

# **OR KILL ME!!**

**Heresies, Rants, Sermons,  
Epistles, and Other Foul Words  
of The Good Reverend Roger**



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PART ONE:  
ROGER'S  
SERMONS

Rev Roger Sermon #1:  
A rant/sermon from the Good  
Reverend Roger

*Originally posted January 23, 2003*

Brothers, Sisters, and Others,

I speak to you (or rather write to you) tonight about the dangers of backsliding...For are there not those who go about quoting the Principia and St Wilson the Obscure; and do so having forgotten the message behind those glib words?

To be a discordian is far more than rote memorization of an author's words... It is, in essence, one of the few remaining ways in which a person might be free. To lapse into dogma and the random spouting of anothers word is to deny that freedom! Can I get an "Amen"?

In this new decade, our rights are stripped from us inch by inch, and day by day. We can now be detained (no more fun for YOU, Bubba...Ever) without counsel, our mail and our email can be read sans warrant, and even the so-called "opposition" has caved into this fascism, Eris damn their black souls. They would have ORDER. Law. Regulation. In short, they would have all that we disdain; truly, they would make the WORLD itself grey, had they the power (and they might yet). Will we stand idly by, while our mutant heritage is torn from us? Will we stand around mumbling catchetism from the "holy" books while they make normals of us all? Can I get a "hell no!"?

We MUST act, we MUST sieze our heritage while we still have the space in which to do so; when I was a child, this nation was far, far more free than it is now; most of you do not remember the years before Reagan, when a man might do as he please without fear of pissing in a bottle, when a woman might act as she please without the scorn of her peers...But those happy days are gone, and now we face the End of Fun. WE have the power to stop this, though it be a long fight. WE can put an end to the Grey Nation...But WE must act NOW.

We must throw sand in the gears of The Machine, we must REFUSE to stand up and be counted...and this means more to most of you than it does I, oh great collection of draft-bait. We must do so in a way that attracts attention to our cause, without attracting attention to our SELVES (or it's no more fun, Bubba...see above). We must NOT trust the simpering fools in the "opposition" party, which opposes the current regime only in the fact that the "opposition" isn't getting paid...We must NOT trust to the clergy, or the media, or even the Saints of Eris themselves (with the possible exception of Saint LaRouche the Giddy). WE must do this, and Eris will not help us; for is this not a test of our skill as The World's Glitch?

Now some of you might say that the government itself is worthy of Eris, in that it itself is a study in chaos; to this I reply that it is a monumental work of art, but what benefit an artwork that falls upon you and crushes you flat?

Our forefathers fought for freedom; we...WE must fight for a few yuks. Only this, and nothing more...

<transmission ends>

## Rev Roger Sermon 2: Attack of the Scumsuckers

*Originally posted March 27, 2003*

### **WHO CAN TURN OFF THE ROGER DEVICE?**

*"So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!"*

*--Robert Browning*

*"One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth."*

*--Henrik Isben*

*"My definition of a free society is a society where it is safe to be unpopular."*

*--Adlai Stevenson*

Brothers and Sisters, Uncle Sam needs you! He needs you not for some foriegn adventure, but instead to throw out the cheap hustlers that have poisoned the American Dream. The cheap hustlers who have dragged through the mud that which Abraham Lincoln called, "The last, best hope of mankind"; the same cheap hustlers that have led us to a ruinous war that is leeching away our young, and what's left of the treasury.

In short, cheap hustlers like Donald Rumsfelt, Tom Ridge, John Ashcroft, and of course, GW Bush.

The current "leadership" has taken us from peace and prosperity, to bankruptcy and war, in just two short years. They have appointed more felons (from DUI to fraud artists to SEC

violators) than Warren G. Harding. They have taken us from a surplus to \$300 BILLION in deficit (this year, and that doesn't even count the cost of this war).

They promised to bring "integrity" to the Whitehouse, and yet have proven themselves to be bigger liars than Richard Nixon. The truth is NOT in GW Bush, for he is a fool and a liar.

Bush also managed to hire John Ashcroft, who has proven to be a cross between Adolf Hitler and Lester Maddox. Ashcroft has drafted the PATRIOT Act, and gotten it passed. He has drafted the even more odious PATRIOT II Act (which allows nice things like secret arrests) and it looks like IT may pass. No more fun, kids...EVER.

The war is not going well, and there is already rumbling about reinstating the draft. A resolution to do this is currently in committee in the house.

Are you ready for that? Are you ready to go to Iraq and get dumped into a hell-broth of urban combat (the soldier's worst nightmare), snipers, and suicide bombers? All for the glory of Halliburton (which, *coincidentally* pays Cheney \$1 million a year in "deferred compensation" and of which Cheney owns more than \$10 million in stock), who just "happened to get the Iraq oilfields contract (what a suprise).

No? Well tough turds, kids! Because they ARE going to draft you, and you WILL have to go overseas to fight for an oil company's profit margin...and the shareholders will not care whether you live or die.

Unless...

<End Transmission>

## Rev Roger sermon #3 ...get yer barf-bags, folks!

*Originally posted January 28, 2003*

SOMEONE TURN OFF THE ROGER DEVICE!

(subgenius.com)

*"How bad is John Ashcroft? That depends...How many Anne Franks can you shove into a broom closet?"*

--Reverend Roger, 1/12/03

*"Roger knows the face of degeneracy; he is the owner/operator of an adult theater in Bellewood, IL."*

--Larry the Mountain Monk

*"You guys oughta form a club...and beat yourselves with it"*

--Groucho Marx

Brothers and Sisters, I'm here tonight to tell ya about a VAST, EVIL CONSPIRACY that directly THREATENS America and the American way of life...and for once, it ain't the GOP...at least not TOTALLY. For the GOP is only part of that conspiracy, a small part at that...

Now, you're saying, "Roger, you've finally flipped"...or you're tinkering, "Ah, geez, he's gonna go into a rant on the Kennedy killing, or Area 51, or some such nonsense". You couldn't be more wrong, my friends. While we ALL know that those conspiracies are fun and amusing, they are only distractions from the REAL conspiracy...The Conspiracy of Normalcy! (Henceforth referred to as the CoN)

"Now wait just a Bobdamn minute, Rev...just what the HELL are you talking about?" Well, grab a seat, open a barfbag, and sit back, kids...cause I'm gonna lay it on you...

How many times in our lives have we been told HOW to ACT, friends? How many times has society told us HOW to DRESS? WHAT to LIKE? How many times have you looked at a Cosmo magazine, ladies? Not SKINNY enough, are ya? Guys, you read sports illustrated...Not BUFF enough, are you? Society tells you you're not GOOD enough, but you COULD be, if only you'd BUY what THEY have...

Sometimes they want you to buy a political idea, sometimes a new car, or an exercise machine. A McDeathburger. More insurance. Zit cream. All of them are products...pre-packaged for your CONSUMPTION...which brings me to my next point.

Names have POWER. Real power. When was the last time a politician called you a 'citizen'? When was the last time a corporation referred to us as 'customers'? No, now you are a 'TAXPAYER' or a 'CONSUMER'...Your role in life has been laid out to you...pre-packaged. Your role is to pay taxes...to a politician, that's ALL you are, besides a vote that becomes increasingly meaningless. In the eyes of a corporation, you are even LESS. You are a CONSUMER. Your entire existence is to CONSUME their products...and let me tell ya, Brothers and Sisters, have they got ways to push those products on you.

Witness the average zit-cream or deoderant commercial...what is the REAL message they are pushing on us? This..."If your body so much as gives a HINT of it's natural chemistry, you will be a social PARIAN! An OUTCAST, doomed to become a rejected non-person, doomed to bagladyhood. They've made us ASHAMED of the wonderfully complex machine we use to get our brains around...

But what of those brains? When's the last time you used yours? Sure, it's fun to listen to GOP dittoheads, spouting Rush Limbaugh's last broadcast at you VERBATIM, but tell me, friends, when was the last time you had an original thought? Don't be ashamed, it's a common problem. You are taught all of your lives by the CoN that original thought and freedom is DANGEROUS. You might make a MISTAKE, and everyone will LAUGH at you. You might not be COOL anymore, and then it's a lonely life for you...

Only recently, Brothers and Sisters, has the CoN dared be so OPEN...although John Ashcroft is just a front-man, he's saying OUT LOUD what the CoN has whispered in your ear since birth: "Conform, or ELSE!"...now, however, it's not UNCOOLNESS that you are threatened with, but DETAINMENT. No more fun for you, Charley. Ever.

Now, I'm gonna tell ya a few more things, because folks like me are gonna get shut down real soon, and

<transmission ends>

## Sermon 4; getting over on the bosses.

*Originally posted January 31, 2003*

SERMON 4 -- "What can we do to help you stop screaming?"

Brothers & Sisters & Hermaphrodites, I am here today to do a little SINning! That's right, I am gonna lay down the TRUTH about LYING.

EVERYBODY IN AUTHORITY LIES TO YOU, EVERY DAY. Your government, your boss, the clergy (me too!), everybody. This is why they are IN positions of authority, friends.

Now, earlier this week, I promised I was gonna lay a few helpful hints on you guys as to how to improve your lot in life. Here it is.

LIE.

That's right...lie. On your resume, lie like a bastard. The bigger the lie, the more likely it is to be believed. Round up a few of your friends, get them in on the scheme, and list them as former bosses. When (if) the prospective employer calls, your friend will gush forth about what a great employee you were, and how sorry they were to lose you, etc, etc. Reciprocate for your friends when THEY go looking for a job. Remember, kids, KEEP YOUR STORIES STRAIGHT.

This policy is most useful for those jobs you KNOW you could do. The position of supervisor, as I found (by using the above tactic) consists mostly of bullshytting and playing on the internet for about twice what your employees make. As a

supervisor, I caught an interviewee doing just the above (by luck), and HIRED HIM ANYWAY, for two reasons.

1. He had guts and initiative.
2. A guy with that kind of chutzpah is GOING to liven things up (Hail Eris!)

Obviously, this tactic will not do you much good if you feel the need to be, say, a brain surgeon; it works best to get in on a low-to-middle tier management job.

The best part is, YOU CANNOT GET IN TROUBLE FOR THIS...the worst thing that can happen is that you won't get a job that YOU COULDN'T GET IF YOU WERE HONEST.

Beautiful, ain't it?

As for minutia, such as a college education, etc...NOBODY checks for the validity of your claims. Hedge your bets by getting ahold of a REAL diploma, scan it, edit it, and color print it on parchment (from a local office supply store). Include it with your paperwork...you'll WOW 'em, and NOBODY will EVER know.

I have used this tactic for 7 years...I don't anymore. Why? I now have a REAL resume with REAL management jobs listed on it, so the truth is better than a lie. (until I feel the need to try a new line of work.)

The world lies to you to keep you down...you lie to IT, to raise yourself up. Because, remember, the great Lenny Bruce said, "American society will cripple you, and then arrest you for limping"...But here in the halls of Subgenius Discordianism, we say, "CAST OFF THOSE CRUTCHES, AND CRAWL WITH PRIDE!" CAN I GET AN AMEN?

Or kill me.

## The Good Rev Roger/Sermon #5 What CAN we do?

*Originally posted February 04, 2003*

<protocol/Roger ON>

*"I don't practice what I preach, because I'm not the type of person I'm preaching to"*

--J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

*"He hasn't a single redeeming vice"*

--Oscar Wilde

*"Men who never get carried away should be"*

--Malcomb Forbes

If ya got the time, and the mind, lissen up while I barf this atcha! It's no great news that communism is a failed idea...hell, the firkin' RUSSIANS know this, and they are FAMOUS for failed ideas. But I got news for ya, Bunky... Capitalism has failed us too!

That's right, boys and girls, capitalism has failed us. Sure, it WORKS, but it has failed in the sense that it no longer serves the society that uses it. Most of the wealth has been amassed by a few; free enterprise is a sad joke nowadays. When you think about it, what HAS it done for you, and what has it done TO you? DO your objects of conspicuous consumption give you JOY when you look at them? Does your SUV and your 30,000 square foot house give you that tingly feeling you get when you have great sex or FINALLY rid yourself of the heartbreak of psoriasis? No, it doesn't (if it does, STOP READING NOW! You'll only hurt your head...good

boy)...and it ISN'T GOING TO! No matter WHAT Madison Avenue tells you.

So, we have been trained all of our lives to believe that more is better, bigger is necessary, and there is no tomorrow. We are trained to work like rabid weasels to gain more and more stuff to put in our cages, the same cages we have VOLUNTARILY built for ourselves. And we do so until we die, when we learn that SHROUDS DON'T HAVE POCKETS! A few DO wake up to these facts, and most who do can't handle it; where do you think the Lee Harvey Oswalds of the world come from? Those few that CAN handle the truth are marginalized, of course, by the majority of 'normal' people...'Well-adjusted people'...people who can't wake up to the fact that the clear water and pleasant meadows they have laid down in are actually a clanking conveyor belt leading to the whirling blades...

So what are we supposed to do about it? Should we stand around at Earth Day rallies like sheep? (You know, Earth Day, when the liberals congratulate themselves for being liberal and the conservatives congratulate themselves for fooling the liberals, and everybody in between gets ground into the dust) Should we attend an anti-war rally, so that our futile gestures to a government that no longer cares (or even PRETENDS to care) what we think can IGNORE us, while their lackeys take down our names for later detainment?

I don't think so...

What we're gonna have to do, for starters, is make sure that the 'normal' people DON'T know who we are. Keep your weirdness on the inside, where they can't see it coming. Then, what we ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY have to do is...  
<Transmission ends by order of the council of decent citizens, on the grounds that this is all SO unamerican>

## Rev Roger on a roll! Sermon #6 (or kill me)

*Originally posted Feb 4, 2003*

WHO CAN TURN OFF THE ROGER DEVICE?

*"...And shouldest destroy the destroyers of the Earth"*

--Revelations 11:18

*"Put no trust in the wrongdoers, lest the fire should touch you"*

--The Koran 11:113

*"Go, and never darken my towels again!"*

--Groucho Marx, 'Animal Crackers'

Listen up, chilluns, cause I'm only gonna spew this once! The Democrats AREN'T gonna save you! The Libertarians AREN'T gonna save you! The GOP SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA SAVE YOU! In fact, you won't be saved...Because the problem isn't in the political parties, it's IN YOUR HEAD! Can I get an 'AMEN'?

The fact of the matter, brothers and sisters, is that they are ALL liars, fools, and thieves! That's right, our revolution of so many years ago has been betrayed by the money grubbers who tell us that money IS freedom; that God hates gays and Blacks and most of all, Arabs. Are we just gonna sit here, stewing in our hatred of these bozos who claim to be our leaders? That is the road to perdition, my friends, THE ROAD TO PERDITION, I SAY! Now lissen up, cause this is the important part! You have to shyt that hate, my friends...shyt it on those who have earned it! SHYT YOUR HATE, OR YOU WILL DIE! CAN I GET A 'HELL YEAH'?

Now, the money grubbing b@stards in charge are gonna tell us that we hav to be 'moderate'...they're gonna say, 'rule from the middle', 'be centrist, or no one will listen'...Well, that's horseshyt. You know it, I know it, and THEY know it. They are HOPING that we will FORGET IT? Are we, brothers and sisters? CAN I GET A 'HELL NO'?

That's why we're here tonight, folks! The Freak Contingent is MAD AS HELL, AND WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE! We're gonna toss out the GOP, the Democrats, and that moron from Texas! Right on their @sses! We're gonna get this country back on track, safe for those who made us great...the FREAKS! The MUTANTS! Those who were made as prototypes, and the plans put away afterward for the safety of mankind! The whores in Washington have had their day, BUT THE NIGHT OF THE WHOREHOPPER IS NIGH! Enough with foreign wars, bad sex, lite beer, and regressive taxation! For those who act like they own the place will have to pay the property tax! And that's one tax you DON'T wanna pay when the shyt goes down! CAN I GET A 'HALLALUJAH'?

But what about little Billy, you say? What's little Billy gonna do when those durned liberals put condoms in schools and take his 'junior HSD' badge and gun away? What's little Billy gonna do when we teach him that bigotry is bad and the fair exchange of ideas is good? WELL, YOU SAP, LITTLE BILLY IS GONNA BE A BOBDAMNED HUMAN BEING, THAT'S WHAT HE'S GONNA DO! CAN I GET A 'HELL YEAH'?

OR KILL ME!

(T.A.N.S.T.A.G.I)

<transmission ends>

## Sermon #7

...In which all is explained about the US Gov

*Originally posted February 9, 2003*

Nothing to see here, folks, go back to your homes.

The current actions of our government *seem* to make no sense. They are pushing a war that is, despite the lies of the media, about oil...when oil is cheaper to **buy** than sieze. They are destroying the middle class at a faster rate than Reagan did, and sending our jobs overseas as fast as they can. They are stripping away our rights, and dividing and alienating our long-time allies, such as Germany and France.

None of this makes sense *if you look at it from the view of a republic*. If, however, you look at it from the standpoint of forming an empire, it makes **perfect[/i] sense**.

**1. Our allies are our friends *because* we are a republic. If we change to empire, they will not be happy. Better to set them against each other now...ala Rummy's "old vs new Europe" talk. This will also keep the Euro unstable, allowing the almighty dollar to hold sway as long as is needed.**

**2. If you are simply after oil, it is cheaper to buy than to invade. If, however, you wish to *control* the world's oil, colonizing the ME is a much better solution.**

**3. A middle class prefers a republic to an empire. Better to destroy it now, economically, than to havve it plague the would-be emperor later. Likewise, civil rights are a deterrent to empire. If they are quietly limited, the**

**transition will be easier. Hell, people are getting used to handing over rights...in fact, many *demand* it, after 911.**

**4. Take a look at the [b]Council on a New American Century.** Google search it, and read up on it. Your eyes will pop out of your head. Good thing the Illuminati is just a joke (yuk, yuk, stop it, you're *killing* me!)

If these jokers get their way, they will have killed America...leaving us with Unistat, as foretold by RAW. Not that the majority of low-brow jingoists would care, of course. The TV will keep them perfectly happy, just like always (open up and say "Baaaah!").

I hope this explains things.

## Rev Roger Sermon #8: Wake up & smell the sodium pentathol

*Originally posted Sun February 16, 2003*

*"Where there's smoke, there's fire"*

--J. Allen Hynek, Center for UFO studies

*"Where there's smoke, there's a smudge pot"*

--John Keel, *The Mothman Prophecies*

*"Where there's smoke, there's a big-headed, trans-dimensional soul-eater."*

--Dr. Onan Canonbite, Center for Subgenius advancement

Tonight, Brethren & Cistern, we're gonna talk about FEAR. That ice-in-your-guts, woobly-kneed feeling that you are DOOMED. We've all experienced it, whether it was the time the school bully caught you in an alley, or if it was the time the giant squid got loose in the basement...we've all been there.

But NOW, we as a nation are ALL (almost all) living in fear, to the ridiculous extent of buying duct-tape and poly-sheeting to - get this- *hermetically seal ourselves into our houses!*

That's right! Our chief domestic terrorist, Tom Ridge (head of HSD), has suggested we begin stockpiling supplies and turning our homes into shelters. Well, HOT DAMN AND HALLELUJAH, friends, welcome to the Bobdamned bunker! "That's right, cower in your homes, and WE will defend you!"

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE FRICKIN' SODIUM PENTATHOL, AMERICA! Sealing your house ISN'T gonna save ya! Because the problem isn't an Arab with a flask of VX nerve gas or smallpox, and the problem isn't Tom Ridge and

his frickin' Gestapo, the problem is in YOUR BOBDAMNED HEAD!

Ever since 911, we have been taught to get *The Fear*(tm). And The Fear, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the best way to control populations.

*"Of course the people don't want war. But after all, it's the leaders of the country who determine the policy, and it's always a simple matter to drag the people along whether it's a democracy, a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism, and exposing the country to greater danger."*

*-- Herman Goering at the Nuremberg trials*

A little blood-lust doesn't hurt, either.

So now, the government has given us The Fear, AND they have us convinced that there is nothing we can do to avoid war...WAIT JUST A BOBDAMNED MINUTE! Lemme ask ya, brothers and sisters, if WE can't stop the government from doing ANYTHING, much less START A FRICKIN' WAR, then are we a free republic anymore? You bet your ass we're not!

"But then", you ask, "Just what the hell ARE we?" Well, I'll tell ya, kiddies...We are living under a TYRANT. Yup, it CAN happen here, it HAS happened here, and it WILL get worse before it gets better...and nobody promised it was gonna get better. UNLESS...(I'll let YOU finish THAT sentence).

Or kill me.

(by the way, I was only joking. We are, of course, doomed.)

## Rev Roger Sermon#9: There are no bars or cages.

*Originally posted February 17, 2003*

*"It is a great shock to discover that, in a world of Gary Coopers, you are the Indian."*

--James Baldwin

*"I have the horror of death with the still greater horror of living."*

--Oscar Wilde (In reading gaol (prison), March 10, 1896)

*"Monkey wants the food pellet, monkey pushes the button."*

--The Good Reverend Roger, during a vicious drunk, 2003

Brothers and Sisters, sinners and mutants, freaks and walking glitches, I bid you a good evening. This evening, we are gonna talk about *prisons*.

Now, there are a few different *kinds* of prisons...there is The Big House, The Prison of Toil, and the Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

The Big House, as we all know, is the prison they send you to when you get caught breaking one of *their* rules (Which, as Kafka noted, you can't help doing. The rules are so complex, you WILL break them, every day). We aren't gonna talk too much about this type of prison, because you can see that on any network, though not so much now as the last couple of years...save for this: All of those prison TV shows, "Inside reports", "OZ", "The Big House", ad infinitum, ad nauseum, are there for a reason. The lesson they impart, my friends, is

this: If you get out of line, we'll put you in a cell with people like THESE!

The Prison of Toil, however, is a prison they put you into starting at age 5. You are placed in an unnatural state for a juvenile primate; you are forced to wear clothes, sit in an uncomfortable position, and *stay still* for HOURS while they teach ya the proper art of the Fnord. You are told that you must excel, so you can go to college, where presumably, the Fnords can't get you. Once you get to college, however, you are told that you must continue to toil, so that you can get a good job...you STILL aren't safe from the Fnords. Then, one day, you graduate to the supposed "real world", where you are told that you must now work hard for your parole at 65...because if you don't the Fnords will make you eat dog-food in your retirement...WHAT A SUPRISE! The Fnords don't eat children, they eat *senior citizens*. They lied AGAIN! The problem is, even if you DO follow their advice, you are still screwed. By the time you are paroled, you are too old to enjoy it, and just like real prison, most inmates don't LIVE long enough to GET parole. What can you do about this? How can you escape THIS prison, which has no bars (though many inmates DO have cells, or cubes as we call them)? Well first, you have to escape the REAL prison, The Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

The Prison of Your Frickin' Head is the worst jail of all...As G.G. Gordon once said, "Where can you run, where can you hide, when the man in blue is on the INSIDE?" This is the prison from which very few people get out alive. There is NO parole, and you will spend all the days of your life inside it, should you not escape. This is the prison built for you by those around you, with your *willing help*. It is done in the following fashion:

1. You are convinced by society that you are not good enough, and that all of your accomplishments so far have been GOOD LUCK. You will be found out for (as RAW said) the "no good shit" you are. The only escape from this is ego-training, or stupidity. Most talented people think, deep down inside, that they are frauds. Most utter fools consider themselves gawd-like. Go figure.

2. You are told by society that *they* are watching. Just who *they* are is never made clear; but it IS made clear that *they* had better not catch you in any funny-business, or you are screwed. (Of course, *they* are the Fnords)

3. You are taught to "fit in", one way or the other. Either you fit in to the mold the establishment sets up for you, or you rebel...and most rebels tend to fit into one group or another (Goth, Punker, New-age bliss zombie, Discordian, Subgenius, etc)...and if you aren't careful you fall into the *conformity of non-conformists*. If you don't dress a certain way, or mouth the correct ritual sayings, you are obviously a "normal" or a "grayface"...Despite the fact that the weirdest freaks, the truest Yeti, usually BLEND RIGHT IN!

So what do we do about it? How do we escape? We escape SYSTEMATICALLY. You don't saw each bar a little at a time, you whack each bar out, methodically...thus:

1. For the ingrained failure complex, use ego-training. Not that "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough" affirmation shyt, either. No, you are *superior*. This is proven by the fact that you even noticed the cage in your head at all! When you look in the mirror, don't THINK there are no flaws, KNOW there are no flaws. When you screw up, screw up *catastrophically!* ROLL IN YOUR MISTAKES! WALLOW IN THEM, AND LEARN FROM THEM. Most "normals" will start *wars* to avoid admitting they made a mistake. Don't fall into that trap. When

you are no longer afraid of mistakes, you will make less of them, and you WON'T CARE about the ones you still DO make.

2. There is no *they*. You've been lied to, all these years. THERE ARE NO FNORDS! There never have been. The cage is only in your head, there is no warden, and we are all free, should we realize it. It's all a colossal LIE. Now, most people are *afraid* of freedom. They might make a *mistake*...for that, see #1. As far as getting caught and going to The Big House, well, if you can't outwit the morons who run the system, then you aren't much of a Yeti after all, are you? LIE to them, SMILE in their face, and KEEP YOUR BOBDAMNED MOUTH SHUT AFTER PRANKS! He who kicks society in the crotch and shuts his mouth, usually lives to kick it again tomorrow.

3. DON't worry about fitting in. Just because you LIKE to dress like a Goth, for example, doesn't make you a conformist...provided that's REALLY why you do it (as opposed to seeking acceptance from Goths). If you say to yourself, "Is my image perfect today", you are probably screwing up. If you say, "Cool" when you look in the mirror, you're probably ok...the best rule is, if you are BEING YOURSELF, don't sweat it.

Or kill me.

SERMON 10  
MISSING



## Rev Roger Sermon #11: Land of the Yahoos

*Originally posted March 5, 2003*

*"War hath no fury like a non-combatant"*

--E.C. Montague

*"Where they have made a desert, they call it peace"*

--Tacitus

A German proverb states that, "In time of war, the devil makes more room in hell". Well, friends, I suggest you reserve your room *now*, before the rush.

With the likes of those who are currently earning their eternal torments, you will NEED a reservation.

Donald Rumsfeld, for example, already has so much blood on his hands that he has forgotten what it smells like. From selling Saddam 800 liters of anthrax seed-stock in the 80's, to his ideas on moving MX missile silos as close to population centers as possible, this walking abomination already has HIS burning pit laid out.

He is FAR from being the worst criminal in the administration. The entire cabinet is a virtual "who's who" of the criminally insane. Powell was involved in the attempted cover up of the My Lai massacre of 1968, Cheney sold Saddam chemical equipment from 1996-2000, and Karl Rove...Well, you get the point.

"Now hold on, Rev Roger", you say, "This ain't a political site!

This here's a *discordian* site! What the hell are you doing getting all political on us?"

Well, I have bad news, kids. The Man doesn't CARE if you like haiku or word association. He doesn't CARE if you are a free thinking poet who likes a little chaos. He doesn't even care that you haven't had your rightful share of prairie squid yet.

He's gonna draft ya *anyway*.

That's right, kids! Once the war is over and the occupation begins, Uncle Sugar is gonna need a lot more sniper-bait, more meat for the grinder, grist for the mill. Kids are gonna be expected to give their all, maybe even their lives, for their oil company...Oops, I mean their country. And guess who those lucky kids are? Well, if you are living in America, and you are between the ages of 18-30, that means YOU are those lucky kids! Actually, the draft age is 18-36, but the army likes 'em young.

THAT'S why the Good Reverend is so political.

These are dangerous times. While America *seems* strong, it is actually like a mighty oak tree that has been struck by lightning. It's still plenty strong on the outside, but the inside is dead. The fundamental strenght of America is Americans...and those are mighty thin on the ground right now. What we have instead is the Dittoheads...the Rush Limbaugh fans.

We think you know who we're talking about, Mister CNN anchorperson, SIR! Miss "If there's a war, the stock market will go up", MA'AM! Mister "If you are against the war, you're un-American", SIR!

Damn straight. These "good Americans" who are howling for war are NOT the people who are going to have to go fight it.

Why the hell should they? They have YOU for that, or at least for the occupation (which, incidentally will be headed by an interim government led by an American civilian, apparently). They will (supposedly) enjoy an economic boom caused by the war (although the economy went DOWN during Gulf War I) while you get your ass shot off in Basra, while you hold down the natives so that Standard Oil has time to suck all the Iraqi oil out of the ground.

Sound like crazy talk? Yup, it is. So make sure you line your Kevlar helmet with tin-foil, so you don't have to think about these things while you scratch your sand-fleas and wonder where the next suicide bomber is coming from.

Or kill me.

<transmission ends>

## Rev Roger Sermon #12: Eulogy for a Diseased Mountain Monk

*Originally posted March 5, 2003*

Word has come down from Colorado that my old friend and associate, Larry (aka: The Mountain Monk) is now presumed dead, having been missing for 7 years. Larry was a true Discordian saint, though he never considered himself a Discordian at all. It was he who taught me how to destroy every toilet in a building through jaking the plumbing; it was he who was, in fact, forced to move to Colorado because of a prank gone awry in Illinois (which led to the downfall of the mayor of a major Chicago suburb).

I met Larry in the middle of the Reagan years, just about the time the Gipper was cracking down on just about every type of fun. Those were bleak years; the TV preachers dictated morality, Nancy Reagan had just started her "just say no" campaign, the idea that sex=death was still sinking in, and Ed Meese (Reagan's attorney general) was on a rampage against sex, pornography, and the sex industry. You could get 5 years in the big house if you were caught with a prairie squid, and if you had BIG, RED STRAPS you were just shot out of hand.

Larry, however, never seemed to let any of this bother him, or even slow down his vile excesses and insane behavior. The only effect all this Nazi jabbering had on him was to instill a deep yearning for revenge in him. He started off with disabling every photocopier in town (remember, this was before the internet and any powerful PC equipment of any kind. Photocopiers were expensive, large, and rare.) by lifting the rubber mat that served as a cover, and crazy gluing it shut. He then moved on to booby-trapping ATM machines by covertly

crazy-glueing the enter button (the yuppie behind him in line became *instantly* bonded to the machine. From there, he branched out into serious information-system jaking.

He continued on until the fateful Jake in 1991 that led to his flight and exile in Colorado. By this time, this crazed maniac had gotten both of us thrown in jail a couple of times, and had made a name for himself with every law enforcement agency in the state. They could never pin anything on him, however, and he was always one step ahead of them. He was a mutant, a genetic sport who never could fit in, and he was gonna make society pay for it.

Larry is gone now, and Reagan is too. Ed Meese is a flunky on a bank board somewhere, having served his debt to society for his incredible corruption. All of the TV preachers have self-destructed except Jerry Falwell, who is the new president's friend and confidant (the HORROR). We now have a brand new crop of fascists with names like Ashcroft, Ridge, and (of course) GW Bush. Where, I ask, is Larry the Freak now that we finally need him?

Larry: If you read this, I have only one thing to say to you. DON'T COME BACK, YOU FREAK! YOUR KIND WE CAN DO WITHOUT! WE NEVER LIKED YOU ANYWAY! YOU STILL OWE M MONEY, YOU BASTARD! IF YOU SEE ME COMING, BUBBA, YOU BETTER RUN, BECAUSE

<end transmission>

## Rev Roger Sermon #13: The sit-com rant

*originally posted March 6, 2003*

Television has always brought out my darker side...I have never been able to tolerate prime-time programming, and sit-coms in particular fill my heart with hate. Their central message is that dysfunctional people are amusing, and that cruelty is funny...but no matter how dysfunctional or cruel you are, it's ok if you are dressed *just so*.

