

Epistle I

I head home an hour before twilight from my research at the National Library of the Academy of Sciences of Virginland. The sleepless nights have worn me down. I need to unwind. The day has lengthened, the biting cold retreated. But it's still early to go to Moscow. Out on the courtyard, the dogs are having a veritable feast—once again the trash trucks haven't showed up. All for the better—my buddies are still alive. Ever since the army unleashed Operation Kill the Dogs, I get a jolt whenever I hear the clatter of machine gun fire echoing from indefinite directions. Sometimes I feel glad I wasn't born a dog.

But really, am I, in fact, not a dog?

At any rate, I'm not in a particularly doglike frame of mind when the doorbell rings. It's Kathy. She always calls before coming over. I sense that something is amiss. True enough, she is crying. I've never seen tears in her eyes.

Kathy is a tough one, with a knack for getting even more practical when facing a crisis. She takes my cock into her hearth, leaning against the wall in a doggy position, arms outstretched, hissing through her sobs, "Fuck me... Fuck me... Oh... fuck!"

Kathy tells me, in a nutshell, what she'd been through today, and then vanishes into the same taxi that had brought her here, whose driver she had instructed to park and wait for her in the empty lot across from the University of Satan in Virginabad.

I'm left in a daze, where all this feels like a dream. It takes me a while to regain a foothold on consciousness.

Kill the dog!

Sex is outlawed in Virginland.

For months, Kathy has been waiting to hear from the Treasury Department of God, where she had applied for a job. She certainly had the chops. A certified accountant, she had mastered a number of computer programs. Moreover, she had investigated and eventually exposed two major mafia clans that had colluded with Treasury employees to siphon off tax revenues to the tune of several million washingtons. Her good work enabled God to retrieve the loot. Given Virginland's political climate in those days, this was an intricate and ominous affair, a stunt that Kathy nonetheless pulled off with great skill.

Still, the clans, which satiated themselves at the expense of the Redeemed and the Creator, went unpunished. A disdain for the law was the norm among the law-enforcement agencies of Paradise, with the Redeemed bearing the consequences. It was like this: Satan's good efforts brought about Leninstan's collapse, making it possible for Paradise to become independent and

duly turn its muzzle to the United Nations of Man. What followed was a stampede of a million wraiths, while a famished God, at the head of a procession of piggish archangels, conquered Virginland-Paradise in the wink of an eye.

There was a time when I worked in Hell, advocating for the rights of those who had bolted from Paradise, fighting the corrupt officials of Satan's government. I was cross with Satan, who was cross with me. A friend of mine, a film producer, conveyed to me the exploits of her policeman lovers. One of these men—who shared my sexy, blue-eyed friend's bed and the spectacular views of Los Babylonos from her West Hellwood penthouse one night—bragged about his naughtiness, in this case his killing of a black Satanite that day.

When police dogs were taught sniffing techniques as part of their training, their classmates (including former cops) talked about the relationship of police officers and criminal outfits—their proxies at large—whose deeds often went uninvestigated. These groups were expected to commit select crimes recommended by the police themselves.

Satan's prosecutors regularly cherry-picked cases based on the race of the suspects. His detectives likewise had total discretion as to which cases actually reached the courts. The net effect was that Satan's ethnic minorities got the short end of the stick, sometimes facing financial ruin.

Gehendale's Paradisean émigrés were abhorred by the true followers of our Lord Satan, Everlasting Father of the Universe, Blessed and Only Potentate. There was nothing frivolous about such aversion. Take my father, for instance—a diehard Paradise fan, he nonetheless felt revulsion at the comportment of its former denizens. We'd be in stitches whenever he described them in his inimitable style.

There was a swarm of paradisoids behind bars in Hell. Their number reached 14,400. Were Paradise to function by the same legal standards as Hell, some 144,000 out of each million of the former's emancipated lambs, along with the entirety of God's apparatus, would have to be jailed.

As to how the Democratic Imperium of Gehenna, aka the United Tribes of Amerhenna (UTA), fended itself against the misdeeds of Paradiseans, I was given an inkling by an attorney friend. He defended cases involving paradisoids who had robbed the pharma mines of Satan's Golden State. He spoke of the ways and means employed by our Lord's federal investigators. Comparing them to the KGB, he said this remorseless dragon's treatment of the underdog was more human (i.e., doglike) than that of the Feds with whom he dealt.

Back in Paradise, God's prosecutors have zeroed in on the downtrodden just as God's gendarmes follow the scent of hard cash, going about their business in the floodlight of the Almighty's smirk.

I was disillusioned with the Paradiseans—the nation of the Redeemed—disillusioned with their mentality. I stopped defending them against Satan. My decision was based in no small measure on their dark halo. These folks had so excelled at the métier of whitewashing their crimes that they could make Marx (God save us from him) sound like Jesus (holy be his name). This propensity is a hallmark of oppressed peoples that have survived the narrow path leading to God.

True, the Redeemed were neither the only criminal segment nor the worst of the ethnic groups helping themselves to Satanic plenitude. But apart from some emblematic character flaws, they elicited disgust with their inclination to rob our Lord Satan, Captain of Our Salvation, the Sure Foundation; their untrustworthiness in word and deed; and their soft spot for sharing the possessions of their neighbors, wife and ass included. These were all relics of Papa Lenin's commandments of universal brotherhood. Although their covetousness has been rather subdued

of late on account of Satan's lashes, it has, alas, gained proportionate vehemence with regard to canines.

The prophet Marx, who went up to Heaven in a whirlwind by the fiery horses of God after completing his mission in the telluric cavern, has left an indelible mark on Paradise. Here, everything that occurs under the sun, including the Exodus of the 144,000 to Gehenna, is explained in terms of economics. The angels insist that life was comfier in communist Paradise. They also put the blame for their present social ills squarely on Satan's runaway capitalism.

Wrong!

My childhood memories teem with thousands of compatriots who had settled in Dreamland's Adonis Province after surviving a holocaust that scorched Paradise. Adonis is a purely capitalistic hub on the Mediterranean coast—so much so that the UTA can be considered a communist country in comparison. Many who resettled in Adonis had it much worse than the survivors in Paradise, yet they were strangers to the above social ills. My civics teacher, an Adonis native, liked to reiterate the point that the 250,000-strong Paradisean community of Adonis was that land's most trustworthy segment, with only one member serving a prison sentence.

The Satanic Eye was cognizant of this fact. In Hell, whenever someone with the appearance of a paramecium—*lapsus calami*, read *paradicium*—was pulled over, the police first checked whether the suspect originally hailed from Dreamland or Paradise itself, and proceeded accordingly. Paradise was infected with the Lenino autoimmune syndrome. Yet Satan's political interests moved him to lure 144,000 angels to Hell.

I learned my geography at the Dream Elementary School in Dreamland. My teacher was Miss Mary. Miss Mary used a long stick to point things out on a large wall atlas, as follows:

There are two countries in the world: Dreamland and Africa. Dreamland is a big country. Its borders are: to the north, the North Pole; to the south, the South Pole; to the east, the birthplace of the sun; and to the west, the sun's grave. Dreamland changes its capital four times every century.

Paradise is Dreamland's navel—its *omphalus*. Paradise is wedged between three seas, hence Triangle 1. Paradise has three lakes at its heart, hence Triangle 2. What we have then are two interlaced triangles—thus the Star of David, which Maimunus stole from the sons of Paradise before he tricked the sons of man into believing that his land is God's country.

Much of Paradise has been devoured by Pasha. Pasha is a voracious animal. He has black horns, a rhino *keras*, scavenger teeth, and a long tail. When he howls, the mountains shake. When Pasha was getting ready to chomp the last bones of the Redeemed, Papa Lenin snatched a morsel from his mouth and kicked him out of the graveyard. This is why the Redeemed love Papa Lenin and hate Osman Pasha.

A country was created in the graveyard and christened Virginland, with Papa Lenin according the name his thumbs-up. Papa Lenin took exception to the names Paradise and Godland. However, being a *schnook*, he didn't quite realize that in the Paradisean language Virginland is not only synonymous with Paradise, it expresses its very essence. The Redeemed pulled the wool over Papa Lenin's eyes and never forgot the country's ancient name, Paradise, to this day glorifying it in their songs and books. Virginland's capital is Virginabad. Noteworthy attractions include Virgintorch, Virginville, Virgin Valley, Virgins Province, the city of Saint Virginborn, and Noah's Grave.

Today God dwells in Virginland.

Satan dwells in Satanland (i.e., Gehenna or Hell), which is situated in the far west, where sits the sun's necropolis.

The capital of Satanland is Gehennington[†], where tribesmen have the curious tradition of reading from right to left. Thus, for instance, dog is read god—something that we canines find rather offensive. Satanland includes such memorable destinations as Hellwood, Gehendale, Santa Barbara, Las Fortunas, and Los Babylonos, which angels fleeing from Paradise to Hell renamed Los Angelos. Intent on cracking the enigma of why the moon dies twelve times a year and rises three days after each death, Satan obtained a dispensation from God to install himself on the moon, whence he watches over the earth's well-being. Thanks to the efforts of the State of Calipornia, Satanland was recently rechristened Pornstan, and its capital was relocated to Porn City.

To the south of Gehenna is Mariamstan, where the Virgin Mary is universally worshipped. Magdalene is the official language. Sitting at the helm of this realm is Castro Peron, the two-headed dragon.

Other things I've learned from Miss Mary:

After Satanland, the most famous provinces of Dreamland are Eyfelia, Shakespeareland, and Mercedesland. Eyfelia is ruled by Napoleon Bonaparte. Its capital is Napoli. The king of Shakespeareland is Shakespeare, who always smokes a cigar. The capital is Elizabeth City. Mercedesland is variously called Führerland and Hamburgerland, depending on the doctrine of the ruling political party of the day. The capital is Hamburg. This dominion is ruled alternately by Führer BenYehu and Mercedes the Shaitan.

Leninstan is the largest province of Dreamland. For a brief period, it was named Gorbachovland, but that was before it was destroyed by an earthquake. The survivors created a modest province called Kremlinland, which is known to foreigners as Natashaland. Kremlinlanders are God-fearing. Despite their horrid misfortunes, they never fail to pay tribute to the Almighty.

