

# The Art of Blasphemy

By blasphemite

## Entry One

Wednesday, August 17, 2005

Progress: Book of Deuteronomy, chapter 2

And I am thoroughly sick of these established artists abusing their rank and status by sloppily and randomly flinging paint onto a canvas and calling it “art.” And I am disgusted that it has become fashionable, even expected, for the whole of us to wear a mirror on our face and smile when others do. And most of all I am disgusted of these sociological notions of holiness, of taboo; and of idiots saying, “This *thing* gives me the creeps.” Well to that I say, “He who opens his mouth and covers his ears is a God damned fool”; or, as our beloved Aristotle more aptly put it, “The mark of an educated mind is the ability to contemplate a concept without accepting it.” Most assuredly, I decree that any man who refuses to talk about any subject, no matter how emotionally disrupting it may be to him, will inevitably reach a permanent ceiling of intelligence above which ascension is fundamentally impossible. This is most commonly referred to as closed-mindedness, but I say that closed-mindedness is more of a matter of stagnation. For I believe that we have the ability to learn until the day of our death, to be open to new ways of life until the day of our death. Therefore, in the interest of opening the one door in society which has the most rust and dust on its surface, I present unto you what I call The Art of Blasphemy.

When examining all the documents and artifacts of old, the Bible is irrefutably champion of all that has survived the ages. Though it has not come to us fully intact, its voyage through the annals of history is nonetheless remarkable. This is probably why so many heathens have enjoyed to desecrate Bibles in so many ways, namely by the fire. While my hat goes off to these little blasphemites, I nevertheless contend that burning something only offers finite and temporary desecration. For not only is the act itself left wanting with respect to a magnitude of desecration, but the act itself implies permanence—something which cannot be repeated; and since the object of desecration ceases to exist after the fire, it ceases to be desecrated as well. To put it simply, it was my goal to create the single most defiled book in the history of mankind, a defiled book that will remain in its agonized state of existence; and what better a book to choose than the Bible? The words of this book are all too often revered as holy, so much so that the physical book itself becomes almost as a holy thing. So to take the most influential and most revered book in the history of the world, to make the hardcopy which houses the holy words not only unholy but in fact so horribly disfigured that it can only be seen as an *object*, is the new art.

The plan as it stands is to successfully masturbate onto every page of the Bible, in logical order from cover to cover. An unused condom is the book marker. Before starting I removed all of the other pages that are not scripture the pages with the copyright and publishing information, the useless glossary that lists “sandal” and not “shekel,” the page about how to spread your legs for Jesus and receive your salvation. Aside from the two covers, only the dividing page that says NEW TESTAMENT remains, and I will masturbate onto that too. I estimate that, at my given rate, the process will require another ten to twelve months, the current progress notwithstanding. At the moment I am single, a free man, so there would be some delays if I am to become entangled

during that time. But I also must say that masturbation is not the only way in which a creative mind may corrupt a Bible. In addition to the fruit of my loins, I have also added urine, feces and mucus-rich saliva. Simply put, I have devoted every one of my natural bodily fluids to this work *with the exception of* blood, sweat and tears. Now I must note that this is no exact science, since some blood is in morning spit, and since sweat may easily crop up in various places simply because the act of masturbation influences sweat. So to that effect, I write off all unplanned things as artistic license.

I must also emphasize that the pages are not maintaining structural integrity: this matter concerns me. In addition to drawing and writing various blasphemies in appropriate locations, and a particular blasphemy in which I ritualistically tore every page of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah with the exception of the pages that contained the contradictions regarding the returning exiles in chapters two and seven, respectively, I had also carved FUCK YOU GOD into the back cover (it is a paperback). This, mingled with the natural liquids of my body, has in turn caused the back of the book to begin to disintegrate. At this moment only half of the back cover remains. A few of the pages of Revelation are also half missing. At first, when the back was shedding its skin, I had simply discarded the remnants; but now, seeing the bigger picture, I am depositing those fragments into the rest of the Bible—this way I make the Bible eat itself, and I also hold more eligibility to claim that the entire Bible is represented and tarnished.

I had hoped that the semen would cause all of the pages to be stuck together, accenting the fact that this Bible is rendered unusable. However, it appears as though the presence of urine has created a dampness that will not go away, and, as we know, moist surfaces are not beneficial to things like glue or other adhesives. The presence of feces has had a minimal effect—I should say a minimal consequence—on the physical aspect of the Bible. The spit, while not as abundant as the semen, has made its mark and is seemingly causing more stick between pages than is the semen. But now I must note, for the sake of superiority, that I am only ejaculating onto the pages in logical succession, and not spitting or defecating or urinating in logical succession. When I present any of the other fluids, I present them onto either a random page or a page with a specific passage, such as the well known John 3:16 for example; and I do not spit or defecate or urinate onto the pages in logical order from cover to cover, since that honor is bestowed solely upon my semen.

(I should feel it my duty to say that I am not devoting one act of masturbation to every page as the pages are numbered, but to every open page; that is, I will open the book to page 540, for example, with page 541 on the right-hand side, and I will occasionally aim myself appropriately so as to spill my seed onto both sides—usually the crack of the pages receives the brunt in these instances. I would feel indebted to ejaculate separately onto both page 540 and then later page 541 as in this example—spanning two sessions of masturbation—but because the pages are flaccidly sticking together in the war between the semen and urine, I fear total dissolution of the pages if I were to attempt to reopen the book to pages 540 and 541 for the latter page's sake. So I should also remind the reader that even though page 541 is not necessarily masturbated onto directly, its opposite side, page 542, *which is the same physical page*, is indeed ejaculated onto; and aside from this, page 541 is smeared with the residue of that which has been ejaculated onto page 540. This is my ultimate claim that each and every page is sufficiently defiled by the natural fruits of my body.)

My only regret is that I was not born so many hundreds of years ago, for if I had presented this work then I would most certainly have been hanged by the neck until dead, or tortured and executed in some other unimaginable way; and I regret not having that opportunity because I

believe to be put to death by a stubborn and pigheaded society for what you believe in is the greatest thing you can achieve in life. The mere *act* of being put to death in such a fashion is doubtless an act of art in itself, an art which can only be fully appreciated by the condemned artist.

## Entry Two

Thursday, August 25, 2005

Progress: Book of Deuteronomy, chapter 31

I added my first scab to the work just now, and I feel this one is significant because the concerned wound, being on my face of all places, has the possibility of scarring. Aside from that, I should say that in the previous entry I had neglected to mention that in addition to all of the aforementioned elements which were being added to the Bible, pubic hairs have also been intermittently sprinkled, as well as clumps of dirt that can be achieved by the rubbing of two fingers—rolling the layer of dirt on the skin into a little ball. Dried nasal mucus—the so-called “boogers”—have also been utilized. I do believe that the whole of this and the previously credited items altogether concludes the list of biological ingredients added to the Holy Word. There are, as has been mentioned, many blasphemies written inside. These can be pictures, markings, song lyrics, poems, or anything else that I see fit (some things which I have written are intentionally omitted from this diary, since I happen to agree with the casually popular trend to have hidden features in a work). Special thanks is given to Marilyn Manson, as I freely used “GodEatGod” from the spectacularly dark and dreary album *Holy Wood (In the Shadow of the Valley of Death)* and also “The Reflecting God,” arguably his best work, from *Antichrist Superstar*. For what it is worth, however, I would like to add that the former is most certainly my favorite work of his (despite the fact that it is an intro song), easily ranking anywhere among my top three favorite songs of all time—it is something that I can listen to again and again and again, many times consecutively. Aside from these two works, I do not feel it necessary to add any more works of another author; rather, I will only employ my own poetry from this point forward (but I will stray from this if I see fit). As it is now, I have used two of my own, one of which was written in a language known only to me. I felt it most *appropriate* to add this script to the back cover which guards the Book of Revelation, to that very cover which guards the particular passage in verses eighteen through nineteen of the twenty-second and final chapter, in which the impotent warning reads: “For I testify to everyone who hears the words of the prophecy of this book: If anyone adds to these things, God will add to him the plagues that are written in this book; and if anyone takes away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part from the Book of Life, from the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.” Verily, I, your humble narrator, decree this day that I have taken away from this Book of Revelation, that it was my knife that has stabbed the book in the back and destroyed many of its contents, not the least of which was the very warning to which I am now responding; and conversely, I also decree that with respect to that which remains of this book, I will most certainly *add*—I will add that which only a man can add, and I hope that at the end of the day this word will be as clouded and murky as a window in a steamy sauna.