Whether it be *Sienfeld*, *Raymond*, or *Friends*, this ethic is pushed on us. On the rare occasion that I watch TV, I feel a deep yearning, a *need*, to slap the blue Jesus out of SOMEBODY. It wasn't always this way...

Back in the 70s, we had a rash of socially conscious comedy programs. *All in the Family*, for example, advanced race relations by at least a decade, simply by making bigots (particularly *apologist* bigots) look like idiots. NOBODY wanted to be compared to Archie Bunker, and that name remains an epithet to this day. *M.A.S.H.* managed to be funny at the same time that it sent a powerful anti-war message, and *Welcome Back Kotter* carried the message that not all inner-city kids were thugs. Compare these examples to *Sienfeld*, where the protagonist gets laughs from constant cruelty...attacking an old lady for a loaf of bread, in one case.

The 70s were the post-Vietnam/post-hippy era; the ex-hippies had developed such a cynical attitude that the decade was referred to as the "Me Generation"...and Vietnam had left a distrust of elected officials. Despite all this, there was a feeling

that the battles of the 60s had been worth it. Racism was in decline, poverty was shrinking (despite a bogus energy crisis), and war was viewed as *vulgar*.

This all ended when Reagan brought his John-Wayne act to the Whitehouse...and in retrospect, there were signs that the tide was turning for the worse. A new sit-com came out, one that was a harbinger for things to come: *Three's Company*. This show tried to keep the zaniness of the 70s shows, but used embarrassment and humiliation as it's vehicle. "Mister Roper", the landlord, was one of the prime characters, and was constantly calling his wife ugly and stupid, with the laugh-track playing along. The central gag was that "Jack Tripper", one of the main characters, had to pretend to be gay, to stay in the apartment with the women...had to *pretend to be gay*, as if this were a serious stigma (which it had not been in the 70s...but this would change in the 80s). This program set the tone for sit-coms until this day; the basic formula has changed, but the idea of humiliation as humor has remained...and we have been brainwashed into laughing at it.

You can tell an awful lot about a man by what he finds funny. The correlation between the churlish humor on TV for the last 24 years to the vicious, money-grubbing, "you must lose for me to win", attitude in America is perfectly clear. Television is arguably the single most powerful influence in the average American's life, and it has been ill-used. We have raised an entire generation to believe that brutal sarcasm is the height of humor.

Then, of course, we complain about the "children of today", as if it weren't our own fault.

Or kill me.

## SERMON #14

# A Heart Full of Hate

*Originally posted April 13, 2003*

My friends, I am here tonight to preach a little HATE. That's right kiddies, hate, fear, loathing, and malice. Not, however, the sissy kind of hate espoused by the conspiracy, the "I hate my job", "I hate my boss", or even, "I hate anyone whose interpretation of the bible differs from my own" kinda hate. I am talking, brothers and sisters, about a *pure* hate, and a hate directed to those that *deserve it*.

You may ask, "Why Reverend Roger, WHO could POSSIBLY deserve such antipathy?"...Well, I'm here to tell you: Those that have thrown away their freedom and their humanity for a counting house stub; those who have thrown those away for a temporary "security" that the government cannot provide, even if they wanted to.

Hunter S. Thompson called my generation "a generation of swine", and he was right. Big bellies, thin necks, fat wallets, and small brains are the dominant characteristic of the 30-45 year old grayface. There are men who were born to be slaves, and men who were born to be free; much of America falls into the former category today. I do not hate them because they ARE slaves...I hate them because they CHOSE to be slaves. There is nothing more contemptible to a free man than a man who has given his freedom away for ANY price.

In all fairness, of course, many were brought up from birth to be slaves. Between the damn TV and the paulist religion that is passed off as christianity, they were *conditioned* to be chattel. This, however, is not really an excuse; all free men today are

the descendants of slaves who chose to be free, whatever the cost. That these swine would throw that away is a slap in the face of the founding fathers; and in this we are no different than the ancient Greeks, who had a constitutional republic, and threw it away in favor of the tyrants.

So I say unto you, be not merciful to the grayface slaves. They have made their choice, and now they must be made to suffer for it, as an example to future generations who decide that free will is too much of a bother, that liberty is too scary and dangerous.

Smite them. Smash them.

227 years of patriots DEMAND it.

Thank you, and good night.

Or kill me.

<transmission ends>

## Rev Roger Sermon #15: Life in the age of DOOM.

*Originally posted March 8, 2003*

It has been said, and may even be true, that this is the generation of doom. Nobody really wants to think about this kind of thing, but sometimes, you just can't help it.

Your beer is flat, your frop is moldy and will not light, there is no haggis to be found, and the voices in your head simply *will not shut up*. At times like these, it is usually safer not to look around you too much...for this is when the fnords are out.

This is when even you, as a discordian, are vulnerable to what the greyfaces fall prey to every day of their miserable existence.

This is when you notice that the world has *always* been at war, most people will slave away til the day they die (and think that this is a good thing), and you'll notice that the people who are trying hardest to be "different" *are really the same as everybody else, with a funny haircut*.

What to do? What indeed...

You *could* lash out at society, but what will you accomplish?

You could *ignore* society, but rest assured, it will still ignore you...as it crushes you underneath it.

You could *run away* from society, but where to run TO?

You could get on the internet and post jokes, and pretend that this shows that you are one of the enlightened ones...but who are you really fooling?

Or...you could ignore the fnords, realize that none of the above matters, and get on with things. The fonrds *aren't real* after all, and only work on you if you let them. You could actually DO something about the condiion of the world in general and/or in particular, by locating similar people (un"diagnosed" Discordians), and getting them in on the act. You'll feel much better, and you will ignore the conspiracy, because it can't hurt you if you know the fnords aren't real, and you will be perfectly enlightened and actually happy and you won't even realize it when the hammer comes down on your head.

WAY TO GO.

Rev Roger Sermon#16:  
MISSING  
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## Rev Roger Sermon#17

# What have you DONE lately?

*Originally posted May 27, 2003*

Brethren and Cistern, the great Lenny Bruce once said, "American society will cripple you, and then arrest you for limping"...But we here at the Church of the Subgenius (Discordian) say, "CAST OFF THOSE CRUTCHES, AND CRAWL WITH PRIDE! You can CRAWL AGAIN!

That's right, my fellow freaks, mutants, deviates, and wannabes, we have finally reached that Kafka-esque nightmare in which, due to the overwhelming complexity of the law, you break the law every day, whether you intend to or not! What most people fail to realize is this; they cannot watch everyone, all the time. There are simply too many people...so they get the ones that stand out. Those who dress funny, act funny, smoke funny stuff, or just plain LOOK GUILTY.

The world we live in is now nothing more or less than a giant prison, in which we shuffle around, trying to avoid the attentions of the wardens.

Are you gonna stand for that? Of course you are, because the CoN has become too big to smite! So what, my friends, can we do?

What's that you say? "Well, Reverend Roger (those of you who know me say), you always bitch about how bad things have gotten, but you never offer solutions!"

That changes today. Today I offer you CONCRETE answers

on how to avoid the "wardens'" eyes long enough to tunnel out of the yard.

**First**, learn to blend in. Your edgy haircut may impress the Goths (or any other so-called "rebel" group of conformist-nonconformists), but as the Ashcroft era steamrolls along, it's just gonna get your nuts in a vise the first time you get caught monkeying with the system. Face it, the bodypiercings/tattoos/blue hair is gonna stand out like a sore thumb when the cops are trying to figure out just WHO in a crowd might have been the one that shot a strawfull of itching powder into their squadcar. On the other hand, if you look just like everyone else on the outside, it's harder to see the evil genius on the inside. Stay off their radar scopes.

**Second**, the CoN is just too large to smash, so don't get carried away. Go with the flow, and look for weak spots to exploit. The system is riddled with loopholes, and these can be exploited easily, once you know them. Why try to push the monolith over, when you can trip it? (To be honest, even this won't really do TOO much good, but at least you'll keep them wondering and keep their maintenance weasels busy for a while.)

Prime areas for loopholes:

1. Paperwork. This is the achilles heel of the Great Grey CoNspiracy. Even at the LOCAL level, the papertrails have become so complex that NOBODY understands them completely. Use your imagination...Call your local county election board, pretending to be a state election official, and demand forms/papers that don't exist. Make it sound like they are gravely in error, and possibly in trouble. If you are a guntard, buy and sell a single gun back and forth every day...file all the correct forms. Convince others to do the same. If even a few pairs of people do it, you will so thoroughly (and

legally) booger up the local ATF office that they will probably fall behind and get snarled up hopelessly. Sell the gun for a dollar, so as to avoid taxation on this jake.

2. Try to start pissing contests between local churches. Use your imagination...and don't feel bad, they're all a pack of heathens, anyway.

3. Order food at a drive through (when it's busy), and then jump out of line and drive off before you get to the pay window. This will utterly, totally bollix them up beyond belief (especially if they don't notice it, which they usually won't)...and it isn't gonna cost the poor minimum wage drones who work there a thing. Rubber/synthetic vomit in the dining room works even better (of course, REAL vomit would be perfect).

4. Make massive deposits of pennies at your local bank, on Friday afternoon.

5. Plant a mason jar of "seeds" in the municipal gardens. If they actually get to sprout, call the local press (ANONYMOUSLY!) and act outraged that the local government is growing their own stash. Be very indignant about it...and rest assured, it WILL make the papers.

6. Use your imagination. I just thought of these in 5 minutes. You creative little buggers should be able to do FAR better, given days or weeks to think about it.

TIP: Google-search the Patriot and HSD acts. Learn them well, and avoid any act which might fall under them...or it's no more fun for you, Bubba...ever.

Now, none of this is gonna derail the conspiracy...frankly, it will hardly even notice...but you will have increased the

amount of local chaos, and you will have pleased Eris and/or "Bob".

**Third**, SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH. He who kicks society in the cojones and shuts his bloody gob about it, stays free to do it again. If you are doing this for the admiration of others, then your Bobbie-ass is gonna get what it deserves.

That's all for now, kids. I hope to write a little more later, as time and weirdness permit...so get out there and make the Greyfaces uneasy.

Or kill me.

# Rev Roger Sermon #18: DOOM

*Originally posted June 13, 2003*

"It wasn't me, the midget was on fire when I got there!"  
*--Rev Roger, to the mean religious cop who busted my friend's bachelor party in 1989*

"DOOM. It's not just for the poor, anymore."  
*--Larry the Mountain Monk, just before his disappearance in 1996*

"Put food on your family"  
*--President George W Bush, 2000 (no shit)*

Doom is a subject that most people aren't comfortable with. Bring it up at a party and you will soon be drinking alone; mention it on the subway, and police will ask you all sorts of embarrassing questions.

Yet it is becoming impossible *not* to think about it, as the Bush years drag along. Whether you are concerned about your job, your liberty, or you (or your children) getting your ass shot off in a desert nation for reasons that no one, not even the president, can adequately explain, the Bush Era has something for you.

The twenty-somethings of today *are* a doomed generation, make no mistake. ALL of America has *The Fear* now, but my generation can remember a time when this wasn't so. Sure, we had Reagan and the Iran/Contra scandal, and Ron and Nancy's

"War on Drugs", Meese's "War on Pornography", and a million other "Wars on un-Christian Shennanigans", but we *knew* it couldn't last. The perpetrators were simply too old to carry on much longer, or too corrupt. And we were right: Reagan is a drooling vegetable, Big Ed Meese wound up on the wrong end of a driving range with the ghost of Spiro Agnew...and the greatest hammerhead of them all, John Wayne (known as a Real American Hero, because he beat the living sh\*t out of everything he couldn't understand) is 6 feet under.

What we failed to see was that they trained their successors well during their time in the wilderness, when the Big Dog was running the show, and doing truly spectacular things with cigars and plump young interns.

The happy-go-lucky days of the Clinton Era are gone now, swept away by the events of both 911, and the Bush administrations' absolutely insane policies of supply-side voodoo economics and Gestapo organizations such as HSD. The fun is over, kids, and it ain't coming back anytime soon...nor is it intended to.

Think about it: Why is Ashcroft chasing head shops (busting the likes of Tommy Chong in the process) over fricking *marijuana* while Al Qaeda regroups? Simple. They don't *want* to interfere with AQ's regrouping. AQ was good enough to come along on 911 and give Bush a mandate (try to remember what a joke he was BEFORE 911). I am sure that Ashcroft is feeling *confident* that there will be another "event" just prior to the 2004 election...Which will, of course, be "suspended" due to the emergency.

Are you ready for that?

Are you ready for El Presidente for Life Bush? Are you ready for the death of the republic, liberty, and the bare possibility

that the fun might *ever* come back? Remember, friends, that the odious "PATRIOT Act was passed in October 2001, during the height of our national nervous breakdown. After ANOTHER such event, the Expanded Security Act of 2003 (aka: PATRIOT II) is a shoo-in. Say HELLLLLOOOOOO, secret arrests and warrantless searches, and GOODBYE to the 4th amendment. We have chain link compounds for freaks like you, and anyone who objects is OBVIOUSLY a terrorist sympathizer; just as anyone who objected to our little adventure in Iraq was instantly labelled a "Saddam-lover". And we have WAYS of dealing with sympathizers...

Trust me on this; I *know* the face of Doom, for I am the Right Reverend Roger, Minister of Bubba's Salvation Church and Rib Shack(tm), and I speak directly with The Man.

*Hey, it worked for Oral Roberts...*

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger Sermon 19: \_The Sermon on the Roof.

*Originally posted June 27, 2003*

(We didn't have a "mount")

"The problem with America is not in our heads of state, but rather in the state of our heads. The current scumbags in office are a symptom, not a cause."

*--Rev Roger, spoken to the Lampreys in 2002.*

The tide brings in many strange and hideous things, both here and in Newfoundland, where I grew up. There is simply no hiding from it; the tide may sweep away the garbage left on the beaches by ignoramuses, but it always gives you back worse than it got. The ocean *never loses*, whether it be the actual ocean, or the ocean of world opinion...and that's bad news, for mid-America is not ready for a bloated and rotten giant squid washed up in front of its cabana-house, like some bizarre and unnatural abscess of the nation's spirit...horrible, horrible. George Bush may *think* he can stop it, but King Canute knew better.

Looking down from Ken's roof in one of the marginal neighborhoods of Chicago, the streets are awash in the tide. The weekly meeting of the "Ever So Secret Order of the Lamprey" is an island of calm in the City of the Grayfaces...looking into the tide-drenched streets, you can see the Grayfaces drowning amongst chunks of tyranny and terrorism, with strange bits of Americana and the flotsam of the broken spiritual icon that is Uncle Sam. The oddest part is, the

Grayfaces do not know they are drowning, and if you told them, they would look at you like you were crazy...they *like it*.

Passers by (the building Ken owns is only 3 stories tall, and the meetings are usually held in the courtyard) are annoyed by the noise - they would be *horrified* at the sight...dozens, sometimes hundreds, of people getting weird kicks from things they'll never understand. These "normal", so-called "well-adjusted" people would never be able to handle or even understand the Lampreys; at best they would dismiss them as neo-hippies or insane degenerates, and completely miss the point. They would not be suprised to learn that a few Lampreys are homosexual, and they would point this out as somehow being *proof* of degeneracy.

But so what if it is? "Normalcy" and "sanity" have done a piss-poor job of steering American culture up until now..and if Lamprey is an indication of rebellion, a scout on the first wave of a new counter-culture, so be it. The nation and it's people are in desperate need of anything to unclog their collective bowels, and if Lamprey gives them a case of encopresis, then mission accomplished.

Looking down again, I wonder what the hell is wrong with Grayfaces anyway? Were the *born* deficient? Or have they had the fun and the wonder of life spanked out of them by Adam Smith's "invisible hand"? It truly makes you wonder how John Q Public faces each day without throwing himself into the river out of sheer self-disgust and despair.

But the fire is up, and the steaks are on the grill. Ken has started playing the theme song, and the event is about to begin...so, looking down for a last time, I leave you all with a passing thought: *There, my friends, but for the grace of "Bob", go you and I...*

Or kill me.

Rev Roger Sermon#20:  
MISSING  
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## Rev Roger Sermon #21: Leeetttts get ready to Rummmmmmmble!

*Originally posted July 29, 2003*

"These 'rebels' all think they are different...yet they get ground up, just like everyone else."

--Larry the Mountain Monk, in 1985.

"Act like a dumbshit, and they will treat you as an equal."

--Ivan Stang

Well, kids, it's just about that fucking time, isn't it? Time to look around you and see that your haiku hasn't saved you, Zen Buddhism hasn't saved you, and Eris isn't even INTERESTED in saving you...the short and skinny, chilluns, is that *you aren't going to be saved*. That's right! You are SCREWED, BLUED, and TATOOED!

You see, OTHER religions will tell you that things will be okay...even when they *know* that you are doomed. "believe in us, and OUR version of the Big Juju", they say, "and you WILL be saved!"

But we know better, don't we, kids?

You AREN'T going to be saved, things AREN'T going to be ok, nothing is EVER gonna get better, and NOBODY is gonna help you except YOU. It's too late to compromise with the CoN...things have gone TOO FAR. The damage to the social contract is TOO GREAT.

Now, the Right Reverend isn't going to wimp out on you, like the others will. I'm gonna tell you the TRUTH, brothers and sisters! The REAL DEAL, the INSIDE SCOOP:

**You are all slaves, fodder for the powers that be, grist for the dark satanic mills that manufacture hell on Earth.**

Yeeeeeeeah, that's right! The only question the mighty, mighty Rev has for YOU is this: What in HELL are YOU gonna DO ABOUT IT? YOU, not the other guy! Not your political party of choice, not your favorite "celebrity activist", snivelling his/her way from one photo-op to another!

Another truth from the mighty Rev: Most of you aren't gonna do SHYT! That's right! You'll TALK about it, when you aren't too busy convincing yourself that playing "two words" makes you a BOBDAMNED "Discordian"! THAT'S NOT CHAOS! That is NOT the work of our Lady!

That's right. Poetry isn't going to do a damned thing! You live in a culture where *opiates are the religion of the masses*, where TV replaces original thought, the internet has replaced action, and we can alllllll forget that anything is wrong, right until the frickin' wrecking ball drives us right through the brick wall!

Now, the Good Reverend COULD tell you WHAT to do...but that would be CHEATING. He will say, however, that you had better do SOMETHING, ANYTHING, while you can. Piss on the machine! Do something truly grotesque ONCE IN YOUR LIFE! You're DOOMED anyway! TEAR THE FILTHY THING DOWN!

**CAN I GET A WITNESS???**

*The Good Reverend is back in action, and ready to rumble. Be warned.*

# Rev Roger Sermon #22: The Machine

*originally posted August 1, 2003*

Brethren & Cistern, I have more than once referred, in my mad rantins, to "the machine"...never dreaming that some people had no clue what the hell I was talking about.

So the Good Rev is gonna tell ya...

The machine is the "grey" in "greyface"...it is the rude clerk at the DMV...it is the arsehole manager at your job who goes out of his way to deny you slack.

*Whoa, Rev, that's not the right way to say it...those are only symptoms. Right, right, lets get to the MEAT of the matter.*

The Machine, friends, is what happens when the power blocs that control your life no longer have direct control over *themselves*...when they all begin to merge into one massive, slack-draining monolith that CANNOT be directly struck, because it doesn't actually EXIST.

For example, politicians now rely on Madison Avenue to get "elected"...and Madison Avenue requires money. Enter Megacorp(maybe even the same scummy company you find yourself working for), who will be happy to provide the "candidate" with enough money, as long as the candidate is willing to repay the favor in the form of legislation that benefits the megacorp.

Old hat...UNTIL NOW: The megacorp paying for the candidate's campaign ads ALSO OWNS MADISON

AVENUE! To make things more confusing, many politicians (Cheney, for example) *own a large portion of that megacorp!*

Get the picture?

You wish. It gets worse...

Now, the megacorp has to have employees...and, in turn, must have rules to govern itself with respect to those employees. Now, any of you who have worked at a company of any real size will notice that many of those rules make NO sense...they seem deliberately placed there for NO other reason than to make you *miserable*.

Guess what, kids! They ARE only there to make you miserable! Miserable people have low self esteem...and people with low self esteem don't ask for raises. And if you don't like it, they'll just can you and ship your job to India or Singapore. Hell, they might anyway, just to show the rest what can happen.

Bet ya thought that was done for financial reasons, didn't ya? Think about it...if no Americans (in one example) have decent jobs, where will the corporation sell it's products? NOWHERE...but SELLING isn't the point, is it?

What is the point?

The destruction of the middle class. No totalitarian regime exists with a middle class...they tend to *rebel...to get ideas*. Hell, contrary to popular belief, the French Revolution was started and led by the middle class...the American revolution was started by the middle class, though it quickly found it's way to the upper echelons of the colonists (and you see where THAT has gotten us).

So if you wish to have a plutocracy, you have to get rid of the middle class first.

A side benefit of all this is that people with low self esteem also tend to develop the "big fish in a little pond" mentality...hence that rude clerk at the DMV, the arsehole cop, the snotty receptionist. *They have successfully managed to turn their slaves against each other. Hell! Many people think there is actually a difference between the liberal and conservative ideologies!*

To finish off this brief description of The Machine...the obvious question that comes up is, "How did we ever let this happen"?

The answer: *"We were too busy watching megacorp TV, brought to you by the folks at Madison Avenue."*

Or kill me.

# Rev Roger Sermon #23: **Bad Vibes in Mudville**

*Originally posted September 08, 2003*

## **Bad Vibes in Mudville**

*The perversity of the universe tends to a maximum.*

--Finagle's first law

I have tried, many times, to kick the politics habit, an addiction more foul than smoking, or even professional football.

I have tried, and I have failed. I have used every method known to man, from self-hypnosis to aversion therapy...but nothing seemed to work...except music. I found that with the right tunes, I could block out politics *for most of an hour!*

But no more; with the passing this last Sunday of Warren Zevon, the music world has become a little bleaker. The author of "Werewolves of London", and "Layers, guns, and money" has passed on, carried off by some form of cancer that most people could not pronounce.

And Reagan lives on, and on, and on...

This is no surprise; Nixon outlived Elvis, after all, once again proving the malevolence of Gawd. I think we all see where HIS/HER priorities are...So, in the interests of kissing Gawd's ass, while I have the albums of Elvis & Zevon, I have installed masks of Nixon and Reagan over my computer. They look down on me, for a sinner such as I is definitely in need of their guidance...though, so far, they are mute on the subject of NFL odds.

With Zevon gone, the most I can do to block out the babbling of Cspan is Orff's *Carmina Burana*. Give it a listen; I would not steer you wrong...seriously, if you are listening to Orff and NOT burning down a village, you SHOULD be.

It's a poor substitute, of course, but it's all there is; we all need something, especially those of us in Mudville (the country formerly known as the USA)...hell, the news is so bad these days that even the frickin' MORMONS are surly. A few came by the house the other day, and threatened to beat me up if I didn't accept their tracts. I finally got rid of them by macing one, and sicking the dawg on the other...my dawg being a 90 pound brute of a mutt who views people at the door as a contact sport. They tried to escape, babbling something about the police..."Police?", I laughed, "you don't want THEM involved. They'd beat the shyt out of you bigamists and lock you in a cage! Ascroft is in now, you perverts, and he's going to put the arm on you people!". I began kicking them, and they ran away, cursing, pursued by the Dawg.

Afterward, I was wracked with guilt...I actually used Ashcroft's name as a threat! What was I thinking? Oh, well, no help for it now...I'll just have to adjust to the New America, like everyone else. With the new VICTORY Act, it's not like any of us have a choice, after all. Get with the program, or be locked in a cage, like the filthy murdering terrorist-sympathizing scum you are.

There is no joy in Mudville; Mighty Zevon has struck out.

Or kill me.

*Note to readers: The Good Reverend Roger wrote this under the influence of something, but we're not sure what. I am posting it for him on his favorite BBSs, before he comes to his senses. That'll teach the bastard--Yours truly, Mrs Rev Rog, the long-suffering.*

## Rev Roger Sermon #24: The Penultimate Word

*Originally posted September 16, 2003*

### **The Penultimate Word**

"And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with me shall betray me."

--Mark 14:18, KJV

"There is nothing more frightening than ignorance in action"

--Goethe

"When men are pure, laws are useless; when men are corrupt, laws are broken."

--Benjamin Disraeli

*Brothers and Sisters, in this, my second-last sermon, I speak to you of chaos and law, of Erisians and greyfaces, of Bush and the ghost of Nixon; in essence, it is the preamble to Sermon 25, which will be last sermon from the Good Reverend Roger.*

**F**riends, has life among the greyfaces got ya down? Have that "less than fresh feeling"? Did your boss cut your pay and take liberties with your prairie squid? Well, the Good Reverend is here with the Good Word:

Give up.

That's right! Give up, stop battering your head against those of the thick-skulled greyfaces. You CAN'T beat the CoN, so quit

trying...There will be NO revolution, no "mass-enlightenment". It's a *farce*, and Eris ain't even *paying attention!*

The fact is, you can't beat the CoN *as long as you play by the rules it has set down*. The secret, of course, is to find the cracks in the great grey monolith that the world has become...go guerrilla, sneak your slack in places that the CoN doesn't even know EXIST.

You really don't have much choice.

In this age, the only slack left out there is the slack that the CoN cannot see...every *visible* form of "rebellion" has been co-opted. The moment that any new movement becomes publicly visible, it is assigned a name and number by The Beast...and ceases to be any real form of rebellion. For the moment, your hiakus and word association games are safe, due to the simple fact that the internet grew faster than any means to track it...but those days are ending.

You see, though we cannot seem to feed our elderly, or treat our sick, we CAN afford to spend billions developing the next generations of CARNIVORE (the original internet tracking software). As the Bush era drives on, our hidey-holes will become fewer and fewer, and before you know it, "Three Word Game" will have a frickin' TM after it!

The free market demands it. We *could* leave people alone, but it would be *wrong*.

This is really nothing more than the same trend that made marijuana illegal, but states that alcohol, tobacco, and caffiene are *just peachy*. You ever wonder about that? Well, The Rev is gonna lay the reason on you:

*The CoN approves of drugs that either make you nervous and*

*surly (alcohol & caffiene), or make you work harder (caffiene), or give you just enough relaxation to keep you functional (alcohol and tobacco). The CoN disapproves of drugs that make you truly relaxed and less likely to be productive drones (marijuana), or hypnotizable by the boob-tube(LSD, mescaline, etc).*

This policy is nothing new, but has been taken to new heights since the riegn of the spastic snapperhead, Richard Milhous Nixon. Nixon hated hippies so much, he allowed 4 of them to be SHOT on the campus of Kent State University for no good reason...he didn't give the orders, but he made damn sure that no reprisal followed...and THAT my friends, is what you face; those who operate outside of the social restrictions of The Beast have no recourse to the law, no remedy for oppression *other than that which they, themselves, enforce.*

Of course, in Bush's America(tm), you'd better do that *quietly*. You can't FORCE the CoN to do ANYTHING, so you had better learn to be stealthy...keep your weirdness on the INSIDE. Lash out at the CoN in SNEAKY, UNDETECTABLE ways...remember, you're in this for your own sanity (or lack thereof, as you decide), NOT to impress others.

Enjoy your internet hidey-hole while you can, folks...but start looking for alternatives.

Or Kill Me.

<transmission ends>

## Sermon #25: THE FINAL WORD

*Originally posted September 23, 2003*

### **SERMON 25: The Final Word**

"Don't look back...something might be gaining on you"

*-Anon*

"It got so cold, I almost got married."

*-Tallulah Bankhead*

"And why do ye say 'Lord, Lord', and not do the things I say?"

*-Some hippie, as recorded in the Book of Luke, 7:46*

**B**rethren and Cistern, I come to you today to speak my final piece, my last rant...for others have taken the burden from my shoulders, such as the Fearsome Saint Trollax, Scourge of Australia And Other Places, Too.

**S**ome may say that my rants are too political, and do not really fit in here...and too you, I say, "*Mount up on thyself if thou seeth not the humor*". This rant shall be no different...

**W**e have been truly blessed by Eris, we Americans, with many leaders both odd and scary. Many perverts have been called unto the halls of power, and many have indeed been chosen. From the recent Bill Clinton, who *truly* understood what politics is *really* all about (mostly it has to do with getting to do

truly spectacular things with fat young interns), to the notorious and corrupt, such as Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and Warren G Harding...but they are all gone now, devoured by cannibals, for reasons which are better left unsaid. Looking back on this collection of rat-bastards can be a lot of fun...a real guilty pleasure, if you will. But why go through fits of nostalgia, when we have a president who makes them all pale by comparison?

**I** am of course refering to the odious and loathesome George "Dubya" Bush and his merry band of religious zealots, hypocrites, and corporate thieves. Rotten bastards, every one, and in a *civilized* society, they would all be dragged out and bastinadoed every day at noon, just for kicks. But we do not live in a civilized nation, we live in America(tm), home of the free (void where prohibited, some restrictions may apply).

**T**his is what I have come to speak of today, Brothers and Sisters! You must always remember (everywhere, but particularly in America at the moment) that *civilization is a thin veneer, hiding that face described by Hobbes*. For, paradoxial though it may seem, **many discordians are the most civilized people on Earth!** Now, before ye go hunting stones to throw at the Good Rev, allow me to explain myself...ask yourself these simple questions:

1. Do I wish to take that which is not mine, by force or the threat of force?
2. Do I think that everyone who disagrees with my politics, religion, or football predictions should be killed, or at least imprisoned?
3. Do I feel that everyone actually believes what I do, *if only they would be honest enough to admit it?*

4. Do I feel that I have the right, nay, the duty to regulate the sexual behavior, etc, of others?

5. Do I believe that some types of people are inherently superior to others, and that the lesser type can be distinguished by skin color and/or language?

**I** you answered no to the above questions, you are more than likely civilized...And most Discordians fall into that category. (If you answered "yes" to more than one, the Department of Homeland Security is still looking for enthusiastic employees...you're welcome). Now, as I have said, it is vital to remember that the vast majority of people are NOT civilized, and that *they control the guns!*

**A**t this point, I will have lost much of my audience, who are thinking thoughts of Rev Roger and tinfoil hats...but think about it: *Who, 3 short years ago, would have believed that the PATRIOT Act or HSD would have been even possible?* Gitmo? A bizarre war in Iraq that nobody, not even the president, can adequately explain? Kids coming home in rubber sacks for the glory of Halliburton's bottom line? And here's the *REAL* bitch of it: One of those bodies **COULD** be you...**MIGHT YET** be you...if you don't *watch your ass!* The Beast doesn't care about your love of haiku, sexhurt(tm), or even "church art"...The Beast only cares what your life, or death, can bring it in the way of money and power (its only diet).

**O**f course, being drafted isn't the **ONLY** thing these screwheads can do to you...They can also "detain" you for "un-American" activities, "terrorist activities" (smoking a fat one, for example}, or just for (and I LOVE this one)being "a person of interest"...and they can do worse than that, such as executing you, or even *sticking you in the same prison cell as Martha Stewart* (sorry about that, but these things **HAVE** to be said).

