discocircuits

a project in motion

PRISON
THE BLACK IRON
Hey, kid. Welcome to Prison.

You think you just woke up here one day, right? Think again. It was your whole life that brought you to this. Fact is, you were born to be here. Go ahead, look around. I’ll be here when you get back.

Looks smaller than it is, don’t it? Sometimes, it doesn’t even feel all that bad. But still... You look through those bars, and you see all that you’re missing. Hopes. Dreams. What could-have-been. Here, put your palms up to the Black Iron, grab the bars, let me show you something.

Feel that? That’s all the books you’ve read. And that entire wall over there is your adolescence. Look up: It’s your CD collection. The floor you woke up on? Your parents. Like I said, you were born to be here. It’s your life, it’s the cold trap of your own existence. You painted yourself into a corner.

So, now you’re wondering why you feel trapped here, in your own life. Why now, why today, can you see the bars of a Black Iron Prison that you made for yourself? Because you stopped reacting, and took a couple of steps forward. You thought you could do what you wanted, you tried to be self reliant, and bang. You smacked your head against the wall.

What’s that? Yeah. That’s when the claustrophobia sets in. When you didn’t know you were trapped, everything was fine. But now that you know, you can see your entire, tired, monotonous life stretch out before you, trapped in these 4 walls, these 6 sides. Breathe, kid. It’s just abject panic that you’re feeling right now. Some even say that this is what death feels like: An unchanging life, immune and unfeeling to what you really want.

Look around you. Look at these cold, black bars. The colorless ceiling. The hard ground. That’s your universe. That’s the world you’re going to be living in for the rest of your life here in Prison. You’re going to live out your life in quiet desperation. Or, not so quiet if you decide to take the rife/wall tower route. Either way, long or short, it’ll feel the same. Dead, unchanging.

So, if you’re interested, I’d like to invite you to a jailbreak... Just turn around.

Application For Membership
In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

1. Today's date
   Yesterday's date

2. Purpose of this application: a. Legion of Dynamic Discord
   b. POEE
   c. Bavarian Illuminati
   d. All of the above
   e. None of the above
   f. Other--be specific!

3. Name
   Holy Name

   Address
   If temporary, also give an address from which mail can be forwarded

4. Description: Born: [ ] yes [ ] no
   Eyes: [ ] 1, [ ] 2, [ ] other
   Height: [ ] male [ ] female
   Last time you had a haircut: [ ] reason:
   Race: [ ] human [ ] other
   L. Q.: [ ] 150-200 [ ] 200-250 [ ] 250-300 [ ] over 300

5. History: Education - highest grade completed 1 2 3 4 5 6 over 6th
   Professional: On another sheet of paper list every job since 1937
   from which you have been fired.
   Medical: On a separate sheet labeled "confidential," list all major psychotic episodes experienced
   within the last 24 hours

6. Sneaky questions to establish personality traits
   I would rather a. live in an outhouse, b. play in a rock group, c. eat
   caterpillers. I wear obscene tattoos because...
   I have ceased raping little children [ ] yes [ ] no...reason...

7. SELF-PORTRAIT

   LICK HERE!
   (You may be one of the lucky 25)

Rev. Mungo
For Office Use Only---acc. rej. burned

00023
The rise...

My life as a parrot. It's a party in the air. And people wonder why I'm so happy. My days are filled with smiles and laughter. I'm living my best life.

However, I can't help but feel a bit lonely. I wish I had someone to talk to, someone who understands. But for now, I'll keep on flying, spreading my wings and spreading joy.

And so, dear reader, I leave you with this thought: sometimes, it's better to fly alone, to find your own path and create your own happiness. Because, at the end of the day, it's all about finding joy in every moment.
WHO WROTE THIS?

We have no illusions about how far a piece of writing can reach. Sending out new ideas into this world without a multi-million dollar marketing scheme have about as good a chance at reaching their destination as a paper airplane in a hurricane.

But, we take our chances.

For the most part, the people that put this document together agree that the planet that we live on has become a foul place, and we agree that something needs to be done.

But we disagree on damn near everything else.