While sifting through the Bible in search of a good place to spit, I have noticed time and time again the wonderful and magnificent colors that have manifested on the pages due to the

natural process of decay. There is black, with an origin of which I am entirely uncertain; and teal, many varieties of teal which I had never in my life seen, and with an origin of which I am equally uncertain. And there are purples and browns and coppers; and the textures of these blotches of color are quite odd, almost like a fungus or a moss. In many instances these unknown substances cause the random page that is being opened to rip, but to rip in a seemingly orderly fashion. For I have noticed, more than once, that it would *seem* as though the book is opening finely, but that suddenly, in the shape of a perfect horizontal rectangle, a tear would be born and continue along until conclusion in the crack of the page. This is happening everywhere. Indeed, it does seem as though the entire Bible is falling apart. A hole in the front cover, between the HOLY and BIBLE which are vertically stacked, has considerably grown in size. Structural damage is clearly going to become critical at some point before completion. But, in my own view of things, the necessary qualification for the statement that the entire Bible, no matter how mutilated, is represented is simply the fact that if the root of every page is still clinging to the binding, then it matters not how much of the page is there—the ripped, abused, half-gone page is intact and indeed valid so long as it is attached to the place to which it belongs in the book. Of course that merely brings up another question: Will the binding hold? Well, to that I say the only thing that I can say: We shall see.

## Entry Three

Monday, September 19, 2005

Progress: First Book of Samuel, chapter 18

“Dear God, do You want to stop being a coward and show Yourself?”

Everything that happens only confirms my bubbling contempt for humanity. I hate you all. I *do know* of a process that many of us young ones go through, a process in which we “find ourselves.” Assuredly, I had already found myself long ago; but now I am losing myself. And I don’t care. I don’t care.

My father remains convinced that I have a demon inside me. He is unaware of this project, but he certainly suspects that I have recreationally raped my Bible once or twice. And I’m glad I brought this up, for it is my father who incessantly asks me a certain question that I would like to lay to rest once and for all. And this *is the* question: “Why do you hate God if you don’t think He exists?” Now, ordinarily, such a bastardly question would not be given any thought by me, since the *one who asks* clearly did not give any thought. But merely for expediency, since the question oft arises, will I answer it. Now my brothers and sisters, I must relate the existence of God to complicated things, since the existence of God by nature is complex. Therefore, consider particles *as they behave* under what we call the laws of quantum physics. Did you know that the picture-perfect model of the atom that you learned in high school chemistry is a sham? It is a good concept, and it helps you learn, but it is in no way a depiction of reality. For you see, in reality, particles—we shall stick with atoms for convenience of the reader—are more of an intravenous blob than a structured thing. To isolate an electron in space and also its instantaneous velocity is strictly not possible: this is the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. The principle applies chiefly to our ability to measure, but it relates the general concept that atoms are only there in probability. Simply put, the electrons do not orbit the nucleus as you might think, but instead they form sort of an intravenous cloud around the nucleus, a cloud of probability as to

where any particular electron might happen to be at any given moment in time. Forgive me, for I know this may be complicated to anyone with less of a background in such matters; allow me to rephrase the analogy. Consider a coin toss: barring the magical possibility of it landing on edge, there is only heads and tails. It must be the one or the other, but *mathematically* it is both—that is, it is half heads and half tails simultaneously every time the coin is flipped. So in a sense, I say that God both exists, and does not exist—there are the two combined possibilities of Him existing and Him not existing, and these two possibilities add up to one hundred percent. It is unknown which is true. So therefore, this is my stance: if God exists, then I hate Him; and if He does not exist, then I only hate the creation of the Bible. And so now you know I am an antichrist, and that is my nature. Maybe I will go to hell one day, or maybe I will not. Maybe my worst of fears will come true and I will suffer the indignity of a deathbed conversion. But one thing remains certain: whether fate endows me with an involving girlfriend, or a busy schedule, or a limp penis, I will never stop this blasphemy, not ever.

One thing that had almost slipped my mind, something that I actually ought to have noted in the previous entry nearly a month ago, is the manifestation of death in my body. Something has grown in my chest. It is an infection, and it had reached its apex long ago, but yet its selfsame form remains. Its existence is a mockery to me. At its peak, it felt as though there really was something inside me: there was, and currently is, a sprouting of infection in the cleavage of my chest, and at one point there was a corresponding patch of infection on my back. And right in character there was a vague pain inside my chest, exactly betwixt the two infections, a pain which activated every time I contorted my torso or coughed in any way. So in that *sense* it truly felt as though there were some invisible, massless rod impaling me. The pain in my chest and the infection on my back have both subsided, but the anomaly on the surface of my chest remains. Now, being that I truly do not *believe* in anything, it is hard for me to explain what this is, since I have never seen it before (it has plagued me for so long, and it seems as though it will never go away). A part of me thinks that, naturally, God is doing it to me as a meager form of punishment or revenge. Another part of me thinks that my ex has hexed me, being that she is a witch—she claims to be that of the Wicca, and not Satanic; and so if she is guilty, then she will receive her retribution threefold. But I do not believe that she is Wiccan, or that she is strictly so; rather, I think she is merely everything that is not Christian, and this would encompass Satanism: for *she is* the proverbial “rebel without a cause.” I have since abandoned such theories as to the synthesis of the curse in my flesh (I only did entertain them for a short time); however, I have read Anton LaVey’s *The Satanic Bible*, and—despite my fiercest of denials as to the invocation of Satan and the even remotest significance of a Satanic ritual—I cannot logically defeat the definition he employs to explain magic, which namely is a science *before it is* a science. I realize that we have yet to prove or disprove the existence of telepathy (and with our current scientific method it is doubtful we ever will); and having read about how the rituals work, it appears as though bottled up energy in the subconscious is allegedly utilized and radiated as an electronic signal from the mind in an explosion of emotion. On my part, not much can be said about Satanism—only that, to me, it is a failure, and the *The Satanic Bible* most especially in its ambiguity.

One last thing worthy of note is my concern for myself. I am overdue in my confession that my chief source of inspiration for this project has been pornography—specifically fellatio, and all its wonderful different variations. I am beginning to believe that the image of the penis is bad for the subconscious. And I say this, and I marvel at it: there are girls being horribly disfigured with a faceful of manhood, an utterly disgusting thing, and yet I only care about myself. Truly I only wish that it was I who had erupted onto her face and narcissistically smeared something which was

once beautiful. I think that there is a *little bit* of Satan in every one of us. As a side note I can honestly say that I, in my noblest of deeds, declined my first opportunity for fellatio. Of course I regret it now, especially since the lady was Filipino with full lips. And not only that, but my pure act of not wanting to “defile” her was rewarded by being dumped the next time we saw each other. That day was the beginning of my decline. Now I have become a bit of the thing that I have always hated. For indeed while I passionately hate the so-called “players” and the way they manipulate women, I somehow know that I would if I could. I would if I could, even though I now see sex as a wholly sickening act. The male shall dominate the obedient female, and her only purpose in life shall be to pleasure him. What is more horrible than this? But what is more true? Has it not been engrained into the minds of both boys and girls of today? The boys search—I assure you they do—they search of some cherry that they may devour. And they will never, ever love. The ugly girls are always *burning with passion* inside, whilst the pretty ones just lie there and get trampled like a delicate flower. But the female will never truly enjoy this thing we call sex, and her abyss will only grow colder with time. And each day that passes I grow more detached from my penis, and I hate it more: it, along with the other three billion penises out in the world. “Look, she is seventeen. And confused. Come, let us deflower her...”

## Entry Four

Friday, September 30, 2005

Progress: First Book of Kings, chapter 1

Today I desecrated my Bible in a more fashionable way than ever before, and, mind you, it was more by quantity than by quality that I did it. The book was open to the transition between the Second Book of Samuel and the First Book of Kings, and the first thing I did was drop a globule of pus into the spread eagle book. Then I took the book into the bathroom and defecated onto it, proceeding to smear the feces all over the face of the two pages in a systematic fashion. This was a stench so great I had never encountered. For in the past, my Bible would stink of semen, a smell almost like that of fish; but I do believe that my mind *or* my brain had in time become acclimated to it, and I no longer can smell it save for some extreme instances. But this smell of feces was new to me, for while in the past I had ordinarily closed the book immediately after finishing the ritual of feces (for I do not intend to defecate onto every page, nor will I do it in chronological order), I did not immediately close it this time because of my intentions to do more to the specified two pages. And believe you me, the smell emanating from that Bible became so overbearing that I had to don my cheap dust mask, which I momentarily removed in order to spit onto the open pages. This truly was horrible, and anyone who could see this would have been sickened. I looked down at my Bible, with the speck of pus and the drop of spit and the massive ranks and columns of feces all on the two open pages, and I realized I couldn't leave anything out. Of course the grand finale would be my victorious ejaculation onto the pages, but I also found it necessary to urinate onto it. Fortunately, I had not much urine to spare at this time, for even with the little that was on the pages I had difficulty keeping it level and spill-free in transit from the bathroom to my bedroom. Something that is also worthy of note is that there appears to be some sort of wound here in my Bible, right here on the right-hand page that I desecrated—this page, and many pages before and after in the depth of the book. The nature of it is caused by some sort of fluid which is not allowing *a certain part* of the page to be opened when the rest of it

is, and the result of every turning page is a new hole in the Bible. But I am certain that this anomaly does not carry throughout the Bible, so I intend to drudge through it (my bookmark, the unused condom [rather, partially used but not fulfilled, due to a previously botched sexual attempt], had to be removed when I defecated onto the pages here: for ever since the near beginning, I, in order to maintain routine and to minimize error, have regularly been in the habit of taking the condom out and placing it in the next page behind the one that I will masturbate onto; this works well to ensure that I desecrate every page and that I need not again desecrate a page twice just to be sure, since it is far easier than you might think for one to lose his place when doing something such as this). And that reminds me: the infection in my chest has seemed to heal now, and I do not believe anyone would be able to see what remains unless the concerned person were actually looking for it. The new flesh that has grown in place of the infection is soft and tender to the touch, but I do pray that such affects will fade away in time.

