

The
23 APPLES
Ov Eris

Present

THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

VERSION 23.5

WELCOME TO THE INTRODUCING OF THE 23.5 VERSION OF THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA. WE WANT TO SNARF, RIGHT UP FRONT, THAT WE DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THE OTHER TWENTY-TWO AND ONE HALF KNOWN PRINCIPIAS THAT HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BY OTHER NOODLES OF THE CHURCH. IN FACT, WE FREELY ADMIT THAT THIS VERSION WAS WRITTEN IN A COMPLETE DRUNKEN STUPOR, AND FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT COULD HAVE BEEN SOME SON-OF-A-GREYFACE WITH A BULLHORN OUTSIDE THE DOOR TRYING TO LEAD US ASTRAY. BUT WE DON'T THINK SO.

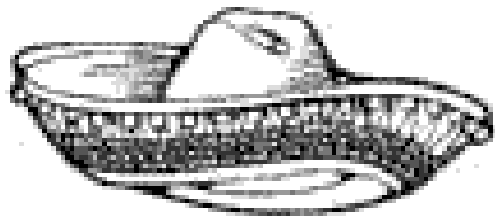


UNFORTUNATELY, THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF THIS TOME HAS BEEN LOST. IT WAS WRITTEN ON PRINCE MU-CHAO'S DORM ROOM CEILING WITH KRAFT MACARONI AND CHEESE BY ALL THAT ATTENDED THE FATEFUL PRAYER CEREMONY ON MUDAY, 3162. REV. MARSHMELLOW FLUFF FEVERISHLY COPIED IT DOWN WITH SPAM ON THE WALL, AND GOT MOST OF IT BEFORE A FALLING PIECE OF MACARONI HIT HIM IN THE LEFT EYE. WE GAVE HIM A PURPLE PINEAL, THE HIGHEST DECORATION WE COULD THINK OF AT THE TIME. FLUFF, THE WORLD OF DISCORD WILL FOREVER BE IN YOUR DEBT.

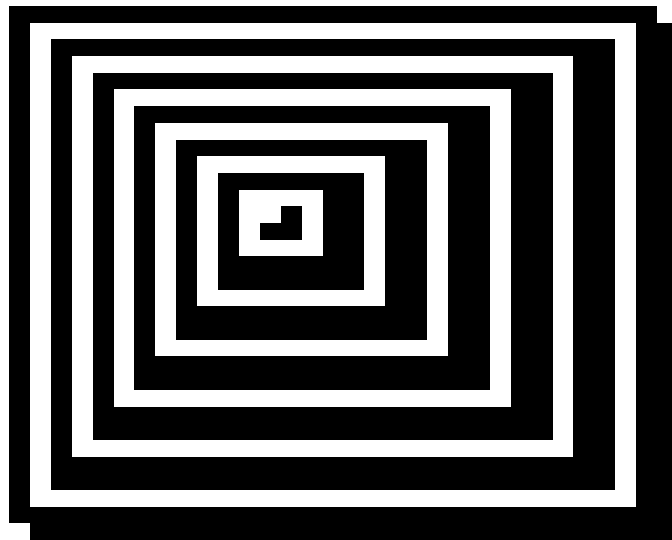


CHANNELS OF THIS BOOK INCLUDE (BUT ARE NOT LIMITED TO) REV. PRINCE MU-CHAO, REV. MARSHMELLOW FLUFF, REV. Y?, EMPEROR GHOTI PILATE, JUSTICAR HAMMAN CHEEZ, NECROFUCKER BABYSMASHER THE UNCOUTH, POPE EVIL FNORDFNORD, REV. SEYKNOW TONORTON, REV. DAVE, REV. Q-BERT LE OMNIHOPPINGEST, POPE AMISH JEHOVAH, POPE BOUNCING JEHOVAH OF THE FIVE CORNERS, CHAO UTTER, AND JOE. UNFORTUNATELY, PRINCE MU-CHAO DIED OF AN NTH DIMENSIONAL BRAINFRY IN 3172 IN A FAILED ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE HEINOUS SNAPPLE CORP.'S TOP SECRET FILES. NET COMMUNITY 23AERISXX DEEPLY MOURNED THE LOSS UNTIL THEY NOTICED THE PRINCE POPPING UP REGULARLY ON THE CHAT LINES ONCE AGAIN STARTING ON MU-DAY 3223 AND CONTINUING TO THE PRESENT DAY (3255).