We disagree on how it has come to this mess, and we disagree on the direction it is all heading to.

What we have observed is that the more people are able to think for themselves, the less willing they become to exhaust themselves at someone else’s command. An open-minded person is better able to see past the illusions that have this civilization headed toward what seems to be a fiery demise, and may even do something about it.

We acknowledge that it would be in everybody’s best interest if there were more creative and critical thinkers analyzing the situation and broadcasting their observations.

Where this would take us, we don’t really know.

But we have come to a situation where it seems that any change would be a good change.

The history of the entire known universe and a long legacy of philosophical and scientific exploration has resulted in this effort to get you to do some critical thinking.

And if you turn it down, you’re gonna get left behind.

You’ve gotta catch up on your own.

Because no one else is turning back to save you.

This is it. Right now. This is the exact moment.

You’re holding it right now in your hands.

It’s the moment when human beings begin to communicate with each other again. It’s people talking to people, instead of just exchanging small talk and waiting for their opinions to be broadcast at them via mass media.

It’s homegrown. It’s grassroots. It’s do-it-yourself.

In the past, big ideas came from big people with big wallets and big friends.

Then there was a time when big ideas came from big people with loud TV stations and smart marketing teams.

But now we’ve got this perfectly fluid perfectly free medium, the internet, and it’s time to spread something important.

Not just naked women, pithy one-liners, and funny pictures of cats. We’re communicating real ideas between real people. And we don’t need market forces to moderate it ad tell us what’s cool.

We’re living in the digital frontier, the wild west of information.

We’re watching the sun rise over humanity starting with you.

And we’ve always had word-of-mouth. But now we’re taking it back, clearing the air of memetic pollution.

It’s time to live our lives like they’re an extreme sport. It’s time to actualize the present and live every moment like it’s the only one that matters. It’s a time for new beginnings.

Someone once asked Tim Leary “And now what?”
He said, simply, “find the others.”

This is BY FAR the most exciting point in history to be alive.

Listen; there’s a hell of a good universe next door: let’s go!

ee cummings
Or kill me.

When you are supposed to be paying attention I feel
prevented from being happy. Keep your grades up,
work and pay attention to your teacher's notes. You're
reading it, and well...

So look just pin down what I mean. Good luck with
the next promotion Bobbitt. Good luck with
your book, and good luck with the essay. Have a
happy term, and God help your conscience, will you
laugh at you playing with me?

This is the beginning of your new life.

You don't have much longer. I'm glad you'll
be out of here. It's been fun, but I have
other things to do. Good luck. I wish you
could have been here with me for
the good meal. I hope you have a
happy term, and God help your
conscience, will you laugh at you
playing with me?

Should you ever find this down and 20th on the
repetition, look at page 32, and you'll
see what I mean. Good luck with
the next promotion Bobbitt. Good luck with
your book, and good luck with the essay. Have a
happy term, and God help your conscience, will you
laugh at you playing with me?

This is the beginning of your new life.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU READING?

A lot of us don’t really have it in us to go to great lengths to disguise the message any more.

Some of us can string together some loose metaphors, but for many, at this point, it’s just not worth the effort to dress things up, or the risk that one might not understand the point that we are trying to make.

The time has come for people to start thinking for themselves. Towing other people’s lines and doing other peoples bidding has not worked so far.

In fact, it’s getting hard to avoid noticing just how messy this place has become, and the situation seems urgent enough for us not to hold back.

We want people to think for themselves, and we deliver this message with no good intention to the way things are currently being done on this planet.

We don’t want nothing else.

We don’t want memberships and we don’t want telephone numbers. We don’t want our audience’s undivided attention and we won’t make moves on their girl. We don’t want our audience to sell things. We don’t want them to attend our meetings. There is nothing to memorize, and we don’t need anybody to take an oath.

It has come to our attention that not many people really know what it means to look after themselves on the planet earth in the year 2007.

Call it a support group for the freedom–impaired.

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2) Talk about the weather.

