

an internet blook
by anvil springstien

God is a Cunt! – lite...



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Antipasta, or Prawn Cocktail?

I didn't initially intend to write a foreword or introduction to this piece but was persuaded to after discussing the concept with friends. The general consensus was that I ought to explain, if not in detail, at least in outline, the general idea. Okay, for what it's worth, here goes;

I wanted to write a new comedy show to take up to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. For reasons I'll try to explain later, the theme of the show turned out to be about religion – specifically the three main abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. So far so good.

But where to start? Well, I honestly didn't know, and, at the time of writing this introduction, I still don't. And there, my friends, is the idea – the *concept*; to write the show as it happens. Not a finished product but a *work in progress*, notes, warts, and all. Hopefully, in twelve months time the show will be finished and will open at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe to huge plaudits, ignored completely, or given a jolly good panning! Maybe it won't open at all? Maybe I won't raise the £5,000 to £8,000 it takes to put on a show in Edinburgh these days? Maybe I'll get hit by a bus next week? Maybe, given the provisional title of 'God is a Cunt!', I won't get a venue? Who *knows*? Who *cares*? Well, laying my cards on the table – as if the title didn't do that already - I'm willing to bet that 'God' *doesn't* – on both counts! There, the first joke of many – let's hope they get better.

Please feel free to [contribute or comment](#) on any aspect of the text, narrative, spelling, ideas, grammar, philosophy, science, spleen-venting, fuck-wittery – whatever... although it should be emphasized here and now that they may be reproduced in this very document and, who knows, may even end up in the show.

So there you have it – or rather *will* have it; the process of construction of a comedy performance. Not a blog, not a book, but an *anatomy* of an Edinburgh show (I think I'll call it a '*blook*?'). I look forward to all our contributions, however, let me end this brief introduction with an even briefer disclaimer; *Always read the small print*;

- 1) This is not an attempt to dissuade you from the way of the Lord/God/Gods/Allah/Zeus/Vishnu/Jupiter/Samurai or whatever. I don't believe this is possible and quite frankly I'd rather teach my dogs to chew their own food.
- 2) This is not an intellectual tract – I'm not that clever! That said, whilst I feel fortunate that natural selection has provided me with a brain large enough for me to understand just how stupid I am. I am equally aware that there are other members of my species that have not yet been so lucky – but hey, that's evolution for you.
- 3) Content May Offend – That's what the 'X' at the top right hand corner of your screen is for – Use it now! For those who continue reading and continue to be offended; Well I'm sorry if you are offended but we live in a democracy so let me read you your rights; You have the right to be offended and I may help you exercise that right by offending you. You do not and should not have the right to silence my ridicule of your scumbag religions either by law or threats of violence in this world or, as you may or may not believe, in the next. By stopping me from offending you, you deny yourself your basic human right to take offence – and it will make you unhappy! It therefore may follow that by offending you I am contributing to your total sum of happiness... Don't bother to thank me...

...just strap yourselves in, buckle up, this could – or could not - get a bit rough!

Anvil Springstien. October 2008.

'Comedy is the new priesthood' - "The essence of ritual is performance". Wittgenstein

In the beginning...

"Anyway, I was fucking this dead Nun... up the arse!" That's how it all began. I ought to point out that I didn't actually fuck a dead Nun... well, not up the arse? (Sorry, couldn't resist the joke there). What I meant to say was; I didn't actually fuck a dead Nun up the arse, leastways not in the literal sense - not in the, dare I say *Biblical* sense. Confused? Perhaps a bit of background information would not be remiss at this point. Let's start with an introduction; my name is Anvil Springstien. I'm a Stand-Up Comedian, one time Columnist, some time actor, part-time raconteur, full-time drinker and a writer, of sorts. I live in the UK in the beautiful northern city of Newcastle upon Tyne. I am the proud father of two beautiful grown-up daughters (although in my stand-up set they are both still ten & eight years old allowing me to cling to the cheap gag; *"10 & 8... that's their ages, not how much they cost in old money"* – sometimes you really do just have to be there.) My partner is an architect, has dreadlocks and listens to loads of crap music. I love her very much. We have two dogs; 'bark' and 'molt'. Not their names, just what they do. I hope they will soon die.

So, where were we? Oh, yeah; *"Anyway, I was fucking this dead Nun... up the arse!"* That really is how it all began...

It was nearing the end of my working week. I'd just finished two shows in Edinburgh, one in Glasgow, two in Carlisle and was now standing in front of a microphone, half-way through my last show in the city of my birth; Liverpool. They were rolling in the aisles... no, honestly, they were.

