

## **Rules of the Church of Individuation**

1. Thou must commit blasphemy against thine religion at least twice daily or risk the hellflames.
2. No eating of hot dog buns on Tuesdays unless lacking in appetite.
3. Hot dog buns are only to be consumed on Tuesdays.
4. Do what thou willest unless thou willest to touch mine pee pee (without my permission).
5. Never laugh at clowns.
6. Never doubt the comic genius inherent in the Art of the Clown.
7. Worship Olga the Ostrich.
8. No drug use except for fun.
9. All comedy is to be taken seriously except when consuming hot dog buns on Tuesdays while not particularly hungry.
10. There is only one God, and He is mad at you.

## **Fees Pertaining to this Church**

To gain permission to touch the pee pee of a founding angel of Individuation, the following qualifications must be met: a gorgeous body, \$2.

To join costs \$0.25 and a partially consumed yellow snowball.

## **On Money**

The Church of Individuation does not believe in money. However, we expect regular cash donations and any spoils of conquest directly or indirectly resulting from membership to the Church of Individuation.

## **Deities of the Church of Individuation**

The Church of Individuation accepts all deities to have been or to come, even those jealous of other deities.

Our patron saint is Olga formerly of the Guns and Dope Party, currently Olga the formerly impressively endowed presently

androgystrich. Hir most excellent organ was removed per Olga's request by mysterious dancing pig butted spidermonkeys. Olga is our direct link to GOD HIMSELF, and how we know He is mad at you.

Good Smiles is the antagonist of Individuation. He is a chubby immortal giant cursed to eternally quest after a moisturizer that will alleviate his dry skin.

Jaline Forester is the patron goddess of Individuation. She can take on the form of a pregnant cow or a human female with long blond hair, perfect legs, and especially big boobies. Her nipples always produce nectar, and the Church of Individuation sells vials of the disgusting but divinely-blessed nectar for \$10 a vial.

Jaline's fingers are often sticky.  
She is a fertility goddess.

Nips is the goddess of enormous nipples. She is also a fertility goddess.

### **Founding Tetrahedral Angels of Individuation**

Archangel Idiotis is the original founder of the Church of Individuation. He wrote the Sacred Principles of Individuation on car window dust and later sold much of the remaining dust for drug money. He continues to write in the dust to this day.

Angel Blassy Pheemoo likes to laugh. He is the angel of strength and swimming. He lives in Vegas, biatch. He was born on the Ides of March, is in charge of all world religion (per the authority of Idiotis), and it was his idea to found the Church of Individuation.

Angel Hypo Chris is the angel of getting laid often. Occasionally, he is a failure at his angelic task. Usually, though, he is a stud with the ladies. He is hitting on your mom right now.

### **Lesser Individual Angels**

Venus Phlytrap is a talented young angelic vegetable occasionally of the habit of consuming meat. She is good with people and naïve animals. Until she consumes their life force to gain more power. Venus Phlytrap is the Angel of Mercy.

Dogweed is the Angel of Smoking Weed w/Dogs.

Treefairy is the unisexual angel of sleeping with trees. She is only attracted to phallic symbols exceeding twenty-five feet. She is close to becoming a fallen angel due to her addiction to hot dog buns.

### **On Free Love**

We Individuates are all for free love if you're hot.

### **On Nudity**

Ditto

### **On Stupidity**

The Church of Individuation does not discriminate against stupid people, But we do make fun of you.

### **Principles of Individuation**

1. As demonstrated experimentally by quantum mechanics, all things once in contact continue to influence each other, however far separated.
2. As an amalgamation of this principle and the Big Bang Theory, all things currently in existence are connected.
3. As demonstrated accidentally by the Republican (or Democratic) Party, people who take themselves too seriously become assholes.
4. The smallest piece of the universe is a reflection of the universe itself.
5. Therefore, the deeper you look within, the more you see of what is without.
6. Human perspective is limited in scope to memory of the past, awareness of the present, and intuition.
7. Human perspective is limited to what has been experienced and consciously retained, what has been experienced and subconsciously retained, and what is known intuitively.