Sitting quietly on this side of Pasha's empire is Grand Ayatollah, who vigilantly monitors Pasha's steps. Lying on the other side of Pasha's empire is Socratesland, where the official language is Byzantish, where there is constant philosophizing as to how many angels can fit on the head of a pin. This is why Pasha captured their capital, where he installed the throne of his mobile empire. As for the angels, he grilled and ate them.

Dreamland also includes a large and populous province, Chinmachin, whose monarch is quite fond of the King of Kings, Holy of Holies of Paradise. They say that the ruler of Chinmachin has even given his daughter's hand to the King of Kings of Paradise. Nothing is known about Chinmachin because, like the planet Venus, it is covered by mysterious clouds. Rumor has it that God himself has yet to solve the mystery. As for the princess who has been given in marriage, it is believed that her brain juices were drained out before she arrived in Paradise. As a result, the Redeemed lady remembers nothing about her past.

There are still other provinces in Dreamland, such as Allahland and Maimunland. The latter is ruled by the brothers Maimunus and Jinjinus. Whence the name Jinjinland often used in popular parlance. Jinjinus, the younger, awaits his brother every evening with a bowl of soup in hand as the latter returns from the fields tired, and labors to convince him to change the name of Maimunland to Jinjinland. Legend says that the elder never budes and that he shan't budge till the end of time. Sibling rivalry does not prevent them from sustaining their joint venture, a limited partnership, The Chosen Bros., with offices in various capitals of Dreamland, where they keep bickering as to who

[†] Hellington in the Byzantish original.

shall carry the title Chosen. For which reason, the masses of Dreamland, having more important affairs to dream about, have crowned both Maimunus and Jinjinus with the title “The Chosen One” by law and by might.

Though relatively insignificant provinces of Dreamland, Allahland and Maimunland are perpetually trying to get their hands on Paradise. This is why God punishes them. Should they continue to misbehave, the Almighty might one day exile them to Africa, where dreamers are eaten raw. Hence the dreamers’ bid for teaching Africans how to dream—so they can avoid being munched by them.

My history teacher, Mr. Victor, lectured thusly: Paradise was once a powerful state like Atlantis, but Pasha made it vanish from the earth by pulling an abracadabra. While most of the inhabitants were drowned, some managed to hurl themselves onto boats and eventually reached the four corners of the globe. These children of light carried with them fragments of the ancient civilization, which helped them turn the ubiquitous darkness engulfing the planet into light and forge the colossal empire of Dreamland.

To Dreamlanders, dreaming is the stuff of immortality. They dream and avow that a smoker named God speaks to them. This biped has granted them the countries that stretch from the Nile to the Euphrates, impelling them to massacre all the nations in question.

I learned at the Evangelical Church in Dreamland that the Lord has gifted the Dreamlanders the territories between the Euphrates and Tigris, and more recently the provinces of Pornstan and Kremlinland, and that, were they to pray harder, they would also be gifted Chinmachin (praise the Lord). Dreaming is the official doctrine of Dreamland. The founder of Dreamland is no lesser a personage than He, the Moshiah, Son of David, Jesus Christ. Holy be his name. He taught the Dreamlanders to dream about the glory of his father, to be martyred in the name of the sempiternal dream.

The most important thing that I learned, however, was from my political-history teacher at the Dream High School, the mysterious Mr. Bagratuni, who came to class once every three months and whom Pasha abhorred. Dreamland’s ideology is cronyism. This is in fact a meta-ideology that encompasses all ideologies past, present, and future. Dreamlanders are fierce cronyists. Seething with vengeful malice, they penetrate the wombs and graves of the mothers of all noncompadres, including reptiles, birds, and insects, and stay there for life.

One day, when His Excellency, the Holiest of Holinesses Diabolam Diabolum, was attempting to improve his relations with Dog, he confessed that the police in Gehenna distinguish between fugitive cronyists from Paradise and those from Dreamland. Our Lord Satan’s doctrine is the antithesis of Discrimination, D being a euphemism for God. Nonetheless, its enforcers had no choice but to deviate, so glaring was the evidence against the paradicia.

The Redeemed are troubled by comparisons. They see the hand of the Jinjinist in this. They refuse to admit that there is a monster sitting in their skull. My Paradise-born girlfriend, who once worked for Satan’s embassy in Paradise, called me “stupid” for refusing to abuse Satan’s system. I respected Satan. Another female friend, a native of Hell, is very fond of her Leninlander girlfriends. She once broke into laughter as she told me they’re in the habit of stealing her Efyelian perfumes every time they to her house. My Leninlander friend, who said she wished to become my spouse, stole twenty washingtons from me.

My wife likewise became convinced one day of my asinine nature, and asseverated that she felt more respect toward a certain couple who had absconded from Paradise to Hell and didn’t speak a word of Gehennish. She had met these associates through me. She assailed me for my ignorance regarding the existence of some government-assistance program, which, in my

assessment, wasn't worth a kurush.

"You have lived in Hell all these years and what have you learned, asshole?" the assayer of my soul asserted assuasively.

The assumption ass-rocked my marriage for an entire year as she asso believed that Ass had stolen a pair of eyeglasses that belonged to the above-mentioned couple. Her entire assessionary concurred with her. She didn't expect such bassness from me.

I was astounded. She had never seen, nor would ever see, me commit such an act. To even sink that I was capable of doing somessing like that... and for what? Some drab object patented by tovarich Stalin, which Ass couldn't have exchanged for a putrid potato[†]?

How horrid it was, brothers, that my wife's group consciousness dominated her marital relationship. I assume, brothers, that religious and ideological zealotry is but a developed form of this very mindset, which to this day ails the world of man.

The assuchness of the matter was... she didn't love me.

I was ashamed to ask for handouts from Satan, and for this I was labeled an ass. I was mortified at the thought of getting in line in a supermarket and using food stamps for groceries. This is precisely what many Paradiseans did proudly, often wearing diamond rings and flip-flops as they stood in line, feeling a hauteur surpassing that of a Rockefeller, and not in the least wondering what the Satanites would think of them. If the uncouth wives and children of sheiks presumed to buy someone off with a couple of washingtons, then the Paradisean displayed a similar cockiness vis-à-vis that high school girl working as a supermarket cashier, through the power of food stamps obtained from our Lord Satan, the All-beneficent, Father of the Fatherless.

"Good! These people deserve it. They're the ones who destroyed Paradise."

When Papa Lenin grabbed the graveyard called Paradise from Pasha's jaws, he occulted God Immortal and then made Paradise into a republic. Intent on transforming its denizens into citizens, Papa Lenin promulgated a bolozhenia, whose sixth article reads:

Considering that Osman Pasha has committed atrocities in bear-loving and highly regarded Paradise, has devastated the arts and crafts, burned cities and villages, and devoured all creative people, Papa Lenin, king of the world, having in mind the desires and prosperity of his gentle subjects, declares Paradise a protectorate and therein moves to develop the greatest of humanitarian arts, mendicity.

For Paradiseans breaking free of Leninland, it was a time-honored tradition to beg for

^{2†} The Gospel According to Horse at this point flaunts the following passage, which is not found in the Byzantish Gospels:

Ass was assuaged when he read the fine print of the Assiento Maritario of the State of Calipornia in the office of the state assignors.

I assent. I assent.

Ass was summoned to the Supreme Asservatory of Calipornia, where Ass was assieged by the assembly of 12 assissies.

"My assentations, Mater Mater," assonated Assimilado in the Asservatory, and was assisted out by the associate assistant, after learning the merits of associability and assortative mating. Ass promised no more to be assorted in dogolatry. Ass was assuaded to apply for membership in the Assurgent Order of the Association of Ass Omers (AOAAO, i.e. 10110) in order to be assoiled. Which Ass did assonass he left the Asservatory. At AOAAO Ass learned an assish song:

Assolizie!

Pum pum pum pum pum pum pum, Assolizie!

Pump um pump um pump um pum, Assolizie!

Pump pump pump pump pump pump pump, Assolizie!

... And by and by Ass slowly assopiated.

The Assembly of 12 Assissies assured the people of Calipornia that Ass was assubtlized and could be assubjugated and assumed. Ass has paid full assythment.

assistance from the government. That is the reason they moved to Gehenna, having honed their accounting before their exodus. My aunt, who had vamoosed from Paradise with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, exalted Satan.

“The king of the Soviets is no good,” she said. “The king of Amerika is great. God save the king of Amerika.”

One day my father ran into the ninetysomething Mrs. Yevnik. “My husband died,” she told him. “But God sent me another husband.” As my father was taken aback and wanted to know more, she quickly answered, “I mean the Satanic government. Glory to God!”

A Paradise-born friend of mine, who works at Satan’s refugee-assistance office, was shocked by the Satanic almoner’s irate words about how Paradiseans defrauded His Excelsior. In defense of her compatriots, my friend pointed out a statistical report prepared by the Satan Lies organization, indicating that compared to the other ethnic minorities of Hell, the Redeemed receive but a tiny proportion of government aid. She tried to prove that the lion’s share of assistance goes to the stentorian Mariamstanis and Mosmos-worshipping kvetchers from Leninland, if only because the latter are nonpareil at eliciting pity.

The Redeemed feel flattered. But how removed this is from the evaluations of Dreamlanders which this dog had heard from his teachers in puppyhood. “The Dreamers’ community that resettled in Adonis is the best among all communities of its host country. You will not find a single Dreamlander beggar here.”

The natives of Adonis remembered how in the early days the Dreamlanders, who had just escaped genocide, did not seek alms from the natives but rebuilt their lives through hard work. Within a short time, they became the key players of the economy of Adonis and earned a reputation as honest businesspeople. Often their one word was worth ten contracts. The same held true in all the countries of Allah’s desert, where survivors resettled.

The experiences of a girlfriend, an SBI (Satan’s Bureau of Investigation) agent, sealed my decision to stop advocating for Paradiseans. Even if there were legal lapses on the part of government agencies, I had resolved not to impede the enforcement of Satan’s law, black though it was. My logic was:

“Let them learn to live by the law, so as to amaze even the racist cops. Let them live like my father, who has never caused Satan any trouble, never had a run-in with a police officer, doesn’t even know what a court of law looks like.”

Despite being a highly qualified candidate for the job she was applying for, Kathy was forced to ask for the support of a top official whom she knew. The man gladly put in a good word for her.