I was explaining to the audience just what a shithole Carlisle was – for foreign readers Carlisle is one of those English towns that would look a lot better underwater. Indeed after last year's record rainfall which had absolutely nothing to do with Global Warming and everything to do with what gay men do to each other's bottoms, it actually did look a lot better - underwater. By the way, if you're one of these Americans who according to Gallup Polls can't point to America on a map of America – you may not know precisely where Carlisle is? Don't worry, I'll tell you; Nineteen Hundred & Seventy Three. That's where Carlisle is; 1973. You can tell it's 1973 'cos everybody's hair still smells of Vosene. Carlisle, like many of my jokes, is both old and parochial – though some of my jokes can be quite dry. It's the kind of town where you'd get off the train, throw your arms in the air and shout; 'Hello! I'm from the future!' Creationists who constantly parrot the lack of transitional evidence for evolution should visit Carlisle.

That said, this weeks visit to Carlisle had began quite well; I'd checked into the hotel around midday (I say 'hotel'... imagine something between a B&B and a Bail Hostel), the air was



cool, the sun shining bright in a wonderful Simpsons sky. I'd been working on an episode of a sitcom called 'Off the Wall'. It's about a group of Roman Soldiers who, whilst the rest of the Empire burns, live quite comfortably halfway along Hadrian's Wall in a small fort called Bobadobadinium. In episode 1 our protagonists, in order to continue living in safe, cushy, lovely Bobadobadinium, persuade Rome that the barbarian hordes north of the wall – actually very friendly people called 'Jimmys' – have developed weapons of mass destruction. The plan starts to fall apart when Rome sends a Weapons Inspector resulting in what we in the sitcom writing business refer to as 'hilarious consequences'.

For the purposes of a particular scene I needed to Google a few examples of 'Clarkes Third Law' which states that: *'Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.'*

Of course 1973 did not possess hotels with internet connections but what better day to throw the laptop in a bag, take a stroll through town and look for a hotspot.

Thirty minutes later I was sat on a bench in a pedestrianised square overlooked by three or four coffee shops, five charity shops, six 'Everything For a Pound' type shops and a block of council dwellings. *Here in the Entropics*, I mused, *the sun shone, but increasingly few felt the warmth of her rays*. I opened the laptop quickly, determined to write that line down. I repeated the line over and over in my head so I wouldn't forget it in the age it took Vista to load; *'Here in the Entropics...'*

Damn! I hate my memory. I normally carry around a small black notebook for occasions such as this but on this particular occasion I'd forgotten it. I once read a book called *The Technique of Memory Retention* which took 879 pages to say this; Place the thought/face/name/number etc' in an incongruous setting. Well, I thought, you can't get more incongruous than Carlisle.

'Here in the Entropics...' Vista whirled in the background.

I pictured David Attenborough, his head lying gently in the lap of a silverback mountain gorilla; he opens his mouth and whispers to the camera *"Here... in the Entropics..."* This is always the way with writing; if you don't get it down before someone or something distracts you, then it's gone. During the last presidential elections I was cycling home when I came up with a gag about Bush getting re-elected after producing a plan to get the *meek* to pay inheritance tax in advance. Someone waved at me from the pavement; 'Hi Anvil!' Gone...

This time it was a noise that was at fault. It was the actual rhythm of the noise which first distracted me. A stamping-clapping beat similar to Queens 'We Will Rock You'; Stamp-Stamp-Clap! Stamp-Stamp-Clap! I love that song. How did the lyrics go? Was it Brian May who wrote it or was it... Oh shit! The line? What was the line? Something about Gorillas? Someone called Ray? David Attenborough blowing a Gorilla? Argh! Too late. Gone.

I looked up in order to vent my spleen at whatever it was had caused me to forget whatever it was I'd forgotten. The Square was now full of people. All of them pointing, not, as you would expect, at the ginger kid who was hanging by his bound hands from a nearby lamp-post. No, everyone in the Square was pointing at *me*?

What?

The noise grew louder, almost deafening. More people joined in – pointing and chanting; Stamp-Stamp-Clap! Stamp-Stamp-Clap! Then the rhythm coalesced into words; *"Magic Book!" "Magic Book!" "Magic Book!"*

I'd bought my Dell laptop from PC World. The guy in the shop had said 'Feel how light it is!'

After ten minutes of running with it slung over my back it felt as light as lead. The baying mob were gaining. *"Magic Book!" "Magic Book!" "Magic Book!"* I turned left. I turned sharp right. I turned left again. Shit, dead end. Shit! Shit! Shit! I dodged into a doorway and pushed, hoping upon hope it would yield. It yielded. I slammed it shut and, breathless, rested my cheek against its cool painted wood.

