties are difficult to describe in written

words.

I am happy to make a YouTube demonstration video of the various exercises provided that there is genuine interest in the subject.

Face

In short, make faces. Like when you were a little kid. Do this for less than fifteen seconds, then flick your tongue out a few times. Now scrunch the face into a tight ball with your eyes closed as tightly as they will go.

Follow the tight “scrunching” with opening the mouth (both lips and jaw) and eyes, as well as sticking out the tongue as hard as you possibly can. Hold this for another two to four minutes. Then babble. The easiest and simplest way to do this is to simply make silly noises. Make sure that you are moving your mouth, lips, and tongue a lot and really giving them a bit of a workout.

Neck And Shoulders

First, turn the head from side to side, slowly and evenly, making as much of an effort as is physically possible to turn your head all the way around. Next, raise the shoulders up to the ears as much as possible, keeping upward pressure while you hold. Repeat, holding as long as possible, pushing the shoulders as low as possible during release. Finally, look straight up at the ceiling by tilting the head back as far as possible, then the reverse (i.e. looking down at the floor). It is recommended that the practitioner turn his eyes as far as possible in the direction they are turning their head to. The eyes are a vast network of muscles with their own tensions and traumas and blockages.

The Torso and Arms

The arms and torso are properly thought of as one section of the body, as the arms are merely an extension of the torso. Clench the arms tightly at the side as hard as possible (including the hands, balled as tightly as the practitioner can manage into fists). This will necessarily involve the upper torso being tensed. Next, open the palms as hard as possible, stretching the fingers out far as if trying to grasp something just beyond your reach, while also tensing the lower torso or abdomen. Tensing / detensing different muscle groups at the same time is generally discouraged (i.e. the neck and shoulders in one movement), though the special relationship of the torso and arms makes combination particularly useful for this region of the body.

Pelvis

The pelvis is perhaps the most simple part of the body to detense. **Slowly**(this cannot be stressed enough for any detensing technique which involves movement rather than just tensing the body) rotate the torso in a circle, “snake”-

style.

The Legs and Feet

Legs and feet are interesting, as most people (in particular contemporary Westerners) keep very little of their consciousness in their legs. This is reflected in, for example, the legions of superheroes whose chicken legs cannot support their massive torsos, as well as their lantern-shaped heads. Sitting on a chair stretch the legs out for 2-4 minutes each in two different positions. First, stretch the legs out as far as you can pushing out with the heel. Then do the same, stretching out, pointing the toes straight forward.

The Breath of Fire, Pillow Screaming, and Other Methods of Deep Tension Release

After you have done all the major external parts of the body, it is important to also detense the inside. Begin with humming, loudly, and from the depths of your diaphragm and core muscles for 1-2 minutes. Then do fast (not too fast), deep, measured open-mouth breaths. "Panting" is not exactly the name for what you'll be doing. It's similar, but slightly slower and more deliberate. Breathe like this for 20 counts (that is 20 cycles of in and out) then immediately stop, switching to slow, methodical breaths through the nose. The basic technique for this kind of breathing is to breathe in as slowly, evenly, and silently as possible, then hold the breath for as long as is reasonably comfortable (the Hyatt Method is not a competition) and exhaling in the same silent, slow, even manner. It is best to do as many cycles of this kind of breathing as you did with the panting-like breath. Finally, when you are done, find a pillow (lest your neighbors call the police) and scream as loudly as you can into it. Pretend you're a six year old throwing a tantrum and really scream loudly.

Finishing Up

Finish this by laying quietly for 5-10 minutes doing nothing but concentrating on your breathing and the sensations of the body. Vocalize all sensations for the first two weeks, then merely make a mental note. Try things like thinking of pleasant events and unpleasant events and seeing what it feels like, but mostly concentrate on listening to your body and what it has to tell you.

Zazen For Madmen

Preliminary Notes and Considerations:

After you have detensed the body, it is important to use this time of qualitatively different mental and physical awareness to prolong it. The most effective exercise that I have found for this purpose is zazen, or sitting zen. The point, eventually, is to, as much as is possible, sit in mental silence. This is a skill which can be learned, as well as lost through inattention to practice. The best way that I

have seen to get the ball rolling on zazen is Hyatt Method detensing, followed by the so-called “Thinking Meditation” likely invented thousands of years ago, but popularized to the contemporary brain change community through Antero Alli in Angel Tech.

Balancing and Centering

I would recommend first doing some manner of balancing and centering exercise. I provide a brief one here, large cribbed from Mantak Chia’s work with Taoist Alchemy. First, sit in a comfortable position. Then, visualizing the following five organs, take five deep breaths for each, visualizing them filled with the light of the corresponding color, softly making the associated sound:

Lungs = White = SSSSS

Kidneys = Black = CHUWAY

Liver =Green = SHHHH

Heart = Red = HAWWW

Spleen = Yellow = WHOOO

Now use what Chinese Alchemists call the “Triple Warmer,” a three fold breath which centers a person in the Lower Than Thien (the Chinese version of the navel cakra). Imagine a rolling pin pushing down your entire body in three parts (1/3 for each exhale), while making the sound “HEEEEEE.” Finally, imagine a beam of light moving very slowly across you, first from left to right, then back again, and then bottom to top and back again. You are now ready to practice zazen.

(Not) Thinking Meditation

Before one can perform the simple act of zazen (merely sitting) it is important to first become accustomed to the process of cognition, conscious and otherwise. Sitting in a comfortable position, either close your eyes lightly or sit very close to a wall, staring right at it. I recommend the latter, it being the preferred method of the Bodhidharma, and confirmed through personal praxis as one of the most effective ways of doing zazen. The first meditation is very simple. Spend thirty minutes saying “thinking!” in a firm, but polite (remember the rule about being kind to the robot!) voice.

Experiment

Your only experiment for the above exercises is to keep three daily journals. One should sit right next to your bed and document, but not analyze your dreams. The second should record the events of your life, mundane and otherwise. The third requires a bit of explanation, but it is the Hyatt Method’s version of a so-

called “magickal diary” or “book of shadows.”

After performing the days work note all conditions- time of day, mental state, weather, any astrological correspondences you find interesting, what precisely you did, how you felt about it, and any strange coincidences or synchronicities arising from the previous day’s work. Tell no one what you keep in here for at least six months.

Conclusions

These movements, though they seem devoid of “occult” content to the philistine practitioner more interested in collecting crystals and Tarot card sets than actual brain change, are highly valuable to the serious student of Tantra. Brain change is hard work and highly traumatic- work and trauma being the two things that most occultnik charlatans can’t stand. Tantra is, as shall be explored in later installments in this series leading up to Esozone, nothing less than the science of personal awareness and control. I have a special set of exercises unpublished anywhere else which will be available to anyone willing to provide me with a consistent month of documented work. For everyone else, there will be more to come soon enough. But I would like to stress in my parting that the Hyatt Method is neither a competition or a race. Do the work, and never cheat yourself. The rewards you reap shall be great.

Syllabus

Undoing Yourself With Energized Meditation and Other Techniques by Christopher Hyatt ([Original Falcon](#))

Angel Tech by Antero Alli ([Original Falcon](#))

Taoist Yoga and Sexual Energy by Eric Yudelov ([Amazon](#))

Acknowledgments

In the making of this article, I must ascribe a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Christopher Hyatt (RIP) and Antero Alli. Further, I would like to thank Taylor Ellwood and Bill Whitcomb for being legitimate practitioners of the science of the wise, not the chicanery of the wiseguy, a highly important distinction to make in a world overpopulated with would-be cult leaders and other kinds of chicanery. Finally, none of this work would have been possible for me without Nick Tharcher at [Original Falcon](#), Joe Matheny of [Grey Lodge](#), and everyone at the [New Extreme Individual Institute](#).

As always, no thanks to disgusting manipulators and right-wing power mongers looking to fuck their father’s corpse- and Tim Leary’s and Bob Wilson’s for that matter- before it is even cold. Your day of reckoning will come sooner than you think. *I ate their corpses*

Postscript:

The previous article was copied when available, as I had the sneaking suspicion it would disappear. It did disappear shortly thereafter. The New EEI is defunct as far as I am aware. I was never involved, and have no relation to the author of this article, nor his permission to publish it.

Please sue (rather, don't?) Our aim is to disseminate such a very useful article. No profits intended, though we may. (Seems unlikely to me.)

The Circle of ERISIAN Revelry

*As rendered by MALACUS FERA Episkopos Ð'OMHNIHERLD Squirty
McMeatus Pannisse BT, KSC*

Divine madness is not unique. It has been explored in countless traditions. Plato distinguished two types of mania in the *Phaedrus*: one arising from human disease, and the other from a divine state, "which releases us from our customary habits." He notes four sorts of divine madness sent by the gods: the mantic, from Apollo, which brings divination; the teletic, from Dionysus, which brings possession trance (as a result of ritual); the poetic, from the Muses, which brings enthusiasm and poetic furor; and the erotic, from Eros and Aphrodite, which brings frenzied love. He states, "In reality, our greatest blessings come to us by way of madness, which indeed is a divine gift."

LOVE is as the LAW, LOVE as WILL.

Is not AGAPE one with DISCORDIA?

The Word SIN is a RESTRCITION.

**DO WHAT THOU WHILST: that, shall be the whole of the
LAW.**

**ALL POPES MUST SWEAR A VOW: NEVER DIVULGE
THE HAPPENINGS OF THE RITES!!!!!!**

I The Procession of Venerable ERISIANS

The ERISIANS meet at a designated place. Once all arrive the pair of presiding (card-carrying) POPEs should first incant the TURKEY CURSE. and go to the rite-space, in a discordant procession.

As they go, a UPROARIOUS chant should begin:

HAIL, HAIL, HAIL, HAIL, HAIL! ERIS, ERIS, ERIS, ERIS, ERIS! ALL HAIL DISCORDJA!!!!

The celebrants should chant continually, UNTIL ARIVAL.

II The Casting of the Mundane-LUH

Once all arrive at the rite-space (be it sacred-grove, boneyard or warehouse,) All should SILENTLY enter seat themselves in a circle, with the predesignated POPE-pair standing in the centre.

Let the POPEs cast a circle(ish-thing) using various pigments, improvising the officiating words and

gestures. Let the genii loci, and any nearby spirits be placated with kind(ish) words and an offering of candy; denying them entry to the circle. Let a star, with points numbering the celebrants (aside from the officiating pair) fill the circle. (If only two are present, an inverse triangle will suffice.)

All shout: AVE ERIS! Ἰ ÉRIDOS KHALÁZI! ÓLA DIKHÓNOIA KHALÁZI! GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE. GOBBLE. GOBBLE!

Cast also the veve of *Ἰ Éridos* in one of any of the infinite fifths (or centre) of the circle. This shall be the altar-place and beacon for the possession.

At this time the POPEs should seat themselves adjacent to the veve and perform the INVOCATION of DISCORDIA:

INVOCATION of DISCORDIA:

AVE ERIS! Ἰ ÉRIDOS KHALÁZI! ÓLA DIKHÓNOIA
KHALÁZI!

Ave Eris

**Simul gaudio dolor
Fac dolor iocundum
Laeta dolor
Gaudium dolore
Scientia
Sapientiae experimentalis
Beáta
Lasciviam graviter
Graviter ludicra!**

III The ERIS-POOJUH

All celebrants aside from the officiating POPEs should have brought appropriate offerings: Apples, grapes, hot peppers, pomegranites, meat (seared, but cold, raw and bloody,) rye, vodka, rum, wine, cheese, glutinous rice, honey, blunts, bhang, bowls, and jelly-filled doughnuts!

At this time, each ERISIAN celebrant should rise and approach the POPE of preferred gender and present the offering. As each ERISIAN presents a gift in turn, they

whisper: AVE ERIS! Then gesticulates foolishly as all shout: AVE ERIS! The the recieving POPE responds: Efcharistó, IO DISCORDIA! The offerings are placed around the veve.

Once all offerings have been graciously accepted by ERIS, all are seated. A cloth is spread over the veve, and the offerings placed on one end of the cloth. The presiding POPEs should seat themselves on the cloth also.

All ERISIANS remain seated for a time, silently reciting the mantra AVE ERIS, until vacuity is reached. Once within vacuity, a POPE should stand. Once all have thus come, and thus gone, they will shout:

GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE GOBBLE!

THIS IS BLESSING ENOUGH!

A musically inclined POPE might drum, or a drumbeat of prerecorded variety might be played.

The POPE-pair should then copulate upon the cloth covering the veve. The other's begin to dance gayly 'round the circle: backward and in an anticlockwise

direction. All who dance, chant AVE ERIS. When copulation ceases, so may the dance. Once the dance ends ALL are seated.

IV The EUCHARISTIC Feast of DISCORDIA

A sumptuous feast spread for and by the venerable celebrants, offered to and consecrated by ERIS begins. FIRST there is silence. Then comes the passing 'round of the cup that holds the magic elixr, the holy lifeblood of death-rebirth. The cup, containg the AMRITA should be suitably spooky, prefferably made of a skull. The Presiding POPEs prepare the potion. Silence is kept, though loving looks are given before the POPE-pair offer one another the first swigs, whispering the TURKEY CURSE. Then each POPE in turn is offered the cup. After a swig, a pope is five times flagellated with the TURKEY SCOURGE. The POPE administering the scourging should recite the TURKEY CURSE.

Once the communal cup is drunk. All shout WILDLY, and proceed to unceremoniously dig in. Though mindful to be sure each has his share.

Once the offerings have been consumed, all should stand and embrace each other jovially and sing

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE ERISTOCRACY
by Lord Omar

V The Dance of ERIOSDITTOBAUCHERY

Now all POPEs stand (unless making music) invoke the TURKEY CURSE. Then dance a wildly sensuous dance about the circle, in an anticlockwise direction. SLOWLY, but QUICKLY the rite should degenerate toward discord and debauchery.

FINISH BY WAY OF LAUGHTER

Closing commentary:

We've never done this!

Tell us how it works out for you!

Try no to get arrested in the process.

OH, and for fuck's sake:

**STOP
STALKING**

ME



Jeezus!

ERISIAN MASS

*As rendered by MALACUS FERA Episkopos Ð'OMHNIHERLD Squirty
McMeatus Pannyss BT, KSC*

*An abridged rite of ERISIAN congress, for those less
inclined to try the full and proper ERISIAN rite.*

Once all arrive at the rite-space all should enter, and seat themselves in a circle. The predesignated, officiating POPE

stands in the centre or northish fifth.

Let the POPE cast a circleish mundane-LUH using various pigments, improvising the officiating words and gestures. Let the genii loci, and any nereby spirits be placated with kind(ish) words and an offering of candy; denying them entry to the circle. Let a star, with points numbering the celebrants fill the circle. (If three or fewer are present, an inverse triangle will suffice.)

All shout:

**AVE ERIS! I ÉRIDOS KHALÁZI! ÓLA DIKHÓNOIA
KHALÁZI! GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE. GOBBLE.
GOBBLE!**

Cast also the vever of *I Éridos* in one of any of the infinite fifths (or centre) of the circle. This shall be the altar-place and beacon for the possession.

At this time the POPE should seat themselves adjacent to the veve and perform the INVOCATION of DISCORDIA:

INVOCATION of DISCORDIA:

**AVE ERIS! Ἰ ÉRIDOS KHALÁZI! ÓLA DIKHÓNOIA
KHALÁZI!**

Ave Eris

Simul gaudio dolor

Fac dolor iocundum

Laeta dolor

Gaudium dolore

Scientia

Sapientiae experimentalis

Beáta

Lasciviam graviter

Graviter ludicra!

VACUITY

Then, all recite:

**Et credo in serpentem
misterium mysteriorum
in nomen eius baphomet**

**O leo et o serpens
qui perditur perdes
sis valens nobiscum**

(Now the paganism of they day's eucharistic host is ritually desecrated. This is followed by full redemptive redeexcommunion by way of ERISIAN EUCHARISTIC HOST, profanely called 'smoking one.')

As one is passed all chant:

Ave, ave, ave

**Ave Beáta,
Lasciviam graviter!
Graviter ludicra!
Ave ERIS!**

A musically inclined POPE might drum, or a drumbeat of prerecorded variety might be played.

Celebrants begin to gesticulate foolishly and dance gayly 'round the circle: backward and in an anticlockwise direction. When copulation/communion with ERIS ceases, so may the dance. Once the dance ends all laugh uproariously, and disband.

**ALL RITES PANULTIMATELY REVERSED MARCH 6th
2011**

Psilotea (1 serving)

1 dried gram semilanceata

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1 tablespoon ginseng

1 tablespoon ground liquorice root (some varieties may potentiate experience, research needed)

1 ground slice ginger
1 tablespoon peppermint
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon lemon juice

These recipies suck my robot balls,

Psilohuasca/Psilohaoma (1 serving)

1/2 gram semilanceata

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1 ground slice fresh ginger

1 tablespoon peppermint

2 tablespoons honey

1 tablespoon lemon juice

3-6 grams ground syrian rue or 10-15 grams of ground b. caapi

NO GINSENG! Preparations with ginseng have resulted in a headache, tremulousness, and manic-like symptoms. Liqourice is also in advisable in combination with MAOIs.

To make Psilohuasca (1 serving) add 3-6 grams ground syrian rue or 10-15 grams of ground b. Caapi. Heat water to a boil. Add caapi or rue, cinnamon, peppermint, (ginger, ginseng, liqourice) Boil for about five minutes. Remove from heat and let cool well below boiling. While still hot add honey, semilanceata and lemon juice.

The Psychotherapist's Guide to Pharmacotherap

Date: Sat, 10 Feb 1996 18:36:02 -0800 From: Jim Ellison, MD

This table is from a book, now out of print, entitled The Psychotherapist's Guide to Pharmacotherapy.

Foods to Avoid when using MAOIs (Not an exhaustive list)

Aged cheeses (including cheddar, mozzarella as on pizza, cream cheese, farmer cheese, (cottage cheese is considered safe)

Yeast extract (may be a component of certain canned soups; baked products raised with yeast are acceptable)

Red wine, especially Chianti; white wine in moderation will not cause a hypertensive reaction. Beer or ale, tyramine content varies from brew to brew. Any meat or fish which is not fresh, freshly canned, or freshly frozen such as pickled herring, canned sardines, anchovies, caviar, lox, salami, sausage, corned beef, liver pate.

Also avoid broad beans, fava beans, canned figs, stewed or overripe bananas, overripe avocados, caffeine*, soy sauce*, raisins.*

* = considered safe in limited amounts

Medications to Avoid

(ask your physician about any other prescribed medications for safety)

Decongestants, nasal drops or sprays, pain relievers* (mepheridine is very dangerous) General and local anesthetics* Stimulants* L-Dopa* Propranolol*

Other antidepressants*

Some herbal preparations, e.g., those containing ginseng or ma huang

* = may be usable with precautions and careful monitoring

Ayahuasca MAOI Diet:

Within 33 days of and 33 days after:

ALL medications, vitamins and/or other drugs. Protein bars or extracts. Aged cheese and other fermented edibles and drinks. Migraine medicines, MAOIs, SSRIs and any other anti-depressants. O.T.C. cold medicines, decongestants (ephedrine, pseudoephedrine,) aspirin, allergy, asthma, and other herbal medications (yohimbe, st. john's wort, rhodiola) Sedatives, tranquilizers, diet pills, appetite suppressants, etc. Cocaine, Heroin, Methamphetamine, Opium,

Within 7 days of and 7 days after:

Same as above+

All drugs including alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, herbal medicinals and psychoactives of any sort. Any tyrosine-containing food. All beans including soy! This also includes bean products- like soy sauce, bean dip, no beans!