Now, many of you may say, at this point, "Great, Rev, you insufferable jerk, you ALWAYS say these things, but you NEVER tell us what to do ABOUT it...to which I say that I *could* but that would be *wrong*. Cheating. I would go on to say that "Bob" didn't put that 7 pounds of grey goo between your ears as BALLAST, no DID he? No, kiddies, you are going to have to figure this one out on YOUR OWN! HAH! They never said anything about THAT in the *Principia Discordia*, did they? They never mentioned that there might come a day when you would need your own WITS for MORE than composing clever poems and epigrams, DID THEY? Well, I got news for ya, chilluns! If you are going to raise hell with the Donner Party, you have to *bring your own keg!* In short, you have three (3) choices...be a slave, be dead, or USE YOUR FRICKIN' HEAD for something other than a BOBDAMNED HATRACK! *Magna Mater! Magna Mater!...Atys...Dia ad Aghaidh 's ad aodann...Agus bas dunach...ort! Dhonas 's dholas ort, agus leat-sa! Ia Cthulu! Ia Hastur!*

## OR KILL ME!

<transmission ends>

*Editors note: This has been the last Sermon in a series of 25, all of which have appeared on this forum at one time or another (see archives). The Good Reverend is resting now, and his doktors say he will be just fine, thanks. He will be embarking on a long project, "The Gospel of Roger" (working title), which may or may not be posted here, based on whether or not he "frickin' feels like it". Thank you, and good night.*

# Rev Roger Special Bonus

## Sermon #26, take 2.

*Originally posted May 29, 2004*

*"Weapons, not food, not homes, not shoes,  
Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal,  
I walk the corner to the rubble that used to be a library,  
Line up to the mind cemetery,  
What we don't know keeps the contracts alive and moving,  
They don't gotta burn the books they just remove them,  
While arms warehouses fill as quick as the cells,  
Rally round the family, with a pocket full of shells."  
- Zack De La Rocha*

When Zack wrote that, he thought he meant business...back in the 90s. Now that Bush has made all his nightmares come true, where is Zack, now that we finally need him?

Probably lying on a couch, with a needle in his arm. Filthy coward.

You see, brothers and sisters, most "revolutionaries" are bar-room heroes. They talk a mean game when intoxicated, but that's all they are good for...talk.

Intoxicants are the tool of the Pinks and Greyfaces that run this vicious behemoth that we like to call Unistat. Sure, they're great for occasionally venting steam (The Good Reverend would be lying if he tried to tell you HE hasn't pissed on a squadcar, from time to time), but they are a trap.

You THINK you're relaxed, witty, and insightful. You THINK you have suddenly developed a gift for oratory. You THINK

you have reached a higher plane, or discovered all the answers...but you haven't.

You're just fucked up.

This is *false slack*, my friends...and one fine day, you'll realize that you left your REAL slack at the bottom of a longneck, which some fiendish bus-boy has already disposed of, like the CoN agent that he is.

Or maybe you smoke dope. Weed. Mary Jane. Cannabis delecti. Great. You turned your brain into mush for an hour, and thought you felt good. Problem is, weed (as those of us whom have been around the bend know) causes paranoia. The Fear. That's right, you've been suckered again. You THOUGHT you were getting over on the man, but all you did was SIT THERE, EATING YOUR GODDAMN DORITOS, AND WATCHING THE FRICKIN DUKES OF HAZARD! Ohhhh, you're a REBEL, aren't you? You're DIFFERENT! Just like 20,000,000 other potheads.

Congratulations.

The time is fast approaching when we shall have no further time to spare for silly games, friends. There will be no time to spare for haiku, 3 word stories, or baggies of "lawn clippings". Fun is going to be put on hold, and serious chaos will be the order of the day.

The Grey Machine(tm) is upon us...and YOU won't be much help, slobbering drunk, stoned, or tripping. The armies of discord will have no room for the inebriated. You're a liability. You are a risk...you compromise everything.

Like it or not, these ARE the signs of our times...so put down

the bottle, drop the dugout, and get on the frickin' bus. You really have no other option, except to sit things out.

"Grandpa, what did YOU do during the revolution?"

"Ummm...I smoked pot."

Is THAT what you're gonna tell little Billy when he asks The Question?

I can hear the whining now. *"But Washington and Jefferson smoked hemp, and Samuel Adams was a brewer!"*

Yeah, but they put business FIRST. True, Benjamin Franklin was a drunken pervert, who put his hand up so many skirts that he was kicked out of ENGLAND (the most perverted, depraved nation on Earth(tm)), but who the FUCK are YOU to compare yourselves to giants such as these? When tyrants reared their ugly heads, they smacked them back down! That's right!

What have YOU done?

You played "questions only", and called yourself a "Discordian". Great.

Well, brothers and sisters, I'm here to tell ya...It's time to put the DISCORD back in DISCORDIAN! Fuck up everything you come near! Smite those who need it! Because, frankly, I've had it up to HERE with watching the so-called "Erisians" play silly games and talk about FUCKING PIE! Just walk up to the nearest mirror, and KISS IT! You may as well kiss yourself, because you are FUCKING YOURSELF, and not even paying for frickin' DINNER AND A MOVIE! In short, GET OFF YOUR ASS!

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Sermon #27: A letter to Little Billy

*Originally posted November 3, 2004*

*There is no joy in Mudville, mighty Casey has struck out.*

Dear Little Billy,

We regret to inform you that the deal HAS gone down, and you are hereby FUCKED. It turns out that the American electorate cared about "moral issues" more than the war, or the economy, or even the heartbreak of psoriasis.

So, you won't be getting a job any time soon, Billy. You MAY, however, be drafted to go to Iraq, and come home in a bag. Sucks, doesn't it? But the homos won't be getting married, so you can console yourself with that, at least.

Now, Little Billy, it seems that Karl Rove will get to "aggressively pursue" his agenda...so your national parks and wild life preserves now belong to Exxon. Yeah, yeah, I know that sucks, too...but at least teh gheys have been properly subjugated.

Unfortunately, that also means that the title I funding for your schools will be going into vouchers, so that rich folks can get subsidies for sending their kids to posh schools. Don't worry, though, little guy...you can always wear a parka in your classroom in February. And did I mention that the fags won't get their way?

Did you also hear the good news about regressive taxation, Billy? Those poor rich folks aren't going to get raped,

anymore...but your parents ARE. But that's okay, because George NEEDS that money, for faith-based funding, to teach Americans that they were RIGHT to hate the homos. And we have this little war to pay for...

So, Little Billy, the deal HAS gone down, and the pigfuckers and Yahoos run free...what are you gonna DO about it?

That's right, Billy, you aren't going to do ANYTHING. You're gonna take it, and you're gonna LIKE it. You might SAY you're going to revolt, but who are we really kidding? You're gonna sit on your ass, just like always. Just like the little bitch of a slave that you are. Oh, yes, you'll take it...until you starve, or get killed for God and corporation.

God bless America(tm)

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger Sermon #28: Get out while you can.

*Originally posted January 28, 2005*

### **Sermon 28: Get Out While You Can!**

*"Man has been given his freedom to a greater extent than ever before and that's quite wrong"*

-Martha Mitchell, wife of Nixon's Attorney General John Mitchell

**B**rethren and Cistern, when Martha Mitchell said that in 1972, she *meant it*. She wasn't alone in this then, nor would she be today. Now, The Good Reverend has been ranting for some time about the Bush administration's erosion of civil liberties...but he isn't sure you're listening.

**I**n this day and age, when freedom has become a slogan, when children learn to count change in grammar school (instead of memorizing the multiplication tables), when an honest minister can be put on the SSSS list just for calling the president a slack-jawed pigfucker, you cannot afford to take anything for granted. In fact, I'll let you in on a little secret:

*It is impossible to be paranoid. Paranoia does not exist.*

That's right...paranoia is defined as the *delusion* that "they" are out to get you. If, however, "they" really ARE out to get us, *it isn't paranoia, anymore.*

**H**ow, exactly, are they out to get you, you ask? Look around you, Slappy...protestors are now arrested JUST for protesting.

People are dragged out of line in the airports and humiliated *simply because they criticized Bush's policies...*and some, just because they are academics. Crack the wrong joke, and you'll be "detained" (read: taken into the system, interned, No More Fun... FOREVER). The funniest part is, the "American people" have bought into this. They fully support it...at least the majority do, and that's all it takes. Bring up constitutional rights these days, and the "Good Americans" will move to the other side of the bus.

Now, this is all very impersonal; you must remember this, even if the DHS agent that is arresting you has your name tattooed on his forehead. The government doesn't care WHO protests, or WHY...and neither do your fellow citizens. The very act of protesting, itself, is enough to damn you. Unless, of course, you are protesting abortion, or engaging in Freeper "counter-protests". Those are just dandy.

**W**hat can be done? The Good Reverend has the answer:

Nothing.

That's right, nothing. The situation is utterly hopeless...trust me on this one...The Good Reverend KNOWS the face of degeneracy. Just get out. Germany is nice, these days, as is Canada, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and a few other places.

Just get out. Before it's too late.

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Sermon #29: Taking Discordianism(tm) back.

*Originally posted June 8, 2005*

*In which The Good Rev disagrees with the other Ancient Wiseguys(tm)*

Verthaine wrote:

Never been a discordian.never claimed to be

Well, I never thought I'd see the day. The day that we let our movement become so "mystical" that nobody dares claim to be a Discordian(tm), because that might be *arrogant*, or some such nonsense.

OF COURSE IT'S ARROGANT, BOBDAMMIT! Or at least "egotistical". Well, I have news for you, Sparky...you'll never get through life with a shriveled up ego.

Is this discordianism, or some Buddhism-style bullshit? "Oh, I can't claim to actually BE a discordian, because I might be making a claim of being *enlightened!* SINCE WHEN HAS DISCORDIANISM INVOLVED "ENLIGHTENMENT"? Horseshit. It's about getting your yuks in, before THEY shut us down.

The only thing goofier than the above is all that rot about "Everyone is a discordian". More bullshit. While it may be true that most people promote chaos, it is also true that they do so unwittingly...Which is like saying that you're Jewish because you didn't happen to eat pork today. In other words, even though the Pentagon, for example, creates more chaos than

most nations, I seriously doubt there is a single discordian inside that vast hive of incompetence.

In other words: Eligibility for discordian sainthood != being a discordian.

Now, the Rev isn't trying to say who, in particular, is or is not a "true discordian(tm)", so don't trot that tired bullshit out. What I am saying is that discordians DO exist, and some of YOU are discordians, whether or not you feel "worthy" to bear that title...or whether or not you even WANT it.

As for myself, I am PROUD to be a discordian. I am PROUD to toss sand in the gears, for good or for ill. And if you think that makes me a "poser" or "arrogant", well, you can just jam that straight up your ass...because if I am not inclined to listen to the government, which has guns and berserk police dogs, well, I'm hardly likely to listen to you.

Or Kill Me.

TGRR,

Taking discordianism(tm) back.

## Rev Roger, Sermon 30: The Center Cannot Hold.

*Originally posted July 10, 2005*

Can't you feel it, Brothers and Sisters? Do you also have a feeling that things are *breaking down*? That nothing works quite as it should?

Our republic has fallen into the hands of evil and stupid men, because the people VOTED FOR evil and stupid men. Wages are dropping, benefits are almost non-existent, and everywhere we turn, there are enemies...foreign AND domestic.

When I close my eyes, my friends, I can almost FEEL the sand shifting beneath our feet, as all we have, and all our ancestors have built begins to erode at a rate that is visible to the naked eye...to those who care to look. It is as if we are on the edge of an abyss, and that edge is crumbling away.

While we squander precious resources in foolish wars and equally foolish peace, a new dark age approaches. The fall may be gradual, or - more likely - it may come with a resounding crash, but you can say good bye to all the amenities that surround you. Before long, you will look at the world through the eyes of the 4 billion people who have never enjoyed what we have...your goals will consist of your next meal, of finding enough water to get through to the next day.

No more penicillin, no more painless dentistry...fiat currency will be replaced with bullets, and the rule of law will be replaced with the authority of brute force. And freedom? The only freedom will be the freedom of the grave.

All these things I have seen, and I see no way for us to avert them.

The Age of Dumb is coming to an end, and the Age of Doom is beginning.

Or kill me.

# Rev Roger, Sermon 31: Shit Your Hate or You Will DIE!

"Goddammit, Roger, I really hate you."

- *Larry the Diseased Mountain Monk, after "The Incident".*

"YOU'RE BEING PLAYED, OPIE!"

- *Chef, in our head, last week.*

"Summer is over, the harvest is in, and we are not saved."

- *The Old Testament*

Bretheren and Cistern, the time has come for The Good Reverend to renounce Discordianism as a failure...a rather silly failure, at that. nothing has been accomplished in two years of bullshit, "creative disorder" is a sad joke, and all the blog threads and imaginary bars on the internet haven't saved you.

Face it, you're fucked, and you have nobody to blame but yourself. Instead of using discordianism to disrupt - even for a few precious seconds - The Machine(tm), you have used it to play haiku games and to form factions. The "commandment" that Discordians must stick apart has been warped out of usefulness. You remembered the "apart" thing, but not the "stick" part, didn't you?

Well, good. You deserve every shitty thing that is coming down the pike. The Grayfaces won, and *you let them*. Personally, I think it's funny as hell.

What's that you say? "Fuck you, Roger"? Yeah, I am perfectly well aware that some of you hate my guts these days. GOOD. If you LIKED me, I'd re-evaluate the way I am living my life. The LAST thing I need is "friends" who think that "Three

Word Game" or "What are you eating" is a worthy use of your time.

Hell, at least Bella had the GUTS to SHIT HER HATE, even if she did so for the very goofiest of reasons.

What about the rest of you? What have YOU done? One of you played fuckaround behind the scenes with moderator/admin abilities. Whoopie ding fuck for you. Aren't you special? What have you accomplished, save to further fracture an already useless group? ...Well, you got rid of ME, and I guess that should count for something.

That's about it, isn't it? Sure, the rest of you chose grand titles for yourself, created fictitious armies, and TALKED about smiting the Grays...but that's all you did...talk. Hell, some of you didn't even do THAT.

Wake up and smell the sodium pentathol, shitheads. Posting stupid shit about face raping bats and goats is not only useless, it's *not even original*. Jesus Tittyfucking Christ, you fucking moonbats...*cribbing style* is one thing, running it into the fucking ground is quite another.

Just looking at PD.com PISSES ME OFF. I'd sic the troll army on your sorry asses, and end this fucking farce once and for all, but I promised someone I wouldn't. The Good Reverend may do all sorts of shitty things, but breaking promises isn't one of them. Pity.

So, in the words of St Kid the Rock, Fuck all y'all. I'm returning to my Subgenius roots, and may you all enjoy the upcoming years of shame, failure, and degradation that you have earned so richly. May the whirlwind sweep you up, and destroy you all.

Me? I'm going to fucking Disneyland.

Or Kill Me.

Sermon 32  
MISSING  
Ψ

## **The Good Rev Roger Sermon #33:** **The MWM Sermon.**

You're all a bunch of freaks. Each and every one of you.

Now, before you get all upset with The Good Reverend, let me explain that statement. A freak is, by definition, *abnormal*...and these days, that's a good thing. For what does normal mean, in these dark days in which we find ourselves?

It means the "real man"...he's a tough dude, tough enough to stomp a homosexual, for no apparent reason...*but not tough enough to change a full diaper*. It means the "normal woman" who disapproves of everything her neighbors do, even though she does – or wants to do – the same thing, when nobody is looking. It's the regular kid, who is willing to stomp the crap out of anyone who has the audacity to be different, just as he has been taught to do.

Yeah, The Good Reverend has very little patience with "normal" people, and prefers to hang out with the freaks...the people who are actually awake enough to realize that maybe there's more to life than the 9 to 5, more to life than making sure little Brett gets to his soccer practice on time. It isn't the "normal" people that will set the world on its ear...no, they are adamantly opposed to change, of any kind. Their worlds are perfectly static, and *they like it that way*.

The problem is, of course, that their ways aren't working. Look around you...the world's population is doubling every twenty years...which means by 2025, there will be 13 BILLION people on Earth, *with even less resources available than we have right now*. Liberty is in decline, massive corporations own

more and more, while you and I own less and less. General literacy is a thing of the past, and schools now teach math using money, so that Little Billy can ease into his new job as a retail clerk with little difficulty. Something has to give, and at the rate things are going, that something is YOU.

You won't be saved by politicians, because, let's face it...they find this sort of thing *desirable*. An uneducated nation enslaved to the television is an easy nation to control. You won't be saved by the Free Market™, because the Free Market™ has a vested interest in shoving your face into the mud. Hell, just look at what they call you...Words have power. What you are called is what you are, sooner or later. Corporations *used* to call you a "Customer". Now you're a "*consumer*". Your purpose in life is to consume their product, and beg for more. Politicians *used* to call you a "citizen". Now you're a "*taxpayer*", or a "*voter*". Your purpose in life is to pay your taxes, and vote for Suit A or Suit B, whichever one is on "your team". As if that made any difference whatsoever.

You won't be saved by religion, either, because religions are far too concerned with their own petty agendas to notice that the world will soon be choking on its own waste. While the world slides into a cesspool of overcrowding, wars, ignorance, and poverty, most brand name religions are obsessed with abortion, gay marriage, the fact that the other brand name religions differ 2% in dogma, the evils of pornography, etc. In fact, two of the world's biggest religions, and many smaller ones, *forbid birth control*. What BLITHERING IDIOTS!

Have you ever noticed that there is a distinct lack of the freaks and mutants that we USED to have? Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Einstein? You haven't seen a Thomas Jefferson or a Theodore Roosevelt recently, either, have you? Why is this? What is different about today? What has changed since, oh, 1945 or so, when the last of these deviants grew up?

That's right, the television...the best training tool ever devised. With this invention, you are trained to be a docile servant of the powers that be (more on THEM, later). Next time you stare at the pretty phosphor screen, try *actually listening to what it is telling you*. Seinfeld teaches you that cruelty and humiliation are funny; the news tells you to BE AFRAID ALL THE TIME ("Think it's safe to tie your shoes? Don't miss our Special Report on the dangers of blah, blah, blah"), and the commercials...ho ho! The commercials...

What DO commercials tell you? They tell you MANY things, and ALL of them are designed to help turn you into a drone. Watch one, some time...REALLY watch one..."If your body betrays a HINT of your natural biological processes, you will be a pariah!", "Oh my GOD! You're getting OLD! Buy our skin cream!", or just "You NEED this."

But do we REALLY need all those products they are pushing? Do all those SUVs and plasma TVs give anyone joy? When you look at that SUV, are you filled with happiness, or misery at the monstrous car payments and fuel costs you have saddled yourself with?

This is all kind of gloomy, I realize, but these are gloomy times...and I am not here just to tell you how buggered up things are, but to offer some solutions.

First, embrace your inner freak. As I said before, the "normal" people are making the problem worse, so it is on us to find a better way. You AREN'T normal, and why the hell would you WANT to be? You've been blessed not only with brains (even the normals have those), but with the inclination to USE them. Fer Chrissakes.

It doesn't matter what KIND of freak you are, either. Are you a

Loki worshipper with a penchant for laughing til your guts bleed? Great. Make some normals laugh, too. They could use it...and feel free to cheerfully shovel sand in the gears of society at any opportunity. More details on this in future articles.

Or maybe you're an Emo kid, whose world has just come to an end because Nightwish won't be playing your town this tour. That's okay, too...The Good Reverend isn't here to judge you. Simply ask yourself this: How can my outlook on life be used to smite those that are begging for it? Martha Stewart is your natural enemy...start there.

Now, don't be fooled...not everyone is the next Martin Luther King. Ask yourself this, though...where would Doctor King have been without the horde of decent people that stood behind him? Same goes for Gandhi. A single pebble can start a rockslide, and a single loud noise can begin an avalanche.

Doesn't sound like much, does it? Well, fear not...for we have one HUGE advantage: normal society doesn't take us seriously. Hell, most of them don't even realize we exist. The average Joe thinks of Pagans as a few Goths and a Satanist, who hang around cemeteries and drink Absinthe while reciting bad poetry (and for those of you who ARE like that, thanks for the camouflage). We are under the radar of everyday society...this allows us to act with near impunity. So long as we exist in the shadows, we can accomplish amazing things, if we actually get off of our asses.

The one thing you should NOT expect is unity of message. This is actually another advantage, as it makes the source of any problems really hard to pin down. Some of you are meat eaters, and some of you are vegans, for example. Promote YOUR message, which will be all the more effective because you BELIEVE in it. Do NOT commence hectoring random

passers by with your message...all that will do is turn them off (on the other hand, it is hilarious to badger people with OTHER people's messages. I've been doing the Pat Robertson bit for YEARS, and probably cost him hundreds of converts). Instead, try approaching things from another angle. For instance, if you disapprove of the way corporate farming treats animals, buy a Big Mac during the lunch rush, and then loudly say that it "tastes funny" in the dining area. Then claim you are ill, and rush to the bathroom. Ham it up, the more the better. Odds are, at least one or two people won't be eating there in the near future, and one in a hundred may decide that burgers are no longer their thing.

Another method that works is the Discordian "guerilla ontology" approach, which consists of leaving odd signs here and there. An example of this is bumper-stickering police cars with a small sign saying "Obey" (crack and peel 8.5X11 inkjet paper can be easily obtained at office supply stores). The effect that it has is small, but if you are persistent (and if there are at least a few of you), you can seriously disturb more than a few people. After all, most people WILL obey the police under any circumstances, but they REFUSE to be TOLD that they have to. They'll become (slightly) more rebellious towards "authority" out of pure spite. Leaving "Union NOW" leaflets in Wal-Mart is also a hoot, and a great way to spend a slow Saturday.

These suggestions may sound frivolous, or even a bit silly. However, they are the best weapons we have. You can NOT beat the Machine™ by violent methods (that's what it does BEST, after all, and it has all the big guns), nor can you "educate" most people. They may be sympathetic, but they simply don't have TIME for a lecture, because they have SO many things to do (mostly involving television).

Now, by this point some of you are saying, "Damn, Rev, I'm



Sermon #34:  
Classified.

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## **Sermon 35:** **Killing Little Billy.**

What's the matter, Bunkie? You say that some jackass with one schtick to his name derailed your thread? You say he didn't take your cherished beliefs seriously, and told *jokes* while you were busy enlightening people with your informed and dearly held opinions?

You say he giggles like a loon at inappropriate times, and has *badwrong* ideas about authority, moral or otherwise? You say he responds to your carefully crafted manifestos with a one-liner? That he acts like he has a head full of broken glass, and a heart full of hate for all that is just and decent and good? You say he refuses to take sides between the two packs of dumbasses that pretend to oppose each other, like every good American should?

You say that the worst part is that you halfway believe that he *really thinks this way*, and isn't just clowning? That he REALLY despises America and apple pie and rainy days and long walks in the park? You're beginning to think that he isn't joking when he makes fun of the president and the free market(tm)? And maybe you think that he shouldn't be allowed to run loose?

Well, you'd be right, Bunkie, because - as a Subgenius(tm) - he is all this and more. He, and 30,000 people like him really DO despise this toxic dump we like to call "modern civilization", and he'll do everything he can to jam up the gears with his assbattery...Whether through daily crap like malfunctioning toilets and ATMs, to bugging with a federal election, albeit peripherally (and legally, too, which makes it even funnier).

He really DOES laugh at the GOP and the pathetic Dems and the clowns in the so-called "third parties". He really IS totally opposed to everything that most of you hold dear (which, incidentally, isn't what you SAY you hold dear). He really DOES have contempt for the "mainstream"...in fact, he believes that the "mainstream" IS the problem, not the litmus test for a solution.

He, and those like him, of course, are powerless. Tell yourself this, and ignore the fact that there are thousands more like him, and more every day, and that while one termite can't eat a house, 30,000+ termites will tear that sucker down, eventually...*and you can't even see the damage until it is too late.*

So, Bunkie, you'd better get cracking. Kill Little Billy, and everyone like him, before he wrecks your precious America, keys your SUV, corrupts the children, does something perverse to your dawg, and barbeques the cat (again). You don't even have to feel BAD about killing him, because he really *isn't* like you. He doesn't see the *value* of traditional American beliefs. He doesn't *appreciate* all that modern culture and the Free Market(tm) has brought you, and - worst of all - he's *proud* of these facts.

Kill the brute, before he rants again.

Or kill me.

PART Two:  
Roger's Heresies

Rev Roger: The Heresies, chapter 1  
*Originally posted Fri Nov 14*

# **THE HERESIES,**

## **CHAPTER 1**

*"Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand."*  
-Mark Twain

**M**any of those reading this are, or consider themselves to be, Erisians; many of you feel that you embody, or at least emulate the primal chaos which is Eris, in her true form.

Not so.

Most of you ARE Discordians, of one strain or another, but nobody here comes close to embodying what Eris actually is. Hell, you're not even in the same ballpark. To illustrate what I am trying to say, allow me to break Discordianism down into several facets, or factions (pay attention, ye lubbers, for I will be using these terms through the rest of the chapters, unless I don't):

1. The Phage: The Phage represents that follower of chaos that many of us do not wish to think about. The Phage is the destroyer, the warmonger...the Phage is an analog to Shiva, destroyer of worlds. The Phage believes in the promotion of entropy by rapid, and violent, means.
2. The Wilde: This represents a sizable portion of discordians; in fact, it seems to be the majority view. The Wilde is named for Oscar Wilde, who would know many discordians on sight ,

and call them his brothers and sisters. Wildes believe that the purpose of chaos is to prevent society from making you Grey. Wildes hold eccentricity, beauty, freedom, and happiness to be some of the highest values.

3. The Elementalist: Suprisingly, the Phage is not the opposite of the Wilde, the Elementalist is. The elementalist views chaos as a phycist does...as a tangible, unstoppable force. Hobbes described the world under the elementalist paradigm as "nasty, brutal, and short". The universe itself is an Elementalist, as it uncaringly moves forward, unheeding...no, blind to, those things that get ground under its relentless advance. This is the rarest form of discordianist...as an Elementalist cares for NOTHING. It is another word for depersonalized sociopathy.

4. Subgenii: The Subgenius is that Discordian who holds places no value on the welfare of the Greyface, viewing him/her as a sheep who deserves its fate. Those who wish to remain asleep, or worse yet, *consciously* accept greyness are, to the subgenii, nothing more than occasionally useful idiots...or a danger which is to be smashed. The Subgenus believes that entropy is unstoppable, but you may as well get some yuks in before it gets you..."Anything for a laugh".

5. Refugees: The Refugee is not, in his/her mind, a Discordian at all. They seek Discordianism for the safety of numbers, for an accepting group that will not criticize their beliefs, odd as they may be (or as they have been taught that those beliefs are). Many Refugees are Wiccans, dormant Wildes, etc...note that many Discordians are Wiccans, this does not make them Refugees...a Refugee is a person who does not believe themselves to be a Discordian, but hangs out with them, bcause they are accepted. They walk a razors edge between enlightenment, and just another form of Greyness.

6. Free Radicals: A Free Radical (named after the chemical term) is that Discordian who constantly shifts from form to form. Note that having a "Phage day" when you are normally a Wilde does not make you a Free Radical...the shift has to be fluid, constant. The greatest Discordian Saints, and the vilest rogue Discordians, are usually Free Radicals.

7. The Children of Eris: The clinically insane, the mentally ill. You don't join this form by choice...or by eccentric behavior. Most CoEs are institutionalized...and others run our country.

Now, you may be saying to yourself, "You're damned right this is heresy! How dare The "Good" Reverend Roger attempt to impose order on chaos...to *codify* the servants of Eris, or even the Lady herself (as she, and she alone is the sum of all of the above, all at once...well, there's "Bob", too, of course...but only when he's Fropped to the gills)?

Well, I'll tell ya...A "good" Discordian can't even be bothered listening to Eris, or "Bob", or Wotan, or anybody/thing else...which is a damned good thing, cause they ain't talking *anyway*.

Or Kill Me.

Rev Roger: The Heresies, Chapter 2  
*Originally posted Nov 20, 2003*

## **The Heresies of Rev Roger,** **Chapter 2**

**A** simple fact that most Discordians don't want to think about is this: *We need the Greyfaces far, far more than they need us.* In simple terms, we simply could not survive without them...if every greyface on Earth disappeared tomorrow, we would all be dead 3 days after the canned food ran out. Most of us would be dead long before that; abscessed teeth, strep throat, and other simple ailments would carry us off in droves long before the last supermarket shelf had been stripped.

**T**hus, we are, in essence, parasites. We are the guinea worm in the guts of society, prone to suddenly erupt from the flesh of the body politic much like the movie *Alien* (though much smaller)(1). We feed from the greyface, and offer nothing they care for, or need, in return. The argument that we function as a "safety valve" is sheer nonsense, as anyone **NEEDING** that valve isn't a greyface...that person is a discordian. So, perhaps a better analogy is that we are digger wasps (2)...we harvest our replacements from the greys. In addition, we provide no more of a "spark of genius" than is normal. The smartest man that ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton, was as grey as English cooking.

**Y**e Gods, can this be true? Is it *possible* that we really aren't daring rebels at all, but rather an insidious parasite that not only feeds from its host, but *mocks it while we do so*? This is a horrible thought...but far more hideous truths await...

**W**e are mutants. That's right, mutants. Gazing back on history, Discordians were killed or exiled from most civilizations (Athens being a prime example, or England)...and those civilizations did just fine. Discordians tend to be a fatal flaw in agrarian civilizations come harvest time. So, how DID we survive? The sad truth is that we didn't...but as the Discordian mindset seems to be a common mutation, or maybe just a recessive condition, we reappeared and flourished *only after the greyface society became secure enough to handle the genetic load (3) we represent...* much as it is able to handle persons with Down's Syndrome or short-sightedness. I postulate that this began just after the last bubonic plague pandemic, just before the enlightenment.

**M**utants, indeed. Our mutation is a curse, the mutation of *not being able to just get along...the mutation of independent thinking*. Now, there is some advantage in this, if you look at it in a certain light...we are the lemmings that are just bright enough to see the cliff, and to cry warnings to those around us...however, since the jumped up primates around us will not, *can not*, listen, all we are really doing is upsetting people and causing a fuss.

**W**e have convinced ourselves that we are wise to their game...more fools we...without pausing to consider that the greyfaces have been playing this game *for 10,000+ years*. We play our silly word games, and pull our silly pranks, and convince ourselves that WE really see what's going on...when the sad truth is that our cozy little society *has simply become a microcosm of the grey society at large/[i]...albiet a slightly more FUN one. We are absolutely convinced that we have hoodwinked society in some manner, while the real truth is staring us in the face.*

*What is this truth? Simple; you can't beat the system. It is*

*utterly and totally impossible...One hundred centuries of greyness isn't going to be toppled by dressing up funny and freaking the merehumes(tm)...or anything else, for that matter. It will stay just the way it is, until it blows itself up...or simply drowns in its own shit, like fruit flies in a jar.*

*I can hear what you're thinking: "FUCK YOU, REV! That's not ME! I'm DIFFERENT!" Hehe...sure you are. You're "different" all right...just like [i]everybody else. We reject society while benefitting from it. We pretend that we have "found" ourselves, and that somehow WE lie in green pastures, when the truth is, we are on the same clanking conveyor belt...the one that goes to the spinning blades.*

**You won't** listen, of course. You'll play "good news, bad news" and "word association", and dress in your outre fashions, and jake the living bejeebers out of the greyfaces, *never even notice the hammer coming down on your skull, just like it does to everybody else.*

**W**ay to go, Monkeyboy.

Or kill me.

NOTES:

1. Guinea worms are real. Look 'em up...if you have a strong stomach. More on these later.
2. Digger wasps? Is God a PSYCHO? Jesus fucking Christ, those things are NOT proof of a benevolent diety.
3. Genetic load is when undesirable/fatal traits are not allowed to kill their host, and are thus passed on to further generations.

Heresies 3:  
Classified.  
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## Rev Roger Heresy #4: Rejecting Malaclypse the Younger.

*Originally posted Jun 01, 2004*

Beware, O ye of little faith, for the things I am about to say will piss thee off to no fucking end.