If you’re one of them they’ll listen to you but only if you’re saying the kind of thing they want to hear. To get to the stage you are at right now you’ve probably always gone against the flow, proud to stand apart from the herd and spit on their customs and conventions.

Newsflash – none of them like you! You’re just another wierdo, screaming ‘burn your MTV’ at them from the gutter someplace. Another fuckhead with a sandwich board with “End of the world is nigh” written on it. They are conditioned to ignore subversion. Their continued slavery depends on it. So blend in. If some BNP pamphlets turn up in the office photocopier it’ll be the guy with the dreadlocks and facial piercings that gets questioned before the ones with the neat YSL suits and combed side shed. And think about it — haven’t you learned by now that the Goth or Eco Warrior look is just another manufactured individualism, sold to the fringes to satisfy their urge to be different? Fashion statements are bullshit, you’re supposed to know better. So cut your fucking hair and break out the sensible shoes. You stand a much better chance of getting close enough to mindfuck them and, more importantly, get away with it if you look Normal™.

3) Keep your eyes open

You have a new level of awareness and now you have a new peer group. Your new friends aren’t as easy to recognise because they don’t all wear the same gear your last peer group wore and they don’t spout the same idealistic bullshit the last bunch did. Your new friends have learned rules 1 and 2 and blended in quietly. So listen to the ‘ordinary’ people a bit more carefully. Sure most of them are the same fuckheads you hated before but every odd one or two have been quietly fucking with the system for years. They will be wary of you in the same way as you should be wary of them but you should be able to discern the odd subtle difference in attitude, the unflappability in pressure situations. An easy going nature that belies a heart of steel. Put out some feelers, drop a discordian flyer in your college or workplace or doctors waiting room then keep an eye on anyone who looks at it. The guy who has a glance, smirks, then puts it back – he’s the one you’ll have a meaningful conversation with. But make no mistake, being liberated is a lonely existence. Get used to it. ‘Real’ people are few and far between.
A TOUCH OF THE CON

ROUGH GUIDE TO FREEDOM

FOR THE RECENTLY SELF LIBERATED

Remember the moon. Nopants. And discovered that he was an asshole on a mountain.
The Parable of the Gong

There was once a young Discordian called Golden Rod. Early in his illumination, he wondered what season his country was in.

Perhaps it was in the season of Discord, on the cusp of Bureaucracy. Surely, Order was rising to noxious levels.

Or perhaps it was already Bureaucracy, on the cusp of Aftermath. Surely, Disorder was rising to obnoxious levels.

So in his quest for An Answer, Golden Rod sought out the Discordian monk Nopants. Nopants dwelled in a basement because it would be obscene for him to go outside. Golden Rod freed himself from his leggings and descended the stairs. Below, Nopants sat on a cushion in a gross lotus position.

"My wise friend Nopants, I have come to ask you a question," said Golden Rod. "What is Bureaucracy?"

"In India," said Nopants, "they tie elephants to trees using thin cords. An elephant could easily snap the cord, yet they remain tethered in place. Why do you think this is?"

Golden Rod itched himself and shrugged.

"When the elephant is young," intoned Nopants, "she is too weak to break the cord. She tries, but eventually she gives up. When the elephant grows up, she does not try to escape her puny bonds because she believes she will fail."

"So the cord isn’t the thing keeping the elephant in place," said Golden Rod. He squinted at Nopants. "That’s very interesting, but what does that have to do with Bureaucracy?"

"Bureaucracy," said Nopants, "is waiting for a red traffic light in the middle of the night when no one is coming."

Across space and time, a gong sounded.

The rational, thinking person, had become a rarity. Instead, this was a world where emotions rule, and they are childish ones at that. And childish as in the temper tantrum/sycophantism cycle. Humans aren’t rational. Maybe they were once, before Reality TV obliterated their ability to think. But not any longer. And that probably meant things based on ideas like that, such as democracy, were out of time. And I really didn’t care. Even after the hangover had gone, I couldn’t summon up the ability to care. If they wanted to laugh, or cry, or act in faux-moral outrage over a piece of fiction on the idiot box while the world around them burned, that wasn’t my concern. I just had to make sure I wasn’t dragged into it with them.