00003



COPY WRIGHT IS REHERSED ON A SOUNDSTAGE USING THE FINEST EQUIPMENT RUBLES COULD BUY. IT WOULD BE REVERSED, BUT WE REFUSE TO ACCEPT COPYRIGHT REPONSIBILITY IN THE FIRST PLACE. WE'D RATHER GET TOASTED AND RUB OUR PINEAL GLANDS AGAINST ERIS' HIPS THAN WORRY ABOUT ALL THAT LEGAL CRAP THAT GOES ALONG WITH COPYRIGHTS.



PLUS, I ASSURE YOU, WE STOLE A BIT (JUST A TINY BIT FNORD) OF THE MATERIAL, IN TRUE DISCORDIAN FASHION. SO IF YOU WANT TO REPRINT IT, SEND US A GALLON OF YOUR HOME-MADE BEER OR A LEAF OF YOUR HOME-GROWN OR SOMETHING. ALL HAIL ERIS! ALL HAIL DISCORDIA! YOSSARIAN LIVES!

...SUCH IS LIFE...

00004

The Magnum Opiate of the 23 Apples of Eris

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA ver. 23.5

OR

FURTHER TALES AND TRIALS OF GODDESS

wherein is explained more worth knowing about something.



A Pint of Vodka
A fifth of scotch
And acid!
Pass me the joint,
You've screwed up
The rotation.

"TO DIVERSE GODS DO MORTALS BOW;
HOLY COW AND WHOLLY CHAO" --REV. DR. GRINDLEBONE

dedicated to chaos and slack, respectively

**suspended
annihilation**

00005

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.



THE HUNCHBACK

00006



THE SOLDIER

00007

In a state of orgasmic pleasure, Prince Mu-Chao came out of his self-induced trance. With wild eyes he turned to me and said, "Pez is good. She approves. Do you have a Dino dispenser?"

Praise be to Eris.

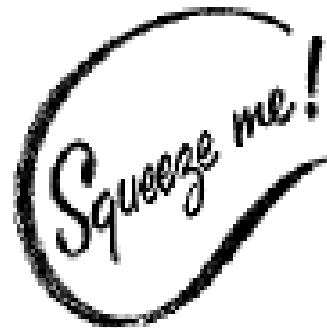
-Chao Utter

"GOATS ARE AN IMPORTANT SOURCE OF FIBER."

- DR. S. HEMOPHILIA, K.S.C.

00008

And the Grape said unto me: "Squeeze me hard, so my juices run free. Then squeeze my brothers, for I alone will not be enough to quench your mighty thirst. Let us ferment and you may partake of the wine we will become."



I crushed the grape and his brothers, and let them sit. When I drank them five years later with deep reverence, I was left without even a buzz. So I bought a case of Boones and, Goddess be praised, I became drunk. Mighty is she of the Golden Apple, and silly are those that talk to grapes. --
PRINCE MU-CHAO

The Purple Sage cursed and waxed sorely pissed and cried out in a loud voice: A pox upon the accursed Illuminati of Bavaria; may their seed take no root.

May their hands tremble, their eyes dim and their spines curl up, yea, verily, like unto the backs of snails; and may the vaginal orifices of their women to be clogged with Brillo pads.

For they have sinned against God and Nature; they have made of life a prison; and they have stolen the green from the grass and the blue from the sky.

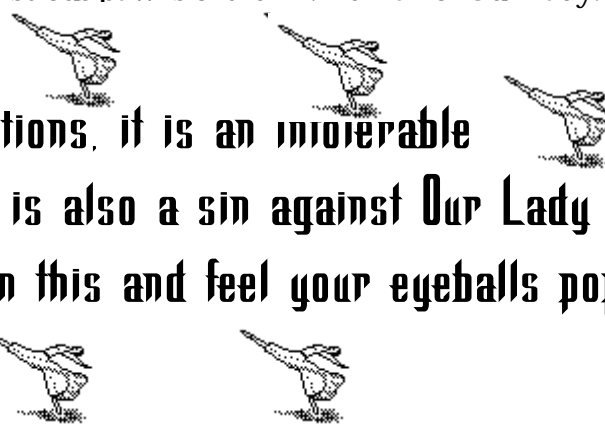
And so saying and grimacing and groaning, the Purple Sage left the world of men and women and retired to the desert in despair and heavy grumpiness.