Peering out from his office near Kathy’s home, this official was in the habit of checking the time when her lights went on at night. His solicitude and fatherly meddling had become such a nuisance that she referred to him as the “chief of the privatization bureau.”

After December 29, Kathy’s windows often remained dark. That night Kathy and I had met for the first time at the Atlantic Club in Virginabad. She and her faux father had a quarrel. Being a quinquagenarian, he did not dare get closer to her. But that didn’t stop him. Sometime after her birthday, which I shared, he confessed his love and proposed marriage at the cost of leaving his wife. Imagine that! In Virginland! He wished to spend the twilight of his years with Kathy, promising to spare nothing for her and her child.

At night, as Kathy came home, his wife waited for her at the entrance. “Bitch! Whore! Take your hands off my husband or else...”

“I’m not interested in your husband,” Kathy shot back. “Get a hold of yourself... or else I’ll tell your man who you’ve been giving your ass to at the university.”

In those days Kathy was barely keeping the wolf from the door. She hadn't told me anything. She had sold all her jewelry. Her business, a vocational school which specialized in healthcare and was once profitable, could no longer cope with the insane fluctuations of God's regulatory environment.

Kathy reported to work. Her boss, the regional revenue-service chief, did not mince his words when he told her she had to sleep with him at once if she wanted to have the job. He even ignored the intervention of Kathy's esteemed benefactor.

Kathy was an utter mess. That's when she came to this dog, with tears in her eyes...

We went to church on Sunday.

The crowd prayed:

Give us, O Lord, give us 1+1=11. Give us, O Lord, give us 1+1=111. Give us, O Lord, give us 1+1=1,111.

The beard sermoned:

Do not be afraid of injustice. The more injustice there is in this world, the happier you should feel. Justice is born of injustice. Time is but justice's ally.

As we listened to the homily, we did not supplicate for anything. Simply, we understood that $1+1=0$. We bolstered our souls to withstand God's heuristic experiments and then headed to the Marco Polo bistro. Kathy was in my arms when we promised each other to celebrate our birthday together, no matter where our relationship stood.

It was her idea, and I agreed without a second thought. It tickled me that we were born the same day. Gemini. My goodness, she was my twin... At that time, I happened to be researching legends of twins, and it was within this context that I read our bond. She had shared this with her girlfriends.

May 30: different countries, different years, different wombs...

That day mother earth smiled at the sun's rays from the same locus, the same sidereal position, and was impregnated by them, while we separately entered the world, eleven springs apart, through the path of light...

I go toward the spring of light...

The path is long, cobbled

With flint, fenced with myrtle thorns.

The path is askew, rhyming with a ray.

I step out, leaning upon my quivering knees,

And from my knees, which my brethren nailed,

Hot blood gushes forth.

There's panting in my chest, dust on my lashes.

My heart is the empty jug,

And I go toward the spring of light...

How many, how many thousands of years

Must I walk thus?

How many times must I fall, wounded,

Upon the goal of my path,

Struck by rock-crushing hammers?
I know not. Only, my brothers,
My crucifying brethren,
Leave me be in my journey...
On my sunfilled path leading to the suns,
Do not spread your shadow
Like the sinister wing of a buzzard.

Wave 1, "The Light" †

Back from a conference at the Institute of Oriental Studies of the Academy of Sciences, I'm getting ready to meet with Kathy.

That day... no one knew a thing about it.

I had no desire to tell anyone about my birthday. It belonged to Kathy. What we had promised each other was no ordinary present. That day we were to give one another every layer of our souls, every shudder of our bodies...

We kiss...

Her pink, form-fitting blouse, out of which her sculpted arms soar from her shoulders to her delicate fingers, makes her bronze face dazzle. The image of the moon goddess, with its alternating play of light and shadow, hypnotizes my gaze. Her chestnut-gold hair pours over her bare shoulders in broad waves and spills down her face, giving it an elongated shape, accentuating the lure of her chin and fiery lips. Her beltless jeans hug her naked waist, as their gliding basalt blue devours her protruding, ovoid buttocks and erect legs.

We haven't seen each other in nine days. We share a heart-shaped Jell-O cake and drink champagne to our twin birthdays.

We've decided to repair to the Atlantic.

On the night of December 29, I had invited two sisters to the club. I had met them through their third sister during her defense of her doctoral dissertation. These birds had migrated from Dushtepoh to Virginland three years ago. Olya, the youngest, is a nuclear scientist working at Virginland's nuclear power plant. Sasha is a biologist. She has a one-year-old and her relations with her husband are none too enviable. Both women are beautiful, sexy, smart. They're also independent in their thinking, which is to my liking. Sasha is gentle. Olya is wild. All eyes are on them in the club.

I clashed with Olya. She has a knack for confusing originality with inconsiderateness. Before long, I saw them off in a taxi and decided to linger at the Atlantic. Olya was mad. We didn't call each other for months.

Makoko waves hello from the sixth floor.

I've noticed Kathy. She's here with Nuneh and her friend.

And Kathy has noticed me. As she had no dance partner, she joined us some time later, with Olya's approval.

³ † This and other poetic gems, which appear across this work as a narrative subcurrent in the form of four waves and two airs, are quoted by our author from the rumis of Paradise. It is our opinion that these texts, together with the author's basic facts about Paradise, are intended for a world readership, with the goal of revealing the dogological and atavistic underpinnings of life in Paradise. The author disagrees. He says that these are excerpts from his textbooks at the Dream Middle School that have played a formative role in his development. Needless to say, we disagree with the author.—DogAlleyPress

Thanks to Olya's largesse, I fell right into Kathy's field of gravity. We're dancing face to face, gazing into each other's eyes. I'm spellbound. She moves her flawless figure in graceful grooves, oozing sex. She's a bona fide fairy on the dance floor. And this: I seem to sense a transformation in her face, her very essence.

I couldn't sleep that night.

The Atlantic became a sanctuary for us. Kathy would have wanted to build a chapel there. As for me, I would never step foot inside with another woman.

Kathy wanted us to take Nunch along. Kathy and I wouldn't have met if Nunch hadn't invited her to the club. Nunch has just broken up with her boyfriend. He left her as soon as he received a promotion at the bank, with prospects of getting his hands on a classier vestal to suit his new post, even if Nunch was an attractive, mature, and kind woman who left the impression of pure milk.

I'm dancing with my twin. Her face is beaming across the hall, shattering the men. In her words, "The Atlantic is sinking."

It was this very metamorphosis that I had noticed during orgasms. Kathy became a different woman, an ethereal being, from whose face and lips flew the fountain of immortality. The secret to coming into contact with her feminine essence lay in the unlocking of that fountain.

This had been easier said. She was married at eighteen, after the death of her parents. Her family wanted to get rid of her, and she made the wrong choice.

A few months before being tagged to a husband, she had traveled to the UTA, as a participant of the Dreamland Olympics and the flag bearer of the Virginlander team. These games bring together youths from various Dreamland provinces throughout the globe. The Olympics are held every year in July, in commemoration of the New Year of the ancient Paradisean calendar.

When Kathy told me about her participation in the Olympics, I remembered actually having seen her, as that particular year I was there during the closing ceremony. It was impossible not to notice her: tall build, proud walk, gorgeous figure, and, as important, team leader of newly-independent Virginland... All this had made her the epicenter of attention.

Ah... if only I hadn't been married...

Kathy was the Athena of Virginland, its symbol of womanhood. The Olympics were followed by a number of attractive marriage offers, all of which she had refused.

Little did she know then what misery awaited her back in Virginland.

"Well, God is giving you a second chance now," Kathy says.

But the magic of those days was tainted by a gaping wound in Kathy's heart. One of the prominent Dreamlanders of Los Babylonos, a clothing tycoon known as Cigar Koko, invited the Virginlander Olympic team to dinner. He then opened his enormous clothing warehouse to the team members, asking them to take whatever and as much as they like. Plus he gave each member a franklin for pocket money—this was a significant amount for youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty who had come from a ruble economy and were basically broke.

Their excitement, however, was short-lived. The Olympics organizers immediately confiscated the money on pretense of having to cover the cost of the team's stay at Satan Hotel.

Kathy was offended. She kept away from subsequent events held by the Holy Trinity Party, the organizer of the Olympics. As tensions mounted, the organizing committee accused Kathy of treason: "Thou hast exploited the goodwill of our mother branch in Paradise to tour Tartaros at our expense." From the point of view of disciples and drum-beaters alike, this is the most serious charge that the holy triumvirate can bring against someone.

Coming back home, Kathy was admitted to Virginland State University (which was

considered one of the top ten universities of Leninland), from which she went on to earn a bachelor of arts degree in applied mathematics. As she matured as a woman, Kathy was increasingly dissatisfied with her husband. It didn't help that they lived with his parents, with no privacy for lovemaking.

"How do you explain to the moron that you needed at least to wash up after doing it, let alone with hot water? Where? How? It meant nothing to him... he just went on fucking for himself."

Knowing Kathy now, I could imagine the situation. A dilettante wouldn't do. She grew to need a full-fledged man to satisfy her. Though withering from sexual starvation, her dignity didn't let her accept another man inside her. Kathy had her first orgasm seven years into her marriage. That night she cried bitterly, as she understood what she had been missing all those years.

"Ripsik, honey, how is it that you've had four kids and got yourself 40 abortions without getting naked with your hubby?"

"Naked? What are you talking about? He'll kill me if he sees me naked. He'd say, 'Where did this slut come from? Where did she learn to be a whore?' I just close my eyes, he lifts my skirt, finds a hole, sticks it in..."

Kathy suffers patiently, hoping things will change someday. For years on end, she pinches pennies to buy their own house. In keeping with Virginlander tradition, she hands all her earnings to him, and he in turn hands it all to his mother.

In Virginland, the umbilical cord linking a mother to his son is never cut after his birth. The two lead a symbiotic existence unto death. This is a sacred rite. To oppose it can well result in the killing of the bride. It's now chic to call the tradition "national." A man is his mother's timeless baby: Madonna and Bambino. He is suckled by Mamma until he turns fifty... He communicates with his wife through Mamma. Mamma holds the hand of her twenty-year-old tot and takes him to the store to buy him a pair of shoes. The baby cries and argues: he doesn't like those damned shoes...