I left London that night, feeling depressed, and headed Southampton. Maybe the sea breeze would raise my spirits, though I doubted it. We had killed the Enlightenment, just as surely as Nietzsche’s mob had killed God. But who would be around to preach it, when no-one would listen, or care even if they did?

"Hey!" said Golden Rod. "This stupid pamphlet is just a bunch of complaining! I mean, they’ve spotted a lot of problems but where are the solutions?"

Nopants scowled. "You’re waiting for them to tell you the answers?" he guffawed. "And what makes you think you can trust them anyway?"

"Well I sure can’t trust you," said Golden Rod.

Nopants smiled.
The collision made the exact sound of enlightenment.

Do you always drive like this?" said Bung-Fu as he blocked his seatbelt.

"I never do," said Golden Rod. "I'm a member of the Drivers' Association." "I think you've got it all wrong. You don't need those stupid laws, you need freedom."

"Freedom," said Golden Rod. "Freedom to drive like a man!"

"The officers are only trying to protect the public," said Bung-Fu. "They're trying to keep you safe."

"Safety? Safety? What safety?" said Golden Rod. "We're4 made for danger. We're made for adventure."

The next day, I woke up, part of my face was stuck to the door, which was closed. I turned over, my head hit the floor, and I saw something written on the door:

"We have killed the spirit of 1776."
Can you feel it coming?

Can you feel it coming? Do you smell a change upon the wind? NO.

You DON’T.

You CAN’T.

you've deluded yourself with dreams of a grand re-awakening, a massive paradigm shift of the collective social conscience. You've convinced yourself that someone (maybe even you) will come along and cast down the Powers That Be™ that are in control of the MACHINE™.

You're WRONG.

There are no Powers That Be™, The MACHINE™ deposed them long ago, or perhaps they just became obsolete, victims of their own efficiency. You see, long ago the MACHINE™ became far too large to be overseen by a conspiracy, or even by a network of several different conspiracies. The MACHINE™ is no longer under the control of mankind, rather it has become an entity unto itself. A blind, uncaring juggernaut of assimilation and mediocrity. The MACHINE™ feeds off of the static nature of humanity. Any real agents of change are perceived as dangerous mutations, to be neutralized and disposed of as quickly as possible. Yes, that includes you. And yes, that also includes me.

Why do you think I constantly exhort YOU to become an agent of change? I've got my own schemes and machinations to that end, but I want to see the manner in which the MACHINE™ deals with you before I finalize MY game plan.

**END TRANSMISSION**

you ever notice how (some) people go kinda weird when the power goes out? no lights. no TV. no radio. no interwebs.

some people act like they're more vulnerable when there's no electricity spinning their gadgets around and distracting them from whatever it is they don't want to think about.

children, unless they've been conditioned, tend to like it when the power goes out. it's exciting.

I've always liked it when the power would go out. it's better than just turning everything off and enjoying the silence (which is good too). but when whole city blocks go dark, you even get a break from that constant electrical hum you're always hearing but usually tune out.

there's no point here, just an observation. the Machine is definitely powered by electricity, and also by midgets.
I SUPPORT MORE TROOPS THAN YOU

---

We all want a world where the peace of our children and the world's children can be secured. We all want a world where war is not a threat. We all want a world where the rights of all people are respected. We all want a world where justice is done. We all want a world where freedom is enjoyed.

I support the troops because they are fighting to make the world a better place. I support them because they are risking their lives to protect us. I support them because they are our heroes.

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I support the troops because they are fighting to make the world a better place. I support them because they are risking their lives to protect us. I support them because they are our heroes.
This morning I could feel the bars around me when I woke up, from the cool grey sky dribbling onto the ground through the shades as my alarm was going off to the dully lit streets as they passed by the windows of the bus to the elevator that's in the building where I work. From one box to another to another to another.

At least some have windows ...

But what use is a view when it's through bars? What use is the sight of the sun on the leaves when it's through a pane of glass that feels like one long bar itself? When you're trapped in one cell after another, what does the scenery really matter? When you're trapped in a cell you bring with you, does it matter where you are?