But the High Chapperal laughed, and said to the Erisian faithful: Our brother torments himself with no cause, for even the malign Illuminati are unconscious pawns of the Divine Plan of Our Lady.

- *Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.*

"The Book of Contradictions," Liber 555

00008 As explained in past editions, it is an intolerable sin to partake in hot dog buns. It is also a sin against Our Lady to believe what you read. Meditate on this and feel your eyeballs pop in frustration! Praise Eris!



It should be stated here that Dogma III History 2, a lost chapter in many editions of the Principia Discordia was mistranslated in several areas. That JHVH person stole our lady's story, as will be evident after reading...

Genalysis

THE FIRST BOOK OF
POPE MOE-ZEUS



THE CREATION

Once upon a time, because it always starts that way, Our lady Eris achieved boredom and, in a sulk, made our Heavens and Earth.

Eris hovered over the Void of her assigned reality, looking at its water. She didn't know why Voids came with water, they just did. "Let there be gas," Eris did say, and so there was. Eris could now see better, what with the explosions, and this was good. "Neat-o," Eris said, and proceeded to differentiate between light and darkness.

After much thought, she named the gasball residue light, and everything else dark. She was just in one of those moods. All this thinking was irritating, so she put her work aside for tomorrow.

The next day, upon returning to her studio, Eris said, "I'll divide the waters from the waters." And so she did. Between the waters, by God, was a firmament. Eris wasn't quite sure what a firmament was, but it looked terribly nice so she spent the rest of the day moving in.



The next day she corralled most of the water together and Lo! Behold! And Stuff! Land appeared. She immediately planted grass and it did grow. She smoked it, and it was good! That took about a day? Who cares, it was good. "Neat-o," Eris said.



Upon awakening the next day, she prettied up the sky with more balls of gas and even made a smaller version of Earth, but she didn't like it so she blew it up. She threw the remaining rock in a circle around Earth. She spun Earth also so there would be seasons and days. She felt this was terribly okay. "Neat-o!" Eris said.



On the fifth day, she planted bones of long-dead creatures in the soil, put goldfish in the sea, and canaries in the sky. The birds had great aim, and this was good.



On the sixth day, she realized the inspectors were coming tomorrow, and all she had made were two creatures, so she created all the other beasties in one shot. She also decided to produce a thumbed tyrant to rule over it all. This took all of the sixth day. "Damn, I'm good!" Eris said.



ZARATHUD'S ENLIGHTENMENT



Before he became a hermit, Zarathud was a young Priest, and took great delight in making fools of his opponents in front of his followers.



One day Zarathud took his students to a pleasant pasture and there he confronted The Sacred Chao while She was contentedly grazing.



"Tell me, you dumb beast," demanded the Priest in his commanding voice, "why don't you do something worthwhile. What is your Purpose in Life, anyway?"



Munching the tasty grass, The Sacred Chao replied "MU".* **00010**



Upon hearing this, absolutely nobody was enlightened. Primarily because nobody could understand Chinese.

* "MU" IS THE CHINESE IDEOGRAM FOR NO-THING



"Grasshopper always wrong in argument with chicken"

-Book of Chan



compiled by O.P.U. sect



FRUSTRATED? KISS A FLY!



My Spleen

I HAVE a SPLEEN,
AND it WORKS.



I GUESS.

See,



I DON'T EVEN KNOW

WHAT a SPLEEN does

OR WHY We HAVE one.

BUT I KNOW I HAVE one

BECAUSE everyone does

AND NO ONE'S TAKEN MINE



out.

Yet,

I'M SURE it'S important,

THE SPLEEN.

WHY ELSE

WOULD it be there?



JUST SO it COULD Sit

AND do NOTHING?

No, I'M SURE THE SPLEEN

IS a good organ.

AN organ that WILL



Stand by you,

THROUGH THICK and THIN.

I HAVE a SPLEEN.

YOU CAN'T HAVE it.



It'S MINE.

