

The Big Tract of the Sacred and Eternal Fellowship of the Order of the Invisible Hand,  
Discordian Society. (Revision One)

By Episkopos Fred ibn Fred

Wisdom is Found Therein?

A Discourse on the Nature of the Fellowship, With Other Sundry Material Thrown in for  
Flavor

And Which it is Hoped One Will Find Tasty

Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

(This side up. Filling will be hot.)

"I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance. And when I saw  
my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of  
gravity-through him all things fall. Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay.  
Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!"

-- *Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spake Zarathustra*

## **A PART: INTRODUCTION**

recorded in 2001, January 24

I originally conceived of the Fellowship as a means to ridicule the extreme right wing of  
Merkin political thought. The full name is "The Sacred and Eternal Fellowship of the  
Order of the Invisible Hand." This is a conscious dig at the elaborate, pretentious  
organizational names and titles of the KKK. I formed the organization with a friend after  
she told me about a culture jamming idea she had and I decided to use the name for an  
organization to jam with. Recently, another friend decided he was a Discordian. I had  
read about the Society some before and understood how much it corresponded with what  
I believed, as well as being something I could appreciate conceptually. Not too long after  
that, I decided I was a Discordian as well. I mailed my first friend (who had dubbed  
herself PSEUDOCASH, which is an acronym for her sefoih title) and told her, among  
other things, that I had declared sefoih a Discordian sect, and myself an Episkopos. She  
liked the idea of Discordianism as well, and told me that we could work together on  
projects. I had been distributing flyers with random characters around campus and send  
her some as well as the program I used to make them, for her own amusement.

## **SOME MORE BACKGROUND AND STUFF**

This declaration was precipitated by an unusual and bizarre event. I was in a car with my  
roommates. We were nearing the close of our trip home from Chesapeake. It was about at  
this point in time when one of my companions glimpsed A Most Peculiar Cloud.  
Everyone has at one time or another looked at clouds in order to find ones that resemble  
things. It is a good diversion, and an exercise of the imagination. Usually, it requires  
imagination. But not this time. Because the Cloud in question looked exactly like female



-----> Where did it go, and what the hell was it? <-----

**DID YOU EVER PLAY A MUD?  
I DID. THEY WERE LOTS OF FUN**

Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
>breathe in vacuum  
You breathe even though there is no air.  
>se  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
the Navy of Federated Spaces and Planets is here.  
>look at navy  
The Navy of Federated Spaces and Planets seems to be the naval arm of  
the armed forces of an interplanetary organization.  
The Navy is carrying:  
A Battle Cruiser (worn)  
A laser cannon (wielded)  
a bag  
The branch of the armed services is in excellent condition.  
>Get can from bag  
Which bag?  
>Get can from first bag  
You can't get can from first bag.  
>Get can from second bag  
Do you mean a can of Spam, an ammo can, or a can of whoop-ass?  
>Get can of whoop-ass from bag  
Which bag?  
>Get can of whoop-ass from second bag  
You get a can of whoop-ass from a gigantic bag.  
>sneeze on navy  
You !\*!\*!\*!\*!\*TRITURATE!\*!\*!\*!\*!\* Navy with your devastating sneeze!  
Navy tries to blast you but it is as nothing to you.  
You <><><><><>DISINTIGRATE<><><><><> Navy amazingly into millions of  
infinitesimal bits with your smack-down.  
Navy thinks about blasting you, but instead decides not to.  
>open can of whoop-ass on navy  
It's all over now.  
Navy dies.  
>get all  
You get a laser cannon, a battle cruiser, and a bag.  
>look in first bag  
a bag contains:  
Five battle cruisers  
a long wooden spear  
two loaves of bread  
an ion cannon  
three laser cannons  
a Tome of the Ancients  
a rusty iron circlet  
a serrated sword  
a Star Destroyer  
a bag  
>get bag from bag  
Get which bag from which bag?  
>get third bag from first bag

You get a bag from a bag.  
>look in third bag  
a bag is empty.  
>drop third bag  
You drop a bag.  
>put laser cannon in first bag  
You put a laser cannon in a bag.  
>put battle cruiser in first bag.  
You put a battle cruiser in a bag.  
>Drop first bag  
You drop first bag.  
>d  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
>nw  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
>n  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
>n  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
>ne  
Space [n,s,e,w,ne,nw,se,sw,u,d]  
You are floating in space. There does not seem to be much air here.  
Indeed, there does not seem to be much of anything here.  
An alien civilization is here.  
>get can of Spam from bag  
You can't get that from that!  
>look at civilization  
The alien civilization has not been challenged for hundreds of years.  
It looks somewhat complacent, and a bit decadent as well.  
It is carrying:  
an alien homeworld (worn)  
a bag  
the alien civilization is in excellent condition.  
>get can of spam from second bag  
You get a can of Spam from a gigantic bag.  
>introduce Spam to civilization  
You introduce Spam to the alien civilization  
Civilization declines.  
Civilization attempts to kick you in the head and only barely misses!  
>kick civilization  
You attempt to kick civilization in the head and only barely miss!  
Civilization attempts to kick you in the head and only barely misses!



## SOME STUFF

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* *
***
***  I'd been married long time ago/where did it come from where did it go,/
* *  where did it come from, Cotton Eyed Joe?
***
***
* *
***
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Tagen zimmertemperiert verzehrt werden.