8. The boundary created by knowledge, treating what is known as Consciousness, and what is unknown as Lack of Consciousness, is that seeking after more knowledge will always leave an Infinity to be explored. The solution is to seek whole-heartedly after nothing, achieving Everything only after its opposite has been attained.
9. If you really are stupid this is about you.
10. Everything I say is absolute truth if there are no absolutes
11. The process of discovering is the same as the process of fulfilling true will.
12. Hobos are perfect.
13. Only my dog the bounty hunter.
14. It is dogmatic truth! (as pronounced infallibly by a Discordian Pope) that your dogma is stupid if it isn't my dogma.
15. Sex is for cool people.
16. Promiscuity is a virtue.
17. For the human mind, all things are possible. Any exceptions to this rule should be discovered by a lifetime (or 7) of experimentation.
18. Individuates make good lovers.
19. God told Olga to tell me He is still mad at you, you stupid bastard.

### **Symbols of Individuation**

The Church of Individuation attempts to synthesize the eight circuits of consciousness as mapped by Tim Leary, Jungian psychology, Erisian shenanigans, and the ritual initiations of ancient and modern mysteries, such as Wicca and Voodoo, Buddhism, Hinduism, Freemasonry and the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, extract anything pleasant and utilize cardboard boxism to reinterpret and invent anew.

An Individuee, any member of this Church, is so called because seeking to realize his/her niche in the universe by exploring those things which make me the only me and you the only you, as opposed to the labels conditioned into us from birth. The ultimate goal, for the individual, is the same as the goal of many major religions -- to achieve as great a closeness to God, all of creation and even everything outside of that, and even everything's opposite, as is possible.

Whether or not "total consciousness" or "God consciousness" may be obtained is unimportant, because the pursuit of infinity is the only pursuit that does not somehow limit itself. God writes only one book, and gives it the elusive name Reality.

The most important symbol of this church is the Self, or the Holy Guardian Angel, or the Higher Genius. However lengthy or well-worded, the label isn't a labia... This is your Higher Power, that part of you inherently you, the source of all true works of art, and the most intelligent, highest aspect of human consciousness.

The City is the body, and that which contains the body, and all that is in the paragraph above, and all that cannot be said.

The beast, the beasties, might symbolize our animal tendencies, forgotten but never abandoned. And there is that the beastiest brains are still functioning, reptilian beneath mammalian, along w/the other circuits.

The goddess is the way, for a time, to the other side. The goddess can be a symbol for the feminine aspect of male consciousness, and the god the male aspect of the female consciousness. Jung identified various stages of development these masculine and feminine halves pass through on their way to completion, and suggested that every man must learn to accept and integrate this part of himself, and every woman must do the same, to achieve a balanced mind. Carl Jung called these aspects of consciousness anima (feminine)/animus (masculine).

Transgender categories encouraged to email me alternatives to anima/animus at [kbupdikejr@gmail.com](mailto:kbupdikejr@gmail.com) .

What Jung called the Shadow is a symbol for parts of the mind that are unconscious or repressed. This can be sexual repression, as Freud might identify immediately, or it can be social repression (isolating oneself from others beneath a "shell", compensating for feelings of insecurity through bold, ridiculous social antics, or by intimidating "weaker" people,

etc.), or any number of other things. In dreams, the Shadow often manifests itself as an actual conscious presence.

Archangel Idiotis is the highest expression of the angelic host, simply complicated the right way, wields the bright light of the fool, and is personal friends with Moroni.

As Pope Kind Buds of the Discordians, Archangel Idiotis of the Heavenly Hosts of Olga, Hedonic Master of Hanover and surrounding territories, and the One God of the Two Cities, I do hereby invoke infallibility upon my decision to make the Erisian Church and affiliates a branch of the Church of Individuation.

### **Creation Stories**

Good Smiles woke up in a gutter one day and decided he needed to smoke some crack. He said, "Damn it, where'd I put my moisturizer and crack pipe!?" He wiped away a bundle of shoulder flakes in frustration.

So Good Smiles went on a holy quest to get crack and alleviation for his accursed skin condition.

Olga swooped down from behind. At this time, Olga was still magnanimously endowed. So hir said, "Hey man, get off them rocks."

Good Smiles turned around and said, "Listen up pal. Not all of us get born with enormous penises. Some of us have to make it the hard way.. By sucking on enormous penises for crack money and cheeseburgers."

Olga said, "Not cocaine, I was talking about the pebbles you're standing upon. Your feet are red and blistering from the heat."

Olga sagely advised, "If you want the good moisturizer, go to Jim Bim's place."