- PRINCE MU-CHAO

TAO FA TSU-DAN

FIND PEACE WITH
A CONTENTED CHAO

23 00011



is a number, no more, no less.
But of apples our Lady has 23:

one for light snacking
 one for lunch
 one for posterity
 ONE FOR HEAVY SNACKING
 one for assorted drug paraphernalia
 two for twins
 one for alcohol
 one for kallisti
 one for the Race of three
 one for the TOOGES
 one for the
 the
 strobe-
 Like
 effects it
 causes
 two for Prosperantz and Guilderstern
 one for all-night diners
 one for dinner
 one for the Chao

one for
 George
 one for greyface
 Doff
 ONE FOR 23% OFF
 AT WOODWORTHS!
 ONLY ONE FOR CHAOS

FNORD YOUR ONES!

You Get What
You Pay For!



TURN IN YOUR UNUSED AMERICAN CURRENCY
FOR VALUABLE CASH PRIZES!

The PentaBarf
was discovered
by the hermit Apostle
Zarathud in the
Fifth Year of The Caterpillar.
He found them carved in

the Five COMMANDMENTS

i.e. the Pentabarf

gilded stone, while building a sun deck for his cave, but their import was lost for they were written in a mysterious cypher.

However, after 10 weeks & 13 hours of intensive scrutiny he discerned that the message could be read by standing on his head and viewing it upside down.

Know Ye This O Man Of Faith!

I - There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is Your Goddess. There is no Erisian Movement but The Erisian Movement and it is The Erisian Movement. And every Golden Apple Corps is the beloved home of a Golden Worm.

II - A Discordian Shall Always use the Official Discordian Document 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 to Remonstrate against the popular Paganisms 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 he reads.

IT IS SO WRITTEN! SO BE IT. HAIL DISCORDIA!

PROSECUTORS WILL BE TRANSGRESSICUTED.



Always Remember!

OUR LADY IS
NOT THE WAY
TO SALVATION.
THAT IS WHAT
YHVH IS FOR.

I had a penchant for eating Oreos whole. I knew I had the sickness and was in need of immediate help, but I didnt know where to turn. I paid one shrink thousands of dollars without any luck I tried to quit cold turkey, but that turned into a mess. Even Bob couldnt help me.

Then a friend said, "Pssst" and handed me the third volume of the Principia Discordia. Im happy to report that I now twist the cookie open and lick the cream out before I eat an Oreo. Also, as an unexpected bonus, I've found that it takes 2,137 licks to get to the center of a tootsie pop. Hail Eris! ---PMC

00013



SIDE SPLITTING (OR SPLEEN 2)

Side-splitting laughter
Erupts all around
And all I hear
Are rupturing spleens.
Oh, the humanity!

**More
for your
Money!**

Reserve this space for words.



The orbital mind control lasers can see you when you masticate.



Signs of the Apocolypse

Rev. Y?: What do you think the Signs of the Apocolypse will be?

Prince Mu-Chao: I'm glad you asked that question, Revy... the signs of the Apocolypse include but are not limited to:

Stop Signs. These vicious beings (along with stoplights and mailboxes) are definitely one of the many signs of the apocolypse. I was strangling one just the other day and it said something cryptically idiotic... "The Play's The Thing Wherein We'll Catch The Conscience Of The King" or some such thingy. SO, stop signs are the first sign of the apocolypse.

Cosines. Math is the pinnacle of order, so the cosine and all of its kin are Greyface in disguise. Those damn mathematical systems are doubtless a crude form of attack against humanity by millions of math Majors who meet late at night in mailboxes (toldja they were in on it). Following this impeccable logic, cosines are the second sines of the apocolypse.

Bumperstickers. Yes, a minion of Greyface was the person who introduced bumper stickers to the unsuspecting public. Vicious bastard. I can picture it now... sneaking out of his cave late at night and pasting "My Other Car's A Porsche" on suburban cars throughout the nation. It was a sad day for humanity. On the positive side, if one would want to collect stupid and witless sayings, it could be done with bumperstickers. Anyway, bumpersickers are the third sign of the apocolypse.

The Snapple Lady. 'Nuff said.

Keep Off The Grass Signs. We can't even walk on grass anymore. Oh, how have we sunk so low?!?! Keep SHOES off the grass would be an acceptable sign, but no, THEY want you to stay off the grass all together. Ahh, the humanity!

I could sit here and name other signs: Clear Pepsi (ruthlessly thwarted by the world's Discordians), Talk Shows, the Village People... but i've got some important stuff to do before the world is destroyed in a fiery mess...

-Still PMC, still pathetically optimistic.

TRANSMISSION:

Have a nice day!

Wiglaf Widfaras baked potatoes are the best in the whole multiverse!