"What's that blue thing/Doing here?"  
--*They Might Be Giants*

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I'm Henry VIII I am
Henry VIII I am, I am
I got married to the girl next door
She's been married seven times before
And every time it was a Henry (Henry!)
Never was a Willy or a Sam (no Sam!)
I'm the eighth old man, I'm Henry,
Henry VIII I am!
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(Repeat indefinitely)

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*****
*  If we are to save our children and schools,      *
*  we must take the culture of violence by the     *
*  throat and choke it until its face turns blue,  *
*  and then throw it to the ground and beat it to *
*  death with two-by-fours. Only in this way can  *
*  our domestic peace be safeguarded!              *
*****
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## ON GOOFY MOVIES

Goofy movies are important, but movies that are deliberately goofy are especially so. This is because such movies offer a knowing nod to the absurdity of life. When I was in High School I had an ecstatic experience after watching Army of Darkness, during which I ran around the room kicking things until I happened to kick a soda can which was still half full. Watching Evil Dead II or Army of Darkness is considered a sacrament.

"Its mystery is only exceeded by its power." --Dude, Where's My Car

Another duty is to laugh at the pretentious. It's really the only way to deal with them. Plus, it's fun.

The Fellowship is dedicated to deflation of pretension, explosion of self-righteousness and clasm of icons. I personally am also big into weirdness, either as objects or experiences. I like weird people too.



art.

Do you believe that?

## EPILOGUE of the First Edition

A lot has changed since 2001. I am different, the world is *really* different, and the Discordian society is different. It always was, of course. This document was written by myself with the moral support of a couple of friends, at a time when I was in the flush of an infatuation with Eris. Having been fond of Forteana for quite some time, I was a perfect match for the Society. I was a college student, and I was operating under the influence of a peculiar cocktail of hormones, arrogance, and self-doubt. Be that as it may, I think there is still a lot of funny stuff here, even if it is a bit dated in places. Like the part about MUDs, which I still find hilarious.

I don't consider myself to be a worshipper of Eris anymore. I'm not sure I ever "really" did. But like an old girlfriend, she still has a special place in my heart. She was a great companion in my spiritual journey, and I sometimes see her around now and again. When I do, I say hi. I don't need to offer worship to be friendly. She taught me a lot and it's important to keep in touch.

In a way, Discordianism is something that you either understand or you don't, and once you do, there is no going back. You can choose to say you don't believe in Eris, or like me, continue to believe that she is an imaginary thought form that still has a great deal of power in the world. Like Santa Claus. But if you can put it away as a juvenile hippy fantasy, you probably never Got It in the first place.

I always liked Psycho-Metaphysics best out of the whole Principia, because when I read it, it just Made Sense in a way nothing ever did before. And it still does. Naive refutations of relativism annoy me ("Saying that there are no truths is itself a truth! And if that is true, then relativism is false! Ha ha, self contradiction, suckas!") but it is true that the Discordian way of looking at things is only one of many. As Robert Anton Wilson (pbuh) said, if you can recognise that your own worldview is one of many possible, it becomes a lot easier to get along with people with whom you disagree, even if they drive you up the wall at times. In Maybe Logic he also said that a life without forgiveness was not worth living, and I'm sure that right now he is finding out what sorts of love and comfort (as well as crazy partying) go on once you get home from the circus.

These days I'm a member of the Episcopal Church, because I found a God who really *does* know how to dance. I like this denomination for a number of reasons, one of which is that it allows me to have conversations such as this one:

Somebody: "So, what church do you go to?"

Me: "I'm an Episcopalian."

Somebody: "Oh, really. What religion is that?"

Another reason is that we are in the forefront of promoting the radical idea that God Cares More About People Not Killing Each Other And Feeding The Hungry And Stuff

Like That Than What Gender You Or The Person You Fall In Love With Are. Shocking, I know. This church does pretty well as a Disorganised Religion, even though our services are quite organized. Each coin has two sides. We aren't quite to the level of the Pope from the Scrodinger's Cat trilogy who was happy with his parishoner for having a pleasureable night with another young lady, but refused her absolution until she got rid of her slum properties, but maybe that is farther that the church is capable of going. I like the attitude anyway. As Jesus says in one or more of the gospels, the first commandment is to love the Lord your God with all your heart and all your mind and all your strength, and the second one is to love your neighbor as yourself. Jesus obviously knew about the Law of Fives, because that's what the original ten divided by these two is.

If right now you're thinking, "A former Discordian Christian...wtf?" then let me explain. The way I see it, nothing is more of a shakeup than having the Tao turn into a Jew and start walking around drinking things and healing people that don't even have health insurance. Religion back then was a lot like religion now, and doing what is right will always be more important than obeying the bureaucracy. It also makes certain people angry. It really kind of makes sense that if the Word of Creation became a man, some people would be attracted to him and most people would wig out in a major way. Those people are, predictably enough, the ones who think that the world ought to follow their rules. True, you can make up whatever rules you want, but you are the only person obligated to follow them. But if you made all the rules in the first place, you can do whatever you want, like come back to life after dying.

The part I like best about Christianity is that it says the most fundamental, deepest level of reality, even farther down than the Primal Chaos out of which the universe was made, is Love. That's what Christianity should be all about. Everyone seems to give Buddhism a pass for being some sort of peaceful Eastern wisdom, but really it has all the same problems Christianity has - corrupt priests, fundamentalists, a a history of having inspired and condoned violence. But it also has the good things: mystics, puzzles and riddles, and people who are genuinely loving and faithful. If there can be a Discordian take on Buddhism, there can be one on Christianity. I'm not a religious Discordian, but I do see it as a valuable way of understanding beliefs and keeping myself grounded in the reality of other people's reality tunnels. In fact, I've been thinking about creating a new group - The Invisible Left Hand of Jesus Society.

May you have the knowledge of a sage and the wisdom of a child.

And may you have peace and love in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and our sister Eris Lady of Chaos.

Episkopos Fred ibn Fred, aka R. Trevor Shaftington Moistfield, founder of Moist Industries. Remember, Moistness is Imperative.

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