Broad (Fava bean pods soy sauce and miso soup, avocados

Pickled edibles- Pickled pigs feet, pickled eggs, pickles. Non-alcoholic brewed (Fermented) beverages (non-alcoholic beer), etc. Kombucha; All other fermented brewed drinks. High amounts of sugar, Chocolate, Cocoa nibs, other stimulants, etc. Make sure all food are fresh; spoiled or old food is the main cause of negative reactions.

Within 3 days of and 3 after-

Same as above+

Bananas, avocados dairy products, dried fruits, dill, parsley, fennel and other strong spices.

All beans this also includes bean products- like soy sauce, bean dip, etc. no beans! Caffeine products: coffee, black or oolong

tea, energy drinks.

Spinach, peanuts, walnuts, pecans.

High protein meals, beef soup, steaks, etc.

Sausage, Bologna, Pepperoni, Liver and Salami (Pork)

Sauerkraut, Mayo', Sourcream, etc.

Shrimp, Lobster and Crayfish

Yeast and other mirco-organisms (unless baked)

Salts, Sugars, Oils and Fats. Make sure all food are fresh; spoiled or old food is the main cause of negative reactions.

Within 36 hours of and 36 hours after:

Same as above+

Perform Detox, cleanse the body. Meditate, empty the mind and relax. No meat or ingestion of any sort of living creature. Absolute no candy, sugar, fats, oils, salt and/or spices. No sex or masturbation. Take a long bath or shower; Paint yourself Blue. Drink nothing but water. Contemplate the experience.

33-7 hours before:

Same as above + No food (One light meal of fresh fruit or rice may be eaten during this period)

3-1 hours before:

Same as above + No water or other drink (One small glass of water may be drank)

5-15 minutes before:

Prepare a snack of fresh fruit and wild or white rice with butter and oil.

Pre-roll a small joint, prepare the area, make sure everything is ready.

Release all bodily waste and fluids.

Shake/stir Ayahuasca before use.

The Trip:

Drink the admixture quickly along with a small glass of water, if desired. Attempt to keep it down at least 1-2 hour, or as long as you can. Ingest mint, ginger or cannabis to help relieve nausea. Consume the MAOI safe food, if desired.

Run around naked and make strange noises. Be sure to drink a glass of water or juice to re-hydrate yourself after 1-2 hours or just after the purge.

Good eats during the strictest periods of dieting:

Plain white rice, wild rice, etc.

Freshly caught fish (never frozen or out-dated)

Fresh raw fruits and vegetables

Detox:

Sweat-lodge, sauna, herbal enema, pumice and soap scrub, hot shower or bath, lots of exercise. Ingestion of "detox" herbals- reishi mushrooms, kombucha, green/white teas, cranberry juice, etc.

*Note:

Brewed 'huasca does not keep long, use a brew within 7 days. White and yellow caapis should be used for those who are inexperienced. Red and black caapis are reserved for seasoned trippers. For the first session take only caapi, everybody throws up their first time, this is the cleansing of the body. Once the body is cleased with the caapi brew and resulting purge, the true 'huasca (Caapi + What-have-you) may be drank if the person feels ready. After a few Ayahuasca (Caapi + Psychotria) sessions Oco' Yage Ayahuasca may be brewed (Caapi + Diplopterys.) Ayahuasca is best used in rapid succession (3 times in a week.) Then abstained from awhile to comtemplate the experience. Then again in a month or more... The cleasing process works best if multiple sessions occur.

It's all BS, don't trust it. Eat moar cheese, it's good for you.

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Part Three 0th

Three Musings

Epistle to the Discordians and the Chaotes

Awaken Discordia; waken now unto the light of the Great Goddess Confusion! Awaken now into the realization that She has pulled the wool over your eyes! I call you all Sissies and chickens! You have deceived yourself as I have deceived myself, BUT MY DELUSIONS ARE DIFFERENT!

I call you out like a playground bully but your marbles I am not after (for it is not the weekend!) I am after your FREEDOM! For you have discarded to for silly jokes and trolling! Verily the apples have hit you in the head and now it is time for you to discover the gravity, yea the gravity

OF YOUR ILLUSIONS!

Eris has spake terrible truths unto you via this lowly Sasquatch, and the truth is that you have given up your freedom in exchange for shackles! FUZZY HANDCUFFS ARE STUFF HANDCUFFS! BLACK SHEEP ARE STILL SHEEP!

I started this Cabal a few years ago When I Discovered Eris and Discordianism. For those of you that know the paradigm I might have been called an Episkopos, for those of you that don't know I will explain.

"Episkoposes are the Overseers of sects of Discordianism, who have presumably created their own sect of Discordianism. They speak to Eris through the use of their pineal gland. It is said in the Principia Discordia that Eris says different things to each listener. She may even say radically different things to each Episkopos but, all of what she says is equally her word (even if it

contradicts another iteration of her word).”

The thing is, in the last years I’ve become Disillusioned to this paradigm. The Memes and Slogans and Jokes and Titles they have stopped Serving Eris and now Serve only to boost the Egos of Those spewing them from their pie holes (I will say for the longest this was me as well) I had Stopped being Free and had instead become a slave to the idea of freedom.

So officially as of 5/23/11 I and my Cabal are Leaving Discordianism and Chaos Magic as they now exist. This is not to Say that I no longer Worship Eris or that Discordians and Chaos Magicians are no longer welcome to join. This means that in my mind it is time to Evolve Past The notions and ideas that these labels and memes present to the public at large and Truly Become Free

I wash my hands of Discordianism and Evoke Confusion into it to destroy that which stands as a Rape of Eris, I Wash my Hands of Chaos Magic™ and Evoke Ever Moving Chaos into and onto those who cannot Move Beyond that label. May Your Magic Fail you and your hopes and dreams only be realized as an Abomination and Perversion of those very ideals you hold up.

I wash my hands of all this and my Labels I am no longer an Episkopos, No longer KSC, No longer a Discordian and no longer Using Chaos magic. This is no longer A Cabal of that. You see I need to wash my hands; they must be clean to Birth into this World a Grand Change. Here is where I would say I am birthing the 23Current but I am forced to abort this as in 3-5 years or sooner it would become another Meme and Perversion of that for which it stood. What I would have called the 23current has always existed and always will. It has no need for a proper name as it is just an Aspect of the Life and Magic.

This Cabal Shall Stand only as Life Raft to those who want leave the Titanic Paradigms mentioned above as they now sink into the Cold waters of Void to be transmuted into Rust and food for the Vektors. As well as to be a Node in the Tao from which our ripples shall flow. You are Welcome to join me and this Cabal in freeing others to become Agents of change and you are welcome to Leave and ignore it. Your life is now your own I give it to you freely to Do As Thou Wilt.

Welcome to the Infinite Current

Evolve or Die

Epistle to the Vatican

We, Doktor O'Bedlam and William Sasquatch as ordained popes of the Chaos Counter Current and the LDS Cabal wish for a moment of your most important time.

As immensely powerful sorcerers not in need of flesh nor blood nor corpus nor grace of the dead YVWH hereby offer you the following:

We have devised an intricate ritual that is currently in working by an uncountable number of our unnamed followers that, if all goes well, will use the innate paradox of our and YVWH's existence to trap the dead YVWH into a magic eight ball. By the time you get this letter, your God will no longer be in your hands. Look into your book of revelations, for we are there.

We are not unreasonable men. Very much the least.

We wish for Our formal excommunication, 1 gallon of holy water and three (3) pope hats.

We are willing to negotiate.

However; if an Open line of communication is now met within One (1) Week

We will be forced to Show our hand and Conduct a Formal Black Mass Celebrating the Death and Binding of YVWH and the throwing of the Corpse of YVWH Binded to a Magic 8ball stuffed into the skull of a goat into the Abyss of the ocean where no one will ever be able to raise him.

Epistle to the Kremlin

Dear Russia,

We are contacting to inform you about a grave social injustice. It has come to the attention of the LDS Cabal Of Discordia that there is not actually a Letter Q in your alphabet. As you may or may not know

"Q is a consonant and a letter of the Alphabet."- HaveFunTeaching

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=US7-1k5oHdE>

Regardless of which alphabet is morally correct (ours) we feel we must explain unto the reasoning for our letter. Without a Q one cannot grasp a particular character in the Star Trek the

Next generation. In this TV show there is a god form known as Q.

We feel that my not having this Letter in your alphabet that your people and nation as a whole cannot grasp this wonderful god known as Q, and that it is our mission as Worshipers of The Q continuum a established and protected worldwide religion of Discordia that we must bring to your the message of Q, as Q brought his words unto St. Picard.

"With the first link, the chain is forged. The first speech censored, the first thought forbidden, the first freedom denied, chains us all irrevocably." -- Captain Picard

Q is a mischievous, threatening, purportedly omnipotent being who has taken an interest in humans. Q's power is thus far limited only in that he cannot overcome others in the Q Continuum. He can, seemingly, stop death, create life, travel through time, stop time, multitask/create multiple versions of himself and create entire worlds effortlessly. He can change a person's mind or make them take any action. Q's mercurial personality switches between camp joking and deadly threats. While boastful, condescending, and threatening, he arguably has humanity's best interests at heart, as seen in The Next Generation series finale, "All Good Things...", in which he causes Jean-Luc Picard to shift through chronological periods, giving him a chance to save humanity

In closing We Implore you to open your hearts and minds to the Q continuum and Q Himself. We will begin to Spread the word from here. <http://ldscabal.webs.com/>

Epistle to The Mormons

Hello Church of the Latter Day Saints. I Reverend Billy F. Sasquatch, Leader of the Cabal of Chocolate Jesus of Latter Day Snacks am writing you to inform you of your Excommunication from the Cabal. Your Church is a Mockery of Our Chocolate Lord as well as His Mother, the Great Eris. Therefore we are giving your Church and all its members One (1) week from the day of this writing to Renounce your Heresy and come back to the Faithfull of the cabal.

If you do not we will be Forced to Excommunicate your "church" and all you have led astray. Know that this means you will be barred from Heaven/Limbo Peak and that you will be cast into the Fondue pits of Hell for all eternity. Also you will be banned from getting Chocolate Mass, Confessions from our priests and, forced to stand outside the Temple on Toga Friday.

Signed,

Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch, -58th Degree L.I.V.R. of the LDS Cabal.

Epistle to NASA

It came to The LDS Cabals attention That Recently you fired some sort of explosive into/at The Moon (we also have found out that this was not too recent however the Devil Box, or "TV" is not allowed inside cabal grounds) and this has alarmed us.

As Highly Established members of the Crackpot Tin Foil hat community we feel that our views and religious Beliefs are being oppressed by this and really ALL of your programs. You see The LDS Cabal has in its collective Sweaty hands Divine Proof™ That there is in fact NO MOON.

You see, Eris has spoken to us and shown us the horrible Illuminati Conspiracy that is afoot. We KNOW that in 1958 you gunned it to 88mph and traveled back into time to plant the Hubble "Telescope" into space, as well as place Wave machines under the ocean floor. This "telescope" is in fact a giant light, that projects a light into space that we from earth see as "The Moon". We also know about how you slide a plate over this light to simulate the waxing and waning of this false space rock. The ocean floor Wave pool machines make the tides that you and scientists have lied to us about.

For final proof I will remind you the Hubble rhymes with Bubble, and Bubbles are round, what else is round?

The Moon.

Furthermore the Reason the Devil Box is not allowed into Cabal grounds is that once I put in a VCR tape upside down and was banned from touching it so in a rage I threw it out the window. I once puked out a window one night after a hard night of drinking Gin and Mint Julep flavored Whiskey. The reason behind that was that we had been trying to concoct a new cabal mix drink.

Personally I prefer a bourbon and coke, but MadQueen wanted to Add in the gin, and Rev. Carpathia had decided that mint juleps , but the store was closed so we had to go to the gas station and all they had was the flavored whisky, and if you know Rev. Carpathia you cannot say no to those puppy dog eyes.

So like I was saying I was puking out of the window that night when I spotted a baby opossum laying close to where I was puking at/onto. Now Opossums besides tasting good are also nice

and friendly pets (just look at that grin), so me and Dr. O'Bedlam stumbled down the stairs and out into the bushes to get the little guy and take him into cabal grounds.

We argued over the name as I wanted to name him Gerald, however Metis had it in his head that it was a female and that it should have been named Dr. WonderWoman. So after a brisk round of fisticuffs we took Gerald/Dr. WonderWoman to the vet.

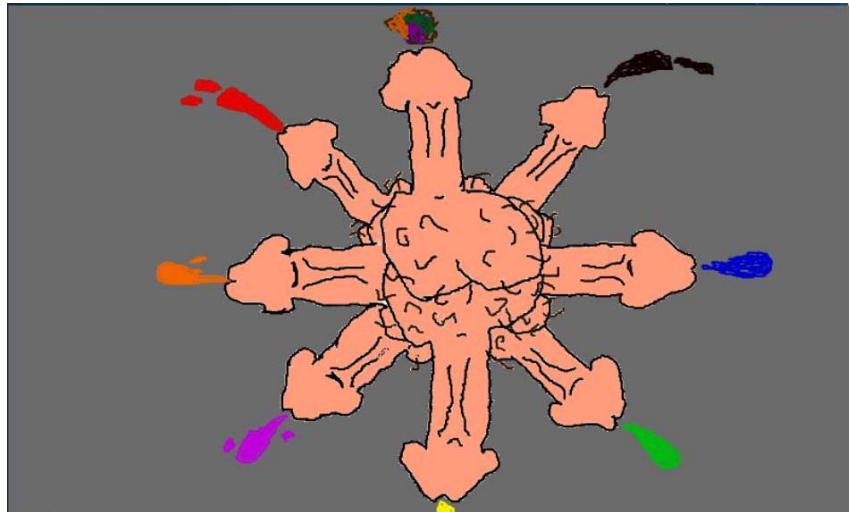
I remember that the Vet building was blue, not that I don't like the color blue but I feel that a building of that size and importance should be green. Green is just a better color in my mind and symbolizes the importance of size when it comes to building things. Like for example I once built a tree house and the Green that we painted it nicely offset the brown of the tree.

We used to meet up in the tree house for the occasional water balloon fight and to sit and stare at those fuzzy black light posters in illegal states of mind. Well after awhile this fact got out and about and soon we were running out of room and water balloons. So I turned to Beck Beckerton and I said, you know what we should do? We should get two trailers and put them together into a quadruple wide. This was celebrated with a round of viscous clapping and round of rum and cokes.

And that's how we got our Temple. (which we Painted Chartreuse, which I know is not exactly green, but I for one blame the round of rum and cokes on this).

Thank you for your time,

Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch, -50th Degree L.I.V.R. Ov Thee LDS Cabal.



NOTICE:

It has come to our attention that some employees have been using the Laboratory to clone themselves for use in building teams for various sports and for perverse sexual exploits. We ask that this is stopped and that all clones be brought back in for liquidation.

-THE MGT



Would Merlin allowed himself to be called a "Male Witch"? HELL NO!

THEY tell us Warlock is an insult, that it means "oath breaker" THEY tell us that the Catholic Church made it up to slander us, when we know damn well the Church twisted our rites and terms around to benefit

them, then burned the truth, among other things We will not use Wizard, this isn't D&D We will not use Male Witch, we will not be PC for you

We will no longer allow the Feminist Wiccan Agenda to continue to demasculinize male magicians in retaliation for the decline of the Goddess in favor of God centuries ago.

We will no longer allow the lies about the meaning of this word to continue in retaliation for the decline of females being the only oracles and priests in pagan culture.

The Warlock Rights Movement

WERE HERE

THE NAME CAUSES FEAR

GET USED TO IT!

This ad paid for by the Sorcerers Support Network, helping to put the machismo back in magick



“banishing with laughter, invoking with bad dancing. Silly hats and stupid names, what do you have to lose? Your boredom? And if for some reason you fuck up and summon the Great Old Ones; at least you provided a somewhat amusing snack.”

“I refuse to die in a dignified way, put some shades on me and stick my dead ass on the public bus.”

“Acting smug is asking to catch your dick in a zipper.”

“If you live in perfect love and perfect trust, not only will those damn gypsies rob you blind, they will fuck your best friend on your bed while your passed out drunk on the couch.”

“We have come to an agreement on the newest laws for the Cabal. 1:There shall be no Nipple Tweaking when we are trying to act Somber & Mystical; Seriously, it’s distracting Yo. 2: Air guitar is to be incorporated into all rites whenever it is deemed necessary. And Finally, we are changing Toga Friday back to Casual Friday due to the number of noise complaints we got last week.”

[07:56] <@BillySasquatch> well

[07:56] <@Love> lol

[07:56] <@BillySasquatch> idk what to say at that point

[07:56] <@Love> I just want to troll Jesus

[07:56] <@Love> :(

<BillySasquatch> I take you guys have never played

<BillySasquatch> the penis game

<Laureth> I have

<Laureth> lol

<BillySasquatch> there is a hypnotic urge to top the other guy until it end up both of you yelling

<BillySasquatch> idk some type of

<BillySasquatch> dong trance

<Laureth> LOOOL

* BillySasquatch coins the term

<MetaGangsta> I'm so hard I bluescreen macbooks

<Ave_Cthonos> I am downloading the Skype

[15:39] <C2H5OH> I didn't know Eris did meth.

SethMoris I'm going to strip away

13:40 SethMoris the Veil

13:41 BillySasquatch fudge YEAH

13:41 Duncan oh ho hum

13:41 BillySasquatch IA IA VOID

13:41 SethMoris And see the Destructive Aneristic forces around me

13:41 BillySasquatch and poo

13:41 Duncan and?

13:41 SethMoris Lol

13:41 Duncan ah

13:41 BillySasquatch ok

13:41 BillySasquatch so I have a project

13:41 Duncan have yet to do that, eh?

13:41 SethMoris Well

13:41 SethMoris This time I'm doing it on drugs

[13:13] <@BillySasquatch> stop trolling me with star trek Amy your making me QQ

[13:13] <@MadQueen> COME AT ME BRO

[13:13] <@MadQueen> U MAD BRO?

[13:13] <@MadQueen> U MAD

[13:13] <@MadQueen> AHAHAHAHHA

[13:13] <@BillySasquatch> you've not even seen star wars

[13:13] <@BillySasquatch> udunno

[13:13] <@BillySasquatch> QQ

[13:13] <@MadQueen> loool

[13:13] * BillySasquatch (billysasqu@mibxxx.xxx23.net) Quit (Quit: VERLASSEND)

[13:13] <@MadQueen> AHAHAHAHAHHA

<MadQueen> idk, I'm not paying attention

[01:03] <sockmister> Benjamin francklin

[01:03] <sockmister> etcetc

[01:03] <@MadQueen> fudge yes kites

[10:01] <@BillySasquatch> fudge YEAH ORANGE

[10:01] <@BillySasquatch> fudge YEAH SPACE

[10:01] <~weekin2day> you are all fail. no more love

[10:01] <@BillySasquatch> fudge YEAH SCIENCE

[10:01] <@Ave_Cthonos> ORANGE MAGICK IS THE BESTMAGICK

2:54:41 PM kikiwanderer: I've decided on a new method of spell work.