I am beginning to recognize that what I am doing is fast becoming dogmatic and ritualistic. Personally, the words “religion” and “ritual” strike me with a vastly awkward sensation, even when applied to the blatantly blasphemous religion of Satanism. When I ask someone what religion the person is, and the person does answer, I think to myself, “Now that you have named what you believe in to be ‘religion,’ and knowing that there are thousands of other religions in the world, by what grounds do you claim that your religion is true and that the other mutually exclusive religions are false?” Being that I live in America, the country that does force its sheep to swear upon a Bible when under oath (the very book which says, “Do not swear at all... but let your ‘Yes’ be ‘Yes’ and your ‘No,’ ‘No’”), I do realize that the permeating Christianity in this country is greater than the people itself: it is the framework of our government. But the strange thing is that while I am drowning in this ocean of Christianity, it seems as though most people *do not wish* to speak of it—not that religion is forbidden, but that it is boring, or, perhaps, it is not a necessary issue of discussion since the majority holds the same view. And on my behalf I will testify that I do maintain much respect and dignity when speaking to these Christians, and in a sense all I do desire from them is civil conversation and debate. When I am fortunate enough to ask the question of religion to these fellows, the most common response is as follows: “Christianity is a relationship, not a religion.” One would be hard-pressed indeed to reconcile this claim with James 1:27, but I often grant the Christians this argument nonetheless. In the same fashion I do not endlessly quarrel with the stupid and asinine assertion that the Bible is “sixty-six books by forty authors,” for while I know that the Christians in their canonization have divided whole books into two or more books and that there is likely to be *more than one* author for any given book, I likewise do not combat this issue. For in the past my main focal point has been the slew of contradictions, or, as the conservative fundamentalists will liberally put it, “alleged difficulties.” But now, my good friends, I have a new argument, or rather the combination of an argument and a question, one which I have never yet used in conversation—an argument that borders on the bizarre but yet is rooted deep in the bowels of logic, an argument which perhaps only our porcelain God is fit to answer.

First I assume that the Bible is indeed sixty-six books by forty different authors, for while these are not the precise statistics, the number of books and the number of authors is finite, thus the two numbers in question are actually somewhat arbitrary. So being that the Bible is sixty-six books by forty different authors, this means that, in a sense, the Bible is unaware of itself. As strict and religious as the Jews might have been in handling the Word, there is no instruction in the Word itself on how to handle itself. So my ultimate question is: “By what law or ordinance can you claim that it is a sin to masturbate onto a Bible?” The *Catholic* Church claims that it is a sin to wear condoms, to masturbate, or to “pull out” right before climax—all based on one act of our

abominable friend Onan, who was one of God's many victims of the Old Testament. So therefore it could be argued that the sin I carry in my acts is the sin of masturbation, but to that I say, "How, then, am I any different from anyone else?" (of course all the blasphemous and demonic things I carve into the pages are sins, since I am commanded to love and respect *God*; but, conveniently for me, that is not the topic of discussion). Or, even more of a resonating question: "Did Jesus ever masturbate? Did Jesus ever ejaculate in His sleep?" For I should think it impossible for a man to live thirty-three years and not once ejaculate (unless some form of a malformation is present, which in this case would disqualify Jesus as the "unblemished lamb"). (And a very unnerving question I sometimes pose to Christians is the question of whether or not Jesus' feces and urine is holy.) So if one were to *grant me* the notion that masturbation is no deadly sin, then I argue, from a Biblical standpoint, that there is no evidence of sin which leads to death in what I am doing; and if blasphemy were a crime, I would face no charges (that is, I would face no charges regarding masturbating onto the Bible, but, as I said, many other things that I have done to my Bible very easily qualify as blasphemy).

I remember one fellow with whom I had used to work, a fairly slow-witted man who usually had nothing interesting to contribute to conversation. But one half-hearted joke he said to me was outstanding: in the context of this project of blasphemy, of which I had informed him several days prior, he looked at me and curiously postulated, "What if, when we get to heaven, we find out that you were the only one who truly worshipped God in the right way?" Indeed, the Lord works in mysterious ways.

## Entry Five

Thursday, October 6, 2005

Progress: First Book of Kings, chapter 17

Another day, another page. Or two. Or three. But who's counting? I have gotten lost in it all, and so I had to make today special. The ritual I performed just moments ago was very contrived from the start. I'd been planning on doing it for some time now, but for one reason or another I had just never got around to doing it (and for the longest time I had considered to just insert the act into this journal to enhance *the appearance* of my sacrilege, but I do feel that I want to commit every sin save for the sin of lying: I decided then, before writing the lie, that everything I shall write herein is the uncensored truth, unfiltered even by my own bias; and I will be God damned if the day ever comes that I need to keep track of my lies when it is so much easier and *so much more fun* to actually do the deed instead). To begin with, I was not in the mood for masturbation at all, which I think had special significance here—I am forcing this, an act of determination, which in all honesty makes this disgusting act even more horrifying. Then, the first thing I did was I took a black Sharpie and wrote JESUS CHRIST into the palm of my dominant hand, the two words vertically arranged one on top of the other. It has yet to smudge. Then I found moderately inspiring pictures on the internet, but I was cerebrally insistent to not perform yet: for another important part of this ritual was to first read a portion of scripture, as a form of foreplay. I read the first few verses of the fifteenth chapter of the First Book of Kings, the chapter which I intended to violate. (By the age of nineteen I had completely read all sixty-six books of the Bible [but none of the Apocrypha, none of the Book of Mormon and none of the Koran].) The passage I read spanned the entire life of some wicked Jewish king, and it was vaguely familiar. I was deft to

steer myself toward that passage when the proper moment came.

Also, while I was reading the now violated passage, I did perchance happen to see a fly buzzing about atop the terrain of the pages; and I suddenly saw the flat, open book as a dead wasteland, a cold and barren hell with the skulls of the crucified buried underneath. It was not until after I finished with my Bible that I finally *realized* that the fly was actually in my room. How did it get there? I don't know. It had been so long since a fly had breached the walls of my home. The fly did return to the open and desecrated page when I was completed (for I am certain it had left while I was busy with the Bible), and I had hoped that it would somehow remain inside when I closed it; but it's a fly, and it flew away. And I am reminded now of the other day when I was browsing my Bible, and I noticed for the very first time something of an ink blot—only, of course, it was a semen blot. For sometimes, when my intervals of desecration are not too great, the Bible is still wet on the previous page. And for the first time, the shape of the outline of the wetness resembled an object: a heart. And I was laughing.

But O my friends, I am not laughing right now. I must report to you now that I have recently viewed *Wicker Park*, and something terrible happened—nothing. For just as I learned very early that God would not or could not strike me dead for all the things that I had done, and that the significance of blasphemy *specifically is* nothing, so too did I realize the deep and hidden core of the heart of a person is nothing. *Wicker Park* was a film, a good film I might add, that portrayed the kind of love that I have always believed in, the kind of love that I have always identified with. And I saw myself, truly I did, in those characters who were so vainly committed to the phantom lover. It did very much remind me of a person for whom I have so deeply felt (and always will), whom I obviously will not mention by name; and it also reminded me of the deepening black hole inside me. I know in my holographic heart that the things in this film never happen, and that there will never ever be a person who will go to such lengths for love—not for anyone, and especially not for me. I do realize now that while I may many a time view things as a presentation, and that I will want to play the game of discovering a secret admirer who is equally committed to playing along, the truth is that no one cares. I look at people and I see no passion at all, not for anything, save for the drive for sex in males; and I do wonder why these pointless people continue to breathe. I am so displaced. I will look into a mirror and I swear I see a mask in the reflection. But when I look into the abyss, the abyss does not stare back at me. I can do nothing but plunge into it, and the grinding of my flesh against its walls will not slow my descent. I will continue to crumble in my melancholy spiral into oblivion, and perhaps, if I ever do fall fast enough to arrive down in the shallow puddle of infinite blackness of the all-encompassing singularity down at the bottom, it might be there, on the cusp of Nothingness and Anti-form, that I will at last see the place where God lives.