**Yours Truly,
Thargon**



CONVERSATION

Pope Bouncing Jehovah: "Ducks Running Free" sounds threatening to me.

Prince Mu-Chao: I happen to know that there are plenty of ducks running free at THIS MOMENT and there ain't an ERIS-DAMNED thing the U.N. is doing about it!

Pope Bouncing Jehovah: The people just don't wear the right trousers when shooting ducks. That's one of the world's biggest problems.

£1000

"Brace yerself, this is it!!!"

-JoeBob, at the drive-in

£1000

The Pentagon, a rat and cockroach infested old building, is the symbol of all that is Aneristic in the world. I was unlucky enough to spend a substantial amount of time enclosed in its walls of torturous blandness, so I decided to interview it for this edition of the Principia Discordia. Below are some excerpts from our conversations.

FREE



PMC: Pentagon, is there any truth to the rumor that there is a Yog-Shoggoth trapped in your bowels?

PENTAGON: No Mr. Mu-Chao, that is a vicious lie propagated by the endless array of rumormongers and conspiracy buffs that plague my existence.

PMC: Many people travel through you every day. How do you handle the wear and tear? Are you falling apart?

PENTAGON: Another vicious rumor designed to discredit order! I am not falling apart. I am in tip-top condition.

PMC: I've seen your basement myself. Aren't some of your walls down there literally falling down?

PENTAGON: Oh, it's all cosmetic. I AM 50 years old, you know. You have to expect a few wrinkles.

PMC: Hmm... yes. Well, then, how do you feel about Chaos and Disorder?

(at this point, 2,120 of its urinals explode)

PENTAGON: Excuse me... order is important. Why, look at me! You can get anywhere you're going inside of me within 7 minutes. If I was disorderly, that would never be possible.

PMC: Actually, you CAN'T do that anyway. All that construction that you're under makes that quite impossible, right?

PENTAGON: Well... yeah, but...

PMC: One final question. How is it that you, a building, can talk if you DON'T have a Yog-Shoggoth in your bowels?

PENTAGON: Oops...

We would like to declare Chaos 14 National Eta Particle Appreciation Day. Hallmark will be publishing a series of witty cards for you to give to your favorite eta particle next year, but for this year's event just tell every eta particle you meet today how much they mean to you. And maybe give 'em a thousand or so electrons as a small gift.



DRIVE-IN FU

CHRONOS?

23AE

The 23AE is a Discordian cabal, (except when we're not) that does not exist (except when it does).

When it does in fact exist, the members immediately celebrate Cabal Existence day by getting thoroughly shitfaced. They, of course, forget that the Cabal exists when they

pass out, but when they feel the touch of Eris' hip once again, they recall and the cycle continues.

We believe that Eris carresses our pineal glands because we are the incarnations of the Spirits of the Apple of Discord. Some of us even have the worms to prove it.

Alas! All is not well in Dementia, folks. It seems that Chronos (pictured up top, there) has set time against us, Eris' faithful servents (except when we're not), and is determined to bring Armeggedon to bear before Eris' word (herring) is spread throughout the land. We shant let that happen (unless we're too drunk to stop it).

Parenthesis are an important tool used in the right hands because it seems that (mighty Chronos cannot read parenthetical statements). But he doesn't know, so don't tell him!

Have a pickle and a Pez; thank you for your support.

-Rev. Prince Mu-Chao, member: 23AE (except when he's not)

00016



THE RANT OF THE HOT DOG

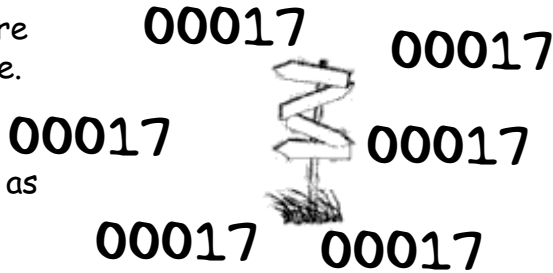
IO ERIS! IO DISCHORD!
 FFFFFFFY!
 EVERT SINAN GAMUS NKEYA FEAPP!
 SIZAN TIMOH ARIEA EYNA POOP!
 FFFFFFFY!
 IO ERIS! IO CHAOS!
 FFFFFFFY!
 IO DISCHORD! IO ERIS!

