

Religion



by Marc Trzelpa, Vol. 1, Iss. 12

The Ten Commandments II:

A Few Good Rules



Starring Jack Nicholson as Yul Brenner as Pharaoh and Tom Cruise as Charlton Heston as Moses

Words by Steve Antonson. Graphics and layout by Sean Hammond, Vol. 10, Iss. 4

Jews

by Sean Hammond *et al.* Illustrations by Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 1

In our short literary history we have attacked various Christian sects. In honor of our final issue of the year, political correctness, and giving everyone their fair share, we'd like to pick on the Jews for a while, but then again, who doesn't. And don't start snickering too loud Mohammed (and quit that twitching. Will someone stick a spoon in his mouth so he doesn't swallow his tongue?), you're next. As for the rest of you pale excuses for organized religions...we've got time.

I've one word for you: genocide. I admit, it's a scary thought. I'm not a Jew, though (I play one on TV...) my great grandmother was a certified Gypsy (tea-leaves, phony accent, the whole thing). Although this fact casts no light on a higher understanding of the Jewish plight, I just wanted it clear that some of my family (besides those who were accused of witchcraft) were used as charcoal briquettes. To try and obliterate a race based on arbitrary criteria is incredibly short-sighted. Think of all the ideas that are lost when an entire people is obliterated (though this may be the intent. After all, wasn't the Cold War a dispute over two differing economic systems that could have easily erupted into global holocaust?).

Think of those lost genes. No more big noses, no more crazy dredlocked sideburns, no more dead chickens hanging in store windows (yes, it's genetic), and sorry kids...no more dreidels. We may just keep those kippas though; they're damn cheaper than Rogaine, not to mention more stylish than the Lewis Rukeyser hinged-hair look ("We've secretly replaced this man's hair with a hand knit doily. Let's see if they notice the difference...").

The Jews did their share of raping and pilaging... besides the founding of Israel, I mean. Turn back the clocks, to the days when the Jews first stumbled upon their Holy Land. Imagine the beauty of the whole scenario: thousands of stinky Israelites, after decades of wandering around behind Moses finally realized that (...he had a front side too) test versions of Dr. Scholls just didn't cut it, and decided They™ had had enough. Of course Israelites called where They™ stopped the Promised Land (They™ didn't have Dairy Queens then, the real land of milk and honey, well milk and

sucrose, so no one really knew what They™ were missing); after years in the desert, just stopping for a while is Paradise. Unfortunately, the Promised Land was currently inhabited with scads of people living their humdrum lives on plots of land that they had thought were quite ordinary...and quite theirs.

So anyway, the sand sick Israelites wanted what They™ felt God had meant for them, which of course justified war. To make a long story short, the Israelites annihilated an entire people. The Amorites, while trying to defend their homes, were beaten back by the uncouth goat herders who had until recently been building shacks that would make Pythagoreus cry

("...at least if we had 21 people, then we could form an equilateral triangle..."). After the defeat of the Amorite army, the Israelites swept into their kingdom and proceeded to destroy the cities and kill the inhabitants. To quote the King James version of the

Old Testament:

"Blah, blah, blah. Yadda yadda yadda."†

Good for them. Hooray! God's Chosen People finally killed themselves a homeland (a wounded homeland is a dangerous thing; you've got to kill it. If you don't believe me, just ask the Bosnians). Great. Just tell that to the people who were killed then, and later, as the Jews spread their dinky little kingdom like literacy in Arkansas (From #50 to #49 in the country in a mere four years! Sorry, Georgia. Let's elect that governor to the Presidency). In a way, it's ironic that the Semitic Promised Land became nothing more than a stop over for the great armies of the ancient world (Yup, just another sad rest area that ran out of toilet paper years ago). Hittites, Egyptians, Assyrians,



† "...and they [the Israelites] smote him, and his sons, and all his people, until there was none left him alive: and they possessed his land." —Numbers 21:35

Persians, Greeks, Romans, they all marched through the Israelite's lands, pushing them around, making fun of their little hats, and generally acting snooty.

Kudos to the Romans for finally burning the Temple down and scattering the Jews around the globe. If it weren't for that single event, the Jews wouldn't have such a persecution complex. Seriously, what other group takes such pride in being picked on for thousands of years? Certainly not the blacks; they've only had a few hundred years' practice. Besides, persecution has allowed the Jews to maintain their sense of identity. The Amish have their silly beards, the Brits have *The Big Book of British Smiles*, ...the Jews have their persecution. Sure, the Romans were assholes to burn the Temple down in the first place, but as assholes go, the Romans rocked. The Romans excelled at being assholes when subjugating people. And as far as holding a grudge for no particular reason, they were better than McCarthy.

When the Romans finally beat up Hannibal's friends, they went so far as to salt the ground of Carthage, making it a desert. Anyway, by scattering the Jews, that started a precedent for Jew bashing. Later, the Catholic Church did a really good job of generally being mean to the Jews. Even the Christians, who excelled in spilling blood in the name of the Prince of Peace, couldn't compare to the Nazis.



Enter Hitler and his goose-stepping blackshirts, doing the two step all over the throats of Europe. Forget that Hitler pulled Germany out of the worst depression the globe had ever seen. He's just remembered as a Megalo-maniac with a pear shaped body and a piece of felt just over his upper lip. Oh yeah, and the Holocaust.

The Final Solution wasn't all that smart (or all that final, or even really a solution at all. I guess it could be called Hitler's Temporary Stopgap*). At least when the Romans burned the library at Alexandria, they used the books to heat bath water. All the Jews, Gypsies, Queers, Blacks, mentally ill, and anyone else they weren't particularly keen on just became a waste of gas, bullets, or air pollution.‡ Oh, almost forgot the lamp shades and handbags, but to be honest these Semite-skin bags never really did much for the state of worldly fashion at the time, and thus can be ignored.

It's kind of funny how a bunch of goat herders with delusions of grandeur escaped from Egypt, got sunburned, wiped out a race, and centuries later, Aryans with delusions of grandeur tried to wipe them out.

I guess you could say what goes around, comes around.

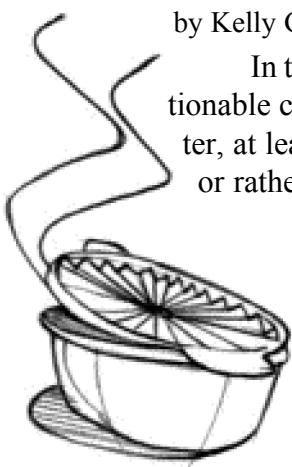
* Yeah it's redundant, but so is "Final Solution".

‡Yes. All global warming can be blamed on the Nazi death furnaces.

The Early Church

by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond. Illustrations by Marc Trzepla, Vol. 1, Iss. 3

In the beginning, there was a man; he called himself Jesus. He was born under some questionable circumstances. Anyway, his birth isn't really important, neither is his life for that matter, at least not to the early church. The important factor for the early church is Jesus's death, or rather his tendency not to stay that way for more than three days.



The early church never would have started if Jesus hadn't risen from the dead. Much of the preaching hinged on this very concept. This is probably because the average life expectancy of your average God at the time was, well, forever. And it would look really bad on the Christians' record if they had the Son of God and he died after thirty some years. Besides, the idea had great salability; let's face it, Christianity is like the religious version of Tupperware: Keep the dead fresh.

So, Jesus had come back from the dead^f, and after he had finished some other business he was going to return and clean things up a bit. Unfortunately for the early Christians he didn't say when. And so they all packed up their bags and waited for his return. They really thought he would be back any minute.

First weeks went by, then months, then several years, and Jesus still didn't appear. Some of the Christians probably got together and conceded to the

point that, well, Jesus wasn't showing up and maybe they had misinterpreted his words[§]. And so, they finally decided to move on, what with the boredom of sitting around twiddling their thumbs waiting for the second coming of some messiah with a really bad sense of timing. They decided to go out into the world to spread his word[†] and the misguided assumption that—hey! really!—he would be back any minute now; you could practically smell him.

The majority of the early Christians were Jewish, and the Jews weren't really into spreading much of anything. But once the religion hit the Gentiles, it spread like wild fire[¥]. It eventually spread throughout the world like a gaseous vapor dispersing into the atmosphere, slowly seeping into every corner and crevice. And eventually it snuck into the domain of the Roman Empire.

In the Big RE Gods grew like blades of grass. There was a veritable menu of Gods to choose from. Some were, of course, mere appetizers, but others were main courses to reckon with ("Yes, I'd like a double order of Serapis, hold the Isis."). Many say that Christianity had a tremendous impact on the fall of the

Roman Empire. No offense meant to the Church, but fighting the Roman Empire at that time is much like getting into a fist fight with a man who has recently drunk half his weight in alcohol. He might injure you lightly as he accidentally keels over, but no matter how hard you hit him, he was on his way down anyway.

Early preachers were considered to be any member of the group who suddenly got possessed by the Holy Spirit. In fact, it was not uncommon for members of the group to spontaneously experience psychotic episodes during services, which seemed to be standard operating procedure for most of the respectable religions of the day. It was considered the highest order of religious experience[•]. Which, if true, probably means that the largest percentage of the world's holy men are presently confined to sanitariums, and which also adds more clout to the statement, "You've got to be crazy to believe in God."

The one idea that separated the early Christians from the Roman pagans was the idea of brotherly love, and non-violence which extended to all. This might tend to make one wonder what a "Christian Soldier" is. I'm pretty sure the Crusades were a bit more than just a bunch of men traveling all the way to the Holy Land to issue the occupants a stern warning. But with non-violent affection like that, who needs a shot of Drano on the rocks chased by a hydrochloric enema?

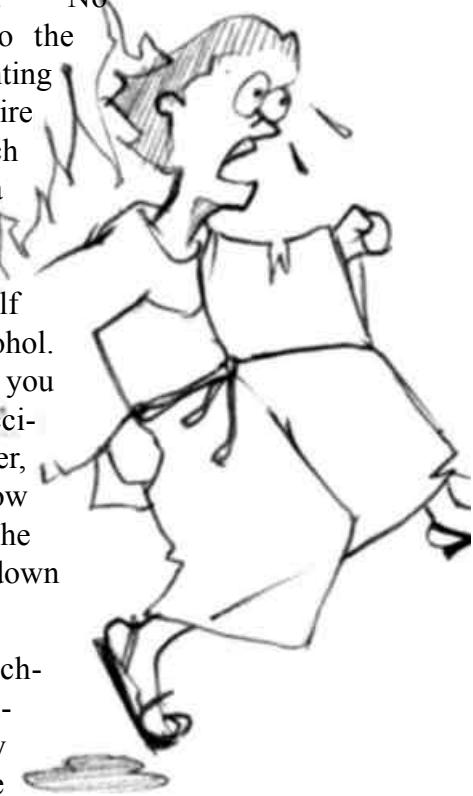
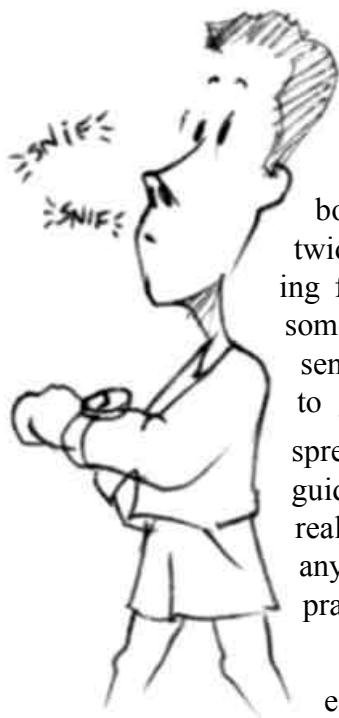
^f Perhaps the same is true of Elvis and actually many stars who die in their prime.

[§] Although he wasn't around long and he didn't leave a forwarding address.

[†] Even if they weren't quite sure what it meant.

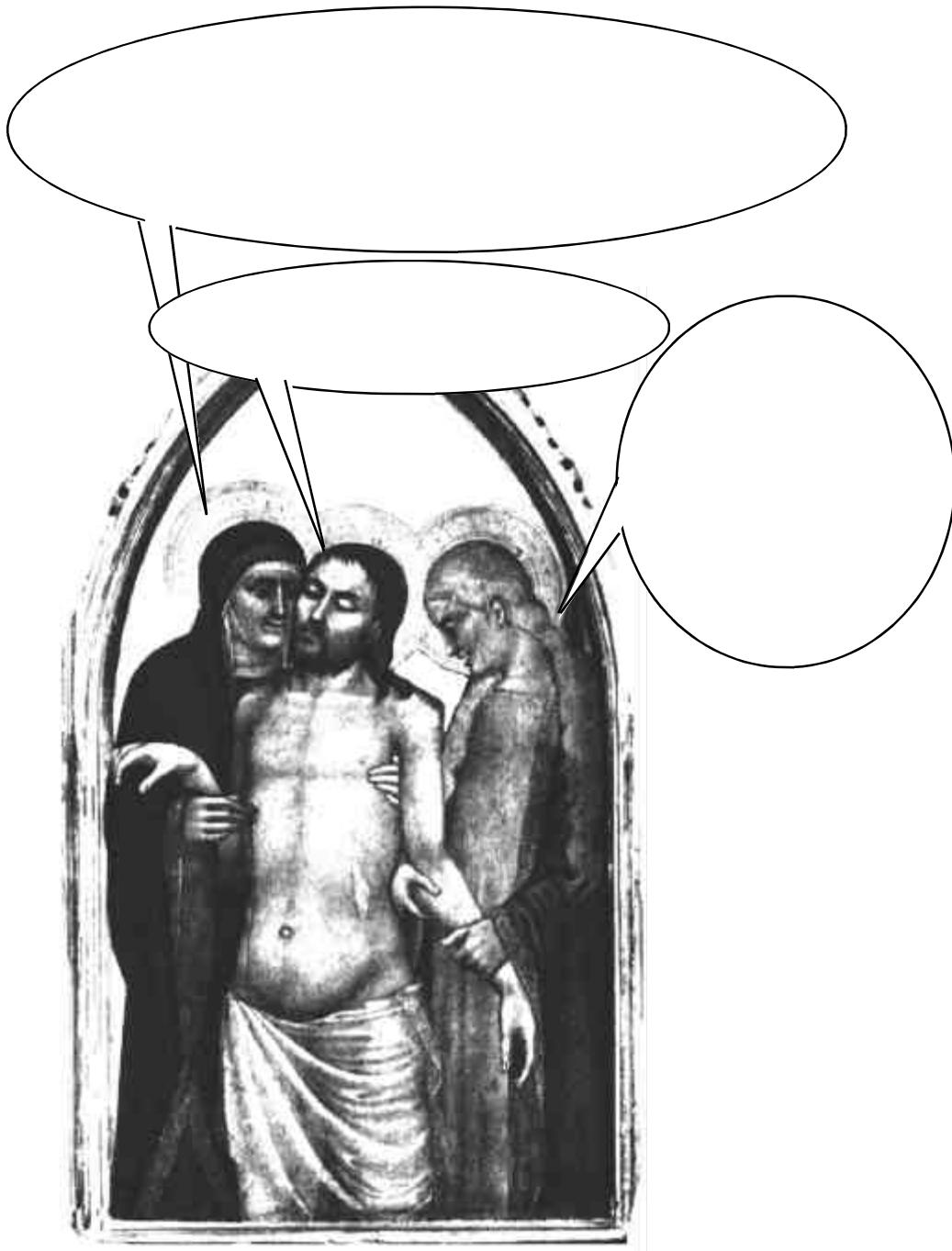
[¥] Or like a bunch of Gentiles who have caught on fire.