I would like to briefly submit a *clarification* of something written above. Long before I had ever started this project of sacrilege, I had been engrossed in the writing of a novel. This passion for literature soon gave birth to my abominable poetry. My first legitimate poem as I recall, that is, the first poem I had written by my own defined skills and by my own style (and I confess it was the first poem that contained my own original thoughts), was unsurprisingly titled “Rape Your Bible.” And it was indeed this concept that ultimately lead to my daring blasphemy—a concept that, albeit likely already known to others before me, I alone had come up with. But long before my words manifested themselves into my actions, I had written another poem, “Evil Agent Evangelist.” Now this poem I felt was far more blasphemous than my “Rape Your Bible”; and I had completed it just before I needed to go off for work. Even before I left, as I was saving the file into my computer, I felt anxious that God would smite me on my drive to work. I felt fear for the hand of God. Of course, nothing happened. Nothing ever happens. By word and by deed I have

blasphemed the name of the almighty God in every way I can possibly conceive of, and I will assuredly do it in more ways as soon as they are made known to me. But still, nothing will happen. This is for sure what has led me to the conclusion that I mentioned above: the significance of blasphemy is nothing. Nothing ever has happened to anyone because of blasphemy, and nothing ever will. For I attest that I have committed, within the bounds of that which is legal in America, every single blasphemous act that can be conjured by human thought. Assuredly, if our bloodthirsty God were to smite anyone, it would be me. Therefore, I ask: "Why?" Why am I alive? For what *purpose* am I still here to be a perpetual infection of this planet, unless, of course, there is no God?

It has occurred to me on numerous occasions I am fast becoming an evil person. I do confess that I will cut your throat, but not ever will I attempt to justify this deed as would this sickening generation try to justify or negate the immorality of something like abortion. I was a good little Christian once; however, this world is one giant disintegrator. And so now I have become a monster, something very, very, horrible; and the outside of the Elephant Man would outshine the inside of me.

My heart is a balloon, but Your sky is a vacuum.

## Entry Six

Monday, October 31, 2005

Progress: Second Book of Chronicles, chapter 31

Personal firsts, personal worsts. As I said, I want to tell the truth at any cost; and I would that it be so that the only sin I do not commit is the sin of false witness—for it *does indeed* take a very evil man to tell the truth, and I am that man. First off I should correct an exaggeration in a previous entry and submit that I have in fact not even come close to committing every blasphemy that I can conceive of (that is, within the realm of that which is legal in America): I have not cooked a goat in its mother's milk, as would the arbitrary recipe for blasphemy require in several areas of the Pentateuch. I had also considered to have LEVITICUS 19:28 blatantly tattooed somewhere in my flesh, but I had never gotten around to it. Frankly, though, I am personally against the idea of a tattoo—it *is* a foolish and youthful thing in my opinion, but I am judge of no one. I will never commit an act of homosexuality or transvestitism purely for the sake of blasphemy. And there are so many other bizarre things I could do that it is almost countless. I am not as dedicated as I could be; honestly, though, I will try anything that leaves no permanent or long-lasting consequence, so long as the effort required in setting up the act of blasphemy is not too much an inconvenience. But nothing like that is happening. I am going nowhere. I seem to be in a horrible slump right now in my life, a slump in which nothing gets done; and the only constant is my Bible of abomination.

Just moments before writing this I had probably the weakest orgasm I had ever experienced through masturbation. The cumulative effect of this excessive masturbation is causing a meltdown, and I feel I must take a brief interval of rest lest I incur permanent damage. I will right what I have wronged and come back to the same page that I had pathetically defiled in no less than a week's time: it is imperative that I discipline myself for such a time to take no action. And while on the topic of one-time events, I announce now at this approximate quarter-way point that,

as far as I can recollect, I have only masturbated onto or into something other than this Bible only one time since the project began, and that was only because my Bible was in my vehicle and not in my room at the time (oddly enough, a coworker of mine actually requested to see the Bible but then reneged the following day when I did bring it, and I had left it in my vehicle overnight). I can think of no other firsts at this time, but those two alone are critical and devastating to my project. I will confess that the art I present is not perfect, but I will not stop, even if I must agonizingly crawl across the finish line in a squirmy slither like a creature with cubes for limbs.

## Entry Seven

Monday, November 21, 2005

Progress: Book of Job, chapter 38

The more things change, the more they stay the same. My infection in my chest has in fact been off and on, and it has not totally gone away. I continue to go on, nothing changing in my life whatsoever. But I did recently amaze myself: I have several Bibles of the exact same type as the one that I am now defiling; and before I had begun this project, I would occasionally open up a random Bible and write profanities inside it. Of course, I was not so tentative that I would write these things in extreme locations such as Genesis or Revelation: no, most often I would just find the best, most suitable holding for my thumb on the edges of the book and open that Bible up. This, more often than not, resulted in me opening to about the middle of the book. And now, in my project of blasphemy, I have come so far that I have reached an ancient and random profanity—FUCK YOU GOD was written to cover the whole page. And then later when I came to the next page—that is, two numbered pages later, since it was the next flip of the page—there was FUCK YOU GOD again, only this time the word YOU was underlined. And then FUCK YOU GOD again on the next flip of the page, and this time YOU was underlined twice. Three times must have been sufficient, I thought to myself; but behold, the next page had these words yet once more, only this time the bottom word GOD was underlined. I have at this moment in my mind a mental picture of one of the words GOD that had appeared, and a gray outline appearing around it which was the result of the discoloration of the paper from saliva. “I will bury your God in my warm spit” was inevitably the first thing that I recited, the words of Marilyn Manson from his song “Deformography,” found on the sinister album *Antichrist Superstar*. I also feel indebted to mention that one time while in the bathroom I had noticed, during the days in which I was occupied with this stretch of pages containing FUCK YOU GOD, that two small pieces of a page were sticking to my penis. I recognized a semicolon on one of the fragments and was reminded of how horribly boring and never-ending the Bible can be. Verily, I have a long way to go.

Perhaps I also ought to report that, in a previous instance while masturbating, I had stared into a plaque that hangs on my wall, a plaque with the word JESUS on it. The plaque itself is made of porcelain or ceramic or something *like that*. The word JESUS is crafted and painted to be in the likeness of wood; and it fills the center and the entire diameter of the circular plaque. There are flowers above and below JESUS. My mother had apparently made this thing for me about two decades ago. I dislike both Jesus and my mother, (although I must confess that I hate Jesus and not my mother) and so I am equally as perplexed as anyone else as to why I would hang this thing upon my wall. I know that I did hope to achieve arousal from the classic image of Jesus, the image of Him with the long hair and either no beard or a trimmed beard. But I am not

homosexual, and try as I might, I cannot achieve arousal from the thought of Jesus. Neither can I achieve arousal from the image of His name. On a similar topic, before this matter of the plaque I had once masturbated while watching a televangelist on late-night paid programming. The televangelist was a round man, big, black and bald. And when I had noticed that all of his cheer people and all of his amen people were also black, I did recall to mind my own experiences of church—how white they were. For I know that Christianity claims to unite all in the name of Christ, and that there is no Jew or Greek or black or white; but I look and I see white churches and black churches and brown churches and prison churches. Insofar as golfing brings white golfers together, or golfing brings black golfers together, Christianity only brings white Christians together with white Christians and black Christians together with black Christians. Do you honestly believe that a white man can walk into that black church and not get some stares? Do you honestly believe that a white church will lend the same respect and courtesy to a black preacher as they would to a white one? For I confess to you now that there is *no difference* in the quality of a person whatsoever when comparing a Christian to a non-Christian, specifically a Christian to an atheist. There are goods and evils on each side. There are Christians who are murderers. There are Christians who are child molesters. There are atheists who are terrorists. There are atheists who are bank robbers. Religion changes *absolutely nothing* about the integrity or perseverance of a person. The only difference between a Christian and an atheist is a Jesus fish and a Darwin fish.

I have yet another bizarre question which I would like to pose to certain Christians. For the question is concerning the entire crux of the religion: the death of Christ on the cross, and what it meant. For on the one hand, we know that Jesus came to fulfill the Law. But on the other hand, we know that He came to create a new Law. Therefore, I will first assume one Christian principle and proceed to tear it down; and then I will assume the only other possibility and tear that one down as well. And when I tear it down, it will not be rebuilt in three days.

The first possibility loosely revolves around the passage in Jeremiah 31:31-34, in which God is to grant the people a new covenant. If you will allow me to veer off topic, I will say, based on nothing at all, that this covenant is meant to be for the Jews who will return to Judah from captivity. But Christians will grab and claw at this one verse with their last frantic scrap of hope and cling to it as their sole Old Testament passage that predicts the new covenant (the communion) of Christ with the Church. I will grant this ridiculous and pathetic connection, and I will let it be known now that Christ indeed establishes the new covenant with the church in this particular verse. This effectively washes away the old covenant (the Old Testament). According to Colossians 2:14, the old Law was nailed to the cross. (Indeed, how can this prophecy in the Old Testament be valid and point toward the New Testament if the Old Testament itself is *nullified* by the New Testament?) We no longer need to sacrifice scapegoats because Jesus became this scapegoat. The Law is dead to us. Jesus spoke of loving God with all your heart, and of loving your neighbor as you love yourself; but many Christians will claim that this is merely the sum of the Ten Commandments into two simple commandments and that it is not any form of a new law. For Jesus did indeed fulfill the Law, but only because He was in fact Jewish. Jesus could not sin, and any deviation from this arbitrary Law would be sin. But now that Jesus has bled for our sins, we need not worry ourselves with the old Law. Therefore, I should feel compelled to ask this: if the old Law *truly is* abolished, then by what grounds is it true that one is not free to commit murder? Or by what grounds is one not allowed to commit some other sin, in fact any sin other than the blasphemy of the Holy Spirit? For the Bible had perhaps thought it acceptable and adequate to provide the social and moral commandments in the Old Testament, but no such order is given in the New Testament. There is no law at all, but only contemptuous

commentaries regarding sin; but I must say, and I think most will agree, that the flippant remarks of the epileptic Paul which are not even instructed in the second person cannot compare to the authority of the hand of God carving commandments into stone. The New Testament offers only vagaries and holograms, and aside from this commandment to “love one another” there is no objection to complete and total anarchy.

