

Anti-Christian Rock Band Testimonials
Zen Thoughts • The Alex Christ Mysteries

ePasquinade

(formerly "BuddhaFancy")

Introducing Happy Fun Ball of Light

Happy Fun Ball of Light is a vague, pan-denominational, uber-diety capable of great kindness and harsh retribution. Happy Fun Ball of Light is not a fad. The Pet Rock was a fad. Happy Fun Ball of Light is a way of life. Build immense buildings for purposes of worshipping Happy Fun Ball of Light. Avert your eyes from the awesome presence of Happy Fun Ball of Light. "LASERs are evil," says Happy Fun Ball of Light. "You must destroy all LASERs." Happy Fun Ball of Light says this in Morse Code as He can only blink. Happy Fun Ball of Light likes to sleep in on Saturdays. This doesn't mean Happy Fun Ball of Light is lazy. Happy Fun Ball of Light just works so hard to bring happiness and joy to those in His domain that he occasionally needs a little "Me time." Happy Fun Ball of Light eats right and exercises because He wants to look good for His flock. But Happy Fun Ball of Light likes a big bowl of really greasy chili once in a while. Happy Fun Ball of Light is non-carbonated. Happy Fun Ball of Light is not Happy, nor Fun, without His morning cup of coffee. Happy Fun Ball of Light is all colors to all peoples. Happy Fun Ball of Light is a member of every country club and Happy Fun Ball of Light makes the occasional booty call. Happy Fun Ball of Light has rhythm. Happy Fun Ball of Light has got lead in his pencil. Happy Fun Ball of Light can kick Schwarzenegger's ass. Wherever Happy Fun Ball of Light goes, He always gets the penthouse suite, even if there is no penthouse suite. Happy Fun Ball of Light never, ever, needs a haircut. Happy Fun Ball of Light has a spotless credit rating and a clean carpet. Happy Fun Ball of Light is a "fashion do." Happy Fun Ball of Light's accountant is Jewish. Happy Fun Ball of Light sings in the shower *and* the car. Happy Fun Ball of Light is endorsed by the World Theologians Association and four out of five dentists. Happy Fun Ball of Light cannot be "supersized"; that's as big as Happy Fun Ball of Light gets. Happy Fun Ball of Light is oblong and, technically, not a "ball" at all.

Religion

eDitorial

My next-door neighbors think I'm God.

I'm not going to argue the point, of course, since I love the perks. I haven't had to mow my lawn in the three years since they moved in. His wife is always making me cookies, oatmeal raisin, my favorite. His kids even organized my CD collection.

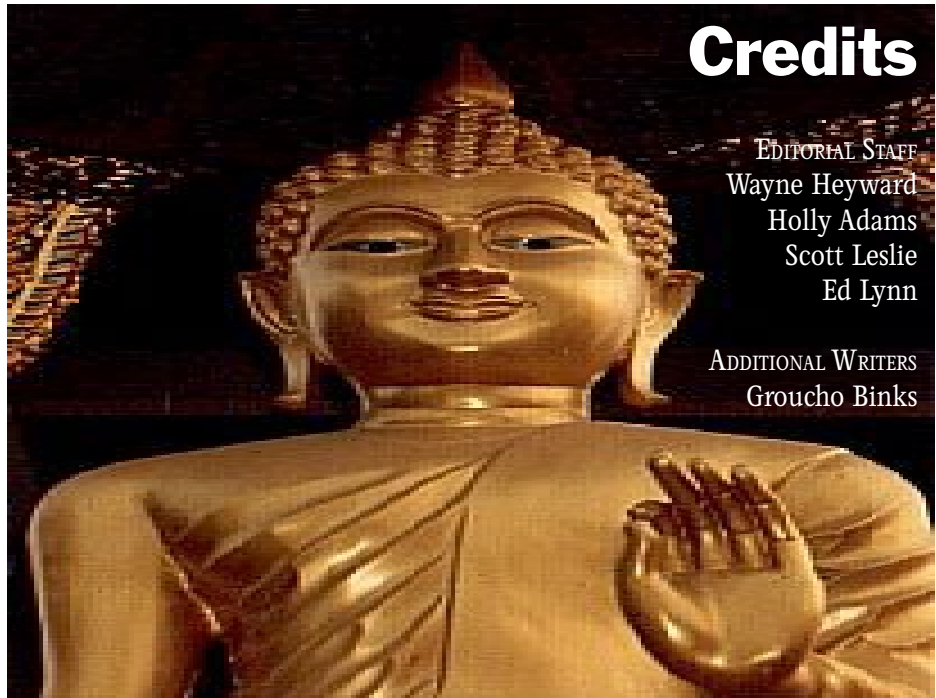
This all happened quite innocently of course. These things usually do.

Several years ago, I wrote under a pseudonym, an alias, a nom de plume, a fake name. Douglas Carroll, a combination of the names of two authors I was into at the time. Eventually, I discovered there was already a Doug Carroll writing for USA Today, so I gave up the pseudonym for my real name.

I still receive mail addressed to my pseudonym, of course, since some words don't travel as fast as others. When a piece of mail would occasionally be misdelivered next door, my neighbors politely brought it over. Shortly after Larry and Jane moved in I discovered just how easy it is for fanatically religious dyslexics can mistake the word Doug.

"I think I may have some of your mail, neighbor," he said as I arrived home one evening. "But I think the name is wrong."

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Credits

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Marforio

Sirs:

God is watching ewes.

—Jack Hanna
Columbus Zoo, OH

Your application to establish this number of ePasquinade as an historical landmark has been denied. Our research shows the jokes in this number to be quite ancient, though not quite old enough to earn federal funding for restoration. Our apologies.

—Williams County Historical
Joke Society

Psst...that waffle is really a secret message. The way the syrup runs into certain squares just so...it's a code and...wait, you're not Boris! Plan 39! Plan 39! Eggs over easy! Plan 39!

—Robert Hanssen
Future Night Manager
24 Hour Mr. Waffle

My name is General Pickens and I'd like to tell you about the U.S. Navy's latest and greatest fighting force ever. You thought the Seals were a tough bunch? Well, we've been secretly assembling a great group of guys that'll kick everyone's ass.

Remember that Jap fishing boat in Hawaii? That was us. They never even knew what hit 'em.

The Navy Sharks. We're great, we're white, we're killer!