[•] If you didn't keel over twitching and mumbling you didn't have enough faith.



A Moment in Backstage History

Around 1916 BT—The main act returned from the desert, bloated after a forty day binge of Cactus Blossoms...



Pieta by Giovanni da Milano, 1365

Moment in Backstage History by Brian Barrett, 1998. Vol. 10, Iss. 8
Any similarities between this and any Messiah, living or dead, is purely coincidental.



Gud'n Tenshuns

Gud'n Tenshuns is a completely separate species, based on silicon rather than carbon. This life form is vaguely humanoid in shape, with all the appropriate vestigial limbs. They literally appear out of thin air in a particular spot, somewhere near Dayton, Ohio, whenever another unique "good intention" is preformed in the world around us. Upon entering the world they fall to the ground, where they land on the very first Gud'n Tenshun of them all and then they proceed to run down the path that has been created by all of the subsequent Gud'n Tenshuns. Each new Gud'n Tenshun adds another stone onto this path that cuts its way through the landscape.

When Gud'n Tenshuns are still young, they have a more rounded appearance, which quickly begins to flatten out due to their initial soft silicon shell state. If you walk on them while they are still relatively young, you can amuse yourself by watching as you start smushing their faces and other

body parts. The Gud'n Tenshuns fit themselves together in this road much like people packed in sardine cans, still people-shaped, but also vaguely warped to fit around the person next to them.

It is interesting to note that as you walk on the Gud'n Tenshuns, they never emit cries of pain; they merely quote from *Life's Little Instruction Book*, mumbling such things as: "Remain open, flexible, curious," or "Surprise a new neighbor with one of your favorite homemade dishes—and include the recipe."

There is an old saying that says, "the road to Hell is paved with Good Intentions." This is somewhat misleading. In all actuality the road that Gud'n Tenshuns make is very random in its wanderings, and it is continually growing. The road to Hell *is* paved with Gud'n Tenshuns, which has nothing to do with Gud'n Tenshuns' intentions, but the fact that Hell itself is the one moving around to always be in front of this road.

Concept and description by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond. Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 5



Cult Corner

By Sean Hammond, Vol. 12, Iss 5

omething's in the air. Could it be? Yes! It's a flying heretic. This week we look at Simon Magus (Simon the Magician). A contemporary of Jesus's disciples, Simon had it all: chosen by God, mass hypnotism, levitation, magic potions, and he hung out with whores. He also got some press in the *Acts of the Apostles*, *The Apocrypha*, and several other early Church writings. To top things off, he was regarded by the early Church Fathers as *the* first heretic and the Father of Heresies.

How cool is that?

According to early writers for the Church, Simon taught a form of Gnosticism in which the True God's first emanation was Ennoia (Thought). From Her flowed the host of angels, which created the material universe and acted as a bridge between the material and spiritual worlds. But some of the angels, tempted by their own creation, lusted after Ennoia and rebelled against God. They captured Ennoia and forced her to incarnate as a woman. Once in the material realm, Ennoia kept reincarnating as women throughout the ages...one of which was Helen of Troy. The rebellious angels, exerting their power in the world, were also the God of the Old Testament.

Simon himself was an incarnation sent by the True God to find Ennoia. In time, the idea of Simon searching for Ennoia to lead her back to God was equated with the parable of the lost sheep mentioned in the *Gospel According to Matthew* (18:10–14). Apparently Simon found Ennoia, incarnated as a woman identified as Helen or Helena, working it in a brothel located in the Phoenician port city of Tyre.

By following Simon's teachings, his followers were promised that they would be able to escape from the material world upon their death and rejoin the True God.

Though the Christian writings are vague in their details, the Simonians are credited with engaging in sexual excesses...but who doesn't? Following the formula "all earth is earth, it matters little where one sows as long as one sows," the followers of Simon and Helen apparently used semen and menses as some form of sexual sacrament. Little else is known except that the Simonians practiced forms of magic, made potions (specifically love potions), and kept Paredri (familiars) and Oniropompi (dream-senders). In their homes, they had images of Simon and Helen depicted as Jupiter and Minerva, respectively.

When first mentioned in the *Acts of the Apostles* (8:9–24), Simon was in the town of Samaria, located in present-day northwest Jordan. There, he and his followers met Philip who was out spreading the Word of Jesus like the flu. The Simonians were so impressed with the miracles they saw that they all agreed to be baptized and become Christians, including Simon. After his conversion he began to follow Philip everywhere.

When the apostles John and Peter heard of Simon's conversion, they journeyed to Samaria. There, they began to lay hand on the newly converted people, healing them and giving them the Holy Spirit. Simon showed his true intentions when he approached the apostles and offered them money if they would teach him how to give the Spirit to people.

This didn't go over well with Peter who said, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought

that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Whether the boy was right or not, in the Middle Ages the buying and selling of church officials would be a heresy aptly named "simony."

After Samaria, Peter and Simon parted ways, but legend says that Simon journeyed to Rome. Living there from 42 to 67 AD, Simon Magus won the favor of the Roman Emperor Nero. By 67 AD, Peter was in Rome, and started talking trash about Simon, calling him a sorcerer and charlatan. Simon and Peter were brought before Emperor Nero where Simon claimed to be sent by God, while Peter retorted with, "Nu-uh." Finally Simon decided to prove his divine nature



Poor Simon. Poor, poor Simon.

by ascending to heaven.

As he began to rise into the sky, Peter began to pray. According to the legend, this caused the demons holding up Simon to let go. Upon smacking the pavement, Simon broke into four pieces, much to the dismay of Nero. Peter was imprisoned and later killed.

Scholars generally agree that Simon Magus, also known by the Latin name Simon Faustus (Simon the Fortunate) is the prototype for Faust. The earliest written source on Faust, the *Letter to Virdung*, has Faust identify himself as Faustus Iunior and Magus Secundus, implying Simon was Faustus Senior and Magus Primus.



He fell Three Times lugging The
burden of his faith. His people looked
on with a great sadness, his cloths
were gambled away by his persecutor
and he was finally nailed To The
great wooden cross . . .



by John Hol, Vol. 11, Iss. 6

Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston (Introduction from Vol. 2, Iss. 7. Text from Vol. 3, Iss. 5)

*This is the inaugural edition of the **Martyr of the Week** column in GDT. BASICALLY[†] this page will update and inform you as to who of significance in the Catholic Church was martyred during the coming week. Whether you wish to put aside time during each of these saints feast days to remember them quietly (remember, it's their party—they'll cry tears of blood if they want to!) or if you are simply reading this for the sadistic pleasure of stories about maiming, torture and ecstatic death, enjoy.*

[†]Unfortunately, we were not able to officially get this page sponsored by *Brothers And Sisters In Christ*.

Welcome, my children, to a new year of miraculous martyrs and stories of sainthood. Join with me in the delight that is dogma: the pantheon of Catholic saints. This is an exciting week in the calendar of feasts for the Catholic church. Not only was **St. Paul**'s historic conversion this week (**Jan 26**), but we celebrate days for **St. Francis de Sales** (**Jan 24** (he fought the Calvinists who were taking advantage of the advancement of literacy by passing out Bibles (translated into French) to the local peasants. This sacrilege was strictly forbidden by the Vatican which forbade the printing of God's word in any language except Latin. This of course was the simplest solution for the church to keep the peasants from being able to actually interpret the sacred and possibly dangerous texts for themselves, thus effectively keeping the pews and coffers of the church full)), **St. Dwyn** (**Jan 25** (founded a convent in Wales that holds a spring whose waters can cure sick animals)), **St. Titus** (**Jan 26** (patron saint invoked against free thinkers and one of the few early converts of the church who was able to bypass the ever-fun ritual of adult circumcision)), and **St. Angela Merici** (**Jan 27** (For all of those lucky enough to have attended Catholic school, this is the Saint you have to thank for starting it all)). Well, enough with the non-martyrs...let's see some blood!

The Martyr of the Week for **Jan 21–27** is **St. Agnes** (**Jan 21**), the Patroness of virgins and Girl Scouts (not necessarily that the two go together, I mean, the things people will do to sell cookies...). St. Agnes was another in the long line of Roman maiden martyrs. She, like so many others, spurned the advances of Roman suitors only to be reported to the authorities as one of those crazy Christians. When she refused to marry the local governor's son, he ordered our chaste Saint to be stripped naked and led through the streets to a brothel. This was to no avail because as soon as Agnes was stripped of clothing, her hair grew profusely and concealed her "shame". Once in the brothel, an angel appeared and clothed Agnes in a glowing white robe. The only person brave (or stupid) enough to approach her was the governor's son and he was immediately struck blind (or dead...accounts differ). Being that Agnes was so kind (not to mention naive, she was only 13 at the time) she cured him. For this act she was charged with witchcraft and was sentenced to be burned, stabbed or beheaded (again, accounts differ). Legend has it that if a girl fasts for 24 hours and then eats an egg with salt on



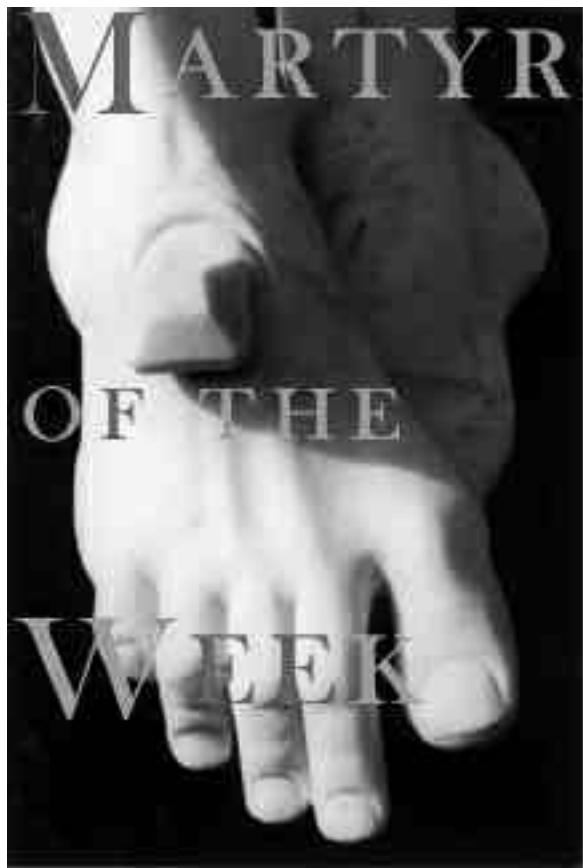
St Agnes

it just before bedtime on the eve of St. Agnes's feast day, she will dream of her future husband.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Vincent of Saragossa (Jan 22)** (brought before the Roman governor of Spain with the Bishop Valerius, young Vincent was able to convince the Magnate that he was perfectly willing to die for his faith. Never one to pass up an opportunity, the governor laid out a series of tortures for our Saint including being stretched on the rack, torn with hooks, being pushed on a bed of iron spikes placed over a fire, having salt rubbed in his wounds, rolled in broken pottery, and locked in a cell and left to starve. For all of this trouble Vincent is venerated by vintners and vinegar makers simply because his name starts with V-I-N), **St. Emerentiana (Jan 23)** (was stoned at the tomb of **St Agnes** (above) by an angry mob)), and **St. Timothy (Jan 26)** (was beaten to death by a band of merry-making pagan rabblerousers who were celebrating the feast of the goddess Diana). Until next week, suck it in and then spit it out (I do).



St. Vincent



by Troy Liston Vol. 3, Iss. 7

Hey there sinners, welcome to the column that put the huh? back in cHURch. This week is jam packed with morsels of Martyrs, so let's dig in! The Martyr of the week for **Feb. 4-10** is **St. Dorothy (Feb 6)**. Dorothy was a beautiful maiden who refused the marriage proposal of the provost of Cappadocia. She was jailed after converting the two sisters of this official who were sent to convince her to reconsider. During her time spent in jail she survived unscathed being thrown into burning oil and stretched on a gridiron over a fire (whilst being fed in the meantime by angelic hosts). On the way to her beheading a sarcastic bystander asked her to send fruit and flowers from her "heavenly garden." After her death an angel in the form of a child brought apples and roses to the unbelieving heckler (Theophilus). With one bite from the apple he was converted and was subsequently jailed, beheaded, chopped into pieces and fed to the birds.

