

# Sink

## A Game for Discordians and All

Sink is a game for Discordians and people of much ilk.

**PURPOSE:** To sink an object or a thing... in water or mud or otherwise.

**RULES:** Sinking is allowed in any manner. Rocks work nicely. Sticks and feathers are a challenge. Ponds and lakes are the best element, though a puddle or an ocean is just as well.

**URNS** are taken by any person who gets the stuff up in the air.

**DUTY:** It is the duty of all players, upon sinking, to find more stuff to sink.

**UPON SINKING:** The sinker should say, "I sank it!" or something like that.

**NAMING OF OBJECTS** provides an advanced version. The sinker then names the sunk. For instance, "I sunk Ocean City, New Jersey!"



This is the sacred chao. Study it well. The Pentagon is Order. The Golden Apple of Discord is Disorder. Both are elements of the chao, a single unit of chaos. This means something, I tell you! This is important!

# Joining the Discordian Society

Please fill out the following:

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Holy Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Hair:**\_\_\_\_\_ **Eyes:**\_\_\_\_\_ **Brain:**\_\_\_\_\_

**Hat:**\_\_\_\_\_ **Moustache:**\_\_\_\_\_

**Why ever do you want to be a member of the Discordian Society?** \_\_\_\_\_

**What kind of freak are you?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Is your name Matthew J. Wood? (Yes/No)**

**Do you want to be a Discordian? (Yes/No/Other)**

Now, total up the number of correct answers and divide by five. Multiply by 23 and subtract 6. This will be your membership number. **DO NOT FORGET IT!** Make five copies of this. Send two to the proper authorities. Nail one to a post. Make one into a paper boat and Sink it. Bury the other one. Our underground agents will contact you.

**HAIL ERIS! ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!**  
brought to you by the Discordian Society, a non-prophet disorganization. Power to the people. Ban the fucking bomb.  
(K) No one 1997 All rights reversed.

# DISEMBRACE THE GREYFACE

And find happiness in a contented chao...

# Discordianism The Un-Religion

Did you know that God is a crazy woman? The Greeks called her Eris, and the Romans called her Discordia, but you can call her whatever you want.

She has come to tell you that you are free. She is chaos. She is the substance from which artists and scientists build rythms. She is the spirit that with which children and clown laugh in happy anarchy. She is chaos. She is alive and she has come to tell you that you are free.

There is no tyranny in the state of confusion. There are no laws in the Discordian Society.

## What is The Discordian Society?

The Discordian Society has no defintion. It has been called a disorganization of Eris freaks. It has been called a geurilla mind theatre. Episkopos Randomfactor prefers, "The World's Greatest Asscociation of Whatever it is we are." But all of us agree that we don't know what we are.

Something that **THEY** won't tell you is that every man,woman and otherwise on earth is a genuine and authorized Pope. Take advantage of your postition. Declare something already.

## What's the Catch?

Well,actually, there isn't one. Discordianism doesn't have sins, taboos, or damnation. If you like being whatever it is you are, you'll like Discordianism.

## The Inside Scoop!

Discordianism's central dogma states that there is no Discordian dogma. It is our firm belief not to hold firm beliefs.

By that token, we have the Pentabart, Discordianism's Five Commandments.

**I.** There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is your Goddess. There is no Erisian Movement but the Erisian Movement and it is your Erisian Movement.

**II.** A Discordian shall always use the Official Discordian Numbering system.

**III.** A Discordian is required during his early Illumination to Go Off Alone & Partake Joyously of a Hot Dog on a Friday. This devotive Ceremony is to Remonstrate against the Popular Paginisms of the Day: of Catholic Christendom (no meat on Friday), of Judaism (no meat of pork), of Hindic Peoples (no meat of beef), of Buddhists (no meat of animal), and of Discordians (no hot dog buns).

**IV.** A Discordian shall partake of No Hot Dog Buns, for Such was the Solace of Our Goddess when She was Confronted with The Original Snub.

**V.** A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing What she Reads.

SO IT IS WRITTEN! SO BE IT! HAIL DISCORDIA! PROSECUTERS SHALL BE TRANSGRESSICUTED!

And all that. Anyway, that's the gist of the Pentabart. Why Five Commandments? I'm so glad you asked!

You see, among the other Erisian Mysterees is the Law of Fives. The Law of Fives States:

*All things happen in fives, or are divisible by five, or are multiples of five, or are somehow directly or indirectly appropriate to five.*  
The Law of Fives is never wrong.

## How do I get in on The Discordian Society?

There are several divisions of the Discordian Society. One is POBE, the Paratheo-anameta-mystickhood of Eris Esoteric. It was founded by one of the founders of Discordianism, Malaclypse the Younger.

The Discordian Society is also made up of Cabals - small groups of Discordians. However, an Episkopos of The Discordian Society is one who prefers autonomy, and creates his own Discordian sect as the Goddess sees fit. He speaks for himself and those that like what he says. Also, there is the Legionnaire, who prefers not to create his own sect.

If you want in on the Discordian Society, then declare yourself what you wish, do what you like, and tell us about it, or, if you prefer, don't.

### Tell me more about This Discordian Stuff.

Alright then. Allow me to tell you how Goddess speaks to us. In the back of our brains is the pineal gland, a conical little organ that has no known function. However, Discordians know it to be the organ through which Goddess communicates to us. Unfortunately, it seems that as we Discordians besult your pineal gland and be enlightened.

Unfortunately, it seems that as we Discordians become enlightened, we make less and less sense. Such is the nature of enlightenment, though. Therefore, if any of this has made sense to you, you might be next in line for Illumination. After all, this may be total bullshit, but bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful.

The Search for the Truth can be tiring and futile. Discordians regard Truth as an interpretation, and no more. Reality is the original Rorschach. As the great Polyfather Malaclypse the younger said,

“Everything is true, even false things.”  
“But how can that be?”  
“I don't know man, I didn't do it.”

## A Sermon on Ethics and Love

One day, Malaclypse the Younger asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request her presence for some desperate advice. Shortly thereafter, a radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female voice said, “YES?”

“O Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!”

“What bothers you Mal? You don't sound well.”

“I am bother with fear an torment with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe.”

“What is the matter with that, if it is what you want to do?”

“But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it!”  
At which point She turned Herself into an aspirin commercial and left the Polyfather stranded alone with his species.

### What's all that about?

Not much. But I'll tell you what it is all about. Discordians are apt to party, and that's perhaps what we do best. Therefore, if you want in on Discordianism, I recommend having as many parties as you can.

Consult your pineal gland. Remember that everyone else has one too. Remind them of that. Above all, do whatever it is that you do, and become whatever it is that you are.