—Gen. William "Flimflam"
Pickens
Honolulu, HI

Hello? I think someone there just paged me? What? No, this is the address that showed up on my pager. Yes. Yes. Ten inches. Yes. Yes. No. None of your business, pervert!

—Edith Warburton
Mailboxes, Etc.
7th & G

Holy Contents



I've been in the greeting card business for over fifty years now. It's a dreadful business being paid to compose happy thoughts for so long. Thankfully, today is my last day before retirement and, to celebrate, here's my final composition:

*Joy and cheerfulness
Fifty-plus years
You wouldn't believe what it do
To a greeting card writer
Who's happy and gay
Fuck you, fuck you, and fuck you.*

And if that don't get Hallmark's attention, the explosives I've set to go off in an hour sure will.

—Dalton P. Abernathy, Esq.
Curtis, PA

So there I was, sitting in the restaurant eating dinner with my road manager when a fan walks up to our table just as I'm chewing a mouthful of that evening's special and asks for an autograph. The nerve!

Tired and frustrated, I scribbled "asshole!" in big, swirly letters.

Then he looks at what I wrote and says, "Oh, I thought you were someone else."

—Phil Collins
Hollywood, CA

What does it mean when your entire arm turns black right up to where that little spider bit you, then suddenly falls off? My dinner guests are concerned.

—Lefty Nostrildragger
Las Vegas, NV

Here's a puzzler: Four men go into an apartment. One comes out. The only things left in the room are a pack of matches, half a pitcher of ice water, a genuine Dali, a knife, hundreds of little knick-knacks, and a George Foreman grill. What happened?

—George Foreman
Infomercial, CA



The Monthly Exclamation!

Some News Is Just Better Shouted

Volume 17, Number 5

February 2001

Bush Supports Faith-Based Witch Burnings

Wiccans Not Amused

WASHINGTON (eP)—President Bush Tuesday will propose a new bill that would allocate federal funds towards faith based witch burnings, the White House said. White House spokesman Ari Fleischer said that Bush views this as a natural extension of his campaign to support faith-based programs in general. “The President wants to make sure that nobody is left out, and we know that there are plenty of people out there who would love to burn witches, but are simply lacking in funds.”

Bush said at a recent press conference, “I think that probably there exists a huge potential for such activation. I want to make sure that all aspects of American religion are covered in this bill, and I think eventually we will move on to other religions as well, so that it becomes an all-inclusive sort of deal. I want to make sure that no American feels left out.”

An anonymous White House source says that Bush hit upon this idea while watching *MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL*. “He saw that witch burning scene, that one with the scales and the duck, and he just jumped right out of his seat. ‘By golly,’ he said, ‘there’s an idea.’ And he drafted this bill that very night. Of course, he had been smoking some primo hash that was a gift from Fidel Castro, so he was plenty inspired that night.”

Silver “Moonbeam” Ravenwolf, noted author of books such as *TO RIDE A SILVER BROOMSTICK*, *TO STIR A MAGIC CAULDRON*, *TO LIGHT A SACRED FLAME*, and *TO WRITE ANOTHER BOOK*, expressed shock and dismay at the president’s proposal. “I’m shocked and dismayed at the president’s proposal,” she said. Ravenwolf said that she didn’t claim to speak for all witches in the United States, but that she was pretty sure she knew how most of them would feel on the issue of being burned at the stake. “Yep, I’m pretty sure they wouldn’t like it.”

Bush’s bill was already causing a stir on Capitol Hill before it could even be delivered. Sen. Joe Lieberman delivered the following, one-sentence statement through his press office: “Sweet merciful son of God, has the president lost his mind?!”

Conservative Christian leader G. Bob Holymoses said that he and his fellow Christians are “mighty pleased. We’ve been wanting to do this for years but we just didn’t have the funds. We chose to spend our money on more urgent items, such as gay-bashing, making sure Eminem never records another record, and bombing abortion clinics. So it’s about time we got cracking on this.”

Eminem was unavailable for comment.

four

Jaded Press Clippings

Performing a castration on Stuart and Sandra Vesty’s show horse, Dr. Devon Wickham accidentally removed the horse’s penis. According to the resulting lawsuit, Wickham exclaimed, “Oh my God, no!” telling Stuart Vesty, “I removed his penis!” (*Cleveland, OH Plain Dealer*)

In August of last year, Ronald Cheeley ordered a bacon, egg and cheese biscuit from the drive-through window at a Hardee’s in Burlington, North Carolina, and discovered a tooth in the biscuit. When he went to tell the manager, employees “began laughing and pointing at the cook who was preparing the biscuit.” He says the incident has caused him “great pain of mind” and has had to receive medical care. Cheeley’s wife claims the incident has deprived her of companionship. (*Alamance County, NC Times-News*)

Fritz Herring, a 73-year-old barbershop quartet member and independent singing telegram deliverer, spent 12 hours in jail after Hennepin County sheriff’s deputies caught him going into the Government Center dressed as a cowboy with a fake metal revolver strapped into a holster filled with dummy bullets. He was supposed to deliver a birthday song to a supervisor on the 15th floor. “They thought I was deranged, and that I was coming in to kill a judge,” Herring said. (*St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer Press*)

Johnail Fairley and his family sat down for a chicken dinner at their home in Fayetteville, N.C. Afterward, he was preparing to feed the leftovers to his dog when he noticed a blue-green glow coming from the meat. Fairley called Womack Army Medical Center and the Fayetteville Fire Department, which sent over a hazardous materials team. He says officials are trying to determine

Californians In Terror

Rolling Blackouts Crush Family

LOS ANGELES (eP)—Late last month, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hendricks, as well as the couple's two daughters, Kylie and Jacinta, were crushed to death when an enormous ball of darkness rolled through the west wall of the motel room in which they were sleeping, killing them instantly. Police are questioning a local man, Merlin M. Johnson, as to his whereabouts during the episode.

Authorities believe Johnson, an adept wizard of darkness, called upon forces of evil to summon the animated absence of light in an attempt to woo a witch he fancies.

"He's got very poor social skills," says Ertai, The Greylord. "I told Merle, 'Why don't you just ask her out?' He's quite gifted as a wizard but he's got low self-esteem."

Panel Looks At Minorities

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY (eP)—Today's state Senate panel hearing investigating racial profiling by the New Jersey State Police turned its attention to minority witnesses.