'Tourist Information, can I help you?' said a voice behind me. I spun around. *'Welcome to Vista'* said a voice behind me. I spun around again. *'Tourist Information, can I help you?'* said a voice behind me. I spun around once more, this time gripping the edge of a desk – in part to steady myself, but mainly to stop myself spinning around yet again as a voice behind me said; *'Vista has encountered a problem and needs to close.'*

Sat at the desk in front of me was what I can only describe as a Council Foetus. The Council Foetus wore a Council Jacket and on the lapel of the Council Jacket was a Council Name-Badge, on the Council Name-Badge a Council Name like Kylie or Tracy or Chlamydia. I'd never seen so many spots. Her face, more puss than flesh, resembled one of those pictures where if you were to concentrate real hard... *'Tourist Information, can I help you?'* *'Er, yeah, sorry love, couple of seconds... just catch my breath.'* Her focal depth seemed to exist either a foot in front of my nose or two feet past the back of my head? It was quite frankly hard to tell.

Proof that the *soul* doesn't enter the body at the moment of conception?

Possibly. Then again, I recalled, Cartesian theistic dualism posits a situation where mind and body exist as separate entities and that the mind – or *soul* – can exist independent of the body, ie; *without* the body. This position, through logical reasoning and the use of a large Cartesian crowbar, allows for immortality, an afterlife, and the existence of God. Furthermore, Descartes asserts, that as with one, so with the other; if the mind can exist without the body, so the body as a separate entity in and of itself, can exist without the mind. This is, of course, a complete and total load of bollocks... Honestly Rene, what were you thinking? However, as I stared at Kylie or Tracy or Chlamydia or whatever, I was overcome by a strange cognitive dissonance. I had what St Thomas would have called a slight momentary doubt?

Perhaps I was being overly harsh? Perhaps this seemingly mindless body in front of me was merely the result of a minimum wage job in a minimum wage town resulting in a minimum wage life? Believe me, I know what it's like. I've been there. I've had many a job where it was easier just to set your focal depth on infinity and leave your *soul* at home.

I was recently reminded of one such experience whilst waiting for a newsagents to open; I'd taken a new show up to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe and the press had been in the night before. I was desperate to read the reviews hence my position, at 6.45am, outside the yet to open newsagents. The papers arrived long before the owner of the shop. I looked at the bundled papers and waited. I waited some more. And then some more still. After thirty five seconds had passed I could wait no longer. I shoved a £5 note through the letter box and cut the string on each of the eight bundles of papers with a Swiss Army knife I no longer carry around for fear of the amount of people I might now stab in any one day. Closing the blade of the knife, I removed one copy from each pile and retired to the wonderful Princess Street Gardens to peruse my critics.

Most Comics have the skin of a rhino. They need it. Eight papers – three reviews; the first one stated my name; Anvil Springstien, the name of the show (*'Bingo Nanna's & Other Causes of Terrorism.'*), then; *'One Star'* following by three words; *"Average pub comedian."* My heart sank. The second was better; *'Three Stars'* and I was the *"hidden gem of the festival."* The fourth was the best review I have ever had in my life. The wind was picking up and I struggled with the broadsheet to find the right page – but boy, was it worth it; *"Five Stars! An hour in the compelling company of ex-security guard, Anvil Springstien, is an hour in the company of sheer comedy genius..."* after that it just got better. I won't bore you with any more. Suffice it

to say it made me feel great, justified the three days I'd put into the writing of the show, and gave me firmer erections for about six months.

And hey, c'mon... five stars... not bad out of twenty. *'Average pub comedian'?* *My arse!* I took out my notebook and wrote down the line;

'As Marx said; Form is temporary – Class is permanent.'

Well, at least semi-permanent. I smiled, shivered and pulled the zip of my hoodie hard against my neck. The wind was turning into a gale. I folded the good reviews and wedged them into a back pocket. The rest I threw into a re-cycling bin near the gate of the park, not wishing to add to the quite enormous amount of newsprint that was already blowing about. Scruffy lot, these Scots, I thought. A piece of baling string hit me in the eye.

By the time I'd returned to my rented apartment I had the review off by heart. Strangely enough, the phrase that kept tapping me on the temple was *'...ex-security guard.'* Ex-security guard? It was I suppose technically correct. I have been a security guard so in a sense I'm now an ex-security guard – but equally and to a much greater degree I'm also an ex-child, an ex-catholic, ex-forces, ex-boyfriend, ex-lover, ex-climber, ex-teacher, ex-social worker. You see I *was* a security guard... but for one night - twenty three years ago? One night! How would they *know*? How *could* they know? Like, just how good is *Google*?