AN EXPLANATION: The Rant Of The Hot Dog becomes, in essence, a round pinkish square that contains the truth. When consumed, the truth resides outside of you. Activating the truth while at a 90 degree angle to it is much more tricky, and is too complicated to go into here. See the original Principia Discordia (page 00122) for further enlightenment.



BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF GREAT BRILLIANCE, THERE MUST BE CHAOS. BEFORE A BRILLIANT PERSON BEGINS SOMETHING GREAT, THEY MUST LOOK FOOLISH TO THE CROWD. - I CHING

If you understand, things are just as they are. If you don't understand, things are just as they are.



COYOTE
LOVE
POTION
SOLD
HERE :
25
CENTS

GRAPES AND GRAPES AND GRAPES AND GRAPES AND GRAPES

The Aneristic:



- ALPHABETIZES EVERYTHING
- ARE CONSTIPATED
- BELIEVES WHAT THEY READ
- GOES SHOPPING WITH A LIST
- LIKES STRAIGHT LINES
- LOVES TO NUMBER THINGS
- SUCKS



No Yore ENema!



If you have one or more of the above symptoms, please consult the nearest Eristic Doctor of Divinity for an adequate dosage of LSD. Bring plenty of hempscript.

A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what is left of your unit.



To play Sink, one must have Slack.
To get Slack, one may play Sink.
Bob and Eris are extremely good friends.

Rev. Dave: Is the Church of the 23 Apples of Eris a POEE cabal or a whole other Discordian sect?

Prince MU-CHAO: Well, it's hard to say. Some of its members claim it is a POEE cabal, and others claim it belongs to the Randy Caboose Cabal. A couple of 'em start raving about avocados as soon as the subject comes up. I, myself, have consulted mine own pineal gland on the matter, but all I got was a headache and forty-six cents. Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

"NO ORDINARY TOMATO COULD DO THIS, BUT..."

WARNING! beware of a weird cult which...

- uses promises of money, a job, and other favors to recruit people
- indoctrinates beginners in an armed camp until they're completely brainwashed
- employs terror, assassination, murder, and threats thereof
- is particularly interested in the young and those that follow orders without question
- holds against their will members who wish to leave
- goes by many names: Service, military, Armed Forces, ROTC, JROTC, Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, National Guard, Green Berets, etc...



A GNICE Story OF KNOWLEDge!

Beneath the Apple Tree of Chaos resides a gnome by the gName of KNOWM.

"KNOWM," I asked HIM one day WHILST I WAS LOUNGING around the Apple Tree of Chaos, "What is the Square root of 25?"

"Five," KNOWM Said triumphantly.

"Yes," I Said. "NOW, What is the Square root of 529?"

"Twenty three," KNOWM Said.

"Yes," I repeated. "AND WHAT is the Square root of THIS tree?"

AFTER AN HOUR OF SILENCE, the GNOME LOOKed at Me.

"GNine?"

"KNOW."

"GNINety-gNINE?"

"KNOW."

"Seventeen, or gNOTHING."

"KNOW."

"Well, What is it?"

"Five Pez."



When Our Lady did roll her toy,

The apple of chaotic joy,

Paris did choose

The prettiest flooze.

In a nutshell, the battle of Troy.

EWIGE BLUMENKRAFT!

THE 23AE IS YET ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY, ABOUT WHICH YOU CANNOT LEARN AND WILL NOT UNDERSTAND.

WE ARE A MOTLEY CREW OF NUTCASES, ODDBALLS, DRUNKS, ARTISTS, DRUGGIES, FRUITS, AND SIMILAR MANIACS WHO ARE INTRIGUED WITH ERIS, GODDESS OF CONFUSION, AND WITH HER DOINGS.

00018

Your local police are armed and dangerous.

If two raindrops run down a window and meet, what is one plus one?

AND ERIS SAID UNTO ME, "WHY DO YOU WASTE YOUR TIME SO, WATCHING YOUR FOOLISH TELEVISION SHOWS AND 'SURFING' YOUR INNANE INTERNET?"

I REPLIED, "I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO DO," AS I STUBBED OUT MY CIGARETTE AND SHOT ANOTHER GLASS OF VODKA. ERIS SLAPPED ME HARD.



PLEASE provide US WITH the date OF your death

The Nipple Problem

Ever since I read the third edition of the Principia Discordia, a problem has vexed my mind and left me constipated. Why do men have nipples?

