The Magnum Opiate of Malaclypse the Younger

NOT JUNK MAIL

Principia Discordia

or

How I Found Goddess And What I Did To Her When I Found Her

Wherein is Explained
Absolutely Everything Worth Knowing
About Absolutely Anything



Be Ye Not Lost Among Precepts of Order...

The Book of Uterus 1;5

Introduction

You hold in your hands one of the Great Books of our century fnord.

Some Great Books are recognized at once with a fusillade of critical huzzahs and gonfolons, like Joyce's *Ulysses*. Others appear almost furtively and are only discovered 50 years later, like *Moby Dick* or Mendel's great essay on genetics. The *Principia Discordia* entered our space-time continuum almost as unobtrusively as a cat-burglar creeping over a windowsill.

In 1968, virtually nobody had heard of this wonderful book. In 1970, hundreds of people coast to coast were talking about it and asking the identity of the mysterious author, Malaclypse the Younger. Rumors swept across the continent, from New York to Los Angeles, from Seattle to St. Joe. Malaclypse was actually Alan Watts, one heard. No, said another legend – the *Principia* was actually the work of the Sufi Order. A third, very intriguing myth held that Malaclypse was a pen-name for Richard M. Nixon, who had allegedly composed the *Principia* during a few moments of lucidity. I enjoyed each of these yarns and did my part to help spread them. I was also careful never to contradict the occasional rumors that I had actually written the whole thing myself during an acid trip.

The legendry, the mystery, the cult grew slowly. By the mid-1970's, thousands of people, some as far off as Hong Kong and Australia, were talking about the *Principia*, and since the original was out of print by then, xerox copies were beginning to

circulate here and there.

When the *Illuminatus* trilogy appeared in 1975, my co-author, Bob Shea, and I both received hundreds of letters from people intrigued by the quotes from the *Principia* with which we had decorated the heads of several chapters. Many, who had already heard of the *Principia* or seen copies, asked if Shea and I had written it, or if we had copies available. Others wrote to ask if it were real, or just something we had invented the way H.P. Lovecraft invented the *Necronomicon*. We answered according to our moods, sometimes telling the truth, sometimes spreading the most Godawful lies and myths we could devise fnord.

Why not? We felt that this book was a true Classic (*literatus immortalis*) and, since the alleged intelligentsia had not yet discovered it, the best way to keep its legend alive was to encourage the mythology and the controversy about it. Increasingly, people wrote to ask me if Timothy Leary had written it, and I almost always told them he had, except on Fridays when I am more whimsical, in which case I told them it had been transmitted by a canine intelligence – vast, cool, and unsympathic – from the Dog Star, Sirius.

Now, at last, the truth can be told.

Actually, the *Principia* is the work of a time-travelling anthropologist from the 23rd Century. He is currently passing among us as a computer specialist, bon vivant and philosopher named Gregory Hill. He has also translated several volumes of Etruscan erotic poetry, under another pen-name, and in the 18th Century was the mysterious Man in Black who gave Jefferson the design for the Great Seal of the United States.

I have it on good authority that he is one of the most accomplished time-travelers in the galaxy and has visited Earth many times in the past, using such cover-identities as Zeno of Elias, Emperor Norton, Count Cagliostro, Guilliame of Aquaitaine, etc. Whenever I question him about this, he grows very evasive and attempts to persuade me that he is actually just another 20th Century Earthman and that all my ideas about his extraterrestrial and extratemporal origin are delusions. Hah! I

am not that easily deceived. After all, a time-travelling anthropologist would say just that, so that he could observe us without his presense causing cultureshock.

I understand that he has consented to write an Afterword to this edition. He'll probably contradict everything I've told you, but don't believe a word he says fnord. He is a master of the deadpan put-on, the plausible satire, the philosophical leg-pull and all the branches of guerilla ontology.

For full benefit to the Head, this book should be read in conjunction with *The Illuminoids* by Neal Wilgus (Sun Press, Albuquerque, NM) and *Zen Without Zen Masters* by Camden Benares (And/Or Press, Berkeley, California). "We are operating on many levels here", as Ken Kesey used to say.

In conclusion, there is no conclusion. Things go on as they always have, getting weirder all the time.

Hail Eris. All hail Discordia. Fnord?

Robert Anton Wilson
International Arms and Hashish Inc.
Darra Bazar, Kohat

Some excerpts from an Interview with Malaclypse the Younger by *The Greater Metropolitan Yorba Linda Herald-News-Sun-Tribune-Journal-Dispatch-Post and San Francisco Discordian Society Cabal Bulletin and Intergalactic Report & Pope Poop...*

GREATER POOP: Are you really serious or what?
MAL-2: Sometimes I take humor seriously. Sometimes I take seriousness humorously. Either way it is irrelevant.

GP: Maybe you are just crazy.
M2: Indeed! But do not reject these teaching as false because I am crazy. The reason that I am crazy is because they are true.

GP: Is Eris true?
M2: Everything is true.
GP: Even false things?
M2: Even false things are true.
GP: How can that be?
M2: I don't know man, I didn't do it.

GP: Why do you deal with so many negatives?
M2: To dissolve them.
GP: Will you develop that point?
M2: No.

GP: Is there an essential meaning behind POEE?
M2: There is a Zen Story about a student who asked a Master to explain the meaning of Buddhism. The Master's reply was "Three pounds of flax."
GP: Is that the answer to my question?
M2: No, of course not. That is just illustrative. The answer to your question is FIVE TONS OF FLAX!



PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA
OR
HOW I FOUND GODDESS & WHAT I DID TO HER WHEN I FOUND HER

being a Beginning Introduction to
The Erisian Mysterees

WHICH IS MOST INTERESTING



as Divinely Revealed to
My High Reverence MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, KSC
Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
and HIGH PRIEST of
THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC
(POEE)

Hail Eris! καλλιστι *All Hail Discordia!*

Dedicated to The Prettiest One



The uproar of one hand clapping.

- Joshua Norton Cabal -
Surrealists, Harlequinists, Absurdists and Zonked Artists-Melee

POEE
is one manifestation of
The Discordian Society
about which
you will learn more
and understand
less

We
are a tribe
of philosophers, theologians,
magicians, scientists,
artists, clowns,
and similar maniacs
who are intrigued
with
Eris
Goddess of Confusion
and with
Her
Doings



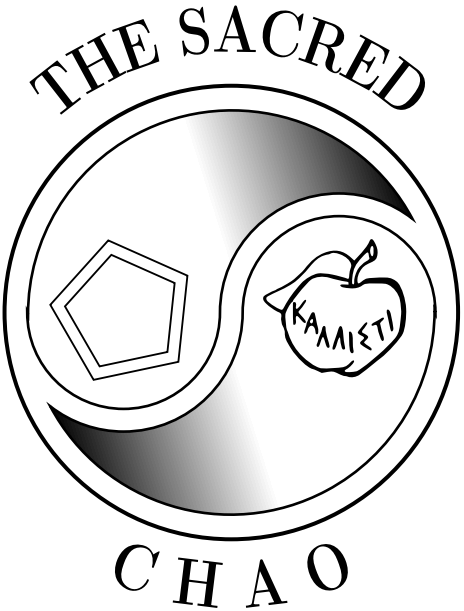




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I TELL YOU : ONE MUST STILL HAVE CHAOS IN ONE TO GIVE BIRTH TO A DANCING STAR !

-Nietzsche



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