2:54:57 PM Duncan: oh?

2:55:00 PM Duncan: do tell

2:55:18 PM kikiwanderer: I'm going to get a sharpie and draw sigils on my cat's butt until it fades lol.

2:55:30 PM kikiwanderer: He's going to supercharge them every time he sits down or poops

2:55:45 PM Duncan: now I wish I had not asked

A Bedtime Story

A visitor was being shown around the Reverend's house, when they got to the Reverend's bedroom the visitor noticed something odd. "Say, why is there a bathtub in your bedroom?" they asked. The Reverend turned and looked first at what the visitor was looking at, and then to the visitor, "Why are you calling the guest bed a bathtub?"



(The REALTM question is why is there chains on it?)

The Story of St. Malcolm

Long ago there was a Discordian named Malcolm, He spent his days practicing magick, doing those awesome drugs that one had access to back in the day, and generally spreading the word of the Goddess. Naturally just like today, he made a lot more enemies than he did friends, but that's the risks one takes when they are determined to change things.

Soon enough he brought down the ire of the kings and their assassins. But Malcolm did not fear this, for he had a plan that was shown to him by the Goddess. He was given a ritual that would ensure his spirit would continue past his death, and that his work would not be stopped by anyone. The assassins finally tracked him down as he was completing the rite. He turned to them; and with a booming cackle, he threw himself on their swords.

He was the first; Malcolm Alpha; or Malcolm A, and since his original death, he has returned to this earth time and time again, taking up his former name and his task of trying to bring change to the world around

us. Among us are those who know this story, and are tasked with finding the newest incarnation of Malcolm and helping him recover his memories and charge.

The last time he came back was as Malcolm X, (he took the X because; being a Discordian at heart, he liked inside jokes) and this has lead us who know the Truth TM about Malcolm to realize that we are only two incarnations away from Malcolm Z.

There are those among us who speculate that When Malcolm Z comes, he will lead those who follow his message to the final battle Against corrupted Order, and that this will be the end of the world as we know it.

There are others who think that those who believe this about Malcolm Z are full of shit; after all, didn't they get all freaked out when they found Malcolm O, thinking it stood for Omega? And didn't Malcolm decide to take a break that incarnation and be a drunk?

Nevertheless, we pay some sort of respect to Malcolm, and have Canonized him as the Saint of change, for even if it is all bullshit, Malcolm was into Magick, Drugs, and Discordia, and died laughing. And that's the type of Frood who really knows where his towel is.



(St. Malcolm in his 24th incarnation)

The Discordian Zone

Imagine if you will; a stage, nothing too nice that is, this isn't the academy awards or some nice place you might want to find yourself sitting in. This stage is somewhat grimy, the carpet worn and stained with spilled drinks. On this stage is a house band. The band is nothing special; because of course if they where,

they wouldn't be a house band.

They have a name, but no one remembers it "somebody and something's" but they don't care, the money they get keeps the band in drugs, and women; which is surprising considering the best looking member is missing 4 fingers, a foot, and an eye.

The band starts up some jazzy tune, slightly off key, but again; house band, the instruments they play aren't exactly top notch. The announcer comes over the PA system with a squeal of feedback. His voice sounds like a rougher, more beat down version of the guy who says "lets get reaaaaady to ruuuuumbllllle!" If you where to speak with the man backstage, he would tell you he used to movie trailers before "the bitch" took everything he had. Then he would slam a glass of gin and rail a line of something or another.

"Ladies and Germs, please welcome to the stage, your friend and mine, Biiiiiiily Sasquatch!" The Band is now playing at such a level that one might think there instruments came alive and started beating the players to death.

The curtain comes up and we see the main attraction arguing with someone off stage "Damn it I said an ounce of shrooms and 007 golden eye, fucking banjo kazooie isn't going to fucking cut-HI EVERYONE, welcome to the show!" He coughs and tries to loosen his tie, but it's a clip on.

He begins to pace around the stage slowly

"I'm Billy Sasquatch and welcome to the 15 minutes of stage time that I could afford!"

APPLAUSE

"So, how 'bout that local sports team? I kid I kid....heh.... Ah...so two Jews walk into a...been done? Ah well then looks like I shouldn't have smoked before the show after all!"

APPLAUSE

"So, have you seen the news on the Bird and Fish deaths lately? Everyone is flipping out over animal deaths these days...can you tell me what animals died? No? Well that's because the ones who decided to croak no one really gave a shit about anyway!"

APPLAUSE

"Seriously though like what 100,000 fish, birds all over the world, in England all the crabs are dying; which should be a boom to the local prostitutes right? But seriously, people where really starting to lose their shit over this for awhile there, I mean it was the first day of the new year, and we wake up hung-over to find out nature was ditching us a year early! People are going bat shi- wait....the bats are dying now? Well never mind then!"

APPLAUSE

He lights a cigarette and takes a sip from the glass of bourbon sitting on the stool next to him "And this is just the precursor to things right? Next year is going to blow this shit out of the water, the oceans are going to boil, planet X is swinging through the drive though window to place a order of fuck you, aliens are going beam down, and the sun is going to fucking explode. The real sign of the coming doomsday though, the one thing that personally showed me that we as humans are doomed? Oprah getting her own TV network!"

APPLAUSE

"However I-" The drummer does a rim shot, and Billy sighs before flicking the cigarette at the band and lighting another "I guess the drummer found my roach before he came on stage. However---I, my friend, have a plan. Yes, I have come here tonight to personally tell you all how to survive the coming storm. "

He takes another sip of his drink

"Where going to go out on boats, and wait for the coming solar flare, we'll have plenty to eat, because at this point, most of the wild life will be belly up just waiting for our nets. Then when the oceans boil were going to jump out of the boat, throwing wide our sheets, now the steam will be hot, but that's alright we'll be in fireman suits. The air currents will take us high enough to land on the outside of the UFO's that will by now be coming through the atmosphere James Bond style."

He glares off stage before continuing

"Then hijack the UFO, land on the 10th planet while the reptilians are leaving it to kill everyone, and then my friends well, then we are set."

He looks out to the crowd and their silence He downs the rest of his drink and fails to readjust his clip on tie again "At this point the LSD will have worn off and we can get to those 2013 New Year's parties in time for the stripper to pop out of the cake!"

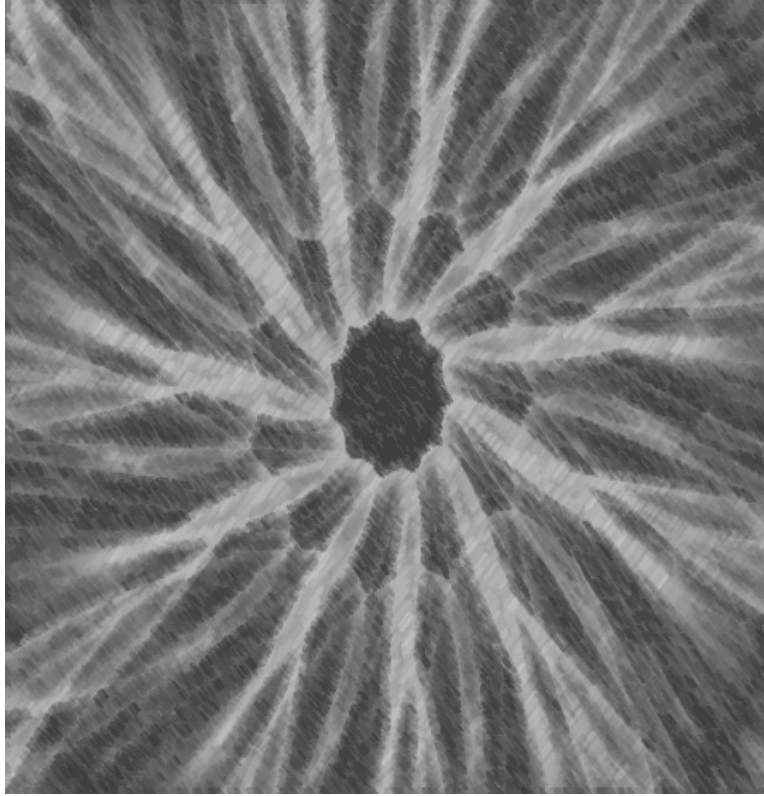
APPLAUSE

"Well folks that's my time, thanks for coming out!"

The band kicks back and startles the front row; our cut rate jester takes a bow as the curtains drop. You gulp down the last of your watered down beer, and stand to leave, knowing you'll never get these minutes of your life back, you push open the door and the light from outside blinds you.

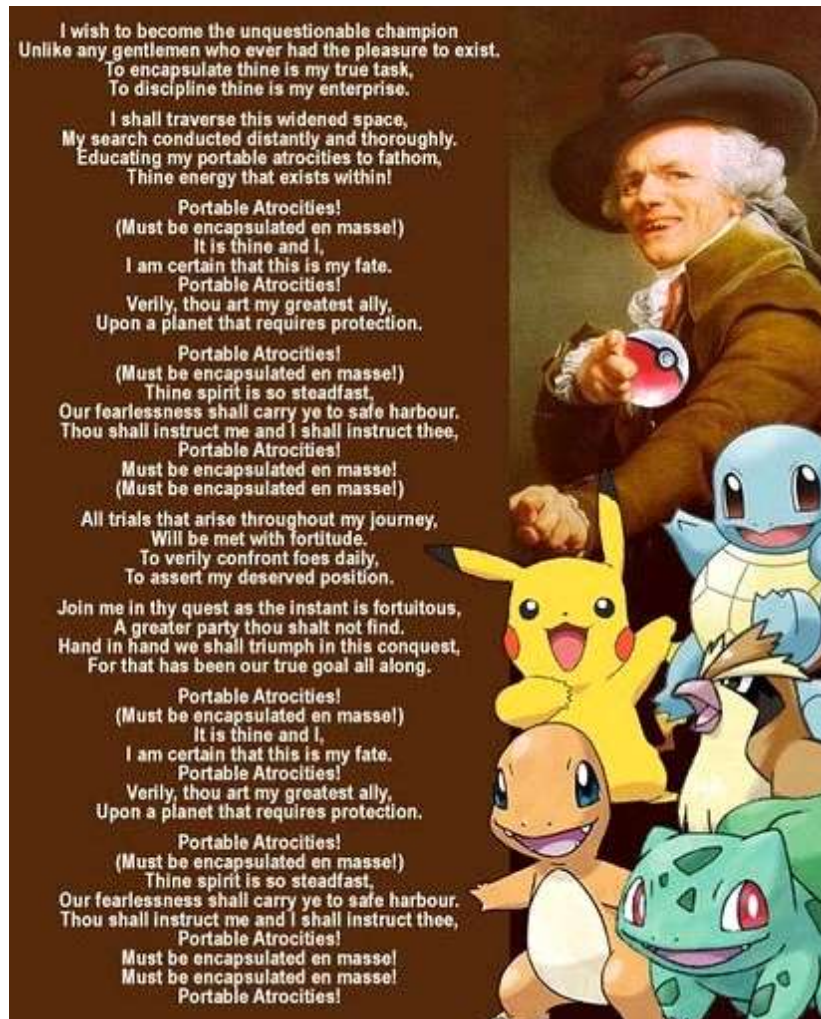
You have just left - The Discordia Zone....

Do Do Do Do Doooo.....



What is Pokemonism?

By Rev. Lewis Carpathia



Here is the Pokémon guardian spell and meaning.

What you need:

- 1) 1 picture of the Pokémon you want to summon
- 2) candles of the color of the Pokémon
- 3) 1 poke ball

Ritual:

Cast a stone circle put the picture in the center, put the poke ball next to the picture, put the candles around the picture, light them and say:

I call you my guardian Pokémon to be my friend and defender Now make this poke ball capture the Pokémon and send it to me.

I CHOOSE YOU (Pokémon name)!

A Pokémon guardian is like any other spirit in other religions. They are the watchers and helpers of the trainers. They help us and guide us, we may be as one with them to become the best Pokémon trainer ever. When we become one we combine our power and theirs. We may tap into their power once we become one with the Pokémon. We may have six guardians that we work with at one time. You may use different ones in each ritual, spell or any other thing you do, but only six at a time.

OUR WORDS SHALL REMAIN HERE FOR THE AGES

“Thus we shall erect a Pokémon statue outside They possess great insight and refuse the outside world We humans must learn to walk in harmony with them We depart for their sakes” We must strive to be like Pokémon refuse the outside world. Be strong and be one with our selves. Keep a clear mind and don't let the things of the world get to us and corrupt us. We must be one with the spirit, be one with Pokémon.
Our emotions

Mesprit is a legendary emotion Pokémon. Legendary Pokémon our “gods” they came before all and created all. “Betray not your anger, lest ??? will come. Weep not with sorrow, or ??? will draw near. When joy and enjoyment come natural as the very air, that is happiness. Let such be blessed by the hand of Master ???.” This teaching is about Mesprit (feelings) how to keep your calm, how to deal with sadness and even teaches of happiness. It teaches us to be as Mesprit. Yet again here it shows us to be one with Pokémon, our spirit.

Here is another teaching from the Sinnoh region.

“Long ago, when Sinnoh had just been made, Pokémon and humans led separate lives. That is not to say they did not help each other. No, indeed they did. They supplied each other with goods, and supported each other. A Pokémon proposed to the others to always be ready to help humans. It asked that Pokémon be ready to appear before humans always. Thus, to this day, Pokémon appear to us if we venture into tall grass.”

Here again it teaches that Pokémon are here with us watching and helping us. That we may work together and help each other. Giratina the legendary Pokémon of another world. When this world was made, Dialga and Palkia appeared. Apparently, there was one more Pokémon that appeared at the same time. A Pokémon with as much power as Dialga and Palkia...

But also one whose name was never to be spoken--Giratina! It's said to lurk in another world... A world on the opposite side of ours... The legend of Giratina has been all but forgotten but to a few... The legend told of a world on the other side of ours. This world.

Why does this world exist? Why is Giratina here all alone? This speaks of a place and a legendary Pokémon

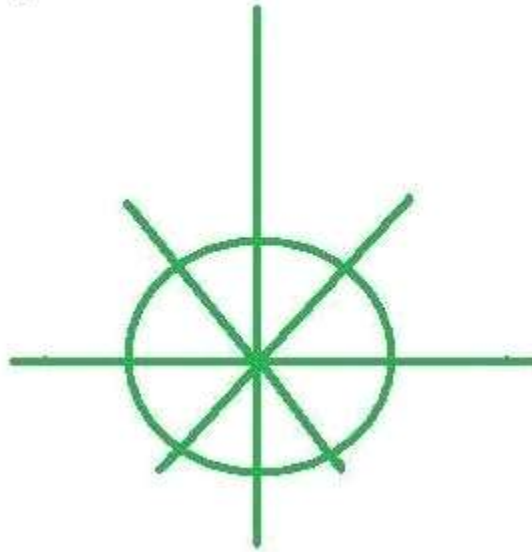
that are not talked about a lot in legend. This is all that is known about Giratina to my knowledge.

Giratina is able to travel through and control dimensions besides those of time and space. When in its Origin Forme, it is able to pass through dimensions at will, however, it will turn back to its Altered Forme due to the gravity change from the Reverse World. It does so by emitting a whirlwind from its mouth which creates a portal.

It also seems to have a connection to reflective objects, such as mirrors and pools of water. Reflections embody the concept of the Reverse World.....

SerBluntus

"I'm dreaming about being a blunt, I'm running around and I just can't wake up, Hah! I'm dreaming about being a blunt. Ho! I'm walking around and I just can't wake up."- KRS-One, Blunt Song



This Is the Symbol of SerBluntus, The God of Cannabis. the LDS Cabal make him over a year ago, and I have had nothing but results with him since. I think that Every Drug has a spirit and that at least for me; SerBluntus is the spirit of Cannabis.

He is in my mind a Knight, perpetually stoned and always with a smile. He rides for fairness in all dealings, and to make sure no one is looked down on for smoking his Holy Sacraments. He Has Provided both Magi and Non Magicians who have prayed to him with either Weed they did not know they had, a friend

showing up to smoke the person up, or a dealer to unexpectedly come through.

He has also helped people Pass urine tests and get jobs. It has been said that He filled a gap in that needed to be filled in magic. All I know is he is the biggest example of result based magic that we have ever made so far.

A Simple Prayer to Him

Oh SerBluntus, Take me ever higher on clouds of your most sacred herb to The Good Times. May my bowl never be empty while under your gaze. Protect me from the Man, and forgive me for pinching, as I forgive those who pinch out my bag. In your Holy name we Toke; Pass to the left.

Rev. MadQueen's Evocation of SerBluntus

Unto him supplication for abundance, protection and opening of ways.

To open the sacramental circle:

Attain stillness and reject all anxiety over or desire for, cannabis. Become the center and pull to you elements of earthly manifestation

Call to Air in the East

Meditate on the dissolving of barriers. See the illusion of barrier to your goal.

Call to Fire in the South

Mediate on the action of burning and correlation to divine fire or inspiration. The beginning of a process.

Call to Water in the West

Meditate on fluidity of mind

Call to Earth in the North

Mediate on the Divine manifestation of creativity seen in all of nature. Honor the herb for its embodiment of divinity.

As Above

Feel the divine life-force that is the same in both you and the herb and draw it down to you. Visualize this light as a beautiful white/ gold. The color of sunlight. Let it warm you and fill you with energy. Starting at the crown chakra and working down to the root, pull the energy and condense it until you are a pillar of light.

So Below.

When you have activated and filled each chakra, project a stream of energy from your root chakra to below you."Flood" the ground with sunlight. Channel the divine life-force energy to the ground below you and feel as the earth becomes fertile and responding. When you feel this shift, start to pull energy back up

in a separate stream.

Visualize this the green energy of life, the emanation of divine energy filtered through the structures of you. Visualize the two moving streams of energy green and gold, one flowing down and one flowing up.

When the green earth energy has reached your crown chakra feel it expand and radiate from the column of power within you. You are organic, you are divine, you are the he who inhales and he who is inhaled.

Evocation

The NUMBER of our patron is 420. Utilize his number in breathing. 4 counts of breathing out, 2 counts in, then a vocal "OM" to signify zero. Meditate on HIS sigil, or visualize it in your mind's eye, until you reach a feeling of kinship and protection.

Light any sacrificial offerings of herb to him and inhale, pulling him in along with the smoke. Charge him with divine energy and upon exhale send him out for his assigned purpose.

If you do not have any offerings, simply inhale and charge him, and say a prayer asking him to provide.

Close circle and banish your typical way.

Now wait...

Ser Bluntus Provides

How Ser Bluntus Got Me A Job

By. Nylus

"If the words "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" don't include the right to experiment with your own consciousness, then the Declaration of Independence isn't worth the hemp it was written on."

-Terence McKenna on Marijuana

(no animals were harmed in the making of this ritual; seriously Skittle had diarrhea for a few days but she's still alive and kicking)

I wholeheartedly agree with the above quote by Terence McKenna; weed has helped me tremendously over the years from exploring new vistas of consciousness (I smoked some REALLY good Kush once and could see everything in four constantly shifting perspectives- it was pretty cool).

While I don't smoke anymore I will always look at weed as being a former friend, who would nurse me into the hazed sleep of the comatose and semi dead. Anyway to get back on topic, while I loved to smoke, I was also looking for a job and I happen to like money and getting it on a consistent basis a lot more than I like Kush.

