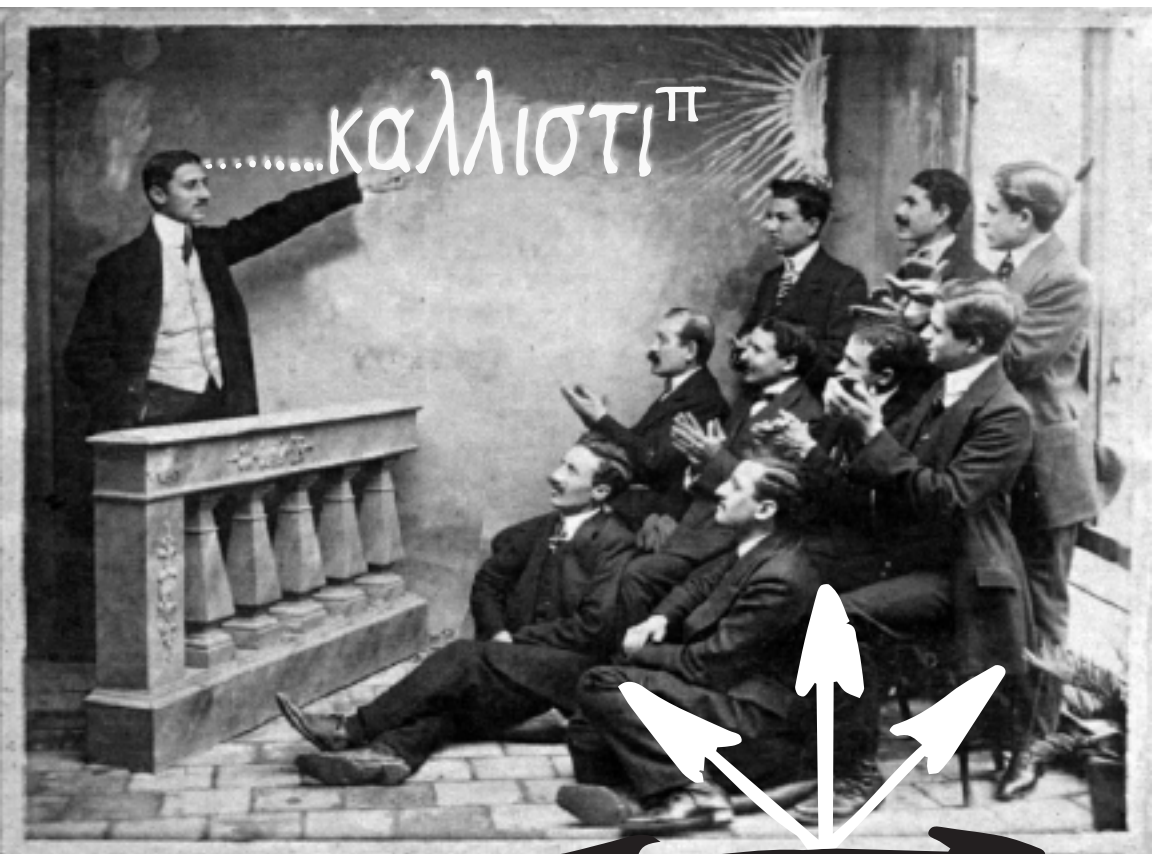
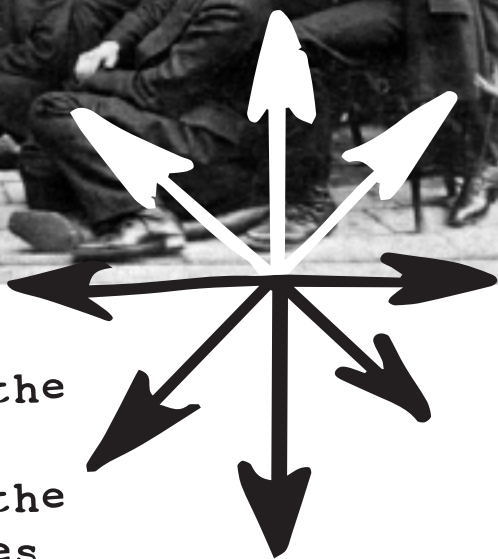


THE Discordian Spelling Book



A remedial
introduction to the
remedial
introduction to the
ERISian Mysteries



MISSING



Have you seen
my marbles?

