



CHRISTIANITY

My god has a hammer, your god was nailed to a cross. Any questions?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO E.T.

Brownest Yakima has been variously identified as "The Wobbling Hub of the Universe" or "The Bulawayo of Central Washington," for it hosts certain central figures of Semitic cults. Thus it was that I interviewed Jesus & Yahweh back in the "gay" 90s. It is thus as firsthand witness & survivor that I regale the reader with these glad tidings.

It was a sunny afternoon as I strode across the tree-shaded, grassy divider of South Naches Avenue alias Nachos Avenida, according to mestizo denizens. I noticed, lounging on the lawn, a large bearded jew who bellowed: "Oh ye of little faith, how dare you enter my presence without due trepidation, for I am Yahweh, but you can call me Gordon."

"Mr. Yahweh," I said, casually, "I've read a lot about you."

"Heed not what you read, but only what you hear," he said.

"I recently met your son, Jesus, at a local lunch counter. He introduced himself to me & said that only his meds prevented him from beaming himself into your presence."

"I HAVE NO SON!" he bellowed.

"Being a mere mortal, as I am, I don't know if I have any sons to speak of," I reflected.

"You know who I am?" Yahweh said.

"Oh yes," I agreed, "for you look like that fellow I've seen in a Sunday school coloring book." (Note to reader: Yahweh is depicted as a bushy-headed, bearded, elderly jew, a bit like Uncle Sam, but pudgier.)

"I want you to know," he said, "that the impostor who claims to be my son is a liar, even though you heard him say it. He's nuts, I say."

"With all due respect," I said, "Preachers taught me: 'If it comes from a jew, it must be true,' so which jew should I believe?"

"Me, you hear? Only me!" said Yahweh, "As it is written."

"Thank you for correcting my error," I said, but Yahweh had rolled over & did not reply. He snored, which signified that my divine discourse was ended.

As I walked toward the lunchroom where I met Jesus, I pondered the meaning of my kosher encounter. Then, suddenly, as with the vision of St. Paul, I realized the importance of my firsthand revelation: Religion has risen from the dark depths of mysticism into the bright enlightenment of mental health. Houston, we have lift-off!

Translation: Fools & frauds make profits for prophets while inviting suckers into the many-faceted realm of insanity. "My kingdom is not of this earth, so gimme yer dough, sucker!" sayeth Ponzi the Preacher, & his disciple, Madoff, whose popes are Rothschilds of The Federal Reserve, our Temple of Mammon, whom Yahweh serves.

Since mortgages are promises, in the form of contracts, we may call Yakima The Promised Land. Now, ain't that grand? With heaven comes housing, & with hell comes foreclosure. In ZOG we trust; by ZOG we're bust. ZOG giveth & ZOG taketh away, as it is written.

ZOG's kingdom will continue, as long as Goyim don't wise up, for we are choosing to ignore self-evident truths. There are no BIG secrets, since they are 'hidden' in plain sight. ZOG knows!



ZOG-BUSTERS!

WANT TO END WAR IN IRAQ? END ASSISTANCE TO ISRAEL.

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