"I swanee," said Robert W. White, 34. "Dey pulled me ober just cuz I be a darky." Mr. White went on to say that the officers wrongly searched him, finding a crack pipe and forty dollars worth of crack cocaine beneath the passenger side seat, based on the his color of his skin.

Juan Hernandez, a 22-year-old migrant worker from California, was traveling through New Jersey on business, he claims, when a State Officer pulled him over "for no appareent reeson." The officer eventually found five kilos of cocaine in the trunk of his low rider. "I don't know how that got eento my trunk, Senor," he told the committee. "Ees not even my car, Senor. Ees my brother's."

Before today's session was adjourned, the committee heard from Francois Sillyname, a 31-year-old Frenchman. "I waz trying to get eento my own cafe and I had forgotten ze key," he told the committee. "Ze pig saw me ztruggling with ze door and told me to freeze. I froze but ze offizer didn't believe I waz zee owner of ze cafe. Ze offizer arrested me on ze zpot and threw me into ze holding zell with all ze hookers and ze, how you zay, minority peoples."

Tomorrow's official agenda says the panel will hear from the kikes, chinks, and towel-heads.

Car Hit By Pedestrian

LAVERNE, MONTANA (eP)—Police here say a 1999 Ford Taurus that goes by the name of Maurice, 2, was struck by a pedestrian last week. The victim is in intensive care at Ken's Paint & Auto Body Shop in Laverne and is expected to fully recover from the damage.

The pedestrian, Ms. Stella Banks, 37, also of Laverne, hit the vehicle late last Wednesday after downing seven or eight Sea Breezes at a local bar. Frightened, Ms. Banks fled the scene but was later apprehended thanks to descriptions by several witnesses.

Ms. Banks is scheduled for arraignment next Tuesday. ★

what the cause is. Officials also suggested the family visit a hospital as a precaution. *AP*

A man pleaded guilty to offering a \$1.5 million bounty over the Internet to anyone who killed an abortion provider. "There was no evidence he had the financial wherewithal to pay the bounty," U.S. Attorney Robert J. Cleary said. "But the crime is a serious one." The man also pleaded guilty to possessing child pornography, which was found on his computer during the investigation. *AP*

A man onboard a Northwest Airlines flight awaiting departure in San Francisco told a woman using her cell phone she should turn it off or risk bringing the plane down. She relayed the message to a flight attendant claiming the man threatened to bring the plane down. The attendant told the captain and the man was removed from the plane. Authorities believe the flight crew overreacted. *San Francisco Chronicle*

Richard Allen Bledsoe, 41, of Douglasville (GA) is facing felony charges after he killed a toy poodle—named Trouble—by beating the dog with a shovel. The whole incident occurred in view of neighbors, who tried to stop the beating. The dog belonged to Bledsoe's mother, who lives next door to her son. He claimed the dog had bitten him and he was defending himself from the poodle. *Atlanta (GA) Journal-Constitution*

A sex-starved moose in Norway mistook a small, yellow car for a would-be partner and defecated on it when it got no response. Leif Borgersen, owner of the Ford Ka model, told the Norwegian regional daily Telemarksavisa he found his car bathed in lick marks, saliva and moose excrement. There was no damage to the car apart from the sideview mirror that was bent backwards. *Reuters*

Britain's Princess Anne has been fined \$580 after pleading guilty to speeding at more than 90 miles per hour in her

NEWS FLASH! Actor Judge Reinhold has found religion.

Dear Ms. Paranoia

Gentle Readers:

The theme of this month's issue being a subject that Ms. Paranoia holds in deepest fondness, she has decided to share with you some of her favorite letters from years past. Religion has more conspiracies than Satan has minions, and is seemingly the last refuge for the paranoid. Ms. Paranoia is dedicated to teaching people that there is no need to resort to religion for all your paranoia needs. The world is filled with enough lies and deceit without resorting to faith, gentle readers. Ms. Paranoia invites all replies, death threats, and insane religious rantings, and hopes that her readers will understand when she responds with death threats and rantings of her own. Enjoy!

Bobaloo Ramahandamandapanda of Neepsing, India writes: "Why for do you make fun of Krishna? We are a peaceful group and yet you run from our followers and do not take our many gifts. You think there is conspiracy. Please tell me what is, so I may respond to you with words of love and assurance. Hare Krishna."

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Hare Krishnas are a creative construct of airlines to detract our attention from the fact that their service stinks." Well, she didn't really say that but she would have if she flew. Dear Mother was afraid of flying because she said it interfered with the tin foil she used to block the microwaves that the aliens used to control her brain.

Yes, dear flower-bedecked friend, you've been had. You see, back in 1966 Srila Prabhupada was just a simple doughnut maker when he was accosted in his garage by a group of four men dressed, yes dear readers, in black suits. Nobody knows what happened that day but sources close to the Swami say that a deal was struck and he was paid a hefty sum of money to convert followers to a religion whose sole purpose in life was to harass airline travellers to the point where they would forget that they had been waiting in line for hours in order to be crammed into tiny, lumpy seats with about as much legroom as a midget clown car at a flea circus and forced to listen to smiling glorified waitresses in heavy makeup pointing to the exit doors like cut-rate Vanna Whites, then served tasteless and possibly dangerous substances that masquerade as food. The Krishna movement exploded on the scene (mostly because he targeted drug addicts who liked the idea of shaving their heads and giving away free literature—remember, this was the 60's) and Swami Prabhupada guided his people into the sulferous void that was the airport industry. The rest, as they say, is history.

Mr. X of Quantico, VA writes: "I just found out that Jesus is alive and has been spotted working in a diner in Toledo, Ohio. Just thought I'd let you know, one professional to another."

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Your father used to think he was Jesus. It was pretty nice getting all that free wine until they crucified him."