Other Martyrs of note this week include **St. John de Britto (Feb 4)** (beheaded in India by Hindu clergy after converting a local rajah and convincing him to give up his youngest wife)), **St Agatha (Feb 5)** (Sicilian virgin whose breasts were cut off after she refused the advances of a Roman

Senator. Miraculously her mammarys were restored by St. Peter, who rubbed a celestial ointment on them. She then survived, chastely, time spent in a brothel and an attempted burning at the stake, so they chopped off her head.)), **St. Peter Baptist (Feb 6)** (tortured, maimed and then crucified by the Japanese in Nagasaki after the Shogun Hideyoshi banned the practice of Christianity)) and **St Apollonia (Feb 9)** (was attacked by a pagan mob, which ripped out her teeth with forceps, for harboring Christians. She then leapt of her own volition into a fire rather than deny Christ)).



Remember, refusing the advances of a Roman suitor can be hazardous to your health.



Cult Corner

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 12, Iss. 6

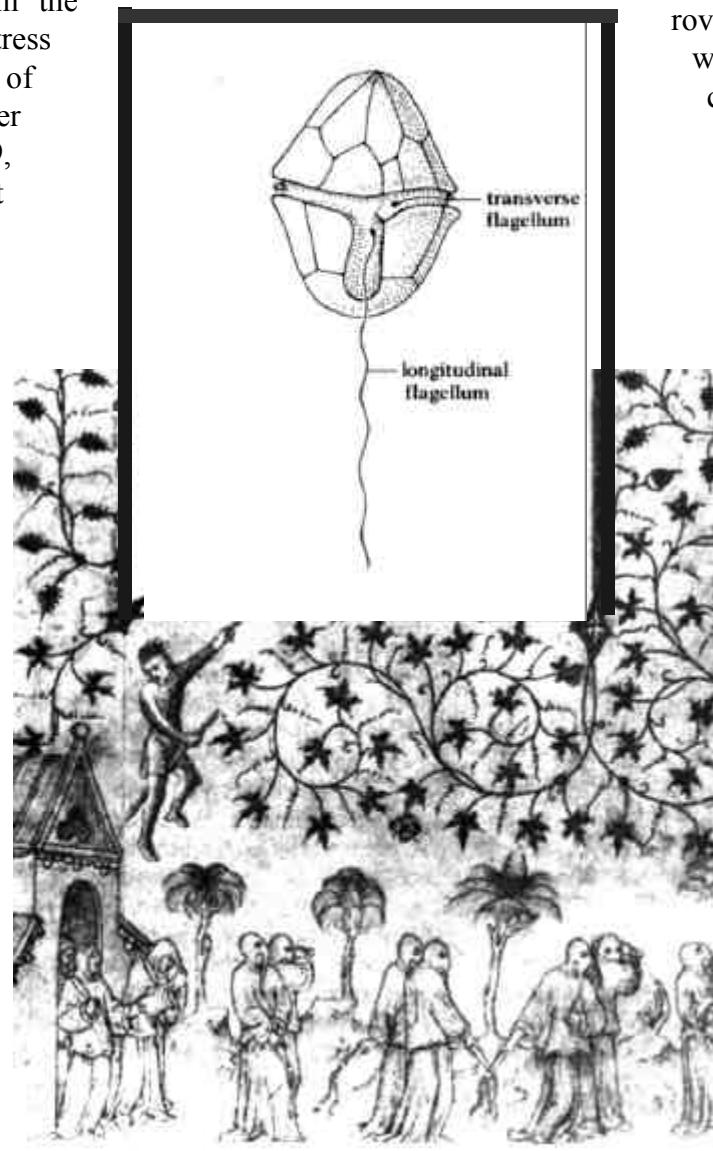
hip me. Beat me. Make me bleed. This week, we take a look at those zany flagellants. Though the various flagellant movements never cooked up any really interesting heresies, any group of people that whipped the bejeebers out of themselves in a sadomasochistic ecstasy is worth a peek.

Flagellation, in general, was condoned by the Church as a form of monastic discipline, either to be self-inflicted, or with the help of a friend. Today, most people prefer a little help from a friend.

A-hum.

Anyway, starting in the mid-13th century, social stress triggered periodic bouts of group flagellation. Just after the Italian plague of 1259, the Umbrian hermit Raniero Fosani began to organize large groups of flagellants. Called the *diciplinati*, their belief was that God was angry with humanity and had decided to wipe them out. The Virgin Mary begged God to reconsider, and he agreed, but only if mankind abandoned their adulterous, blasphemous, usurious, blah, blah, etc. ways.

Led from town to town by a priest, the *diciplinati* would stand in the streets or in the square in front of the local church, flogging themselves for hours. With each town visited, more and more people would join. Some estimates say there were as many as 10,000 flagellants in Italy by 1260.



Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it!

The movement was prohibited by the Church in 1261 and quickly disappeared in Italy, but some practitioners had moved north into Germany. Between 1347 and 1349, when hundreds of thousands were dying of the plague, the flagellant movement blossomed. Wearing white robes with a red cross on the front and back, the flagellants were led from town to town by renegade priests, monks, and self-appointed leaders, all believing Jesus's return was imminent.

The leaders of flagellant processions took on the role of priests whether they were ordained or not. They'd hear confessions, give penances, and absolve sins. When these sore-backed rovers would reach a town, they would gather in front of the church, strip to their waists, and sing hymns while they whipped themselves. Their leader would walk among them, thrashing himself, and stopping to beat his followers every now and then, saying, "Arise, by the honor of pure martyrdom."

The spectacle of the beatings and the hymns was such a crowd pleaser that the Church began to worry, feeling that the people were substituting the normal sacraments for flagellation. Another decree was issued in 1349 by Pope Clement VI forbidding public displays of flagellation.

A revival in the early 1400's finally led to the condemnation of the practice by the Council of Constance (1414–1418). Difficult to enforce, flagellation persisted in

Europe for centuries. Like the Inquisition, the last stronghold was Spain, where it was banned in the 18th century.

In this country an offshoot of the Spanish tradition of flagellation established itself in what is now New Mexico and part of southern Colorado where it combined with Native American traditions. Called the Hermanos Penitentes, the group continued to exist into

the 20th century, despite condemnation by the Catholic authorities.

Until next time:

*"If love isn't forever,
and it's not the weather,
hand me my leather."*

— "Leather," Tori Amos

Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston Vol. 4, Iss. 3

Greetings to all those seekers of the curiosities of religion. May I shed a little light on one of the many bizarre things ye shall encounter on your journey? The **Martyr of the Week** for **March 31–April 6** is the beloved **St. Irene (April 3)**. Irene was one of three sisters arrested in Macedonia for the unfortunate crime of possessing Holy Scriptures (such tripe was illegal at the time; now you can't burn the stuff fast enough...). When the governor, Dulcitus, (drunk as he was) attempted to defile the sisters in their dark cell, the trio tricked him into kissing kitchen utensils (maybe it was one of those special cells, y'know, the ones with a breakfast nook). Two of the sisters (Agape (charity) and Chionia (snow)) were immediately burnt at the stake. Irene, like so many before her, was sentenced to be deflowered in a brothel. Like all other virgin martyrs before her, she emerged unscathed from the ordeal. She didn't manage the same feat after she was tied to a pillar and shot through the throat with an arrow. Irene's name means peace (she is, surprisingly, the Patroness of Peace) and there is supposedly an Icon of our Saint in New York City that weeps real tears in time of war (it must never stop).



St Irene

Vatican Denies Pope Ill

by Sean Hammond & Mark Nowak, Vol. 9, Iss. 4

VATICAN CITY—On 11 January, 1998, Pope John Paul II started to fall forward and had to be helped by an assistant as he prepared to lead a ceremony in the Crystal Chamber.

Given play on television channels, Vatican spokesmen called accusations of illness "absurd."

The 77-year old Pope has walked with difficulty since having hip surgery a few years ago. "He hobbles. Sometimes he uses his staff," said Vatican spokesmen.

Attempting radical therapy, Podling essence failed to revitalize the aging Pope. "It always worked with Gelfling," remarked an anonymous source close to the Pope.

Gelfling are believed to have been driven to extinc-

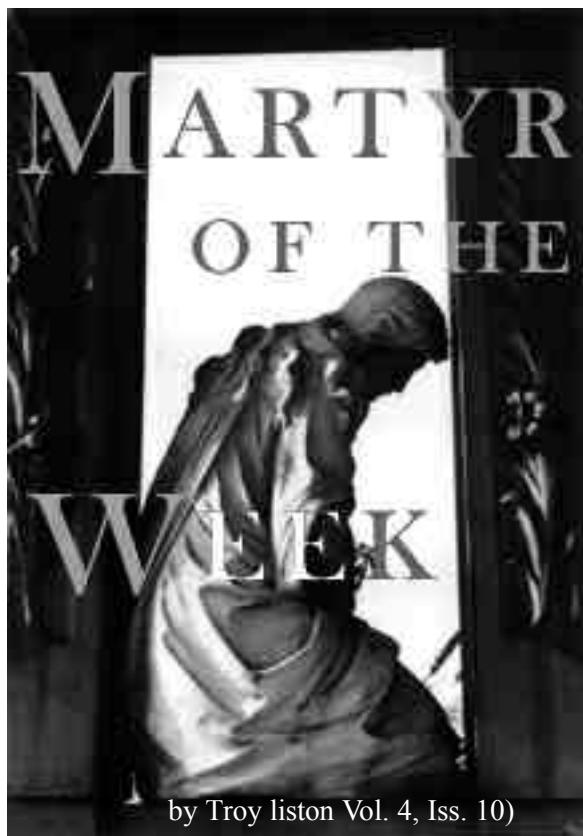
tion during the Inquisition.

Asked how he was feeling, the Pope hissed, "Mine! It's mine! I am still the Emperor."



<http://w3.one.net/~voyager/images/>

The Pope making a public appearance.



by Troy liston Vol. 4, Iss. 10

Come closer, enter and know what strange fates do befall the chosen among us. The **Martyr of the Week** for **May 19–25** is **St. Andrew Bobola (May 21)**. St. Andrew was a Polish Jesuit in the 17th century who spent his years trying to reconcile the Orthodox Church and the Holy See (Papal Authority). Being involved in negotiations to resolve the schism apparently created enemies for our saint, and they sought their revenge at Janov near Pinsk. Andrew was accosted by a broguish band of Cossacks; they beat and tortured him, partially flayed his skin from his body and, when he continued to call out the names of the blessed mother and her sandal-clad son, removed his tongue through the back of his head. His nickname among schismatics was *Duszochwat* (robber of souls).

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Pudentiana (May 19)** (one of those Roman maiden martyrs, except that the Church announced in 1969 that she was fictitious (her name means “she who ought to be ashamed of herself” in Latin))), **St. Ethelbert (May 20)** (was visiting a neighboring kingdom to seek the hand of a princess in marriage when he was deviously killed (it involved hidden trap doors!) and his land annexed) and **St. Julia (May 22)**. A maiden of Carthage who was sold into slavery by the Vandal conquerors, Julia was crucified in Corsica when she refused to partake in the pagan festival being celebrated. While not a martyr, the patron saint of scholars (**St. Bede**) happens to have his feast day on **May 25**—the graduation/commencement day for RIT this year. Coincidence? I think not. It’s the first sign that the Art School is secretly being replaced, not merely eliminated, with a seminary or perhaps full-fledged Oral Roberts satellite college. You heard it here first.

Welcome, my children, to a new year of miraculous martyrs and stories of sainthood. Join with me in the delight that is dogma: the pantheon of Catholic saints.

The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 8–14** is **St. Adrian (Sept 8)**. Adrian was a pagan prison guard at Nicodemia in the 4th century, and was himself thrown in prison for sympathizing with his Xian captives. He and his fellow prisoners were tended by his wife (**St. Natalia**) who shaved her head and disguised herself as a man to gain access to them in prison. During the torture process (all medieval prison guards were required to take two semesters of torture materials and processes in college) our saint’s legs were cut off.

This delighted his wife who prayed for him to have his arms, or at least his hands, cut off as well—such extremes were fitting for a *true* martyr. Her wish wasn’t to be fulfilled; Adrian and the others were burned at the stake. Supposedly a “miraculous” rainstorm vanquished the flames before our saint’s body was completely consumed and Natalia was able to escape the scene with one of his hands...what luck! (Maybe it’s just me, but wouldn’t the rainstorm have been more “miraculous” if it had put out the inferno *before* everyone died instead of it simply making it easier for an eager widow to abscond with a relic? I think I’m just jaded...)

Other Saints of note this week include: **St. Nicholas of Tolentino (Sept 10)**. A monk, who during his life, worked among the poor and tried to bring peace to the rival factions inhabiting the city of Tolentino, St. Nicholas was once beaten with a stick by the Devil (they used to have it on display in his church) and was visited by the **Blessed Virgin, St. Augustine** and **St. Monica** when he was sick (they of course cured him (with wet bread), even though they had been dead

Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston Vol. 5, Iss. 1

for centuries themselves). What makes him eligible for inclusion here (besides the nasty stick-beating incident) revolves around not his life, but his corpse.

Forty years after his death a German monk, feeling that his homeland needed more relics, broke into St. Nicholas' tomb and chopped off our saint's arms. He (the robbing German, not our saint) ran off, dare I say, like a thief in the night, but, to his astonishment, found himself at the tomb the next morning, arms in hand—running in place! Since that incident the arms are said to bleed whenever misfortune befalls the church.

Other Martyrs this week are **St. Theodard (Sept 9)**: killed with a hatchet by bandits and **Protus and Hyacinth (Sept 11)**: two eunuchs killed in Rome for converting some of the noble class.

Until next week:

“Do not wish to be anything but what you are, and try to be that perfectly.”

—St. Francis de Sales

Martyr of the Week

by Troy Liston, Vol. 5, Iss. 3

Welcome back to the hall of the headless. We traipse again into the presence of the chosen ones, those dismembered do-gooder Catholic martyrs. The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 22–28** is **St. Maurice (Sept 22)**. Others of note this week are **St. Phocas** (also Sept 22), **Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26)**, **St. Wenceslaus (Sept 26)**.