I'd been unemployed for more than six months. Back then, under Maggie, if you'd been unemployed for more than six months they would call you in for something called a 'Job-Seekers Re-Start Interview'. If you couldn't prove to their satisfaction you had been actively seeking work they would give you a job. I walked in for my 'Job-Seekers Re-Start Interview' as a highly skilled but highly unemployable ship-builder. My interviewers were playing the old Bad Cop - Bad Cop routine;

Fascist #1:	'What's your Trade?'
Class Hero:	'Ship-builder.'
Fascist #2:	'Comedian are we?'
Class Hero:	'Trying.'
Fascist #1:	'You're telling me.'
Class Hero:	'Sorry?'
Fascist #2:	'He said; You're telling him...'
Class Hero:	'No, I heard what he said, I was just <i>sorry</i> , that's all.'
Fascist #1:	'Smart-arse here, Ted.'
Fascist #2:	'Tell us a joke, then, smart-arse.'
Class Hero:	'I don't know any jokes.'
Fascist #1:	'Do some of that subtle political satire stuff.'
Class Hero:	'I don't know any fucking jokes, alright!'
Fascist #2:	'Tell us a joke or we'll stop your Dole.'
(pause)	
Class Hero:	'Subtle political satire?'
Fascist #1:	'You heard.'
Class Hero:	'Knock knock.'
Fascist #1&2:	'Who's there?'
Class Hero:	'Margaret Thatcher.'
Fascist #1&2:	'Margaret Thatcher who?'
Class Hero:	'Margaret Thatcher <i>Bastard!</i> How's that for subtle political satire.'
(pause)	
Fascist #1:	'Don't fuck us about son! That's not very subtle is it?'
Fascist #2:	'And it's not very topical either is it?'
Class Hero:	'Subtle <i>and</i> topical?'
Fascist #1:	'You heard!'

Class Hero: 'Knock knock.'
 Fascist #1&2: 'Who's there?'
 Class Hero: 'Margaret Thatcher.'
 Fascist #1&2: 'Margaret Thatcher *who?*'
 Class Hero: 'Exactly!'

Fascists 0. Non-Working Class Hero 3.

I walked out an hour and a quarter later as a Security Guard on £1.49 an hour. They gave me a uniform and a dog – an Alsatian dog – 'Nobby' the dog. 'Nobby' was on £4.00 an hour!

My first 'gig' with Nobby turned out to be my last. Building site - middle of nowhere - midnight-till-eight-shift. We have a concept common to western society called 'fear of crime', an understanding of which does not make one immune. Midnight-till-eight-shift - I was shitting myself. All manner of thought ran through my head; they'll ram-raid the gates, bugger Nobby, beat me to within an inch of my life – they might bugger me! And for what? A few pieces of scaffolding and a cement mixer? What kind of low-life would do such a thing? Bugger a defenceless animal for no reason whatsoever? And the Police; where would they be when I needed them? Too busy crucifying some poor sod who was only trying to protect his own property! Human rights? Don't make me laugh? Just look at the sentencing! Colour Telly's in the cells. Believe me, hangings too good for scum like this. The lash, that's what they need! Stick 'em in the Army, that'll sort them! I fingered the multiple blades of my Swiss Army knife and voted mentally for capital punishment and the introduction of sharia law. Midnight-till-eight-shift – nothing happened.

Nothing that is until about five thirty in the morning when a company van pulls up with breakfast for me and Nobby. It was an All Day Fried Breakfast in a plastic microwaveable tray and a tin of dog food. On £1.49 an hour, the last thing I expected was breakfast. On £1.49 an hour the second to last thing I expected was that the breakfast would be nice.

The tin of dog food on the other hand was of the cheapest variety available. The kind of dog food my own dogs would turn up their noses at. I felt a twinge of sorrow for Nobby as I peeled back the plastic cover from the All Day Fried Breakfast. It looked like it had just come out of a pan; it was moist, it was perfect – even the yoke on the fried egg was wobbling in that *just right porridge* sort of a way. It was at this point I went a bit mad; inside the shed we used as a shelter I found the stub of a green candle which I lit and put in the middle of the table. I put the dog food on a tin plate on the table and persuaded Nobby to sit on a chair; 'C'mon Nobby, up boy!' I thought; I'll have breakfast with Nobby.



crumbles.' I smiled and put a bit of everything on my fork, the way you do with an All Day Fried Breakfast. To this I applied a small amount of sauce from the plastic indentation in the tray reserved for such delicacies. I then dipped the whole lot in to the golden yellow yoke of the egg, the way you do with an All Day Fried Breakfast, and I was just putting it to my mouth when out of the blue came this voice;

The candlelight flickered in Nobbys' eyes. He sniffed the plate of dog food, a seeming look of distaste discernable on his face. 'Ah, well' I thought, 'that's the way the cookie

'You're new here, aren't you mate?'