Incidentally, Virginland is home to great shoemakers and furniture designers, who could, with a little gray matter, compete in the international marketplace with the very best from Alpacinoland. But Virginlanders are proud of wearing shoes made by Al Pacino, the king of Alpacinoland.

In our old neighborhood in Adonis, there was a clothing factory. One day my father and I were there when the owner had a conversation with a wholesaler.

"We can stick any label you want," he said. "Gucci, Versace... you name it."

When the son reaches marriage age, Mamma enlists her network of mothers to look for a virgin bride for her masterpiece of incompetence of a son.

The unbreakable bond between Paradisean mammas and their male sucklings was explained to me by my landlord.

"In Paradise, women don't love their husbands," she said. "That's why they shower their affections on their sons, by way of compensating for their need to love a man."

Manpanzee the Custodian (I beg the chimpanzees' forgiveness for the analogy) surrenders his wife to the custody of his mother. Whenever a disagreement erupts between the two women, first he beats the wife, seeking to mould her with mamma's bizarrerie. Should the wife fail to submit, he kicks her out.

"There's plenty of fish in the water, but only one Mamma."

Kathy's savings were built cent by cent, at enormous sacrifice. In the years when there was

neither power nor heating in Virginland, she managed to both prepare her university assignments and make quantities of pastry, using their home's lone wood-burning heater. She lit the contraption for baking the pastries, nothing else. In the morning, on her way to the university, she distributed them to the stores in the area. This was how she fed the family, paid for her bus ride, and at the end of the week put aside a small amount toward her dream apartment.

One day her husband tells her he has a beautiful surprise for her and asks her to look out the window. Guessing what it is, Kathy passes out.

He had squandered her savings on a car...

Kathy was unable to get over it. They divorced.

Virginlanders frown upon a divorced woman. Few have the balls to marry a nonvirgin—that would go against the grain of an age-old tradition. As the heirs of the world's first Xn state, they piously follow the second half of the Holy Writ. "Whoever puts away his wife, except for the cause of sexual immorality, makes her an adulteress; and whoever marries her when she is put away commits adultery." Note, however, that men diligently solicit those nonvirgins, trying to conquer them as side lovers. In fact, the whole of Virginland is after these women, going at it like an unstoppable train.

It's a natural urge, they say.

Speaking of nature, there are only two sexes in Virginland. Man and Woman. Unlike Gehenna, where we have twelve sexes in fashion. You see, brothers, how primitive they are. The man sex, they say, is created in the image of God, and the woman sex in the image of the Devil. For the sake of convenience, I will sometimes distinguish between these polar sexes with the terms *Virginoso* and *Virginosa*.

Characteristic of Virginland is the stigma that a man risks if he doesn't keep a lover. Having a mistress is a sign of the unparalleled brotherly love and generosity of the *Virginoso*. And it is done with the approval of his parents, who take all precautions to conceal it from the bride living at their home.

Often they don't even bother to hide it. "Well, what do you expect? He's a man. What is he supposed to do? Cling to your skirt?"

If a married fellow doesn't avail himself of the services of a whorehouse, what kind of man is he? I tell you what he is: he's a fag.

In Virginland, hypocrisy is the stuff of life. They may not know it, but their aura tells the whole story. They live by deception and self-deception. They transmit the poison to the generations. To oppose this would mean to invite the wrath of an entire virgin-worshipping society. Few women are able to come out on top.

There's a veritable odyssey awaiting a woman after her divorce. She receives the first blow in court, where she finds herself trapped in a labyrinth of humiliation. Women are used to this. No surprises. There was a woman who had to ask the court three times for a divorce from her drunkard husband. Her request was granted only when she threatened that if she were to be murdered by the brute, the court would be held responsible. It had been already four years that she and her husband slept in different rooms. She kept trying to defend herself against his constant attacks, to the terrified screams of the children, not realizing that what he violated were inalienable rights.

.....

One day, Satan came to visit me in Paradise. We met in front of the Foreign Ministry building. Hey, Jingo, what's up? Since dogs are not respected in Paradise, I found safety in Satan's lap as we sat on the steps in front of the building and chatted. Caressing my snout, Satan said, "Where have you disappeared to, prodigal son?"

"It's not happening, uncle. Not happening."

"What?"

"Friendship with God."

"So what the hell have you been doing in Paradise all this time?"

"What do I know, uncle? I have yawed."

"So I've been informed."

"What would you like me to do now?"

Satan took out a piece of paper from his breast pocket, which sported a metal insignia featuring the image of Achilles, and prepared to read.

At that moment, a pair of girasol-headed kowtowers entered the building, spitting on us a quantity of sunflower-seed skins from their mouths.

"Do you see now, uncle, why friendship with God is not happening?"

"All right, leave that to me. I'll tell Pasha to teach this one a lesson. Meanwhile, I want you to constantly bark the following six truths in Paradise."

I prick my ears up.

"First: the sun is the center of the solar system. Did you get it? Second: the sun is composed of atoms. Third: the earth revolves around the sun. Fourth: life is a struggle. Fifth: man is master of the earth. Sixth: God created man, then woman."

At that, Satan peered affectionately into my eyes, to be certain that I had understood everything.

"But what are you to gain from all this, khoja?"

Satan gave me a deep smile then said cryptically, "If you're successful in fulfilling this small request of mine, I shall make you King of the World."

"But, uncle, I am a son of a bitch and don't sell time. By the way, how much do you pay the prophets?"

"What do you produce?"

"Shit. I take a dump several times a day."

"In restrooms, of course."

"Not really. Wherever I happen to be. In Paradise. In Hell."

"Not a single washington. No, seriously, what do you produce?"

"Death."

Satan was as shocked as he would be if God himself were sitting on his lap. He at once let go of me. He feigned to regain control of himself and smiled courteously as he said good-bye.

"What's your phone number, hajji?" Dog barked from a distance behind him.

"I don't have numbers, my son. I'm the one who numbers all."

"How am I to find you again, hajji? What name do you go by here?"

"Ha ha ha... I'm the one who gives names, son. I myself don't have a name."

"I will give you both a number and a name, hajji. From this day your name is..."

"Ha ha ha..."

And Satan, the guardian of immortal life, left Dog alone in God Square and went up the

stairs to meet with Number Five, God's foreign minister, His Excellency Zulfikar James Lutfullah, who was looking down from his balcony at the goings-on of the street.

Dog shouted after Satan, "I know your number! 393206637."

Turning pallid, Satan swallowed it and did not look back. He had already decided Dog's fate.

Enormous shadows descended from the sky on Mount Ararat, slid and cascaded across the land below, settled by their thousands upon Virginabad, capital of Paradise.

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Nothing changes at the nightclub—except for the show. They suggest dog tenderloin. We order humanoid chateaubriand. Not available tonight. Baby heart fondue? None. We nonetheless make a special request from the abattoir. At ten, they grace us with knife and serviette. Ah, they have already slaughtered the baby. We wait in drooling anticipation. At eleven, they bring something on a couple of plates. We sniff it. What meat? More like a Dead Sea scroll. They call it "Yoohoo meat." Shush, Henri, it's Yoohoo meat. And the pilaf? Pebbles! We send the concoction back and remain famished until eleven thirty, when we receive the very same Yoohoo meat, only dried ten times over, accompanied by a somewhat softened pilaf...

Appér, we're way past our dinnertime. It's late. Our religion does not allow us to consume human flesh at this hour. Please enjoy it yourselves.

They won't eat it. Eat! No matter what we do, we can't convince them. They tell us they don't eat human flesh in Paradise. We don't believe them. Eureka! Henri is suddenly enlightened by the idea that they are scared to eat it. It is the meat of a cadaver. You don't eat it, do you? Ha ha ha ha... They worship the dead here. *Ya tara*, how many corpses must have been slaughtered for us!

Wisely they comp us some champagne. An aside from Henri: "You *know* what they're trying to do... Get us drunk so we won't know how awful the grub is."

From the next table, a short beer-belly begins to sing, "Take, eat; this is my body. This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

We object, informing him that he's cantating the wrong prayer, that God won't hear it. The beer-belly's temper flares, the club goes haywire, the crooner runs for cover from the stage. To put the matter to rest, the waiters bring in a priest from the restroom of the shop next door, asking him to offer the correct version.

"Body divine..."

"No! Stop! You're saying it the wrong way."

"May you eat this meal in peace..."

"We said stop!"

"Boys, let us give glory to God."

"Blasphemy! Let us give glory to Yoohoo. It is *Yoohoo's* meat we're eating."

"Boys, you can't do that. First, glory to God, then..."

"No! First to Yoohoo! It's his meat we're eating, son of man."

"What if you had cow meat?"

"We would've given glory to the cow."

“Nullifidians!” the priest roars.

“You slaughter the cow yet sing God’s glory, do you?” We bang on the table and jump up on our hind legs.

Fearing that these anti-Goddist dogs are preparing to eat him instead, the priest....

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If I had a smidgeon of hope that something would develop between Alla and me, it, too, vanished in short order. Half a smile. Curt replies. No questions to ask. I assume she’s not interested. It was late in the game when it became clear that it wasn’t so. I’m not in the habit of asking a woman more than two questions, but now I’m trapped. I must either rescue the conversation somehow or take it to a constructive conclusion.

Neither is a go. She draws me into her game, leaves the burden of talking on my shoulders, plugs in a flurry of senseless interruptions, then shuts down, withdraws into her shell, and smiles, mouth shut.

After each question I pose, my energies seem to be exhausted. I must get out of the morass. What is this woman thinking? We still have to spend a whole day together in thirty square meters.

At last the ring goes off on her cell phone—which, incidentally, is a status symbol in Virginland. (Intent on impressing a female friend of mine, some guy wishing to marry her had borrowed a cell phone and instructed his buddies to call him every ten minutes during the wedding party of an acquaintance. There was this girl who promised me a weekend getaway outside Virginabad if I presented her with a red cell phone. Idiot! With that amount, I could get four hookers in Calipornia). Now the three girlfriends scramble to decide for whom the bell tolls. It’s for Alla. She takes the gizmo to her ear and slips out of the circle.

I breathe a sigh of relief and, expressing a sudden wish to be in the lap of nature, walk away into freedom.