Maybe it's better if you can't SEE the bars ...

That's what I think some mornings when the bars are so clear around me. When every wall turns into bars keeping me closed in, keeping my thoughts in line inside the approved limits of the cell I'm in. That's what I think during the times when I can see the cage everyone is bringing with them, surrounding them as they go off to work, go shopping, go to the bar for a bite and a drink. When I can SEE the bars, SEE the cages enclosing everyone (even me), SEE the baggage people carry around with them and that colors how they see the rest of us, I wonder ...

Can anyone ELSE see the bars? Or is it just me?

Or am I even seeing the bars at all? Are the bars REALLY there, or is it just because it's a rainy day and those always get me a little down? If it's all in my head, is it all JUST in my head or can other people see it too? If other people CAN see it, have they thought about getting out of the cage, opening the bars? Or are they so conditioned that they think the bars are SUPPOSED to be there?

Seems like the bars were always around me, and I never even thought they were keeping me in.

After all, the bars seem like they've always been there, the cool iron taking on a comforting familiarity after enough time. Sometimes I had a bigger cell where the bars felt far, far away, other times I needed my cell small and tight to keep things OUT as much as the bars were keeping me IN. At least I've been able to change the cell once in a while, right?

Right?
Jalbreaks for Idiots

How much does any of it mean?

Wheel of space to blowjob and make a nest in.

Time on the big metal

The solution is NOT

The answer is NO

We're left with

will I ever figure it out?

The next question: Who is the false who is the truth

And what is that all about?
FURTHER EXPLORATIONS

We're mostly blind. But this isn't really your fault; it's because of the shell of meat we happen to live in right now. Think, for just a moment, at the nearly infinite amount of things happening right now all around us. I'm sure you can think of quite a few things. Now, let's talk about them.

You can't see any of the infrared or ultraviolet light spectrum. Unfortunately, this cuts out quite a lot of things your eyes were built to see. Sorry about that.

You can't hear anything below 20 Hz, or above 20 KHz. You can definitely feel about 12 Hz, if you play it really loudly. Go on, give it a try.

With just those two examples, if you hadn't before, now you can really start to understand all the stuff you simply can't perceive. I'm sure you can think of five more examples of an immense class of Things that you can't notice that are right in front of you. But it gets worse.

Stop for a moment, and try to notice as many possible things in your environment that you can, simultaneously. Notice that, as you start to identify more and more objects, sounds, smells, and tactile sensations, you can't keep them in your head all at once. When you notice, for example, the pressure of your shoe against the ball of your foot, that distant bird chirping seems to fade from your attention.

And let's not forget about how much stuff you weren't paying attention to when you started reading this. Let's face it: We all live our lives with blinders on. We only allow ourselves to pay attention to 1% of what we physically can perceive, which is an infinitesimally small percentage of all the stuff in the Universe.

And that fraction of a fraction of a percent is what we usually call "Reality". We call it "Real", as if it's an unshaking firmament of solid Truth, that what we see is all that's really "out there". But you're not even paying attention to the 99% of stuff that you can even sense.

And this "Reality" is what we base our judgments on how the Universe "works" and what "should" be Out There. We construct our actions and reaction to this 1% of available information, and reject everything else in the Universe. And then some Authority comes along, and tells you that they know what's really real, and that you should do as they do. Talk about the blind being led by the blind... or in this case, the blind being led by the incredibly stupid.

So, what's the answer? Would it be best to see everything all at once? Is the solution to try and tear down all the filters, to let your brain accept,
A CONCLUSION IS SIMPLY WHERE YOU STOPPED THINKING

YOU STOPPED THINKING
Toxicity

there is a segment of the population of this planet that has stopped learning

there is also a segment of the population of this planet that has lost the capacity to learn

what have these people become?

it has been established over and over again that our way of life has become suicidal on the large scale

and though there are some who are able to change and are on the look out to change their ways

it is becoming frightfully apparent that there does exist some form of being that is - at this point - unable to change its ways

what does this imply?

i'm not sure really

years and decades

and centuries of moving in a particular direction, and at the culmination of it we have these 'living' things that are able to take from the earth use these materials and in the process create by-products that we cannot use

we call it pollution
toxicity

it takes many forms

and it is increasing rapidly

"Everything is poison, there is poison in everything. Only the dose makes a thing not a poison". Paracelsus, father of toxicology

Attempts to stamp out drug use, alcohol use, gambling, prostitution, poverty, and hunger have a history of worsening the problem.