Bentley car. The 50-year-old princess, the only daughter of Queen Elizabeth, was caught by police driving 93 mph on a dual carriageway road with a 70 mph speed limit near Cheltenham, southwest England, last year. "An officer followed but did not stop the car," a spokesman for Gloucestershire Police told Reuters. "Her Royal Highness has pleaded guilty by letter via her solicitors at Cheltenham Magistrates court to an offence of speeding." *Reuters*

A small group of Girl Scouts ran afoul of the law while selling their signature cookies from the parking lot of a closed-on-Sunday Chick-fil-A restaurant in DeKalb County, GA. Troop leader Angelia Latners had written permission from the owner to be there, as the Girl Scouts recommend. An officer wrote the group of mostly 8-year-old girls a ticket for soliciting without a permit. Latners was stunned. "I mean, this is crazy... After he finished with us, he went down to the Kroger and ticketed another [group of Scouts]." *Atlanta (GA) Journal-Constitution*

A British man who jumped off a cliff survived a fall of nearly 400 feet—but landed on a ledge next to a badly decomposed body. Rescuers said the 22-year-old man had suffered serious and extensive injuries and it was miraculous he was still alive after falling such a distance. "To live at all is a miracle but to land so close to a dead body is just amazing," a coastguard spokesman told Reuters. "It was very much decomposed." *Reuters*

A Canastota Junior High School boy heard students talking about guns. Moments later, no one could leave or enter the junior high wing of the school. Lockers and classrooms were being searched for a weapon. No threatening items were found. Police determined there was no threat. After interviewing students, police concluded the seventh-grader overheard a conversation about *Dunn's Bakery*, a local favorite that had recently opened. *Syracuse.com*

Elvis has been spotted in many places, including diners, grocery stores, and a grease stain on Maury Povich's tie. But Jesus has proven more elusive. He was recently apprehended in Seattle after attempting to rob a garbage truck with a pair of scissors, but managed to escape to parts unknown. Now, you say that He is working in a diner. Well, more power to Him. We need better pancakes in this world.

Thanks for writing.

*Lucy Furr of Parsippany, NJ writes: "Just what have you got against Scientologists? I just read your most recent article, **John Travolta, Spawn of Hubbard** and I must take issue with your assertion that we are all mindless lunatics. I have a mind!!!"*

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Anybody who still thinks that disco was a good idea, must either be on drugs or brainwashed by aliens." John Travolta is singularly responsible not only for disco, bad hair, and talking babies, but for the general overall brainwashing of Hollywood.

Ms. Paranoia does not comment on your mind or lack thereof, but lacking any evidence to the contrary she is pretty sure you don't have one. You seem to be letting your thetans run amok, but let us go through a few basic beliefs and see exactly why Ms. Paranoia called you mindless lunatics:

1. Xenu, evil emperor of the Galactic Confederation who is apparently responsible for all evil in this world, including, one supposes, John Travolta. This guy killed off a gazillion people about a gazillion years ago way back when we all lived on a gazillion different planets. Then he took their spirits and took them to Earth and tried to blow them up with a nuclear warhead on top of a volcano. Ms. Paranoia can accept parts of this theory, she has uncovered evidence of a massive global conspiracy to cover up a major alien landing near Mount Vesuvius millions of years ago. But what she doesn't understand is why you think that Xenu is stuck in some electronic trap somewhere when it is obvious that he is alive and free and living in the White House.

2. Body Thetans, the spirits of people killed by Xenu who survived the explosion and now supposedly plague all of us with their evil influence. What Ms. Paranoia does not understand is why you think that this evil Xenu would be smart enough to lead a society to the point where they have interstellar travel and nuclear warheads, yet be too dumb to realize that souls would not be destroyed by a nuclear warhead, but instead dispersed. Everybody knows that souls don't get destroyed, they go work in a diner in Toledo, Ohio.

3. Operating Thetans, or Scientologists who have been cleared of body thetans. Allegedly these people become like gods, and have enormous powers. Yet one achieves this status by paying large sums of money to go through what is essentially electroshock therapy. So Ms. Paranoia wonders, does this mean that Tom Cruise, with all his money, is a god? And if so, why doesn't he do something about John Travolta?

So you see, gentle reader, simple thought will poke holes in Scientology's beliefs. Ms. Paranoia hopes that you manage to clear out those pesky thetans before they further cloud your judgement.

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seven

An unarmed man entered a Davenport, IA, store shortly before 4:30 a.m. in May, 1999, wearing a paper bag over his head and athletic socks on his hands. According to court records, the man greeted cashier Aimee Hahn by saying either "Happy Halloween" or "Trick or Treat," and then, in a soft voice, asked her to give him "the money." The man then ordered Hahn onto the floor, leaving with the cash. Police arrested James Edward Heard within minutes of the incident. He was convicted of second-degree robbery, defined as theft committed during an assault or while putting someone in fear of "immediate serious injury." The Court of Appeals noted the legal definition of robbery requires physical contact, a threatening gesture or at least "nonverbal physical movement," and reversed Heard's conviction. *Des Moines (IA) Register*

A Malaysian burglar disturbed while breaking into a house fled the scene without his getaway car then returned minutes later to ask for the keys. When the house's occupants refused, the man ripped off the car's license plates and smashed the windshield to remove its tax disc. Along with the car keys, the thief left tools of his trade including a cutter, spanner, and a car jack. *Reuters*

Rose Woodland, a Salvation Army employee, is suing a doctor she consulted about her right middle finger, which was "locking up" occasionally. In a statement of claim filed in the Court of Queen's Bench, Woodland says Dr. Andrew Robertson persuaded her to undergo a surgical procedure on the digit. Two years after the surgery, Woodland says she still can't bend the finger, meaning she can't help but give people "the finger." *Winnipeg Sun*



A Jaded Press Clipping is one that reports something so utterly mindblowingly... er, Jaded, you can't help but send any you come across to our special Jaded Press Clipping Email Vault at jpc@epasq.com. ★

The Wrath Of God

BY SCOTT LESLIE

Jesus and His Disciples were truly down on their luck and Matthew told Jesus so.

“Jesus, we are truly down on our luck,” he said. “We haven’t had a decent gig since 15 B.C.” And the other Disciples nodded. So Jesus, in his infinite wisdom, spoke unto them saying, “Well, what do you want *me* to do about it?”

James, the son of Zebedee, stepped forward and said, “Well, food would be nice.” And Jesus placed his hand upon James, and turned him into a bag of pistachios. And the Disciples jumped upon James and did eat him.

“Jesus, you are not helping things,” said Matthew again. “Why don’t You ask Your Father if He can get us a spot at His Place?” And Jesus did mull this over.

So it came to pass that Jesus took with His Disciples to God’s “Peel & Eat” Strip Bar over on West 57th Street on the other side of town, just across from Hardee’s.

“Jesus Christ,” said the Lord upon seeing His Son. “I hope You’re not here for another hand out.”

“No, Father,” He said. “We’re just looking for a place for our act. No one will take us this side of Judea.”