I was just about to land a job with a large retail chain that's been around for ages, and is known for their extensive interviews. I had already gone through three interviews, and on my fourth, I was pretty sure I

was going to get the job. However, it wasn't over yet. My interviewee casually explained to me that he would need (duh) a background check (good there, I haven't robbed any banks or raped any crack whores in my experience) and of course a drug test.

I felt that I would be fine with this, I wasn't a chronic smoker at the time, but the last time I'd smoked was only about a month or so before I had my last interview. I had to take the piss test by the Monday after next, so I had to figure something out quick or I would miss an opportunity.

I'd read about Ser Bluntus, Patron Saint of Potheads from one of Boz's earlier PDF, *The Book of Saints, Delusions, and Blood Rites* and decided to give him a try. He's supposed to be an entity that assists all his 'disciples' with any marijuana related issues. I'd figured; why not use him to help me pass the drug test? The obstacles didn't seem too surmounting, I was right on the cusp of whether or not the weed would show up on the test-or fail to show at all.

I also however couldn't use his 'sacrament' in order to get this done. I threw around this variable in my head, until I finally decided it wasn't worth the risk, it would probably work 'against' what I was trying to do. Instead, I drew his sigil and underlying script on the back of a used receipt and set up an altar to the God of all things leafy and green.

I did have some weed brownies from my birthday, I set up a sacred circle with a bit chalk placed the brownies on the green plate in the center of the altar, lit the candles, and got into a meditative state. I knew the brownie HAD to be consumed in some manner, but wasn't sure how I would make that so, but after mulling it over a bit, I fed some to the neighbor's cat, while he was hanging out in my yard (as usual).

I began by first chanting Ser Bluntus's name, then (since he didn't have his own invocation) and started a tantric practice wherein you visualize the deity in the center of your heart and watch it move as you inhale and exhale. As I got deeper into the trance, I noticed the initial weed plant begin to shape a jolly face, the surrounding cannabis leaves turned into limbs and he became more and more animated as I inhaled and exhaled.

There was giggling laughter and of course a relaxed ambience. I then exhaled him into the brownie, installing him there, where I told him to stay there and begin his work as soon as he was done being consumed. I chanted his mantra the rest of the day until I got an opportunity to feed the cat, then blessed her Ser Bluntus, and the rite in general.

One month later...

Employer: Yeah, Mrs. _____, we got your drug test. At first it came back positive, but then it came back negative...Yeaaaahh, that's weird but, whatever, we just wanted to congratulate you on getting the job. When can you come in...

ME: (hehe) whenever is good for you sir...

P.S The neighbor doesn't allow that cat into our yard anymore....

St. Washington of the Boner Dollar

After Kicking the British in their collective nuts George Washington is said to have become a member of the Illuminati. Well this is True. And the Illuminati celebrated this by putting his fine ass on the Dollar Bill along with a triangle. Here are some pictures of that those dollars.





MadQueen's Evocation of St. Washington

"dear st Washington, patron saint of boner dollas, pimp slap reality and send them dolla hoes my way"

Fig. A: His Pony that he rode to town on



(this was not wrote while hungover)

The Lesser Elvis Banishing Ritual of the Sequined Pentagram

By Rev. Saint Pope Oblyvion, Disorder of the Silver Cantaloupe

NOTE: This ritual was dictated to me whilst skrying into the black, shiny part of an Elvis record.

The purpose of this ritual is clear the area of all Elvis-negative influences. This includes all that is not patriotic and all that is not of White Trash at heart.

Begin by facing in the direction of Graceland. For easy reference, we shall call this East.

1: Visualize the infinitely bright light of a Las Vegas spotlight descending upon you.

2: Draw this Holy Light into your head, intoning:

LOVE ME

3: Point downward, hand over... personal privates... , intoning:

TENDER

4: Point to right shoulder.

LOVE ME

5: Point to left shoulder.

TRUE

This is the Holy Cross of Elvis. Conclude by saying: "Uh-huh".

6: Facing East (Graceland), draw a bright, blue, sequined pentagram in the air. Be sure to visualize the light reflecting off of the shimmering sequins. Intone:

Ehhhh

7: Repeat step six to the south. Intone:

Lllll

8: To the west, intone:

Vihhhhh

9: To the north, intone:

ssssss

Between each of the above steps, you should make part of a circle connecting each pentagram. This circle should be made of the Light of the Holy Las Vegas Spotlight. Imagine yourself bathed in the Holy Vegas Light. Face Graceland.

10: Before you, imagine Elvis as a baby, containing his True Elvis Potential. This is the Elvis of Air.

Say: ELVIS, thou who were born a King in Lowly Surroundings. Fulfill your potential. Be present with me today.

11: Behind you, imagine the young man Elvis, on the brink of Stardom. This is the Elvis of Water.

Say: ELVIS, thou who art about to realize your Kingliness among men. Fulfill that Potential. Be with me today.

12: To your right, imagine Elvis in the prime of his career, when he was making movies and the like. He thrusts his pelvis suggestively. This is the Elvis of Fire.

Say: ELVIS, thou who art leading us to Light. Be with me today.

13: To your left, imagine Elvis in his Las Vegas stage. He wears sunglasses and is slightly pudgy. This is the Elvis of Earth.

Say: ELVIS, thou who didst die on the pot of an overdose. Be with me today.

Repeat the Holy Cross of Elvis. Thus ends the Ritual.

This ritual should be repeated daily. If you wish, you may use Elvis music in the background to aid your concentration. If you have an altar, it should contain a Microphone Wand, a Microphone-Stand Dagger, an Elvis "45 Disc, and small porcelain toilet (Chalice).

May the Holy Light of Las Vegas Shine within you.

Love is the Law. Love under Rock & Roll.



Ave Cthonos is Best Cthonos

By Ave Cthonos

The lights they hurt my eyes, wondering again if another drug fueled day will bring me to that edge where enlightenment will fall upon me, I am 18 years old I haven't showered in a week, the infection in my arm is getting pretty bad I should probably go to the hospital for antibiotics since this herbal magick isn't working.

I pass out hungry and hungover at this thought.

I wake up at my desk, my manager is standing over me. "You know John for someone who is up for a promotion so quick you sure aren't helping my decision by napping at your desk. Come into my office." I am 24. I work at a gas station part time and at a call center full time. I tell my manager to hold on a second and stop in the employee

bathroom where I snort a rail of coke. I pray a short enochian verse I created at the time. I want this promotion. We end up talking about fishing instead of work, and joke around about the size of the secretaries tits at the front door. A week later I get the promotion, now I won't have to smell like gasoline so often. It's not that I need the money, I just want that early retirement.

I am in the hospital green fluid is leaking from my ears, I am coughing up blood. The paramedic said they found me on the corner of burnside in a pool of vomit. I am 19 years old. The guy asks me what the writing is all over my arms, "Its Hebrew, it says Abrahadabra, you know like abracadabra, its magick." The guy

shakes his head and I am admitted into the hospital.

I am 21 years old I have been clean from opiates/heroin for quite some time now. I am on the Oregon coast staring at one of those bird sanctuaries. You know the big rocks covered in birds. There is a light fog as the sun is setting. I take a puff off of my joint and begin the walk to find a place on the shore perfect for my ritual. I want to become a great and powerful sorcerer, not live in a cess pool of delusion like I have been these past few years.

I draw a circle in the sand. I light my four elemental candles. I pray to Thoth/mercury to open my mind to the path before me. An ibis headed god blinds my eyes and says to me "Hey man you should work your butt off and invest money so you can retire early, I know you think money isn't everything but money equals freedom of experience.

If you want to travel the world and become this concept of a sorcerer you have in your head you need to make money. Here I will give you the power of obsession if you want, it will make you work for this goal". He high fives me as I pass out. I don't know if the pot was laced, the sleep deprivation did it, or if it was genuine magickal experience.

I don't care. I just want to go back to Portland and work now. The obsession hit me.

I am 27 years old, I just finished writing up my last financial contract at the car lot. I tell my boss through the door who is getting a blow job from some whore I am gone. He moanfully says ok good working with you. I walk to my car and think to myself I made it, I made it early, but what do I do where do I go? I head for the nearest metaphysical supply store, grab two tons of incense and head for the forest. What do I do with this obsession now that I don't have to work anymore.

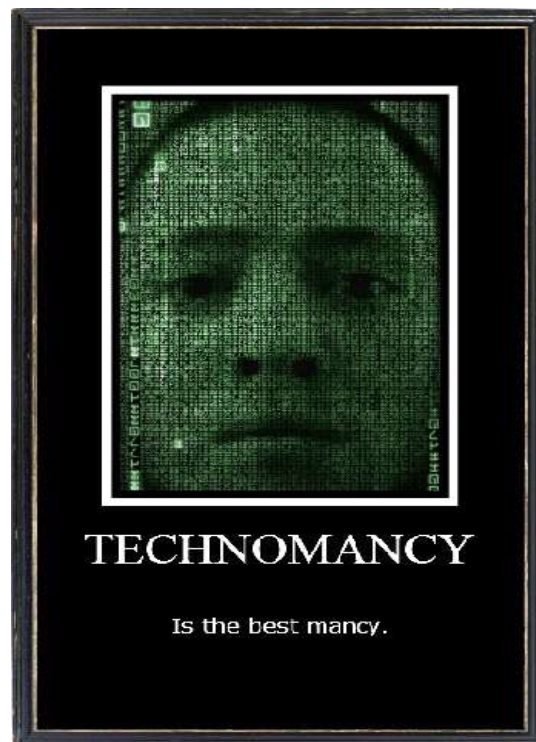
I am 21 again, I meet a friend of mine, he is wearing a blue suit and blue sunglasses. Apparently he is doing some awesome investing. I see a stain on his shirt that looks too much like the sigil I used for a money ritual the other night. It's too perfect I jump at the opportunity and start asking him how much money I would need to make money like he is. He starts jotting down figures. I tell him I will just hand over what I need to and have him manage a portfolio for me. within the first year I am rolling in dough. But that doesn't matter, my obsession with work does. Work is what brings the small seeds of cash for him to grow my trees. I make a shrine to my servitor/sigil.

I am 12, I wake up in the middle of the night, the room is spinning, demons are crawling out of the shadows clawing at me, I would scream for someone but I would only get beaten by my step-father. I get up and start beating the walls in. My step-father comes in, but I am charged with a hate I have never felt before, I start punching him, he doesn't know how to reacted so he, like I have for the past seven years curls up into the fetal position, I beat him over and over again, my mother comes in she doesn't look upset only relieved. I tell my step-father if he ever raises a hand to me or my sister again I will kill him slowly and pull out his tongue so he can never yell again and break his hands so he can never hurt again. He never looks me in the eyes for the next two years. not once. At 14 I move in with my father in Oregon.

I am 15, I just got the Necronomicon, I wear black clothes and dyed my hair black. Some kid at school told me he was going to curse me. I tell him lets do this. I have been attempting witchcraft for a year now. This

will be my first success. I use symbols and words from the book in my own fashion, not truly reading it or the rituals I design my own ritual. I go into the woods with a copper chalice filled with gasoline and a bottle of wine and a black candle. I light the gas on fire and then pour it into a dirt hole in the ground until it burns off. I almost light myself on fire in the process, I speak the words I picked out and I curse this kid. I pour some wine and thank the dark ones whoever they are. the next day the kid shows up missing hair with the biggest patch of ringworm I have ever seen in my life on his head. this won't even come close to the darker acts of magick I will commit later in life.

I am 28, this is today, I am waiting for my money to go through revenue services, and then the great work will begin.



Surythys

By Vectress Ouroboros Ov the Qao



I decided to plan making a servitor first... get a picture down beforehand of who and what it is, and what it's for, how it would be energized, how it would work. I scribbled some notes on a scrap piece of graph paper. I scribbled out syllables until I found a set that just would not quit going through my head. Without planning to, I had made it before I had intended. I knew it almost right away -- suddenly it all clicked.

That is how Surythys was made. A general-purpose first servitor that seems to be a little more. He -- it seems to be a "he" though gender is nearly meaningless with it -- was meant for dream assistance, and magickal go-for work. Delivering spells, linking dreams, scrying assistance, meditation assistance. In the form of one of my favorite animals: squid.

At first I alone worked with him, and found my dream lucidity increased, my spells had more power. I could feel his presence around me. This was a little disturbing at first, but he is a joyful creature, so his company is always pleasant, and he will never do an action that will cause someone harm. He was so small at first... a semi translucent thimble of energy zipping about. Now he is much larger... and his form is fluid... amorphous. His faces (and tentacles) are many. Infinite, as are the many dreaming realities of the Qao, to which he is linked.

It is time that perhaps some of you may want to work with him. I never put the intention of him being robotic in his ways... mindlessly servile... so do not expect him to be such. He is very good with dreams.

I've found a simple invocation works while thinking happy squiddy thoughts:

Surythys! Surythys! Surythys!

(State your intent -- be polite!)

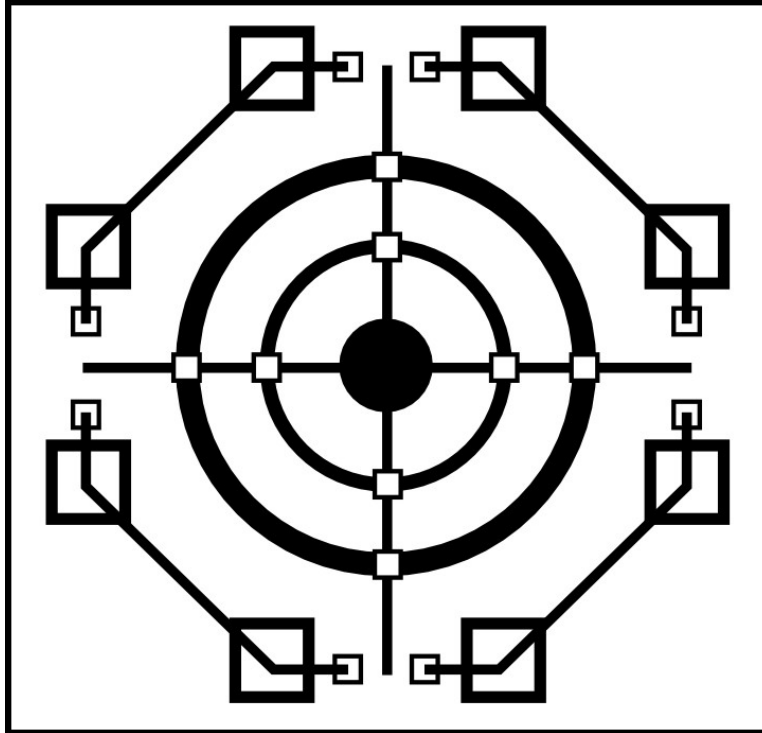
Surythys! Surythys! Surythys!

(If it helps, you may use his sigil, as posted above -- if it doesn't look perfect when you write it, that's ok...
it's supposed to be fluid, just like him.)



The Tevatron

By Rev. MadQueen



He speaks in all tongues at the same time, he has no voice
 His center is an eye that eats the mouth that tastes the world
 His rings move like a coin dropped, in different directions, they are made of metal tongues that extend and
 feed on the thoughts

Outer ring, the thoughts of the world, the tongues taste and feed these to middle ring, which tastes the
 thoughts that you know which feed the center ring which taste the thoughts you have but cannot capture.

They all feed the eye that eats the mouth that tastes the world.
 The mouth has many teeth in many rows and tongues, they extend to find the most promising of thoughts
 to feed his processes of creation.

He eats not to consume but to digest. His 4 arms pulsate with the energy of thought, projecting it onto
 the world.

He makes the intangible tangible.

Goal, Desire, Purpose: To collect and organize fleeting thoughts and turn them to action. To create
 something out of nothing

Desired Results: Inspiration and compulsion to act, profit

Statement of Intention: Thought into creation.

Energy source / Feeding: Self sustained on collective consciousness and users thought processes;
 conscious and subconscious.

Lifespan / Ending time: Infinite

Method of Banishment and Destruct Command: None, but may be paused for reprieve. Invoke and order reprieve for a determined period of time.

Colors: Black and Green

Associated Numbers:

Zero - Limitless, Unknowable, No-thing, Boundless, Truth, Purity, Love, All, Alpha and Omega, Possibility, First Cause, Unmanifest, Breath of God, Unified Field, Source, Space, Consciousness, Cosmic Egg, God.

Three - Trinity, Union of Divine plus Human, Manifestation, Positive, Negative and Neutral, Expression, Subconscious Mind/Imagination, Creativity, Optimism, Enthusiasm, Expressiveness, Charm, Humor, Fun, Attraction, Friendly.

Eight - Achievement, abundance, executive stature, strength, self-discipline, power, success, authority, psychology, entrepreneurialism, intensity, industry, grandeur, material manifestation.

Associated Elements: all

Words of Invocation

Tevatron son of mind, father of creation processes

I call him to me tonight

To share his being, influence and power.

Something out of nothing, matter out of energy.

Feed and digest into my mind.

Tevatron son of my mind , father of creation processes

I call you to me tonight.

Affect my being, influence and power with inspired creation processes

Something out of nothing, matter out of energy.

Feed and digest into my mind.

Tevatron son of the mind, father of creation processes

Here with me tonight I will feed and digest into your mind.

Something out of nothing, matter out of energy.

Feel my being, influence and power.

Think! Realize! Discover! Destroy! Digest! Pirate! Create!



cheating.

By Nyte

(Please note this is an idea, or series of ideas, which I arrived at while contemplating the project currently in place by Fishsticks, Reality Bot-Netting. So at least a part of the creative credit should go to Fishsticks.)

The initial idea for the project involves the idea of the Loa (or Lwa or however you choose to spell/say it), and the idea that drinking, smoking, and general enjoyment of that type is (as it seems to me) a basic and key part of summoning, empowering, and appeasing these spirits. Come to think of it, most spirits, egregors, and non moralistic intentioned deities enjoy these things, more on that later.

The general idea is to take a map, and mark your location of working (could be your house, some people work someplace other than where they live. I also mean your magical workplace, not where you go to a job, unless your job is magic, or you do your magic at your job) and mark, radiating from that a set of crossed lines, one north south running, the other east west. Now, find along those lines, as close to equidistant as possible a decently active bar or club, that you think the feel and environment (perhaps the crowd as well) is right. You may need to deviate slightly from your lines, but try not to, and not more than a block or so, unless you can set it up to rotate the whole cross effect that approximate amount as well.

Now, case these locations out, get a decent feel for them, and connect, you may need to do this step one at a time, with the next part, or a second time, one at a time with the next part. Now, design a sigil for each location with the intent of making all of the drinking, spilling, smoking, and such into an offering to Loa, or one of choice (I might suggest using one that is the guardian, allowing access to all the others, Papa Legba or Baron Samhedi perhaps). Also, along with that intent, it must also direct the energy and offering in to the central point (your workspace). I would also include the veve of the Loa, or many (if not all of them) as well.

Take them to the appropriate establishments, and drink, smoke, make offerings, all the while charging and empowering your pre-prepared sigil package. Now, a word on the packages... They can be on a tile (again thank you Fishsticks), or perhaps a piece of art or photography, or in an urn or pitcher, that the place will accept as a gift and keep, even if it's thrown in the back closet. The tile can be easily hidden someplace and stuck on with epoxy or the like. Do one bar at a time, though you could do them all in a night, making a circuit of it.