I looked around! There was no one there, No one. I swear, Just me, and Nobby. Nobby, and me. I looked at Nobby, he looked at me. Trembling I said 'Nobby... did you just... did you just speak to me?' He said 'Yeah...' he said, 'How much are you on?' I said '£1.49 an hour? Why?' He said 'I think you'll find that's my fucking breakfast.'

I know, I know... a talking dog. Still, a lot more imaginative than a talking snake. But more of that later. For the moment we're talking about Nobby – if only I could remember why?

'Tourist Information, can I help you?'

'What?'

'Tourist Information, can I help you?'

'Oh, yeah, sorry love, I was miles away there. Er, yes. Er... sorry.'

Now, what could I possibly do in Carlisle?

It transpired I could do two things in Carlisle - neither of which were in Carlisle. I could go to Gretna Green where all the young folk ran away to get married – that'd look good, I thought; tattooed middle-aged man, hoodie-top, walking 'round Gretna Green, on his own? Now there's a Stop & Search if I ever saw one. My second choice was a coach trip to Sellafield Nuclear Re-Processing Plant – think Chernobyl without the 'Closed' sign. Sellafield has made the Irish Sea into the most radioactive sea in the world and was thought to be responsible for the increased rates of cancer on both the west coast of England and the east coast of Ireland until the UK government said there was no such link – phew, that was close! Still, that said, you'd have to be a right twat to visit Sellafield Nuclear Re-Processing Plant.

Okay, you're going to think I'm a right twat – 'cos I went... C'mon, I was in Carlisle – there was fuck all else to do!

Get this; thirty minutes out of the Tourist Information Centre – minus £7.50 out of my pocket - I was on a bus with forty seven other fuck-wits (who had also spent £7.50 to go on a visit to Sellafield Nuclear Re-Processing Plant).



We get there – it's just a load of nuclear propaganda. Who'd have thought? So I bunked off the tour and ended up in the local pub, talking to the local mutants. Now that really was worth the £7.50! There must have been sixty or seventy of them in the pub – all with one eye – not each, mind – between them. They had to pass it around to look at me. No one would talk about the Plant, why? 'Cos they all work at the Plant! You've got to admire their stoicism, though; all their children

are being born with all kinds wrong with them but they just look down at the new born baby;

'Ah well... two heads are better than one.'

or;

‘Ah well, many hands make light work.’

It’s true too; put a light bulb in the baby’s hand, it’ll come on!

When I eventually got back to Newcastle I went straight to the hospital to get my sperm tested. Didn’t want to take any chances with all that radiation. Of course, the British National Health Service on its 60th anniversary is falling apart faster than a leper with an itch so I didn’t get to see a *proper* Doctor;

*‘However the old woman who was mopping down the corridor...
she said... well, she said it tasted just fine!’*

I expect you may have groaned at the last line. Don’t worry, you were meant to. The audience in Liverpool groaned too. I expected the audience to groan. They groaned in the way a British Pantomime audience groans; they know when it’s time to groan and when it’s time to groan they will groan. Why? It’s all to do with the structure of the performance. Structure is essential to the show and this is what makes Stand-Up (and pantomime) so special as a performance medium. We watch a play or a movie essentially as passive spectators, whereas a good stand-up performance seeks to slowly transcend the space between stage and audience. Both audience and performer grow together as a room and become more than the sum of their parts. They have defined themselves not as an audience and a performer but as a group – as a band. They know who they are, and perhaps more importantly who they are not; insiders and outsiders – us and them – allies and enemies. *We* are all in the same boat. *We* are ‘*complicit*’.

I’ve tried in a very small way to recreate the structure of a performance in this first chapter of ‘God is a Cunt! – lite’, I’ve tried to write as if for the spoken word, but it can never really be the same. It’s so much harder in written words; I can’t judge your reaction and tailor my response. Nuance is lost as are pathways less travelled. In writing it’s there, it’s down, it’s done. It’s in black and white. It’s immutable. Sometimes you really do just have to be there.

In Liverpool that night we really were complicit. Very complicit. It was a great gig.