St. Maurice was the commanding officer of the Theban legion, a part of Emperor Maximian's Roman Army made up of recruits from upper Egypt. The xian legion was part of a force that was to cross the alps and suppress an uprising in Gaul. While in Switzerland, on the eve of the battle, all were required to attend and/or perform public sacrifices to secure victory for the next day. This of course was sacrilegious and the legion refused, instead retreating to what is now St-Maurice-en-Valais. The Emperor ordered the decimation (the killing of every tenth man) until the soldiers would obey his orders. The devout men *naturally* chose martyrdom over pagan sacrifice, so all 6660 were executed. St Maurice's blood and ring, as well as the stone on which he was beheaded are preserved in the aforementioned Swiss city.

St. Phocas (Sept 22 or July 23, depending on which calendar you subscribe to) was known for his hospitality to travellers. During the Diocletian persecution he gave shelter to some Roman soldiers whose mission was to execute our saint. During the night Phocas dug a grave in the garden. When morning came he confessed that he was the man after which they sought, was beheaded, and tossed into the ready pit.

Saints Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26) were



Image concept by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond. Illustration by Scott Peterson. Vol. 5, Iss. 8

travelling twin xian doctors who refused payment for their services. One arduous patient refused to let Damian leave her side without accepting 3 eggs as payment. Cosmos was so furious with his brother that he made it public knowledge that he wasn't to be buried with his twin. They, of course, were martyred (when the rocks and arrows hurled at them had no effect, the popular beheading was opted for) and prepared for burial separately. A lone camel persuaded the mourners, in the name of all cattle, to bury the brothers together (and no, I don't make this stuff up...).

St. Wenceslaus was the Duke of Bohemia (Now parts of Slovakia and the Czech Republic) in 922 and attempted to bring xianity to his kingdom during a time of pagan reaction. He would hold feasts at which he would pressure the guests into saying the Our Father, savagely beating those who refused (Why, how very xian of you!). He allied himself with the German Empire

Martyr of the Week

by Troy Liston Vol. 2, Iss. 7

Welcome again to the column dedicated to the strangely departed among our Catholic sisters and brethren. The martyr of the week for Oct. 23–Oct. 29 is St. Jude (Thaddaeus). St. Jude was a blood relative of Christ and one of the 12 apostles. St. Jude (referred to as Judas in the gospels of Mark and Luke) is the Saint invoked in times of hopeless, desperate or impossible circumstances. It is due to the fact that his name is identical to that of Christ's betrayer (but what a kisser!) that he received little veneration in the past. His martyrdom occurred when he and St. Simon traveled to Persia to preach—they were beaten to death with clubs.

Here are some of the martyrs we missed from earlier in the month.

Oct. 9

St. Denis was sent from Rome to minister to the pagan Gauls in the year 90. He became the first bishop of Paris, but was martyred by decapitation. He then picked up his head and walked 6 miles to the spot on which a cathedral dedicated to him stands today.



Oct. 21

St. Ursula was martyred on the return journey of a pilgrimage to Rome. In an attempt to delay her marriage to a pagan prince, she made the trip (with 11,000 virgin handmaids) to see the Pope. She was told of her impending death by an angel, and when her ship docked in Cologne she, the virgins, the Pope and her newly converted fiance were killed by the Huns.



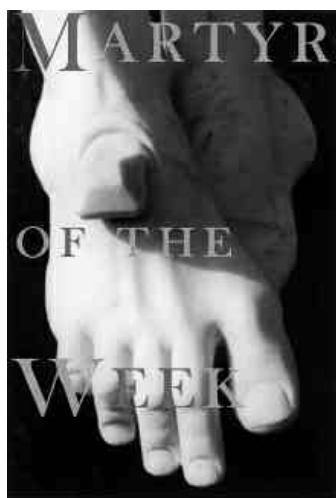
St. Jude Oct. 28



This week also sees the festival for the 40 martyrs of England and Wales (**Oct. 25**). I can't list all of them here, but most of them have their own days anyway (bunch of gloryhounds).

(due to their xian King, Henry) which endeared him to very few in his homeland. He was eventually murdered at the door of a church by his brother, Boleslaus. The popular xmas song dedicated to him is pure fiction.

For those of you who are new readers and/or are xian conspiracy theorists, I replace the word christ in words in my writing with an "X" not to eliminate the mention of this great man (Kiss me, son of god!), but due to the fact that "X" is the symbol for Christ that comes down to us from the Romans. It simply makes typing this column easier. If you still have doubts, look up "X" in the dictionary and all will be revealed (the man speaks only truths!).



by Troy Liston Vol. 2, Iss. 8

Hey there brothers and sisters of the immaculate deception, welcome once again to the shrine of Catholic suffering. The martyr for the week of Oct. 30–Nov. 5 is the great St. Quentin. A Roman soldier who converted to Christianity in the late third century, our saint missionized in Gaul. Here, he was martyred after being tortured in some unique and cruel ways. He had hot nails driven into his head and was stretched, pulled and pushed on an extravagant rack that worked with weights and pulleys. Next they filled his mouth with a mixture of quicklime, vinegar and mustard

(now you know the ingredients of the Nick Tahou's garbage plate!), beheaded him and threw his perforated corpse into the Somme river. About fifty years later, his body resurfaced and a blind woman was cured when she stumbled over it. Naturally, she founded a church dedicated to him on that spot (now the city of Saint Quentin in France). It is ironic that one of our most famous prisons is named for this saint, since in another episode of his life an angel once freed him from prison. Quentin is the patron saint of bombardiers, chaplains, locksmiths, tailors and porters. If you have the sniffles or a raging smokers cough, this is the saint you are to invoke.

Other saints of note for this week (although not martyrs) are St. Mathurin (patron of fools, Nov. 1), St. Rumbald (only lived for 3 days, yet quoted scripture and preached to the public, Nov. 3) and St. Martin de Porres (patron of hairdressers, people of mixed race, public health workers and Peruvian television (I'm not kidding), also Nov. 3). The other big day this week is All Souls day on Nov. 2. This is the day to pray for the souls of all those unfortunates who are stuck in the afterlife waiting room, the line at the Bursar's win—I mean purgatory. Until next week remember: stigmatas put the **fun** in functional disfigurement.



Random Acts of Email

by Mark Nowak Vol. 2, Iss. 10)

I GRABBED A BOOK FROM THE MAIL ROOM/LIBRARY ABOUT THE OCCULT AND SUPERNATURAL. MIGHT ACTUALLY START READING IT THIS YEAR, TOO. THE AUTHOR'S POSITION IS ONE OF EXTREME SKEPTICISM, SO I DON'T KNOW HOW EDIFYING IT WILL BE.

I MEAN, IF I WANTED PEOPLE'S INSUFFERABLE STUBBORN OPINIONS THROWN AT ME, I'D LISTEN TO PEOPLE WHEN THEY TALK TO ME....

St. Quentin
October 31



Concept by Kelly Gunter. Illustration by Scott Peterson
Vol. 6, Iss. 3

SUBJECT: THE GDT CHALLENGE

DATE: TUE, 9 APR 1996

DEAREST GDT,

FIRST, I WOULD LIKE TO OPEN THIS EMAIL WITH AN ORIGINAL HAIKU.

MY BIGGEST PROBLEM

BY

MICHELLE AMORUSO

FURIOUS LICKING

LEADS TO MISUNDERSTANDINGS

AND MORE THINGS THAT SUCK.

THANK YOU.

BUT NOW, BACK TO THE ISSUE AT HAND...

YOU CHALLENGED READERS TO COME UP WITH A TOPIC FOR YOU TO WRITE ON. WELL, I WOULD LOVE TO SEE A PUBLISHED WORK DEALING WITH THE CULTURAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OATMEAL.

INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING PHRASES: **WILFORD BRIMLEY, MAPLE AND BROWN SUGAR, BOWEL MOVEMENT** (THIS ONE IS OPTIONAL)

PLEASE AVOID THE FOLLOWING PHRASE IF AT ALL POSSIBLE: **WARM CEREAL**

I ANXIOUSLY AWAIT YOUR RESPONSE.

LOVE ALWAYS AND FOREVER,

YOUR FAVORITE UR READER

P.S. MY FRIEND GREG GAVE ME A PORK CHOP AND A DISPOSABLE DOUCHE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. CAN YOU EXPLAIN?

—WILFORD BRIMLEY IS ONLY THE MAN WHEN IT COMES TO OATMEAL. REMEMBER THE HEAVYSET MAN WITH THE MUSTACHE AND SPECTACLES PUSHING 60 OR SO? HE GAVE OATMEAL TO SMALL CHILDREN IN THE QUAKER INSTANT OATMEAL COMMERCIAL... RING A BELL? HE ALSO STARRED IN THE FIRM AS ONE OF THE BASTARD VILLAINS AND GOT KILLED AT THE VERY END (WHOOPS, I HOPE YOU'VE SEEN IT...)



Ask the Barefoot Girl

by Kelly Gunter Vol. 4, Iss. 6

As I am the GDT staff's resident Quaker, I thought it only fitting that I should be the one to answer your challenge. You see, over the years I have been bombarded by insane and not fully thought through cultural stereotypes, all of which gild the true neuroses of Quakerism. First of all, I want you to breath deeply and clear your mind of all those tedious questions dealing with Shakers, the Oneida Community, and the Amish. These four religions are not even remotely related, though my school mates seemed to think so. Jeesh...belong to one obscure religious group and you might as well join all of them.

Grade school was hell on me; I was the only Quaker in a school where even "the boy who walked around with a bag on his head" was not the only one in school who actively practiced his religion, (they just usually didn't wear the bags on their heads). Every year in Social Studies or World History we would come to a chapter that dealt with Quakers, the teacher would find out I was one, and the questions would start. It's funny how all forms of logic get thrown out the window once you find out you're dealing with some religion that is obscure enough to have become quasi-mythical. It's like bumping into an Aztec (just before they club you and serve you up with tea and crumpets). I could be sitting in class wearing jeans, a bright red sweater, my hair down, having just said to my present the inquisitor, "No, you are thinking of the Shakers," and I would still be asked, "Aren't you guys supposed to wear those funny hats?", "Why aren't you

wearing black?", and "Don't you always say 'thee' and 'thou'?" What am I supposed to do, look at them without laughing and say, "Yes, thine memory serves thee well?"

Other times I get the brainiac who insists that Quakers don't know what electricity is. What? Thou meanest that the school has not been illuminated by my own inner light all of these years? Then it would happen. In amongst all of this stereotypical drivel, the question I most dread to hear, the question that was like holding up a crucifix to a vampire: "You guys make a lot of oatmeal cookies don't you?"

In that instant, both William Penn and George Fox leap out of their aged graves screaming in unison, "Noooooooo!", but alas, the damage had already been done. The word was out. Yes, we make a lot of oatmeal

cookies. All of that stuff about the inner light, the truth being more holy than the book, helping inmates in prison, and the availability of God to the common man is all a sham when compared to the great oatmeal conspiracy. It all comes down to oatmeal. God doesn't make himself available to Bishops, nor the common man. God is only truly there to those holy individuals who eat oatmeal, day in, day out. And if you're going to be eating oatmeal every damn day, you had better become pretty creative in preparation. The possibilities go far beyond maple and brown sugar. The oatmeal, rolled oat, and groat combinations alone are endless.

It is not well known, but modern Quakerism had received a heavy blow from the once co-conspirator corporation of Quaker Oats. Although benevolence and brotherly love have been pushed forward as our general dispositions by our PR people, this is not entirely on the level. The fact is that we couldn't care less what

you may or may not do to another, as long as we, the Quakers, have cornered the market on God by our devoted consumption of steeped oat products. Unfortunately for us, several years back, Quaker Oats hired Wilford Brimley to be their spokesman, and all hell broke loose. Wilford Brimley not only showed how eating oats was healthy, but made it sexy as well. Because of this, Quaker Oats has cornered the difficult to control early-morning-eating demographic of ladies between 6-12 and over 64. Quakerism is now finding its religious footing faltering at the close of the twentieth century as more and more people begin to consume steeped grain products that have had an increase in their random particle motion outside of its original religious context.

So if you'll excuse me, I have some delightful chilled groat gespacho soup to eat.

God's Job

by Kelly Gunter *et al.* Vol. 2, Iss. 9

With the degradation of the American family and the decreasing role of the church in many peoples' lives, God must have a lot of free time on His hands (after all, in the board game you only went to church to get married). So much of His flock is too busy buying their Lotto tickets and watching Ricki Lake to pay much attention to Him. What would God do with all His extra time? Go back to school? Learn a new hobby? Or maybe even pick up a second job on the side.

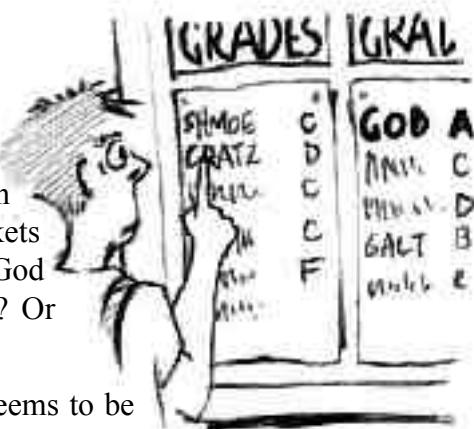
I can't imagine him flipping burgers, and besides that position seems to be already filled by Elvis. Or how about a lawyer? I know

Shapiro and Shapiro think they're tough, but just imagine how a defendant might feel if he had a vengeful God cross-examining him?

God would be ABSolutely FABulous as a security guard; not just any

security guard, but a night watchman for the Akzo salt mines. Just consider this for a moment: If he catches any trespassers, he could turn them into pillars of salt. With all the problems the Akzo salt mines have had with collapsing caverns in the recent past, they could use as many pillars of salt holding up their walls as possible.

Many rich and influential people use expensive guard dogs to "earn" their colleagues' respect... Can you imagine what kind of reaction the president of Akzo could get. "Oh, really, so this Doberman cost seven thousand dollars, and knows how to respond to the phrase, 'Go for the juggler' [¥] in six different languages? That's wonderful, honest. I wish I could say that, but I guess the most impressive thing I have is God. He works the night shift, only ten bucks an hour, and he's always



[¥]We know you might think we meant 'Go for the jugular' here, but we didn't, so get over it.

