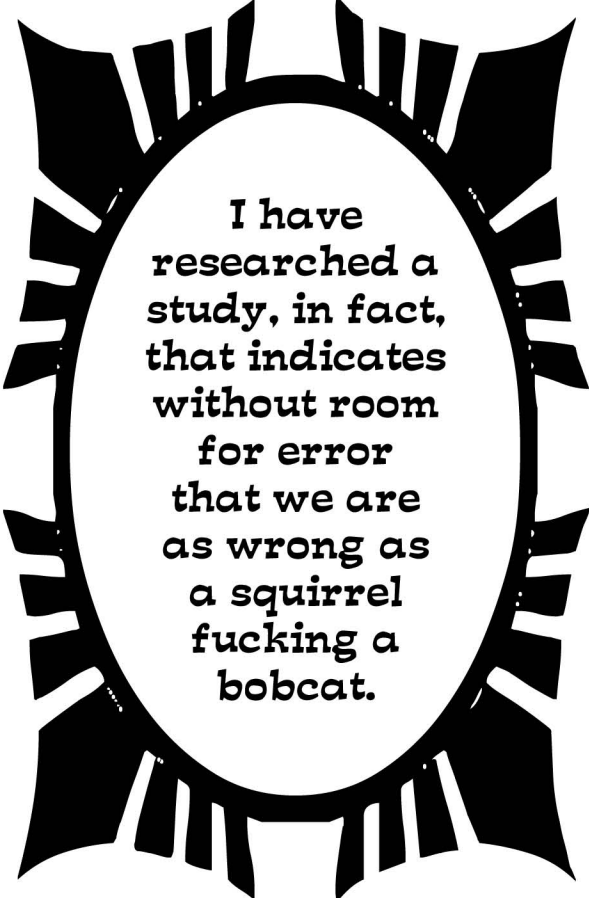


On Dedication

when I lived in tucson, working as a lowly carpet cleaner/traveling bullshit salesman, i once had the pleasure of cleaning the carpets in the house that served as the monastery for the Universal Life Church. it wasn't really much of a monastery but it was home to an eccentric man named Brother Daniel, who told me about how the government is always following up on obscure religious cults' claims for tax exemption, making sure that they at least actually believe the crap they put on the forms. the IRS' attention was, of course, drawn to one such band of yahoos in san francisco who allegedly worshipped the penis. they sent two very serious tax-enforcement type guys to the building where this cult held their services, the climax of which included all the congregants giving each other blowjobs. they insisted that the IRS guys join them, which they didn't, being on the clock and too good for that kind of thing anyway, but they got the tax exemption. this story is not a story.



I have researched a study, in fact, that indicates without room for error that we are as wrong as a squirrel fucking a bobcat.

- V3X