And the Lord did chomp on His cigar, saying, “No wonder. I’ve seen your ‘loaves and fishes’ bit and you guy’s’re poison. I’ve seen coleslaw more exciting! Why don’t You try something new? I hear Perry Como needs a juggling act up in Branson.”

“God, you just don’t get it,” said Jesus. “I’m a healer! That’s what I do. Surely a true artist like yourself would understand that.”

“Hey, I just own the place,” said God, “I’m finished with miracles scene. I’m gettin’ too old for that stuff.”

“But Your whole ‘Parting of the Red Sea’ bit—that was classic.”

“I know, I know. But you try doing *that* three times a night. It’s tough on the knees.”

“Alright Father,” said Jesus. “I’ll

make You a deal. If You let us on—once—we’ll try something different. And, if we bomb—You don’t owe us a red cent.”

“Hmm,” said God, leaning back in His chair. “Okay. You can go on tonight, right after Fluffy Pillows. *But...* You better be good! Now you punks scram. I gotta go refill the salad bar.”

And it came about that Jesus and His Disciples had prepared a new act and were backstage waiting to go on while Fluffy was busy being, well, fluffy. The ample stripper came off-stage in a fluorescent blanket, and a handful of twenties, leaving a roaring crowd behind her.

“Well,” she said, “They’re all warmed up, guys. Go easy on ‘em...”

But the Disciples were worried.

“I don’t think this is such a hot idea, Jesus,” Peter said.

“Neither do I,” said his brother, Andrew. “I still remember the time You had us playing that Shriner’s convention.”

“The Lord is thy shepherd, My fellows,” said Jesus. “All I ask is for you to have some faith in Me.”

The Disciples looked at each other warily.

“Okay,” sighed Jesus. “I’ll buy the hookers...”

The men cheered their agreement and followed Jesus out to face the waiting crowd.

Ten minutes later, Jesus and the Disciples were running for their lives as they were pelted by a hail of fresh vegetables. They gathered backstage, humiliated, each of them brushing the food from their garments.

“Christ,” said Jesus, pulling a tomato from his sleeve. “This place has more lettuce than a Gideon’s Bible!” The Disciples turned and glared at Jesus.

“What?! Hey, how was I to know they wouldn’t like Molly Hatchet?”

Then from out of nowhere, God the Father Almighty appeared unto them in a cloud of fire and heat, and the Wrath of God filled the room. The Disciples cowered in fear, and as the Lord left, He took a cheque from His pocket, held it before them, and did dispose of it utterly. The Disciples gathered around Jesus.

“We’ve trusted You for the last time!” said Simon angrily while he peeled the watercress from his robes. “Tell us, O Lord, why we shouldn’t beat Your head in right now?”

And the Son of God did cover his head saying, “A step taken towards anger, is a step taken away from the Kingdom of Heaven.” There was a sudden pause. And Matthew replied, saying, “Okay, I get first dibbs!”

But as the Disciples were about to pummel the Lord, a voice could be heard.

“Hey, I liked your guys’ act...” Everyone turned to see Fluffy standing there in her pink leather teddy. Jesus took a step towards her.

“A kind word from a kind soul,” He said. “I thank you, My child. Perhaps, with My help, I can heal you of what ails. Has anyone ever told you you look a lot like Sharon Stone?”

Judas spoke up suddenly.

“Don’t trust Him, sister!” he said. “This guy’s such a smooth talker, He’d give The Devil a run for His money!”

And Jesus became so enraged by the remark that He turned His Disciples into a Chevy Impala. So Jesus did take Fluffy away from His Father’s place to a little surf and turf place she knew on the East side. And lo and behold, the two of them went afterwards to a Motel 6 Jesus knew out in Jerusalem. And verily, they began, the healing. ★

*e*Ditorial, page two

I looked at the envelope. “Nope. That’s my name.”

“Were your parents atheists or something?”

“I have no parents.”

He gasped. “Then you’re really Him?” Obviously I couldn’t see the capitalization on “Him,” so I assumed he’d read my work. “Yeah, you a fan?”

“Oh, yes! My family and I read Your words together every night!”

Within a week, I caught on to what was happening. Since I was already

enjoying all the little favors Larry’s family was doing for me, I decided to play it up. I thought the jig was up when a group of angered neighbors tried to convince them I wasn’t who I claimed to be, but their fanaticism was on my side. Larry had faith. Jane believed. Their kids were devout.

They make sure the newspaper is always by the front door, even if the boy throws it on the roof. My car is washed every Sunday afternoon after church. And now he’s going for a third child and asked if I could conceive it immaculately.

I’ve booked us a weekend at a little bed and breakfast in Vermont and I’m going to see what I can do. —EL

About The Cover: Yes, the idea is a ripoff of that Saturday Night Live bit. We prefer the term “homage.” The Happy Fun Ball of Light was painstakingly rendered in a single evening by our own esteemed **Ed Lynn** using Holy Watercolors, blessed by a druid named Steve. No black magic was employed in the making of this issue. Okay, not much. ★

paranoia, page seven

Yolanda Hardy of Milton Keynes, England writes: “During a routine training exercise, I discovered my parachute wouldn’t open. Now my body seems to be approaching the Earth at terminal velocity. Being agnostic, I’m not sure to whom I should be praying. Can you help?”

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, “Religion is like K-Mart. There is so much to choose from, and it’s all crap.” You have two options: either pray to all of them or pray to none. Since you are agnostic, the former seems to be the better option. Better to be safe than sorry.

Kirby J Helmsley from Modesto, CA, writes: “Why does everyone think the Universal Life Church is either a joke or an easy way for me and Brother Robins to make a buck selling Bishophoods? We’re a perfectly legitimate church, even if our members are not certain what they believe in. The State of California says so. We even have a monastery in Arizona for [insert deity]’s sake.”

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, “It is not necessary to know what one believes, but it sure is necessary to make sure you can’t be dissuaded from it.” Mother went to her grave defending her belief that we were created by a giant mouse named Zim. She wasn’t

really sure of it, but by golly they couldn’t change her mind. It took them three hours to pry her out of that giant mousetrap (“I’m going to trap God and make him pay!” were her last words.)

Anyway, the point of all this is, Ms. Paranoia admires your willingness to go out on a limb for your lack of

beliefs. And don’t worry about the money. We all have to make a living. You are one of the few churches that doesn’t make its believers live in communes or pay good money for excruciatingly painful processes like clearing, catechism, or long sermons. More power to you. ★

Layoffs Layoffs Layoffs! Everything Must Go!