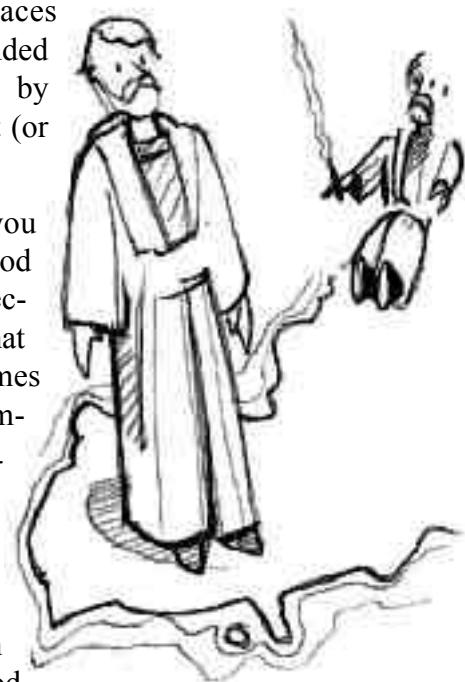
bringing in food for his coworkers." Hell, with someone like that on your staff, you don't have to flaunt it.

God really could be capable of so many other things. I mean smiting people has to be good for something. Like as a hitman for the underground mafia (or the aboveground mafia for that matter, why hide when God is on your side?)

What if God joined the army? I'm sure he'd make it up the ranks quickly; a lot of guys would probably feel rather silly being called "Sir" by the creator. What country in the world would dare stand up against an army with General Jhwh in command? They would be too busy with scourges of locusts, storks (no more killing your first-born children, now you have more and more), and frogs to worry about killing any of their enemy. God's army would have to change all the little toys on the command station's maps, though. They probably wouldn't find much more use in tanks, aircraft, and the like. Those items representing such machinery would need to be exchanged for little rubber frogs, snakes, vials of red food coloring (to indicate each location where it would be most tactical to turn the seas to blood), and little miniature Cabbage Patch

Kids to represent those areas where a curse had been laid down on all of the first born of particular regions. Maybe they could use Obi-Wan Kenobi figurines to represent places where God intended to create dissent by making a prophet (or a profit).

When you think about it, God already has a second job, he's that fat git who comes down your chimney once a year. God is Santa Claus, he knows when you've been bad and he knows when you've been good, but don't expect to miss out on a mere sack of toys if God catches up with your ass.



A Talk with Thor

by Mark Nowak *et al*, Vol. 1, Iss. 9

faculty out), and I went down to the sub-basement level of one of the academic buildings. Instead of the meat locker I expected to see, I was in Asgard. Stuff like this happens fairly regularly to me. If you ever want to try it for yourself, my advice to you is: make sure you take a ride with a faculty member and when the door closes, club 'em; I can't guarantee it'll be Asgard for you, though. The next time I tried it, it was Candyland. I lost.

Anyway, I walked in (or maybe out) and Thor was there. Though his physique was absolutely marvelous (hey, I'm strictly butter-side up, but when you see a god, it kind of makes you weak in the knees), he was sulking. How can I put this delicately.... I found out he was omnipotently impotent.

"VERILY," he thundered, "I JUST CAN'T SMITE ANYONE ANYMORE. I CAN SEND THOSE THUNDER BOLTS OUT, ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY JUST FIZZLE OUT. MAYBE I WOULDN'T BE SO MIFFED IF THE BOLTS DIDN'T COME SO CLOSE, BUT THEY GO FLYING DOWN RIGHT AT MY NONVICTIMS AND JUST DISSIPATE MICRONS ABOVE THEIR HEADS. SURE I CAN TAKE IT OUT ON MY DOG, BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME. HE JUST SITS THERE LOOKING UP AT ME YIPPING, AND WHEN I GET PARTICULARLY NASTY HE LICKS MY FACE. A DOG IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAN'S



Random Facts

compiled by Sean Hammond, Vol. 4, Iss. 9

For years I have looked for God...and wouldn't you know I found them in the most obvious place: the Rochester, NY white pages.

Warren & Jane God live in Fairport. If you'd like more info, just look them up.

BEST FRIEND, BUT I'LL TELL YOU, THEY JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT A GOD. WHEN I SMITE SOMEONE, I WANT THEM TO STAY SMITED. I DON'T WANT THEM BRINGING ME MY SLIPPERS...

He let out a soft reminiscent sigh, "AHH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT IN THE OLD DAYS....SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT ME AND, **ZAP!** JUST SMOKING SANDALS. HOW I LONG FOR—"

"Can I interrupt this soliloquy?"

"—NO. THE DAYS OF—"

"What are you going to do, zap me (sort of like telling an impotent man to "Go screw yourself?")

"BE QUIET, YOU! WHY... I CAN STILL CURSE UP A STORM! I'LL BLUDGEON YOU WITH MY ELOQUENCE! I'LL... I'LL—"

"What? You'll talk my ear off?"

"I! LONG! FOR! THE DAYS! OF SACRIFICE! AND WIPING OUT VILLAGES!"

He was big. I shut up.

"NOBODY BELIEVES ANYMORE. SO NOW I GET AN "HONORABLE MENTION" IN A LED ZEPPELIN SONG, WHICH YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LYRICS TO

ANYWAY! IT'S ALMOST NOT WORTH EATING GOLDEN APPLES ANYMORE. SO BUGGER OFF, BEFORE I WRAP YOU UP LIKE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IN YOUR OWN SMALL INTESTINES!"

So I headed for the elevator again. Of course, it was the wrong one but it looked the same on the outside. Instead of the science building, I was in the kingdom of the elves of Neibelheim (which, incidentally, smells remarkably like a dissection laboratory. It was like....Pittsburgh).

I had to go through a whole cycle of Wagner operas to get back, but I thought I should tell you this. Keep nonbelieving (except for those lusty love goddesses. Rrrrrrrrrrr.... Let's bring them back.), but only in those irritable gods. Once you stop believing in science, you end up a music major at some backwater college with your professors telling you to be an engineer.

Huh. Ended on the letter "r" and started on the letter "s". Kind of brings it full circle. Neat, huh?



Concept by Kelly Gunter. Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 10.

God's Nursing Home Attendant Tells All!

by Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter, *et al.* Illustrations by Clare Terni, Vol. 11, Iss. 2

Do you think it's a mistake that the Bible stopped adding books to its collection? No mistake. Christians don't really want you to find out what became of God. By the time the Koran was being written, God was starting to get a bit wiggy.[£] Now-a-days, Heaven is like an assisted living environment for God.

Kind of makes you want to go out and do a little carnal sinning(TM), huh?

Sure, God is still writing books, (Kids: Stephen King!) but few ever believe them. Here's an example that one of the field agents for a subsidiary of Hell Inc. managed to pick up while visiting Baltimore, Maryland:

The Book of Haim Meshuggina

1. And lo, this is the WORD and RANTING of the LORD, for He is old and cranky and often forgets the point of his stories.
2. In the beginning there was nothing, for the LORD was a true neat freak and ran a tight ship.
3. But then He got BORED and so He made friends who came over and slobbed the place about.[¢]
4. And the mess DID become the universe and all the stars, and the waters were the spilled drinks.
5. For Bounty(TM) can not expunge fifty billion year old stains from the polyester fabric of the multiverse. *
6. So sayeth the LORD: You youngins are just spoiled WITH all your suns and planets and organized matter. Why I remember a time when I could be entertained for hours by just watching quarks and baryons.
7. We didn't have TV or radio. All we had was electromagnetic waves. We'd sit and listen to static for hours on end. And we enjoyed it. It's amazing the content you get out of nothing. *
8. Back in my day, we didn't have schools. We had to go outside and MAKE the laws of

[£] Nahnana nah na na...

[¢] And lo, the LORD created fraternity brothers and kegs of cheap domestic beer.

* Nor can any other home remedy: seltzer water, hairspray, Michael Collins, or John Waters.

* Such as that quality network programming, TGIF (TM).

[†] "Oh, the humanity"

[§] Our overqualified staff religion experts disagree about exactly what God is referring to here. Popular theories include; the Kama Sutra/Tantric Buddhism, John "The Wad" Holmes, Ben Wah balls, or the Hoover Wet-Dry Vac.

nature. And let me tell you, that's a lot harder.

All we had was hydrogen[†], and you don't know how that mucks up your complexion.

9. And that Mary Magdalene. Wow, what a looker she was. She was so flexible. I remember one time out behind the temple with Mary, Mary, quite contrary...but once I told her who I was she started having fun... we even invented something new[§]... now what was that called?
10. And the angel Gabriel did smile and patronize the LORD saying: "Ah, God, that never happened."
11. "What are you talking about?" snappeth the LORD. I'm God, if I said it happened, it happened. You youngins don't know how to respect your Creators anymore.

12. You... you creatures of the universe take LIGHT for granted. Well I came up with that all by myself, it was easy. I
c r e a t e d
e v e r y -
t h i n g .
Why I
came up



with WAR and thought it was a DAMN fine idea, by Me.

13. But I want to tell you the story about the last time I saw Lucifer. It was shortly after I'd gone and made a garden for Adam and Uh, what's her name? Not Eve, but his first wife.... You know, the one with the great ass. You know, SARAH McLachlan. Back when Adam still had his whatsit.

14. Anyway, I was so pleased with how everything had turned out that I invited all of the angels to a dinner party. There were chips and pickles and all kinds of new stuff I'd created. Deep fat frying was going over pretty well.

15. Well, here comes Lucifer, and he was always such a brown-noser. Always had to wear his wings the same way I did and his PANTS half-way down his ass. Anyway, he had gone out and tried to make something on his own to give to me and Adam and whatshername. I don't remember exactly what it was supposed to do, but it was this huge shiny copper thingy with all these moving parts. ^ž

16. He was so excited about showing it off that he wasn't paying attention to where he was going and tripped. Well, that there THINGY went up into the air just as pretty as can be. Everyone stopped talking and watched as this monstrous contraption flew over their heads. ^²

17. And poor Lucifer was sprawled out on the ground, his mouth OPEN, just looking on in horror. Finally it hit the railing of the balcony

^ž Here, again, we are uncertain what the Lord is referring to. An espresso machine is the consensus. "What a great housewarming gift! Thanks, Satan!"

^² Never mind, we don't get it either.

[¢] See—steamed milk!

^³ Not to be confused with Michael Collins. Or Michael Knight.

"Kitt, is that God up ahead?"

"No Michael, that's Johnny Depp. Now, gird your loins!"

^ð Not to be confused with WS Burrough's patented suppository. "Bill, could you put a little powder on my lips?"

overlooking the multiverse and the whole thing tipped over the side, spilling all the glinty things out into the vacuum of space.

18. They spread out just as pretty as could be, making this band of glinty LIGHTS in the universe that Man calls the Milky Way. [¢] Well, at the time, no one knew what to say, except Michael ^³, who was always the joker.

19. Way to go, light bringer.

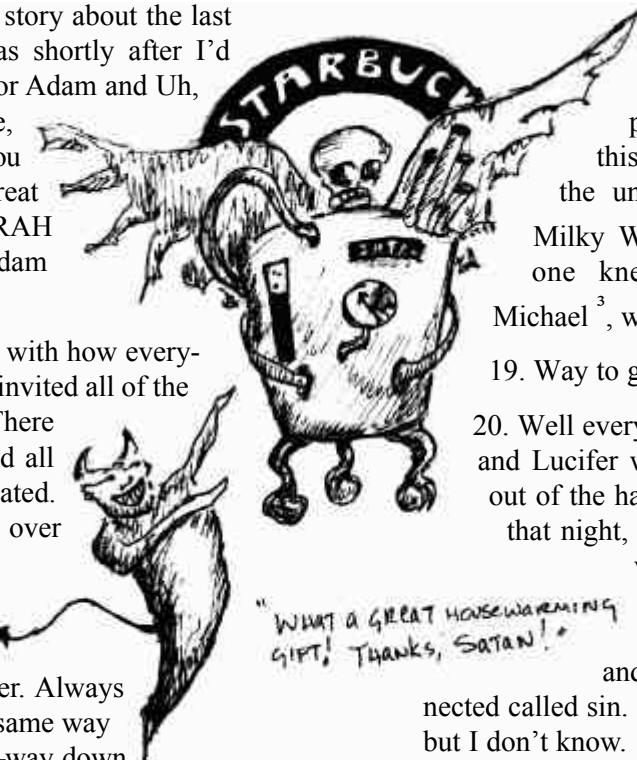
20. Well everyone started laughing at that and Lucifer was so embarrassed, he ran out of the hall. I haven't seen him since that night, but I hear he's doing rather well for himself, though he's a little preoccupied with things he's calling GOOD and EVIL and something connected called sin. I think it's a kind of engine, but I don't know.

21. Did I ever tell you about the time I won the World Series?

22. And lo, the great angel of the LORD did rise up and say, "Ahh, LORD, it is time for your medication"

23. And the angel Gabriel did present a holy waxy-white bullet to the LORD. And the LORD did excuse himself and Gabriel to the convenience of the bathroom. ^ð

24. And from within that sacred room, the LORD's great suffering was heard: "Ow, my ass!"



God Damned

by Sean Hammond *et al.* Illustrations by Vinny Bove, Vol. 6, Iss. 9

“Where am I going...and why am I in this handbasket?”

Think the world sucks? Well, you’re probably right. Look around you, Pablo: Wal-Mart carries wood laminate furniture that it passes off as oak, people are giving themselves concrete enemas (“Ah...Marge, can I have a price check on concrete enemas?”), testicular torsion, cars dent too easily, 75 year old men dent too easily, papercuts, getting your hair caught in a threshing machine (yeah, that’s a bitch), biting aluminum foil, getting your pant leg caught in a bicycle chain, squirrels (Q-FUCKING BOOM)[†], p-sublevels of lithium atoms, socks that lose their elasticity and fall down, sudden changes of temperature and humidity when you wear glasses, mosquitoes.... And we put up with all of it on a daily basis. It’s only when things don’t work that we realize how evil has crept into our lives like an appreciation for amateur Hammond Organ music and we cry out with a resounding, “God damn it!” or, “I feel TERRIBLE!”³



Thou shalt not take the Lord’s name in vain. Jesus-fucking-Christ! What’s wrong with you people anyway? Those silly little Israelites sure knew what they were talking about (Besides any group who passes on religion through the mitochondrial DNA is about as cool as you can get). Contrary to unpopular (at least with us) belief, God does exist and does stick his great big Jewish nose in our business...but only when we ask.