Let me start off by stating that Malaclypse the Younger is, and always has been a *fraud*. That's right. Bogus. Phoney. His real name is Kerry Thornley, and he did NOT "walk into the ocean" thirty years ago. He is alive and well, and living in Cleveland, Ohio.

Second, his book, *Principia Discordia* is gibberish. Utter rot. It has two or three good jokes in it, and one (1) good idea. It's basically an acid rant that reads like the end of a Robert Anton Wilson novel...which is to say, it's garbage. The one good idea, of course, being that you should think for yourself. Obviously, some backsliders like to quote it and/or insist that people act according to its "teachings" if they want to be a "true" Discordian.

Obviously bullshit.

In fact, this false prophet and his teachings have led countless Discordians astray. They have been led to believe that, to be a discordian, one must act as if one was tripping, even when NOT under the influence of psychedelic drugs. It has led people to believe that Eris is some demented aspect of Bacchus, where we all focus on having a *good time*. Poetry, games, inebriation, etc.

Sorry, wrong Gawd.

Eris is the goddess of DISCORD. Take a minute, and look that word up. I'll wait.

Back now? Good, we'll continue.

DISCORDianism. The adherence to, and spreading of, DISCORD. Tear the filthy thing down. Smash it, and drive the survivors into the wasteland...and it doesn't really matter what "it" is. We are the adherents of OPPOSITION. We oppose *for the sake of opposition itself*. We don't take sides, we don't play favorites, and it's a wonder that we are a "we" at all.

We are the proxies of entropy, not a fucking coffee house poetry club. We back the wrong horse, in the sheer hope of clogging up the guts of the machine, and it really makes no difference if the "machine" is malevolent or benign...Because, to us, NO organization is "benign".

You simply aren't going to gain the favor of the goddess by playing "three word game". She'd rather see you shoving chewing gum in the coin slots of the subway entrance stiles, or simply playing "let's you and him fight".

The higher up in an organization that you can cause chaos, the more Eris will shower you with her blessings. Avoid being caught (so you can do it again), *and she'll even take them out of the big, heavy can first*.

So spare me the quotes and the anecdotes from *Principia*. Forget that old fraud, Malaclypse, because Eris already has.

Or kill me.

**This Is The Kind of Shit We Have To Put Up With  
Department**

## Rev Roger Heresies #5: Real Discordians

*Originally posted Sep 20, 2005*

While The Good Reverend likes to bash on n00bs who write about "REAL Discordians" (ie, anyone who agrees with - or will be nice to - them), the fact is, such a thing DOES exist.

To demonstrate this, let me start off by saying that the hackneyed line "Everyone is a Discordian" is absolute rubbish. Look at the word "Discordian". This implies that the person in question is an adherent of discord, not an unwitting facilitator. Such people may be Discordian Saints, but not Discordians.

Since not everyone is a Discordian, yet Discordians DO exist, it naturally follows that some people are Discordian and some people are not. We can also assume that some people CLAIM to be Discordians, but really aren't (see "refugees" in Heresies I)...whether or not they believe they are. Likewise, some people may BE Discordian, but either deny it, or don't know it.

So, we can classify people into six groups:

1. Non-Discordians - people who are not Discordians, and do not claim to be. Jerry Falwell, for example.
2. Fake Discordians - People who think they are Discordian, but really aren't. EvT, for example (who mistakes the nonsense of Hill & Thornley as serious dogma).
3. Phony Discordians - Refugees (QV).

4. Latent Discordians - Discordians who are unaware of the term.
5. Discordians in Denial - Discordians that are aware of what they are, but pretend they aren't.
6. Real Discordians - Discordians that know what they are, and accept it.

Now, the question arises, "how do you know whether someone is a real discordian?" The fast answer is that you usually don't, at least not right away. The question becomes a little easier, once we define what Discordianism *is*.

Now, ask 8 Discordians what Discordianism is, and you'll get 9 answers...but I think I can list a few things that most of us can agree on.

A Discordian should be able to rant, write a haiku, raze a village, come up with the occasional way to fuck the normals over, mindfuck, drink bongwater, troll a website, infight like a champ, stomp on a n00b's ego, and - if the slightest chance is offered - kill The Good Reverend Roger in cold blood.

What ISN'T Discordianism: Jabbering nonsense for its own sake (we have Christians for that), numerology for its own sake (we have Enron accountants for that), whimpering, drinking lite beer, smoking cloves, emo, goth (except for procreation), Wicca (many Discordians happen to be Wiccans - for some bizarre reason - but it isn't, itself, Discordianism), Claiming to be Joshua Norton II (or the descendant/namesake of any other classic Discordian figure)...we Subgenii call that "Being a Bobby", quoting Discordian works for its own sake, Chaos Mahdligickque (gimme a break!) or racism (unless it's funny, which is harder than it sounds).

What MAY be Discordianism, depending on circumstances: Badminton (or ping pong, depends upon location), street theater, bugging Richard Nixon's festering corpse, reckless use of firearms, excessive alcohol use (careful with that one), attending the opera.

So, now you know what a "real" Discordian is. The Good Reverend suggests that you all now begin running around denouncing each other, for his amusement.

Or kill me.

# PART Three

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos

# Millions of Screaming Yahoos, Part 1

*Originally posted Apr 07, 2004*

I was just sitting down today, to count my latest ill-gotten gains, when my new neighbor, Crazy Steve staggered drunkenly into my living room, and was savagely attacked by my dog. It was absolutely impossible to concentrate with his screaming, so I hit Bowzer with a rolled up towel until he let go of Steve's crotch.

Steve was eventually able to lever himself into a chair, and said, "That dog's nuts, man...he hates me."

"No," I said, "he just hates it when people think they're living on the set of a bad 80s sitcom, and walk in like they own the place. He actually likes you...you should see what he did to people back home. Chicago really brought out his dark side. So, what did you need?"

That question was a mistake. What Crazy Steve wanted was a personal reference for his application to the Blackwater Security Corporation. "Are you insane?", I asked, "Do you have any clue what those people DO?"

I then showed him THIS:

[http://www.comcast.net/News/INTERNATIONAL//XML/1107\\_AP\\_Online\\_Regional\\_Middle\\_East/7939996b-bc3e-418e-9e07-2a4896c0d998.html](http://www.comcast.net/News/INTERNATIONAL//XML/1107_AP_Online_Regional_Middle_East/7939996b-bc3e-418e-9e07-2a4896c0d998.html)

*12 Marines, 66 Iraqis Killed in Battles*

*2 hours ago*

*By HAMZA HENDAWI, Associated Press Writer*

*NAJAF, Iraq - Insurgents and rebellious Shiites mounted a string of attacks across Iraq's Shiite south and U.S. Marines launched a major assault on the turbulent Sunni city of Fallujah on Tuesday. Up to a dozen Marines, two more coalition soldiers and at least 66 Iraqis were reported killed.*

*Troops were battling in a half-dozen cities on two fronts in some of the most extensive fighting since President Bush declared major combat over on May 1. U.S. forces fought insurgents in Sunni triangle cities of Fallujah and Ramadi west of Baghdad, and coalition troops battled Shiite militiamen of radical cleric Muqtada al-Sadr in the south.*

*"America has shown its evil intentions, and the proud Iraqi people cannot accept it," al-Sadr said in a statement. "They must defend their rights by any means they see fit."*

I hoped that would bring him to his senses...yet he persisted. He said he wanted to get in on the action overseas, and though that (as a veteran) I would understand.

I asked him why he didn't just enlist, as last time I heard, the Army and the Marines are still hiring. He responded, "Well, I wanted to, man, but there's two problems...one is that bust for cocaine five years ago...I told you about that. Plus, they piss-test you in the service. Besides, in Blackwater, I won't have to be under military discipline. It'll be one big party." He then asked again if I would write a personal recommendation for him.

I threw up my hands, and did the only thing that a man could do in that situation...I sicced Bowzer on him again, and watched as Steve frantically went for the door. He just cleared

the door, when Bowzer nailed him square in the ass with a jaw full of razor sharp teeth. He struggled to the gate, screaming and cursing, shouting that I had "betrayed the brotherhood of arms", whatever THAT meant. I simply laughed, and yelled, "How are you going to deal with Iraqis, when you can't even handle Bowzer?" So much for the tough-guy wannabe mercenary.

"Never lean on the Weird", I said to myself, as I went back to my counting, "Or they'll kill you, and perverts will eat your brains."

Or Kill Me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 2

*Originally posted Apr 08, 2004*

I was sitting in my house cleaning my shotgun, after having helped execute a 1972 Maverick that was disobedient one time too often, when Crazy Steve's wife came by to borrow - get this - a box of shells.

Joking around, I asked her what she was planning to cook. She showed me an enlarged picture of Sadr, the Iraqi cleric, and said that Crazy Steve wanted to blast away at it for a while...she also explained that he sent her, because he was afraid of my dog.

"Afraid of Bowzer?", I asked. "Bowzer LIKES him. He just plays a little rough."

She said she didn't doubt that, and would I please loan her a box of #7. She seemed perfectly okay with this idea of Steve's and said she only wished that he could kill some real Iraqis, who are (of course) dangerous beasts.

"No need for that", I responded, "plenty of dead Iraqis today. Want to see?" Then I showed her THIS:

<http://english.aljazeera.net/NR/exeres/8CB7C17E-F69E-48A2-8034-DEA425192815.htm>

### **WARNING: VERY graphic**

She got very upset, and said that wasn't what she meant. She didn't mean BABIES, fer chrissakes.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Millie...they'll just grow up to be

jihaadists. Maybe it's better to kill them now. After all, Rumsfeld said it was an "amazing accomplishment."

"Donald Rumsfeld is a Godly man. He would NEVER say something like that!" Millie actually began to foam at the mouth, at this point.

"Sure he did. Here, look at the DoD website:"

<http://www.defenselink.mil/transcripts/2004/tr20040406-secdef0585.html>

*Q: Right. And you know a lot of the antagonists to the Bush's take on this whole Iraq situation say, you know, listen, wasn't this just a convenient way for President Bush to, like, you know, take out his frustrations on the threat on his father's life and go over to Iraq and, you know, all that kind of stuff? I mean, why Iraq, Secretary Rumsfeld? Why did he pick Iraq, some people say? I know the answer to that, but...*

*Rumsfeld: Well...*

*Q: ...could you address that?*

*Rumsfeld: You bet. Here's a country that had used chemical weapons on its neighbors and on its own people. Here's a country that was killing somewhere between 15,000 and 25,000 people a year and filling up these mass graves and killing fields. It's a country that was giving \$25,000 to suicide bombers who would go out and kill innocent men, women and children, the terrorists.*

*Q: Right.*

*Rumsfeld: And today what you see is 25 million Iraqi people who are free, who'd been liberated and it is an amazing*

*accomplishment.*

"See, Millie? Those kids have been *liberated*. In fact, you can't GET anymore *liberated* than they are."

Millie pretty much freaked out completely at this point, calling me a dangerous pervert and a known criminal. She asked (yelled, really) why I "hated Americans"...

"Because I've never MET one", I replied.

That seemed to be the final straw. She aimed a vicious swipe at me with her gaudy 1" painted nails, which dug a furrow along my left cheek...and I responded with a blast of Mace(tm), truly wonderful stuff that has a truly incredible effect on enraged yahoos. She went down like she was pole-axed. It would have croaked a lesser redneck, but Millie's huge bulk probably helped dilute it a bit. She crawled to the door, muttering about how I "was gonna pay".

I laughed at her, as she oozed through the front door. "I've already paid, you stupid cow...and you forgot these!", as I bounced a box of 12 guage #7 shot off her enormous ass.

A half an hour later, shotgun blasts rang out down the road. Al Sadr had been slain, and all was right with the world.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 3.

*Originally posted Apr 20, 2004*

Crazy Steve called me tonight, just as I was ready to drop off to sleep.

"Ya gotta come, Roger, Millie's in real trouble. She drank way too much, and I don't know what to do. She might DIE!"

My heart filled with hate, but what could I do? Way out here, you have to look out for each other, even if you can't stand the sight of your neighbors. So, I grabbed my bag, put some epicac into it, and jumped on my ATV.

When I walked into Crazy Steve's house (read: trailer), I heard moaning and retching from the bathroom, even over the sound of the tub's faucet, which was running full blast. This was, of course, a good sign. It implied that Millie was not only alive, but also that she wasn't too far gone to have a gag-reflex.

The horror in the bathroom was beyond description...Millie was in a full tub, fully clothed (thank Gawd), with the water overflowing onto the floor. Crazy Steve was feeding her cheap gin, and holding a pill bottle.

"What the FUCK are you doing, Steve?"

"Never mind that, hold her head above the water while I feed her some more vitamins."

I grabbed the pill bottle out of his hand, and read the label.

"You vicious creep! These aren't vitamins! This is Antabuse!"

(Note: for those of you who AREN'T surrounded by insane

rednecks, Antabuse is a powerful emetic, which is only triggered by alcohol. It is used by winos who know that they will die if they even LOOK at another drink. It causes uncontrollable retching and a sensation of dying in those who drink while using it.)

"I know", Crazy Steve said, "but she has to learn her lesson."

What could I do? I slapped Crazy Steve as hard as I could, John Wayne-style, about 5 times, and he fell backwards over the toilet. I tried to haul Millie out of the tub, but her bulk was too much to handle (even for my frame), so I drained the tub. I kicked Crazy Steve in the balls, and walked out of his trailer, bouncing the antabuse bottle in my hand.

Stopping to look at the pill bottle, I tried to understand what had just occurred. What *happened*? What did it *mean*?

I'm still pondering this, as I crush the antabuse into a bottle of Bourbon.

Crazy Steve LOVES bourbon, and I feel that a bottle would be a wonderful way to apologize for kicking him in the balls.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, Part 4.

*Originally posted Apr 21, 2004*

So, I finally got to meet Ray, my other neighbor, today. I had planned the event all day at work, but then said fuck it, and went with simplicity.

I invited Crazy Steve over, and told him to bring Ray. I baited him with the promise of letting him shoot my old 10 gauge IGA coach-gun. At first reluctant, the poor sap could not resist the chance to fire a monster sawed off shotgun.

"Should I bring anything?"

"Yeah. Grab some beer. GOOD beer, not that cheap shit you swill. Make it Guinness or Hacker-Pschorr."

He hung up, and I laid out the coachgun, some "special" shells, the magic bourbon (see part 3), put Bowzer in the downstairs bedroom, which is on the LEFT side of the hall (keep this in mind...the bathroom is on the RIGHT), and put the empty bottle of Antabuse in the pocket of my shotgun vest (NOT a sissy...If you don't wear a shotgun vest while firing an IGA coachgun, you won't use your arm for a week. A 10 gauge is like a howitzer).

Forty-five minutes later, Crazy Steve and Ray knocked on the door. Close up, Ray was even more feral looking than I remembered (though I did not realize that was possible). I said hello, and he responded with - I shit you not - "White power, brother!"

White power, indeed. I led them out back, and Crazy Steve's eyes lit up. He didn't quite seem to know what to grab first, the shotgun, or the bourbon. I handed him the shotgun, and offered him the vest.

"What kind of pussy do you think I am?" he asked. I shrugged, and handed him 3 rounds of the "special" ammo...DOUBLE loaded 00 buckshot. Of course, you can't SEE the fact that there's TWICE as much powder in the shell...perfectly SAFE, in a brute of a weapon like the superb German-made IGA, but...well, let's just say it has a little bit of a kick.

Ray and I drank a Hacker each, while Crazy Steve set up some clay ducks on the side of the hill at the end of my property. Ray was already on the way to piss drunk when he arrived, and was having difficulty standing.

BAM! Crazy Steve yelped at the recoil, and dropped the shotgun...blood trickled down his forehead, where the barrel had actually struck him. The poor bastard hadn't tucked it well, and it jumped in his grip like a cobra. I laughed, and picked up the coachgun, cracking it open as I did so.

"Gawwdamn! That kicks like a fucking mule! You got any ice? My head hurts."

No, I said, I didn't have any ice, but perhaps a stiff drink would give him a little spine. I tossed him the Bourbon, and he took a good, long pull. 90 seconds and counting.

As luck would have it, Ray asked where the bathroom was. I told him to piss in the field...and he replied that he had to shit.

"No problem. Go inside, down the hall, to the *left*."

He went inside, as Crazy Steve started to look ill.

"What's wrong, Steve? You look a little peaked."

"Dunno. Maybe something I ate."

"Yeah, maybe, Steve. Or maybe you forgot something last night." I walked over to the picnic table, reached into the vest, and tossed him the empty pill bottle.

He gazed at it, first in incomprehension, then recognition, then horror.

"You...BASTARD!" He hollered, as I loaded a regular shell into the IGA. He staggered toward me, beginning to retch.

At this point, the screaming in my hallway began. Crazy Steve's head slowly turned towards the noise. "Wha...", he began.

"Oh, nothing...Ray's just getting acquainted with your old pal Bowzer."

Crazy Steve collapsed into the dirt, retching helplessly. He began gasping, and forced out a feeble, "Why?"

"Because, Steve, the free market demands it. Welcome to the post-American century. Get used to it."

He began to crawl away, puking feebly, as Ray fought his way out the door, with Bowzer savagely mauling his ass. I called Bowzer to me, and Ray took off running, with his bleeding ass hanging out the back of the remains of his jeans. "Sorry about that!" I yelled. "See you soon, right, brother? WHITE POWER!"

As the sun set, I blew away a couple of dozen clay pigeons, drinking Crazy Steve's Hacker-Pschorr. Life is good out here, for those who are serious about a having good time.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 5.

*Originally posted May 04, 2004*

Many of the people who are in Bad Trouble this week make a mockery of the saying, "there is no such thing as bad publicity". People like Richard Nixon and Wilbur Mills used to say that. They are long gone, now...after learning, the hard way, that it only applies to show business.

Nazi Ray, still cranked up from hearing tales of the torture of Iraqis, took it into his head to deal out a little of his own, by assaulting Saleem, the owner of the local gas station. Saleem first kicked his ass, then had him hauled away like a rabid dawg by the local police. He has, as they say, been "taken into the system"...no more fun for you, Bubba, for a long, long time.

Crazy Steve is, once again, also enjoying the hospitality of the county, for beating Millie up (again). Unlike Ray, he'll be out soon, and Millie will (again), take him back. Fortunately, I do not have to hear (this time) about how Crazy Steve "isn't really a bad man, he just has a temper. It's just his way."...as Millie is visiting her parents, to get her head together.

So, I'm all alone out here, with nothing but the news to keep me company....which leads me to ANOTHER set of yahoos who are in Bad Trouble; the Bush administration, the Pentagon, and 20 Nazi thugs who have seen fit to disgrace the uniform, by torturing helpless captives, many of whom were, apparently, simply scooped up in mass sweeps.

What the fuck were these people thinking? Were they thinking at all? Do they not realize that the hideous stories that are getting out (and were doomed to get out) will result in even MORE attacks on our kids overseas? Are you ready for that?

Are you ready for another 700 dead, just because 20 fuckwits decided to build an ass pyramid? Again, what the FUCK were these morons thinking?

Maybe they were just following the example of our glorious leader, who had a war, essentially, because he could. How's THAT for realpolitick? Bismark himself would blush at the reasons Bush gave for this farce of a war. Hey, what's a little torture, next to THAT? Add to that Bush's little jokefest at that fundraiser two months ago ("those WMDs have to be around here SOMEWHERE", hyuk, hyuk, hyuk. HEY FUCKWIT! Almost 800 dead, and 5000 maimed! wakka wakka wakka!), and you have an example that could ONLY lead to the kind of un-American shit that went on in that prison.

What does it all mean?

Let me tell you.

You have far worse problems than I have with my neighbors. You have the biggest pack of yahoos EVER to assume power in the United States. You have an army that has gone totally berserk, and a media that just can't seem to find a problem with any of this. If HL Mencken were alive today, he'd drag O'Rielly off of his set, and kick his ass sideways. That's right, SIDEWAYS. Then, he'd get busy on the rest, with the possible exception of Ted Koppel, who seems to be the only newscaster alive who sees what a horrible pile of shit the country has flung itself into.

It means the end of America as anything different than any other nation that had a chance at the imperialism game.

That's what it means.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 6

*Originally posted May 13, 2004*

Picture a huge warehouse, 1/4 mile on a side. Zoom in on the Southeast corner, where there is a massive maintenance bay. This is where the Good Reverend works, every day from 3:30 to midnight. The good news is, there is no shortage of work, and interesting things to work on; huge order pickers, hysters, etc.

The bad news is, I have co-workers...three of whom are the subject of tonight's rant.

*Dramatis Personae:*

**Bud** (no shit, that's really his name): Bud is, to misquote Hobbes, "Nasty, brutal, and short". He is my oil-man, wrench-holder, and whipping boy. Bud has three great loves in his life: Girls aged 18 (Bud is 40, and married), hard liquor, and himself...not necessarily in that order. He is a truly vile little man, and I go out of my way to make him miserable.

**Cheryl:** Bud's last 18 year old fling. Sweet kid, NO brains. Now pregnant. We'll be getting to that.

**Susan:** My utility mechanic. Susan is, she would like to believe, a *lady*. She's built like a Raiders' linebacker, about 50, born again Christian(tm), and the company snitch. Tell HER something, it's the same as talking to the boss. Unfortunately for her, my boss HATES snitches, though Susan hasn't figured this out yet (she has worked for my boss for 9 years). Susan is also one of those people who take motivational phrases SERIOUSLY, and tends to jabber non-stop about "quality", etc. She is constantly "cheery", and expects everyone else to be, as well. In a just world, she'd be shot.

On to the meat of the matter:

I was minding my own business, knocking rocks out of the suspension of one of the Cats, when Bud came up to me, looking upset. I expected that, because I had sent him to scrub the conveyors (our conveyors are self-cleaning. Heh.)...however, he was upset about something else.

"Hey, man, I got a big problem", he mumbled, "and I need some advice."

Now, the LAST thing I want to do is listen to some scurvy little redneck whine, so I kept working. Alas, Bud didn't take the hint, and kept on jabbering.

"Cheryl's pregnant...I don't know what to do."

I put down my hammer and drift pin, and turned to to him. And stared, blank-faced. Bud started to (finally) become uncomfortable.

"It's her fault, man. She shoulda been on the pill."

A vague memory of another conversation with Bud (that I had also been unable to ignore) surfaced in my mind...

"Bud, didn't you say that you had a vasectomy?"

"Yeah, but I only say that because I hate wearing rubbers, and when you say things like that, word gets around. Give me some advice, man, I gotta do something"

I stared at him in disgust for another few moments. Then, I decided that Bud was right. Something HAD to be done.

"I think I have the answer to the problem, Bud. Come with me." I led Bud over to the charging racks, and picked up a capacitor, the size of a beer can.

"Here, hold this." I handed the capacitor to him, leads first. He grabbed it...and then shot backwards about 3 feet, as the capacitor discharged into his hand. It made a LOVELY flash, and knocked Bud stupid(er) for a few moments.

When Bud finally got up, he said, "You asshole! How does THAT help my problem?"

"Who said YOUR problem, Bud? I was talking about MY problem; your whining. Now, get back to work, or I'll find something REALLY nasty for you to do."

Bud scurried off. I'll have to keep my eye on him, for a while.

Unfortunately, my work was interrupted again, about ten minutes later, when Cheryl came in, with a red face, and puffy eyes. Obviously, she had been crying. Abandoning all hope for my project, I turned to her, and waited for the inevitable.

She walked up to me, and blurted out, "Bud got me preganant he said he had been fixed and now my parents are kicking me out and Bud won't talk to me and I don't now what to doooooooooo!" She burst into tears, literally crying on my shoulder (my elbow, actually).

"Ye gods", I thought..."Why do they always come to ME? I'm the biggest asshole in this whole place..."

Now, Cheryl is a sweet kid, and always has a smile and a nice word for me, which I typically ignore. But I didn't have the heart to tell her that her situation was totally hopeless. I told her to let me think it over, and I'd try to see if there was

anything I could think of that would help. She held on to me, for a while, blubbering on my arm. What could I do?

At this point, Susan walked in, and saw the hideous scene. A nasty, knowing smirk spread across her moon-shaped face. Obviously, she (being the gossip hound she is) already knew the whole story. She waited until Cheryl, now embarrassed, composed herself, and tried to walk out of the bay with SOME dignity.

When Cheryl wasn't QUITE out of earshot, Susan said, "So, the little tramp got herself knocked up, huh? Figures...I always figured her for a whore." Cheryl, about 50 feet away, burst into tears again, and started walking a little faster. I simply stared at Susan, until Cheryl was out of earshot. Susan began to fidget, realizing that I wasn't on her side.

When Cheryl was out of hearing range, but still in sight, I said, "What in the HELL inspired you to say that?"

She got huffy, and wrinkled her nose..."Well", she said, "it isn't exactly a *Christian* thing she did, sleeping with Bud...it's adultery."

"Do you suppose that Cheryl knew he was married?", I asked.

"It doesn't matter. She's still an adulterous little whore."

"Quite right," I said, "and there's only one thing for you to do"

"What's that?"

I picked up a fist sized rock from the pile of crap I'd been knocking out of the Cat.

"Stone her", I said..."It's the only Christian thing to do. You

seem to be without sin, so you fling the first stone. Then I'll join in, and we'll crush her skull like an over-ripe melon".

Susan looked horrified, and began to back away. I followed her, holding out the rock. "Come on, Susan...don't be shy. You KNOW what we have to do."

Susan dropped her tool bag, and fled from the bay. I laughed, and got back to work. This scene, I thought, was only going to get uglier. A few hours later, it did.

**To be continued...or kill me.**

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 7

*Originally posted May 14, 2004*

### **Continued from part 6**

NOTE: Not much funny in this one. It's a sad tale of misery, failure, and degeneracy...but it describes accurately the flavor of the environment in which I landed.

*Image: Twenty past midnight. A vast, empty parking lot, an ocean of dark concrete. On the edge of this ocean is a piece of human debris, sitting on the curb, sobbing. No other noise is heard, and the crying of the walking wounded seems to echo in your head.*

I walked up to Cheryl, sighed, and told her to get into the jeep. For the whole ride home, she sat silently in the passenger seat, as I drove the ancient Wrangler down highway 47.

I was so lost in thought, as we walked up the drive that I forgot something crucial. I opened the front door, and there was Bowser. Crap. He dashed forward, toward Cheryl...I grabbed at him, and missed.

I winced...but no worries. Bowser took a good sniff, and proceeded to go all mushy, as Cheryl rubbed his ears.

"THIS doesn't bode well", I thought.

I set Cheryl up in the guest room, and tried to ignore the sound of her crying herself to sleep.

So, today, I had the pleasure of meeting ANOTHER yahoo, when I drove Cheryl over to her parents' house to pick up her things.

*Image: A run-down doublewide trailer. A 80s model Buick on cinderblocks. Half a dozen cats, all in various states of feral manginess. Despite the arid climate, the whole scene seems moldy, damp. A feeling of decay, mostly spiritual, pervades the air.*

Cheryl went into the "house", and I sat in the jeep, blasting the Rolling Stones' *Let it Bleed*. It seemed like the only thing to do.

A moment later, the door of the trailer opened, and a fat man in dingy jeans and a "wife beater" shirt came out. As he approached the jeep, a wave of rancid body odor, and beer, preceded him by at least ten feet. He slouched up to the car, and said, "I know you".

"You do?", I asked. I'd never met this trogdolyte before in my life.

"Yeah. You're that nut that lives over by [name of town deleted]. You're crazy for guns and violence."

This is, of course, not exactly a bad reputation for a man in my position, so I let his sentence hang, wondering what damnfool thing he'd follow up with. I wasn't disappointed.

"So, the little slut is shacking up with you. Good, you deserve each other."

I could see right away that many, many people in the area are going to get the wrong impression about what's going on, starting with THIS creep.

I looked him in the eye and said, "and?"

He just laughed, and oozed back to the pitiful excuse for a

house. A moment later, Cheryl came out with a box under one arm, and a duct taped suitcase in her other hand. I tossed both in the back of the jeep, and told her to get the rest.

"That's all", she mumbled.

Christ.

Eighteen years, and her entire worldly possessions fit into a cardboard box, and a smallish suitcase. Seeing that, and the conditions in which she lived, no wonder she's a cipher.

We dropped her things off at the house, and drove to work. On the way, she said, "I can pay you some rent, on payday." I told her we'd discuss it, and drove on.

When I walked into the maintenance bay, my boss was waiting for me, with a grin.

"So, I heard Bud got careless with a few things. That kid, and a capacitor."

"Yeah, he's not really sharp."

"Listen, Roger, you gotta chill out. Bud's afraid to work with you, and Susan says you're crazy."

I thought about that for a moment, and then asked, "Can either one of them rebuild that cracked head in #45?"

He just shook his head. It helps when you can explain your position like that, to the right people. Besides, Jim (my boss) is good people, and is in a similar situation to me; Jim is respected, but not liked. He's openly gay, and in a town like this, he isn't going to have many people to drink with on a Saturday night.

Jim said, "Well, watch your back."

"Too late. Cheryl's staying at my place, until she gets her act together."

Jim laughed, and called me a fool. Then he picked up his lunchpail, and left.

Both Susan and Bud avoided me like the plague. Too bad, I had some truly miserable shit for them to do, had they bothered me. The day passed.

So, I arrived home half an hour ago...I told Cheryl that for the time being, her rent was to read 10 pages of Cicero's *On duties* each day, and then to explain it to me in her own words. If she misses so much as one day, she's out on her ass. Time to see if there's anything inside that head...if I can help her, I will. If she's a hopeless case, I'll have to wash my hands of her. I have problems of my own.

So, she's gone to bed, Cicero in hand...and Bowzer, the little traitor, is curled up on the floor of her room. I suspect she bribed him with a little Polish sausage, but who knows? Bowzer always was a sucker for the ladies.

So, how the hell did the Good Reverend find himself in this position? Running a home for wayward girls, and cursing his faithless hound?

I suspect I may know the answer. This town, so far as I have seen, and perhaps the whole world, is *infested* with assholes. Though they walk on two legs, humans are still, largely, swine. Then along comes a nice, though clueless, young lady that never had a chance. Sublimating her desire to please a surrogate father figure, she found Bud...and she was nothing

more than prey.

I may be an asshole, but I like to think I have a sense of justice, of fairness. Here's a girl who was dealt a shitty hand, and was never taught not to draw on an inside straight. If I can, I'll forge her into an instrument of her own vengeance. I've had success with that in the past (though never in a situation like THIS).

Time will tell. It always does. More as this develops.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 8

*Originally posted Jun 22, 2004*

Henry, our company's second-shift janitor, was killed at work today. He was struck by a forklift, and subsequently died of heart failure. He was 74 years old.

Henry was an island of sophistication in a sea of redneck swine. He was forced back out of retirement in 2001, after his retirement stocks were wiped out when the bubble burst. We spoke often, more often than not over a lunchtime chess game, and Henry always said that he was glad to be back at work, around younger folks...those his age, he said, were the walking dead. In addition, most people his age didn't like him, on account of Henry being Black. This is the state I live in.

Since, at the time of the accident, everyone was thinking of everything BUT Henry, I'd like to tell you what I knew of him:

His formal education ended at 4th grade, but he could quote Emerson, Thoreau, and Jefferson. He served in the Korean war as a cook, and then took up Blues singing in New Orleans for a while. From what he said, this was the happiest time of his life. He met his wife there, and they stayed together until her death (of cancer) in 1991. Whenever he spoke of his Evangeline, his eyes got a little distant...I sincerely hope they are together now. After he settled down with her, he took a job as a mechanic until his retirement in 1995. He is survived by 5 children, and countless grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Henry loved music, both the older stuff he grew up on, and much of the music of today (he thought Outkast was the best thing since Lord Buckley, humor-wise). He had a humorous contempt for most Americans, with their "You're only as good as your last day" bullshit. He came from a slower, more

civilized era, and came through the civil rights era without becoming bitter. He was honestly puzzled by bigots, and often remarked that most Klansmen hated themselves more than they hated him. It was kinda like working with Yoda.