The closer we get to discovering what things are made of, the less they seem to be made of. We've discovered that everything in our world is made up of molecules, and the majority of any object is empty space in between those molecules.

Within those molecules, 90%+ is empty space, while less than 10% is taken up by atoms. 90%+ of every atom is empty space, less than 10% of that space is taken up by protons, neutrons and electrons. These subatomic particles are made up of quarks with even more empty space between them. Even the rare bits of space that are taken up by stars and planets are 99.9% nothing.

The closer we get to discovering what we're made of, the more we find out that we're made of nothing.

However, there are tiny pockets of defiance against this nothing which maintain their existence by lying to each other about it: whether this lying comes in the form of gravity, electromagnetism, chemical magnetism, physiological attraction and repulsion, political influence, magic, or some other force, it is a dishonesty that has to perpetrate itself on its surroundings in order to maintain its existence.

If you accept this as truth, I wonder what you will believe when you are eventually convinced that it is a lie.
even action causes an equal but opposite reaction. Take polieoff:

The more you demand, the more you have to pay for what you receive; the

It is my firm belief that it is a mistake to hold firm beliefs.

Truth and Lies.

Something and Nothing.

It just keeps building up.

and in our fires,

in our cities.

and in our lungs.
Ego Sickness

We're handing in hand in Aftermath
the age of what will be
Horizon smoke is rising
from the wreckage that is We
And in the smoke what shapes will form?
What phantoms will we make?
For we are made of form and formula
but also cross mistake
- from Hand in Hand in Aftermath

You know how a virus works? It goes into a cell and changes the code so that the cell only produces more virii. In a way the virus steals the cell's identity, making it a part of a viral system.

If you ask me, the worst phase of being sick is when you've been sick for so long you forget what it's like to be well. In a way, you've lost a bit of yourself and become the virus.

People catch and spread memes like viruses. They're contagious, self-replicating little buggers. Like any virus, their goal is to spread themselves, to become a large, healthy, self-sustaining colony. We have to be careful how we handle memes because at a certain point its difficult to tell the difference between when we're using the memes and when the memes are using us.

This is not to say that memes are harmful diseases. But some of them can be if you get infected, infested, obsessed and invested.

One of the most pervasive and prevalent memes in this modern world is the meme called I Am. We live in an overpopulated era, floating in a sea of interchangeable people. In this ocean our biggest life preserver is a sense of individuality - the notion that each and every one of us is unique, distinct. One wants to say "I am not the crowd. I am not the group. I am not..."

"You see", he went on. "We only have two alternatives; we either take everything for sure and real, or we don't. If we follow the first, we end up bored to death with ourselves and the world. If we follow the second and erase personal history, we create a fog around us, a very exciting and mysterious state in which nobody knows where the rabbit will pop out, not even ourselves."

Consider, for example, the "C student." In his attempt to understand himself, he internalizes "I am a C student." Armed with that identity he has no drive to do better. He accepts "who he is". Or consider the average voter. He identifies with a political party and probably agrees with them about many things. The party tells him which sides of any given issues to support - no need to think for oneself there!

It can be a sickness.

The Machine, of course, is programmed to capitalize on this sickness. There are a variety of memes available to customize your identity. What color iPod do you want? Which TV shows are YOUR TV shows? What brand of cologne smells like YOU?

I am not suggesting that people abandon their sense of self. But I do think that people get addicted to self-definition and it leads to inflexibility. That's the Con talking - convincing each individual that she's composed of the ordinary dross we wade through every day.

Well turn down that noise - when I get off the plane I'm skipping the baggage claim.