God is not a trinity as those fish scratchers would have you think. He is a divine dichotomy. He is the Alpha and the Omega, all and nothing. He is binary.

But.



Since he is a dichotomous omnipotent being, he can only respond to those of your needs that are translated into machine language. He is, after all, the Creator; who better qualified to use the most basic languages? Simple on/off requests only please, ma’am. If you ask God for something ridiculous like, “Please grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change blah courage blah wisdom blah blah ra ba ba,” all you’re going to get is a “Processing...please wait” message for roughly the rest of your life. God’s translators are written in Java, which as we all know, needs about four billion runtime libraries (read: Angels) to be processed. However, if you make your request to God in binary code, i.e. “God damn it!”[¥] or “God bless you!”, then you get a response, not only in your lifetime, but almost instantaneously.

Unfortunately, most of these effects are not noticeable, or at least not right away. After thousands of years of people stubbing their toes and shouting “God dammit,” he gets the idea and puts a standard-issue Damning™ on the event for all time. Same goes for papercuts, only they got the next level of damning, so they really Hurt-Like-A-Bitch.TM

Sneezing, on the other hand, is about the most pleasurable thing you can do without involving your genitalia...which coincidentally also involves large amounts of god-blessing on the parts of most participants. In fact, sneezing (This is the reason why most people’s sneezes seem to become louder and more earth shattering as a per-

[†] See GDT “Universe,” Volume 4, Issue 8

³ Page. 376 *Amok Journal*

[¥] Ironically enough, there are various other smaller deities that deal with such commands as, “Fuck’n Fuck Fuck Fuck!”, “Shit Ass Shit!”, and of course “God Fucking Damn It!” Although this last phrase seems a lot like the binary code “God Damn It!”, it is in fact a little too complex a statement for God and his chummies to figure out what to do with on a moment’s notice. This particular phrase usually gets shifted to the department of Gomorrahic deities.

son grows older. God is under the mistaken opinion that bigger is better, and every time someone says "God bless you," it gets reinforced.) and sex are just about the only things left to us that have any kind of blessing on them at all, since so many people have been yelling "God damn it" on so many different objects and events, for millennia.^f

What's worse, people nowadays are in the habit of just sitting down after a long day and saying quietly, "God damn it," to nothing in particular. Given no specific target, God's unfortunate

standard procedure is to send the command out to his randomizers (i.e. God's WRATH⁻), which just adds to the over-all damnedness of today's world. It's another Be Careful What You Wish For situation, only it applies even if you didn't wish for anything in particular.

So keep screwing out there, folks, and don't forget to fulfill your required role when you hear someone sneeze, or we may lose our last bastion of pleasure. God Bless GDT! God Bless Carmen Miranda! God Bless Coffee

Ice Cream!



^f Things in eastern Europe might actually improve if people would stop referring to that whole region as "god-forsaken." And this also explains the general trend of the *Reporter* to go to shit while we have been steadily improving: most RIT students have been chanting "Godamnreporter" as a time honored mantra every Friday (especially when they don't put out an issue) and we've had the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship members praying for our souls since they first discovered we were climbing of our own free will into the proverbial handbasket. Q.E.D.²

² Quite Easily Done

- Warranted Reasonable Anti-human Tribulation Hircine

The God File

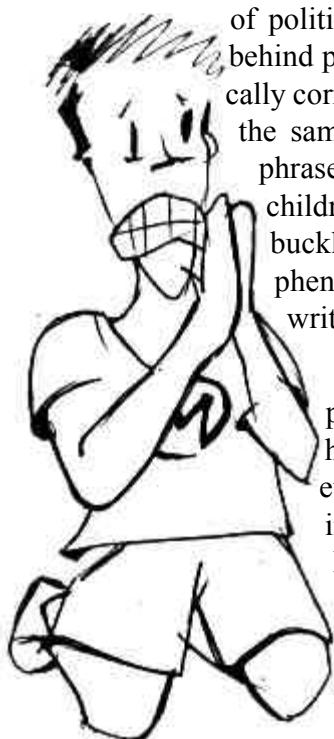
by Sean Hammond *et al.* Illustrations by Marc Nowak. Thanks to Robert Mac Kay, Vol. 1, Iss. 10

In recent years there has been a deluge of self-help books dedicated to the concept of positive thinking. "Think yourself rich," "Think yourself to a better career," "Think yourself into a tight red leather skirt with six inch heels and then straight into bed for profit." You get the idea.

The problem with all these books is the authors have simply cashed in on the concept of political correctness. If you haven't been able to identify the idea behind political correctness, we'll try to clear it up for you: to be politically correct, simply look at something, give it a different name that means the same thing, and attach some kind of negative meaning to the old phrase. What the books call "positive thinking", religions call "prayer", children call "wishing" and the constitutionally incapacitated swash-buckler might call "hope" or "gin." They're all examples of the same phenomena (do, do. Do, do-do? Dodo dodod? How the hell do you write the words to "Mah Na Mah Na"?).

The human mind, you see, is set up sort of like the desktop of a Macintosh computer, with all the cutesy little icons representing rather complicated programs. That's how we think. We think in terms of abstract images which go together to make bigger, even more abstract ideas. One of the many programs that each human desktop comes installed with (including Instinct 7.5, which includes the same features as Instinct 1-7: Eat, Sleep, Run-When-Scared-Or-Punch-It, and Mating, though Instinct 7.5 lets the user multitask) is The God File.

The God File is more like a program than a file, and it has many names; God, Jehovah, Brahmin, Allah, Santa Claus, insert



Chit-Chat Extension

name here, whatever you may address your wishful thinking to. The God File is tied in with all of your subconscious inits that you have running all the time. Freud called them the super-ego. I don't think that there is a human alive that can justify everything they do all the time, and that's because of all the stuff we have running in the background. Little things we picked up as children which we aren't even aware of. In the case of obsessive compulsive individuals, their background inits take up in excess of 20,000 megs.

Anyway, The God File alters your subconscious programming in subtle ways, according to whatever was sent to The God File. Let's say, for instance, you really wanted to do well on a test. That desire would be sent to The God File, which would alter your subconscious behavior and make you want to study more.



Peeing Extension

Unfortunately, The God File can not distinguish between "good" wishes and "bad" wishes. This is the "power



of negative thinking." Every time you think badly about yourself, that concept is sent to The God File, which then does its job. Your behavior is altered so you really do act like a loser; it's a self fulfilling prophesy.

On top of all this, everyone's God File is linked by an Ethernet. So not only is your behavior being altered in subtle ways to help you achieve the goal you have sent to your own God File, other peoples behavior is also altered to help you achieve your goal.

What this all boils down to is what the self-help books have been saying: it's all in your hands. If you want a life of depression and misery, go ahead and think

about one. Think of the worst one you can...cause it will come true; you'll make it come true. If, however, you want a life full of joy and childhood whimsy, think humorous thoughts, learn not to take things so seriously, oh, and read us for a chuckle every now and then.

No one intentionally buys a faulty product, so why choose to live a shitty life?

Random Acts of Email

by Mark Nowak, Vol. 7, Iss. 4

SO I HAD AN EASTER GIG YESTERDAY AT A LOCAL CHURCH, AND BOY, WAS I IN THE HIVE! I MEAN, YOU WALK INTO THIS PLACE AND THERE IS ONLY SEATING ON THE RIGHT AND THE FAR RIGHT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, AND I THINK YOU DO. AS I WAS LEAVING, THE PARKING LOT WAS JAMMED WITH PEOPLE TRYING TO DO THE SAME. SO I WONDERED IF THESE BORN-AGAIN FUNDYS WOULD HAVE THE SAME "FUCK THE OTHER DRIVER AS HARD AND AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE" ATTITUDE IN A CHURCH PARKING LOT ON EASTER THAT SO OFTEN PREVAILS IN ROCHESTER (MAJOR SPORTING EVENTS, RPO CONCERTS, WEGMANS' PARKING LOTS). SURELY THEY COULDN'T BE SO CUTTHROAT? AND SURE ENOUGH AS I PULLED OUT I NOTICED AN ORDERLY MERGING PATTERN INTO THE MAIN TRAFFIC STREAM, ALTERNATING ONE CAR FROM MY LINE WITH ONE CAR FROM ANOTHER. I WAS PRETTY IMPRESSED! UNTIL IT GOT TO MY TURN AND MR. JACKASS FOLLOWED SO CLOSELY TO THE CAR HAVING ITS RIGHTFUL TURN THAT HE SIMPLY BURNED THE EXCESS GAS FROM THE FIRST GUY'S EXHAUST. APPARENTLY HE COULD SEE THE BAR CODE 666 OF MY UNWASHED HEATHENNESS THROUGH MY WINDSHIELD, AND TOOK HIS RIGHT(FUL/EOUS) TURN. NICE GUY. FOR ME TO POOP ON!

Religious Wrong

compiled by Sean Hammond, Vol. 5, Iss. 9

"The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."

—Pat Robertson, a fundraising letter

"I think Pat Robertson is very pro-woman."

—Ralph Reed, on *Meet the Press*

When you drive alone, you drive with Baptists

by Kelly Gunter, Sean Hammond, *et al.* Graphics by Troy Liston, Vol. 8, Iss. 1

“You don’t fuck with the mouse.”

—Harlan Ellison

The day is June 18th, 1996. The location is the Southern Baptists Super Secret Headquarters. Things are getting tense as ultra super-econo-sized conservatism is being dished onto everyone’s plate with a big heap of gravy and a side of curly fries too big for any one man to eat (Shatner voice: “Good God man! Look at the size of that side!”). All in an attempt to get the Southern Baptist’s bouncing ball rolling to boycott Disney because of Disney’s policy toward gays.

And you are there!

Not since McCarthy have there been this many sexually-repressed Bible bearing, baby beating, beaver bonking members of the NRA in one room. And baby, let me tell you that’s a lot of alliteration; not since McCarthy has there been that much alliteration. These are the few, the proud, the potentially dangerous people who will determine *your* future. Yes, children beware: for you stand in the very midst of evil itself. Make sure you wipe your feet before returning to your home.

Endoubleayceepee be damned! This is white boy country. Every way the eye turns, it skims over pasty white men (each coincidentally with the quintessential Rush Limbaugh audience man generic haircut†), with their NORM regulation issued PUDs... Fade out.

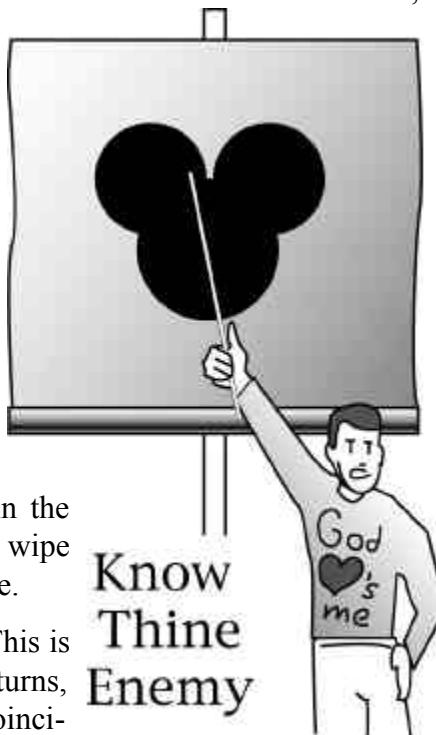
The day is June 23rd, 1996. The location is a small church in the lone star state. There is an unearthly harmony raised by several members of the short—but

ghostly-lumpy headed hooded hordes that are industriously bustling throughout the holy house’s haunts.

“HiiiiiiHoooooooo...”

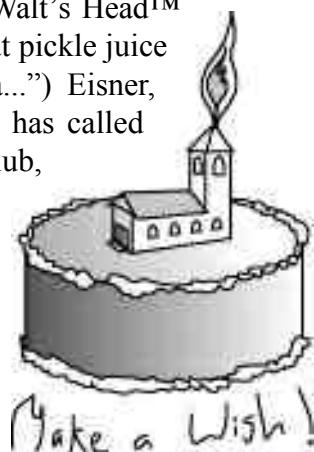
It echoes deeply for an eternity of moments and then a sudden roar of flames, Prometheus gone mad, reaching toward the heavens. Burn baby burn!

Could these two uniquely unrelated incidents be coincidence, or something much more insidious? Survey saaays...insidious.



To help deal with the imminent threat of the aforementioned baby-beaters, Michael Eisner, head of the Walt Disney Corp., has been accessing old Uncle Walt’s (Disney, not Whitman. Give me a break. You wouldn’t catch a reference to *Leaves of Grass* if it was going to crack you in the head.) wisdom using a series of off the shelf Motorola modems wired up to Walt’s cryogenically frozen head.³

Disney’s advice to Eisner comes in the form of broken thoughts and snatches of song...mainly “When You Wish Upon a Star,” “It’s a Small World,” and “Flubber is a damn fine idea.” Using a crack army of washed up dream analysts and the PFN to interpret the bizarre pronouncements of Walt’s Head™ (“Not many people know that pickle juice is good for feline leukemia...”) Eisner, code named “Snow White,” has called out the Mickey Mouse Club,

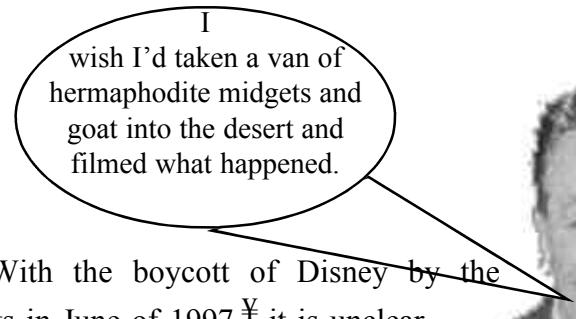


†Short back and sides on both sides, draw no winner.