I spent hours, days even, searching through dusty old tomes, hoping against hope some other philosopher had tackled the problem already. But even Darwin was useless to my sacred quest.

I decided to approach the question myself. Maybe they were for decoration. I mean, without nipples, where would we put nipple rings?

Or, maybe they're dials of some sort. Who knew?

Well, that sounded like a good explanation to me, so I twisted my nipples and contacted my pineal gland. Eris refused to answer for the longest time. I fervently pulled at my nipples, trying to get her attention.

Finally, she turned to me and asked, "What is it I reign over, Q-Bert?" "Chaos," I said.

Moral: Don't twist your nipples for 23 hours straight while meditating because it hurts afterwards. Badly. -SUBMITTED BY REV. Q-BERT LE OMNIHOPPINGEST



The Sects of Discordia

FEMALE/MALE/OTHER: believes in Eris and such baly-hoo

CHAOIST: believes in Eris and such baly-hoo

DISCORDIST: believes in Eris and such baly-hoo

BOBIST: believes in Eris and Bob and such baly-hoo

LEFTIST: believes in Eris and such baly-hoo

ALL OTHERS: believe in Eris and such baly-hoo

--as you can see, the different sex of Discordia are causing loads of trouble trying to cram their dogmatic belief systems down each others throats. Perhaps we Discordians should study how well the Christian Sects get along and emulate them...

00019

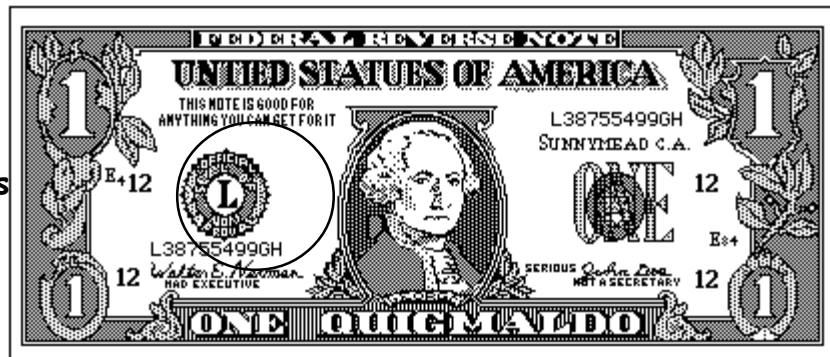
"Never whistle while you're pissing." — Hagbard Celine

The Discordians, and their brother group, the Subgenii, are taking the internet by storm. It really isn't hard for us to put two and two together. Why do you think the conspiracy has enlisted the Aneristic Christians in the U.S. government to restrict what can be put on the net? And all those idiots with their "Why is my page black?" crap. Like we don't know. Pathetic, I tell you. Sad. Hail Eris, and Our Lady will help us through these heinous times. Floot.



Can you find the pot smoker on the one dollar bill?

"I've always said, if you're going to regret something, regret things you did, not things you didn't do."
- Rev. Y?



I KNEW YOU COULD!

The Books n' Stuff

00020

The Book of Grapes: WHEREIN: IS COLLECTED DRUNKARDS.

The Book of Avocado: WHEREIN: IS COLLECTED AVOCADOS.

The Book of Apple: WHEREIN: IS COLLECTED PURE CHAOS.

The Book of Burt: WHEREIN: IS COLLECTED ALL THAT IS SMELLY.

The Book of Celine: WHEREIN: ONE MUSTN'T WHISTLE AND PISS.

F E T C H !

When one runs out of things to Sink, should one stop playing and get to more serious work? Hell, no. Just Sink yourself and play Get.

Or, better yet, don't sink yourself and play Fetch instead.

Get a bunch of greyfaces together and tell them that if they fetch all the stuff you Sank, you'll tell them the Secret of the Universe. If they still won't do it, offer them money. All greyfaces like money.

After they fetch all you Sank, play Sink again!

If the greyface gives you any flak about not paying them, perform the Turkey Curse.

I WAS ONCE CALLED RUFUS.

IN
YOUR
HEART,
YOU
KNOW
IT'S
FLAT.

That intrigued Me.

The first time I talked to Eris, she had taken the form of my third grade teacher. "Miss Brophy," I asked, "why don't we pray in school?"

"Are you a Catholic?" the disguised Eris asked.

"Yes," I replied.