There is another group of Christians who will perhaps try to say that we still ought to obey the ordinances of the Old Testament. After all, it was established indistinctly to Abraham and specifically to Moses; and it was meant to be *eternal*. At least now we have order and peace, and we agree with the rest of the world in that murder is morally wrong. But now the Christians must honor the Sabbath Day—Saturday and *not* Sunday—and they must not eat pork or any of those four-legged insects, wherever they have been hiding. They must grow out their beards for whatever reason. And although Jesus died and they have salvation at life’s end (they will go to heaven instantly instead of having to wait in Abraham’s bosom for the coming of the messiah [how did people go to Abraham’s bosom in the vastly early days, the days before Abraham was born?]), they must still sacrifice certain animals as peace offerings to God and as sin offerings to God and as any other type of appeasement—for it *must be true* that the sacrificing of animals is some form of an appeasement to God and not any attempt to seek clemency or forgiveness from sins, since the blood of bulls and goats cannot wash away sins; otherwise it would have had no purpose at all back before the blood of Jesus had been spilled, and likewise, since animal sacrifice is not meant for the remission of sins but rather for appeasement and reconciliation with God, we are still obligated to do it to this day. Also, these traditionalist Christians must make cities that one can flee to for safety if guilty of manslaughter, for although Deuteronomy 32:35 says that vengeance is the Lord’s, the closest relative of the deceased is apparently allowed to seek revenge. They must not receive any tattoos and they must resist that compelling urge to cut themselves in honor of the dead. They must put the Law on their foreheads and remember every word of it. They may charge foreigners interest, but they must not charge their kinsmen interest. They must *forgive debts* every fifty years. Any man that rapes a woman must marry her if she is unmarried or unbetrothed. Disrespectful children, homosexuals and “insubordinate” or unfaithful women are to be *put to death*. Certainly, certainly it is clear that some of these commandments are outdated, because some of them would cripple us and some of them would outright destroy our society. Of course we still mutilate the penises of our males at birth and euphemistically call it “circumcision,” and we do still repay an eye for an eye by our institution of capital punishment. But the question is—or rather I should say the problem is—that if we are still under this Law, this *eternal* Law, then the blood of all the genetically altered cattle in the world will not be enough to satisfy our mad and rabid God.

It’s no wonder that it is so difficult to talk to a Christian these days. They are all so jumbled in what they believe that they must drag around this naïve façade to facilitate their image of simultaneous sinfulness and babe-like innocence. I remember one occasion in my Christian days in which I was walking along to the mall with my pastor, with the mission of street witnessing, and my pastor overheard some teenager exclaim, “Oh Jesus Christ,” or something like that. And my pastor could only say, “Look, he calls upon the name of the Lord!” Could one truly be so blind and numb to the world as this, that one will interpret every word and deed as an attempt at worshipping the omni-impotent God? I hope these Christians one day open their eyes and get instantly blinded by the infinitely bright darkness engulfing the planet. No one loves God, and there are no reminders of Him anywhere. There is nothing in this world that points to Jesus except the diamond-tipped oil drill bits burrowing straight into the dirt. Say what you will about the inconsistencies and improbabilities of the theory of evolution, but we *do know* that the universe

itself must be billions of years old and there was no Eden. From stardust you came, and unto stardust you shall return. Can you see heaven in the barrel of my gun? What say you of this impossible reconciliation between old and new? Or of the reconciliation of free will and predestination? Of John 14:6 and the souls who will never, ever hear the gospel? Of perfect love and hellfire? Of contradictions and inerrancy?

The modern-day Christian swallows a sloppy conglomeration of the two Testaments. We agree it's wrong to murder, so therefore we cite the Ten Commandments on this. We think it's nonsense that we can't eat ham, so therefore we say that that rule applies to the Jews, or that it's wiped away along with the rest of the old Law. But it makes sense that man's blood should be shed if he does shed another man's blood. So will you then reject a law given in Leviticus because it's outdated, but then simultaneously accept a law given in Genesis? Is Genesis also what you cite to give you the right to circumcise the male newborns? We used to think that circumcision had health *or cleanliness* benefits, but now we know that it simply isn't true. Circumcision will be a difficult superstition to snuff, and aside from the torturous executions of innocents it is possibly the worst superstition of them all. The main reason for this horrible perpetuation of circumcision is that none of us walk around with our penises exposed; and even if we did, we would need the majority of the people to be uncircumcised so that we would notice that circumcision is mutilation. All the males carry around this mark of Stupidity, and they all carry it under their clothes. It has come to this. I hate the world more than I love myself. I make myself sick just to poison you.

## Entry Eight

Friday, December 16, 2005

Progress: Book of Proverbs, chapter 16

I am beginning to believe that I would stand a much greater chance of survival out in the wilderness than the average city civilian. At the expense of all self-courteousness that exists inside me, I have devised a new, more blasphemous and efficient method in my work: to accommodate "overshot" semen that does not land upon the surface of the Bible, I have found it expedient to rip out a piece of the page and to mop it up with that piece of paper, and then smear that piece of paper back into the original page. This, and the many other sick, perverted, demented and nauseating things that I have dealt with thus far in the creation of my abomination have acclimated my mind to an extent to which others would not be willing to trespass. At first, I endured such indignity by ensuring myself that I am willing to suffer for the sake of art; but now the same acts require far less mental endurance, and in all honesty I think that if I was among the survivors of a plane wreck in the jungle then I would be among the first to start plucking the grasshoppers from the earth and crunching them between my crooked teeth. And I don't care at all that most people are disgusted or sickened by this, because if those people were present in the aftermath of the tragedy then I would use their starving and weakened bodies to keep myself alive.

Perhaps the main reason I find this whole matter fascinating is the very fact that it is given such attention in the first place. I'm not one to eat insects for health reasons or simply on an impulse; in fact I've never done it in my life, and I hope it stays that way. But the fact that some people would need to begin the process of starvation before they would begin to swallow the six-

legged creatures really does make me wonder why civilized humanity does not eat insects or arachnids, or any kind of *creeping thing*. First I assume that our ancestors had been poisoned by some of them, and thus abandoned them altogether because animal meat is never poisonous. But with the knowledge and technology of today, it would be very easy indeed to commercialize these scuttlers into tasteful, healthy snacks. Maybe this is simply not possible because humans are somehow innately disgusted by insects and arachnids, and that they are emetics to us; or maybe we are afraid of these insects and arachnids: that arachnophobia is not actually a phobia in the true meaning of the word, but rather an unlearned, unconditioned fear inherent in human beings. And I think the same can be said of religion. It cannot be stressed enough that the vast majority of all human life believes in some form of a god, demigod, spirits or the supernatural in some other form. So desperate we are to cling to something that is bigger than us, to swallow our cross-shaped pills, that we lose sight of what is directly in front of us: nothing.

As rudimentary as religion is in its straight-line path to God, it can't help but have its doubts when there is no light in sight. Uncertainty and hopelessness rise like vomit in an esophagus when what we see is different than what we believe to be true—this is otherwise known as panic. The Dark Ages perpetuated our attempts to unify both science and religion, but the one and only result that ever came forth was failure. Inasmuch as the slithery subtleties of Christianity try to lay claim to the legitimacy of creationism as a science to prove the existence of God, I try to lay claim to the legitimacy of blasphemy as a science to *disprove* the existence of God. Believe me when I tell you that it is difficult for me to demonstrate in any new way that God will not and cannot strike me dead. Of all my scientifically blasphemous possessions, among the most prized and the most seldom used and most concealed beneath the shadows in my closet is my authentic Jesus voodoo doll, made in New Orleans and blessed by a voodoo priest. Now I cannot stress enough that I *do not* believe in voodoo or anything of the sort; but the blatant blasphemous nature of this was temptation beyond what I could resist. I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed when first receiving this idol, since it was made of porcelain (I had wanted it to be of cloth so I could poke it like the traditional voodoo doll so beckons its user to do). But apparently, the primary use of a voodoo doll is a focal object in rituals and not for my vain and sick pleasure. The only things I can tell you about the voodoo doll itself is that Jesus is cloaked in the American flag and that there is some strange creature at His side. John the Wizard, the salesman, suggested that the creature might be a self-portrait of the artist, Mr. Lucky. I must credit John for being so patient with me, since the very fact that I ordered a Jesus voodoo doll demonstrated that I knew nothing about voodoo and only wanted the object for some bizarre, unconventional use. And though I am sorry for the loss that John must have incurred as a result of Hurricane Katrina, I am almost certain that the value of my doll has increased as a result because there might not ever again be an authentic Jesus voodoo doll from New Orleans. At this point, the purpose of the doll is to be a future display item when I move out of my parents' house; but recently, I did do my best to use it in some cheap ritual, dare I say a scientific ritual—I simply held it in my hand while I masturbated onto the Bible, and then a second time I let it sit in front of me while I did the deed to accentuate the mockery of how “Jesus watches you masturbate.” Of course I was certain of what the results would be before I had done it—completely and absolutely *nothing*—but in the spirit of science I felt compelled to do it anyway to be sure. Through demonstration and recording of some act which is observable and repeatable by others with predictable results, I have scientifically proven that, as I say so often, God cannot or God will not stop me. Science has prevailed and has crushed Christianity's head, but Christianity has bruised science's heel. Do you want to hear truth? The truth is that preachers will continue to preach as fact what they only believe by faith. The truth is that people will continue to believe what they believe not only when they see no evidence to support it, but even when they see evidence to contradict it! And among