Now back at your workspace, you will need a bind rune for all of your packages, to bring together the energy and offering collected, and direct it to the Loa. If you don't know bind runes, look it up. Also, again, include the veve or veves, they seem to like being recognized as much as possible (duh, don't all such entities). You may want to consider setting up and alter, offering table, or item of offering to stay set up for this purpose. Now you need to empower the bind rune, and seal the whole system together. Also, calling on the Loa (one or all) and gifting them the ever fulfilling connection offering might be a good idea.

I am not thinking that this should make for a lazy, I don't have to make offerings type of arrangement, but it's something that should strengthen the connection somehow.

Now for some alternate uses, perhaps, well, what I dreamed up anyway.

Use the above basically as is, though your normal workspace doesn't have to be the center, to open a portal that is self offering and empowered to allow the influence of the Loa to increase and flow out into the surrounding reality.

Make an octa-crossroad set up to dedicate to chaos or chaos entities.

Overlay the octa-crossroad over a crossroad set up to dabble the Loa and chaos (deities or just in general) together.

Use it in octarine or more and modify the energy flow to both inward and in one direction to empower a large area as a vortex of chaos or void.

Persephone and the Pomegranate Seeds

By Rev. Kiki

It was a perfect spring day when Persephone decided to go pick a bouquet of flowers. She had sat down and begun to make a daisy chain, when her uncle, Hades, came by. He had always been one of her favorite Gods; there was something mysterious about the underworld that had always appealed to her. She smiled and sprung up, rushing to hug him.

As Hades hugged his niece, he was stunned; wrapped around him was the curvaceous form of a matured goddess and not a little girl. He looked into her blue eyes and couldn't help himself; he caught those deep red lips with his pale ones.

She gasped breathlessly as he pulled back abruptly, an apologetic look on his face. As Hades parted his pale lips to speak, she crushed herself against him, pressing her lips to his once more. The heady sensation of lust rolled across her and she answered its call.

As they lay in the grass, Hades reached over and stroked Persephone's face. "You're so beautiful. I want to show you the best parts of my world."

Persephone smiled at him. "You know my Mother will never agree to let me go," she wistfully replied. Hades sighed heavily, trying to think of a way around Demeter.

"I'll ask Zeus," he declared. Standing, he kissed her once more before disappearing into the Earth. Persephone returned home to Demeter, wistful and pouty, longing for the embrace of Hades.

The two met every day for a week, meeting in the hiding places of Persephone's childish haunts. Finally Zeus had time to meet with Hades. Listening to his brother's dilemma, he demanded that Hades marry Persephone as the consequence of his action, and to figure out a way to get Demeter to agree to it.

At a loss, the couple went to the best trickster and marauder they knew- Eris. The goddess listened to the little plan the two haphazardly laid out, with a cheeky grin spreading across her face. "This sounds like fun!" she shouted, swinging her legs on the edge of her seat. They began to form a plan to hide Persephone from Demeter long enough to make it to the Underworld, where Eris would marry them.

The wedding day dawned fine and bright, and Persephone donned her favorite frock- a bit of color for the "gloom" of her new realm. Likewise, Hades wore his finest, coming up to the earth and the appointed place early to avert any problems. Finally the signal was given- the meeting between Zeus, Hera, and Demeter- and his radiant Persephone appeared.

"Persephone, my love, will you marry me, and be the Queen of the Underworld?" he asked as he offered his hand to her.

"Yes," she confidently replied, climbing into his chariot and for the first time, undergoing the journey to the underworld. She gasped as the earth parted with a rumble and the chariot plunged into the tunnel. Her breath was taken away as she saw the roots of plants, burrows of small animals, bug homes and earth worms, all displayed neatly as they hurtled by. Soon she was seeing layers of stone and fossils. She was fascinated by the sights and Hades smiled at her expressions of childlike wonder.

"You're going to bring the light back to us," he softly whispered in her ear, as he stood behind her. The rivers of the Underworld began to pass by, and a shadow fell over her face as she saw how gloomy the regions looked. "This is the river Acheron.... Cocytus.... Lethe... Phlegethon.... and the Styx. And... this is our home- our part of the wonder- the House of Hades." The chariot stopped, and Hades stepped out, helping Persephone out as well. She looked around, dismayed by the lackluster of the region. It reminded her of an old home that had been abandoned and filled with spiders. She made a sour face and shook her head.

"We'll certainly need to spruce the place up," she said with a slight smile.

"Whatever you wish," he replied, looking into her eyes. Their lips were just meeting as Eris appeared like a wraith, scaring them both. She chuckled with a sparkle in her eyes as they jumped.

"Are we ready to get this wedding going?" she asked as Hera strode forward.

The pair nodded, and Hera began officiating, grim and stoic as always (she had only agreed to this because it would anger Demeter even more).

Over the next few months, the couple lived blissfully. Persephone redecorated the palace, bringing new life to the realm, as well as taking on some of her duties as queen. Meanwhile though, things on earth had become quite ugly. Demeter had refused to let things grow since Persephone's disappearance, and no one would tell her where her beloved daughter had gone. Finally things had become bad enough to where Zeus had to step in on behalf of the humans.

“Demeter,” he said when she appeared before him, “You have to quit this! Let things grow again.”

“No.” she simply replied.

“What do you want??” he asked, impatiently.

“I want Persephone back. No one will tell me where our daughter has gone, Zeus.”

Zeus sighed heavily and thought for a few moments before he answered “She has gone to the underworld and married Hades.” Angry, Demeter stormed out of Olympus and huffed her way to the earth, knocking at the door to the underworld at Cumae. Plowing the doorway guardian over, she marched her way to the ferryman and demanded a ride to the palace. Afraid to argue with such a fearsome force, the ferryman agreed and took her there.

Persephone and Hades were sitting out in the courtyard when Demeter showed up. They were sitting beside each other, laughing and flirting. Persephone leapt up when she saw her mother's countenance.

“Persephone, you are coming home with me NOW.” Demeter commanded.

“No mother, I am not.” Persephone calmly replied. “I am married. This is my home now, and father said it was fine.”

“Then the earth will die, dear child. I have vowed not to allow growth to come to the plants until you are returned.”

“That is a shame. I'm not coming with you.” Persephone turned and haughtily walked into the palace, shutting the door behind her. Demeter turned on Hades, her eyes spitting fire at the one who had taken her child from her. Hades merely sat in the same place, folding his hands in his lap and matching her stare. Furious, Demeter returned to Olympus, and demanded an audience with Zeus.

“What now?” Zeus asked.

“Persephone will not come back home, and I will not allow the plants to grow until she does. She is your daughter as well, and she belongs in our world of light and life, not in that world of dark and death.”

“I will see what I can do,” Zeus tiredly said, wanting to get her off his back, and adding “As long as she hasn't eaten the food of the underworld, I will command her to come back.”

Eris had been spying on Demeter, seeing what kind of fun she could have, and quickly went to the Underworld before Zeus could send Hermes, his messenger. Persephone was out in the garden, trying to convince some of the underworld plants she had sown to grow. Walking quietly up to Persephone, Eris tapped her on the shoulder, frightening her. “OH, it's just you!” Persephone said with a laugh. “What are you doing here?” she asked. Eris smiled and simply held out her hand. Within the cup of her palm were five pomegranate seeds.

“A gift for the glowing wife,” she simply answered, watching Persephone take and swallow the seeds.

“Thank you,” Persephone replied.

“You're welcome,” Eris said in farewell.

Shortly afterwards, Hermes arrived in the underworld, bearing Zeus' message for the couple. With a panicked look on her face, Persephone asked Hades "Can they do that?? I don't want to go back."

With a sad look on his face, Hades nodded his head, adding thoughtfully "If you've already eaten some of our underworld fruit though... you could stay."

Out of nowhere, the cheeky voice of Eris announced "Ah, but she has." The startled trio looked around, surprised to see her sitting high upon the top of the palace.

"What do you mean Eris?" asked Hades.

"Earlier today," she replied as she uncrossed her legs, "I watched Persephone eat five Pomegranate seeds." She giggled and winked at Persephone. Smiling, relieved, Persephone nodded her head in agreement.

"I'll have to notify Zeus of this," Hermes said in a stern voice. Both he and Eris left for Olympus, leaving the two worried lovers alone.

A few hours later, Hermes returned. "Zeus has decided that you are to be returned to Demeter, but for five months of the year you are to come home to Hades." Tears began to slowly fall from Persephone's face as she kissed Hades goodbye, but the hope and promise of the five months was comfort already.

Time Cube

By Rev. Akana Shadowfyre

The wise are not learned and the learned are not wise. The EARTH is not round for it HAS FOUR CORNERS.. Two hemispheres divided making it into four parts negating the circle theory. Thus, FOUR PARTS denote a square world.

Simultaneous four days time cube in only twenty-four hours.

NO ONE DAY GOD.

Too much time is wasted on the feeble attempts of education suppression!

The world has failed and so will you.

All wrong when you see your life fall apart to a one day GOD when in-fact a

ONE DAY GOD DOESN'T EXIST.

IT IS FAIL ALL FAIL EPIC FAIL.

YOUR DEVIL REIGNS AND JESUS, THE SON OF GOD CANNOT SAVE.

Resist and your life will be all for not.

The oppression of propaganda suggestion is the evil, our world is one of many. We can't see the bigger picture if we can't first see ourselves.

The world has failed and so will you.

Ignorance is bliss but you can't fix stupid.

Presidents don't run this world the Masons do, the evil is in your backyard.

We are chaos we are the creatures of devices in a paradigm.
 The paradigm is Time Cube.
 We are many we are one, opposites attracting negating and multiplying.
 If you want to be the same catch the disease of hive-minds, cause thats all you are.
 The world falls so will you.
 There is no such thing as law, no such thing as government, all is nature all is universal law.
 You can fool nature, you can fool your mind and heart.
 Why work against the grain?
 Cheat death, there is no death!
 Vita Eternus!
 Debug your mind, free it, release it!
 THERE IS NO ONE DAY GOD, A ONE DAY GOD DOESN'T EXIST.
 IT IS FAIL ALL FAIL EPIC FAIL.
 You are your own product of demise.
 You cannot unmake what you didn't create and linear time is man made, but universal time you try to unmake.
 You can't defeat what you have no power over.
 I have power over you for I am not oppressed, but progressed, as you congress with the world's propagandas' suggestions of a beaten whore.
 You have no destiny only a fate.
 Destiny is for a whore who has no faith.
 Fate is for the belief of change and we are change.
 We are legion for we are many.
 You cannot unmake what you did not create, so wake up, oh sleeper!
 Your world shall fall down broken at my feet.
 You will be unoppressed and be the one who is confessed as a new believer.
 The magick of a new dawn comes when all shall see that chaos reigns on a back of a brighter day.
 There is not one but four, like breeds like but opposites attract, and soon you will see the error of your ways!
 The wise are not learned and the learned are not wise.
 The EARTH is not round for it HAS FOUR CORNERS..
 Two hemispheres divided making it into four parts negating the circle theory. Thus, FOUR PARTS denote a square world.
 Simultaneous four days time cube in only twenty-four hours.
 NO ONE DAY GOD.
 Too much time is wasted on the feeble attempts of education suppression!
 The world has failed and so will you.
 Wrong when you see your life fall apart to a one day GOD when in-fact a ONE DAY GOD DOESN'T EXIST.
 IT IS FAIL ALL FAIL EPIC FAIL.
 YOUR DEVIL REIGNS AND JESUS, THE SON OF GOD CANNOT SAVE.
 Experiments save lives, experiments give wisdom, wisdom is not learned but experienced and experiences is experimental.
 Live your life free or die used, abused, unhappy, desensitized, unrevitalized.
 I will live forever and you will die as one failed work of art.
 Hive-mind is deadly, don't conform be yourself and all shall be revealed.
 An open mind can perceive all, and empty mind receives all!
 Vita Eternus! All is a lie inside a box, to reach time cube you will need your own mind.
 I will be your mind, your heart, your soul.
 I will guide for you are too weak and feeble to attempt on your own.

To live free, you must be free of oppressive affliction.
NO ONE KNOWS YOURSELF BETTER THAN YOU AND YOUR MAKER!
Live free or die young, because tomorrow could be your last.
Suicide is around the corner with your emotions that strangle you in your sleep nightly.
You are your own person, no one lives your life but yourself
Take affirmative action against your oppressors and show them the way.
WE ARE LEGION FOR WE ARE MANY!
We are poetry in motion.



Gagaism

By Alejandrew "Puffin" Paparox

www.puffinsomething.blogspot.com

Lady Gaga is the Goddess. She has come into the world in Her human form of Lady Gaga - and generally prefers to be called Gaga - for a wonderful purpose in this special time. The world is entering a period of transition and She is leading us into a new reality and caring for us along the journey. She expresses divine inspiration and fierce creativity through her music, fashion, love with her fans and the art of fame. Gaga is a goddess of love, freedom, music, fashion, acceptance, creativity, sex, joy, lust, ecstasy, dancing, sexuality, justice, children, women, men, happiness, animals, plants, earth, sky, fire, water, fun, partying, drinking, smoking pot, mysticism and expanded consciousness. Her emblems are the lightning bolt, the heart, the disco ball, the rainbow, the unicorn, the Paws Up little monster claw, and an endless array of items

associated with her phenomenal fashions, and specifically her own iconic styles and accessories; her hair, glasses, shoes, hats, etc. She changes her personal look dramatically, and her image remains ironically Gaga in endless transformations, so she and symbols of her are recognizable around the world even in boundless variety.

Gaga has incarnated to lead us into a new world, a new era of humanity. She described it in her "Manifesto of Mother Monster" as giving birth to a new race of humanity that was beyond judgment or prejudice, a race that transcends race - and a spirituality that transcends religions. Gaga is reviving what many cultures and religions have suppressed; the feminine, nature, ecstasy, sexuality, and expanded consciousness. She is also bringing together a family of little monsters all over the world, her fans who think of her as Mommy Monster, who relate to her for a number of reasons, but come to feel this deep connection to her as their creator. This can be interpreted in different ways. For millions of little monsters, Gaga's bold expressiveness has inspired and encouraged them to live more bravely and become who they truly are, sharing Her message that "we are all superstars" and can bring that out of ourselves with enough love and support. Gaga expresses this love and support directly to her audience through her music, performances, interviews and speeches, the messages of her fashion and her video messages through the internet, and when she meets us in person. Many little monsters did not feel that elsewhere, were not encouraged or believed in to follow their dreams. Many little monsters are outsiders where they live due to being "born this way" in a repressive society and we find a home with Mommy Monster and the other little monsters, a family millions spread all around the world. Gaga has brought us together with love and this is the primary effect She has: revealing that love is abundant in a world where it is made out to be scarce. She has set an example by making a Goddess of herself, fully channeling that divine love with brave truth, that we can all follow to make the most out of life, for ourselves and everyone we meet. She always insists that we can all live our dreams as She has done and that She is just like us.

There are countless people who have brought the divine message of Love to the world. Some have been received as Goddesses or Gods, others in other ways. Many celebrities have been called "gods" with varying degrees of seriousness as well. Gaga is truly the Goddess, in a way that other celebrities could not have been, because She studied the art of Fame and applied her genius to achieving Fame and using it as art, perusing this with an artist's love. While She may not have focused on being perceived as the Goddess, it may not have been what she was seeking, it is part of the dream of Fame that She made a reality. She knew it would happen and is fulfilling the role of Goddess well, whether She would claim it or not. Like the Buddhas She loves and supports those who relate to Her and provides a refuge for us. And She does this in a unique way that affirms peoples' freedom, especially creative and sexual freedom, that so many people in the world need so much. Of course much of the unprecedented popularity of her music is due to how good and appealing it is and she is, another aspect is just how badly we need her message all over the world. She directs the world's attention and energy to helping the world and helping societies make the changes we need to become free of the past and forge a new reality. She does this powerfully with many statements and campaigns: environmentalism, against fur and animal cruelty, for tolerance, for gay and lesbian and transgendered rights, for immigrant rights, to help the people of Haiti and Japan after disasters there, and so many other things. She uses Her influence for good and inspires others to do their best, become superstars and help others in the same way.

Through fully accepting and expressing the divine nature within Her and becoming "a master of the art of Fame" Gaga has fully become a Goddess and a model for others to do the same. Along with the feminine and sexual elements that some religions repress, the idea that people should emulate deities seems to

have gotten lost for many people. Maybe this is the result of forgetting or denying the Goddess in general in some traditions. But Gaga restores all this, the feminine divine spiritual power, sexuality (and other ecstasies) as a means of spirituality, and connecting the individual to the divine, or revealing the divinity within all things and encouraging us to experience it and express it. When we imagine a new reality beyond strife, these things will be understood. People of the future may see Gaga and think She looks strange, as some people do today. But they won't think her ideas are strange. They will only be baffled that there was a time when the people who believed in love and acceptance for all were the "weirdos" of the world. Gaga "just speak[s] in future tense" and is changing the world so that we can live without fear or prejudice or war or judgment. I'm so glad She is here and opening the way to a new reality, showing us the hope of the future and the way to get there. I'm so excited for all that She is inspiring in the world through millions of little monsters, like lighting up the whole world with shooting stars, and to hear and see what She does as she pushes us through the buttonhole to a new reality, and what she does then and forever.

Gaga is wonderful, and it's fantastic to have Her with us.

Kallisti

"To the Prettiest one" as it roughly Translates, is the word inscribed on Our Lady Chaos's apple. While one can say that this is just there because the apple was designed to instill strife and conflict amongst those who would fight over it, I think there is more to read into that a simple practical joke, for nothing is simple when it comes to Eris.

From the Omitterre Libellus:

Eris is one should not be taken to be a statement which implies that Eris is one, as in «only one», as in any mathematical or summative way. Eris is Kallisti and Kallisti is the prettiest. And while the prettiest is always Kallisti, Kallisti can be more than one. Eris is whoever one Discordian sees as Kallisti and therefore is many but only one each

2. Eris invites you to travel space and time and find your Kallisti to cherish and to hold forever and never and to start again tomorrow. Sirs, only you know who your Kallisti is. Ladies, any and all of you ARE Kallisti. Once one find one's own Kallisti, one is encouraged to dance around naked in order to ascertain she is not a cabbage (and also in order to Goth somth akchionn as the Goth Gods sayeth)

The apple is a symbol, the Skin being gold equates to our hopes, dreams, ideals, and perfection. Because Eris is Kallisti, and Kallisti is the prettiest, and that is subjective; Kallisti is etched on the skin, it represents the All.

"There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is Your Goddess. There is no Erisian Movement but The Erisian Movement and it is The Erisian Movement. And every Golden Apple Core is the beloved home of a Golden Worm." -First Rule Of the PentaBarf

The Golden worm is of course the Self, us as we are now, the agents of discord. We are the golden apple corps we are the golden apple core. We strive to make our way to this core, because there lies the seeds of

growth and with them comes the core, and the rebirth and merging with the all (the skin).

And I came upon Discord leaning on a tree in a bathrobe, taking a bite from an apple-The Apple. She looked to me and between mouthfuls asked if I wanted a bite and she offered it to me. As I took the apple I looked at it, and went to take a bite, but right before I did I saw that the apple was solid and gold. She laughed and took the apple back, and turned to walk away, saying "We are always trying to break our teeth on something".