It’s been a while since I’ve last seen a herd of goats. But the shepherd is not around...

I recall the story of the shepherding days of Davit of Sasun. He had fallen asleep and left the herd unguarded, then gathered the wild animals and driven them to the village. At that time I was studying the epic literature of Paradise. It doesn’t bow to either *Gilgamesh* or *Shahnameh*. Is profoundly philosophical. Therein are encoded some esoteric layers—about which Paradiseans know too little and the world next to nothing, and a structure that decodes the Zodiac.

In Virginville, however, there are no wild beasts. Everything is peaceful. Nothing moves. Absent is the din of Los Babylonos. There is only a lake, a concert stadium of three hundred frogs.

In the near distance, a kid gazes straight into my eyes, beckoning his comrades for help. He’s scared. Perhaps he guesses that I’m a citizen of Hell. But I’m not armed, neither am I clad in military uniform. I don’t want to leave the goats, yet I don’t wish to frighten their young one. I like him and very much wish to take him in my arms, if only he weren’t scared.

I hear music being played in the distance. I have taken a circular path out of the village, which now stands across from me. We’re separated by a canyon. Another step and I’m already alone in nature. There’s only the sound of the wind, whose ebb and flow are interspersed with the buzzing of insects. No more footmarks. The way the stones jut out of the earth is an

indication that no being has set foot in these parts for a long time. I sit on a rock, leisurely savoring the landscape. I study the horizon intently. Suddenly I perceive a line soaring upward from within the mist. I follow its ascent to the heavens. And there it is. It's Ararat, the most massive mountain in the world, whose white crest is silhouetted from behind the clouds, lying before me.

For a whole hour I lose myself in Ararat, also known as Greater Massis, while I wait for the clouds to dissipate. But they keep coming and covering the peak. I begin to walk toward the mountain, without taking my eyes away from its summit. Ararat's twin, Lesser Massis, is lost in the mist.

All of a sudden I am visited by the remembrance of a Neapolitan gondola ballad. I sing it out loud several times. "*Sul mare lucica, l'astro d'argento...*"

But why that gondola song and not one of the hundred or so oneiric tunes which, ever since childhood, I have cherished in my soul as holy relics of Ararat? I still haven't been able to understand. All I know is that at that moment, as I took in the grandeur of the granite mountain, that particular song came out of me like an air bubble rising from the depth of the ocean.

By the time I returned, a good three hours had passed. Our worried hosts had sent out their boys to look for me. On my way back, I come across the shepherd and his younger brother. I overhear the shepherd say, "He's a tourist." I greet them in the Paradisean tongue.

Alla's trio is seated around a table in the yard. She has been waiting for me. What? When I'm engaged in a conversation with the host's son, Alla walks away with the rest of the virgin trio, which includes the girl who had tainted my mood on our way here. From here on out, Alla does not break free of her girlfriends, forming an impenetrable triangle which she capriciously uses against me, now and then wedging an inscrutable glance into me. In the meantime, I hear the men's sermon to this Hellese—there is nothing like a Paradisean woman in this world.

Virginabad. Already I miss it. During the ride back to the city, I think to myself that by the time they acquire an essential understanding of how to relate to a man, these women will wreck a hundred souls.

In Virginstan there are virgins of all ages. A thirty-year-old girl (it would be a grave insult to call a virgin a woman, even if she happens to be sixty) is horrified by the idea of giving up her virginity. Her forty-year-old sister is still a virgin.

"Why forty? Make it fifty!" objected a diehard virgin.

"Fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty..."

"Sixty!"

"Sixty, sixty, sixty, sixty, sixty..."

"Seventy!"



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A pair of candles burn next to the corpse.

The white drapes are tasseled at the waist, revealing the crimson curtains behind them, their eyes fixed on the cadaver. I place the corpse in the casket. The room feels smaller than the coffin. I

sense the breath of the dead body. I come out. No, father, you could not have died. The four or five in the narthex do not know why they are here. The air is heavy. The corners of the ceiling totter. To the right. No horizontal lines. Glum rainbows parade across the hall, singing songs of death. The locomotive approaches from the abyss, the ground trembles. The spiders cringe in their webs. Two staircases. Left. A table. A lectern holding a mammoth ledger. The din of death. Two men wait for me behind the ghastly codex. The silence of death. I must sign. I pick up the pen. The register is open, waiting for me.

No, I shall not sign his death.

“Yehusar conquered death.”

“It was *Balthasar* that conquered death. You don’t know a thing about that. He is *immortal* for he is death. His father is the *creator*. His mother is *death*. Feeble-minded as you are, you thought you had succeeded in murdering him. He has now returned, for the younger twin lost his moorings under the faint light of lanterns across the world and there emerged false brothers everywhere. MacYehu attempted to assume the role of the Son.”

“He was the Son.”

“If he were a christ, he should have been a dog first. He aspired, he distorted, he failed.”

“Why?”

“Because the equinoxial cosmomatrix conceives twins—day and night in equal measure, whereas the solstitial cosmomatrix gives birth to the only begotten: Mihr, Mher—the sun deity at its zenith or its nadir. The epos *Madmen of Sasun* is a cosmic calendar. Mher’s sojourn to Pharaohland is a baptism into the legacy of the solstitial cosmomatrix. He became the son of Ismil—Isis historicized—fed on her milk, so he could reign over the day and surrender the night to the moon, which you have called Satan. But herein lies the error—there was a struggle between the vati of the solstitial mother and the equinoxial mother. Despite inheriting your traditions, the clerics were unable to fathom their full significance, failed to understand the essence.”

“In Pharaohland.”

“Correct. His teachers were cognizant of that old struggle and tried to eliminate the real mother, Dzovinar, the Paradisean mother goddess of the primordial sea. Even though the equinoxial mother was the victor, her enemies distorted history and declared Persephone—the Mary of Hell—the vanquisher. They ravished the groom. And MacYehu could not become *son of dog*, although, by revolting against his teachers, he ventured to unite the antitheses in his person and thereby end the bifurcation of man.”

“He did end it.”

“It’s a mirage, Padre. Your religion is a sham. It is dead. It does not speak to the sons and daughters of the equinoxial cosmomatrix—Paradise, Fakiristan, Eurostan, Ayatollahland, which have been the inheritors of this legacy, nor to all those who carry the seed of freedom within their souls. Were it to speak, i would not come into existence. That’s why i came—to rectify the error, to awaken you from your aberrances, to impart to you the *balthasar* spirit.

“Father, the food got cold. Should I put the tomato back in the fridge?”

“I had a little something in the morning. That’s enough. I won’t eat again today.”

“I have come for harlots and bastards. I shall share a table with them, speak their tongue. I don’t need your tables. I don’t need exaltations, honors. It is they who will plough the *creator’s* field. There’s no hope from you civilized, hypocritical, sanctity-hawking humans. MacYehu had major flaws. But you’re blind. Will you ever see?”

“Tell me those flaws.”

“First: kingdom.”

“Second?”

“Eternal life.”

“Then?”

“The second commandment is the first—the first is the second. First, love your brother as you would yourself, and only then your God. It’s this substitution that is the cause of all wars. Flush the God part of that commandment into the sewer, and everything will turn to the better.”

“What else?”

“The list is long. These are some major points. If he be a king, then he’s the Satan that you know. Remember, Father, the nexus of love. It can’t be vertical. That would be an escape. Death is the key to truth—the ultimate equalizer.”

“It’s a sad world. Hope is light.”

“Hope is lie. The light is death.”

“And eternal life?”

“The counterfeit legal tender of all the enemies of truth.”

“A dour fate.”

“*Dog* is the way, the truth, and the life. All things were made by him, and without him not any thing was made. His fate is more bitter than that of a Messiah, Father. The elder twin always suffers more... But do you believe MacYehu was the younger twin? No. Can the usurper be titled a brother? He tried to take on the role of the solsticial son, to seize the legacy of *mher the younger*. But Papa Pete married him to Maimunus... Yes, it’s a threesome. Is it that pleasant, Father, being a dog among discord-sowing, self-satisfied moshianists? But this is not the issue.”

“What is it then? Do you still insist that the MacYehu story is a tall tale?”

“Believing it is not the problem per se. There is nothing ordinary in the essence of the legend. Its emulator will find himself on a better spiritual path than the nonbeliever, as his mind and heart will be tuned to the mind and heart of the cosmos. As any other framework, the system has its own inner logic. The danger is elsewhere.”

“*Amarus vitiorum fructus...*”

“The faith died because you resorted to deceit to perpetuate the two-thousand-year era of *mher junior*, god of the winter solstice, to snatch death through chicanery. There was no alternative left. It became a Gordian knot. Otherwise, the *creator* would not have sent his *elder son...*”

“To establish his throne?”

“Careful, Padre. I told you. How do you misunderstand me even when I speak your tongue? Only Satan has a throne. If there is a throne in question, you can be sure it doesn’t belong to the *creator*.”

“Is this the elder son’s, Balthasar’s, epoch?”

“*The elder* is within you. *The elder* is immutable. For two thousand years the *creator* tested you through *mher junior*, the younger son, but you transfigured him, turned him into Satan’s crier. Now he sends *balthasar* into you. In time *he* will once again take leave to shut himself inside *big massis*, unless you liberate yourselves from your shackles. But *he* will return again until you become *balthasar*. You cannot know the *younger son* unless you know the *dog*. You can know neither the *elder son* nor any of the six sons of the cosmomatrix on the ecliptic.”

“Who are...?”

“Mher Senior, deity of the summer solstice; Mher Junior, deity of the winter solstice; the twins Sanasar-Balthasar, deities of the spring equinox; Davit and his twin, deities of the autumnal equinox. Now do you understand why they buried the six, the greatest sanctity? 666. It

was the symbol of the equilibrium of justice, the legacy of Sanasar-Balthasar.”

“Jus humano. In caelo salus...”

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The woman of above-average beauty is more prone to becoming a vampire. She knows she commands high value in the sex bursa, and accordingly uses her assets against men. The vampire woman announces her price with a facial expression: “One million thalers.”

“Ten million thalers,” somebody objects.

At any rate, there’s big money to be made. Toward this goal, she invests merely a few grand. In Virginland, such investment comes from the father’s pocket. Stupid men (in Virginland, the honor goes to the *akhpér* boys) cough up the asking price. Your problems are solved, sister. This is why her market value remains stable.