The boss calls you into his office. “Bill,” he says despite the fact that Bill is not your name, “you remember that big merger with Amalgatron?”

*“You mean when they **acquired** our company last week? In their **acquisition** of our company?”*

“Yeah, Bob. That’s the one. Well, these guys like to cut out the deadweight quickly. They planned on cutting out all the redundancies immediately and they’ve decided on their first cuts.”

“You mean?”

“Yes, Biff. I’m afraid I’ve been let go. I’ll be boxing up my belongings now and allowing Security to escort me out of the building.”

*Does your boss read **ePasquinade Magazine**?*

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Somewhere Between Heaven and Cincinnati Lies

The Alex Christ Mysteries

It was a lovely Boston morning as Alex and Marion walked to school. Unfortunately, Alex and Marion were walking to school in their hometown outside Lincoln, Nebraska, and the weather was lousy. Holding the oversized umbrella over them as steady as he could with the high winds and drenching rain, he motioned toward a shelter, a small enclosure to allow people waiting for the town's only bus to wait.

As they stood beneath the sturdy roof, both shook off, their gazes locked upon each other. They simultaneously laughed at some unspoken joke, perhaps the storm, which had occurred suddenly, with little warning. He and Marion had been friends from early childhood, playground pals, and every adult in this small community knew these two soulmates would grow old together.

But Alex had a secret he'd told no one. Not Marion. Not his parents. Not even his priest. You see, Alex was the Son of the Son of God. And he had a real knack for problem solving. So renowned were his skills, the police would often call Alex in on their more difficult cases. He even had his own authentic detective badge, the youngest person in the state to have one. And all he ever asked in return was the occasional excused absence from gym class.

Despite his pager being soaked, it suddenly came to life. BEEP BEEP. Pressing the button to read the display, it flashed a number, threw off a few sparks, and went dead. "Water must've

shorted it," God's brilliant Grandson deduced. Luckily, he recognized the number. Detective Marks.

After a few minutes, the rain became a drizzle and Alex suggested Marion go on to class without him. Duty called.



At the station, Detective Marks was interrogating a suspect.

"Listen, son. You really should tell me what you were doing with that stolen bicycle. I'd really rather not call your parents down here."

"Screw you, pig! It's my bike! I told you, a homeless guy gave it to me!"

"There *are* no homeless people in Smileyville. They were all run out of town in the Great Poverty Purge of 1989! I *know* you're not that daft!"

"One of 'em must've found his way back in. I'm innocent, I tell you. Innocent!"

An intercom speaker sprang to life with a familiar voice. "Anything I can do to help, Detective?"

"Alex! Come right in, son."

"Oh, great," the suspect mumbled. "You called in that hippie freak?"

"That 'hippie freak' is going to *prove* you stole that bicycle, young man."

The door opened and Alex sat down in the chair opposite the suspect. "So," he said to Detective Marks, eyes focused on the boy across from him, "what has Judas done *this* time?"

"Stole a bicycle. He claims a homeless person gave it to him."

"But Smileyville *has* no homeless. So he's lying. Case closed."

"And yet he clings to this story that a homeless person gave it to him."

Judas spoke up. "Look, all I know

is this scruffy looking guy gave me the bike. Five minutes later, Officer Discipline here arrests me for stealing it. I'm innocent, I tell you."

"You've never been innocent," Alex said. "Remember when you stole the Welcome mats from every front porch in Smileyville? And that time you took a baseball bat to all the mailboxes along Route 4? And the child pornography ring you ran out of that warehouse downtown?"

"But I confessed to all those crimes. If I was guilty, I'd cop to it, but I'm innocent."

"Where did this so-called transaction take place between you and the mysterious homeless man?"

"That shortcut through the woods behind Smileyville High School. And I remember he smelled like tuna fish."



The Great Poverty Purge of 1989 was a plan hatched by the extreme conservatives of Smileyville that were in power during the last half of the Eighties as a way to improve the living and working conditions of Smileyville's citizens. By the end of November, Smileyville's poorest citizens were "living" in a cramped sector of town surrounded by barbed wire and retired police dogs. The sector had all the things the rest of Smileyville had, except money, freedom, and a name. The sector's destitute residents nicknamed it Sorryville.

Sorryville's first residents were the homeless. In the spring of '89, they were rounded up and shipped off in the beds of several off-duty dump trucks from the local quarry. Next were those on welfare, then the convicted criminals. Soon, all you had to do was declare bankruptcy and you'd find

yourself living in a flat in Sorryville. The people of Smileyville had been happy ever since. Crime was down. Education and morale were high. Win-win for the people of Smileyville.

Oh, and one more thing. Tuna fish, the food of the poor and weak, was outlawed in Smileyville.

☆

“Detective Marks! Over here!” Marks scurried over to where Christ was standing.

“What was it?” he inquired.

“A bush. Elderberry, I believe.”

“It looks as if someone might have set fire to it.”

“Indeed,” said Alex. “And it smells of tuna fish.”

Further investigation of the site turned up several empty Starkist cans, bicycle tire tracks, and the tiniest piece of what appeared to be a human finger. Alex suspected that whomever had camped out here might be back and suggested to Marks that they stake the site out.

When Marks awoke the following morning, Alex was already up. “I know exactly what happened here.”

What exactly happened at the site? Was Judas guilty of stealing the bike?

Answer below...

If you guessed the culprit was God Almighty, you were right. God decided to play a trick on the boy, Judas. Alex knew it had to be someone omniscient and all-powerful and, when his grandfather Yahweh was confronted, the deity confessed. God appeared to Judas as a homeless tuna cook and gave the boy the stolen property in the forest behind the school. The burnt shrub was an accident. Nonetheless, God was brought before Smileyville's Supreme Court and convicted on possession of stolen property. He was sentenced to serve two years for the crime in Sorryville. After serving His time, He arranged for a rain of forty days and forty nights and drowned those Smileyville bastards.

Zen Thoughts

BY JACK BUDDHA

The Master once revealed to me the sound of one hand clapping. It sounded a lot like Phish.

☆

Ideas are like warm bread. Freshly baked bread from the oven. Not that heated-up-in-the-microwave shit.

☆

“How do I gain enlightenment?” I asked my Master. “Not that way, Dumbass,” he replied. “Put down those pliers! You’re doing it all wrong! Here, let me show you.” That said, he vanished in a puff of smoke.