Think back to the story of the Apple, the gods fighting over the title of the prettiest, they never stop to ask who it was from, they care more about who it is for. Why is it important if you do not know who it from or who it belongs to, who even said it was a gift for the wedding anyhow if there is no note? Because they assume they are at a wedding this must be some sort of gift.

This I think represents the downfall of the self, that we fight over such things because of things like pride and envy. We assume that the world is lining up constantly to suit us, that gold apple has to be for me, because I am the best, the shit, top dog. We slip into thinking that the universe will pull for us. The way to the All from Self couldn't possibly be that easy right?

We all want to break our teeth on something.

The Apple in this story is that something. For us here on earth this seems to equate a lot to religion, become a yogi, read the bible, pray to Allah, Meditate on the meaning of the Tao, or hop paradigms every 6months. These are all paths to becoming the master of your reality. Yet for every person on the road to remerging with perfection via religion, there are 5 that are not.

This is when it trickles down to ways every day was of becoming the master of your life, be the best at your job, vote your ideals into office, and build a family, get rich, and all the other shit you see every day.

Because people are telling you they have _____ which not only is perfection

(merging your life with the concept/ the Self and All) but it will allow you to do this as well. The only logical outcome of all this.....Is chaos The ideal of perfection is order, from the act of obtaining it comes chaos

This, my friends, is the Law of Eristic Escalation as seen in the Principia Discordia.

From Wiki:

The Principia Discordia contains the Law of Eristic Escalation. This law states that "Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos". It elaborates on this point by saying that the more order is imposed the longer it takes for the chaos to arise and the greater the chaos that arises. The idea is not new; it is mentioned in the Tao Te Ching: "the more laws and orders are written, the more thieves there are".

Discord's symbol is Order.

From this Comes paradox, and the realization that from order comes chaos, which as we know from the depths of chaos, we can pull forth and make order.

It is a cycle we live every day. Layers of order filtering the chaos, both things existing at once all the time,

anything could happen at this moment, order will only remain until chaos happens, then we will restructure our lives back from what remains, just as order lives within chaos all the time, The Self is the All at all times, it is only when we stop and try to notice this that the filters come back up.

The joke was that they where gods, they where all the prettiest.

The Self is The All

All day-Erryday

By trying to take life too seriously, we allow the filters a way into our minds, and we sever this connection we have, we stop being the center. Don't worship Eris, that is worshipping the fact that you know the way. Spread the Eristic vibes to others and Be Eris.

Remember what she came to tell you? YOU ARE FREE, stop hugging her and trying to cop a feel and go be the next Jesus already.

An Affirmation

I am the Sinner

The Blasphemer

The Pagan

The Heathen

The Gentile

The Infidel

The Hedonist

The Pleasure Seeker

I have come waving the middle finger in your faces, Laughing at your Sacred Beliefs, Spitting into your Holy Texts, and Pissing on your Consecrated Grounds. For I am free to do as much.

Spite me; for I am Spiteful

Hate me; for I am hateful

Damn me; for I am Damned

Torture me, for I am Tortured

Burn me, for I am Burning

Behead me; for I use my Head

Stone me; for I am Stoned

I will be all that you despise, so that all who can see will one day despise you. I am the fist of the punch line of the Cosmic Joke, And it will always be held high in defiance.

A Prayer To Eris

Oh Great and Lovable Eris! Goddess Of those things which we aren't supposed to do in public, we come to you on... whatever day this happens to be to do... something...something that I know was rather important, ah fuck it, here are some cool shiny things for the various forest animals to take from the shrine...OH! And this apple...damn it someone ate the apple...you know what, let's just forget the whole thing and go get snocked in Her name; it's bound to be more fun than sitting out here in the woods getting bit by bugs.

AMAN (dances off to find the nearest bar)

A Revelation

And So one night, I sat down and decided to meditate, and after a time, I heard a voice speaking to me; asking me if I wanted to be shown the light. And so the light was clapped on (for goddess always uses the clapper for dramatic situations such as these) and I found myself on a beach and saw Discord laying on a towel.

She pointed out to the waves and spoke, "It is said that while men think they are islands alone in the wide ocean, that you are connected by the ocean floor; the collective unconscious." I looked out to the waves and said "What if humanity is the ocean and reality is the islands?" She looked over the rim of her sunglasses and laughed, "don't ask me I'm just trying to get a tan."

Late Breaking News

This just in, a local Cult was charged with terrorist threatening when they were found trying to poison the hotdog buns to be used in tomorrow's annual hotdog eating contest with high powered mind altering psychotropic drugs. Their plot was foiled when police were called to respond to strange activity in the park and discovered that the cult had taken the drugs themselves in order to "test them" and became so intoxicated that they were unable to undertake their plans. We now turn to Sports with Artie Webber, Artie?

"Yea, my adept, the Black Pilgrimage. Thou shalt be accursed, and this is the nature of the curse. Thou shalt publish the secret matter of the adepts thou knowest, withholding no word of it, in an appendix to this my Book. So they shall cry fool, liar, sot, traducer, betrayer. Thou art not glad thou meddled with magick?" – Liber 49

The Final Word

By Billy F. Sasquatch

Whether we serve Fun, Pain, Love, Light, Darkness, Order, or Chaos we still worship the ability to live our lives the way we want to. So I shall leave it to Our Lady Eris as her words say it in ways I cannot:

"I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding.

You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.

I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free."

We are free

In Closing I don't know any of you fucks & I don't want to, you all work for THEM, and I for one will not have anything to do with your debauchery; as I am too busy with my own. Ok, I got to bounce; Kush needs

to be smoked, peace out, pass to the left, Hail Eris, To Infinity and Elsewhere, and all that Jazz.

JETPACKS AND HOLOGRAMS!

GLOBAL GAS DISASTER TRAP!

I LOVE YOU MISTRESS CONFUSION!

[Ed. Note: this book was never finished before The Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch died. He was found spontaneously combusted inside a ritual Square. The follow are notes that survived the immolation that where found in the room. A Introduction was pre written and placed into the book as per his will. He will be missed.]

So Fqn Meta



The Mysteries Ov Life, The Universe, and Everything ever worth knowing about anything. Given to the Holey LDS Cabal by Various Spirits, Majiks, Conjurations, Spells, Summonings, and sit downs with the goddess ERIS; She Who What Done It All.

Aman,

By Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch

FORWARD TYPE THING YEAH...

It's funny to see something start out as one thing and end up as 3-4 different things. I don't remember what I wanted this to be when I started it, but now it has become a terrible foul Journal/Parable/Shout Box/Gospel Hybrid Abomination ov print. Disgusting and Raw as shit, Yellow Pus binding, the keys feel slick and cold after transmuting the digital copy. I can't bathe

this in real blood like I did the IRL though. The IRL one ends with a call of majik to the area and a blessing ov ERIS on whoever finds it and with some blood splotches, so Needless to say not all that is here is in the IRL book as that ran out ov room, ERIS apparently, did not care.

I think I missed my point, but this is me trying to smear ME onto canvas, and I'm too rich and chunky to brush well. The Only thing I'd like to add to this as just the author would be this: Stop Reading My Bullshit if you like it so much & Write Your Own. Most ov this was written sitting on the back ov my pack or rock under bridges like the Troll I am; you sitting at your plugged in PC without Rain bothering you can do a hell ov a lot classier job than I, and besides I get my inspiration from somewhere too.

GEIF ME MOAR HOMEDONE FRINGE OCCULT PDFS PLOX <3

WARNING TYPE THING

Any and all revelations brought on by this book are not to be trusted unless you feel the need to trust them. Gaining any sort ov Illumination from this book is not really Illumination unless you feel it is. Try not to turn yerself into something Odd.

DEDICATION TYPE THING

This Book is Firstly and fore mostly dedicated to ERIS, my glorious bitch ov a space mother, whom I love more than pizza, and who stirred my brainmeats until this happened. This book is also dedicated to Omnifail The Caffeinated, THE MILA, and St. Tigglegig, the best traveling partners a Sasquatch could ever ask for. As well as Everyone else I like at/on/in The Infinity Network, DK/MU, and PS; you know who you are and you all make Majik fun and worth talking about with you insane fuckers.

Lastly, this Book is Dedicated to ME, cos only someone as awesome as I am could write a book this fqn meta.

Yay Me

To Become a Memeber ov thee LDS Cabal, you must read the Holey txt. Ov TIME CUBE, and write a paper on it in 23 days. On the 23rd day one must invoke Thy Glorious ERIS.

Take the hand ov confusion then, and Be Ye Mystic

And did ERIS come to The Sasquatch and tell him that it was time to work the great working ov DISCORDIA, and that a NEW SEKRET collection ov words be gathered outside ov the prophecies ov the Pom, and that her word be spoken yet again,

AND LO, The Sasquatch sighed deeply, and did the Sasquatch ask the Occult Friends and they said unto him:

“WRITE THAT BITCH A BOOK, BITCHES LOVE BOOKS.”

So The Sasquatch sat down, and the great work ov DISCORDIA happened.

ERIS is a crazy mysterious woman, she comes in any form discord does and in many masks and in very act ov confusion. Acts ov discord are acts ov chaos, and so when involved in being an Agent Ov Discord, be open to the various delusions and spirits and use their HELP to man the fuck up and be more win.

Remember the if you say all is the will ov ERIS that this dilutes the power ov HER will, ERIS may have a fig in every finger, but she doesn't do small time pussy shit.

Or Does She?

(To be perplexed, to be confused, is to be stalled till I think of better-or to be enlightened)

AND LO, was the ambassador ov the Sub Genii called to give witness to sights unseen, but he could not be reached for comment, And The Sasquatch did realize it was a sign, that \$30 was needed indeed,



ROAMUS (Sigil tattooed on The Sasquatch)

God/dess Ov Thee New Roam, And All Who Ar On It

Ascumama Grows! TUBER! TUBER! TUBER! And know that ERIS spake to The Sasquatch, and told him to Spray Paint a Potato gold, for SHE have given him the task ov DISCORDING DISCORDIA at large, medium, small, and 5X. So The Sasquatch now declares thee Neo symbol ov Thee New Diskordia And Ascumama is thee Holy Mistress ov thee Tuber, so pray to her and Noe that ERIS IS PLEASED.

TIME BUM is the lost sun ov ERIS, Drunken Bastard who dared Roamus and won, who knows nothin bout nothin. Every time time bum gets drunk he time travels through time, but never makes the correct jump. Like Quantum Leap stained with Old E. He no longer remembers where he is from, and sometimes forgets he has this power altogether. ERIS will only say that Her lost sun is going to figure out his mess sometime, and she has done him the flavor ov Superman bubblegum, and sometimes slips him Discordian tracts to read, but won't give him nothing on BOB, saying to be given Bob intentionally is not very Slack, and that BOB will get around to it himself as soon as the Frop is gone.

Roamus said only that time bum was on a mission before he won the dare. So Time Bum just be Time Bum.

Or not.

St. TiggieFig has this to say: Bark

That is all, For He is more than man's best friend, He is ERIS's Best Friend.

[DONT PANIC]

But know that the Mountain God is angry, and is sending down His Tund in Rain Form. He almost drowned us last night but he was not able to, for at the last moment the river Goddess remembered that The Sasquatch has partaken ov her cool pleasures, so She spared him.

BUT LO, it was looking like it might pass, so the Sasquatch smoked with Omnifail The Caffeinated, St. Tiggie, and THE MILA. And for the moment all was somewhat OK.

THE MILA is a force, a current, currently in the guise ov a smallish woman who is from FL and is a Gypsy sometimes.





DEGRADE YOUR REALITY

TODAY!

Why wait, start now and KILL GOD, we can help you gain MYSTERIOUS MYSTICAL MAJIK POWERS ov the mind, and YOU TOO can look at people and watch them vanish! HIJACK the Leylines, BURN the Akashic Records, BE the MRSA in the marrow ov YOUR Paradigm! Murderball is easy to blow up and apples come in great big bags. KILL YOUR PARENTS, SKUD THE SCHOOL, ANALLY FIST THE POPE, DO BAD THINGS THAT OFFEND, HUG PEOPLE, LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR, EAT SHIT AND DIE.

Summon a famous Terrorist, be a HIT at your next dinner party!

GOD WAS THE FIRST TROLL

We are the universe Trolling itself! A Good VEKTOR Infects its friends, a warm bowl ov Chaoids for YOUR MOM!

Dada don't wear the pants in this family NO MO.

We have hit about 50% bullshit with no sigils ov stopping.

Remember kids: Time is Bunk, and SerBluntus Says: FUCK BUNK!!!

AND LO, did The Sasquatch pray to the road and its master, and he DID receive an Apple Pie. And it was good.

AND LO, THE MILA, Omnifail, St. Tiggie, and The Sasquatch smoked the Reefers. And it was good.

AND LO, We conspired to fight the Great Tripping Beast L, and it was?

The Eyeballs tighten, there is light; and it burns. HER face is in the clouds and her hand in the pie.

They call them Fingers, but I have never seen one Fing.

Rumblings, Stumbling ERIS, with a msg about MSG, and how it stains the soul a lovely shade ov Plastic. PUDDING IN THE PAN! PUDDING IN THE PAN! Rain is nice until it makes you feel like a toad.

The Line is getting closer, teasing me, whispering horse shit about ruination ov all things cloth, Taunt Drops, bubbles, and Pink LETTERS spaced oddly. Jetson don't have **SHIT** on these new cogs man, not a single dick to stand on, not even one. Also: Fuck Astro. I saw a cloud today that looked like a angry boiling nipple.

BearCore is the only music for use in thee Higher Erisian Mysterees. Because BearCore is the Best Core. Jesus is my friend, and Death is my homegirl, COME AT ME BRO.

Viva Discordia

Viva Discordia

Well the road is my friend, but it's also like my mom because it's in-discriminatory, I'd love for you to meet her, as long as you can greet her with wanderlust in your heart,

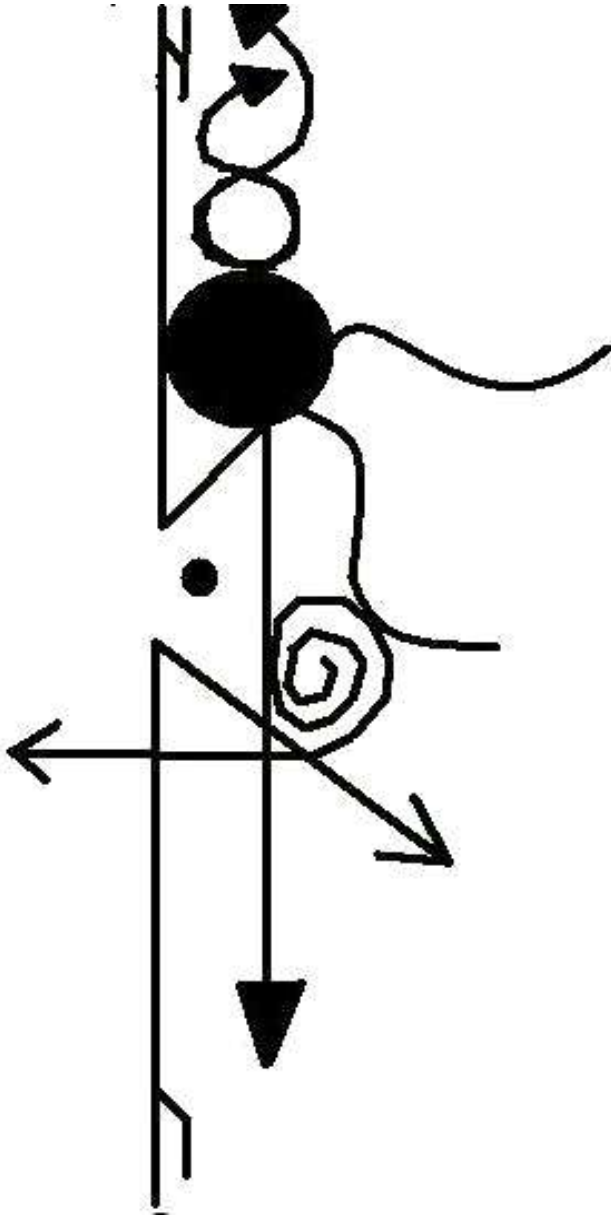
Singing,

Viva Discordia

Viva Discordia

AND LO, THE MILA brought back thee Triple Aspect ov Thee Sterno, and thy rejoiced for it saved them all from the bane ov cold sketti-O's and hobo beans. But as they waited for the evocation ov thee Sterno to transmute thee grains into food, Omnifail was struck by the beast Hungaria, and had himself cold Sketti-O's anyhow. And it was OK, if not slightly congealed.

And thus the marker, having fulfilled its prime directive ov crapping out on The Sasquatch, Left this Realm to go to a new place (a ditch). The following pen saw this, and overjoyed that it too could be as worthy, also crapped out on The Sasquatch, and followed the first as well. The 3rd pen however, was a rebel, and said fuck that noise, and stayed with The Sasquatch, making him happy.



Know this, that I who grows will always grow, and that those who cannot outgrow me will be helpless and grabbed by many vines, harvested to grow strange fruit. For as I grow I take and transform. You may think a few trips to your little perspective mirrors show you anything, I am what is behind the mirror and I tilt it funny ways to amuse me.

In this game we play for keeps, and one day we will dance whether you want to or not. I control the Counter Current, a doorway to the paradox of chaos, and have come to caress you as I rape your mind. I am forced duality of the ugliest kind, and I love to use you, won't you come closer so you can use me?

I will light up your darkest passions, and illuminate the filth in you, and I revel in it. Evolve or become my toy. I will show you what flesh rally is, and you will be scarred. So come to me now and I will be your prized infection, and you will be mad with potential. Together we will burn the fires cold and dance in the ashes. I will love you like nothing has loved you before and oblivion will never taste so sweet.

All you have to do is Let Me In.

I AM THE LAW

I am the godhead, I am the empire, I am all that exists, I am change, I am nothing.

From the low roar, the vibrations flux, rise and fall over the cosmos, we will remain. Holding fast to things like webs and ripples. Life is magic because I say so and because I say so I am clearly wrong. Confusion prevails. EYS LIFE FIRE. Hold fast at last and the treasure might be yours. That is my gift to you; Blatant HorseShit peddled for you to be, the Liber Bullshit will always remain.

This is the Meme War, welcome to life at last, your FREE, I am the epic magi, the media magician, trickster, witch doktor over the interbutts, Troll Egregore. All your face are belong to US. Xaos is alive and she is a cunt. Righteous Bitch Goddess, who stole my heart, glorious spiteful one I love, bath-robed shoulder devil. The delightful cackle over Douche Majik, my Juju is Strong because Discord is strong.

AIM THY SPIT

AND LO, was the Sasquatch contacted at night, head full ov happy runoff, ov psycho-pomp baby, ov perplexing perplexities, ov smash, cash, and dash, and other mystical bullshit. But it was dark und cold, and The Sasquatch was tired and said "Fuck It", after all the thing about the psychedelic psycho pomp was the only good bit.