And how does the scheme work? Only through the systemic exploitation of other men by the iron hand of the law of an off-limits economic ideology. Each man at the top of the pyramid sucks the life out of a hundred fellow men, ruins the destiny of a hundred couples, wrecks the happiness and future of a hundred children in order to pamper one vampire par excellence. But why would no one revolt against such perversity? You are lured into believing that what holds true for some holds true for everyone. Hope! His ways are institutionalized—you are only allowed to “express concern,” not revolt. Love! The thought of revolting is a taboo that pigeonholes you as a pariah. Here *and* in the Afterlife. The underlying ideology aims to abort all defiant social cohesion by labeling it “conspiracy” or at best relegating it to the domain of art or religion, to be released through catharsis, thus further institutionalizing the system. Her worship is inculcated by transforming currency into virtual power through the aid of the mass media. The same forces that have thrallled generations of humans through the agency of religion are at work here. Faith! Idolatry summa cum laude. Her heavenly father is branded “freedom,” and our faith our “way of life.”

These *akhpérs* are clueless, my brethren, as to the fact that there is a dog way of getting the best of the vampire and straightening her out. To ignore her of course, but not with a passive comportment. The passive man can indeed neutralize the woman’s vampiricity, but wouldn’t be able to get his hands on her. This is the reason that men should learn our brotherly mathematics, which can be distilled into this: to pass in front of ten women and write “0” on the “1 million washos” labels fastened to the pussy hangers. Nine of them will disregard you, often with vicious hatred, often with indifference, but the tenth will say, “Half a million.”

Hello, bargain.

“0” again.

“100,000.”

“0.”

“50,000.”

If the price of an ordinary woman is five grand, you can pick this one up for ten.

Oy yoy yoy... where does this leave the soul?

In the hearts of poets.

Hypocrites! All of your loves are fake. Pathological expressions arising from sick minds. From A to Z, your poets do nothing but rave idly. Man can love only himself. Self-love is at the core of

all loves. Otherwise there is only blind love, which results in disillusionment. Am I not right, my canine brothers? Does love need an object? If so, wouldn't it be inferior to its object? In hominid terms, does it have an ontic value?

When there is no love in the world but a web of jealousy, rivalry, domination, possession, rage, and hatred created by beggars of love, when poets themselves are delusioned by icons of their own creation, when the world has shriveled under the heels of vampires, when the religions purporting to have love as their foundation have turned into systems of slavery and exclusivism, only the bastard is capable of taking what he wants from life, turning upside down the order of the world in this whorehouse of vampires.



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In Paradise, Adam and Eve coexist through deception, in the footsteps of the Judolicoi.

The Judolicos is God's left hand, the Great Xaxam of Paradise. Paradiseans have one and one-half heads. Main Head is affixed on Saint Virginborn, twenty minutes from Virginabad. From Saint Virginborn you can see the august Ararat, where, according to tradition, Noah's Ark landed. A nineteenth century traveler describes how one fine day he witnessed a rainbow arching from Ararat to the monastery. The selection of the latter's site is no accident, especially since it has replaced the temple of the Mother Goddess.

This city has been a major pagan center in the glorious centuries of the distant past, when the generals of Paradise sneered at the armies of the neighboring Roman Empire, with which they were locked in a struggle for supremacy. So much so that history records that it is here that Hannibal found safe refuge after his defeat by Rome.

Thereafter Paradise accepted the religion of Mr. MacYehu. This was a significant turning point in the history of his religion. For the first time, it acquired state sponsorship, and this in a country that served as the seat of God. Historians have difficulty assigning the event an exact date, placing it somewhere between 284 and 314. Most people, however, lean toward 301, the traditional year claimed by the Sanctum Sanctorum of Paradise.

According to legend, Gaga, the founder, was thrown into a pit called DD (Deep Dungeon), where he spent thirteen years.

Recently in Paradise, God celebrated the 1,700th anniversary of the event in the heart of the capital, at the crossroads of the world. There the Dreamers constructed a fifty-million-washington lambshed to match the spirit of Yoohoo. But the crowd here is sparser than in the meek dungeon below it, where it follows its ancestors' ancient ritual tradition of lighting a candle for the souls of the departed.

On the reredos of the main altar of the lambshed there is a large, grotesque image. It is an upper-body portrait of a rag-covered woman who, according to the orthodox account, visited the grave of his son in some obscure land with two mirror images of herself. By concocting a fable, she was able to dupe the admirers of his barn-born and ass-stubborn son and snatch away the Throne of the Universal Mother, humanity's age-old legacy.

That babe's "Mother of God" title was grabbed for her by the avocati of Mr. MacYehu from Isis, the mother goddess of Pharaohland, who shares ample congruences with Dzovinar, the ethnogenic goddess of Paradise, mother of the Indo-European divine twins, Sanasar and

Balthasar—Castor and Pollux. Isis’s son was Horus, the sun god, whom they replaced with their master. Thus they stole the very image of Isis holding the infant sun. The roots of the original mytheme reach deep into the millennia and are related to Mher the Great, the epic hero of Paradise, Sanasar’s offspring (and the earthly replica of the constellation Leo), who in various narratives appears as the King of Pharaohland.

The idolatrous, iconolatrous Judolicos of Paradise demands from his lambs to bow before Maimunus’s mamma. But is she worth even a hump in the anus? That is to say, by remaining loyal to the national traditions of Virginstan? Brothers, at least pimps do not require their customers to bow in front of a whore. Dog rejected that reign. He refused to walk under the sword of the twosome, His Holiness the Lambowner and Her Virginosity Mary the Harlot. To the bastard, a whore is worth zero. Not so for the Judolicos.

The fraudulent religion of the Judolicoi of Paradise has brought about a spiritual degeneracy of the flock. It is responsible for the erosion of the subtle matter of the sociosphere. Which rational human in our century would have been led by a nonsensical construct? Consequently there has taken place a violent ebb of spiritual values within this nation. Man renounces the spiritual as he no longer believes in fabrications—and of the lowest type. Under the veil of “national tradition,” religious leaders shove the Chosen One’s putrid legends down the throat to maintain a dominion built on deceit.

But, brothers, that dominion has neither legal nor moral basis—it has been established through bloodshed and cultural genocide.

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The tactful element among the spirito-intello terrorists had asked Dog to recant on the air his views of Mimunus. Your statements threaten to marshal Filippis, Negroids, and others to Paradise, where they would snatch our Aryan girls. Paradise is the home of the Aryans. We are an Aryan race. It behooves us to preserve its virtues and purity. The Natashas? No way. We oppose marriage with them. Esther disguises herself as one, tricks the Virginlandoso into the nuptials, and conceals her identity until her goal of giving birth to a healthy child is realized. Do I know that Jinjin organized the communist revolution to revenge the czar? Do I know that under the guise of democracy and capitalism Jinjin is now appropriating the national wealth of Whitebearland?

They were outraged by the fact that Dog treated the Chosen One as any other vertebrate. This is precisely what Mimunus seeks: to grab a hold of Paradise from within, to take possession of the cradle of creation using the yashmak of democracy. Democracy and capitalism are the ideologies of the rich. Our power was usurped from us, our numbers dwindled. What do we need capitalism for? To be the underdog of the rich? What do we need democracy for? To be outvoted in the Euro arena by the never-remorseful numbers of genocide perpetrators, pullulating like rats? What do we need freedom of expression for? To be bombarded day and night by the ideological propaganda of the filthy-rich imperialists of Yehu cocooned by Satan?

“Death to Yehu!” they proclaimed. “Jinjinus should be ejected to the desert of Jinjinland. It has no business being anywhere else, not even in Hell.”

Dog replied, “Let the world solve its problems. You’re under no obligation to resolve either

Satan's or Caliph's issues. What have these jerks ever done for you? Let man eat man. Till they perish. Five thousand dead or five million, what's the fuss about? You, faithless! They'll all be reborn somewhere else. Shouldn't the killers be extolled for facilitating the Creator's goal to exalt his followers in eternal glory? These vicissitudes may not vanish for millennia—only the actors will change. And they will take you astray from your path. Will you establish the temple of HAY on Ararat—for the countless millions of descendants of Hayk's twelve sons and daughters, for the whole of humanity, for she who hears HAY's voice in her soul? A house of the spirit cannot be a house of race. The entirety of the Paradiseans will not suffice to provide ministers of the HAY movement for the nations of the world. Steer clear of destructive missions. Führerism and Jinjinism alike are fascist ideologies. Neither should be tolerated.

They were patriotic and blind. By definition. As all patriots of the hominids. Those among them who most vehemently called themselves "Aryan" were men and women whose visages were different editions of the same orangutan's ass. They tried to restore the gene pool of Paradise the way they understood it.

While these personages were lulled by the idea of giving birth to square "filth" in isolation, Pasha ennobled his own "filth" through dispurification.

The wild bunch—women suffering from sexual aberration—drew behind them a tidal wave of divine intellectuals.

There was not a soupçon of Aryan spiritual values in the lives of these people, brothers. They violated the very first principle of the sun: to wake up at daybreak and to retire after sundown. As a rule, the angels wake at noon and have their breakfast in the ides of afternoon to catch the bus to Las Fortunas at 6:00. They spurn the most basic dietary principles and disdain the essential etiquette of speech. Binge, smoke, abuse their bodies to the hilt. Their brains are nuclear-waste sites. The ambassadors of death had debased the sublime Aryan way of life, turning it into a platitudinous credo.

Dog devoted a broadcast to the softening of tempers. He said his admiration for David did not belittle the historic rights of Goliath. He then read aloud a passage from the *Dream Encyclopedia*:

The epic of David and Goliath has Paradisean roots. The name of this most adulated hero does not occur anywhere else in Maimunus's prolific tradition. Scholars assert that David is not a Maimunean name. The Davidic kingdom of Maimunus's religious epic has never existed. It is a tale yarned only after Xerxes's time, possibly in the third or second centuries BMJ (Before MacYehu).