For the rest of the day, Eris chased me around the classroom with a crucifix, beating me over the head whenever she caught up.



DRIVE-IN FU

CHRONOS?

Post Coupon
for FREE SAMPLE
and LITERATURE

Post Coupon
for FREE SAMPLE
and LITERATURE

Post Coupon
for FREE SAMPLE
and LITERATURE

WHAT'S IN A HOLY NAME?

DID YOU SPEND HOURS AND HOURS HUNTING THROUGH A DICTIONARY FOR PIECES OF YOUR HOLY NAME?

IF YOU DID, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOMEONE ELSE'S.

TAKE PRINCE MU-CHAO, FOR INSTANCE. IF I WASN'T SO LAZY, I'D GET UP AND CHECK, BUT I DON'T

BELIEVE 'MU' OR 'CHAO' IS IN A (SHUDDER) DICTIONARY.

YOU CAN SEE THAT THIS HOLY NAME WAS BESTOWED BY THE GODDESS HERSELF. SEE THE ORDER-NOTHING-CHAOS THAT DANCES THROUGH THE NAME! SEE THE PROUD REFERENCE TO THE MOST SACRED OF SYMBOLS, THE SACRED CHAO! SEE THE OBSCURE REFERENCE TO ATLANTIS!

OH, VERILY, ONLY A GODDESS COULD COME UP WITH SUCH A NAME!

OH YEAH, IT SOUNDS COOL, TOO. MOO-KAY-OW

(NOT WRITTEN BY PRINCE MU-CHAO; THE BOOK OF INANE WORDS)

00021

"RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES ARE UNHOLY" - HERACLEITUS

Mantra Against Sanity

Fluffy kitty want a bagel?
Fluffy kitty want a bagel?
I'LL JAM IT DOWN YOUR FLUFFY LITTLE THROAT!
Fluffy bagel don't wanna use the litterbox...
...-Odorlord Betagon the Transvestite Dreamer



What's the color of your insides?

(or Spleen - Will it Never End?)

IS IT PINK?
IS IT WHITE?
DOES IT HAVE GREEN POLKA DOTS?
MINE IS NO BETTER THAN YOURS,
I'D WAGER.
I STILL DON'T WANT TO TRADE.
I MEAN,
WHY BOTHER?

NO ONE CAN SEE ITS COLOR.
RIGHT?
IN SHORT,
YOU CAN'T HAVE IT.
MY SPLEEN.

"We Discordians must stick apart"

-- Malactypse the Younger, KSC

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT
HOROSCOPE CRAP, BUT
THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE
I'M A SAGITARIUS, AND
WE'RE NATURALLY SKEPTI-
CAL.

- POPE AMISH JEHOVAH,
THE SHAGALICIOUS

The official bird of the 23 Apples of Eris is the dodo.

Please respect that magnificent bird.

Feed them Pez and they will love you.

The official food of the 23 Apples of Eris is Pez.

Please respect that magnificent candy.

Feed them dodos and the orange ones will love you.

00022

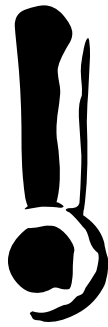
Bullshit makes the flowers grow.
That's
beautiful?

POPE EVIL FNORDFNORD

FNORD IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

FNORD IS TO FORNITS
AS FORNITS ARE TO ERIS.
IF THAT ISN'T INFORMATION ENOUGH,
ALL IS LOST, BABY.
FNORD!

if you stopped breathing, you'd probably live longer.



THE SOLDIER

00023



THE HUNCHBACK

00024

THUS endeth the 23.5 version of the Principia Discordia, a general outline of the 22.5 edition of two copies channeled by crazed MONKS that escaped Area 51, WHICH WAS NOTHING LIKE the 22nd edition of 23 copies that included both the secrets of the universe and a killer recipe for avocado pie, WHICH WAS an exact copy of the 21st edition of 300 copies penned by Richard Milhous Nixon on his death bed, WHICH had the same title (+1) as the 20th edition of the Principia Discordia.. Well, you get the idea.



- ALL RIGHTS REVERSED - REPRINT WHAT YOU LIKE.

00025

THE LAST WORD -

BISCUIT.

*You can see more of the 23 Apples of Eris at
<http://come.to/discordia/>
or
<http://23ae.onestop.net/>*

Visit frequently or often, whichever you prefer.

princemuchao@poboxes.com



CHRONOS?