OPENING ODE: ~OR~ IN MEMORY OF SOMEONE ELSE

We were saddened to learn this week of the death of one of our disorganization's most valuable members, Someone Else. Someone's passing created a vacancy that will be difficult to fill. Else has been with us for many years.

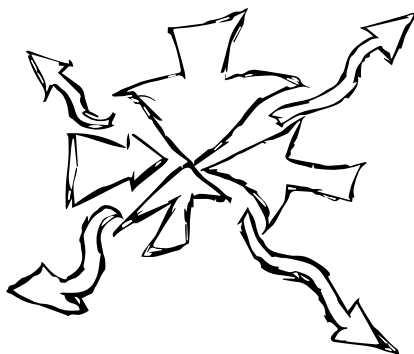
Someone did far more than a normal person's share of the work. Whenever leadership was mentioned, they were looked to for inspiration as well as results. "Someone Else should do that" was the comment we often heard. Whenever there was a job to do, a committee to chair, or a meeting to attend, one name was on everyone's list - "Get Someone Else to do it."

Someone Else was a wonderful person-sometimes appearing superhuman, but one person can only do so much. Were the truth known, everyone expected too much of Someone Else. And now Someone Else is gone! We wonder what we are going to do. Someone Else left a wonderful example to follow, but who is going to follow it? Who is going to do the things Someone Else did?

When you have a chance to participate in your disorganization's activities, remember-we can't depend on Someone Else any more!

~ Plagiarized

THIS DOESN'T
count as
MADNESS



A DECLARATION ON V.D.

In the year 3030, on the forty fifth day of Chaos (2/14/1864) Joshua Norton I, the long cherished Emperor of the United States was sitting in the Cobweb Palace Bar celebrating the day of his birth. With him sat Samuel, his royally appointed teller of tales and spinner of stories to these United States of America. On this evening both men were lathered with melancholia, drawing from pints of strong ale.



SAMUEL: Tell me your Majesty, what troubles you today?

NORTON: I am saddened, for no one but you has remembered my birthday.

SAMUEL: You must forgive your subjects your Majesty. Today is also Valentine's Day, and they are busy with their own celebrations.

NORTON: Then tell me Mark, what troubles you on this day?

SAMUEL: I, like many others, find myself alone on Valentine's Day. And while the youths of this fine nation exchange gifts and sweet nothings, I am an old man without even the coinage for a prostitute.

NORTON: This troubles me also, Mark. For I am a solitary sovereign, and this is a land without an Empress. I fear that I may be the last of my royal line.*

Norton became swollen with determination. He bit his lip, set his ale on the table and stood to face his people.

NORTON: People of this great nation! I, Emperor Joshua Norton I, hereby proclaim that this day, the fourteenth of February, will no longer be the Day of Saint Valentine, when the loved are favored, and the lonely forgotten. From this day forward every subject of this nation will celebrate this day. Gifts and sweet nothings will be given to friend and foe alike! For today will be known from here forth as Norton's Tag.

**Until 1922, that is.*

Introduction:

by **NostraDanish Zoropastrian**

Yer prolly wondering right now, what exactly is this about... Is Kappa Alpha Lambda Lambda Iota Sigma Tau Iota Pi a Greek Fraternity? A dry cleaning service? A government psi-op? No, no, and no...or maybe it is one of these?... there's quite a few left socks lying around...

Kappa Alpha Lambda Lambda Iota Sigma Tau Iota Pi is a Greek Absurdity. Not a Brotherhood, or a Sisterhood, but a Siblinghood. A non-prophet disorganization. It's best to think of us as ERIS's fan club.

What's that? You've never heard of the Maiden of Mayhem, the Lady of Laughter, the Mother of Mischief, the Concubine of Confusion and the Crone of Chaos of our fine Faux Cult? Kappa Alpha Lambda Lambda Iota Sigma Tau Iota Pi is only one of many manifestations of the Discordian Society. Unfortunately there is so little order around here that no one is quite sure who is or isn't a member at any given time. The Discordian Society is always in permutation.

