

[back...](#)[next issue...](#)

The Crux

October 2002

Ten

It turns out that most people believe in heaven. This childish fantasy has to stop. It's like believing in Santa Claus. As soon as my newborn baby pops its head out of my girlfriend's vagina, I'm going to look into its ignorant little eyes and say, d'you know, this is going to be short and unpleasant, and then when you die it'll be over. If I were you I'd get back in. Of course, I'm going to whisper all of this, so my girlfriend doesn't hear.

I already hate my kids. I'm not going to hit them or anything, but I'm going to demoralize the hell out of them. You know how people always say they're going to be nothing like their parents were? Not me. I'm going to be exactly like my parents were. My baby will look up at me with a twinkle in its eye and say d'goo, and I'll say d'put some clothes on, idiot.

Anyway, what I was saying about heaven is that it's just about as real as I am ugly. I mean, it's not real. At all. See, and some people may think that, but they're wrong, because they're looking at things from the wrong angle. My nose just looks big from the side.

Science has produced a function for every body part, and a body part for every function. That is, you do not have a soul, as we have never found one inside of a cadaver, and there is no obvious function for it. If we do have them, they're like appendixes. All they do is get food stuck in them and get infected. Like the principals, Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. Souls: infected. I got mine removed. I sold it for the gifts of brilliant writing and humility. Sort of a two-for-one deal.

You need a soul to go to heaven, right? That's what you people think, right? What makes you think you have one? Is it your will to live, and to do right by your fellow humans? Those can be explained by evolution. See, all the animals in homo-erectus (I'm thinking of Matt) that didn't want to live, died, and didn't pass it on. A predisposition to suicide is a very undesirable trait. All the suicidal cave people went and got eaten by freakin' dinosaurs or whatever. And people who don't want to help their fellow brothers and sisters don't do very well, either. I mean, compare how few bitter newsletter-writers there are to the multitude of Catholic priests, who just want to help?

You need chemicals in your brain to give you happy feelings because if you didn't have them

Some people think that they're getting paid for this later on. They're wasting their time. You can come with me. We're past doing what we are told is the right thing, now we need good reasons to do the right thing.

Religion is useless now, because it's just sets of rules to make sure people behave, and people follow the rules because they think they're going to heaven. It's useless because we won't just sit there anymore, we keep asking, d'why?

You and I aren't going to follow rules because of promises of reward. To be sure that we're doing things for good reasons, you and I are going to do things that we don't want to be paid for.

If you like my jokes about pornography because you think porn is good and jokes are good, then you have to know that I want to string you up with the rest of them.

If you like my jokes about pornography because it makes you want to cry every time you see a girl being stepped on so hard that she can't possibly fight back, then we can be pals.

Hey, speaking of the awful, overwhelming fear of death, another thing that I used to think about at night is love.

See, most guys just think about some girl in their math class, masturbate, and go to sleep. But not me: I had to lie there and think about who I'm going to marry. This is bad. Don't do this. Here's why:

I was trying to replace my mother. At the time, I had no idea that this was the case, but it's true. My friends would say, d'having a girlfriend isn't all that important, buddy, and I'd think to myself, d'well it is to me. That's not true. I was just flat out wrong. Having a girlfriend in high school isn't all that important to me, or anyone else. It's having a mother that's important.

I thought I was a romantic, but I was being about as romantic as Norman Bates. In exactly the same way, unfortunately. It's no coincidence that the time when I felt like my mother wasn't there for me is the exact same time that I decided that I needed to go and find a wife.

That whole thing was sick enough already, but the worst part was yet to come: I actually succeeded in replacing my mother, which is one of the few things in life that many people try to do, but really hope that they don't actually do. Well, I'm a pretty skillful guy, and when I put my mind to something I can usually get it done.

So I ended up with a girlfriend that felt exactly the

you'd just kill yourself. Imagine going to school without the occasional natural high when you get another fascinating list of dates to memorize for social studies.

Am I getting through to everyone? Happiness = chemicals = reason humans still exist. There have been species that couldn't experience happiness, probably, but they didn't last very long, or it didn't matter in terms of helping them to survive. Like trees. Who gives a damn if trees are happy.

No, see, I know what you're doing. You think you're such an enlightened person, you're saying d'I care if trees are happy. You're holding tree guts right now. I took tree guts, and then wrote about how I hate trees on them.

same way about me that my mother does.

She always told me I was doing something wrong and that she didn't like the way I was acting, and I always felt like I should be doing more to please her. We should've broken up a long time before we did, because I don't think that either of us ever liked the other enough to kiss. She thought I was mean to her, and I thought that she was never supportive of me.

It's easier than you think for people who don't like each other to end up in relationships. Just look at your parents.

I think we should all aspire to go out with someone that likes us as much as Ava Gardner liked Frank Sinatra. She said, d'Frankie only weighs 120, but 100 pounds is cock. That's love.

FIVE Important Things to Think About

- 1. And shall we delve into the psychology of why my ex-girlfriend was attracted to me? I'm hot. I'm so hot it hurts.**
- 2. I am not going to stop writing my newsletter until Lili Kim's picture is on the one dollar bill.**
- 3. My dad's a PhD, and he says that everyone who doesn't like my writing just has a big crush on me.**
- 4. Dear People Who Think That Ninth Grade Girls Are Weak, Frail Things That Cry When They Read My Writing,
Allow me to explain the severity of the situation:
I wish I could distribute these at Fort River.**
- 5. Well, we've never had a principal with so much melanin and so little penis, but I still think that Ms. Guevara should be running things.**