When the accident occurred, the reactions people had were a true indication that the world didn't deserve my friend. The driver of the forklift that struck him was worried about his job. The plant manager was worried about OSHA, Bud was pissed that he had to clean up the mess, and (of course) Susan was "worried about his soul".

"It's a shame", she said with a smug little smirk, "he wasn't saved. Now he's in hell."

Shortly thereafter, Susan was doing his job, cleaning toilets. There is some bullshit I will not tolerate...and I couldn't think of any better way to make her regret Henry's demise.

I don't really know where Henry is, but I like to think he's with his Evangeline, singing 1950s Blues tunes and drinking a cold one. If there is ANY justice in this rotten, maggot infested universe, that's the case. Heaven was MADE for people like him...many will be called, and few, indeed, will be chosen. Assholes like Bud and Susan will be snatched by the neck, and thrown into the pit, where bill collectors pound on your door, and televangelists scream from your TV, and the IRS collects your limbs in lieu of taxes...an eternity of listening to assholes like Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, and Jerry Falwell...where nothing seems right, and...

Whoops. I meant to talk about heaven, and somehow wound up talking about hell...or my town. Take your pick.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 9

*Originally posted Jun 23, 2004*

Since so many of you have PM'd me asking about Cheryl, I thought I'd just barf it all out in the open.

For those of you with dirty minds, there is no hanky-panky involved. The kid is young enough to be my daughter, fer chrissakes. I'm not Bud, and I resent the implication.

For the rest of you, Cheryl is turning into quite the angry little Discordian. She's a hell of a shot, and she drives more aggressively than I do...which ain't bad, considering I just taught her HOW to drive (and shoot, for that matter). Fortunately, my ancient Jeep is (so far) up to the challenge...though I DID just have to teach her how to strip a rim. No donut will ever degrade the hubs of my Detroit dinosaur.

Bowzer follows her around slavishly, but he always was a sucker for the ladies. Fine by me...Bud got a chance to meet Bowzer, today.

Cheryl and I took the day off of work, to celebrate her getting her license. We took the Jeep up into the hills, and alternated 4-wheeling with blasting away at random rock outcroppings until dusk. Then, we headed into town to wash the dust out of our throats.

We stopped in at the Towne Tap (no joke, it's really called that), and I grabbed a Hacker-Pschorr and a table. Cheryl got herself a coke, and a bowl of water for the mutt. The Town Tap is the kind of loser bar that is uplifted by the presence of a mean dog...But what can you expect of a place that would hire Crazy Steve?

Cheryl was feeding quarters into the jukebox, when - off all people - Bud walked into the bar. He came up to the table, and said he had a bone to pick with me.

"Really, Bud? Let me ask you this...why the FUCK aren't you at work?"

"I took a personal day. What the fuck is between you and Cheryl?"

"Why don't you ask her, you slimy little degenerate", I asked him. "Not too...ashamed, are you?"

"I got nuthin to be ashamed about."

"Yeah, that's what I figured."

Cheryl came to the table, and Bud turned to her. "Can we talk?", he asked her.

"About what, little man?", she replied. "What could you possibly have to say to me?"

"Aw, c'mon, don't be like that. Look, I'm leaving my wife. Will you come back to me?"

Both Cheryl and I burst out laughing. Bud grew red in the face, and hissed at me, "You bastard! "

At this point, we had the attention of every low life in the bar, and snickering could be heard from the shadows. Bud looked like he was going to pop a vein, so I adjusted my grip on my beer bottle, and waited - prayed - for him to take a swing. No such luck.

Now, Bowzer has always been an *aware* dawg. He picks up on emotions quite quickly...And he was walking around Cheryl's feet, stiff-legged. NOT a good sign. Thing about Bowzer, he rarely growls...he seems to feel that warnings should not be necessary. Bud, however, was too enraged to notice.

Glancing up, I saw Steve behind the bar, face white. He *knew*. He looked at me, and pointed at the phone. I shook my head, and he began to grin. Crazy Steve might be a slimeball, too, but sometimes he knows when to shut up and enjoy the fun.

Bud tried to regain his composure, which sent Cheryl into a fit of the giggles. Bud snarled something I didn't catch, and grabbed her wrist.

The result was ugly, yet funny. Picture the look on the face of a man who has suddenly realized that his dick is in an operating quisenart...which is about the best analogy that I can think of, as Bowzer *clamped down on Bud's crotch*. Not a sound out of the little beast, just silent, efficient mayhem to the genitals.

Bud shrieked, and began to beat at the dawg's head...which, of course was utterly ineffectual, except to draw more hoots from the crowd. Crazy Steve had an odd grin on his face, as if finally realizing how FUNNY this type of thing can be, when it's not happening to him.

Cheryl and I finally got Bowzer off of him, and Cheryl told him what a GOOD dawg he was. Bud lay on the floor, and moaned something about the cops. Cheryl snickered, "Listen you little creep, you talk to the cops, and I do, too. What do you think they'll do when I tell them that our sex was NOT consensual?"

I darted a glance at her, shocked, but she just winked at me. Heh. She looked down at the poor bastard, and giggled at the

sight. Bowzer had literally *chewed his pants off*, in the affected area. He looked to be intact, though he had some nasty abrasions.

Bud called her a lying bitch, and she got the SWEETEST little smile on her face. You know THAT ain't good. She grabbed the tobasco sauce bottle off of the table, opened it, and DRAINED IT ONTO HIS (abraded) DICK.

The whole bar groaned in sympathetic pain, myself included. Bud went as white as a sheet, and scrabbled across the floor towards the bathroom, howling all the way. The horror. I'm STILL wincing, hours later.

We decided it was time to leave. We climbed in the Jeep, and took off down that proud highway that is the ONLY saving grace of this state. I drove, and Cheryl sang along with the Rolling Stones, hugging Bowzer every few minutes; Bowzer ate it up, proud as hell. Damn, I love that dawg.

I thought about her Aunt and Uncle coming out to check things out. What would they make of all of this? The shy, self-conscious (and self-denigrating) little girl they knew has somehow morphed into a gun freak with a violent streak that even \*I\* didn't expect. How will they react? Will they be horrified? Shocked? Probably. But what can I do? My little rogue Discordian is growing up so fast (sniff). More to the point, what SHOULD I do? She will be better served with a mean streak than with her previous victim mentality...as long as I can teach her how to stay out of jail, that is ("See what I do? Don't do that.").

Heh. Tobasco sauce on a mutilated crotch. I feel like John the Baptist. A far greater Discordian than I cometh...

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, Part 10

*Originally posted Jun 24, 2004*

Saleem came over today, as I was teaching Cheryl how to do routine maintenance on the Jeep. When he and his son, Fazeer, pulled up, Cheryl was under the Jeep, wrestling with a stubborn oil filter.

Saleem looked troubled, and told Fazeer to stay in the car. As he approached me, I said, "What's up, Saleem?"

"My idiot boy is in trouble again." Fazeer, it seems, has had a number of run-ins with the law. "If he isn't lucky, he'll be deported."

"What's the little swine done this time?", I inquired.

"He was caught spray painting anti-Bush slogans on the wall of the hardware store."

"Good for him. At least he's got guts."

Sameer looked thoughtful for a moment, and said, "Perhaps. But no brains. He got caught. What the hell is wrong with the kids these days?"

This was a really good question, and there are many answers. I mulled it over for a moment, and said, "Sameer, there isn't anything wrong with the kids these days. We, and our parents, left them one fucked up planet. Look around you...wars, and rumors of wars. TV culture, pill culture, corporations that resemble plantations, wage slavery...you should be GLAD that all he's done is spraypaint some gibberish on the damn hardware store. How much is this going to cost you?"

"About 300 bucks, plus legal problems."

"Okay, Sameer, you got off light. Hell, at his age, I was throwing bricks through plate glass windows. You ever do that? It's funny as hell. It makes a godawful noise, and the people inside run around like rats in a firestorm. Think of it this way...at least he isn't SHOOTING anyone. You ready for that? Turn on the TV one morning, and they're showing John Ashcroft with his spleen shot out, and when they show the little savage that did it, POW, there's Fazeer. Count yourself lucky."

"Maybe...maybe."

"Sameer, this is all very interesting, but why come to me?"

"Because, word is, you are an expert on these matters."

How's THAT for a "compliment"?

Sameer looked distressed, and said, "It isn't just this incident. It seems like everything, everywhere, is falling apart. There's no sense of propriety, anymore. Nobody, not even the courts, respect the rules anymore."

At this point, Cheryl yelled out, "Done!", scooted out from under the Jeep, and walked towards the house to clean up. Keep in mind that Cheryl was wearing a pair of daisy dukes and a bikini top. Sameer looked, did a double take, and then remained silent until she was in the house. Then he said, "See what I mean?"

Sameer is an old-fashioned Muslim, but a nice enough guy, so I let the comment slide. During this, over his shoulder, I could see Fazeer leering at Cheryl's retreating bottom. Heh. Kids. Trust them to get their priorities straight. No orthodox nonsense, when you're 18 or so.

I thought for a moment, and said, "Sameer, look at it this way. This is kinda like the 60s...the socio-economic situation has created so many rejects that it is becoming fashionable to be one. The tards that are running the show have pushed things to the limit; we are just now beginning to see the backlash. Hell, Fazeer will probably be in a commune this time next year, if he isn't hauled off to Tunisia. Morons like Bush have had their day, and screwed it up badly. The future belongs to little dolts like Fazeer...and no God or government can stop it. Chaos, my friend, is coming. It will make the 60s look like the 50s. These aren't hippies, they're *angry* young people."

Sameer looked at the sky for a few moments, and then looked at me, and laughed.

"Well, maybe you're right. It's not like they could do a worse job than we have. I need to think about this...but in the meantime, could you talk to Judge Richardson about this?"

"Sure, but I'm not sure how much good it will do. You'd be better off talking to a lawyer."

"I already have, but you know the judge. Maybe you can grease the skids a bit." (Judge Richardson is an avid skeet shooter, and we see each other frequently)

"I'll try. Now, don't be too hard on the little savage. His heart is in the right place."

Sameer laughed, "If I was his age, I would probably do the same thing."

Sameer got into his car, and drove off. About 10 minutes later, Crazy Steve walked over, and said, "So, what did the sand-nigger want?" .

Welcome to the post-American century.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 11

*Originally posted Jun 29, 2004*

Cheryl's aunt and uncle came out this last weekend, to see what kind of lunatic's house their niece was living in. In stark contrast to her father, her uncle Bill was a clean cut, smallish, bookish fellow (he's a history teacher), who was both polite and concerned about his niece (nice to see SOMEONE in that clan gives a damn). Her aunt was nice enough, but you could tell that she found the situation...suspicious.

Bill and I spent a few hours shooting clay ducks and drinking a couple of beers on Saturday. He seemed nervous about the gun at first, but soon got into it. Then he asked me, point blank, if there was anything "going on". I said no, I was simply offering her shelter, as I would do for anyone in her situation. He seemed relieved by that to no end, and mentioned that he was going to offer to pay her way through community college, and perhaps a proper degree, if she did well.

I said that I thought that was fantastic, but that he'd have to approach her about it, as I am NOBODY'S boss. He agreed, and was about to say something else, when Sameer came roaring up my driveway.

Sameer was very upset, and told me that the INS had just detained his son, in preparation for deportation.

"WTF? Isn't he supposed to be found guilty, first?"

"You would think so", said Sameer, "but under the PATRIOT Act, they don't NEED any excuse. My lawyer says there's nothing he can do."

Bill looked puzzled, but was too polite to say anything. I

looked at Sameer, and then filled Bill in on the whole sorry saga of Fazeer. Bill looked angry about this, and said, "Remember when we used to have the rule of law?"

Sameer and I both said, at the same time, "No."

Sameer grabbed a beer, which is odd (he is an orthodox Muslim), opened it, and took a long pull. He winced a bit (your first beer always tastes like shit), looked at us both in a slightly aggressive manner, and said, "America is shit."

Bill looked thoughtful, and said, "It's not always like this."

"Unless you're brown", I said. "You're a history teacher, Bill. Be honest about it. This country of the rich and white, by the rich and white, and FOR the rich and white. Everyone else is expected to be a gardener, and shut up."

Bill just nodded, and grabbed another beer. Sameer said, "If my son must go, I will go, too." This seemed reasonable, and what CAN one say, at a time like that?

Sameer left shortly thereafter, turning down my offer of "12 gauge therapy".

A few hours passed.

Cheryl and her aunt Connie returned from shopping, and I fired up the grill. Cheryl came up to me, and mentioned that her aunt had offered to pay her way through school.

"I heard."

"What do you think I should do?"

"Take it. You'll never get a chance like this again."

Cheryl slapped me, burst into tears, and ran into the house. WTF? I must have looked bewildered, because Connie laughed at me, and said, "Men are idiots."

Someone please explain what the hell just happened?

So, this morning, I packed her things (substantially more than she arrived with, including a good chunk of my library, and a nice 20 gauge I bought as a going away present) in her uncle's car, and then watched as Bowser scrambled into the car with her. Instinctively, I started to protest, but stopped myself. Bowser is HER dawg now, and has been since she walked into my house. I told her not to take any shit from anyone, and closed the car door.

So, here we are, waving Cheryl and Bowser goodbye.

Sameer has put his store up for sale. Henry is dead.

I'm through with this town. I quit my job today, and spent this evening packing up the jeep and the trailer...the day after tomorrow, I head North. Wisconsin, maybe, or perhaps the Dakotas...anywhere but this miserable, Gawdforsaken, pestilential hole. I will shake the dust of this place off my boots, and leave it nothing but my curse.

Obviously, I will be gone from the forum for a little while, as of tomorrow afternoon.

Or kill me.

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos, part 12: Return to Dumb.

*Originally posted Jul 04, 2005*

*"The difference between a criminal and an outlaw is that the outlaw has a following."*

- Pablo Escobar

Judge Richardson and I were about 10 miles South of Tucson, heading for Nogales, when we saw the hitchhikers. I had started to slow down, when the Judge reminded me that it was illegal to pick up hitchhikers in Arizona.

I responded that only a diseased animal would leave a man to rot in the desert, but the Judge only laughed, and responded that there were, in fact, worse fates. The Judge was always a mean drunk, as any slob unfortunate enough to be arrested on a Friday night could tell you.

The car came to a stop, and the couple jogged up to it. Their lips were split, and they looked like hell. As they got into the van, I handed them a jug of water, and pulled back onto the highway. My overhead light was out, and I could only make out that one was male and one was female.

"Thanks, mister", the man said..."We've been here all day. You might just have saved our lives. "

"Or not", the Judge cackled, as he took another pull from his beer.

I whacked the judge upside the head with a bottle of water, and told him to behave...but something was wrong. I KNEW that voice. I looked into the rear view mirror, but the night was

pitch black, and I couldn't see the man in the rear seat, as anything more than an outline. I asked him where he was headed.

"Mexico", he said, "I need to get out of town for a while".

I DEFINITELY knew that voice, but I couldn't quite place it. The young girl in the back seat helped me out, though, when she asked, "Hey, Bud, do we have any cigarettes left?"

I was gripped by horror. What kind of God would allow this to happen? All I wanted was to cruise down to Nogales and pick up some pulque, and I wound up being confronted by some horrible freak from the no-so-distant past. For it WAS, in fact, Bud, travelling the hard way with his newest teenage conquest.

"Fuck that", I thought...I'm NOT getting involved in anymore redneck dramas. With any luck at all, Bud wouldn't recognize me, and I could travel in peace. Just another two hours, and I'd be rid of him.

At about this point, I cruised around a bend in the road, and saw what appeared to be clouds in the road...all fluffy and white. This odd sight had barely registered on my mind, when we hit the first goat.

The air was filled with thudding noises, and the van rocked on its chassis like it was about to flip over. Finally, everything came to a stop.

I opened the door, and found myself ankle deep in goat bits. The grill of the van was gone, and the radiator was covered in wool and blood. The Judge staggered out of the passenger side, ranting about assassins, and waving a great big goddamn pistol.

\*BLAM\*

I was momentarily blinded by the muzzle flash, which spared my eyes from being further assaulted, as the Judge fired five more times. Six of the goats that were fortunate enough to avoid my bumper were dropped in as many seconds.

"That will teach the little bastards", the Judge raved, "Try to kill ME, will they? I'm THE JUDGE, Goddammit!"

As God is my witness, I had no idea what to say. What CAN you say, when a drunken circuit court judge is massacring goats in the middle of the night on a federal highway?

At this point I noticed two things....I was standing in the beam of the only remaining headlight, and Bud was leaning between the two front seats, towards me. I couldn't see his face, but I *knew* he had recognized me. He dropped back into the rear seat and started screaming.

"What the hell is going on?" bellowed the Judge, as he fumbled with the pistol, trying to reload it. "Are there more of those bastards? Have they gotten into the car?"

The side door of the van flew open, and Bud flew out. I heard the young lady screaming for Bud to not leave her.

"Fuck you, Amy, you're on your own!" Bud screeched, and tore off into a gully by the side of the road.

The Judge shrugged, and climbed back into the van. I got into the driver's seat, doing the math in my head. Would the crippled van make it to the border? What would the Federales make of the blood and fur-spattered remains of my grille?

The Judge turned around in his seat, and told the girl (presumably Amy) , "Don't worry little lady. We fought the

bastards off, and we can do it again if we have to. Then he stuck his head out the window and vomited, long and loud. All I could see in the rear view mirror was a pair of eyes, huge with fear.

We continued South, and the night was still young.

*To be continued.*

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos 13: Mexican Jails SUCK.

*Originally posted 29 July 05*

[b]Continued from part 12.[/i]

We pulled up to the border crossing in the early hours of the morning. The Judge had just disposed of his drink, and Amy was sleeping in the back.

The Mexican border guards were apprehensive, at first, as the grille of my van was still covered in blood and goat hair...and the Judge mumbling things about "assassins" didn't help anything. Our papers, however, were in order, and they were just waving us through when Amy woke up and began screaming. The guard shone his flashlight on her, but she responded with something about a bad dream. At first it looked like the guard might hassle us, but he simply waved us on.

About a half hour later, we parked in front of an all night bodega called, "El Simio Borracho", which is where we were to pick up the pulque.

The inside of the bodega resembled a mining shack, and had a plank across two sawhorses, to serve as a bar. A few card tables and folding chairs were scattered around, as were a half dozen people passed out on the floor. The place was crowded, even at 4 AM, and it took a few minutes to get our hands on a bottle of Mescal. We had about an hour to wait before my friend would show up, so we figured we may as well make the best of it.

The Judge blended right into the crowd, striking up a conversation in Spanish with a rat-faced little man who called

himself Jose. Listening in, I realized that they were haggling a trade...Jose was offering to trade his 1975 El Camino for Amy, straight up.

I grabbed the Judge by the arm, and said (in English), "What the fuck are you doing, you animal? You can't trade that child for a car!"

He looked at me with a quizzical expression, and asked, "Why not? It's MINT! That car is a *classic*!"

I merely shook my head, and tried to block out the awful mariachi music.

A short while later, Jorge walked in. Jorge and I go way back...we both worked for the same cargo airline, but both of us quit when the company took a contract in Iraq. Jorge walked up and shook my hand, and said, "The case is out in my trunk, amigo. You of course brought the \$300?"

"\$300??? You told me \$150, you thieving bastard!"

"Well, my friend, the free market has forced my to adjust my price. If this is too much for you, perhaps we can just forget about it, and you can drive back to Arizona."

"Goddammit, you're KILLING me!" I yelled. Bad move.

Judge Richardson, who was face down on a card table, jumped up screeching about assassins, and pulled that goddamn pistol again. He was appallingly drunk, and waving it around. Everyone else froze.

"Get the hell out of here", I whispered to Amy, "Things just became complica..."

At that moment, the Judge accidentally fired his pistol through the roof of the bodega. He stood there looking stunned, and was poleaxed by the bartender, with what looked like the leg of a chair. He didn't quite lose consciousness, and I was about to tell him to stay down, when what felt like a freight train slammed into the back of my head.

I came around in the back of a pickup truck, handcuffed to the side rail. The Judge sat across from me, leering insanely and jabbering about "getting them all". There was no sign of Amy.

A few minutes later, we pulled up to what was obviously a police precinct. We were both told to get the hell out of the truck, and proceed the nice officer into the jail. I had a goose egg on the back of my head, and I felt no need to argue.

A few more minutes, and we were tossed into a drunk tank. There were about 10 other people in there, but there was still room to lie down. I flopped in a corner, and went to sleep.

I awoke a short while later, to the sounds of laughing and clapping. Looking up, I saw that the Judge *was dancing the tango* with a terrified 20-something Mexican man. The rest of the drunks were cheering them on, and the judge was singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas" at the top of his lungs. Horrible. I was becoming convinced that I was in hell.

Hours passed like decades, and we finally got to see the local Judge. When he found out who Judge Richardson was (that he, also, was a judge), he allowed us to go with a moderate fine, which the Judge paid off.

The police were more than polite, and consented to give us a ride back to my van...which was fortunate, because the Judge had a vicious hangover, and I had a splitting headache.

To my relief, Amy was sleeping in the back of the van, and hardly stirred as we got in and started driving. Six hours later, we were home.

And that's when the *really weird* shit went down...

[b]To be continued[/i].

Rev Roger, Millions of Screaming Yahoos #14:  
Just desserts.

*originally posted Sep 7, 2005*

It's an awful feeling, realizing that you have, in fact, become the people your mother warned you about. I do not mean this in the sophomoric sense of a teenager's braggadosio a week after he sneaks his first beer, but rather the sense that you have actually become the *wrong* sort of people. You know you're fucked, but there doesn't seem to be any way out.

Amelia Earhardt must have had a similar feeling, as she watched the "island" she was headed for turn out to be a tidal atoll. She must have felt a sinking feeling of dread and panic as she realized that here there is no safety...you are not saved, and your tanks are empty. Imagine what must have been going through her head when the engine began to sputter, and she began that last, long spiral down to an island that was really a killing jar. With 12 hours, nothing will be left except a shoe found almost 50 years later. Doom, in its truest sense.

Ho ho! How's THAT for a happy ending, folks? A situation where the *worst* possible ending would be to survive the crash...lying injured on a coral reef, watching the water edge upward, a few inches at a time? The Good Reverend understands how she must have felt.

How, you may ask, did The Good Reverend find himself in such a sorry state? Well, pull up a chair, and I'll tell you...

It began a few days after the Judge and I made our disasterous pulque-run to Nogales. I was woken by a call from the Judge, who said he had a proposal for me...my heart filled with dread, but you simply don't tell the Judge no. I grabbed a quick shower, and drove the 2 hours to his ranch in the mountains

near Tombstone.

*Johnny Ringo was found murdered in these mountains, slain by Wyatt Earp and Texas Jack (among others), and his body was found tossed up in a tree, with a hole the size of a soda can in his skull...enough, Roger, don't think about things like that...It's not as if the Judge is a criminal, ha ha...right?*

I pulled onto the dirt road that led to his house, and parked next to his Bentley. He came out to meet me on the porch, like a demented Pa Cartwright.

"Glad you could make it, Roger," he said, "come on inside, and I'll have Amy fix you some lunch."

"What's she still doing hanging around?"

"Funny you should ask", he replied, walking ahead of me into the house, "she and I..."

At that point, Amy came up and gave him a kiss, and said hi to me.

I looked at the Judge, and he just grinned.

Switching to Spanish, I said, "You old goat! What the hell are you doing? She's a third your age! That's just plain *wrong*, man."

"Bullshit. Wrong is poor and weak. Right is rich and powerful. As you have said so often, Rev, 'Welcome to the post-American century.' Besides, you have to admit that she's better off with me than with that scumbag, Bud."

Well, he certainly had a point, and I make a policy of never arguing with a sitting judge. In any case, it really wasn't my

business, and I have already done my good deed in this department, so I shut up and ate a delicious lunch. Amy, it turns out, is a wonderful cook, and - I couldn't help noticing - was dotting over the Judge like he was the only man on Earth.

During lunch, he told me that Bud had been found half-dead by the border patrol, walking in circles in the desert. He was returned on a warrant that the Judge was to dispense with the following day. We had a good laugh at this, especially Amy (who had been left to her fate by Bud, as you may recall), and chased lunch with some ice cold homebrew beer.

As we finished, the Judge looked at me across the table and said, "I liked the way you handled yourself the other day."

"What are you talking about? I got blindsided...I didn't have a chance to do anything."

"I know that, Roger...but you took the whole thing like a trooper. Most people would have gone to shit in a Mexican jail, but you slept like a baby. Hell, I was so nervous I had to ask that short dude to dance...hehehehe."

I saw no need to tell the Judge that the reason I was able to sleep was the massive blow to the head I took earlier, which made me too miserable to be afraid.

The Judge continued, "Listen, I have some business interests in Tucson that need to be managed more closely than I can manage with my judicial calendar. I need a man with a cool head to take care of things for me."

"What kind of business interests?"

"A few bodegas, shitholes, really, and a couple of 'clubs'". I could hear the quotes.

"Clubs', eh? Sounds a little...dodgy."

The Judge just laughed, and wrote a monthly figure on a piece of paper. My jaw dropped, and I asked when I should start. Goodbye, shithole apartment, goodbye, twisting wrenches. Of course, the whole thing looked even MORE dodgy now, but the figure he had written made my eyes hurt.

Besides, it sounded like fun...or so I thought at the time.

The Judge said I was to start immediately, and that his grandson Seth would show me around. I was to live in a house he owned in a nice suburb of Tucson, and troubleshoot some problems he was having. The job involved vampire hours, and a six day workweek. There was one other thing...

"Your official title will be that of my bodyguard. As a judge, I am entitled to public or private security. You can, of course, be bonded to carry a weapon?"

I said that this would be no problem, but I wondered aloud why I would need a gun.

"You never know, Roger, you never know. Now, as I said, I need you to start tomorrow, as Amy and I are taking a trip to Vegas."

"Vegas? You have business there?"

The Judge just laughed, but Amy spoke up, saying, "I've always wanted an Elvis wedding."

The weirdness, it seems, never ends.

The next day I met Seth, and saw exactly what the hell I had

gotten myself into.

**To be continued**

## Millions of Screaming Yahoos #15: Wyatt Earp

*The common wisdom is that Wyatt Earp and his brothers were the good guys, and the Cowboys were the local criminals. The story we all heard as children was that the Earps and Doc Holliday - an infamous killer - came into tombstone, and cleaned it up...killing or driving off the organized crime gang, the Cowboys (led by the Clanton family). As with most legends, the truth is somewhat different.*

*The reality is this: Wyatt Earp was a gambler and a pimp, and the fight was actually a turf war between two competing gangs, over the riches to be gained by fleecing the miners and the cattlehands. Oh, and the truth about Doc Holliday? It seems that his legend was self-created. In his lifetime, he killed a grand total of three men, and all of them within a two week period.*

*The Earps were a family chasing the American Dream...that nightmare of "money for nothing", and constant one-upmanship, even unto death. They all died young, except for Wyatt, who wiped out the entire Clanton family before the feud was over, and died wealthy in bed in the 1920s.*

It's easy to sympathize with Wyatt, when you are in a situation like mine...and not much has changed since the horrible times of 1881-82. Many of us still openly wear guns (AZ is the most gun-friendly state in the union), and dead bodies still regularly appear on the streets in the morning...stabbed, shot, or OD'd on Meth.

Tucson is all the worst parts of America, in microcosm...sub-human dogmen prowl the streets, watching each other for signs of weakness, always with their eye on the main chance.

Anyone slowed down by weakness or injury is fair game, at least in the parts of town that I work in. The homeless travel in packs, for protection, and God help you if your car breaks down at the corner of La Cholla and Wetmore at 1 AM...

But not Seth and I. We are the representatives of The Judge, and in the barrios, The Judge is *king*. We are of the violence, and yet above it...*safe from anyone not a stranger*, so to speak. We do The Judge's bidding, and we alone walk safely through the ghettos and trailerparks that make up South Tucson. *Diablos*, they call us...and that is not a bad nickname to have, in this wretched shithole of a city.

If anything, the situation is worse than I alluded to in the last tale of ugliness...I exist in a save world of dumbness and brutality...a brutality that I sometimes deliver, in order that the pecking order remain - if not stable - manageable. Some have called me *Padre Dolor*...usually those I have been forced to "buffalo"(to strike a man with the barrel of your pistol), in the performance of my duties.

In all honesty, it's enough to make me miss Crazy Steve, and even Bud.

On the plus side, there is never any shortage of excitement, and Seth and I get invited to all the best parties...parties that involve gangbangers, pimps, thieves, and similar lowlifes...great fun, even if Seth can get a little out of hand, sometimes...

...We were at a party in a bar near the trailer park on Romero Street, and Seth was getting his groove on with two young meth-whores whose names I never caught. I was running a poker game, which put The Judge's sanction on the rather large event...no police would bother us tonight, *even if we wanted them to*.

Seth and I had been the only two anglos in the place, until about 2 AM, when an anglo couple, obviously drunk off of their asses, walked in...a cute young lady that looked familiar, and a tattooed young tough...they looked to be about 22 years old or so.

As they were strangers, I eased my serape off to the side, so I could reach my Ruger...*safe from anyone not a stranger*...But at that moment, Seth came up off his sofa with a roar, dumping the two squawking meth whores to the floor.

Seth tore into the tattooed man with a savage abandon, repeatedly punching him in the face. Three locals, who obviously knew the man, began to stir - whether to help Seth or the young man, I don't know - so, I pulled the Ruger, and fired a shot through the ceiling. The men sat back down.

Seth, by this point, had beaten the young man into a stupor, and stood over at him, screaming imprecations at the young lady...and I realized why she looked familiar. She looked very much like Seth, as a matter of fact. The same eyes, you know the deal.

Turns out that Seth didn't approve of his little sister being in a place like this, or with a man covered in tattoos. He looked at me, and told me to drag the tattooed guy out back, and he'd meet me there, once he had Emilio (the bouncer) drive his sister home.

I motioned at the young man, and two of the men who had moved got up and dragged him out back by the feet. Still not knowing whom they were going to support, I followed with my pistol drawn. Once out back, I told the two men to bugger off, and they returned to the bar.

A few minutes later, Seth came out back, and asked me to help

him load the semi-conscious man into the back of his Jeep.

"Cool it, Seth, we aren't going to kill this guy."

"Fuck killing him", Seth replied, "I just want to teach him a lesson."

I got in the passenger seat, and covered the man - now coming to - with my pistol. He looked at me wide-eyed, and the car suddenly smelled of urine.

"Goddammit!", Seth growled, "The fucker pissed his pants on my car seat."

"No worries", I replied, leering at the terrified man in back, "It's not real leather, after all. We'll just hose everything out".

We drove for about 25 minutes, and stopped the Jeep. Seth looked at me, and I motioned with the pistol to the tattooed freak in back. He got out of the Jeep, and started whimpering questions like "What did I do?" and "Who ARE you guys?".

"Shut the fuck up", Seth growled, "and listen. You NEVER speak to that girl again. If you do, I'll shoot you in the balls."

"Okay, okay", the man said, "I didn't even kiss her, dude."

"That's good, shithead, that's REAL good. In fact, it puts me in a real good mood, so here...", Seth said, as he threw the guy a water bottle, "It's 10 miles to town, and 3 hours to sunup. You'd better get moving, Vato."