Structurally, in a performance, what happens next (after the ‘groan’) is this; the performer makes a faux apology for stepping over a boundary but then points out that the audience followed him or her willingly, the audience agree. Complicity is maintained. This leaves the performer in a ‘Well, we’re here now’ situation allowing him or her to make an even more outrageous statement. The peak of the wave-form is reached and, tension released, we race down the trough of hilarity, the subject is changed and the whole process begins again. I’m aware this all sounds a bit technical but it *is* what happens – or should I say what *normally* happens; In Liverpool that night, something odd happened.

*‘However the old woman who was mopping down the corridor...
she said... well, she said it tasted just fine!’*

I looked around at the happy, smiling, laughing, groaning faces and I thought; this is why I love my job. This is why I do this.

*‘Ha! Looking around at some of your faces I’m not too sure whether I’ve
disgusted you all...’*

Brilliant. Wish I’d have videoed this gig!

'...or maybe ... just maybe ... found your level?'

The noise was phenomenal!

'Let's run with it shall we?'

Here we go – the killer punch.

'Anyway, I was fucking this dead Nun... up the arse!'

From this veritable cacophony of noise... *Silence*. It seemed to last an age, only to be broken by a whisper from a woman at the front, her eyes appeared hooded and bloodshot, her mouth a thin, sharp red gash in the flesh of her face;

'You're going to fucking HELL!'

I tried to dig myself out of the hole but the deeper I dug... well, I'm sure you can imagine. What had I done? With just a throw-away line; *'I was fucking this dead Nun...'* it felt like I'd offended a whole city. I walked off that stage to boos and jeers. The one redeeming feature of the night was when an old geezer came up to me and, shaking my hand, whispered something in my ear – I took out my note book and wrote it down;

'You didn't offend me, mate... and my Mothers a dead Nun!'

I slept uneasily that night after an unusually long journey home. I couldn't help but keep replaying the gig over and over in my head. Sunday and Monday I stayed in and got drunk.

Later that week a friend of mine dragged me out for a lunch-time pint. I explained what had happened in Liverpool. Being the sage that she is, she simply said; 'Ah fuck 'em! All religions are shite and God is a cunt!' she turned to the barman; 'Hey, Jimmy, turn that telly on will yer!'

She made me laugh but I still couldn't get it out of my head. The Liverpool of my childhood had indeed been a fairly religious city, but surely, not now? How could I have been so mistaken? I'd honestly thought that religion, indeed God, was dead. A thing of the past. I thought science had won. I thought that we had cast aside all this superstitious nonsense through the slow but inexorable march of reason and inquiry. That we now existed in a world which had developed a body of knowledge – medical, sociological, and scientific, that stood up to examination, to scrutiny. And if it didn't it was discarded. Cast aside onto the dung-heap of history or put into a museum where we could see it for what it was; a part of antiquity.

How wrong was I? Well, very wrong as it turned out.

A woman screamed from the back of the pub, we all looked up and saw a plane fly into the side of the World Trade Center.

No, not 9/11 – just The History Channel showing yet another 'War on Terror' Special. A hail of Dry Roasted Peanuts and Bombay-Mix flew toward the TV. The date, nevertheless, was to burn itself into the memory of a nation. It was the 22nd of November, 2007.

As Jimmy the barman rapidly worked the remote we all turned to the screaming woman at the back of the pub; it was Sarah Morgan, a local social worker. She was being fingered by one of her case-load and he'd broken a nail. Community punishment isn't what it once was.

Someone shouted; 'Lost his Tag, has he, Sarah?'

She stood, red faced and angry; 'Fuck you lot! You can all burn in hell!'

'Insha'Allah!' chorused the pub as she fled - her smiling shell-suited charge in tow.

The invocation of Arabic phrases had become a bit of a running joke in my local ever since the evening of the 7/7 London bombings when a tense enough night was exacerbated by the mysterious - and very loud - explosion of a bottle of Newcastle Brown Ale. The initial shock descended into uproarious laughter as one Geordie wag exclaimed aloud 'Allah u Akbar!'

After that people began greeting each other with 'As-Salamu Alaykum' and upon hearing good news would throw their arms in the air and say dramatically 'Marsh'Allah' in a heavy Geordie accent.

After nearly two and a half years it was beginning to wear a bit thin.

Bored, I looked back to the TV and saw the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Cormac Murphy-O'Connor, a large aggregation of Bombay-Mix covered the face of a suited gentleman next to him. Jimmy pumped the volume as Cardinal Murphy-O'Connor said, to a back-drop of applause, thunderous enough to dislodge the Bombay-Mix from the screen at precisely the appropriate moment: "I am very glad to welcome Tony Blair into the Catholic Church."



Tony Blair

Sorry? What?

The usual barfly's parroted their Arabic. Others made exaggerated signs of the cross, whilst still more pointed at the TV screaming 'Anti-Christ! Anti-Christ!' in pale imitations of Ian Paisley.