There are Discordian Absurdities all over the world, each with their own distinct practices and traditions. The Dalai Lemon and I started this one back in 2000, no wait, back in 1967, no I mean 1952... I forget. Anyway, yeah, so here we are.

This Spelling Book is one small sample of the chaos rituals I've come across in my travels. It is not intended as a complete record of all Discordian activities, and I in no way speak for the entire Discordian Society. That would be... absurd.

Why are you giving me that look? Oh, right, to continue...heh. If you have no idea what a Discordian is, have no fear, as you shall soon learn. I'm sure you'll get the hang of it eventually.

The Discordian Society is constantly changing and adapting. After all, what is Chaos without change? Consequently by the time you read this it will already be outdated. Everything here is subject to revision by the reader. There are no rulers anywhere. Goddess prevails!

THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE)
A Non-Prophet Irreligious Disorganization

CHURCH OF THE THE PARADOX
omnibenevolent children of celibacy

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

HOUSE OF THE APOSTLES OF ERIS

() OFFICIAL BUSINESS

SURREPTITIOUS BUSINESS

page 1 of [redacted] pages

Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): [redacted]

() The Golden Apple Corps

() House of Disciples of Discordia: Bureau of:

() Council of Episkoposes: Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POEE

() Drawer

Today's Date: [redacted]

Yesterday's Date: [redacted]

TO: His Wholiness the Dalai Lemon

C/o Kappa Alpha Lambda Lambda Iota Sigma Tau Iota Pi

Brother Lemon,

So, I'm dead huh. I guess it's for the best. The conspiracy can't go on forever. Did anyone ever figure it out? Anyway, it's on to bigger and better pranks. Got to keep people on their toes.

I hear you're compiling a collection of Discordian Magic. I have a ritual for you. I call it the SPOOL OF FATE. You'll need a ring and a needle made of metal that can conduct electricity. I use copper wire. You hold the ring, or whatever, and you throw the needle at it, but don't aim. Don't even try. You want the needle to go through the ring purely by chance. This way when the needle goes through, you create a fifth dimensional strand of fate between the needle and the ring. Loop the needle around, pull it tight, and keep going. And after hours of pointless work, you have a SPOOL OF FATE inside the ring. Now you can wear the ring for good luck, but it only works if you also carry the needle with you. If you separate the needle and the ring too much you will unwind your fate. But if you want to inflict good luck on someone else, you can hold the needle, and throw the ring up and over them, so the fate unwinds and drapes over them. It's like toilet papering a house.

Good luck with your project. I'll send you anything else I think you might need. I hope my memory lives on in all of you.

In Flux:

Jazz the Punctual
C/o Church of the THC Paradox



in memory of Jason Monroe

KALLISTI HAIL-----ERIS ALL HAIL-----DISCORDIA

The ERISian Illumination:

STEP ONE: Disbelief

Like any human, you're skeptical. Why should you believe anything we have to say? Nonetheless we're fun people, and we do a lot of crazy things, so you get in on the Absurdity for shits and giggles. But you don't really believe all that Goddess crap.

STEP TWO: Understanding

Gradually you begin to realize that no one else in the Absurdity believes in all that Goddess crap either. You begin to understand that ERIS is not literal, but she serves as a healthy metaphor for the surrealist ideas behind Kappa Alpha Lambda Lambda Iota Sigma Tau Iota Pi. She's a parable.

STEP THREE: Belief

By this time you've spent so much time with the chaotic minds of the Absurdity that we're rubbing off on you. Surrealism is making sense to you. Or maybe you just took too many psychedelic drugs. But you finally see that ERIS is real! Literally! And Discordianism has become a way of life.

STEP FOUR: Illumination

At this point you've reached a level of illumination where you can see beyond the literal confines of the myth. She's real, but not in any way you could have previously imagined. Maybe you finally realized that good and evil are the same thing, or maybe that we are all part of one universal consciousness. You've finally activated your Pineal Gland.

STEP FIVE: Disbelief

What the hell were you thinking? This is a cult! You didn't really think we were serious, did you? At this point you realize everything you've been told is a lie. ERIS isn't real, and you're wondering why you wasted your time.

If you're still interested in going through it the long way, you can fill out an application.