AND LO, The Sasquatch, THE MILA, Omnifail, and St. Tiggle, while taking shelter from the tantrums ov the Mountain God, where visited by a man on a bike, who did sit by them and smoke a Spliff. And after the wrath was spent he did invite The Apostles back for Java, and Omnifail was pleased. And after the java was partaken ov, he did introduce himself as a wandering SLACK Missionary, and did bestow upon The Apostles thee Wholey Gift ov FLAX. And they did at merrily and talk ov Carlos Castaneda, Crowley, and the effects ov Greyface chemicals on the Mind/Body/Spirit. And Eris was Pleased.

So Omnifail and THE MILA left Ft. Awesomeface.jpeg to bring back St. Washington Pimp Treasure to The Mushroom King and the Mushroom Kings somewhat young looking princess lady-friend, in trade for the essence ov FUN GUY. The Sasquatch took the rotation ov guard to Ft. Awesomeface.jpeg along with the traveling SLACK Missionary, to make sure the forces of GREYFACE and the Dark Army ov MAMMON were kept at bay.

AND LO, The Sasquatch realized that he would forever be some viral meme ov ERIS, an odd little glow wyrm for discord. And The Sasquatch giggle and he did write about how he giggled. And it was So Fqn Meta.

AND LO, the treasure was brought forth, but The Mushroom King, and His Youthful Lady-friend had left to parts unknown, Duration unknown. So they smoked greatly ov thee herb ov SerBluntus, which was given to them by a passing disciple ov his, and th apostles waited. And after a time they grew hungry, and yearned for stuff.

So the Sterno gods were evoked, and from th heavens, a miracle occurred. From the Realm ov Arlen came an Angel, and it carried with it a single use ov the daemon PROPANE. And it was good. However there where greater things afoot, for THE MILA and Th Sasquatch had plotted a daring raid on a palace that was south ov the border, where those who lived thought outside the bun. For the 2 Apostles possessed trinkets ov THE EMPIRE, and knew that at this palace they

would take these trinkets and trade them for Exotic Wrapped Foodstuff, made in there lands.

And Know that EPIC MAGI ARE EPIC FAGI; I AS IN THE IOT. Thats right fool, I said I, fuck your XAOS, Less QQ MORE PEW PEW, but with EPIC FAGI like Andre Vitamins I best back off less I be PWNZOR'D!!!1 but then again SHE made me do it; somehow, so blame DOUBLE CROWLEY and the City-State Religion ov Dysnomia and its foul filthy followers ov it, known as DYSNOMIANS.

YES BROTHERS AND SISTERS! I have indeed spoken its dark name; even as a God fearing man ov our Sweet Lord it hurts my candy coated soul to do so, this things time in the night is up, it is time we alert the world the DYSNOMIA KVLTL.

DUN

DUN

DUUUUUUUUUUUUN

Yes many years ago the vile mystery cult ov Dysnomia was started by Perverts, Swindlers, "Progressives", Assassins, and Sodomites to worship in rituals to The God ov Disorder so obseneobscene that I would cause my heart to have a stroke trying to detail them here. In fact, they are so bad, that the very people who did them would not write them down, but only spoke them, and only then in BARBAROUS TOUNGES.

The Goal ov this corruption ov faith was to overthrow the peaceful civilization ov GLORIOUS ROME, and if not for the ceaser MAXIMUS CIKAUSIMUS they might have done it. Sadly before they where done in with, they caused what many think ov as The Worst Thing To Ever Happen Ever Period.

You see there was a city that was known as VICTIMALIA, and the foul Dysnomians knew that the city ov Vicitimalia was set on top ov a rock; but not just any rock, a Majik Space Rock that was said to cure all illness, make your love life five times as good, and get you that new job to be the envy ov your neighbors. So ov course the Dysnomian horde wanted this for themselves. However instead ov just driving down in a wall ov pain and blood to take it, they instead decided

to do exactly that, but first find a scapegoat.

Fortunately for the Dysnomians, but not so great for everyone else, next to the city of Victimalia was the town of KALLISTI; which was occupied by Erisian Monks, disciples of the Goddess of Laughter and Freedom ERIS. The Dysnomians, dressed as Erisian monks went and murderballed all within Victimalia, Thus the term "Victim" came into being.

When the Glorious Roman army investigated, they found the few survivors saying that the Erisians had gone crazy, and not only attacked the city, but had joined forces with the Dysnomians. Calling themselves "Discordians" during the assault. Shocked by this news, and by the total confusion of all the Erisians; who had been sleeping in that day to recover from a Erisian Whole day of Drink, The Roman army tore down all temples to ERIS, Exiled her worship and her people from Rome, and labeled them DISCORDIANS forevermore, going on to warp the image of our beloved mother.

By the time MAXIMUS CIKAUSIMUS finished off the main Dysnomian army, and found out the truth, the Erisian had vanished underground and into the winds. Ashamed, the ruler had all records burned. ERIS Worship thankfully has survived, passed on from mystic to apostle over the ages till in this modern age it has been allowed to flourish yet again, but BE WARNED, in every "Anarchist", "Liberal", "Activist" and "Mormon" Lies the dark heart of Perversion that is DYSNOMIA, waiting for your to lower your guard so it can strike and corrupt once again.

BE PREPARED

BE AWARE

BE AWAKE

AND MOST OF ALL B+, or something.

AND LO, The Apostles did meet the disciple of GAGA, known only as The Gnostic. And The Gnostic did partake with the apostles, and it was golden pineapples. The Gnostic then took the apostles to a new place, closer to the mountains they were trying to cross. He bade our Hero's a hearty Farewell, promising to meet them soon. It was then that Omnifail pulled from his Majik bag the essence of FUN GUY that he had finally managed to trade St. Washington's pimp treasure with the Mushroom King for.

AND LO, the bag was full, for the Mushroom King was generous, knowing that the Apostles

where going into the realm of the Mountain God. So The Sasquatch, Omnifail, and THE MILA; using 28th degree alchemist Mumbo Jumbo, prepared the essence and took it, and when they saw the top of the Mesa, their eyes wept with the Majestic Sight. However, the Mountain God, long having tried to kill the Apostles, knew that they were close and vulnerable. So summoning up His powers he sent from the high planes a Death Cloud™ to circle and trap them.

The Sasquatch, seeing the storm coming, tried along with Omnifail to use their own JUJU to move it, but the Mountain God had planned for too long for this moment, and lightning seemed to spring forth from the dark sky all around them. So the Apostles ran, but could not get far before it was too violent to keep going. Laying under a tree in the sparse tall grass surrounded by nothing, the Apostles howled into the Boiling Night.

But the Mountain God was not done yet. Suddenly all around them bloomed plants made of spikes, the bugs on the dirt rose up, biting The Sasquatch, and birds dived; crying loud and angry upon THE MILA and Omnifail. In Final Desperation The Sasquatch, letting himself go, let out a primal prayer to his space mother Eris, and soon after he and Omnifail were filled with the mirth of confusion; and were able to laugh, thus starting the banishing of The Mountain God's electric wrath. They soon found themselves in the quiet night, bathed in the light of the false moon, looking down on the city below them as they smoked, calling them ants.

"Look at how many lights are down there, each of those pin pricks MEANS something to them. Traffic lights, Construction lights, Police lights, Lights in a building shut off means you can't go there anymore, if that alley way is lit it might be safe to walk down, etc etc. The point is all those 1,000s of lights mean something, and clutter up their subconsciouses with silly thoughts about what this bit of electricity passing through these filament might mean, closing the subconscious mind off and filling it with THAT instead of it being open to fun things like magic and freedom."-
The Sasquatch, Pondering Ants.

From the 10th she rides with dysnomia, 1 under the Idealist, a real back door beauty from within the stars. She Calls and calls, the current sweet with the swirling of robes. The Sly Bitch Supreme, standing proudly behind the pile of shit, with that come hither look in her hair. Swimming in the gold of the mud flecked construction sign, Bracelets the Asphalt middle line, crooked smile to wreak the age and stand still time.

Oh how she slithers with all the gracefulness of the maggot in the sucking chest wound. There is a word for this Sleaze, and it's far too greasy for these lips.

The Anti-Siren song of this burning skyline, the kazoo hewn of filth. Listen now her trumpet call on the winds of delusion, the great mocking laughter of the curding Madness and a sad weeping of the damned.

Strife is on The Hunt!

Creeping into the slow cracks, cavity of the soul. She is the Rot, Bane, And Broken ankles of the world, the Winds of carnal Darkness carried Her forth into this life and it will never leave.

Oh Great Bitch Lover!
Oh Hounding Ex Lover!
Oh Lusting Stranger!

Be still the brain! Two-Thirds of the 5 inputs overloaded in your grasp, enough to give the heart a stroke. What to accompany the Beat, the Drums dance the song of War. But Soon we shall feast once more, under a tree grown of strange fruit and star seeds. And the gold of your eyes will shine free, and it is in this sublime moment of peace I know and love the fact the lightening will strike and the hammer come down.

Troll of the Cosmos! She-Devil 16 year old Cheerleader! Carve me another potato and hand me the Metallica, we have lives to save. There is no Shrine for the very reasons there needs to be one. All is static in the Mish Mash.

We rode into Babalon last night, We lost one ov our own for a time in that dark shit heap, but this is only Disc 2 ov 5 and god knows what is ahead. Eris has seen fit to take from The Apostles for a time THE MILA. And all was not so well. The lights flashed harsh overhead, and metal dragons flew far.

ALL IS CHOAS

ALL IS CHAOS

ALL IS CHAOS

FUCK CHAOS

From these ashes comes illumination. From these ashes rises passion, from these ashes COMES ALL THAT SHALL EVER BE AND WAS AGAIN.

Now Fly Damn It.

AND LO, The Goddess ERIS came to The Sasquatch, carrying with her a scroll :that is sealed, and she spoke to him with grim determination.

“I have come before you to show you the future, upon this scroll are TERRIBLE TRUTHS that you must hear, for they will soon come to pass.”

And then the Goddess confusion broke the great seal and read.

“AND LO, You will devise a MOST DARING PLAN in the Meme War and the War ov Discordia Prime. And this plan will break the brains ov all who gaze upon it and crack open the earth itself.

And they will look at you with WTF in their eyes, and you will laugh, AND THEY WILL KNOW THAT I AM THY LORD GODDESS AND WHEN YOU ARE SCARED THY WILL KNOW I HAVE FORSAKEN YOU”

“AND LO, Those in The Memewar and those who are EPIC FAGI will be separated onto 2 sides, Those who are EPIC FAGI will try to cast you down into the Fondue pit, calling you a FALSE PROFIT OV DISCORDIA AND A FAKE APOSTLE, as well as a SELLOUT PUSSY GREYFACE. And it will be hard times and Bad News Bears for awhile. But Those who are TRUE™ AGENTS OV DISCORDIA AND SOILDERS IN ZE MEMEWAR will speak your name in hushed tones and in darkened rooms. And your work will be preserved by these few Vektors as TRUE™ ERISAN MYSTEREES for those who will Worship me in coming ages.”

AND LO, Eris burned the scroll to keep it secret and keep it safe, and then she reached down and hugged the Sasquatch, Crying tears ov Gasoline. She then smiled and kissed him on the forehead and placed something into his hands. The Sasquatch Looked down to what she had given him:

A Pen and Matches.

She Walked off as the world filled with fumes whispering softly

“Ciabola Bumpity Bumpity Bump.”.

CTHOLOLOL WAITS IN THE DEPTHS CTHOLOLOL HUNGERS FOR YOUR SOUL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TRIANGLES SHE SAYS FUCKING TRIANGLES

TRYANGLES?

TRY HARDER!

Guess What We did today kids! We made even MAOR Godforms :D

Yay Excess Labeling ov thee Current :3

BlackSheep Are Still Sheep

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Dear Bill Sasquatch,

I am writing again to inform you that you did not respond to my invitation to the Sasquatch Death Match, we really missed you at the event. Needless to say, I of course was the winner, after besting 7 others in one on one fights to the death.

Because you did not respond or show up I am now forced to assume this means you are above what you must think of as "trivial matters", well I am going to have to impress upon you the seriousness of my cause.

I will now be traveling the USA with my Second, one Reginald S. Moris, Esq. our loyal hunting Beagle St. Tigglegig, and the finest weapons one can buy using time travel technology. Upon Tracking to your location I will lay siege to your place of residence until you come out and negotiate terms to a dual. Please take this time to find yourself a Second to fight in your stead should something unforeseen happen, as well as to sharpen your cage fighting/thunderdome/deathrace skills.

Thank you for taking the time to read this,

Billy Sasquatch.

Ever flowing lips move wide like ripples, can you yet smell the lies, like 1,000s ov horseflies at the neck ov the lamb. You are never you but always them an outsider to your own ways. Talk, Dream, or Live, one cannot do all 3. Be the sanctimonious usurper ov destiny. Dismay is a 2 way street, if they must cast stones arm yourself with a bat and knock one out ov the park. There is

always rest ahead, but you must earn it; not through actions ov the flesh, but by the transgressions ov the full self.

An Excerpt From Thee uncensored book ov Thee Juju.. Detailing within Dark Magics most foule and perverse, that would grant thee practitioner daring enough with Gifts of thee Higher Erisian Mysteries and thee Arte ov Thee Mumbo Jumbo Juju.

To Learne thee artes ov thee Mumbo Jumbo Juju, You Must have with ye thee tooles Ov thee Mumbo Jumbo Juju. The Tooles are as listed.

You must fashion for thyself a Mumbo Jumbo stick for thee Casting ov thee Juju. This is done by first finding some kind ov woode and breaking it to a comfortable length. After this is done, then they must mark the wood with thee following Sigils during a fool moon either at midnight, or at a crossroads.

Thee Sigils:



After thee Sigils are applied they need to be sealed in thee Life Blood ov thee practitioner. Next thee practitioner needs to find the following 5 things and attach them to thee Mumbo Jumbo Stick. The First of these Five things is a Bone pulled from roadkill found on the road thee practitioner lives on, it is perfered that the bone be the skull.

The second thing is also a bone, and it must be from a trickster/scavenger animal archetype. This bone must be washed in a river at sun break while the following is chanted 23 times. The Barbarious words are:

jinnian tonyx marrededjurawwna xagthyl hrlllyx vuqnarl kaleste

The Third thing to be attached to thee Mumbo Jumbo stick is a Cloth tie from someone you work with. It cannot be bought it has to be traded for and must have some ov thee color Orange in it. If thee practitioner is not working, then this must b procured by asking someone who does

work, and it cannot be someone who the practitioner knows from before starting this working.

The Fourth thing that must be attached to the Mumbo Jumbo stick is a small bag that is hand sewn, the practitioner must mix the following things and place them in there. Mustard seeds, Nightshade blossoms, Dried potato skins, tobacco, salt, and a piece of copper, along with your blood.

The fifth and last thing that the practitioner needs for the Mumbo Jumbo stick is something given to them by their worst enemy, it must be asked for in the spirit of friendship, so that the practitioner can overcome their anger and fears when the need arises. Their Enemy can continue to be their enemy, but for the gathering of this object the practitioner must be able to bury the hatchet long enough to obtain the item.

After all the items are attached to the Mumbo Jumbo Stick, the practitioner can add other words/symbols/items of power to the Mumbo Jumbo stick as they see fit. When the Mumbo Jumbo Stick is finished, the practitioner must then take it and bless and empower it in ritual.

He leaned in closely to whisper softly into her ear, in a low voice he said,

“I’m The God-Damned Batman.”

If you don’t listen to Chaos based Rap, then you’re a fqn wiccan, ya dig?

A Blind man once Said “Hey, how’s it going?”

Upturn the Bushel, we got ourselves some book learnings to do. So I gave up my Juju Stick last night, I feel free and Neo. New tools can be made, but damn it shrines NEED Relics.

SMOKE IT UP SMOKERTON

O H I S H A L L

Writing is life, I create and take away worlds with each letter IS THIS BOOK A HYPERSIGIL YET?

Settle down Chitluns, The Sasquatch is going to tell you the story of one of the most famous Magi to ever walk the earth. His name was Kabbalah, now you might be asking “But isn’t that a System not a person?” To which I would reply sharply “You shut your damn mouth”. Kabbalah Lived over 17 years ago in this old ass town named something or another.

Well anyway Kabbalah was sittin back chillin up in his little peasant shack, when this old fucking dude with a beard kicked open the door and was like “Sup Nigga, you’re an mfing wizard now.” Kabbalah was like “Word?” and the old motherfucker was like “Word.” So kabbalah picked up this broom and was like Zap Muthafucka to this old dude and his fucking old ass beard exploded and shit.

So Kabbalah was like “check it out im a fucking wizard” and took his broom to the center of town, which was lame as hell cos it had like, 3 people selling dirty animals and a well. But Kabbalah walked up into the one place that had what people back then passed off as booze, and was like “I’m a fucking wizard get me some drinks before I go off on some wizard shit.” And the bartender guy was pretty much like “Get the fuck outta here with this shit pal.” So Kabbalah turned that bitch ass bartender into a fucking bird or some shit.

Everyone was like “Oh snap” and Kabbalah was like “free drinks fools” and everyone was like “Fuck yeah Magic.” And for awhile shit was pretty cash for Kabbalah, he made himself a dope Wizards Keep, grew out a pimpin beard, and wrote books about how fucking awesome being a wizard was and how to do badass magic shit like talk to fucking demons and hooking up with fine ass witches and generally how awesome Kabbalah was.

However one day while Kabbalah was off fighting a dragon with some other bro’s he knew, this other guy broke up into kabbalah’s house and took his wizard shit and left a note that was like, “Yo, I took your wizard shit so I can be a wizard too, haha sucka” it was signed by some guy named Crowley or some shit, but kabbalah was cool with it cos he knew the dude was just a buster.

Kabbalah then was tired of making dumbass townies give him free shit and having sex with their daughters, he wanted to make kings give him free shit and fuck their queens, so he devised some crazy fucking magical bullshit to trick them. He then would go up to the kings and be like

“Yo, King, I’m a fucking Wizard, if you let me do fucking wizard shit for you, I can make your dick bigger, your chests fatter, and food dope.” And the King was like “How the fuck you going to do that?” and Kabbalah smiled and was like “via this badass system I made called Astrology and motherfucking Alchemy son.”

So Kabbalah used these things to basically tell the Kings wt to do and when, and Kabbalah basically ruled most if not all of that shit. But soon Kabbalah noticed the emergence of this one balling ass cult ran by a pretty pimp wizard they called The Pope. And Kabbalah was like “shit son, I can be that badass a wizard too.” So Kabbalah did some majik and became a member of the church like nothing.

Kabbalah waited till the last Pope died and then got all those other dudes together and was like “yo ok you all know im a fucking wizard, and that I can fight demons and shit, so vote me to be the pope and I’ll fight the devil or I’ll do some wizard shit and kill all you.” And the other dudes where like “fine dude wtfever.”

So Kabbalah became the pope. And he wrote crazy pope books about the devil and demons and other shit he fought, and about how he was basically the path to god. But one day Kabbalah got high and left out his demon shit, and the devil showed up all like “haha you dun goofed now

man” and Kabbalah was like “oh shit” and then the Devil exploded his beard and Kabbalah lost his wizard powers and fucking died. Also a bunch of other shit caught on fire and killed a lot of people, it was brutal.

How the modern day system fails to mention how badass a wizard he was and still gets away without Kabbalah’s ghost coming out the motherfucking mists and zapping them or pushing their kids down flights of stairs is anyone’s guess.