us humans, there is no greater truth than this: fact is *irrelevant*. We will continue to humiliate ourselves for the sake of our invisible savior until the end of time. And don't all you elders in the church feel that the end has been near for so many years, so very many years? The truth is that in the end, there is no salvation and no forgiveness. In the end, the throne of Christ has been built upon the blood of millions of men and there is still no Christ to sit in it. In the end, all your prophets are just foaming at the mouth.

## Entry Nine

Sunday, December 25, 2005

Progress: Book of Isaiah, chapter 1

I would like to share with you a certain revelation that came to me quite some time ago. It is something that I came up with completely and solely by myself, but that is not to say that there were not others who didn't discover it before me. I remember reflecting on the birth of Jesus *who is called* the Christ, and trying to categorize it with the birth of the many other great Jewish persons. I will discuss my revelation in a moment, but first I feel duties to mention that all of the supposed prophecies that point to Jesus are in fact bogus. Among the most bothersome is the verse Matthew 1:23, which quotes, "Behold, the virgin shall be with child, and bear a Son, and they shall call His name Immanuel," which is translated, "God with us." This is a mutated and deformed grasp at Isaiah 7:14, which says, "Therefore the Lord Himself will give you a sign: Behold, the virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." Proper examination reveals a slew of lies and deceits. Not only is the name Immanuel never used in reference to Jesus (except for this one verse in Matthew which is trying to force an irrelevant prophecy), but the hypocrites have done what they so often accuse the skeptics of doing—taking a Bible verse *out of context*. The surrounding story which leads up to this prophecy is as follows: King Ahaz of Judah is paying tribute to foreign kings, which angers the rest of Israel. Thus they intend to siege Jerusalem, and King Ahaz is frightened that his city will be captured. Isaiah approaches the king and says that Jerusalem will in fact not be overtaken, and informs King Ahaz that he may request a sign from Jehovah to confirm this. But King Ahaz, possibly out of respect of Deuteronomy 6:16, refuses to tempt Jehovah. Isaiah doesn't take no for an answer, however, and in response gives the afore-mentioned prophecy. So the question is thus: how, O how I say, can this alleged prophecy mean *anything* to King Ahaz if it is not to come to pass for another five centuries? Furthermore, it is admittedly a sign and not a prophecy, which even more so validates the above question. And as if that weren't enough, it is also true that there are many Jewish scholars who disagree that the Hebrew word is "virgin." For the Jewish word "almah" is similar to our word maiden, since it can mean either a young lady or it can literally, physically and legally mean "virgin." That is the word that is used in this verse, which provides the entire crux to which the Christians clutch; but the main opposition to this is that there is another Jewish word, "bethulah," which wholly and exclusively means "virgin" in every sense of the word. Therefore, if this is a prophecy and not a sign, and if this is meant to be a miracle and not a one-if-by-land-two-if-by-sea type of sign, then why not use the explicit word "bethulah" instead of the common word "almah"? If it is true that the sign in question means only that some young woman will conceive a child and name him Immanuel, then this is indeed something of an anti-miracle and we would wonder why God would send this every-day occurrence as a sign when in the past He did

allegedly employ miracles. However, miracle or anti-miracle, it stands to reason that the sign or wonder, in order to hold any significance to King Ahaz whatsoever, must have occurred five hundred years before the birth of Christ. You want a sign? Behold, I am fast approaching the seventh chapter of this book of Isaiah, and in the name of Satan I decree this day that I will spill the blood of angels with my blasphemy; and yet I will live.

Forgive me, for I fear that my contempt of the evil agent evangelists has led me too far off course. The revelation which I had meant to share so long ago is thus: Jesus' Father was God, His mother was Mary, and Mary was betrothed to Joseph and not to God; therefore, since Jesus' parents were not married, Jesus is in fact a bastard. And today we celebrate the birth of our bastard Savior. I always receive arguments against this, but they usually come in the form of intravenous babble and incomprehensible gasps of frustration. The *only* argument I've ever heard against this, besides people saying that Jesus' illegitimacy doesn't matter, is that Jesus' immaculate conception makes Him exempt from being a bastard. But, as I understand it, the concept of being a bastard is entirely Jewish in origin, and it spread to Europe and later to the Americas because of the immersion in Judeo-Christianity. I say that, according to the English definition that we currently have of this word, you're a bastard even under the following unfair and uncommon circumstances: if your biological parents were married at your conception, but then became divorced (or the father died) before the time you were born; if your mother was pronounced dead from complications while she was in labor with you (if she died after you were born then you are not a bastard); if your biological parents were married in some respect, but that their marriage license was not recognized in the jurisdiction in which you were born; if you were a test-tube baby in a surrogate mother; if your mother artificially inseminated herself with sperm from a sperm bank or did something similar to that. I would contest that the situation of Jesus is most related to the test-tube baby case. Now to address the half-hearted argument that the illegitimacy of Jesus is irrelevant: Deuteronomy 23:2 says, "One of illegitimate birth shall not enter the assembly of Jehovah; even to the tenth generation none of his descendants shall enter the assembly of Jehovah." Of course, the Christianized Bibles say "the LORD" instead of "Jehovah," but I will not grant them this substitution because the original Hebrew reads "Jehovah" (in various forms and derivatives); and I think that to call God by "Jehovah" instead of "the LORD" identifies Him closer with the pagan gods such as Molech and Ashtorah, and exposes the one-sided nature of the presentation of the Bible.

In light of all this—the illegitimacy of Christ, the mutually exclusive contradictions in the Bible (and the fact that Christians will lie and mislead up at the pulpit by intentionally or ignorantly failing to address these contradictions publicly), and both the taken-out-of-context prophecies and the non-existent prophecies (when New Testament writers say something and justify it by claiming it fulfills some prophecy even though no such prophecy is found in the "God-inspired" Scripture)—I have become the antichrist that I am today. As the antichrist, I encourage you to read your Bible and see these things for yourself. And I think that, aside from the Christian understanding of the word "antichrist" (that he will rise as world leader and compel all mankind to receive the mark of his name in the forehead or in the right hand), I embody the meaning of the word antichrist in every fashion: whether you go by the Greek meaning of anti, which is "instead of"; or whether you go by the common meaning of anti, which is "against"; but most especially if you go by the meaning which is "opposite to." For inasmuch as I am in support of all religions except for Christianity (instead of) and I am the eternal blasphemer (against), I am also opposite to because I feel in my heart that I would, if it were in any way possible, sacrifice myself in order to destroy all life. Greater hatred has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for the destruction of his friends. When I'm God everyone dies.

## Entry Ten

Sunday, March 12, 2006

### Progress: The New Testament

Bless me, for it has been nearly three months since my last confession. I recall saying that the only non-Scriptural page of my Bible remaining after I tore the rest out is the buffer page separating the Old and New Testaments: I have reached that page today, and it did put a faint smile on my face.

I feel a calling. I feel it is my duty to devote myself to becoming the antichrist. For if I set such a ridiculous goal, then perhaps my accomplishments, even though merely a shadow of it, will be great. I intend to go door-to-door, telling people why Jesus is a lie. I have had one outing thus far, and it was largely uneventful and inefficient: it was about 9:30 in the morning on a weekday (that happened to fit into my schedule) and the neighborhood I went into turned out to be predominantly Spanish-speaking immigrants. So needless to say, those that did answer the door just said “Spanish?” or “No speak English,” to which I said, “Okay, bye.” I had only one conversation, and it was with a possibly bilingual housewife who claimed to be married to a pastor (or priest, I don’t recall if she was Catholic). She was polite, although I could tell she was burning with “righteous anger”—I simply call it hate. But nevertheless, I delivered my lines and I planted the seed. I had expected that I would stutter or be nervous, so I took subtle precautions like wearing sunglasses to eliminate eye contact—it was my first time, I needed all the help I could get. But I didn’t stutter, and I was prepared for anything anyone might have said. As of right now my introduction is as follows: “Hi. In the name of what is right and what is fair, I have come to you to tell you some facts about Jesus Christ and the Bible that the church might not have told you about. Do you want to learn something new today?” I really need to get back out there and do this again, but I feel like all of my drive and willpower is being drained like pus from a cyst.