☆

If the mighty oak falls to the forest’s floor, will it take out a few elms on the way?

☆

The Master once revealed to me the taste of one hand clapping. It tasted just like chicken.

☆

The Master had penciled me in his Dayrunner to reveal how I would, once-and-for-all, no more bullshit riddles, gain total enlightenment. Our meeting was to take place at noon on Thursday. That morning, he was arrested for distributing narcotics to school children. Damn the luck.

☆

One evening, while we were getting stoned with some college students, the Master turned to me and said some-

eleven

thing about the entire Universe being just a speck of dirt under the fingernail of some giant being and that, if that giant being had better hygiene, we’d all cease to exist. I later discovered this was just his excuse not to bathe.

☆

This thought has been closed for renovations.

☆

Apparently you cannot gain enlightenment from reruns of *Dharma and Greg*.

☆

The Master once revealed a rather extensive list of the possible side effects of total enlightenment. Among this list were inflammation of the genitals, some posterior swelling, and corns.

☆

“What color should I dye my hair?” asked the Master. “Pink? Orange? Blue?” “What about transparent?” I said, and suddenly vanished in a puff of smoke.

☆

“Will these sunglasses make me look cool?” I asked the Master. “Yes,” he replied. “Very cool.”

☆

“Knock knock”
“Who’s there?”
“The sky.”
“No, really. Who’s there?”
“Jim.” ★

Five Secrets The Chinese Have Discovered So Far From That Spy Plane

1. U.S. aircraft designers big on headroom.
2. Coded Message From Robert Hanssen: "Party at 7 on Saturday. Bring your own saki."
3. Recipe for the Colonel's fried chicken.
4. John Tesh albums sound the same whether they are played forward or backward.
5. Strong enough for a man, but made for a woman.

Four Characters That Just Never Did Well As Action Figures

1. Ross Geller
2. Paula Jones Dress-Me-Up
3. Atticus Finch
4. Bobby "Chubby" Trippe

Four Entertaining Diversions

1. 116-car pileup on I-95.
2. Gang War Night at the ballpark.
3. Mark Burnett's latest reality game show, *The Ego-Challenge*.
4. Dollar Beer Night

Five Things I Hate About Driving Into Washington, DC

1. State Farm no longer covers body repair when you're just dropping into town for a Powerball ticket and get caught in the crossfire.
2. The paper maps distributed by the city are really just re-labelled maps of Tacoma, Washington.
3. You know how in some portraits the eyes seem to follow you around the room? DC's potholes do the same thing.
4. \$30 isn't worth a shit on 14th Street; a shit has gone up to \$40.
5. Aren't the other four good enough reasons?

The Short Lists

Five Entertaining Ways to Spend a Thursday Night

1. Sorting the sock drawer by color, thickness of material, and smell.
2. Watching Wayne's World over and over and over until you start to think that maybe you really are Wayne.
3. Overdosing on Cheeto's.
4. Carefully saving all toenail clippings for that free-form sculpture you plan to make someday.
5. Covering yourself in cream cheese and lying out in the street chanting "Eat me, I'm a bagel."

Two Religions That Sound Like South Pacific Islands Or European Countries

1. Baha'i
2. Swedenbergen

Four Other People Hilary Swank Forgot To Thank At The Oscars

1. My cousin Larry.
2. The guy at the mini-mart who still hasn't told anybody about her addiction to Ding Dongs.
3. All the gals at the Fluff-n-Fold.
4. The doctors at Johns Hopkins for their excellent work in turning her back into a girl after the movie was wrapped.

What The Remaining Survivors Plan To Do With The Money If They Win The Million

1. **Elisabeth:** "First, I'm going to buy a lot of shoes for Rodger..."
2. **Colby:** "I'm going to buy Jeff Bezos a gas grill. I mean, why not? It's a million freakin' dollars!"
3. **Rodger:** "What do *you* think? I'm gonna get laid! 10,000 times!"
4. **Amber:** "Buy a little place in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and just stay the hell out of everyone's way."
5. **Keith:** "Finally pay off Emeril for letting me copy off his cooking school exam."
6. **Tina:** "Open up a Korean restaurant. Or maybe buy myself a Playboy pictorial."

Three Cease and Desist Orders We Could've Received If The Companies Involved Had Possibly Misinterpreted Something We'd Written

1. Lays
2. IBM
3. Rack Room

Six Animals Bjork Could Have Dressed As During The Oscars (Other Than A Goose)

1. Koala Bear.
2. Canadian Beaver.
3. Rubber Duckie.
4. Brazilian Spider Monkey.
5. A Giant Hedgehog Named Spiny Norman.
6. Any Kind Of Marsupial. ★

Amy Grant Stole My Soul: Anti-Christian Rock Testimonials

Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

We would like to thank you for all of your loving support and energetic testimony as to how the will of Christ Jesus™ has affected your lives and how you have become convicted of your faith. Recently, we have seen many letters regarding how so-called Christian Rock has AFFECTED YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE GOOD LORD AND DRAWN YOU TO SATAN'S VERY DOOR. We have even received some letters from our heathen infidel neighbors who have fallen prey to Satan in other ways, yet have at last seen how Satan lives in the pulsing, sensuous beat of all music. We pray that they come to the true light of Christ and abandon their wicked Allahs, Buddhas, and other Jesus(TM) rip-offs.

Speaking of rip-offs, we are aware of another site which has published similar testimonials: <http://www.av1611.org/crock/crockids.html>. We will allow them to continue, because anything that spreads the word about the evils of Christian Rock is the work of the Lord, but we pray that people understand that our version of the Lord's will is better written and is also guaranteed to be 100% Satan-free:

Friends, I'm here today to bear witness about an evil deeper still.

It was one day in my youth, when I did attend a barmitzvah of a friend, and his Uncle Sal did lead a band that did play at that event, and Uncle Sal did play the clarinet, and the music that they played, it was so jolly, but so rueful at once, and the music did lead my body to dance in wicked ways.

Yes, friends, this was my introduction to the evil of klezmer.

Oh, yes, it seemed innocent enough, the driving backbeat, the wail of the clarinet, the clownish face of it all. And how they spun joyously as the tempo sped up, how they danced. Oh, how they danced.

But friends, let me tell you...I was shocked to learn and twice as shocked still to know...this "klezmer" music, as they call it...well, friends, let's just say it has absolutely nothing to do with our Lord and savior, Jesus Christ.