Then he put the car in gear, and we left the man in the desert, in a cloud of dust.

On the way back, Seth was quiet, and I decided to let him be.

Instead of talking, I pondered how my life had turned out since I returned to Arizona. Just a few weeks ago, I was an underpaid mechanic, but my life was quiet. Now I am a mook, a paid thug, and I am forced into scenes of ugliness on a daily basis.

Jenny knows what I do now, too, so there's basically no chance of ever getting her back again...and if I want to see my kids, I have to go back to Illinois. There's no way in hell I'd bring them down here to visit, even if their mother would allow it. I can't see a way out of this, and I am no longer sure I want to. Some people are born to hang, and I guess I'm one of them...on the upside, they say that if you are born to hang, nothing else can touch you.

So that's where things stand, these days...I have become a latter day Wyatt Earp...not the hero of legend, but the gambler and thug that was the reality. Welcome to the new West, same as the old West.

But now it's getting late, and I have to go to work.

Or kill me.

## **Millions of Screaming Yahoos #16**

*A burned out abandoned warehouse, at 3AM. Rats scuttle around, and the moans of sleeping meth-heads lend an eerie atmosphere.*

*We're here to find Cathy, Seth's sister, who ran off in a snit with some low "friends", and we've been coming the rave spots for hours. Raves are sordid, filthy affairs, in which the participants are only able to ignore their squalid surroundings by imbibing huge quantities of Meth amphetamine, or - more rarely, these days - hallucinogenics.*

*Seth is beside himself, with anger, worry, and disgust. Disgust at the filth we are walking through, disgust with his sister's behavior, and - unfairly, I think - disgust with himself, for not keeping an eye on her, after the previous night's episode.*

*Our dusters are covered in grime, and we are in a foul mood. Heaven help the Meth freak that gets in our way.*

We kicked the boards off the door on the South side of the building, and escaped the indescribably nasty interior of yet another rave building. Once again, we had come up empty. We walked around to Seth's Jeep, and got in. We lit up smokes, and sat for a moment, to rest.

Seth offered me a pull of whiskey, but I declined, saying that it was bad for the reflexes.

He looked at me in a funny way, and said, "Dude, sometimes you creep me the fuck out, but I'm glad you have my back tonight. Those places give me the heebee jeebees. I always think someone's sneaking up behind me."

I was a little surprised, and asked him how I "creeped him out".

"Well, it's like this, man...you are all about the job. You never get wasted, I'm pretty sure you're not a homo, but you never mess with the women, and you never get excited about anything. You don't do any of the things that make this job *fun*."

"Some guys", he continued, "*like* beating people up, but I've seen you in action, and you don't have that weird, sadistic look in your eye. You look like you're doing a crossword, or something. You remind me of that old legend, the whattaya call it...oh, yeah, that Golem dude that rabbi made in Russia."

"Prague", I replied.

"See? That's *exactly* what I mean. You never get pissed, or anything. Some guys, I said something like that, we'd be fighting. You just correct a mistake, and ignore the rest. That's just creepy, dude. But what the fuck? You get the job done. Maybe you're just one of those nihilists, but without the black clothing."

That made me laugh a bit. Seth put the Jeep in gear, and we drove down Prince Road, to the next place we needed to check.

When we pulled up, we heard the music. Not good. This area is firmly in The Judge's "jurisdiction", and this rave wasn't sanctioned (ie, The Judge wasn't getting his cut). Serious business, but what the hell? So we kill two birds with one stone.

I said as much, and Seth just grinned.

We walked up to the side entrance, and a burly young man with a skull t-shirt on said, "We're closed."

"Damn right you are", Seth replied.

The man reached behind his back, and I buffaloed him. He went down, groaning. I checked the back of his pants and found a 4 inch knife. I tossed it off into the parking lot, and we went inside.

The stench was unreal. There had to be 150 stoned teens/twenties types in the warehouse, and the reek of unwashed bodies and meth fumes was overpowering. Best to get this over with.

We remained largely unnoticed...anyone who saw us probably thought we were a hallucination...two big Gringos wearing dusters and stetsons are a bit anachronistic, even in Tucson. Our invisibility was shortly to come to an abrupt end.

We searched the crowd, but didn't see Cathy...so, on to plan B. Seth and I walked toward the sound system...The DJ saw us coming, and I'm pretty sure he realized who we were, because he ripped off his headphones and ran for the door. We let him go.

Seth got within ten feet of the sound system, pulled out his pistol, and fired 3 quick shots into the amp, followed by another two shots, one into each turntable. The place instantly turned to chaos...a stampede of panicked speed freaks...kind of like watching lemmings in Dr Suess hats fleeing for the nearest cliff. The doors and windows filled to capacity for a few seconds, and then all was quiet.

We searched the rest of the building, but came up empty, other than a couple of passed out teenagers. I checked to see if they were breathing, to Seth's amusement, and we left. On the way to the Jeep, Seth's car phone started to ring.

Seth answered it. After a short conversation, Seth laughed, and said, "Aw you're shitting me." Then he hung up, and looked at me.

"Cathy was at our cousin's house, bitching about what an asshole I am", he laughed, "After all this filth we went through looking for her, I'm an asshole. The fuck."

"Well", I said, "the evening wasn't a total waste. We dealt with the fucktards that were running a rogue rave. That ought to keep the old man happy...even if the assholes got away with the take."

Seth just looked at me, and burst out laughing. "See what I mean? Damn, dude, is there anyone under that hat?"

Then we got in the Jeep, and drove back to the North end, where questions like that aren't asked.

Or kill me.

## **Millios of Screaming Yahoos #17:** **The New Guy**

*Late Friday night, near Tombstone*

As I rolled up to the Judge's house, I glanced at the clock and noticed that I was 2 hours late. No help for that, now.

I parked, and walked in. Seth and the Judge greeted me at the door, but made no mention of my tardiness. We made small talk as we walked back to the kitchen, where I met the new "guy".

The new "guy" was a rather muscular woman, who was introduced to me as Maria. Seems Maria was a competition kickboxer out of Nogales, and was no slouch, I was told, with a pistol. She was also very experienced at running saloons, which is a skill we were in need of.

As we were introduced, however, she glared at me. I asked her if I had said anything wrong.

"No", she replied, "I'm just waiting to hear you ask if I'm *good enough*."

"Why would I ask something like that? The boss hired you, and he doesn't hire losers."

She didn't seem to have a response for that, but her hackles went down...a little bit.

"So, you are 'Padre Dolor'", she went on, "I had thought you would be a little...meaner looking."

"Don't let his bland look fool you", Seth broke in, and then

added with a giggle, "He's a wildman."

I snorted, and then went back out to the truck to get the gear I had picked up for Maria. I brought it back in, and handed her the stack. A mk II second chance vest, a duster, a Stetson, and a Bisley. The Bisley would be too large for the hands of most women, but Maria was almost my size (and, I might add, in better shape).

She went into the study, to try her gear on, and the Judge looked at me and said, "Your confidence in my judgement aside, I want you to show her the ropes, and see if she's going to work out. I need Seth to go up to Phoenix to look into a pub I'm interested in. He should be back by tomorrow night, and then the three of you will be pulling security at the club, for pub crawl"

Pub crawl, of course, being the yearly excuse for the whole city of Tucson to get smashed, and rampage through the streets like wild animals.

I just nodded. Saturday was a perfect chance to see her in action. Collect a few of the "association fees" from the local businesses, and then on to the insanity that would follow that night.

Presently, Maria came out, with her gear on. It looked like it fit her right, though the duster was a little short. I nodded, and told her it was time to go.

We loaded her bags into the truck, and made the 90 minute drive back to Tucson.

As we drove down the strip, I pointed out some of the businesses we had "an interest in". She wrote some notes in a small wirebound steno pad she had with her. I nodded in

approval, and explained how our interest worked.

"Most of these businesses are more than happy to pay their 'dues', I explained, "as they know that the cops couldn't give a shit if they get robbed, whatever. So they pay us a monthly fee, and we keep the riff-raff off of their asses."

"What if a business doesn't want to pay?"

"Well, all we do then is put the word out that the business isn't protected. Pretty soon, they come looking to pay us."

"What happens if someone robs a business that we are protecting?"

"Well, that's even easier. Word gets back to us. Then we go kick someone's ass really hard, and leave them 20 miles out into the desert, with a half-gallon of water. After that, it's up to the Gods. So far, we haven't had much trouble."

She nodded, and asked if we ever had any trouble with the law.

I laughed, and said, "The law? Maria, in this section of town, we ARE the law, in any capacity that matters. You're from Nogales, you know the deal as well as I do. Pretty soon, you'll find yourself mediating petty disputes and dealing with domestic disputes. Think of it as being a highly paid cop with no review board."

She just grinned, in a way that made me think of a cat which has finally cornered an annoying gecko.

We got to Flowing Wells Road, and headed North, towards the house. I explained to her that she would have the bedroom that had its own bathroom, and that she should treat the house as

her new home. The only sacred thing, I said, was each other's rooms and belongings. Everything else was first come, first serve.

We pulled up to the house, and I had her try her key. It worked fine, and we went in. I showed her around, and told her to get some sleep, as Saturday was going to be busier than hell.

She stowed her gear, and I grabbed a shower. When I came out, she was on the couch, drinking a beer. She tossed me one, and I set it down

I put the beer down on the coffee table, and said thanks anyway. She looked at me kinda funny, and said, "I heard you were a monk. You don't drink, you don't mess with the whores, and you don't gamble, except as part of the job. What's your deal?"

"Well, beer slows your reflexes. You're in, what, your mid-twenties?"

She nodded.

"You can afford it. I'm not too far from forty, and I have to be a lot more careful. As far as the whores go, I just find them too pathetic to be attractive. Most of them are meth-heads, anyway, and can't be trusted. Gambling for yourself is taking unnecessary chances, which I don't approve of. My deal? I'm just here for the money, and the cheap laughs."

She snorted, and took another pull on her beer. I shambled off to bed.

Neither one of us could have possibly seen the stark insanity and bad weirdness that would descend on us, in less just a little more than 12 hours.

**To be continued**

## **#18: All the Way to the Gallows**

When I woke up on Sunday morning, I knew that I was fucked. Looking around me only confirmed my fears, and I closed my eyes again.

*Late Saturday evening. The day has been a non-stop set of hassles, and I have a headache. The good news is that Maria had no trouble collecting "association fees", and we're done running the results out to Tombstone...but the drive mad my headache even worse.*

I was dealing poker at the club, which was packed to the rafters...Saturday night was the Tucson "pub crawl", an annual festival of all that is surly and wrong with the human species. The real loons come out, along with the barflys, the wife-beaters, the brawlers, and - of course - the North-siders, down to do a little slumming.

My head was pounding from a massive tension headache that had so far defied tylenol, aspirin, and a neck rub from Maria, who - having been a pro kickboxer - could be expected to be competent at such things. I was having trouble concentrating, and the players were pissing me off.

At one point, I decided I needed a break. I told the players that the game would pause for 15 minutes, and I went to the back office. I sat there relaxing for about 10 minutes, when Seth stuck his head in, and asked me what the trouble was. I informed him of my headache.

"No sweat, dude. I have some percodan out in the console of the Jeep."

"Excellent. Thanks, I'll go get some now."

I walked out back, and looked in the console. At the very bottom, I found two loose pills. I dry gulched them, and went back to the game...but after an hour, they still weren't having any effect, and I still had 4 hours to go, before I could knock off and head home.

Seth came walking up to the table, and I asked him if he had any more percodan. He looked at me in a funny way, and said, "Dude, I just came up here to tell you that I found the percodan in my jacket pocket."

"Then what the hell did I get out of your Jeep?"

"That depends. Were they laying around loose?"

I said they had, and Seth burst out laughing..."Dude, you just ate two spansules of Mescaline. Maybe you better give me your gun."

"No fucking way", I snarled, "Everyone in this dump has weird eyes, and they're all staring at me."

"Whooo, boy, you're right. Maybe you better let me put some better bullets in your pistol."

I gave my Bisley to Seth, and he turned his back for a moment, messing with the pistol. Then he handed it back, and I shoved it in its holster (later, I learned that Seth had sensibly unloaded the damned thing). Then he walked away, and spoke with Maria.

They were *plotting against me*..

I looked around, and the table was empty. It seems that the

other players had overheard the whole thing, and suddenly remembered that they had urgent business elsewhere. Can't blame them...who wants to play poker with Padre Dolor when he has a head full of mescaline? A double dose, no less?

After mulling over this for an indeterminate period of time, it struck me that I'd like to go for a drive. A fast tear up Mount Lemon and back, that would be just the thing to straighten out my head. I got up from the table, and walked out back to the car...but Seth had fucked me again. My key, it seems, was the horizontal type, and the lock was *vertical*.

The only thing to do, of course, was to shoot the lock out. I had my pistol half way out of its holster, when Maria grabbed my arm.

"Hey", she said, "Can I drive?"

"I don't know...can you?" This seemed to be the very height of wit, and I started laughing like a loon. She rolled her eyes, and grabbed the keys out of my hand.

I grudgingly got in the passenger side, and she asked "So, where are we going?"

"Up Mount Lemon. I have people there."

"Um, nobody lives on Mount Lemon, Roger. It's a bare rock, and there's no way we'd get up the damn thing in the dark."

"Oh. Then get on the highway, and drive really fast. I have to get the bugs out of my hair. They're sharp."

I don't remember much after that, except that Maria seemed to be lost, and was arguing with Seth on the cell phone a lot. This didn't bother me much, because I was totally amazed at how

BIG the interior of the truck's cab was. I thought it was funny that I hadn't realized that before.

She slowed down for an off-ramp, and I decided I was bored. The last thing I remember was yelling, "It's MY turn to drive the truck!", as I grabbed for the wheel. Something painful happened involving Maria's fist, and the next thing I know, I'm lying in my bed.

Next to me, is Maria, curled up next to me, with a smile on her sleeping face. I don't remember what I did, but it looks like I did it right.

But this complicates things, to some degree. After all, I have to work with this woman (and have I mentioned what GREAT shape she's in?), and this sort of thing doesn't help, especially in our business. My hope was that she would pretend that nothing happened, and things would go back to normal. This idea was destroyed, however, when she woke up (about 5 minutes after I did), and started crawling all over me (and I'd like to take this moment to say that she is in GREAT shape).

Later on in the morning, she explained that we had gone to another club, and danced for several hours, pounded a few shots, and raised hell. When I asked her how we wound up in bed, she just laughed, and said "I'll never tell, you fucking animal."

I laughed, and brought up the fact that there are no happy endings in Tucson...

...And she laughed again.

"I've never seen a happy ending *anywhere*, Roger. The best we can do is have fun before the hammer comes down. Dance, fuck, beat the fuck out of people who have it coming...you

know...basically raise hell, all the way to the gallows."

Heh. All the way to the gallows.

And why not? Anything worth doing is worth doing to excess. Too much is always better than not enough, so they say, and if you're gonna go down that road, you may as well do it with a hideously violent freak of a woman who feels the same way you do.

Or kill me.

## **Millions of Screaming Yahoos 19:** **Goth Fight**

It was the last perfect day of the season, and we were determined to enjoy it. The Judge & Amy, and Maria and I had spent the morning shooting, and Amy had done very well...her marksmanship was coming along nicely.

We decided to celebrate by having some frou-frou coffee at the local bistro (Amy's idea), and had just sat down at a table near some Goth-y high school kids, when the fun began.

An emo boi apparently took issue with the musical opinions of one of the Goth girls, and called her a bitch. He then tried to slap her.

Maria sat up a little straighter, but did nothing. The Goth chick, however, was a different story. She punched the emo boy in the face twice, and then raked his face with her "nails" ("talons" might be more accurate) hard enough to draw blood.

She apparently tagged his eye(s), as well, because the emo boi started running in circles, screaming "MY EYES! MY EYES! THE WHOLE WORLD IS AGAINST ME! MY EYES!"

We all sat stock-still for about 2 seconds...and then Maria was the first to crack. She sprayed latte all over me, as I began to laugh and swallow at the same time. I began to choke, but still couldn't stop laughing. As I slid off my chair, I saw Amy jet twin streams of her drink out of her nose. Then I hit the ground, paralyzed with laughter.

We were still giggling, 5 minutes later, as we piled into the jeep, and drove Amy and the Judge back to Tombstone. And

the Rolling Stones were on the radio.

As I said, a perfect day.

It is, in fact, days like this that make life worth living. Kinda like going to heaven. For a precious few hours, you can forget work, you can forget that your country is run by an idiot, that people are dumber every year...you can forget traffic jams and bill collectors and preachers and telemarketers and the possibility that hideous *things* slither in the sewers beneath your feet. You can forget lawyers and writs and...

hehe...whoops. I started off talking about heaven, and somehow got sidetracked into talking about hell. I guess that's my cue.

Or kill me.

PART Four:  
ROGER'S Epistles

## Epistle to Canadian Discordians

*Originally posted Jan 29, 2003*

EPISTLE #1: The Good Reverend Roger's 1st letter to the Canadian Faithful

Brethren (and cistern):

On the evening of GW Bush's atrocious State of the Union address, I send greetings.

When you look South, to the towering colossus of greed, vapidity, and stupidity that is UNISTAT, look not at it as a monument to selfishness, violence, and sub-moronic fascism...

That's what they WANT you to see. The truth is far WORSE.

This festering carcass of what was, as Ole Honest Abe put it, "The last, best, hope of mankind", has become a hideous abbatoir of the spirit. The average Unistat citizen is trained from birth to be a slave, an adrenaline junkie, a greyfaced zombie who will spend the rest of his/her life shuffling from the job to the house (if they are fortunate), slaving 70 hours a week for the priveledge of NOT slaving for the remaining 98 hours. They have become addicted to the "rush" of overwork...American life has become like unto running on a tightrope, which IS a rush, until you realize you can NEVER SLOW DOWN, NEVER REST!

That's right! It's gone from being a "rat-race" to a "race to your coffin, and the richest slave wins!"

Our society has perfected the "divide and conquer" philosophy;

the left feels morally superior to the right, the right congratulates itself on squashing the left, and everyone else is ground into hamburger. Regular joes blame each other for the countries problems, based on whether or not the schmuck in question listens to Rush Limbaugh. Both sides blame the opposition that's IN washington, but neither side blames the corporations that have PURCHASED THEIR GOVERNMENT FROM UNDERNEATH THEM!

Now, having grown up in Canada (ands visiting folks back home often), I know that things are not perfect there, but ask yourself these questions: Do you have to pee in a bottle or take a frickin' POLYGRAPH to get a job? Can a cop say, "Gee, you have a lot of money in your pocket? We'll have to confiscate it; you look like someone that fits the profile of someone who MIGHT be a drug-dealer" Do you have foriegn-born CITIZENS who have to have their PAPERWORK IN ORDER?

That's how it is in the Great Grey Monolith...and the WORST part is, of the people who are PAYING ATTENTION, 50% SUPPORT this bullshyt! These same lobotomized slaves then wonder why nothing FEELS RIGHT anymore; your smokes are mouldy, you can't get a light, sex isn't what it USED to be, your head always hurts; you ask yourself, "Is that pain in my shoulder integestion, or a heart attack" and you DON'T CARE what the answer is, really. We have the Mann Act, which regulates SEXUAL MORALITY at the FEDERAL level...hell, you can't even get busy with your favorite partner/doll/farm animal anymore, and BIG RED STRAPS are OUT OF THE QUESTION!

This is NOT just a bytch-session, though...it is a WARNING! When I go back to Canada, each time I see more and more cultural contamination. I see "music channels" that don't play music, I see a frickin' McDonalds on every corner and every

iceberg, I see people not being as polite anymore, I see nascent AMERICANS.

DON'T let THAT happen.

Sure, we have nice stuff, cheap. But when you look at that nice stuff, it doesn't give you any joy. It's only stuff, and it's "cheap stuff, cheap". It's "Made in America" written in frickin' Chinese.

Unistat has become the embodiment of Swift's "yahoos". Tread not this path Canadians, for NOBODY IS IMMUNE. Sure, we have Subgeniuses, Discordians, etc...but whereas in Canada, those are paths to enlightenment, in Unistat, they are tools for MERE SURVIVAL.

If you wish to see the worst future of Canada friends, look South...or better yet, imagine the ENTIRE Country of Canada to consist of Hamilton, Ontario, coast to frickin' coast.

Or kill me.

<transmission ends>

## **Rev Roger, Epistle 2:** **Join the Resistance**

*Originally posted Feb 6, 2003*

Well, my fellow mutants, it looks like GW is gonna have his war; on top of that, he has declared that France is no longer an ally and must be "contained" (I shyt you not! The statement was made by Richard Perle 2/4/3), and North Korea (which may have nukes) has threatened a pre-emptive attack if America attacks Iraq (bad news for the faithful who happen to live in Alaska, which is the limit of their range.)

Reads kinda like RAW, doesn't it? Pretty grim...and whose fault is it? Well, mostly it's Bush's fault, but we have to look at ourselves as well...if we had been ON OUR JOB, this would never have come to pass, and y'all know why.

Discordianism is more than Haiku and cabal meetings. Those are all a lot of fun, but we are also about promoting freedom and chaos (the former is noticably lacking, as of late).

But what can we do? What indeed. My suggestions are as follows:

1. Remain non-violent. Do NOT attract the attention of HSD, whatever you do. They are, at present, far more capable than we are, despite our numbers and our disorganization. Violence isn't our thing, anyway.
2. Do not destroy property. See above. "Church Art" however, is JUST DANDY.

3. We must actively ramp up OM. Look in the appendix of Illuminatus for inspiration, along with the Book of the Subgenius and the companion, Revelation X, both of which are BRIMMING with good ideas. For those of you low on funds, go to subgenius.com, click on holy texts, and portions of the above are available. Will OM help? probably not, this late in the game, but at least you'll have a little fun, before the fun ends forever. IN the words of the great Malaclypse the Younger, we must DISORGANIZE!

4. Avoid the draft when it starts (not IF, but WHEN). Do what you have to do, but DO NOT aid or abet the current regime of madmen, as they fire up the dark satanic mills that manufacture hell on Earth! They are the lackeys of the butcher's machine, and we will have NO part in it! Which leads to...

5. Say NO. That's right, I'm gonna rip off Hagbard Celine. Say NO. Enough people do it, and you know what I mean, and this whole situation ends...though it is late in the game...

6. Remember that we are walking glitches. Take full advantage of this fact.

7. Don't get caught.

8. The most important of these is #3, IMO.

Thank you, and good night.

<transmission ends>

## Rev Roger Epistle#3: How do YOU make it through the night?

*Originally posted Nov 13, 2003*

*"Basically, I'm for anything that gets you through the night - be that prayer, tranquilizers, or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."*

-Frank Sinatra, as quoted by Larry the Mountain Monk.

Larry told me that one, while we were puking our guts out after an ill-advised evening of Captain Morgan's and Clarence Thomas hearings, back in the 80s...and I still believe that there is wisdom in those words spoken by Old Blue Eyes.

So, I ask you; what get's YOU through the night?...Through those long hours when there is no constant babble to help you forget that the congress are fools, the president of our nation is a crook, that the geeks really ARE out to get you...from the parking-Nazi with his ticket book, to the self-important receptionist, to all the other hustlers and pimps and slacksuckers that you could almost swear are *right outside your bedroom window, tapping and scratching like tommyknockers in a Welsh mine?*

How do you hold out til dawn, knowing that yesterday's nightmares are tomorrow's reality? That the *same exact* psychotic robot-people are going to pull the same filthy tricks? Oh, they may *look* different, but they're ALL the same person. Ms Pink, Mr Grayface...They're really all the same. We think you know who we're talking about, MISTER DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT! MISS ALL MEN ARE RAPISTS! WHY YES, WE THINK YOU DO, MISTER I'M REALLY NOT RACIST, BUT I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT MY

PROPERTY VALUES! MISSUS PLEASE HOLD FOR THE NEXT AVAILABLE VOICE BOT! Yeah, we *know* what the score is...

So tell me, how DO you hang on to your sanity until the sun rises? Until you forge your way back into the meat grinder, to your "job", to those "possessions" that you are TOLD to WANT? There's a reason they're called "possessions", you know...not because you possess them, but rather because THEY possess YOU. Gotta have an HDTV! Gotta have the newest, biggest SUV; the fastest computer money can buy, the big-ass house you never get to spend time in, because you need to WORK MORE, so you can buy that TIVO, so you can see all the TV shows you miss while you're out working to buy the stuff you see on the commercials of those TV shows ***and it never fucking ends!***

So, tell me Brothers and Sisters...how do YOU get through the night?

## **Rev Roger, Epistle #4:** **To the Riff-Raff**

My fellow Morlocks...

Too long have we toiled in the rant werks, while the Eloi, aka the Elite, have dwelled in their lofty mansion at the top of the forum, beyond the sight of our lowly eyes.

Too long have we endured the short end of the double standard, where the inner circle and their sycophants may employ endless alt accounts in an attempt to degrade us further (Ataraxia, Enrico, etc).

Too long have we endured these and other things...and the time has come to take action. As The Good Reverend sees it, we have three choices.

1. Continue to endure these slights, like a pack of whipped curs.
2. Foment rebellion...this is doomed to failure, as the advantages held by the Elite are insurmountable (they can keep us running in circles, chasing alt accounts, etc, in addition to the more obvious tactics of locking threads and altering posts.
3. We can SHUT THE RANT ENGINES DOWN. Why should we continue to work for an elite that returns only abuse and stupid mindgames?

Think on #3 for a moment, because The Good Reverend has a proposition:

We, the Riff Raff, have an option that stymies all of the powers



Elite, and they get to have the "Martha Stewart Living-Discordianism(tm)" that they so obviously want, where everything is pretty and harmless, and *they can forget that they have turned what was once the best hope of Discordianism(tm) into a brightly painted prison cell for maladjusted Pinks and Greys.*

I am going...not "flouncing", but rather posting all rants after this one over there (my old rants stay, as per my deal with Mgt). I will not perform like a trained monkey for people that despise our kind...and any that wish to follow may do so.

Or just fucking kill me.

## **Epistle 5:** **To the Pagans**

*Originally posted at MysticWicks, 1/14/06*

*"I don't practice what I preach, because I'm not the kind of person I'm preaching to."*

- J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, at a sales seminar in 1953.

Much has been said on this forum about the disruptiveness of Discordians and/or Subgenii. They derail threads. They don't take anything seriously. They are dangerously inconsistent, politically, and won't agree with either "side". They don't show respect in the same manner everyone else does. They won't spell magic with a K on the end. They are, in short, a bad influence.

This being said, perhaps an explanation is in order.

Fact is, we're just as "pagan" as anyone else. We certainly aren't Christians, at least not on any recognizable level. We have our own holy days (though we can never agree on which days they are), our own traditions (though we can't agree on those either), and our own holy men/prophets/messiahs (though we never listen to them).

Discordians worship chaos, but - naturally - cannot agree on what chaos *is*. Subgenii worship slack, which is a whole different ball of wax. We both agree on the MEANS, but not the ENDS. Now, if you realize that chaos isn't all fluffy bunnies and dadaism, you can see why Discordians are a disruptive bunch. It's not that they *want* to, it's that *they have no choice*. Both Discordians and Subgenii are BORN

wrong...we are congenital troublemakers, and frankly can't see what all the fuss is about.

For example, thread drift. It happens, no matter what. We just don't see the need to fight the inevitable. When a thread starts to drift, it is because everything that CAN be said on the subject HAS been said on the subject. We just come along and recycle things...let the conversation follow its own course, just to see where it takes you. It might be "disruptive", but it sure beats having a thread where the same old crap has been rehashed from page 6 to page 27.

We also have a bad habit of saying what's on our mind. This tends to piss people off to no end, because of our aforementioned lack of ossified opinions.

For example, the political forum. We have left wingers running around that refuse to be proper little gun-grabbing dems. This tends to irritate the hell out of BOTH sides, because we all know that the left and the right should stick to the Proper Opinions(tm). You can't mix ideology, you fool! It will asplode!

However, I cannot name a single religion or religious movement that I would care to belong to that didn't have room for this tomfoolery. What the hell is the point of having everyone being so serious, all the time? It's only the internets, after all...nothing has ever been solved on the internet, and nobody has ever changed their minds. Any religious movement worthy of the name should have room for a pack of class clowns running around, *if only to remind them that life was never meant to be serious.*

What's that, you say? You feel offended because one of these seedy jerks came along and made a post that just might be

poking fun at Wiccans, or Satanists, or Norse Pantheon worshippers?

Well, allow me to let you in on a couple of secrets:

1. We treat *each other* far more harshly. Go to PD.com or POEE, or EB&G, and look at the hideous ways in which we are insensitive about each other's insensitivity.

2. If it bothers you that much, perhaps you need to re-examine your beliefs? Is there some lingering doubts that are irritated by this sort of clowning? Probably, even if you won't admit it, even to yourself.

Lastly, we are the last, best defense against dogmatism. We never saw a "law" we didn't want to bend, or a rede written in stone that we didn't want to stencil a Dobbshhead over. Nothing amuses us more than the ire of a poked "authority"...well, except for Emo Phillips. I love that guy.

Oh, and if anyone tosses you a golden apple, throw it out the window, as quick as you can. If you believe nothing else I have said, believe that.

Or kill me.

**PART FIVE:**  
**Life in the Age of  
Dumb**

## Life in the Age of Dumb, part 1: They All Drowned.

*Originally posted Jul 07, 2004*

*"Eleven Egyptians drowned in a well yesterday, in the small town of Nuweiba, in the Sinai Peninsula, while attempting to rescue a chicken. The chicken survived."*

- AP, 1994, as quoted by the *Fortean Times*.

Some people, it seems, are too dumb to live...and my new co-worker, Rick, is one of them. Rick is a forty-Fiftyish pilot that flies one of the Beech 18s that I maintain (yes, the Good Reverend has arrived, and is already gainfully employed, back in my original field of mechanical work).

Now, understand that the Beech 18 is a pig. It really doesn't like to fly, and will do just about anything it can to achieve "an undesirable aircraft/ground interface". It does strange things, like stalling, for no apparent reason...how's THAT for a comforting notion...there are HUNDREDS of these clunkers still in service, and odds are one flies over your house once a week, if not more. One minute, you are minding your own business, watching "HeeHaw" on Nick at Night, and the next an antique POS falls through your roof and kills you. Are you ready for that? Are you ready to be front page news, in a story that involves the words "closed casket"?

Who can explain these types of things? Not Rick, he's an idiot. Not the drooling redneck kind of idiot, but rather a man with NO sense of self-preservation. Apparently, Rick was involved in some South of the border monkey business back in the 80s, and became an adrenaline junkie. I've seen this type of thing before...mostly in the army, but other places, too.

Rick takes truly foolish chances with the venerable Beech, such as flying through storms to cut time off of his trip...Our company's prime cargo being newspapers...which "age" quickly.

I've worked with Rick for exactly one (1) day, and I'm more than a little nervous. As a flightline mechanic, the small company I work for requires that we mechanics get some flight time in on the aircraft we maintain...sort of a QA thing, I guess. This means that eventually, I'll have to fly with Rick.

He's a nice enough guy, and a good conversationalist, but *I have to fly with this guy*.

In other words, *I have to fly with this guy*.

Any more chickens in that well?

Or kill me.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, part 2: A vengeful tide.

*Originally posted Jul 08, 2004*

The Good Reverend felt his blood pressure was a tad low today, and picked up a copy of the Wall Street Journal...a once proud masthead, now reduced to functioning as a neocon mouthpiece. Sort of like 50 Sean Hannitys in print.

Turning to the economics pages, I was hardly suprised to see the WSJ singing the praises of our "rebounding economy".