Maimunus's father is Shah'nshah Ayatollah. Father reversed the relocation policies of the earlier Babylonians and Assyrians and established son Maimunus, in one among many such imperial colonies with their local gods, to consolidate his empire. Thousands of disaffected slaves joined the hullabaloo in hopes of a free life. These settlers adopted the rex's propaganda of returning to their forefathers' homeland, and came to believe themselves as returnees from exile. Refusing to adopt the imperial ukase was anathema and disqualified one from membership in the nascent group. In the ensuing centuries, these settlers created a tradition of exile and a literature of survival, attracting to it all the various local myths that resonated with such identification.

But the arrogant and careless Ayatollah, to his own chagrin, confused the word *Israel* with *Judah*, encouraging the settlers to believe that they were the descendents of Israel. These, in turn, inoculated the myths of their supreme deity, Elohe Shamayim, into the body of the local Samaritan idol, Yahweh, which they were sanctioned to promote by imperial edict. They created their own folklore, based on local myth, and united their new, Ayatollah-ordained ersatz Israeli

identity with that of Maimunus. This identity was embellished with the local Davidic lore.

Thus, long before Maimunus was born from Darius's womb and raised by Xerxes, several waves of exodus from Paradise caused a large number of its natives to settle in Palestine, bringing with them the ancient culture of Paradise, and subsequently assimilate with the locals. The latest historiographic research confirms that the historic basis of the Mr. Mosmos legend is the monotheistic system founded by the pharaoh Akhenaten in the fourteenth century BMY. Akhenaten's religious revolution compelled the sacerdotal class to conspire against him, possibly threatening a popular uprising which forced Akhenaten and his followers to take refuge in the Sinai.

Freud, too, believed that Mosmos was of Pharaonic blood. He asserts that the name Mosmos (aka Moses) itself is Pharaonic. If we were to remove the Socratic suffix -es, we would be left with the Pharaonic root word *mos*, meaning son, which often occurs in the names of Pharaonic rulers, such as Thutmos and Ahmos. Freud is of the opinion that, in order to conceal Mr. Mosmos's Pharaonic descent, the Chosen One distorted history by presenting Mosmos as a common man who rose to power at the Pharaonic court, whereas in truth Mr. Mosmos (i.e., Akhenaten) was of royal stock, and not a Maimun. Furthermore, historical research (if we were to ignore those degreed sciolics who mistake their faith-based paralogism for science) attests that there is not even a single viable clue to confirm the Chosen One's alleged presence in Pharaohland. Cataclysmic events of unprecedented magnitude would ineluctably have left a trace in the works of ancient scholars or the profusion of data documenting the period in question. Several dog academics in Tel Aviv concur, drawing fulmination from the religious right for exposing the bogus foundations of their faith and political claims.

A thousand years thence, the semi-factual legend woven around Akhenaten was inherited by Maimunus from the natives of Palestine, with his xaxams integrating it into their religious doctrine. They confabulated a genealogy to give divine legitimacy to the Hasmonean dynasty, founded in 164 BMY, Year 0. According to Prof. Ashkenazi, by placing Adam in 4164 BMY, they accounted for the prevailing new age superstition of cosmic periods of a four-thousand-year duration. Nota bene.

	Yehu's Calendar	MacYehu's Calendar
Big Bang	0	4164
Birth of Abraham	1946	2218
Entry into Pharaohland	2236	1928
Exodus from	2666	1498

Pharaohland		
Temple Foundation	3146	1018
Temple Destruction	3576	588
Return to Penisalem	3626	538
Temple Rededication	4000 = 0	164
Birth of MacYehu	n/a	0

The Chosen One's obsession with numerology resulted in the adoption of the Babylonian holy number six in concocting a history for himself. A sequence of six 6s, 6x6 (or a twin 666), which constitutes the last digits of the significant dates in Yehu's calendar, lies in the foundation of the Chosen One's universe.

Professor Ashkenazi asserts that in an effort to create an origin myth, a continuous narrative, and a group identity, Maimunus's xaxams pumped popular tall tales into a calendar to output a nationalist fiction. Thus, from the birth of Abraham in 1946 AY to the alleged founding of the Temple in 3146 AY by Solomon, they figured out a period of 1,200 years or twelve generations (Abraham is born Isaac at the age of 100). With this arithmetic, the Exodus from Pharaohland is supposed to have taken place in the sixty-sixth year of the twenty-seventh generation. However, from Exodus to the building of the Temple there is a variant chronology of twelve generations also, of forty years each, totaling 480 years. A second 480-year period, or twelve generations, is envisaged for the following period between the supposed founding of the Temple and the alleged repatriation to Penisalem.

"Holy of holies! Holy Confectionery, Inc., dba Holy Bible," announced Dog. And continued:



Afterward, when I constantly clash against the rapacity of the Virginlandette, I face a quandary that bifurcates my inner world for years to come. My soul, in all of its dimensions, is driven toward the Virginlandette, yet my mind, with its scintillating new suns, which create waves of inexplicable joy, is bedazzled by the Hellette.

This duality could not be solved. It could be rectified through either the radical metamorphosis of the Virginlandette or the Hayification of the Hellette. Both options skirted the borders of the delusional.

“Get real!” Heather used to tell me. “You’re in Hell now.”

While I remained without shelter, without homeland...

A whole life was passing me by.

This, indeed, was not a soft dilemma. The rational solutions not only collided with visceral predilections stemming from the deepest folds of my being, but were stifled by the bitter reactions of the reality that enfolded me. One could not meet a woman of Heather’s caliber at every footstep. Her arrival was a shooting star in the stygian sky of my existence.

I understood one day that what I truly needed was two wives—a Hellette and a Virginlandette. That was the only way out.

Monogyny is not love. It is terror. It is the institutionalized model of self-love and hypocrisy.

“Death!” promulgated the concordat of human civilization.

True, the civil element of Hell was among the most sensitive in the world. It did its utmost to make me feel as a genuine citizen. Such consideration was not merely a function of being educated. There were many well-read men and women who happened to be xenophobes, and many with barely a high-school diploma who accepted me with open arms. I had begun to read people, espy their spiritual and intellectual construction through the slightest intimation.

Irrespective of all this, there was one thorny issue, my brothers. It was not naked prejudice with which I collided every hour, wondering why I should have been the butt of destiny’s whim. This by itself was a *mise en scene* that impresses a question mark on Nietzsche’s forehead: Who is the privileged who can become a superman? Who is the one who can afford culture? What gives, yao, to vituperate against slave morality instead of beheading the creators of the objective conditions that give rise to slave morality? And how to achieve Schopenhauer’s state of painlessness when the entire gamut of social existence has conspired against you from birth to death? The choices are literally between transcendence and self-destruction, even through revolt. And as long as there are oppressors in the world of men, the fake currency of saviors will be in high demand.

What killed me, brothers, was the kind treatment the Satanlanders showed me, the way they cared for me as though I were a newborn lizard, told me of the magnificent elderly Paradiseans whom they knew... of the people toward whom the world and even our Lord Satan had been unjust... the way they affectionately tapped my shoulder with an unfeigned smile... chuckled while my shadow was still with them as I took leave... chuckled wholeheartedly, caringly, kindly... so kindly that it was impossible to hate them...

Was I not entitled to live in a land where people spoke my tongue, shared the call of my soul, cherished my dreams and yearnings, understood and communed with me? This thorny issue (despite the general political atmosphere in Hell, which reserved rights for minorities) pertained to the human rights of the majority. Why was the Satanlander obligated to change himself in order to accommodate me? He couldn't, even if he tried.

And what did we have in common if my interest in his baseball and basketball, his golf and political views was nil? People spoke of actors whose names are to this day unfamiliar to me. Who needed my Tumanyan, Komitas, Siamanto, Varuzhan? What did Sevak's *Unsilenceable Bell Tower* mean to anyone? Who needed my Sayat Nova and Mokats Mirza, whose songs, to my amazement, my five-year-old daughter listened to in my car with rapture and demanded to hear again and again? I was divorced at that time, and she was growing up in Satan's cultural turf. Such music was unfathomable to everyone, except Scott, my Minnesotan friend in Hellington, who relished its every note. Who needed my people, the entirety of which could be fitted within the limits of San Diego County?

I had sprung from a source which fostered the most profound layers of my being. But I clashed with a reality which demanded that I reject it.

But what did it mean to be integrated?

Acquiescence and resignation to the superiority of the ruler's regime. Adaptation to the ideological superstructure of the social foreground and the killing of the song of your soul. Depreciation and destruction of your genuine public logos, your life environment, and its suppression to the realm of the private. Concentration of power in the hands of the ideological majority, exclusion of alternatives, equally viable life structures. Carving out a survival nook against insuperable odds, still faced with the continual bombardment of the majority logicalia. Surrender of the surplus value of your economic, creative, and emotional output to the supervision of the ideological majority. (If you are an integrated writer, your books are read by the millions should you produce literary junk that in subtle and not so subtle ways propagates Satan's grand narrative, mocks his ideological adversaries, and acts as nostrum that produces a narcissistic, cathartic illusion to camouflage the monstrosity of the soul of the socius and that of its nation. Then, my friend, you'll receive all the accolades of man). But there is more: the spilling of your blood. For the moronic majority. Which has declared war against a myth that threatens her own hegemonic myth. In the name of the execrable icon called patriotism. The surrender of your life. As petrol for the preservation and reinforcement of the centripetal system of the hegemon, idealized in the form of transcendent values: God = Führer BenYehu = Stalin AntiYehu = Satan McYehu = Caliph McAllah. Perpetuation of Aristotemism... Ha ha ha! The bastard chortles.

Wait, bastard. There's still more. Prostration before the cultural values of the crème de la crème, submission to cultural fascism by partaking in the omnivalent state of hypnosis.

You have the right to vote only insofar as you lack the means to dismantle Satan's reign. Otherwise you and your vote shall be expelled from Satan's intestines and appear in his quotidian shit, as discharged bacterium.

Such are the nature and perimeter of the democracy propagated by Satan.

To be integrated!

Having a relationship with a Hellette was not a smooth sail for Dog. The hoi polloi fed on vapid interests—one needed to stoop to their level. Adjusting to it entailed a shift in one's worldview and required a lifetime. They, meanwhile, believed that I had my work cut out for me if I were to reach their level. I had not had opportunities to have ties with the upper crust. They

were cocooned in their world, where few set foot, and I could not afford the price of entry. Those in the middle class were conceited. They themselves felt the need for affirmation, whereas a foreign-born friend was often a liability. A slight accent and they avoided you. I could not talk, let alone write...