In my practical life I think I am beginning to get better. I am less affected by the actions of others, and my level of general contempt and depression have declined. The first thing I realized, after finally giving up on the belief in love, is the fact that love *is not* a universal truth, nor can it ever be. For although I know not what is true, I do know that the things that are true are this way whether or not I believe in them. But love needs to be believed in for it to be true. For if I, perhaps, were the only person on the planet to believe in love, then love strictly could not be a truth because love requires the cooperation of another (when I say love in this vague English language, I am speaking of the irrational and inexplicable mutual bond between two [or more?] people). Now of course, in reality if I did still believe in love then I surely would not be the only person to do so; but the fact that what I stated above *could* happen means that love can never be a universal truth. Therefore, I do not believe in it.

I am also beginning to lose faith in the value of friendships. I am constantly reminded of *Antichrist Superstar’s* theme, “When you are suffering, know that I have betrayed you.” Many might listen to that and think that Marilyn Manson is saying this to the listener, but I believe he was trying to convey what he felt the world was saying to him. And I feel the exact same way. I have a few strong and sturdy friendships, really only one, and I have a few delicate and fragile friendships. But the thing I contemplate most is the fact that what I thought were my two strongest

friendships have ended without a word, and the decision was not my own. “When you are suffering, know that I have betrayed you.”

## Entry Eleven

Monday, April 3, 2006

### Progress: The Gospel According to St. Luke, chapter 24

One thousand. One thousand and twenty-three pages to be precise. I feel as though I've reached some distant future only to discover that the world hasn't actually changed at all.

I have created a character that I have named AntichristAnonymous. He is based primarily on concepts stolen from such films as *The Lawnmower Man* and *The Matrix*. The idea is that inasmuch as laboratory monkeys are moving things with their brains because of wires connecting the moving objects to the monkeys' electrical brains, it could be possible to upload a human's brain into a computer system. For my thinking is that the monkeys' electrical signals in their brains are the agents causing the movements in the objects, which means that some of the software of the monkeys' brains is temporarily leaving the hardware of gray matter. Thus I present the far-fetched idea of exiling all of the software of a human's brain from the hardware tissue and inserting that electrical software into some hard drive, and from thence into the internet. This would probably either kill the human being, or drive the vacant body into a permanent vegetative state.

The mental image that AntichristAnonymous has of himself is a black widow spider, except with a red inverted cross on the abdomen instead of the hourglass. AntichristAnonymous wouldn't consider himself to be either male or female, but rather something more of a virus. I have manifested some symbolic representation of AntichristAnonymous in my Bible by scraping off some of the dirt and grime from the bottom of my computer mouse and putting it in the Bible. Although the dirt really comes from my computer desk, I like to pretend that it is coming from my computer mouse—much like we pretend that the moon actually radiates its own light.

The will or purpose of AntichristAnonymous is to be in every computer and in every website. The catch phrase is something like this: “I am the black widow that weaves the World Wide Web. I am the naked image you see when you put yourself to bed.” This reminds me starkly of a particular nude model on the internet who seems to be trying to do the exact opposite. It *appears* as though she is trying to delete herself entirely from the internet, and for this reason I probably shouldn't mention her name. Her name is Wendy June and, from what I have seen, she has a perfect body. Her eyes don't seem to match her face—you can see time and age in her face, not enough to make her unattractive but it is definitely there; yet her eyes are young and bright, almost a glowing cyan. I do believe that she has either assumed some different false name under which to model herself, or that she has left the business altogether for some unknown reason. I keep wondering if she was born again, or had some revelation to lead her to believe that she was wronging her body by her former profession; in either case, it would be likely that she would not appreciate me using her images. I wonder if I'm committing some evil by doing something such as this when it is likely against her wishes. I don't suppose that I would stop doing it if I knew she were opposed, I only wish to know if *I am* committing an evil or not.

In the spirit of what I'm doing, I am compiling a list of all the persons whom I would like to

credit as having contributed to my project. Let me clarify: by “the spirit” of what I’m doing, I mean that the goal of this project is to be as blatantly blasphemous to both God and man as possible while not violating any single law under which I am subject; and when I refer to persons who “contributed” to my work, I mean those whose lives or professions are things from which I have drawn inspiration to complete this project. I am the sole artist of this abominable art just as much as other artists are of theirs, but I do claim today that no artist can make something truly original; I say that no matter how cleverly disguised, most art is the reflection or robbery of someone else’s art. Thus, in the spirit of the copyright law of today, I wish to be forthcoming with the names of those who had significantly contributed to my work, even though I could very easily claim that I had accomplished this feat by myself without any way of someone being able to prove otherwise. My chief concern is that there exists a possibility that I could not legally present this as my own artwork because some large company had made this Bible in the mass-producing factory and stamped their own copyright on it. In my own defense, all I can say is that the book was legally purchased and now I legally own it. It is mine, and I may legally do with it as I please. I only wish I knew the specifics of the law, or that the government had the fortitude to make the laws more feasible to access and memorize.

The end is near. Yet another month, and I am sure that I will be finished. I remember thinking that the Bible’s hinges might disintegrate from the abuse that it was receiving, but now it is clear that the Bible is much more adept at surviving than I had ever thought. On an unrelated topic, the pages are sticking together again. Long ago, the pages were damp with urine—this prevented the semen from causing the pages to stick. But now that the urine has dried up, behold, a miracle: the semen’s adhesiveness, once dormant, now reigns indiscriminately throughout the book. There are only a few select pages that are not sticking, and the majority of them are in Genesis and Exodus for some unknown reason. Yesterday I forcefully opened the book to some random page that was stuck shut, and I saw utter chaos. I had left a wake of devastation in my path, and it looked as though a grenade had jumbled the brains of my Bible. The area of the Bible to which I happened to open to was Hosea. I saw a collage of ripped pages seemingly glued onto the open-faced book like oversized glitter. It was absolutely impossible to recognize anything in there. The one thing that I did see was the exact phrase “ritual harlot.” My immediate instincts were to check to see if these were two different pages or areas of a page that merely *appeared* to be side by side in the wreckage, but there was no dividing line between the two words and they were together *in situ*. Now, my first inclination was to believe that this was describing some horrible human sacrifice to the Jehovah God, such as the one portrayed in Judges, chapter eleven. But I refused to jump to conclusions like the witch-burning Christians, and so I took my other identical Bible and looked in the same exact area of the page in Hosea. The reference note at the top of the page in my desecrated Bible was Hosea 2:18, so I searched the same area in the different book. The “ritual harlot” was nowhere to be found, so I turned to the next page because I thought that perhaps there was some hole in the debased Bible through which I was looking at the passage in question. And there it was. The verse was Hosea 4:14, and the “ritual harlot” was, as I understand it, some goddess from another nation which the Jews were forbidden to worship. The analogies used in the Bible are confusing. For God, or Jesus, is supposed to be the groom, and we the bride; and when we worship other gods, God says that we are being harlots. Yet, other gods are also considered harlots, which means that in some way God is the only male in the universe and we are all lesbians if we worship other gods. I think Paul’s writings, although very strange and irrelevant most of the time, very succinctly sum up the bigotry and male dominance of the Old Testament with the following quote: “The head of a woman is her man, and the head of a man is Christ.” He is the maker. He is the taker. He is the savior. He is the raper.

## Entry Twelve

Thursday, May 11, 2006

Progress: The First Epistle of St. Peter, chapter 2

I should be done by now. But somehow I'm not. It's so close though, so invariably close—I have less than two dozen pages remaining.

The back of the book has disintegrated significantly, as I'm sure I've mentioned. The Book of Revelation is the only book that is considerably affected by this, since it's the last book of the Bible. I recently took a survey of the damage done to the Book of Revelation, meticulously dividing each page from one another (they were sticking together via some residue of biological matter). I counted the pages present and compared that number to the amount of pages present in my other identical Bible. Success: all the pages were still alive in my desecrated Bible. However, each one dwindles in size as they disintegrate—each page is missing more than the previous. By the time you get to the last page of the book, the page is hardly even there, a mere nub flailing hopelessly like an exaggerated clitoris. I don't think that any single page in the Book of Revelation is whole. A few days ago I watched a presentation on the National Geographic Channel about the discovery of something alleged to be the Gospel according to Judas Iscariot—the book was in very bad shape, and in some ways I think that my Bible which I have created has an appearance now more of an archeological discovery than a book created in the present day.

Some archeologists, and historians in particular, seem to have developed some type of a psychosis in which they believe that they intimately knew the people of the past. These historians describe George Washington or Julius Caesar as if those people were their best of friends. This makes me wonder if peoples' jobs affect their lives in a major way. Do dentists kiss their spouses? Do police officers talk to their friends in police code? I would find it unacceptable to allow my job to affect who I am; although I must admit that this project of blasphemy has indeed affected who I am: I'm now much more able to deal with grotesque things, be it in conversational topic or in physical reality. I am able to do this because everything is equally ugly to me now—beauty only exists in my memory.