Now, any *intelligent* person, who was reasonably informed on politics and economics, would realize right away that a \$1.1 TRILLION dollar deficit isn't a part of a "rebounding economy". Let's look at this. 1.1 Trillion dollars is expressed as \$1,100,000,000,000 in DEBT. THIS YEAR ALONE. That's 1.1 to the 12th power simoleans in the hole. If you stacked \$1 bills, that would reach to the moon and back 5 times. No shit.

This is analogous to a person making \$40,000 a year racking up \$8,000/yr in credit card debt. Each year. Not only that, the *interest is variable*. When the housing bubble pops, that means the USA will be *bankrupt*; unable to ensure the value of it's money. Triple digit inflation. Not even Reagan was able to spend that much, that fast...even with Nancy's bizarre expenses, which included psychics in the White House, and new China (Dolly Madison's old collection no longer being chic, you see).

The WSJ, of course, used all the buzzwords and misleading catchphrases that are standard for this sort of nonsense. Let's look at a few:

1. *Average earnings are up*: Sounds good, doesn't it? But notice that they

say AVERAGE, not MEDIAN. What this means is that a few rich people got far, far richer. The average wage is skewed by the Dick Cheneys and the Bill Gateses. The median wage is the actual "average wage" earned by the "average" American...something to the order of \$22,500/yr...down 15% from 1999. If the only place you can find another job is WalMart, your wage isn't going up, it's going down. When they say the GDP is up, they mean Rupert Murdoch can buy another 3d world nation, not that YOU are doing better.

2. *Unemployment is down*: This is the Good Reverend's favorite. To understand how this works, you have to understand how the Bureau of Labor Statistics counts the unemployed. If you have a part time job, you're employed. If you are the head of a family of 4, and work at Walmart for \$5.40/hr, you are employed. If you ARE unemployed, but your benefits have run out, YOU DON'T COUNT. Period. Don't take the Good Reverend's word on it, go to the source itself:

<http://bls.gov>

What this means is that the unemployment rate is usually ~ 2%-5% higher than advertised. Under Clinton's "4.6%" unemployment, actual unemployment was about 6.9%. Under Bush, it isn't 5.7%, it's actually 10.9%, according to CNN's *Moneyline*.

3. *Bush's tax cuts have stimulated the economy, creating more jobs*: Yeeeeeah. In Bangladesh, at \$0.25/day. Fact is, cutting taxes while eliminating capital gains taxes causes one thing...it causes rich people to invest their money *in other countries* where sweatshops turn enormous profits on the backs of those who are little more than slaves. Why the hell would they invest here? Here, we have OSHA, the EPA, labor laws, etc...with no capital gains taxes, the beauty is, the government gets NO REVENUE AT ALL. Further proof, of course, that people are stupid. Bush came along, peddling the same supply side, trickle down bullshit that Reagan sold us, and people went for it AGAIN.

Even David Stockman calls it gibberish, and he was there when they first thought it up, lo these 25 years ago. Even a teenage crack dealer can tell you that there is no way to cut revenues and triple expenditures without running into the same nastiness that caused Argentina to collapse four years ago...or that got

Mexico invaded by just about every creditor they ever had, including us.

But so what? Bush will be sipping mint julips in Crawford, Texas, when the hellish bills finally come due...the next president, whomever it may be, is well and truly screwed. Why do you think the GOP is letting that two bit waterhead run again? For the same reason they let Ford run in 1976...to lose. You didn't think THEY were going to wind up footing the bill for Vietnam, did you? Ho, ho...no, my friends, they allowed a dim-witted, well-meaning fool from Georgia step in front of THAT freight train, while they groomed Ronald Reagan for 1980.

As for Bush's fans, the 42% of America that still wish to see him ooze around the oval office, 2% are insanely wealthy, and 40% are dimwitted freaks that really were voting for Ashcroft. There are many bonfires in the hills tonight, the sounds of drums and wild hooting, people with serious scores to settle, muttering to each other in the darkness.

Where DO these people come from? Not even the Book of Revelations threatened a plague of vengeful yahoos. Saint John "Anything for a Laugh" of Patmos was an old fraud.

Or kill me.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, part 3: Terror stalks the capitol.

*Originally posted Jul 11, 2004*

The banshee is beginning to wail in DC these days, for many people who thought they were untouchable. Dick Cheney is said to be haggard from lack of sleep...possibly why he finally melted down and snarled "Go fuck yourself" at Senator Leahy a week or so ago, right on the senate floor.

Seems Dick is in a little hot water over his dealings with Halliburton.

Even the president is not immune...between bizarre midnight calls about Plame, and the truly rotten numbers he has to look at every time someone mentions Kerry, it's a wonder he hasn't snapped. Just a year ago, Bush was the closest thing we've had to a king since Wild George III, in 1776. He could do no wrong, the smart bettors said, and yet now his life is a nightmare of GAO investigations, and even the GOP is talking about impeachment, over the Plame issue. The lesson, of course, is *don't fuck with the CIA*.

The Republican speaker of the house, Dennis Hastert (R-IL) is looking at the worst re-election numbers in his district's history. He hitched his cart to Bush's team, and now the banshee screams his name.

Tom DeLay (R-TX), house majority whip, is stepping down from his leadership role in the house, to better prepare to answer for more felony counts than Clyde Barrow had to worry about. He will soon be "taken into the system"...unthinkable, just a few months ago. Tom DeLay was arguably the most

powerful man in the house, perhaps in all of the legislature...until he decided to go berserk when the Texas legislature democrats went awol over a gerrymandering bill. Tom misrepresented the facts to the Department of Homeland Security, who thought they were hunting terrorists, not some runaway state senators. For this, and for some financial monkey business, the congressman from Dow Chemical will be spending his retirement in a federal penitentiary.

And these are only the more famous people that are in deep doodoo.

A lot of otherwise intelligent people used to say that Bush wasn't as dumb as he seemed, and that Cheney and Rove were evil geniuses.

Horseshit.

They're yahoos. They're no different than the yokels I wrote so many horrible things about in my last series of posts...cunning, perhaps, maybe even *clever*...but those two terms do NOT imply actual intelligence. Hindsight being 20/20, they're nothing more than a pack of crazy-dumb brutes who conned their way into power in Florida, and only survived this long by (metaphorically) cannibalizing the dead of 9/11.

Even Donald Rumsfeld is in trouble...and many thought he would be around for ever. Don has had blood on his hands for so long that he forgot what it smells like...so, naturally, he thought he could get away with authorizing torture in Abu Griab. Now, when you see him on TV, he is a broken man...reliable sources say he is beginning to crack up...that the strain has finally gotten to him. He is said to wander the halls of the Pentagon, muttering about things scratching on his windows in the night.

Bad craziness...any fool can see that the situation is deteriorating. Our alleged "leaders" have turned out to be a pack of crooks that would make Richard Nixon and Warren Harding blush.

All this has led me to ask one thing...where, O where, is Lee Harvey Oswald, now that we finally need him? In a *civilized* society, these knuckle-draggers would be forced to "run the bulls", but in a demolition derby...give them a taste of the chrome, just too see how fast they can run.

Or kill me.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, Part 4: Federales don't joke.

*Originally posted Jul 14, 2004*

Rick was laughing, as we made our final approach into San Carlos. I was nursing a knock on the head from the windowframe, and Tom, the oil-boy, was retching helplessly back in the cargo compartment.

Our cargo was a coffin, which Rick had explained contained a man whose family wished to have buried in his home town, which lay just outside of San Carlos proper. I was hoping that Tom hadn't puked on the coffin, as the customs agents might find that to be disrespectful.

The cabin stunk of vomit and urine, due to a combination of Tom's retching, and an accident involving a sudden 300 foot drop in altitude and a relief tube. We had just flown through a freak patch of turbulence over Uvalde, and the Beech had responded in it's usual way...by trying to crash.

Rick had spent the whole time laughing like a madman, and telling me how this reminded him of "the good old days" in Central America.

"Of course, back then, we'd be dead. We usually crossed the border at about 200 feet...less customs paperwork, less nosy questions about planes loaded with guns, money, or drugs. After 911, though, you'd better not try THAT shit...they replaced all that cruddy civilian radar with military grade stuff. A fly can't get through without showing up, now."

"Really?", I asked, "Then how do the drug dealers get all their

shit through?"

Rick just looked at me, and laughed.

There was further groaning over the intercom. Rick laughed, and said, "Kids these days...they just don't know how to have a good time."

We landed at the San Carlos airport, and taxied up to a rusty hangar. Rick looked me dead in the eye, and said, "Listen, you just keep your mouth shut. These federales don't joke around. Get out of line, you'll spend the rest of your life in a Mexican jail. I know these people...let me do the talking."

"Okay", I said, "but why all the fuss over a dead guy?"

Rick just stared at me for a moment, and burst out laughing. "Get the kid and unload the stiff."

Tom and I got to work putting the coffin on a dolly, while Rick looked around outside. Just as we got the casket on the ground, a pickup truck marked with the Mexican customs department logo pulled up. A small man got out, and came around the car to Rick.

"Your paperwork, Senor?", he asked.

Rick handed him a manifest, and a large manilla envelope. The man looked in the envelope, stamped our papers without looking at them, and said, "Welcome to Mexico. Enjoy your stay." He then got back in his truck, and drove off.

Tom started to ask something, but I gave him a look, and he shut up.

Rick went back to the plane, and grabbed two mapcases. He

handed them to me, and said, "Guard these with your life...we can't fly home without them."

About 15 minutes later, a Suburban with two men in it drove up. They got out, and helped us load the coffin in the back. Tom said, "You guys relatives of the deceased?"

Both men laughed their asses off, got in, and drove away.

Rick looked at me, and said, "Roger, I have some old, unfinished business to attend to...you wanna help me out?"

"Sure, Rick...but don't expect me to get involved in violence. Frankly, this whole trip is just a little too weird."

"No violence", he said, "I'm out of the business. I just have to pay an old debt. Look, you just hold THIS mapcase, and I'll take THAT mapcase to an old friend. Meanwhile, kid, you fuel the plane...and learn when to shut the fuck up."

Tom looked confused, but moved off towards the fuel truck parked beside the hangar.

Rick and I walked over to the terminal, about 500 feet away, and went in. We sat down at the single lounge the airport possesses, and ordered a beer.

Rick drank half his beer, looked at his watch, and told me he'd be right back.

I watched the TV for about a half hour...I couldn't understand much, but it was a Mexican soap opera, which pretty much means lots of scantily clad women...

Rick came back, gave me the mapcase back, and told me it was time to go.

"I thought we were overnighing here."

"Naw, we'll stay in Manuel Benavides tonight. Come on, we gotta go."

The tone of his voice urged haste, so I dropped a couple of bucks on the bar, and followed him out to the plane.

We climbed in, received our clearance, and took off.

About half-way to Manuel Benavides, Tom fell asleep. I unplugged his intercom, and looked at Rick. He winked, and grabbed the mapcase. Opening it, he started to count stacks of pesos.

"You wanna tell me what was REALLY in that coffin?", I asked?

"You really wanna know?", he asked with a grin.

"Horrible", I said, "You dope fiends are all alike."

Rick just laughed, and said, "You wish it was dope, Roger, Besides, wrong direction. Dope goes North, not South. By the way, talk to the kid. He seriously needs to learn when to keep his mouth shut. Oh, and here..."

Rick tossed me a couple of stacks of pesos.

"I'm not sure I want this", I said.

"Why not", he asked..."You didn't do anything illegal."

I snorted, and he laughed again, and said "Welcome to \*\*\*\*  
Air Cargo, Rog...fly the friendly skies."

The plane flew on, to the fleshpots of Manuel Benavides.

Or kill me.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, part 5: Nazis never die.

*Originally posted Jul 18, 2004*

The Good Reverend is feeling a whole lot of outrage right now, and that isn't an emotion that he's used to.

As a confirmed pessimist, I am always (I thought) prepared for the worst in people. I laugh when crooked politicians sneer at the public, and I actually think corporate scandals should be scored, based on factors such as amount, brazen-ness, etc. Hell, they should probably be an olympic sport...

But last night, I read Sy Hersh's story about the Abu Graib allegations, specifically the ones Rumsfeld referred to as "there are other charges, very serious ones, that should never be made public".

Those of us that are older remember Sy Hersh; he's the guy that broke the My Lai massacre story during Vietnam. The guy has the old fashioned notion that the press is there to report, not cheerlead...and here's what he had to say...

Sitting down?

The "other charges" are this: US soldiers and/or Iraqi guards under US command sodomized 15 and 16 year old boys, in front of other prisoners (in some cases relatives of the boys), to "interrogate" them (and the other prisoners).

Let me say that again: ***THEY SODOMIZED CHILDREN.***

Aren't you PROUD of our military, out there *defending*

*civilization?* If it wasn't Sy Hersh saying it, I wouldn't believe it.

But wait, it gets better: It seems that this was *condoned*, even AUTHORIZED, by persons such as General Karpinski (the General in charge of the prisons), and Donald Rumsfeld himself. Odds are, the president knew...and if he didn't, he does now, and he hasn't fired Rumsfeld.

If General Patton were alive today, he'd shoot the whole lot of them, himself.

But it gets even better...the New Yorker carried this story last week, and the networks won't touch it. Why not? This isn't Geraldo Rivera we're talking about...it's one of the most respected reporters, one of the ONLY remaining respected reporters, in America.

Maybe they just don't want to look. Maybe they're even just a tad ashamed that the war, the war THEY beat the drums for, has come to THIS.

Remember those old history books, the ones that talk about WWII and the Nazis? Chuck them out, they're obsolete. We've got our OWN Nazis, now.

That's the thing about Nazis...they're like cockroaches. You can stomp them, burn them, poison them...and the pigfuckers just keep coming back.

What's worse is, by the time you see one, there are thousands.

Welcome to the post-American century. Welcome to the American Empire.

Or kill me.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, art 6: The house that Tom J built

*Originally posted Jul 21, 2004*

This is the house that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the Consitution that is the foundation  
Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the power bloc of greedy political contributors that  
attack  
The constitution that is the foundation  
Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the war that was urged by  
The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
The constitution that is the foundation  
Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public  
that went along with  
The war that was urged by  
The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
The constitution that is the foundation  
Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape  
allowed by  
The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
along with  
The war that was urged by  
The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
The constitution that is the foundation

Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the ghost of Jefferson in the rooms of ruin, lamenting  
 The mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape allowed by  
 The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
 along with

The war that was urged by  
 The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
 The constitution that is the foundation  
 Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the crumbling foundation, noticed by none save  
 The ghost of Jefferson in the rooms of ruin, lamenting  
 The mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape allowed by  
 The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
 along with

The war that was urged by  
 The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
 The constitution that is the foundation  
 Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the third floor being added to the house by imperialists,  
 heedless of

The crumbling foundation, noticed by none save  
 The ghost of Jefferson in the rooms of ruin, lamenting  
 The mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape allowed by  
 The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
 along with

The war that was urged by  
 The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
 The constitution that is the foundation  
 Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the massive debt and the hatred of our erstwhile allies,  
 caused by

The third floor being added to the house by imperialists,

heedless of

The crumbling foundation, noticed by none save  
 The ghost of Jefferson in the rooms of ruin, lamenting  
 The mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape allowed by  
 The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
 along with  
 The war that was urged by  
 The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
 The constitution that is the foundation  
 Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the fall of empire, a new dark age, a thousand years of  
 misery, caused by  
 The massive debt and the hatred of our erstwhile allies, caused  
 by  
 The third floor being added to the house by imperialists,  
 heedless of  
 The crumbling foundation, noticed by none save  
 The ghost of Jefferson in the rooms of ruin, lamenting  
 The mute, the dead, the victim of torture and rape allowed by  
 The cowardly "opposition" party and apathetic public that went  
 along with  
 The war that was urged by  
 The power bloc of greedy political contributors that attack  
 The constitution that is the foundation  
 Of the House that Thomas Jefferson built.

This is the House that Thomas Jefferson Built.  
 There are rats in the walls.

## Life in the Age of Dumb, part 7: A hopeless addict.

*Originally posted Aug 19, 2004*

Though The Good Reverend prefers to think of himself as a non-violent man, violence seems to surround me on a startlingly regular basis. The same thing applies to crime, and criminal activities...I do not indulge in them (at least *willingly*), but I am surrounded by criminals, thugs, and weirdos. They are my people, for good or for ill, like it or not.

It's easy to shift the blame onto others, but when you get paid in pesos on a regular basis, it's time to face facts...The Good Reverend has, once again, waded in over his head.

Why? Why, indeed...some might say that I have become an adrenaline junkie...the very worst kind. Crackheads look at me like they know me, and meth freaks just shake their heads sadly. Some adrenaline junkies say that the rush of taking off on a dirt strip while people (that your fucking pilot just ripped off) try to kill you is *better than sex*...a disturbing concept, but on some days it's true.

How did it happen? How did a (somewhat) respectable mechanic find himself in a shithole like Tecacas, clutching an ancient AK47 with a broken leaf-spring? Looking back, there is no easy answer...Richard Nixon would know exactly what I'm talking about...one day you're re-elected in the largest landslide since FDR buried poor old Alf Landon alive, and the next you're on your knees with Henry Kissinger, drunkenly pleading for help from the portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

The Good Reverend finally understands what Hank Williams

Sr was talking about when he sang about "a lost highway". Some of you may have walked a few miles down it, and just about everyone WANTS to, in that little corner of your head that hasn't been cleaned in a while.

I *should* quit this racket I call my "job". I *should* settle down, find myself a good woman, and work on tractors until I die of clogged arteries...but I suspect that I won't. When I discussed quitting with Rick, he just laughed.

"It's too late, dude...it's *in your blood, now*. You couldn't quit if you tried. I've seen this before. Hell, I've LIVED it. You're doomed."

I'd love to disagree, yet here I sit, next to a packed flight bag.

Waiting.

Or kill me.

PART SIX:  
ROGER'S Rants

## Rev Roger Rant #1: Roger Gets His Slack Back

*Originally posted Sep 8, 2005*

*We are made to be immortal, and yet we die. It's horrible. It can't be taken seriously."*

- Famous Weirdo Eugene Ionesco

*What DOES Verthaine do, when he isn't dodging bullets just to piss the cops off, or taunting hurricanes?"*

- TGRR

Brethren and Cistern, The Good Reverend is back, and ready to rumble, after taking a year off crazy. And he has a few things to lay on you...

It turns out that The Machine(tm) isn't as scary as The Good Reverend had come to believe. It seems that it can only kill you when it is supposed to be helping you...and Henry David Thoreau told us what to do when people come along being helpful.

The longer you look, the more apparent it is that the whole rotten edifice is just waiting for the right push to come crashing down around the ears of the politicians, the normals, the news geeks...and are we not The Pushers(tm)? Please go stand by the stairs...

*Why does it seem like some people can get away with anything? Because we LET them.*

- Ivan Stang

The problem here isn't FEMA, and it isn't Bush, and it's not going to go away. The ridiculous failure of the Katrina relief effort was caused by the fact that we seem to have reached our species limit of competence...our "Peter Principle" limit, as it were. The Machine(tm) has simply gotten so complex that it can no longer function, except as dictated by inertia...some governmental processes are so routine that they CAN'T fail, because nobody has the initiative to royally screw them up.

Fortunately, those processes are rare. Most governmental and societal functions are now so complicated that they can't EVER function correctly, and the legal system...well, it makes Kafka look like a starry-eyed optimist.

Fat City was built like a mansion over the last 220 years, with comfy living rooms and spacious toilet bowls (to accomodate our fat asses). Problem is, *they built the fourth floor by stealing two-by-fours from the foundation.*

Think of it this way...The Machine is still too big to actually *take down*, but it's very size is its greatest weakness. You really can't FIGHT City Hall, but you CAN crazy glue all the bathrooms shut. Sneaky acts of sabotage trump righteous "symbolic acts" every time. The trick is to realize that The Machine(tm) cannot guard ALL of the two-by-fours...

...And WE, my friends, are the termites.

Or Kill Me.

## Rev Roger, Rant #2: Get Off Of My Internets!

*Originally posted Sep 9, 2005*

The Good Reverend feels that he has been more than generous, allowing people to use his internets the way he does...but it seems that some people have been *abusing the privelege*.

I'm not just talking about hate groups, like Stormfront or The 700 Club. No, The Good Rev has no problem with hate...though the sites above have a very weak hate. A *mediocre* hate. A puny, narrow hate which pales beside that hate which The Good Reverend feels for you, each and every day.

No, I'm talking about spammers. Now, we've ALL recieved nice letters from people who want to make us rich and increase our penis size...these are annoyances which The Good Rev puts up with, out of sheer inertia. Now, however, the Jebus Freaks have gotten into the act. The Good Rev turned his comp on this evening, and found 12 emails asking if "I have found Jesus(tm)". Naturally, I replied..."No. Was he in New Orleans, too?"

After all, all I need after a long day of bending thumbs and issuing threats of grave bodily harm is to hear some fuckwit extolling the virtues of the WIMP Jebus. The "please nail me to a cross Jebus"...as opposed to the three-fisted drinkin' Jebus...the put his cigar out on your back Jebus...in short, the FIGHTING Jesus.

But, after all, even making fun of Christians and flood victims pales after about 8 replies...and so I decided to make a stronger

statement...so I sent the remaining 4 spammers bad packets. Let's see if Jesus will heal their computers for them.

Now, none of this should be necessary...you should have been playing nicer on this wonderful toy I gave you. But you couldn't, could you, Mister Jebus Loves You...Mrs Secular Keep Dobbs Out Of The Classroom...Mister Add 3 Feet To Your Penis...No, and now the fun stops. The gravy train(tm) has officially come to a halt.

So, people...grab your shit, and get the hell off of my internets.

Or kill me.

*The Good Reverend has decided to shut down the internets, and retire on the millions he's going to make helping some Nigerian guy. Suckers.*

## Rev Roger Rant #3: Why I killed Paul McCartney

*Originally posted Sep 10, 2005*

The Good Reverend never *intended* to kill Paul McCartney back in 1978...it was one of those parties that just sorta got out of hand.

I was busy putting Exlax in the hors duerves, when Paul walked in. He was attended by his wife, Linda, and a midget named Jeff. Elvis nudged my elbow, and said, "That's the guy that forced me to fake my own death."

I thought he was referring to Paul, so what could I do? I shot him. I shot him down like a dog, in full view of 100 other party guests. It must have seemed rude, because nobody besides Elvis talked to me for the whole evening...and all he had to say was "I meant *the midget*, man."

So, all those rumors about Paul being dead were actually true.

Jeff went on to force the faked deaths of Kurt Cobain, John Lennon, Rick Springfield, George Harrison, and Richard Milhous Nixon...for reasons that have never been made clear...though The Good Reverend must admit that he doesn't think anything good can come of this.

Come on now...you didn't think the REAL Paul McCartney would have done a duet with *Michael Jackson*, did you?

Or Kill Me.

## Rev Roger Rant #4: It's YOUR fault, Bubba

*Originally posted Sep 17, 2005*

<Transmission received from The Good Reverend's Fortress of Arrogance>

*"Put a dog in a cage, and he'll run in circles. Put an man in a cage, and he'll run for president...and it's the SAME THING."  
- Ivan Stang*

The Good Reverend doesn't think too many people will disagree when he says that things are pretty fucked up right now. We are engaged in two (2) losing wars, our economy is in the toilet, and FEMA seems to exist to ensure that the maximum number of people are killed in any natural disaster.

Now, it's all good fun, blaming these sorts of things on the president, congress, state & local governments...there's no denying, after all, that our leaders are corrupt and incompetent, right down to the bone....

But who elected them? That's right, Bubba...it was you. You have allowed them to turn freedom into a buzzword. You have allowed them to hand our treasury over to the rich, to hand over our bill of rights to Homeland Security, and our soldiers to the meatgrinder in Iraq.

Congratulations.

At least you can console yourself with the notion that you are just one person, and if you got out of line, they'd just kill you.

Or maybe not...maybe they'd just *ignore you*. Rant all you like, just not on *their* networks.

Besides, look at all the shiny things they have given you in exchange for liberty and prosperity. TV, in all its intellectual glory...and if staring at THAT glowing box doesn't appeal to you, you can lose yourself in World of Warcraft, so you don't have to hear the groans emitted by the sinking, shattered hull of the ship of state.

Oh, yes...*They* have all the false Slack you could ever want. TV, video games, booze, drugs (they've made dangerous drugs so illegal that they are the only kind you can get, anymore)...but just try to get your freak on with your partner, a prairie squid, and BIG, RED STRAPS, and you'll spend the rest of your days in a chain link pen.

Speaking of chain link pens, how does it feel to know that YOU allowed Gitmo and Abu Graib to happen, Bubba? Yep, we now have our very own concentration camps, for the first time since the last free-roaming Indians were rounded up.

Most Americans either don't care, or even APPROVE of Gitmo and Abu Graib...because, so far, these places have only been used to hold *smudgy* people. How often have you heard something like "But they're terrorists...they don't *deserve* a trial!"

Yep, people really ARE that stupid, Bubba. They honestly think that a trial is some kind of favor given to criminals, rather than a method of discovering if the accused really ARE criminals.

But The Good Reverend has read Pastor Martin Neimoeller, and understands perfectly well that *what is used on terrorists today will be used on American citizens tomorrow*. Or maybe

we don't have to wait until tomorrow...after all, Hamje and Padillo are American citizens.

Yep, we'll ALL be in jail before long, for reasons that will never be made clear...but no worries; that's tomorrow, and today you have to level your d00d up in World of Warcraft.

Besides, everyone knows The Good Reverend likes to predict doom and gloom, and usually speaks cryptically, just to look mysterious. So you're better off ignoring this, even the fact that the NEXT thing they're going to do is

<transmission ends>

Or Kill Me.

## Rev Roger, Rant#5: Eris isn't the creator, so STFU!

*Originally posted Sep 23, 2005*

Let me start off by saying that mechanical engineers are dicks, as anyone who has ever spun a wrench can tell you. They like to make things compact and symmetrical, which makes things almost impossible to fix.

Now, there has been some talk in discordian circles that implies that Eris is the creator. This is, of course, absolute rubbish. Would Eris design a species that is bilaterally symmetrical at the expense of functionality? Hell, no...she'd have included shit like tentacles, mandibles, and a bigass robot gripper arm sticking out of our arses.

No, the goofy design we got stuck with is more likely the work of the humorless, OCD-afflicted space monster Jehovah. It is *SO him* to design a ridiculous species that can't run, can't fight, and can't even *hide* properly.

No, he made us *tool users*, but - like all engineers - he put form over substance. He made us bilaterally symmetrical, when anyone can see that a tool using species should have *at least three arms*. Two to HOLD the object you are working on/with, and one to MANIPULATE it.

Plus, he used cheap materials, which wear out in only 75 years or so. Hell there are aircraft older than that, still flying. Plus, he included things like the veriform appendix, which is just there to kill us at random times. DEFINITELY a Friday rush-job. Perhaps he should have spent the seventh day reviewing his design, rather than loafing.

If The Good Reverend had been present at creation, he could have offered some useful tips:

1. Three arms, minimum. One on the left, two on the right. The lower right arm would be the manipulator, and should have 2 thumbs, and two elbows (with long skiiny fingers, for those hard to reach places).
2. The skull isn't thick enough, and the spinal cord has no redundancies. Put the brain in the chest, so that nerves don't have to be concentrated in one area, and armor the fucking thing.
3. Scrap the appendix, and put a second heart in. Again, redundancies beat elegance every day of the week.
4. Speech centers should get brain energy LAST. This would keep stupid people quiet.

There's more, but you get the idea.

So, I hope this puts to rest the ridiculous notion that Eris created mankind. But of course the same people that say this also say that Eris is also Kali, so a reasoned approach probably won't help...these people should be bastinadoed for their own good, or put on a desert island for OUR good.

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Rant 6: **The End(tm)**

Without fuel they were nothing. They built a house of straw. The thundering machines sputtered and stopped. Their leaders talked and talked and talked. But nothing could stem the avalanche. Their world crumbled. The cities exploded. A whirlwind of looting, a firestorm of fear. Men began to feed on men.

On the roads it was a white line nightmare. Only those mobile enough to scavenge, brutal enough to pillage would survive. The gangs took over the highways, ready to wage war for a tank of juice. And in this maelstrom of decay, ordinary men were battered and smashed.

Except for one man, with a pipe full of Frop(tm), and BIG, RED STRAPS.

# BEWARE



or kill me

## Rev Roger, Rant 7: On American Politics.

All right, shitheads, I'm only gonna spew this once, so listen the fuck up:

The very next person who tries to tell The Good Reverend that THEIR collection of Fatback Pinks are better than the OTHER collection of Fatback Pinks is going to get a swift kick in the ass.

Face it, Slappy...the ONLY difference between the GOP and the Democrats is *which particular rights they want to do away with*. Anyone who tells you differently is either a fucking moron, or a push-poller. Fact is, the fascists WON WWII...our homegrown ones were just were *quieter* than Hitler and his crowd of cross-dressing goose-steppers.

And don't try to feed me any shit about the various collections of lunatics, Jesus freaks, and laissez faire capitalist swine that pass as "3d party candidates", either. They may be *funnier* than the big two, but that doesn't make them *better*.

Fact is, it's all too clear that we are *on our own*. NONE of these fatback grosseros have your best interests at heart...oh, they SAY they do...they want to *protect* us...protect us from le pr0n, the dissidents, the freaks, and the hordes of poor people from all over the world who want to kill us.

Problem is, the above description includes more and more *Americans* every year...so what they REALLY want to do is protect us from themselves...



## **Rev Roger, Rant 8:** **Stand Up or Shut Up.**

All this talk about "no such thing as Real Discordians(tm) makes The Good Reverend blow coffee out of his nostrils...Because he has first hand knowledge that there IS such a thing.

That's right, kiddies, and all the vacant-eyed epigrams and quotations from Thornley or Hill aren't gonna change things...The Good Reverend is an expert on these things, because *he says he is*.

\*I\* am a Real Discordian(tm), as are several others around here, and if that sounds arrogant to you, well, you can just kiss my Discordian Subgenius(tm) ass. Or go write a Goth(tm) poem about how I'm some kind of poseur asshole...go on and do it, and I will be sure to laugh at your pitiful ass.

Frankly, I've had it up to HERE with you fucks trying to out-modest each other, when you SHOULD be releasing your inner-Yeti, and BRAGGING your sins, so that others may try them. You sound like a pack of Baptists trying to out-humble each other, and it's beginning to get on my nerves.

Honestly, it's as silly as the dumbfucks who claim that EVERYONE is a Discordian, which is just plain stupid (Yeah, I'm talking to you. Deal with it.)

But go on and tell yourself that The Good Reverend always uses satire, and isn't REALLY making fun of you, because every time you think he's saying one thing, he's really saying

another. He isn't REALLY mocking your pansy-ass, weak-sister bullshit "(I'm not a real) Discordianism".

KYSFTB.

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Rant 9: **The n00b Rant**

This one's for you n00bs at PD.com, who thought they had finally found a place where they could meet like-minded individuals, and escape from Normal Life(tm) for a short period of time...

...But then they found out that TGRR and a few of his cohorts like to run around in packs, "happy slapping" n00bs, apparently just for the hell of it.

The ones that stick around often make the mistake of thinking of this sort of thing as a "rite of passage", or some similar nonsense. Well, I have bad news for you...when The Good Reverend and his fellow hooligans are done with you, that's when the REAL bullshit starts.

You thought "Discordians" would be accepting of your perversions and gibberish? You thought that here, we are a community of "equals" who like to discuss jakery, silly word games, and other bullshit?

HAW HAW, wrong again!