Good Smiles said, "I want rock, bitch!" And Good Smiles spat upon the holy beak of Olga the sagely ostrich. And Good Smiles did flee the scene.

So, (after murdering three Republicans and sucking five redneck cocks for crack money, as the god of sexual potency he could lick a dick mightier than a Norse rainbow god) Good Smiles got his rock, and high on rock, he says to himself, "Some good moisturizer sure would be nice about now."

Good Smiles broke into a moisturizer salesman's shop and the glass of the window he broke through ripped his shirt so that his man boobs jiggled in Norse code for sexy as his muscles twitched to his stumblings through the room. The owner was present, in the dimly lit store, and dazed by the pale flakey breasts.

Good Smiles had crabs. He pumped his peppery penis into the hairy ass of the salesman so brutally that the fellow noticed not the contraction of ass cheek vampires.

Meanwhile in the heart of Chrystal City, three guys lined up for a turn with Jaline the bovine prostitute. The fourth guy, the kid hitting that massive mammalian vagina, said, "Damn, if only this orifice was connected to a beautiful blond chick."

Jaline said, "Mooo!" And POOF! Jaline turned into a beautiful blond with perfect legs and big boobies... and ejected the premature-ejaculating customer.

The other three guys left because what they really wanted was a cow.

Olga swooped down on Jaline Forester and said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but do you happen to know where I can get a sex change? I am unsatisfied with my masculinity."

Otherwise meanwhileish, Saint Patches was out walking the mean streets. He kicked a can off the sidewalk so nobody would trip on it. He didn't want any tripping on his block.

In tribute to this good deed, Saint Patches was promoted to Even Holier Saint by his quite Holy Guardian Angel.

## **Optional Daily Exercises For Nervous System Expansion**

1. Spend 5 minutes or more concentrating on your peripheral vision.
2. Spend 5 minutes or more focusing on a single point in space (or on paper).
3. Before sleeping or after waking, for 5 minutes, imagine a brilliant white light coming down and covering your body. Then, for 10 minutes, imagine a brilliant white light lifting your body.
4. Go on a quest to find colorful shapes to imagine inserted into your pineal gland, if you have not done so.
5. Eat a dead body (species of no import).
6. Lay an "egg of light" while shitting, and do so in devotion to Olga.
7. Meditate on the lotus blossom.
8. Meditate on nothing.
9. Practice meditating on intense visualizations surrounding, entering, or expanding from within various places on the body. The more vivid and concentrated the visualization the better.

The purpose of all these exercises is to develop mental functioning and clarity, and to try to improve God's angry disposition towards you. If you do not perform #2 (or 6) at least once every two days, Olga will make God madderer.

## **Initiation of the Stupid Fucking Sinner**

-this ceremony goes best when conducted as zealously as humanly possible.

True as much for this first ceremony of the Church, as for the progression through the 8 levels of Individuation that follow.

The "Sinner" is not a member of this order until the completion of this ceremony.

Every ceremony deserves frequent study before and after it has been performed.



The Sinner enters the temple (either a room or a place of special significance to the Sinner), looks up, and says, "God please don't be mad at me."

Somebody somewhere (possibly God Himself) says, "I want your pee pee." Voice then giggles girlishly.

This is Metatron's (anybody wearing white or just a Barbie doll left on the seat of a wooden chair) signal to address the initiate. He says, or is imagined to say,

"What is your animal?"

Candidate names an animal.

"Who is your anima/(animus)/(anything)?"

Candidate either names a divine god(dess)/angel (chick)/hot hir of intense attractive power (possibly springing from big boobies)/ect... Or hirself invents such a being before or spontaneously during the ceremony to here speak hir name. If the latter, it would be best if the candidate invented the name during the ceremony itself.

If initiate doesn't have an anima or an animus, I encourage the spontaneous invention of literally anything.

Metatron says, "What is behind you?"

Candidate answers as s/he desires.

Metatron says, "Do you enjoy salads?"

Metatron quickly asks, "How big is your special place?"

Metatron may or may not be answered. In any case, Metatron draws a magical weapon of ceremonial importance and jabs (only symbolically "stabs") the candidate, who should fall limp on the ground and close eyes.

Candidate is resurrected by his/her anim(a/us/)/(other), in imagination if not in actuality, and immediately afterwards walks outside with hir (into daylight).