Everybody laughed, uproariously.

Except me.

I ordered a large whisky from the bar.

Had I really heard this correctly? The man who had taken my nation into an illegal war based on a tissue of lies and resulting in the death of over six hundred thousand people (and counting) had just joined an organization largely responsible for, amongst other things, the

annual deaths of 1.6 million Africans due to its dogma on contraception and birth control – and people were actually *applauding*?

I lifted my empty glass and signaled to Jimmy.

My head was spinning. What did this all mean? Well, for a start it meant that when Tony Blair said that an invisible man had told him to go to war he was being *serious*. This wasn't just a cheap bone thrown to a certain section of his constituency by a member of the ruling elite (which I had always presumed these things to be). No. Tony Blair actually really honestly truly believes that he speaks to an imaginary being!

'Another large one please, Jimmy?'

Shit! That means that George W Bush may also actually really honestly truly believe in all that evangelical nonsense he spouts about the return of Jesus in his lifetime, The battle on the

plains of Armageddon, the Day of Judgment and The End of Days? The endification of non-americanational societisationalism, as he might say.

‘And again, mate!’

Shit! That means that ‘President I’m-a-Dinner-Jacket’ of Iran may also actually really honestly truly believe in all that Islamic nonsense he spouts about the return of the twelfth mufti, a sulphurous hell, the end of the world coming within the next twenty years, and that humans with tits shouldn’t be allowed behind the wheel of a car?

‘Jimmy?’

Yes, I though, I will always remember this day – even if nobody else does - forever burned into my memory; the 22nd of November, 2007. The Day Tony Blair was confirmed in the eyes of the Pope as a Roman Catholic and, in the eyes of many, as a fool who believes in invisible people who live in the sky. How could I ever forget this day?

I pulled out my notebook and wrote it down in case I forgot.

I then wrote;

‘Who was it who said that a bad man will normally do bad things and a good man will normally do good things, and whilst it can be difficult to get a bad man to do good things it’s real easy to get a good man to do bad things... to get a good man to do bad things he simply needs to know that his God told him it was okay to do bad things for then he would believe they were good things even though they were really bad things and not good things at all! – I think it was Voltaire?’ Maybe it was Kant? Or Spinoza? Elvis maybe? Anyway, I’m sure it wasn’t me?

As drunk as I was I still managed to look it up when I got home: I was right; it wasn’t me.

It was indeed Voltaire. And he put it far more succinctly than my own clumsily scribbled attempt;

‘For a man to commit atrocities he must first believe in absurdities.’

Both my friend and Voltaire had hit the nail right on the head, All religions are shite and God is indeed a *Cunt!* I opened the fridge and spied a half-full bottle of cheap white wine; ‘Allah u Akbar? You’re having a Giraffe!’ I said aloud to no one, ‘God is not *great...*’ I continued, ‘God is a fucking absurdity!’

Of course deep down, subconsciously, I already knew all this. The big shock for me - the big *epiphany* for me, which began in a Liverpool comedy club and culminated - hold on, I’ll just check my notebook... oh, yeah - on the 22nd of November, 2007 - was the realization that God, far from being dead, was alive and well, that God was indeed all around me – exactly like the priests had said! Had I just not seen him? Had mine eyes been closed to his glory but he was really there all along? God really did seem omnipresent of late. Not just in New York, London, Tehran, Baghdad, Basra, Helmand and Madrid but in our pubs and clubs and schools and parliament – and in the deepest recesses of our minds. Why hadn’t I seen him? Why?

I finished the wine in three gulps and opened another bottle of the acid horror that is Chardonnay.

From now on, I promised myself, wherever I looked I would look to see the hand of God. Newspaper articles and government white papers would have a metaphysical memo at the bottom of each saying; 'ALLERGY WARNING: May Contain Traces of The Lord'.

'May Contain Traces of The Lord' – That's good, I'd better write that down... I looked around for pen and paper just as my head started to spin. Oh, dear. Relegating the pen and paper I stumbled into the kitchen and grabbed the edge of the sink with one hand as a strange tingling sensation began in my scalp and grew in intensity until it felt like my head was full of bees. Bees? Wasps, locusts possibly? The noise was phenomenal, the pressure immense. I felt I was standing upright riding an old wooden rollercoaster. Something, somewhere, had to give.

I tried to focus on my reflection in the blackness of the window above the taps.

A trap-door in my neck sprang open and a tsunami of gold-coloured buzz dropped at free fall speed through my body towards my feet. Hitting my heels its echo began its return journey, without any apparent loss of momentum, back towards my head. Surely, I thought, this defied numerous laws of physics? I made a mental note to read up more on Newton. On its way it picked up the entire contents of my stomach.