Think of the fast food that you eat. There are males who masturbate before work and then go and prepare your food without washing their hands. Inasmuch as it is speculated that the average human consumes several spiders per year during the hours of sleep, I conjecture that the average human consumes several pints of semen during a lifetime. It is inescapable. We will all die in our own piss and shit. Everywhere there is filth, grime and disease. Filth is in your eyes, in your mouth, in your veins, in your hair, it is everywhere, even in the air you breathe and the sparkling, crystal-pure water you drink.

## Entry Thirteen

Thursday, May 25, 2006

Progress: Blasphemy

“Then I got my wings, and I never even knew it. When I was a worm, thought I couldn’t get through it.”

It is done. I have completed what is possibly the single-most blasphemous and vile act of performance art in the history of all art. But perhaps that’s a bit presumptuous for me to claim. I suppose that is up to the audience to decide.

So many surprises were in store for me during this last stretch, many strange happenings have been taking place. For instance, I noticed one time that when I pushed down on the closed book, a white, powderish smoke would come out, not unlike the scales that came out of Saul’s eyes when he rechristened himself as Paul. Another strange thing is that I had been planning to weigh this Bible and compare its weight with another identical Bible, having much anticipation of delight just at the thought of this (I wanted to scientifically quantify how much blasphemy I had put inside the Bible); but when the end came and I weighed it, behold, the defiled book actually weighed *less* than the undisturbed book. I was so appalled and shocked that I considered omitting the data from this journal—but then I thought to myself, “I cannot do that, for that’s *exactly* what a Christian would do.” I don’t know the reason for this enigma, but I believe it has to do with weight distribution—for you see, the defiled book is thicker and the pages are more expanded than its undisturbed twin, thus making the density lower and tricking the barbaric scale that I was using (I was unable to use a scale designed to weigh human beings because it gave no readings for such small weights; therefore I used a scale designed to weigh mail for the purposes of corresponding weight to postage, and the platform on this scale was smaller than the face of my two Bibles, thereby causing the anomaly [of course this is pure speculation on my part, and I do not wish to present it as truth]). The Book of Revelation was also a problem—it was actually many new problems that had to be dealt with in new ways. First off, since the pages were half-missing I was unable to employ my used condom as a bookmark, as I had been doing since my days in Genesis (but not wanting to discard of such a contributing object, I placed it in the Book of Exodus, in one of the few pages that was able to open all the way without ripping from the stick of semen). And second, these half-missing pages were crumbling even still. The page numbers in this particular Bible are listed in the top center, and they were not visible any more in the Book of Revelation. I had to look at a particular chapter or verse number, or perhaps at the words, and compare it in line and location with my other identical Bible. This way, I would know if I had or hadn’t masturbated onto any given page. Each page was more missing than the previous, and it began to get so bad that my only possible course of action was to first spit on the back of the current page to make the page stick down (there was very little weight on the stub of the page, and thus it protruded straight out from the binding in defiance to gravity) and then to ejaculate onto plastic and from thence smear the semen onto the page. (This made me feel a bit more like an artist, I must say, because I had more control over the art.) After each session, because of the condition of the pages, it was necessary to allow the pages to air-dry like a tanning hide by keeping it open-faced under my bed (and perhaps it was failure to do this in the past that had caused the urine to take so long to dry). The Book of Revelation put up a good fight, but in the end my seed has prevailed and now the crumbling of pages has stopped because my semen is holding it all together. I will never forget that the last page I masturbated onto was the twenty-second and final chapter of Revelation, and even though I couldn’t read any of it for lack of the majority of the page being there, I knew what it said: “Behold, I am coming quickly.”

In my days I have met many people and I have brought up the issue of the End Times, the Apocalypse, and etcetera. I have been surprised that people overwhelmingly choose to believe

in the Bible and in Jesus Christ—even people that I've met in high-level college classes. They think that there actually are angels and demons and such. I am for a lack of understanding as to whether hell is supposed to be fire and brimstone or complete and utter darkness—I'm quite certain it can't be both. I'm currently in the seventh circle of hell from Dante's *Inferno*, and I'm quite taken aback to see that it seems as though each circle becomes more and more bearable and tolerable—the opposite of the desired effect. Perhaps my opinion will change when I draw near the bottom depths of the abyss, but at the moment I am most struck by the horror of the vestibule, the gate of hell. I don't think that hell is an inferno. I think that when I go to hell, it will be so cold that I'll have to slit my wrists just to keep myself alive.

I think the most comical thing is that, when you study the Old Testament, there is no reason to believe it preaches about the existence of a hell. Hell was invented by Jesus and other like people to make them feel comfort in that the wealthy and the unjust will one day get their due. Since then, the Church has used their creative license to make an epic adventure out of the vagaries and misperceptions alluded to by Jesus. Hell has been edited and revamped and packed with millions of maggots in order to infest you with fear. They are willing to lie to you just to protect Christianity, and the rock star TV Christians like Pat Robertson are willing to lie to themselves, lest seeing they should perceive and hearing they should understand. After two thousand years of darkness, even a speck of light and truth would be enough to blind their cave-dwelling eyes.

Sometimes I wonder: if the Bible were still being written today, would I be mentioned? Would my acts and my mindset be significant enough, in the grand scheme of things, that I would be granted a sentence or a whole paragraph describing the depths of my blasphemy? The answer is no. Deep down, we all wish that we were somebodies, but we all know that we'll always be nobodies. A part of me thought that this project was so horrible and disgusting and shocking that its completion would guarantee me a spot in a constellation of celebrities, for there have been many in the past who have capitalized off of the freedom of speech in order to gain fame (I myself don't particularly believe in the freedom of speech—I just vehemently reject censorship, except to save the children). I wanted to be big and famous, but dreams are made to be broken. The movie stars and rock stars and political stars are out there to remind us that we are nothing. You may not have thought about it, but there are really two different kinds of stars: there are stars that we can all see shining, that we all talk about in the daytime; and then there are stars that, even though we all see them, we never ever talk about them. Political leaders, serial killers and movie stars are all mentioned plainly during the day, but there is another kind that is not. I'm speaking of porn stars—the sadistic and the masochistic, the masters and the slaves, the fuckers and the cock suckers. We all know who they are, but we just don't talk about them. So are they stars? Well, that's for us to decide, for you to decide. As promised, I have compiled a list of all the persons (even though it may be dubious to list their names, since most of these go by false names) who have contributed to my work, be they porn stars or models or actors or musicians or just everyday nobodies like myself. I can't help but parallel this list with web pages that put the names of porn stars and models at the bottom of their page in order to make their web page more likely to be located when someone uses a search engine to find a particular porn star or model (I'm speaking of the types of lists of names that are not hyperlinks). You may or may not know what I'm talking about, but if you did, then you'd deny it anyway. But alas, I digress. Now on to the list of all those who have indirectly helped me on my road to blasphemy—and also I must ask you to suspend your judgments, for *not everyone* on this list is a star and not everyone on this list has shown you their pink insides. With no further ado, I give you the persons whose lives were my chief inspiration: Alexis Amore, Pamela Anderson, Eva

Angelina, Keyra Augustina, Andreea B., Briana Banks, Catherine Bell, Halle Berry, Bobbi Billard, Traci Bingham, Brooke Burke, Cali Ford, Erica Campbell, Mariah Carey, Kelly Carlson, Catalina Cruz, Francine Dee, Angela Devi, Carmen Electra, Erin Ellington, Jennifer Emmerson, Amber Evans, Mandi Rose Fanelli, Friday, Carmen Garcia, Cassie Grafton, Karyn Hamaguchi, Salma Hayek, Extreme Holly, King James I of England, Jenna Jameson, Jesus of Nazareth who is *called* the Christ, John the Wizard and Mr. Lucky, Wendy June, Karyanna, Jill Kelly, Lil' Kim, Roxy Klein, Suzy Kolber, Dalene Kurtis, Veronica LaMarca, Trina Layne, Amanda Lexx, Sky Lopez, Trinity Loren, Gina Lynn, Mackenzie Mack, Marilyn Manson, Masuimi Max, Nina Mercedez, Amber Michaels, Devon Michaels, Crissy Moran, Peter North, Jennifer O'Dell, Linda O'Neil, Tera Patrick, Monica Reichl, Theresa Russell, Kiera Sky, Brittney Skye, Shellie Sloan, Monica Starr, Tila Tequila, Kiana Tom, Vicky Vette, Cerina Vincent, Amy Weber, Sandee Westgate, Kristyne Witte, and Kari Wuhrer.

Many, if not all, of these people would wish that I hadn't mentioned their names. Many other people would hate me and want to kill me for what I have done, that is of course, supposing they knew about this. But no matter what you think of me, I only hope that you remember one thing: the crime that Jesus Christ committed, the crime for which He was executed, was the worst crime of all—Jesus Christ was executed for blasphemy.