³On an unrelated note, Walt Disney’s body (minus said head) has been hooked up to power southern Florida since it started spinning around the time that *Mighty Ducks Two* began filming, and is now known as the sixth renewable energy resource. As long as Disney keeps making crappy movies, Walt’s body will remain in perpetual motion. After that nasty mulch of mythological animation dubbed *Hercules* can there be any doubt as to this renewability of this energy source?

code named "the Seven Dwarves," a specially trained assault group. In a project dubbed "Notre Dame," it was their intent to use scare tactics to force the whiny Baptist back down into the hole from whence they came. Arson, used for years to suppress Witches, pestilence, and rational thought, seemed the most effective means of doing it ("Flaming brands can be an effective cleanser for the rectum..."). Their program was such a huge success that the liberal media, always on the side of Disney and gays, was forced to take notice of the significant increase in unannounced Church weenie roasts.

The Seven Dwarfs were even able to indoctrinate thousands of small children world wide to the joys of church burning by orchestrating the scene in the summer of 1996's Disney movie, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* where the entire town is consumed by flame. Using subliminal images of candy bars and Santa drinking Coca-Cola, the scene of the burning of the Cathedral inspired many a tyke (Well, Sean) to scream out in a rock chewing frenzy within the confines of the theatre, "Vive la Revolution!"



With the boycott of Disney by the Baptists in June of 1997,[¥] it is unclear what Disney will do to retaliate. Speculation, much like Richard Simmons, has once again run rampant. Although internal sources are reluctant to release too much information on the planned assault, we did manage to weasel out the code name for their next assault run, "Under the Sea."

Undercover sources indicate that the Pirates of the Caribbean and the Small World animatronic exhibits (now featuring the entire doll cast of Barbarella in the more up to date suspense thriller ver-

sion of the Small World...complete with ethnic backgrounds and interracial turmoil. Watch as the Somalis face off with the Kerds, Serbs, and Israelis to settle the question of who the bigger assholes are.) may be used as weapons of revenge against the Baptists. Using secret nano-technology developed at Epcot, the creepy dolls of the Small World exhibit have been given the ability of self replication, autonomous movement and rudimentary decision making skills^δ (using the same laser technology in Patriot Missiles, Smart BombsTM, and Sagan Memorial Station's yappy dog). This evil army of singing manikins will swarm across the South, driving most Baptists screaming across the Midwest. The remaining Baptists will unfortunately have to deal with the now much more prominent Jehovah's Witness population. Like any ecosystem in which an ecological hole is left, the Jehovah's Witnesses will quickly diversify. Some projections show them quickly evolving into 12 foot "Terror-birds." Capable of reaching up to 70 knots and able to gut a cow with the swipe of a single modified wing claw, their calls of "Have you been saved?" will strike terror into the hearts of men.

It's hoped that many Baptists will suffer and die while crossing Death Valley in a journey we're certain the history books won't be dubbing the Trail of Gears.

For those religiously successful travelers who manage to pass through the desert, drinking the blood and urine of their fallen comrades, they will have to face Southern

California and all of San Francisco's glory that is gay pride. There, thousands of Gay and Lesbian militia men, trained by the newly released and reprogrammed Pirates of the Caribbean, will beat and enslave the dehydrated Baptists. The Baptist females will then be used as sex slaves by dominatrix lesbians, while the Baptist males are not allowed to watch (now that's torture!). After being satisfied, the Baptists, filled with confusing sexual longings, will be driven to the sea and forced to clean up crude oil spills, pick up hypo-

[¥] The first time it was a flag boycott. This time it's full contact.

^δ

- a) Kill
- b) Maim
- c) Maim, then Kill

Pick only one

dermic needles, and constantly take water purity readings of water that is obviously contaminated with human wastes.

Many of these forlorn individuals will end up throwing their tortured souls to the waves to take them where God may. These would be Baptist martyrs will be dragged down to the ocean floor by playful dolphins and sea otters, and offered up as homage to the great animals of the depths. Their mutilated noggins will then be utilized to make the percussive sounds necessary to reproduce the piscine world's biggest musical hit, "Under the Sea."

The year is 2002. The location is Washington DC. Congress has just awarded the now bedraggled group of surviving Southern Baptist members a homeland *and you are there.*

Now they can live their lives free of persecution, sell duty-free cigarettes, open casinos, and try to farm on land yielding only tumbleweeds.

The Pope has recently retracted his early statement in 1998 on the treatment of the Southern Baptists as being, "God's will" and, "...about bloody time." He excused his often vicious criticism of the Southern Baptists by admitting that he has been suffering from a particularly nasty case of religion specific Turrets Syndrome. He then ended his press conference by saying, "The Israelis are a mitochondrial pool of heathen scum and they deserve to be masticated while still alive, but don't anyone worry, because I happened to have a rather nice conversation with God today and he said they'd all be going to hell anyway."



Concept by Kelly Gunter. Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 5.

Random acts of Email

by Mark Nowak, Vol. 5, Iss. 5

SO AS I WAS IN THE HIVE PARKING LOT ON SUNDAY, WAITING TO GET OUT ("ANOTHER HEATHEN'S GONE OVER THE WALL! SEND OUT THE MISSIONARIES!" "CAN WE LEAVE YOU SOME LITERATURE? CAN WE LEAVE YOU SOME LITERATURE?") WHEN I NOTICED A COMPETING BUMPER STICKER TREND SUPPORTING ALLEGIANCE TO EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER OF THE TWO CHRISTIAN RADIO STATIONS IN TOWN. I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING IF THEIR DEVOTION TO THEIR RADIO STATION IS AS RABID AS THEIR DEVOTION TO THEIR GOD ("WGOD, WHERE JESUS ISN'T JUST A DEITY, HE'S YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR"). DO THEY HAVE TO HAVE SEPARATE SEATING AT "WORSHIP" TO DIVIDE THE RADIO FACTIONS? DO KIDS GET INTO FIST FIGHTS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL OVER WHICH RADIO TALK SHOW HOST HAS THE CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF JOHN 3:14.

PERSONALLY I THINK, LIKE THE MOVIE THEATRES, THIS MARKET COULD SUSTAIN ANOTHER CHRISTIAN RADIO STATION. THAT WAY CERBERUS WOULD HAVE THE CORRECT NUMBER OF HEADS ("YAP! YAP! LET US SEND YOU SOME LITERATURE!").

Religious Wrong

compiled by Sean Hammond, Vol. 5, Iss. 10

"The so-called underdeveloped societies are underdeveloped because they are socialist, demonist and cursed. Any attempt to blame the poverty of the underdeveloped world on the prosperity of the West is absolutely wrong.... The Bible tells us that the citizens of the Third World ought to feel guilty, to fall on their knees and repent from their Godless, rebellious, socialist ways. They should feel guilty because they are guilty, both individually and corporately."

—Gary North, Christian Reconstructionist in *Christianity Today*, 2/20/87

(On South Africa) "I think 'one man, one vote,' just unrestricted democracy would not be wise. There needs to be some kind of protection for the minority which the white people represent now, a minority, and they need and have a right to demand a protection of their rights."

—Pat Robertson, "700 Club." 3/18/92



by John Holt, Vol. 11, Iss. 6

Riders of the Apocalypse

by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond. Illustrations by Marc Trzepla, Vol. 1, Iss. 8

For almost two thousand years Christians have spoken of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death. Sure, they served the purpose throughout the centuries, but there are threats which are more frightening: Mediocrity for one. I suppose that Mediocrity wasn't given a very big part in the Apocalypse because, well, an accountant in a high priced suit brandishing a solar powered calculator just doesn't pack as much punch as the others do... but we digress. The time has come to revise The Four Riders and make them more contemporary.

Think of Death for instance. Who really considers death much today, except for Dr. Kevorkian, of course. It's not like the average life span is twenty years any more. In fact, the life expectancy for most women born today is about four times that. Besides, if you do fear death there is always the option of cryogenic freezing. Even if it doesn't actually work just think of all the great gag ice cubes your relatives will have access to. Old Uncle Fred never got that kind of reaction out of people when he was alive.

Then consider War: Sure in actuality it's a horrific experience, but those who aren't involved in it have become the viewing public and the whole thing has turned into a media blitz ("the revolution will be televised"). The world doesn't care who lives or dies as long as they're photogenic. War is a game to us now; if you go down to any arcade you'll realize that. Even our forefathers thought so. Remember the Civil War? The first battle that was fought was surrounded by a lot of wealthy society members from Washington picnicking on the outskirts of the battle field. They came to eat a little potato salad and watch some of their boys fry up a little Billy Reb. Sure war is hell, but as long as you have enough buttered popcorn and Jujubes, you'll never have to worry about it.

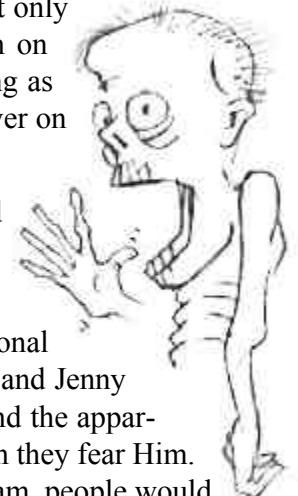
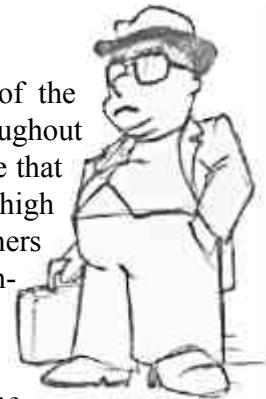
On top of that, WWII proved that war is profitable. Hell, if it hadn't been for Hitler, the worldwide depression of the 1930's would have continued for a great deal longer than it did. Not only does war employ people in the construction of weapons of destruction, but it cuts down on excess population, thereby raising the standard of living. It's a win-win situation!... as long as it's not you who has to die, and in the case of governments, those who are in charge are never on the front line.

Maybe that's what should happen. Think of the entertainment possibilities. It would be like the Olympics. "Live from Geneva: George Bush of the United States versus Saddam Hussein of Iraq in seven rounds of Shoots and Ladders!"

Famine? The American public has something to fear from famine? Lack of nutritional value I can understand, but famine? What's with all those programs like Weight Watchers and Jenny Craig ("Want to be famished or just look like you are?")? With all the waif-like models and the apparent coolness of eating disorders, it seems more like people like the idea of Famine more than they fear Him. Sure, if he showed up on your door step you'd freak, but if he marketed a weight loss program, people would love it.

And Pestilence? Well, this one I have to agree is pretty scary, even today. Although most modern vermin are a lot larger and show a liking toward three piece suits and small boys. The largest concentrations of vermin can be found in Washington DC, large corporations, law offices, hospitals, car lots, and those cheesy road side diners. In many ways, it's hard to distinguish between vermin and those who worship Mediocrity. Pestilence is enough to make one uneasy, and perhaps even enough to make one consider moving to the country, but is it really big enough to fear?

No, Hell is much more subtle. Mediocrity, Indifference, Apathy—those are the ones you really have to watch out for.



You can all Suck my Dick!

by Dalas Verdugo, Vol. 16, Iss. 4

What??? You thought you could fuck with this?? Jigga, is you crazy? You can fuckin' suck it, because Jesus is Lord! That's capital L, fucking o-r-d, mothafuckas. Maybe you somehow got it in yo crack-ass head that you could fuck around with the J-man, but you were dead wrong, you sorry sons of bitches. Jesus will fuck you up. You'll be all sinnin' and shit, and along comes that mothafucka, sportin' his white robe and fuckin' Teva-style sandals, on a mission to FUCK UP YOUR WORLD. Oh, you think you can run? Yous a dumb mothafucka. Tryin' to outrun Jdawg is like tryin' to escape Carl Lewis...times 10, fucknose. Jesus will fuckin' let you think you gots the advantage, then WHAM, that cold bastid be on your ass with a quickness, ready to dispense with the righteous ass-whuppins. Fuck you, fornicatin' assfuck. Me and Jesus be in the church downin' 40s of Maneshevitz, plottin' on how to fuck your shit up. Maybe you'll be at home watchin' Monday Night Football or some shit, when BOOM, you be havin' a heart attack. That ain't no natural causes, jigga. Nah, fuck that, that be me and Hay-seus gettin' our kicks. We laugh at feeble fucks like you tryin' to disrespect our hardcore wayz. Suck my dick. You's a fader and we're not havin it. Maybe you though you could sneak shit by the Prince of Peace, but you were trippin', fool. My boy is omniscient. You know what that mean? That mean he's like fuckin' Santa Claus with a lightnin' bolt. Yo ass be on the ground before you even consider repentin', fukka. Lick my nutz, cause you can't stop us. We won't stop til we're at the top. Know what I'm sayin? Sometimes I try to calm my boy down, like "Yo, J, you gotta cut them sukkas some slack. They's only human." But J just be like "Fuck that, I went that fuckin fo'givness route, but that's out, fool, it's time fo' sinnas ta see my wrath. I'm gonna get Biblical on they ass." I can't calm that fuckka down, so you fools best start runnin'. Cause he comin'. Jesus is dope like fuckin' heroin. Word is bond, the Mighty Councilor is gonna regulate on you, no doubt. You can all suck it, cause Jesus is sick and tired of takin' the fall for you fake fucks. My dog was fuckin' nailed to a cross! You think you can stand up to a hard-knock like that? Yo ass sobs when you get a papercut. Check it, me and J will be chillin' on tha porch, sittin' on the comfy-ass futon that my roll dog made with his dope carpenta skillz, and if we see you ride by in yo Chevette, you's in trouble. Cause it's judgement day, baby, and we at the right hand of the Big Poppa.



J-Dawgg, giving props to his peeps. Rembrandt, on hand to capture the moment, said "J, you got the juice now."

Captional magic by Adam Fletcher, Vol. 16, Iss. 4

Prophecy

by Sean Hammond *et al.* Illustrations by Matt Weaver, Vol. 10, Iss. 8

“The spirits will warn you twice, but the third time you stand alone.”