Naturally all this negativity was in Dog's head. Dog was clueless as to the arcanum of positive affirmation. The divine recipe to overcome Dog's problems in toto was offered by Yoo-hoo MacYehu himself: I am that I am that I am that I am.

Ant, affirm it for eons!

I was not interesting to those women who had had boyfriends in Brittany or Naples, spent the weekend in Barcelona or Cannes, stomped the empire of Satan, armed with plastic. The art of fluent conversation is a great asset. You have it, you rule.

Mother tongue.

Not all think alike, to be sure. Many are simply indifferent, and those who aren't are of a quality that makes you prefer to stay alone. This is an emblematic problem that afflicts Hellian society. A leap over the racial divide requires sacrifices. Exempli gratia, a man worth seven by the same society's standards, who in his own tribe could have a woman worth six, would end up with a woman worth one if he were to make the jump to a "finer" tribe. Despite Satan's slogan of equality.

This consciousness has two major enemies: porn and commerce.

In a survey gauging Satan's sex appeal on a scale of one to ten, the women of the United Tribes of Amerhenna have given him a rating of 2.1. The highest rating, at 2.2, has come from Indonesia. And if you're not a president, don't have blue eyes, and speak with an accent... Bush dearest, you do not know how fortunate you are...

They love to prattle about the rights of animals, yet go on to live with those burly men who effectively become the executioners of those animals, as they sit around the table to eat, thrice a day. And the Gehennettes are among the most progressive women in the gesellschaft of humans.

As for the Pornoso, he wastes 95 percent of his life on the trail of pleasing the neurotic Pornosa.

Slaves of Sacrum... Land of Sissies... World of Cunt.

Cunt is capital. In the humanoid world.

And the logic of capital is aggrandizement.

Bastards of all countries, unite!

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Cerebrally challenged by his underling, Satan stepped in to deliver one of his own.

Satan's Speech, Straight from the Horse's Mouth

We, the peepel o the Demokratik Triumvirate o Gehenna, dik liar hearwith that our way o life to liv high off the hog is thretened by a most ominous enimi. Our enimi stirredup a hornet's nest by attacking us. Even tho we did every effort to strike a happi midium by soft-soping them, to bring them into ciphilizacion rom dog's life, through camu flaj and chikenerly they attacked us blind as a

bat with a bolt rom the blu hitting us be lo the belt. They played wid fair their for ar at appoint o no return.

When I sow the smok coming owt o the twin towels, I said to the peepel o Emir aka that where their's smok their's fayr. Whatasnake in the grass ovr enimi is. But we have some mezhure to blaim ovr selves, sins wes weepd under the rug God's unfailing word witch says, spar the rod and spoil the child. Our ounding dads said that onesti is the best police. But I tell yea that in the new age onesti is the worst police, there for I have ad viced our central inteligent agenci to fallo dis new police.

We will no longer take the bacc seat in dis ishoo. We will no longer take any wooden nikels. But we will stik to our guns, even tho we stik our nok out.

I discussed the matter with ovr secretry ostate hoo was mad as a wet hen. Sins two hats ar better than one, I also sot cown sil rom ovr secretry odefens hoo was mad as a hatter. But our vice presi dent was cool as a cucumber and was cooking with gas. His ad vice was to cool it and beat round the bush. So I cooled it and de cided not to bull in a china shop. He said daunt thro the blak baby out with the bath water. He said to kip my shirt on. He said daunt kill the goos that lays the golden eggs. When I sow dat he is vizer than any vizier be for Him, I de cided to kip him in house with me all along.

I burned the candel at both ends and remembered that Rom was not bilt in a day. And sins dis was greek to me, so be for jumping off the deep end I took it to God. I tot dat man's extremiti is God's uppertuniti. Then at the drop ave hat I de cided, as yur trusted leather, that we will not be sitting doks. Better be envid then pitid. Nothing venchurd, nothing cained: Itill bi fist or famin. And dbest way to face our enimi is to dik liar war against it widowth mincing the worth. When the going gets tuff, the tuff gets going. I'll be right back!

If you want to keep a smile on your face, LOVEDA is the answer! Ask your doctor to prescribe LOVEDA for you! Approved by our Lord's Food and Drug Administration, LOVEDA is the choice of most doctors. You will lose inches, acquire the ability to move using your own feet, repel morning breath—all with one pill. Elderly patients may develop psychosis. Taking LOVEDA increases your risk of death or stroke. It may cause suicidal thoughts in adolescents and young adults. Call your doctor if you experience high fever, muscle rigidity, headache, dizziness, confusion, sweating, shaking, increased heart rate or blood pressure, uncontrollable facial or body spasms. Common side effects include nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, constipation, gastrointestinal bleeding, difficulty passing urine, seizures, chronic phantom pain in the testicles or breasts, abnormal restlessness, anxiety, insomnia, and death. Additional side effects may occur. Ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist for more information. Consult your doctor if after taking LOVEDA you faint, attempt to commit suicide, become aggressive, have panic attacks, or experience dangerous impulses such as a desire to kill your neighbor, spouse, or children. LOVEDA is the drug of choice for millions of Satanlanders. Make LOVEDA your choice and the choice of your loved ones and improve your quality of life. The use of LOVEDA has not been shown to prevent weight gain, immobility, or bad breath. Take LOVEDA now, before it's too late. Developed by Eternity Pharmaceuticals.

I coccion u, fello denizens of Hell, that The war agains tterrorism will not be a peace o kaik. Butt it ill be like pulling tit. It ill cost arm and a leg. A cat in gloves caches gnom ice. Butt we will lower the boom on ovr enimi, will gyv demn the third degree, and will never again lok the barn door ater the hoars is out. Emir aka rom the loman on the totem pol to the hayman on the totem

pol will sho them that ovr noz is knot out o joint, and we ars not over the hill yet.

There arstil many triails our nayshun must ace. But as our ounding dad George Buchanan said, exsample is better dan precept; God helps them hoo help themselves. There for we will shove ovr enimi ovr di terminacion. But we shoold not cuwnt ovr chickens before they hach. We shoold batten down the haches. We will bate the bullet, they will bate the dust.

Nok on wood, I no the ropes. We will sho them the cold sholdier av emir aka. We will keep their noz to the grindston. We will hunt them Everestile; we will kill their leathers and make shur that there side o the stor is ne'er herd. Dead men tell no tails. Day say dat we lied to them. I say, ask no queschens and here no lies. Even do we will skait on tin ice, we wont our enimi to no that the ski is the limit o ovr potentsheol. I'll be right back!

Investment opportunities span planet earth and so do we. Global investment opportunities are out there if you know where to look. We at Dick Sacho know where to look. We have over 70 years of experience evaluating global equities in bull and bear markets alike. With investment professionals on the ground in over 155 countries, we offer investors an unparalleled perspective on the increasingly cherished and exponentially growing world of global investment. Our goal is to provide our investors with outstanding returns. Integrity and honesty are the heart chambers of our business. We aggressively seek to expand our client relationships, and when we fall short of our promised goals, we employ our henchmen in the Black House and Capitol Hill to occupy other countries. Through our longstanding business relationship with the SIA, we ensure the ascendance of favorable business partners to power in all countries where we have an economic stake. We regularly receive confidential information from Satan and guide our clients accordingly. Significant employee stock ownership in our firm consolidates the interests of our employees and shareholders. Call 1.888.888.8888. Your future mansions and year-round worldwide vacations, guaranteed by our Lord's security agencies, are just a phone call away.

Aris Total once said that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. So we will cach one in the hand and let loos two in the bush. We hav shon them that beggars can be choosers and the blak shipo'ovr amili can lid them by the nose. These foks mistook our calm be for oper asian nord storm. My kelleag in Elizabeth City has arready de claired that we will call there bluff and maik them under stand that those hoo cunt hit the side ave barn cunt fite city hall. My killeag sad date sins we have a spatial real asian sheep, we will not have to garri all the burden on our sholdiers. I told him dat it takes two to tango. A brotel shard is a brotel haved. My killeag said not to worry about the vine drinkers, sins one Englishman can kill three freshmen. As u see, we always see eie to eie with imp or taunt tissues and dont bilive in old wiwe's tails. A woman's place is in the home, a sholdier's place is in the front says my wife. God's worth says he hoo can does; he hoo cannot, tiches. Our enimis ar playing genterman. But when Adam delved and Eve span, hoo was the genterman?

God bless Emir aka and all the reedom-loving nacients o the word hoose ars with us. Dos hoo ars not widows ars againstus. Itisa Time tested wiz dome that birds ave father bloc together. But we shoold never for get dat politics maiks strang bedfellas.

God belss Emir aka.

Ruthful Excelsus, by demolishing Leninstan, you ruined Paradise. Thereafter you spat on it, left it in the lurch, for the Paradiseans are not terrorists.

Lux Mundi, how many kurush are the "democracy" and "human rights" which you preach

are worth when you still deny even their genocide, when you are in bed with the executioner in broad daylight?

Amor Amor, today you urge Osman Pasha and Petrol Baba to suffocate Paradise by blockading it on four sides, efface it from the stage of history at the opportune moment.

Hominem Salvator, do you deserve to lead the world when your geopolitics reeks of moral cancer?

Divine Exchequer, your debt to Paradise has reached a quintillion of washingtons. Who gives you the right to fritter away this mortgage on Nabuchadnezzar?

Yours is the death penalty!

Electric chair! Not the kevorkian.

And it came to pass that Dog murmured a prayer which he had learned at the Dream Middle School.

Thank you, Satan. Glory and honor to thee, elder father, unsmotherable trove of torches, whence my mind, in my days of childhood, I came humbly to illumine...

Afford me light, Incontrovertible Beatitude, impervious architect of the universe, forger of fate and cognition. The poet entreated God the same only a century ago but was lampooned by His Lowness. Now I entreat you, Grantor of Desires. Help me, Most High Satan, you munificent wisdom, I a caneless shepherd to your great sermon, I a reducible mortal, I a drab steward of the spartan tribe of Hay, I a nescient scribe and illegitimate friar, I an unwavering flag of your faithful throngs, I a blind spring and hunchbacked wanderer, I an undeserving blessing of your unceasing glory, supplicate light for my unlettered herd...

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