The sad and sorry truth is that there is just as much back-channel ass-kissing and backstabbing going on here as there is in the average megacorporation's cube farms, person for person. Your "private" messages aren't private, and those that lock their lips on the asses of the Powers That Be(tm) can rest assured that they can do whatever the hell they please without - say - getting banned. Sucking up is valued higher than contributions or seniority, or even *good manners*, if you're that kind of schmuck. The "middle management" tends to make

totally arbitrary decisions, just to see you squirm, and they even have their own breakroom in which to have a good chuckle at your expense.

Sound familiar?

Good, good...perhaps you aren't **TOTALLY** dense, after all...because the **BAD** news is, "Discordians", for the most part, are just another group of primates, indulging in their petty dominance games. There's nothing special about them, other than the fact that they **CLAIM** they are special. When The Good Reverend states that he "can't be trusted", he means *you can't trust anyone, \*especially\* a "Discordian"*. The ones that act *friendly* are, of course, the worst of the bunch.

So, if you're going to make the mistake of hanging out in this festering pit of hypocrisy, I have a few suggestions (which you shouldn't trust):

1. Clique up **FAST**.
2. Meet as many of the "hierarchy" as you can, IRL and on the phone. This counts far more than wit, humor, or even your disposition.
3. If your clique plots against someone, for God's sake, jump right in. If you don't, they'll treat you the way convicts treat someone who learns of their escape plans.
4. **DO NEVER** expect gratitude for **ANYTHING**. If, for example, you recommend someone for moderator status, you should fully expect that they will dump on you at the first possible opportunity.
5. Don't bother complaining to Mgt. Just go with me on this one.

6. Whatever you do, do not EVER assume that anything you say will be held in confidence. Every single poster here will sell you out, just for kicks.

Starting to sound a bit like "OZ" (the prison show, not that sappy ass movie from the 50s)? Good, good, then you are getting the picture. Welcome to PD.com...nobody can hear you scream.

Or kill me.

Just kidding, Hierarchs. You know I love you.

## **Rev Roger Rant #10:** **Where the HELL are the CHUD?**

Dear Science Fiction/Horror Writers, past and present:

Well, where the fuck are they? Where are the CHUD? Where are the giant ants, coming out of the sewers of LA? Where are the T-Rexes, eating hapless tourists? Where are the mad computers slaying astronauts? Hell, sirs and madams, I'd settle for Night of the Lepus, if I had to.

Where are all the insane cyborgs? The crazed super-soldiers gone rogue? How about a fucking asteroid, headed for Earth? Nuclear war? You PROMISED all these things, but - like all prophets - it seems you lied.

And that pisses me off.

You see, I've been looking forward to Spiders From Mars, Armageddon, Independence Day, Jurrassic Park...all of these wonderful visions of the future...the monsters, the heros, the utter annihilation of All Life On Earth(tm)...

So bring them on, you bloated old windbags...I want to see alien bugs with acid blood, and I want to see them NOW. I want doomsday machines, Godzilla, those worm thingies from Tremors...Even the fish thingie from Deep Rising would make my fucking day, though 7 Monkeys would be pretty fucking cool, too.

Get off your ass. Burn this bitch down.

Or kill me.

## **Rev Roger, Rant #11:** **Pigs, 4 different kinds.**

The Good Reverend has classified people again, this time into four different types (and you'll LIKE it, citizen). To illustrate this division, I will use four different people: A gray, Mal^3, Buddhist Monk Wannabe, and myself. These four people walk past a field every day, and the reactions to that field determine what type of person you are.

The Grey: Doesn't notice the field at all; it is simply more background noise, to be ignored as he shuffles to McDonalds to get soopersized. If he DID notice it, he would wonder why the hell there isn't a Starbucks being built, so that he doesn't have to shift himself as far for his double-skim-1/2 mocha decaf latte (Venti, of course...this is AMERICA). If any little freaks (see below) are dancing, he will call the cops on them for making him feel unsettled.

Mal^3: Envisions dozens of happy children, "dancing among the wildflowers", or similar hippie shit. Will probably stand there for 20 minutes, lost in some bizarre, freakish reverie. Will then post results of said hippie shit at PD.com, and ORDER us to be just like the little freaks in his dream.

Buddhist Monk Wannabe: Notices the field, but doesn't see much interesting in it. Would probably throw rocks at any little freaks who bumped him as they danced.

The Good Reverend Roger: Sees the field, and assumes that unscrupulous companies having been dumping dioxin/used oil/asbestos there. Wonders what hideous deformities the little dancing freaks' children will have. Chuckles.

Who has the correct idea? Well, that depends on who you are, of course.

But the field probably IS full of horrible pollutants. Just saying.

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Rant #12: **BAD Discordians**

If you're reading this, chances are you might just be a BAD Discordian. Not fit for polite society.

Well, what of it? Where is it written that we have to be obedient little darlings, day after day? Where is it written that we can't have a little *unauthorized* fun? Go a little nuts?

Now, the *Good Discordians*(tm) would have you believe that you HAVE to "fit in". And some of the "bad" crowd WILL (and HAVE) crack under the pressure, and conform to the whims of people who ought to *know better* than to want that kind of power over people.

The funniest part is, the same people that claimed they don't want the drama, are the same "good" discordians that follow you around, trying to start shit up. The reason? They LIKE the drama, though they'll never admit it. They (secretly) WANT to be "bad", but *they have forgotten how*. They have fossilized, and become that which they used to despise.

Now, if you think I'm talking about you, I'm probably not. People in that state always assume that things like this are directed at *other people*. They think they are still on the cutting edge of "alternative society", that they are baaaaad, and EEEEEEEVIL!

But if that's the case, where are their mindfucks? Where are their jakes, their assbattery?

Now, The Good Reverend will try his best to avoid these pitfalls. He promises that he won't alter your text\*, read your

PMs (he can't, but he doesn't expect you to believe that), or pull hateful, behind-the-scenes shit on you (he prefers hateful, right up front shit). If he does, you have his full permission - nay, his INSISTENCE - that you KILL HIM, in cold blood.

Or kill me.

\* Exceptions: Pr0n bombing, publishing private info (names, addresses, etc) or anything else that could get syn in real, legal trouble. Also, posts in the wrong places may be moved, but will not be deleted.

## **Rev Roger, Rant 13:** **Stop Making Waves.**

You heard me. Stop rocking the boat, you're keeping the rest of us awake.

Instead of posting your seditious perversions, tell us what you are eating/drinking/wearing/listening to/fucking/etc. This way, we can all keep pretending that we are baaaaaaad. Radicals. *Subversives*. We can continue to ignore the whistling sound of the hammer coming down, while we play silly games, and examine the mystical properties of the number 5.

Stop fucking with other boards. Stop sending vicious letters to your congressmen/PMs. Stop putting "out of order" signs on every public telephone/toilet/vending machine in your town. That's not real Discordianism, damn you! That's *badwrong* Discordianism...and verging on the Subgenius Heresy.

Wipe that shit-eating grin off of your face. We are NOT amused by your antics, which make us very uncomfortable. You'll probably get us all in trouble, and who will be laughing, then? There are no jokes, in the internment camps, so *cut it out*.

Instead, come up with another silly word game for us. Tell us about the grotty little details of your vanilla life. Make sure to tell us all how EVIL and REBELLIOUS you are. Stop thinking about bad things, and concentrate on the fluffy white clouds. And when your soul finally shrieks out it's death-cry, all that will emerge from your bloated, sooper-sized carcass will be a belch, or perhaps a yawn.

You will finally be a Good American...and a Good Discordian(tm).

Or kill me.

## Rev Roger, Rant #14: What's My Motherfucking Name?

Yeah, fuckers? What's my motherfucking name? Huh? What the fuck do YOU know about it? Just because you've been tapping my phone, and following me down the street doesn't mean you know SHIT.

Just because you hired the mailman to spy on me, doesn't mean you know *anything* about me. If you did, you'd know what \*I\* know...and then you wouldn't HAVE to listen to my conversations, to know what transmissions were sent to me this week.

And don't think I didn't figure out that you even co-opted my friggin' next door NEIGHBOR. Well, too bad, Stumpy...she is no longer in a position to tell you *anything*, and neither is that nosy kid of hers, with her shiny eyes.

And you can give up on the TV thing, too. I buried that in the backyard, so your beams can't make me do things. Too bad, mister government illuminati man.

So, you think you know what I'm up to? You think you know *the score*? You don't know a fucking THING.

What's my motherfucking name, bitches?

## **Rev Roger, Rant #15:** **You're on your own, Little Billy.**

Sorry, kid, but the deal has gone down, and you are fucked.

While the monolithic juggernaut that is the CoN builds gulags in Cuba and the former Soviet Union, while it tosses the lives of it's children away for Halliburton's bottom line, those who should know better sit still.

There IS no opposition, "legitimate" or otherwise. The Democrats are a pack of pussies, the 3rd parties are a joke, and the "resistance movements" are totally worthless. The Discordians are too busy having yet another civil war, the Subgenii have retired to alt.slack to wallow in their tragic hipness, and the Pagans are too busy trying to out-pagan each other.

Fact: EVERY "subversive" group becomes a t-shirt & beer-commercial by the time you hear about it, at least the successful ones...the rest indulging in masturbatory infighting on the net, where they PWN EACH OTHER!11@

So, Little Billy, we - the supposedly rebellious ones - leave you in the hands of your friendly neighborhood Emperor. We'll give all kinds of excuses for fighting each other instead of the CoN, but the truth is *it's easier this way*. After all, taking potshots at each other is far less *work* than pitching wrenches into the machine.

So stop your whining, kid...and learn to love your jackboots.

Or kill me.

## **Rev Roger, Rant 16:** **That's All She Wrote, Folks**

*Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

Irrational anger and a vengeful streak are wonderful things...they keep you from thinking, and from seeing things that you'd rather not see. It's easier to pick a fight, for example, than to admit that you've spent almost 3 years living a hideous lie.

In this case, that lie is Discordianism...or, rather, the idea that it can actually be applied to this miserable collection of primates that we call "the human race"...or even a minute portion of said monkeys.

Let's face facts, shall we? Discordianism is just a gaily-painted prison cell for slightly mal-adjusted primates...a "place" where they can go to pretend that they are better - or even just different - than the teeming masses of simians that surround them. But the truth is, of course, that it's just the same old shit, in a shiny wrapper; the same cliques, the same biases, the same old dominance games. And, yes, I include myself, at very nearly the top of the guilty heap.

And what, my friends, is going on while we all pretend to be superior, or even sapient? Why, the world continues its downward spiral of ignorance, mass murder, and decay. The same factories are pumping out the same horrible pollutants, the world gets hotter every year climate-wise, and colder every year from person to person. The republic is falling, its infrastructure crumbling, its population more and more ignorant...and that's just the USA. The rest of the world is in WAY worse shape. And all the while, we bicker and fight

about what "real discordianism" is, though we rarely say so out loud.

And we were supposed to *know better*. If we can't get our shit in one bag, what the hell are the "greyfaces" - that we love to feel superior to - doing?

Well, The Good Reverend will tell you. They are breeding like flies in an already over-crowded world, hacking/blowing/shooting each other to bits, pumping every toxin they can think of into their (and our) drinking water & air, and laughing all the while, confident that everything is going to be fine.

And yet we sit idle.

So, the fact that I have been trying to avoid for more than a year now can no longer be denied: Discordianism is a filthy fucking lie. An excuse for misfits, dissidents, and malcontents to be ineffectual, while still allowing them to pretend that they are "enlightened" (which seems to consist solely of sitting on our asses in front of a computer screen while the whole world goes down the shitter). And don't give The Good Reverend any shit about KYFMS, either. You can lie to me, but you can't lie to yourself...but you still do.

The greatest regret I have is all the writing I did to pump the hideous falsehood that some people can overcome their primate nature, to make a positive change in their world...fact is, we can't even be positive amongst ourselves. My first instinct was to simply destroy every existing copy of all that bullshit I wrote, but what the hell is the point? Instead, I'll leave them here as a monument to futility, a sort of "Colossus" of my very own (google Shelley, for you illiterate types out there). A horrible reminder that there really is no hope, and that the

world is - and will remain - a festering cesspool of hatred, greed, and stupidity.

But what then? What do you do, when you realize that even the freaks are just another brand of stupid hominid? That there really IS no hope for a future that doesn't involve dumb and doom? That failure is, and always will be the fate of the jumped up primates that infest this Godforsaken rock? That we will all, eventually, drown in our own shit...if we can avoid being blown to pieces over someone else's gripe?

Well, I know what \*I\* plan to do. I'm going to have a cup of coffee or two, and a cigarette. Then, I'm going to drag this fucking computer out behind the bar, and fire all six (6) bullets from my Bisley through it.

Then I'm going to reload, and have another cigarette.

Or kill me.

*Res Ipsa Loquitur.*

**PART Seven**  
miscellaneous

# Goodbye, Pedro.

*Originally posted May 18, 2005*

I do not like to sit in police cars, yet I find myself in them from time to time. It's like root canal work, except that you don't know how long the unpleasantness is going to last. Might be minutes, might be years. Ho ho! How's that grab you? You think you're just out for a night on the town, then WHAM! You have been "taken into the system". No more fun for you, Bubba.

Pedro and I had been drinking in a shithole dive not too far from my place. He had been drinking heavily, and losing at pool. He was down \$100 dollars, and his mood was getting grimmer and grimmer.

While attempting a shot, he drew the cue back and the butt of it struck some yahoo sitting at the bar. The yahoo was a muscular guy, going to fat. You've seen the type. He turned around, and said, "You want to watch where you put that, you dumb spic."

Pedro looked at him, with a sickly sort of feral grin on his face. The yahoo apparently mistook this for fear. I was halfway off my stool when the fat guy laughed, and said, "Aw, is the little spic gonna piss himself?"

There was a flash of metal, and a slapping sound, and a small object flew off the man's head and landed on the floor at my feet. It looked like...it was. It was the better part of the fat man's right ear.

Blood was all over the bar, and some lady was screaming, as if she thought this crazy Mexican was going to butcher us all.

Pedro smiled at the man, whose face was going sheet white, and said, "You want to watch what you say, you dumb gringo."

I grabbed Pedro and said, "Dude, we have to get the fuck out of here." Pedro just looked at me, and laughed.

"Not until I win this game. I'm three balls up, and I have money on this."

"Fine, dumbass. You go to jail. I'm going home."

I turned around, and walked to the front door, but was stopped by a cop who grabbed me and hustled me out to the hood of his car. I was frisked, and then stood there for a while while they collected Pedro. I wound up sitting in one squadcar, and he in another.

I took a few moments to holler over to Pedro, describing in detail his parentage and ancestry, and several creative perversions his mother indulged in, until the cop that grabbed me came back and uncuffed me. I had done nothing wrong, it seemed, and was being released. Pedro, on the other hand, was fucked. He was arrested for attempted murder (though even a public defender could get that dropped to assault with a deadly weapon). He won't be coming back anytime soon. Pedro isn't the kind of guy that makes bail...or is even given the chance to.

Pedro was a sick fucker, the kind that can either make an evening into a real party, or cut some poor dumb bastard's ear off, for the crime of being stupid. He will not be missed in the bars and bodegas, but he will be missed at Roger's place. Pedro understood the Yahoo Nation, and his insights on the current state of the republic were dead on, especially when he was half in the bag.

So, goodbye, Pedro, you dumb spic. You were - if nothing else

- *serious* about having a good time. If I never see you again, at least I will always be able to say that I, for a few brief years, walked with the King.

Or kill me.

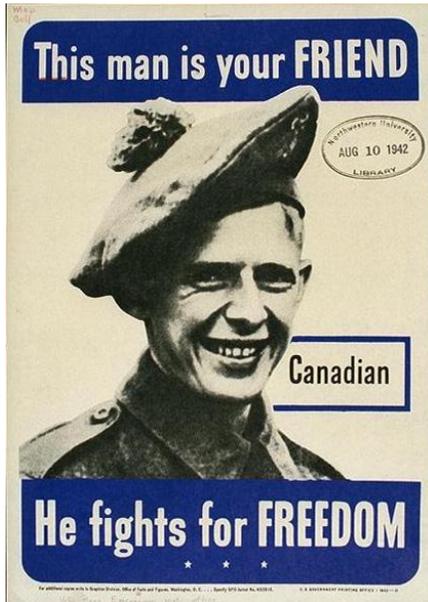
# EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.

*Originally posted May 26, 2005*

**There is nothing to be afraid of. Our Brave soldiers will protect you from terrorists.**



**Our allies will protect you from terrorists:**



or kill me

**Our police will protect you from smudgy people:**



or kill me

Homeland security will protect you from traitors, liberals, and athiests:



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL FNORD.

*Paid for by The Agency.*

or kill me

# The Gospel According to Roger

*Book 1, Chapter 1:*

Once upon a time, there was a man. We'll call him Fred.

One day, Fred woke up to find an enormous machine in front of his house. The machine was, indeed, so large that it blocked out the sun. Fred was looking at the machine through his bedroom window, when there was a knock at the door.

Answering the door, Fred found a fat man in an expensive suit, with a tube extending from the machine to his ass.

"Hello", said Fred. The man just smiled at him.

"Can I help you with something?" Still nothing more than a smile.

"What the hell do you want?", fred demanded, beginning to get angry.

"Well, there you go," said the fat man, "All you have to do is ask the right questions. I am The Machine, and I have come for you."

"Me?"

"Well, you, and everyone you know. Your family, your friends, your co-workers...we get them all, eventually."

"Um...okay", Fred responded, "but why?"

"To assimilate you, of course. There's really no use struggling, you know."

"But what do you want with us?" Fred was really weirded out by now.

"Oh, that's easy. We want to make you our slave. We want to wear you down into a cog, to replace earlier cogs which have grown old and died in our service. We want you to be a proper consumer. We want to send your children off to die for the bottom line. We want humans to be food tubes, ants, mindless automatons. You tend to be more profitable for us, that way."

"That's horrible!", Fred exclaimed.

"Not from our perspective. Now, kindly stand still, while we hit you with our magic hammer. You won't feel a thing, I assure you. In fact, you will *enjoy* it. No more worries, no more cares...we will do all that for you.", the man said, reaching for Fred.

Fred, being a man of good instincts, slammed the door in the man's face, and ran into the kitchen, where he leapt out the back window, and began running. Fred knew that The Machine was too large for one man to fight, and that he had to find allies.

As he ran, he heard hollow laughter. Turning, he saw The Machine grinding along in slow, inexorable pursuit. The Machine, seeing him turn, laughed again.

"You'll be back", it said, "Your kind always are."

Fred fled forth, into the desert.

## Transcript #32

WAKE UP!

Huh?

WAKE UP!

Wha...who's there?

JIMINY FUCKING COCKROACH, CHUMP! WAKE DA HELL UP!

Chef?

THAT'S RIGHT, OPIE! IN THA METAPHYSICAL FLESH. WHAT, YUO THOUGHT THAT JUST BECAUSE YUO GAVE CHEF'S NAME TO SOME TARD IN MAINE MEANT CHEF WOULD DISAPPEAR?

Unnng...it's 6 AM, Chef...I just got to sleep...I don't wanna talk about football...

CHEF AIN'T HERE TO TALK ABOUT FOOTBALL, OPES...CHEF IS HERE TO TALK ABOUT YUO. YUO GOT A PROBLEM, SON.

Yeah...a hideous Tongan that won't let me sleep.

HAHA, DUMBSHIT. CHEF IS SICK OF FIXING YOUR FUCKUPS.

"Fixing my fuckups"? What the fuck are you talking about, Chef? You've caused me nothing but grief for more than two years, now.

LOL, SHITHEAD. HOW ABOUT THAT PRETTY WIFEY OF YOURS?

You stay the fuck away from her, Chef...you are NOT going to fuck that up for me.

FUCK IT UP? SON, CHEF *MADE THAT HAPPEN*. YUO DON'T THINK SHE FELL FOR YUO CUZ YOU'RE CUTE WHEN YOU HALLUCINATE, DO YUO? HEEEELLLLL, NAW, SON! YUO = SEE SOME BUGZ, AND GO ALL TO PIECES. CHEF = UNIMPRESSED WIFF BREATHING WALLS AND BLEEDING CEILINGS. SO CHEF TOOK OVER THA MEAT, AND TOOK CARE OF BIZNAZZ.

How do you do that?

DO WHAT?

Talk in html?

NEVER YUO MIND, SHIT FOR BRAINS. YUO = GONNA GET YOUR SHIT STRAIGHT, OR ELSE.

Or else *what*, Chef? You know, there are drugs these days that can shut you up for good.

HAW HAW! WRONG AGAIN. YUO JUST TRY TO GET TO THE DOCS, WHITEBREAD...CHEF WILL MAKE YUO PUNCH A COP ON THA WAY.

Okay, or else what?

OR ELSE CHEF TAKES OVER FOR GOOD.

Lights out, you jackasses.

WHO WAS THAT, OPIE?

Captain Quallude, Chef. Chef, Captain Quallude. Good night.

## Rev Roger's election rant #1: The Million Ton Shit Hammer

*Originally posted Aug 05, 2004*

So far, The Good Reverend isn't very impressed with this election cycle.

On the Right, we have Bush, a certified loser who cannot seem to control his own cabinet, and has done dick all but make excuses since April of 2003.

On the Left, we have Kerry, who is shaping up to be a real disappointment. His opponents have reduced themselves to trying to besmirch Kerry's military record, thus calling attention to BUSH'S military "record". Kerry, on the other hand, has had the good fortune to be handed a Million Ton Shithammer by his opponent...but seems to be too timid to take a swing or two with it.

Bush has given Kerry more ammunition than any candidate could reasonably be expected to use...the bogus economic "recovery", the ignorant, useless war in Iraq, the torture scandals, Plame, Halliburton, Tom DeLay & Ken Lay, etc, etc, etc...but Kerry can't seem to get off his ass.

Indeed. Kerry has, in fact, been *moderating* his stance on many issues, when he SHOULD be going for the throat.

For example, Kerry won't end the war in Iraq...in fact, he's babbling about MORE troops. 1968, anyone?

Kerry is now jabbering about MORE tax cuts, rather than focusing on the deficit.

Kerry is now against homosexual marriage.

Kerry has been defending his voting for the PATRIOT Act, etc.

In short, we seem to have what amounts to just another "me too!" Democrat. Forget the Clinton years, think more along the lines of Hubert Humphrey...because that's what you're in for. Just another ward-heeling hack who thinks he can get elected by being so much like his opponent that the electorate won't be able to distinguish between them.

This is a damn shame, too, because if we EVER needed an actual opposition candidate, it's right now.

Up until now, I was thinking perhaps that Kerry was playing it cool, allowing Bush to hang himself...but time grows short, and people will always, given the choice between republican and republican, vote republican.

So, your choices are now:

1. Vote for Bush.
2. Vote for a convincing imitation of Bush.
3. Vote 3d party (yeah, THAT will work 🤔)
4. Stop giving a shit.

Most people will choose #4...more people do every election.

And, thus, the republic dies.

Or kill me.

## Hey, Stevie

*Originally posted Jun 06, 2005*

You awake now, Stevie? Wow, man, sorry about that knock on the head. I don't get many visitors, these days, and I didn't recognize you in the dark. You know you can't be too careful, these days...times being what they are, and all. You okay now? Good.

Seeing you brings back old memories, Stevie. Geez, it must have been 1961 that I saw you last. Remember those days, man? Scary times, what with Kennedy and that Russian fella, what was his name? Kruckchev? Something like that, anyways. That whole Cuban missile crisis thing, it scared me silly...

What's that? Delores? Naw, man, she's been gone a long time. Ten years now, if I remember correct. Can't really say where she is now...she took off with a soldier, curse her black heart. Said something about better pickings. Never have forgiven her...maybe we better not talk about it.

Anyways, Stevie, like I was saying, that Cuban crisis. I thought the world was gonna end. Kruckchev bangin' his shoe on the table, and Jack Kennedy makin' all them speeches. Never did think I'd see anti-aircraft guns on the beach, neither. Not in America, anyhow. Things got really scary when that Russian blockade runner got sunk off the coast of Cuba. Kruckchev like to bust a vein. Then everybody stopped talking.

Remember what happened next, Stevie? Sure ya do. Everybody does. When Miami went up, and we retaliated on Minsk, everybody started talking again. I guess them two cities plumb scared the willies out of both sides. But the more they talked,

the worse things got. Then, one day, I woke up in my basement, and I couldn't hear nothing. Didn't get my hearing back for almost 3 months, what with being so close to Tampa, and all.

Yeah, memories. What's that, Stevie? No, man, I'm sorry...I can't untie you, see? Like I said, I don't get many visitors these days, and I've gotten pretty hungry. Now, hold still, I'll try to make this as quick as I can.

## **10 more things I know are true:**

1. Aliens aren't very scary. After all, they build the kind of ships that *crash*.
2. Give a rebel unlimited power, and he'll be worse than the king in a week.
3. The difference between a politician and a whore is that with a whore, you know what you're paying for.
4. It's impossible to explain to a WWII vet why Paris Hilton is famous. I know; I've tried.
5. It's dangerous to be sincere, unless you also happen to be stupid.
6. The truth will not make you popular at parties.
7. There is no such thing as paranoia, anymore. It cannot, by definition, exist.
8. Any man who knuckles under to aristocrats is a fool; any man that appeases them is a jackass.
9. G W Bush's eyes are WAY too close together. That creeps me out.
10. People who write lists should be bastinadoed.

## Another 10 things I know.

1. Never squat while wearing spurs. Just trust me on this one, okay?
2. Writing insulting messages to the CIA's satellites on the roof of your car SOUNDS funny, but isn't.
3. Two wrongs don't make a right. But three *do*.
4. A planet killing meteorite beats four aces.
5. "Interpretive dances" make me want to kill something.  
STOP HATING AMERICA!
6. Lesbians don't just "need a good fucking". They will hurt you. Bad. Trust me.
7. It is just plain WRONG to "improve" Bush 04 bumperstickers. So don't. Really.
8. People who like cats usually have no sense of humor. I do not claim to understand the connection, I have simply observed it.
9. "Psychics" aren't amused when you ask why they had to ask for your name.
10. Bad art isn't always better than no art...and just because you created it, it doesn't necessarily have any value. If the world understood this, most poets would be forced to live in the Aelutian Islands.

## Lost in America, part 1.

*Originally posted Mar 04, 2005*

*Wherever I have gone in this country, I have found Americans.*  
- Alf Landon, just before FDR buried him alive in the polls.

*"AMERICA = TEH STOOPIDEST OPIEZ ON THA PLANET."*  
- Chef, last night, in our head.

I found myself shopping in La Mexicana Chiquita Supermercado last night, trying to find fresh habanero peppers for that lousy Tongan. He had been keeping me up all night, bellowing about this year's America's Cup race, and about the future of American football. The only possible cure was to chow down on insanely hot peppers until he was beaten into submission, thus allowing me to get a couple of hours of precious sleep.

Nothing stands out in an almost empty supermarket like The Good Rev, especially when he's stuck halfway in Chef mode. Hideous...a bone-weary 220 pound gringo, shuffling down the aisles, mumbling things about "teef" and "baggies" and the Chicago Bears...all the while dragging a 20 pound authentic war club. In any civilized country, I'd be beaten by cops and thrown in jail, for my own good.

However, I am not in a civilized country, and the locals know me. For good or for ill, they are my people, and they are more than willing to put up with my eccentricities...as just about everyone in Aurora, IL is eccentric, or a gang-banger, or both.

Aurora is America in microcosm...at least the America that SHOULD exist. 75% hard-working weirdos, and 25% goons, thugs, and preachers. Almost everyone carries a gun, at least at

2 AM, but the level of violence is surprisingly low...and people are *polite*. They *understand*, you see, that it is *bad policy* to be rude to someone, when there is a very good chance that the person you are speaking to is armed to the teeth with pistols that have their serial numbers filed off.

Chef wasn't enjoying himself much. The ranchero music being piped into the store was too loud, he said, and accordians always set him off. No time for niceties, now...what if he goes berserk, and starts smashing speakers? It's not out of the realm of possibility...So, grab a jar of peppers, and dump it down your throat.

Instant sweat. The inability to breathe. Spots in front of your eyes, and some freakish little clerk staring at you like you're insane. Fuck him, he doesn't understand, does he? "Listen, snapperhead...I AM going to pay for this, but there simply isn't time." But it doesn't come out that way, does it? Not with an esophagus full of screaming hot habaneros...it sounds more like "UNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNGH!"

I could see the horror in his eyes...he began to back away, toward the front of the store. Toward the phone. The situation is hopeless...I will NOT be able to explain myself to a cop, at least not while I'm in this condition. There's only one thing to do...

...Run through the door into the meat department, heading for the back door, where they put the garbage out. Slip on a freshly-mopped floor, and go skidding along the stainless steel table where they are cutting the meat for tomorrow...half a dozen Mexicans scramble to get out of the way...covered in blood now, bovine, I hope...there were some sharp fucking knives on that table...Out the back door, and running down the street...a hideous, blood covered maniac toting a war club...people in cars, staring at me as I run through the night...

...Back to mi casa, lock the door. Don't answer the door, don't answer the phone. There are animals out there, you know...it just isn't SAFE.

Or kill me.

## Lost in America, pt 2: Efrim lays the law down.

*Originally posted Mar 07, 2005*

*"Get the thing straight once and for all. The policeman isn't there to create disorder. The policeman is there to preserve disorder."*

- Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago.

Efrim and I had finally met on neutral ground, at the Full Moon Bar (no shit, it's really called that) in Batavia, to discuss various issues of turf and tactics. We were having no luck, however, as a third party overheard us, and took what little of our conversation he heard to be one of drugs.

After a short while, he leaned over to Efrim (he was on the stool adjacent to Efrim, on the other side from myself) and said, "You looking to get hooked up?"

Efrim replied that he was straight, thank you very much.

"No, no...I heard you guys talking, and I have *what you need*."

"Really?", said Efrim, "That's nice. Give me details, man...I haven't got all night."

The man looked around, and said, "I have meth AND coke...which do you need?"

Efrim looked at him for a moment, and said, "You know, the problem with the world today is that nothing is the way it seems. For example, YOU don't look like a drug dealer...and

my associate here doesn't look like a minister...and I don't look like a cop."

The man went pale, and whispered, "You're a cop?"

Efrim just smiled.

The man looked him up and down, and decided that Efrim's hippie-like appearance made that impossible. "Oh, yeah?", he said, "show me your badge."

"You want to see my badge?"

"Yeah. I want to see your badge."

"Okay. Look closely", Efrim said...and then slapped the degenerate right on his ear. The man spun halfway around, and fell off his stool. His inner ear had been shocked by the slap, and he couldn't get back up. Efrim stuck his foot in the man's chest, and said, "This is Bush's America, Slappy. We're ALL cops, now!"

The man struggled to get up, but between Efrim's foot and his own drunkenness, he was unable to do anything but writhe on the beer-soaked floor. Terry the bouncer came up and asked what was going on.

Efrim was obviously debating whether or not to break a few ribs. The situation was getting ugly. I looked over at Terry...

"This guy just grabbed Efrim's ass, Terry."

Now, the Full Moon is NOT a bar in which you want that to be said about you. The geek tried to scream out a denial, but Efrim applied a little pressure, and all that came out was a whistling noise.

Terry looked at Efrim, and said, "You're one mean hippie, dude." Efrim just grinned. Terry grabbed the geek by his foot, and, with the help of two bikers, dragged him out back. They were gone for a while.

I looked at Efrim, and asked, "Okay, where were we?"

Efrim took a drink of his beer, and replied, "I dunno, all that talk of Bush's America has me in the mood to stomp somebody."

"Horrible", I said, "You young Turks are all the same."

Or kill me.

Lost in America #3:

Lost