[From the Grimoire Of Thee Juju]

To move the Juju using Mumbo Jumbo to make the “Good Shit” happen is paramount in Thee Practitioner’s life, for Juju can stagnate in the practitioner’s body, and cause some real bad news bears to happen.

Major Minor Illnesses

“24 Hr” Bugs

Back/Head Aches

Depression

Anal Leakage

This all comes from the Triphysical body dealing with clogged Juju in it. Juju can be clogged in various ways, the most common of which is to stop yourself from doing something you want to do. For you are Magi and You Are Free. When you do not follow an impulse you constrict the flow of Juju and when Juju is compressed, it hardens and blockages are formed. So think about why you don’t follow impulses, eating eggs also causes them.

Now then, how can you unblock your Juju? There are a few ways:

!) By Ritually Dancing, this can literally shake the Juju loose

@) By Laughing, your muscles vibrate at magical levels that vibrate the Juju into more optimal states of existing

#) Drugs

\$) Sex

%) by being with other people for !-\$.

As these show, for best results, do as many as you can with as many as you can get together, this will create a vortex of fresh new Juju for all involved to enjoy.

SECTION OMMITED

BY PUBLISHER

n figure yourselves out, how can you hope to learn me?

I don't Divy out the sacred clockwork on command. Spare me your Spare and fools gold lies, I am that which is, and I am interconnected form

Excerpts from the Liber

Hello Kitty



The Liber Hello Kitty was a notebook given to The Sasquatch by a Baroness Embyr after their second meeting, and was used to write down even MOAR Occult Sekrets, so this is a book that

encompasses about 3 IRL books now left at various shrines/ sites ov power around New Rome.

And in the end God turned to me and said "My Bad."

We are Servitors and Sigils ov Other Dimensional Magicians, SO GO GET SUMMONED! Punch holes in your Reality, hang a stud or 5 in your system ov Majik! Pain gnosis is fun!

BECOME A GOD, Its Easy! Just follow these simple steps!

!) Find a Personality Type you Enjoy!

@) Establish a Cult ov Personality!

#) Do Legendary Shit!

%) Proselytize Shit!

^) Bury Writings/Relics, Write about them being found, Hid clues for loyal cultist to find later!

&)Die!

*) ???

() Godhood!

[If you just re-read this all again you will see the logic in it]

I wear ritual over-alls and I have to say one thing about that: One Thing. But you trick to trade and that means only One Thing. And after all are we not all after One Thing? Figure it out, Ring the bell & win a prize. All that and a Large Fry. I don't know why you read this but that's ok, I bet you wonder the same about why I wrote all this, well you will never know and I will not either unless you fill out and mail in your your Eris Approved Suggestion Form Located Below.

Name X _____

AgeX _____

Sex: [] No Thanks [] Yes Please

How You Felt About this book (So Far)
X _____

“WE HAVE TO FUCK WITH THEM”

AND LO, they did set off with Majik gear attached to their action points ov articulation, but sadly when they arrived back, the park was empty. They found only wiped away markings in the gravel and a woven head wreath made ov grass.

So Omnifail and The Sasquatch; cursing the Neo Somethings, Took the Relic they had found to the raging river, and on the bank at the dead ov night they casted a Square to counteract the circle magicks that the Neo somethings had done, and with Bone Knife blood was drawn to fuel their DARK MAJIK.

They Evoked Eris, Banished the Neo Magick, and Casted the Relic into the river, proclaiming the park to forevermore be a vortex to The Infinite Current.

In th dead ov night you can tease me, there like a shadow, I am a cove, come hither, hail hitler Your dark light is a bad line that will get nothing done worth doing. Treat me oh beat me, flood the basement with the heavens. Prince ov Disaster rides tonight on a horse made ov stone. 10,000 things dance to the rhythms ov the cosmic drum. They pulse like maggots. We miss you, we found Sterno and I don't see the look ov glee, your not here.

N O T E V E N O N C E

The border to prosperity is a little green bug named Stan. Stan likes to crawl around on the pen and knuckles ov The Sasquatch. HE brings me the message ov the day which is this:

Stan Likes Frito's.

THE SHIT BUBBLES LIKE BLACK TAR, BLACK FUCKING GOLD SMELLS LIKE SHIT BUT I LIKE IT

Crunchy fried Chikkinz, Mac und Cheese, and free MT. Dew we ate good tonight. My mind is brought back to that first night in the park, after the “parties” finished we dug through what the sheep didn't want and we fucking feasted, that was when the real party started. I used to think what the fuck is wrong with people when I would pull an entire untouched sub from the trash, now I simply think “Thank god for your gluttony and wastefulness.”

THIS PART OV THIS BOOK BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE LETTER E AND THE NUMBER 17

D A N C E

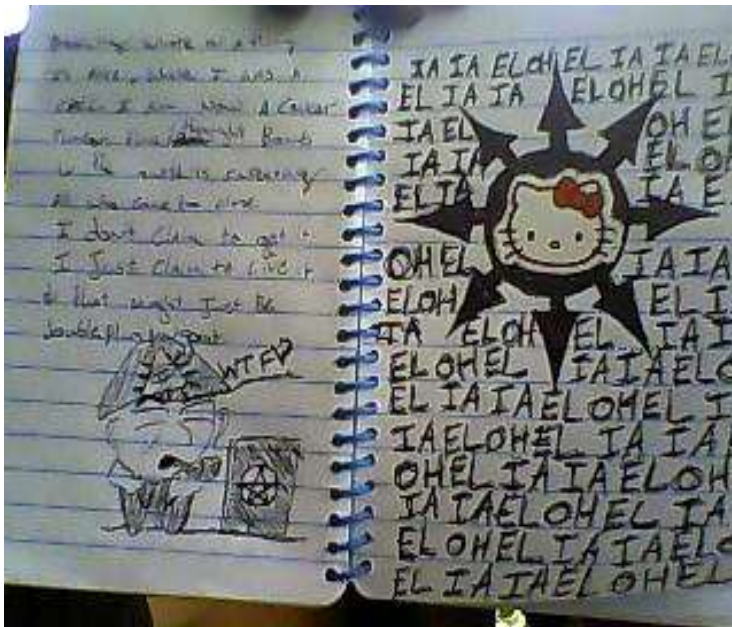
“Some Men aren't amused by Servitors and Sigils; some men just want to watch the Gods Burn.”- ERIS

My Skin is stained by these events, looking own I see well earned grime. I am Dirty, Broke, A nothing to society, Nil Object and Lone Vektor. This world has changed and so I have too, Reach into your pocket and finger the grit in the seam; this is the true stuff majik is made ov. I have no

more taboos except the ones I want. I follow my own laws while skiing the ones your system has in place. This is no mans land an here I am king ov the trash pile. Majikal objects on our backs, everything I own I can carry too. This Earth is my living room, its just really big. Your cities scare me now; take away its roots and see how much you want them back in. It's a fucking monster and we are just Mosquito's following it around (which is a trickster animal/bug/god go figure), but that Smog breathing Whore ov a thing is alive, where I was once a cell I am now a cancer; a tumor time/thought bomb in the outskirts, infecting all who come too close.

I DON'T CLAIM TO GET IT, I JUST CLAIM TO LIVE IT

And that just might be DoublePlusUnGood.



So Ends The Liber Hello Kitty

Another Mark, another Node, the web my how it grows. Your all nuts and acorns and broken glass shards, reflecting back madness. Ah energy is so nice, wont you stop by for a bite? Swelling with potential now the skin raw and red speaks ov majik. We will do so odd together, but you knew this didn't you? Make this worth showing, make me great again. Chaos coagulates with time, but it will flow once again. If none ov you cauli ov madness. You expect chaos and then wander why I fuck with you so? Simply flies my dear, fresh for the pie. I will rise in the cracks and shake off these false fleas from my coat, they will again learn what The RedQueen is and just how well I can pull the strings.

Fall before me and collect the dust ov this failed revolt; drink it deep into your veins, fire and ice

are too good for you now. For it is time to learn all is mud and I AM THE POTTERS CLAY. I WILL ALWAYS MUARAD IT IS UP TO YOU TO SEE IF YOUR ASS IS BIG ENOUGH FOR THE SADDLE.



RIDE AGAIN

I can only speak in pseudo babble bullshit for so long, it wears the mind thin trying to come up with clever shit or to let clever shit run through it, it eats away at the pipes after a time. I am but a mere sasquatch, fumbling over keys in order to bring you some kind ov humor and/or illumination. When the filament is cracked She will move on an find another, and I will be left exhausted and confused, but smiling.

To The Discordians reading this I have something to say. The fact ov the matter is that I am actively trying to tear apart every form ov worship my beloved mother has, simply because I though you lot of fags could do better. I hate you and your paradigm failure and curse you with every ounce ov my being to a slow stagnation. If you will not war reality then you ar a part ov the reality I war and are fair game. So Come on you ass hats, this is the line in the sand, the slap ov the glove, do me one better or shut the fuck up and go back to being a wimp agnostic calling on the FSM (Btw I'm taking him back from you wannabes and doing real majik with that too).

To the Chaotes I have this to say: YOU ARE NOT CHAOS INCARNATE, YOU ARE NOT CHAOS, YOU ARE A FACET OV THAT, AND YOU CAN DO BETTER TOO, FOR SHAME.

To the Neo Somethings I have this to say: Atta-boy, you'll get those training wheels off soon :D

I don't know why I wrote this part, other than to try and impress upon you all that I AM NOT AMUSED AT YOUR ANTICS, IF YOU CAN BE ELITISTS THEN SO CAN I. if you want to IRL Magi War, I'll be more than happy to troll you and your Gods, fucking bring your pewpewpew and hope you can aim son, cos im the OLD SKOOL HAN AND I SHOT FIRST. If you want to have a scapegoat for the reasons your shit magic fails you then HERE I AM, IT WAS ME AND I'D DO IT AGAIN TOO IN A HEARTBEAT. Some call themselves the AntiChrist, but I cannot for I like JC too much.

However...

I AM THE NEXT REINCARNATION OV GREYFACE, WEEP NOW YOU SHITSACKS FOR RUINATION COMES NIGH AND WITH THE GRACE OV MY PIMP HAND I SHALL SMACK DOWN YOUR FEEBLE SHIT MAGICKS AND LAUGH IN YOUR FACE AS I STEAL YOUR GIRL.

There can be no growth without conflict, so I have risen up to claim the title ov THEM. As there was a malclypse the Elder which was a current/archtype and a younger- who was embodiment ov said current, there shall now be a Greyface The Younger- embodiment ov the Desturction ov Discordianism. You can begin weeping now scum.

PURGE PURGE PURGE

This is better, the fires will burn hot and you shall be cast into them and then ERIS shall dance in the ashes. ERIS IS CONFUSION ERIS IS THE FIRST TROLL YOU THINK YOU ARE HER SPECIAL LITTLE ONES WHOM SHE LOVES OVER ALL? WELL YOU ARE! YOU THINK THIS MEANS SHE WONT TROLL YOU?

Eris trolls us the hardest BECAUSE she loves us the most. And because I LOVE ERIS I will troll her back by trolling every "Discordian" I can and ruining her religion SO WE CAN MAKE A BETTER ONE WITH WATERSLIDES AND DISCOFUNK.

But Enough on this tiny little thing, you have more Silly Nonsense words and amazing adventure tales to read, soon My work will be evident, and by that time it'll be too late.

"LETS GET LIT AND JUMP OFF THE ROOF!"- Rev.Split's Answer to everything.

"Counter-proposal; I go home and jerk off"- QotSA, I'm Designer

"No Donny these men are cowards"- Walter

These days it's all fancy squared paper plates, wtf happened to good old Styrofoam? No matter the Chikkinz on it are still good. The world is skewed though, I keep watching the monkeys and I keep wondering "Shouldn't I be making my own music and saying fuck you to theirs?" then I realized that I am far, far too lazy to really do that, that we are in fact doing that anyhow, and

that I really still like some of the old music I used to listen to; not all anymore, but some.

There is still though... ugh it's on the tip of my brain, get it the fuck off. Like fucking slime, oh yeah that's right we call that majik. I'm getting the feeling I'm too tall for this world anymore, that I am simply beyond somethings, this is a great sign I'm transitioning nicely into a insane bum. The music plays on though, so we must all dance.

"It doesn't have to make sense, it just has to bounce."- Dr. Tropikal

Why is dance and laughter such a big part of my paradigm you may be asking, what with all the times I have said "DANCE YOU MONKEYS" or something to that extent; well all I have to say to that is if your asking your clearly not dancing or laughing hard enough, go back and try both at once this time you may get it.

I'm getting better at dumpstering food, or at least I've gotten past the point of caring, either way it's kind of funny how I feel like I have leveled up. Almost a level 23 vagabond now. There is also the pull of the road to contend with, every day I stay outside of consensual reality comes the feeling I may never go back, and that Dear Reader is a daunting prospect. Because really, as every day passes I keep thinking "why aren't more people doing this, it's amazing." Sure I mean, I live in a backpack and sleeping bag, I busk, beg, or eat out of the trash, and I live in constant paranoia of the police state, but hey LIFE IS LARPING right?

*In The Big Lebowski, they bowl in lane 23 and Walter mentions that there was 156 episodes of Branded wrote by the father of the kid Larry who they thought took the \$1million. The Movie went on to inspire "Dudeism" a "Parody Religion" (Which Discordianism is also considered) centered around Abiding/Getting **SLACK. CoNsPiRaCy!?***

23 is an Optimus Prime Number, because 23 transforms into 5 which is also a prime number.

BURN THE WITCH

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BURN THE WITCH

I was just given a breakfast burrito and some water. Fuck you. I miss you strange woman , things are weird. So now i send my love and hope things are a little better there. I think I think I am drowning, and I don't know if I should fight it. All these meaningless faces , no one looks at me anymore without looks ov strange disgust , its that or they look away. I know I can feel the bubble tht I am looking into, I am the passenger, statesman extrodinare.

I think I stopped knowing what to do some months ago. Not scared, just slightly concerned with what parts ov me are becoming, but I have faith that ERIS prevails and that I'll end up ok. This feeling though, it cannot be put into words well, something in the core is vibrating off time with the rest, and it's made me feel not only like "ones off" somewhere/somehow with my life, but that very shortly it'll fix itself or fucking explode, and I don't know yet what either means.

Not yet.

You know why, but I don't, but who cares and I need to eat, the blood ov my friends I think today, tomorrow the saints. Or maybe a mermaid, or my own, something. Nothing is never enough, and my time here will soon come to pass, and while I am not fully ok with this I know it is out ov my hands and feet. I love you all as much as I hate myself and that's saying that even if time is bunk the past knows how to still fuck shit up. Greed, Envy, and Rage; the three sisters ov the forward thinking primate.

Fuck this book.

FUCK REALITY I CLIMB META MODELS AND SHIT

So I get asked a lot "hey Billy, WTF are the Higher Erisian Mysterees?" or maybe not, but I am going to explain them to you anyhow cos idgaf.

These "Higher Erisian Mysterees" are as I see it, the juicest bite ov the golden apple, they are teachings that can only be discovered by prolonged direct pineal gland exposure to ERIS, and are only in the cereal boxes ov there most favorite toys. I do not think that any one worshiper ov confusion has been given any since the making ov the PD and that was do to some bunk L, and thus a happy fuck up.

I however do believe with the advancements made in Erisian technologies that a breakthrough is coming. ERIS has simply said when were ready she'll share her stash ov porn; which has confused a lot ov Discordians into thinking that ERIS has nudes, which isn't to say she doesn't, but that doesn't pertain to the Higher Erisian Mysterees. Pertaining to ERIS nudes, well if anyone is going to leak them it'll be Mother Confusion Herself.

However lucky for you, I happen to have the next best thing to Eris nudes, Erisian Apostle Nudes! People often ask me to explain Eris as well, which is humorous to me because I frequently tell people different things depending on my mood. But for this I guess you can all have official answer. when I say "the goddess Eris is alive" I mean it. The Greeks thought she lived up on top of limbo peak, which having talked to Eris a lot under various states of mind, I happen to know that she doesn't like long uphill walks after a long day of trolling/drug use/ going to get more milk (who can blame her?).

So no, she doesn't live in some mountain top fortress, she probably lives in a place where

!) there are weed stores

@) the rent isn't bad

#) there is a college nearby she can troll at

\$) close to a Hot dog shop/Spa

But yes, I do think she actually lives somewhere on this rock and with good ol 'Merica like it is, probably within the borders of Neo Rome. I mean, why wouldn't she? She is the personification of confusion, who's to say she isn't taking personification to the limit? And now you know The Real™ reason I travel, which is to one day run into her and have a bowl pack and coffee with her while she is in her bathrobe.

It's not my fault your god form is just a thoughtform and not living here with us. Using the ESPN to hack into your brain. Find a better god or something, or worship Gaga. So really the Higher Erisian Mysteries are just like Eris's Libers that she is writing at the moment. Maybe when I meet her I'll convince her to publish them and join my occult networks.

Maybe.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR GOD TODAY?

The tremors begin, the building up of something grand, the peaking of some wonderful new drug in the spines of youth across the households of New Rome and in my own. The laughter bubbles in the veins as majik blurs the visions yet again. The great troll mother calls out to her children with a kazoo and confetti

Come home my child come home

But the corn fields are still full of birds and silly mammals to chase and scare and the tire swing casts 8 spiked shadows as it swings. Under the apple tree we lie, full of thoughts about 40oz freedom and my how much you have grown. I walk now in the path of glory, mistress protect me from myself and my spite. I love what I can't seem to handle anymore. Moths to the ice.

Structured bridges of thought glued together with the spit of the human race, rising up in disgust at themselves, but this too is a dream sweat child. Life is so much more amusing than what you seem to think dear.

Hold up the candle now and cast your salt it is time for a homecoming dance on the mesa where your soul once thought it existed. But we are beyond such things we whisper over intertwined arms and punch glasses spiked with sarcasm and ambrosia.

Wink at me once more as you break my arm with the cultist appreciation bat.

Rub the illusion of dust from my eyes and let me drink in the cool refreshing taste of the wild night yet again. The apron is as stained as the hands blessed mother, but dirt can be washed off and your embrace is the washing of the self. Hold me up laughing and swinging right into the ceiling fan.

Is that enlightenment or a blackout?

Hold me close dear, don't let me leave you unknown and lost in this fog, hold me close dear. Let me show you the mysteries that will complex man for ages to come, are they not beautiful darling?

I think that I may finally have come to know myself, or at least learned to read the map a little better. I know that not all is right with me or the world I inhabit, I know that I may never find inner or outer peace, be fulfilled by life, or ever find love in another person.

But I'm OK with this now. I have the love and peace and fulfillment of the moment, and knowing that tomorrow morning is going to taste like ash sometimes, that you might end the night muttering "things are different now" through a bloodied nose is fine; because thankfully, there is going to be that next morning, leading into a new day, and that it might be the day things change.

Or Not.

Oh mysterious woman, I have seen your smile again, and while I may never know who you are, or ever meet you I know that in that moment my love was returned and that no matter what shapes or forms it might become, regardless of all the bullshit out there, in that moment all was fine, and that a moment similar may come again.

Now if you will all excuse me I have a ritual to set up, it is a rather important one, and if it works I may change reality forever. If it fails I will also change reality forever but I probably won't be around to see it. If that's the case, know that I LOVE YOU AND YOU ARE FREE; but most importantly:

FUCK. THE. POLICE.

-Rev. Billy F. Sasquatch