Yes, friends, there's Satan in that bittersweet music. I started out with one CD of Bennie Gould and the Menches, and I listened to it over and over again. But I didn't stop at one CD, oh, no. Soon, I owned two, and then THREE collections of this absolutely sinful music. I started running around Cleveland Heights looking for incipient teenagers wearing the kepa, hoping that they would lead me to the next barmitzvah. Then I started drinking, oh, bottles and bottles of Manichewitz. And as we all know, friends, Manichewitz is a gateway drug; within months I was chomping on rocks of crack cocaine.

Yes, friends, it was only the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ himself that saved me from that horrible, horrible klezmer music. Lord have mercy.

—Anonymous
Cleveland Heights

The first time I heard *Suck My Blood (It Tastes Like Wine)* by the Christian Rock band Pungent, I thought "finally, a Christian message with a hearty beat." Little did I realize it was a "gateway song" that would lead me deeper and deeper into a world of sinister and evil music. Soon I was listening to Barry Manilow, Kenny G., and John Tesh. That's when I knew I'd never be allowed in God's kingdom. Christian Rock is an unforgivable sin.

—Ralph Reed
Contentsunderpressure, VA

Dear Friend in Christ,

How glad I am that you became convicted of your need to listen to the Lord's music, and I sing a round of Amazing Grace in praise of that. I would like to share a story with you. One day I was listening to some Christian Rock. I thought that I could control my urges. But the sensual beat of the music lured me to do something so horrible that I knew that I would go to Hell unless I stopped listening to the Devil's music. Yes, friends, I found myself DANCING. Then I played it backwards on my friend's turntable and with horror I clearly heard the words "Satan says dance, sucker!" And then I knew that this so-called Christian Rock was really the work of Satan Himself. Jesus be praised that I was brought away from this wicked path. Now, I have devoted my life to burning all books, music, art, and films. The wickedness that exists in all artistic endeavor shall be annihilated in te Lord's name.

Those Christian Rock band's names have got completely out of hand. I was in a Christian Rock music store the other day and there was a compact disc there by a band called *God's Fu...* Oh, wow. I just looked at the CD again and it seems the band's name is actually *God's Flock*. Maybe this Christian Rock isn't so bad after all.

—Daniel Plussy
Intercourt, PA

To all my friends and family,

I am here to bear witness to the fact that as a young Muslim who may not show any skin foresake that of my own eyes, PLEASE PLEASE DO NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES I DID! Thinking it to be harmless, and against the advice of all men, I started down the past to evil upon listening to MUSLIM POP! Only once was I satiated by its synthesized rhythms. Soon I realized that I must have MORE. I literally CRAVED the raging tambourines, and my hormones were thrown in to a frenzy

such that I exposed parts of my hand and forearm! Last night I brought down my veil when no one was looking. I then became frightened, as I know that I am so very beautiful that men will not take me seriously unless I am completely covered from head to toe. For how can a woman truly be a woman or engage in honest business dealings if others can see her skin? I am telling you to ban Muslim pop! We must all cover ourselves and sit in darkness and ultimate silence, as it is pleasing to Allah.

—B'nah Jahrial Resh

I was watching a Christian Rock video channel last Tuesday and God smited me. The television set just exploded and electrocuted me, killing me instantly. In retrospect, I suppose I shouldn't have brought the set into the bath tub with me.

—Lawrence P. Gasohol (Retired)
Salt Lake Villa, ME

Dear Muslim Person,

Despite the fact that you are a heathen infidel and I pray that you come to the one TRUE RELIGION, the one that worships Jesus Christ and the Holy Father and not this blasphemous and obviously evil Allah, I as a Christian have to agree with your basic message, that is to COVER ALL THAT IS SHAMEFUL IN THE LORD'S EYES and to turn away from the Satanic messages of all pop music. Too often, I see so-called Christian musicians who expose their arms and necks and legs shamelessly and with great perversion. At

the last Christian Rock concert I went to, the one that convicted me of my sinful ways, the singer was wearing a T-shirt that showed her bare arms and a pair of pants that did not sufficiently disguise her buttocks. I believe that showing the world your skin is an abomination in the Lord's eyes and obviously if God had wanted us to show off our skin, He wouldn't have made clothes. Thank you for showing us that not all heathen infidels are completely evil.

—Your sister in Christ Jeus and
not Allah

As a homosexual teenager growing up in the midwest, I was forced by my peers to listen to Christian Rock. One day, when one of these evil peers tied me up to the bedposts of his parent's four-poster guest house bed, stuffed a rubber ball in my mouth and began doing unspeakable things to my poop chute, I realized the error of my ways. Nowadays, it's nothing but Village People and Barbra Streisand for me!

—Anonymous Gay Teen
The Midwest

Some bad friends turned me on to the Christian Rock. I spent days listening to this music through earphones. I was proud everybody else was listening to evil rock and I was listening also, but with Christian lyrics. One day I switched to FM and was shocked to my songs on a secular station! This music was controlling my thoughts, and because of it, I could never conquer the giant of lust. This week I gave

up "contemporary-Christian music" to gain victory over the giant of lust! Rock on? Rock off!

—A 30-year-old student
Perrywood, KY

Brothers and Sisters,

When I was ten, we had no music in the house. My father, he thought it was absolutely sinful.

One day, I snuck out to the backyard and picked up a stick and began to bang it on a tree. Unfortunately, my father heard a rhythm in what I was doing. Enraged, he leapt outside and grabbed me by the waist.

He tied me up to a pole for the next 72 hours. He took two small pieces of wood and, every hour on the hour, he boxed my ears with them. He did this until he could scream directly into my ears without me hearing a sound.

The recovery from this horrible experience was difficult and painful. But I can tell you friends, I no longer think to toy with the sinful rhythms of the Prince of Darkness himself. In fact, since my Father is unfamiliar with any form of sign language, and since I do not have much contact with the outside world from our little farmhouse outside of Wichita, I simply do not communicate much with anyone. Just me and our sweet Lord Jesus Christ, oh, praise his sweet name.

—Albert K. Ross
Wichita, Kan.

Contribution

Groucho Binks came to ePasquinade as a small, temperamental Siberian hamster. Today, he is a full-grown, mental Siberian hamster. We've trained Binks to run a maze but suspect he may be aware of the futility of his effort. Next up, we're going to see if he can survive seventy-eight and a half straight hours of *Roseanne* reruns.