The end is nigh. Well, maybe not the end, but definitely a major caffofel. We've been measuring things in pyramid inches, reading our Bibles, Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce, Nag Hammandi, the book of Enoch.

The *Weekly World News*. †

And everyone, including that smelly old man who rummages through our trash at three in the morning looking for tin cans and old socks, is saying pretty much the same thing: Benjamin Netanyahu has to die.º

I've asked the CIA to take him out, but they haven't replied to my communiqües. I even asked Santa to deliver the goods, but all I keep finding in my stocking in the morning is coal and switches. Maybe it's because Netanyahu's death at this point in the game really wouldn't affect what's happening. There's too much inertia for one man's death to do little more than be a greasy, yellow spot on the windshield of prophecy.

What Santa and the CIA have both realized, but don't let slip too often, is that killing Netanyahu won't work, because you always need a figurehead for evil. When you lie in bed all day and start on that new Hate Your Way to a Better Butt™ diet, you've got to focus your aggression on someone or you'll never pass that important 50 lb. mark.

Netanyahu is nothing more than a glorified CIA

automaton. If you take the time to think about it, you'll have to agree. No, you'll have to. They'll make you. Trust us.

Born in a foreign country, raised and educated in the United States, debriefed by the CIA, he's just what the US always wanted: the leader of a terrorist infested country to divert people's attention whenever politics on the home front starts to get uncomfortably introspective. Besides, no man his age could remain that attractive while running a country surrounded on all sides by large numbers of people who would enjoy nothing better than to disembowel you and wrap the token tourist Christmas tree with your entrails in honor of multiculturalism. Look at the man's forehead for Yhwh's sake! It's shiny and bright—the metal backing of his skull is coming through his skin. You have to wonder if the CIA developed “Nu-Skin”—that famous aerosol that forms a protective layer

over your last case of road rash—just for Big Bad Ben. Perhaps every morning he gives himself a spritz, but by the end of the day under that hot Middle Eastern sun, the flesh tone wears thin.

Oh! You don't have any idea what I'm babbling on about, do you? Well, I'm talking about the End Times here, folks. World War III, the coming of the Antichrist, the biggest downer in the world. (Hippies: Duuuude) But we got it sussed.

All of the various prophets in the western world have said basically the same thing, but they can't seem



“Hey Everybody!”
“Hey, Doctor Nick!”

† “Satan's head appears in cloud over Chicago.”

º Okay, maybe the man rummaging through our trash didn't say that, but when he keeps muttering, “If you ain't got a penny, then—fghfgh yffg mfmfmf...,” who's to know the difference?

§ Soon to be released in *Cosmopolitan*.

to come to any consensus. I think it's because their all looking at things with different preconceived notions about what they're going to see. To reuse a metaphor that is crying and just wants to be left alone, it's like a bunch of blind men asked to touch an elephant (bad touch) and explain what it's like. One said it's like a large plant (after fondling the ears), another like a snake (after grabbing the trunk), and another like a tree (after getting stepped on by a foot). They're all describing the same thing, but from different perspectives. Luckily for you, the writers of GDT are able to take apparently separate and unrelated information and put it all together for your elucidation. Bear with us and you'll see where we're going with all this. It's funny later on, much like when the organic chemistry professor explains the reaction that produces explosions from cow dung for an hour and a half.

Nostradamus predicted that there would be three antichrists, not just the one that John wrote about while tripping out on mushrooms and moss on beautiful, scenic Patmos. Really, it's quite a bargain. All these years the Christians have been advertising only one Antichrist, but all this time we could get three for the same price. Hot damn!

Anyway, the first antichrist has been fairly conclusively identified by Nostradamus freaks as being Napoleon Bonepart. The second was Adolf Hitler, though he was actually called "Hisler" by Nostradamus. The third, who we'll talk about more in depth later, was also named, but as was often the case with the mystic he used a way to hide who it was (Look for the new Milton Bradley game "Hide the Prophetic Warnings of Doom" soon to be in stores near you).

Eight-balls were originally suspected of being able to bring clarity to the prophecies. In the age of corporate downsizing, however, their capabilities have been reduced to: "Outlook Not So Good," "Definately

Not," "Yes Absolutely," "Reply Hazy," "Ask Again Later," "It Is Decidedly So," "Stop Shaking Me," and that Valley Girl favorite, "Whatever."

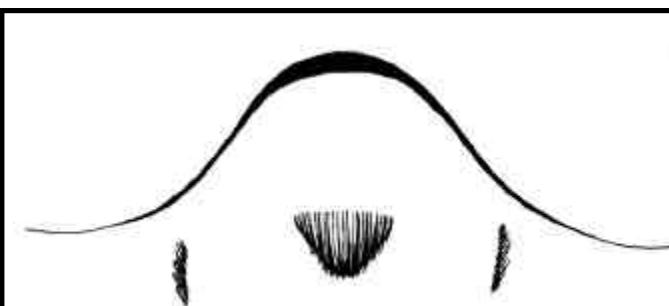
For a long time I couldn't understand why Napoleon would be considered an antichrist. Granted, he was born in the south of France, instituted the "retro" Greek architectural style of Neoclassicism, and his name closely resembles "naepolluon", Greek meaning "destroyer" or "exterminator," but he really didn't invoke images of fire, brimstone, and Christians asking me in a bored voice, "Have you been saved, brother?"

After several hours of thought and a number of carefully timed "hate breaks" (I was on an eight hour road trip to Maine and needed to reduce my love handles. Besides, what else is one to do but ponder apocalyptic prophecy and devote a lot of run time to hating?), it dawned on me that the three antichrists were people who, through their actions, laid the groundwork for the rise of the next.

Take Mr. Bonaparte for example. Prior to him finding the French crown on the ground and picking it up with a sword, there wasn't really much of a sense of nationalism anywhere.

People spoke French, German, Swahili, but the concept of ethnocentrism along these lines hadn't occurred to anyone. Napoleon managed to work people into such a lather over the concept that they spoke French and ate funny-shaped bread that he was able to use nationalism to unite the French for his battles across Europe.

Of course he was defeated, but the meme of nationalism was now able to run amok (amok, amok, amok) throughout the world. When it combined with and corrupted the philosophies of Nietzsche's übermen,^{*} Adolf Hitler was able to create the most effective and powerful war machine the world had ever seen. Borrowing tactics from the people they would persecute the most (presumably to avoid copyright



"Frenchmen, you will doubtless recognize in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, a citizen devoted to the Republic."

-Napoleon, concerning his 'rescue' of the president from grenadiers.

^{*} "Yah we is de supermen. Superdupersupermen." —Spike Jones

lawsuits), the people of Germany banded together under a single fanatic to prove to the world that they wouldn't be pushed around anymore. Without a pear-shaped, jug-eared, unitesticular leader to rile them up about loyalty to the Fatherland, the Germans would have been just another group of xenophobic twats with a large arsenal and more sauerbrauten than you could shake a wet lemur at. Without a moral high ground to stand on or pretty uniforms to wear, any major military campaign is doomed to be unpopular. Fight the infidels, kill the French, wear a snazzy belt and shiny new boots, free the Holy Land, regain what is rightfully the Fatherland's, stop the spread of tuberculosis, kill the French again...even if an excuse has to be made up, there is always someone on a hill,^μ waving a flag.

In the course of Hitler's power play across Europe, several million Jews were slaughtered. Persecuted all across Europe ever since Paul made sure they took the fall for Jesus's death, rather than the Romans Paul was sucking up to, the Jews were homeless and frankly sick and tired of it. The Diaspora was fun while it lasted, but everyone was overtired and just wanted to go home. Unfortunately, the Jews did not have a jug-eared, pear-shaped, unitesticular leader to rally behind, and some other group of gits was crowding up their chosenland.

Luckily for them, it was the British that happened to control the area of Palestine. After a bit of trouble (war) and an argument (more war) a bit of land was carved out (Kids: Very small rocks!) and on 14 May 1948, the nation of Israel was founded.

Following the string of events? For those just joining us and in need of the Cliff Notes *Guide to World Domination*, Napoleon's nationalism is used by Hitler to help provide a reason to murder millions of Jews who the British feel sorry for and give some graz-

ing grounds in Palestine.

Speaking of a people whose land was violently ripped from them and replaced with barren, extra crispy chunks of desert, let's talk about the Native Americans. (Trust us. We're just print, we can't hurt you. We do this a lot.)

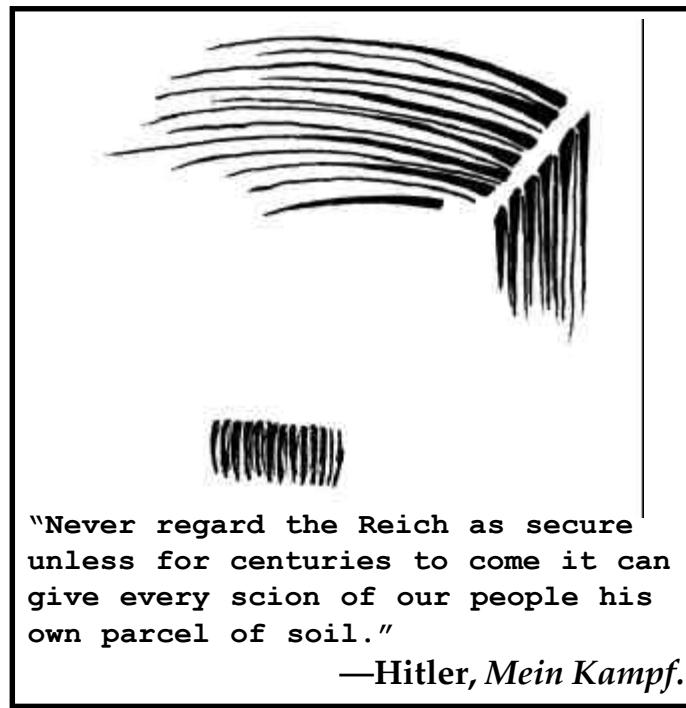
The Hopi, best known for their impassioned pleas in the form of cornmeal and empty liquor bottles (Kids: No deposit in D.C.) for membership of the various Indian Nations in the UN, have an ancient prophecy talking about shakings of the earth caused by the Great Spirit because not all of the world's people are playing nicely. When we attempted to contact the U.S.

Geological Society for a statement on whether there was a connection between LA's tense racial situation and the repeated earthquakes in southern California, they chose not to comment.

Anyway, one social shaking was the first world war, which resulted in the founding of the League of Nations. The Hopi asked whether the Indian Nations could join, but were, of course, berated by the civilized world. The second shaking of the earth was World War II, which brought about the founding

of the United Nations. Again, the Hopi asked whether the Indian tribes could join, but were refused as the United States vetoed their right to enter.

The Hopi are now quite upset, gambling, and drunk off their wazoos, what with prophecy being fulfilled left and right. In their most recent gig at the UN the Hopi identified the international space station as the "great house thrown up into the sky where people live" spoken of in their prophecy and an indicator that the third shaking of the world is at hand. Most disturbing is that mankind has been watched over by the spirit world during past struggles, but in the coming wars, we will not retain our spiritual spectators (it seems they keep losing too many bets). The dead will leave us and



^μ "And Boston shall be a city on a hill, a beacon for all mankind." —John Winthrop. Puritan. Nascent Nationalist.

we'll be alone with ourselves for the first time.

Interestingly, the Hopi identify who will be responsible for the third shaking as one of the first to receive the light of God. In other words, the Jews.

Antisemitism aside, I don't think it's that simple. Nostradamus, as with the other two antichrists, named the third. The name Mabus, however is enigmatic. Many people, grasping for a moral reason to go to war, have pointed out that Mabus backwards is Sadam. Though I refuse to believe that a two-bit dictator is the third antichrist, the Russians must feel otherwise. During the recent military buildup in the Middle East, poor President Boris "Absolute" Yeltsin warned that any military action against Iraq would result in WWIII and a marked decrease in the amount of the best part of the potato his liver would be forced to slog through.

Still, that is too easy of an answer and doesn't fit with the prophecies of others. No, I think that the flipping of the name indicates that one poised against Mr. Hussein is the antichrist. Mr. Netanyahu, a Jew, and the man who has provoked the Palestinians wrath since he took office. He may not be the one directly responsible when Hussein attacks Israel, but he is the antichrist. In this case, it really does take two to start a fight. If one guy is standing in another's way and shouting in their face, "You want a fight? Come one. Come at me," and the other guy swings, who started the fight?

So there will be war. Nothing new there. But contrary to what Edgar Cayce had to say about earthquakes and floods raging across the United States, I'm fairly certain he made a misinterpretation. The coming age is that of Aquarius. As could be guessed from its name, it is symbolized by water and indicated by two jagged lines as a kind of shorthand. Personally, I think the floods and earthquakes are nothing but the prophets way of interpreting the coming age of Aquarius. Floods? Well, duh. It's a water sign, and the earth-

quakes are the jagged lines.

That's not to say that the United States won't get shit on. Quite to the contrary, when bombs start flying in the Middle East, the United States will undoubtedly come to the aide of Israel. Given the massive stockpile of conventional and nuclear weapons the US has, I seriously doubt that any country would openly attack us. However, a few crafty terrorists carrying suitcase nukes and biological weapons could put a major hurting on the US. Besides, who can the United States attack in a terrorist war? It's really a no win situation.

Hopefully, as with other major world conflicts, a new world body will be created. Whether it will be a

totally new organization or a revamped United Nations is hard to say. I can let you know what's on my wish list, though: no veto power for any one nation. Let them all be equal and have their say. I'd also like to see a genuine World Court that actually had the power to enforce its decisions. None of this token judgement shit. If someone is accused of war crimes and doesn't show up for their court date, send in NATO or some world police organization to arrest them with force if necessary. Rule of law.

How will you know that GDT was giving you the straight info? Well, when there is a terrorist attack at the 2000 Olympics in Australia, think back to this article.



"This depends on how Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu acts, because it is known that the problem is nowhere else."

—Yasser Arafat, on this week's peace talks in London.