Projectile vomiting

If so, I'd seen the face of God – and spat in it!

I checked the contents of my glass – so far so good

There, in the vomit – the unmistakable face of RICHARD DAWKINS!

The proverbial wool had been pulled firmly away from my proverbially irreducibly complex eyes. In the words of John Newton; 'I once was lost, but now am found, was blind but now I see';

I raised my glass to the heavens; 'Amazing!'

Taking up of arms – a call to arms – I knew what had happened

God and God's flaws lay hid in night:

Dawkins said, 'Let Springstien be!' and all was light.

I'd undergone a transition, a change, a form of consciousness raising that would put me in good stead for the battle ahead. I girded my loins and raised my glass again 'Hallelujah!' I'd metamorphosed from a lower-case 'atheist' into a splendid upper-case 'ATHEIST!' An emboldened uppercase **ATHEIST!** An emboldened uppercase *italicized* **ATHEIST!** A beautiful incorruptible foot soldier of Secularism. Nay lad, a General! I ripped off my shirt and grabbing a broad-tipped indelible pen from my desk drew a huge letter 'A' on my chest before throwing open the kitchen windows and screaming into the night; 'In this sign, Conquer! Come my brothers, come my sisters, let us find this God who has been hiding behind our curtains and under our beds. Let us flush out this bastard and kill the fucker! Let's cut this bastards throat and peel his face back over his head! Let's... Let's... Let's... Give us an 'A'...'

I was a lot calmer by the time the police arrived. And by morning I couldn't remember much of the night before at all; least of all why I had a large red 'A' on my chest that wouldn't scrub off and a letter explaining that a social worker named Sarah Morgan would call later that week to discuss the conditions of my 'Caution'. My partner spent most of the day running around the

house shouting 'What does 'A' stand for? *Arsehole*, that's what 'A' stands for... fucking *Arsehole*!'

Although I didn't know it at the time, this was to be the beginning of a personal journey of learning, of enlightenment. A renaissance of interest in people, in history and the world about me.

Every journey, however, begins with a single step. I took out my notebook and wrote down my battle-plan;

Corner Shop

Six Cans of Strong Lager

Bottle of Red Wine

Paracetamol

Tin of Processed Peas

Loaf of Bread

Steal a Bible and a Koran from somewhere?

Write a comedy show about religion

walk the dogs

Where this journey would ultimately take me and where it would end, I had no idea? Where it *wouldn't* take me and where it *wouldn't* end... of that I was pretty sure. Heaven, Hell, and Carlisle were all off the itinerary – as was shouting from my bedroom window; that, it transpired, was part of the conditions of my Caution.

[NOTE: The above chapter, whilst in rough draft form and subject to change, is more or less complete. You can comment on the above by email [HERE](#).]

Then there was light!

So here I am writing a new show to take up to Edinburgh next year, I hope you'll come and support it – I've decided to call it; 'God is a Cunt!'

As you can imagine... still looking for a venue.

I was being interviewed about it the other day by a journalist from a paper which shall remain nameless, the Guardian, and he said: 'C'mon Anvil, be honest here, mate, you're just trying to be provocative in order to garner publicity for the show'. Well, y'know, giving the show a name which would garner *no* publicity for the show... well, it's an idea, but not one that I think will catch on.

Besides, I'm not sure the publicity for a show called 'God is a Cunt!' will all be of a positive nature, or necessarily good for my health, or even my career. Go ask Salman Rushdie.

No, I decided to call the show 'God is a 'Cunt!' in part because of my friends' wonderfully blunt pub-wisdom, in part to rattle sensibility and in part because of an artist called Bill Drummond

.bill Drummond blah blah blah

Of course, truth be told, this epiphany was hardly the Damascene experience I thought it to be. Admittedly it felt like it at the time but following much introspection and a writing technique known in the business as '*Staring at a Blank Screen*', I became rather retrospective and started to take a long hard look at the many straws that would eventually break this particular camel's back.

The obvious ones are all there, why? well, because they're obvious and in the time-line of my life they're comparatively close; The Taliban; The rise of evangelical literalism in the US; The growing prominence in the geopolitical realm of Iran - that disgusting theocracy of stinking misogynist sexually repressed old men who recently closed down over 200 hair salons for providing 'anti-Islamic hair-cuts' and even more recently banned the plucking of eye-brows (how telling of your repression when your window of expression is the hair that grows above your eyes). The massive growth of both the Anglican and Catholic churches in Africa and the concomitant rise of HIV Aids and its new wonder cure: child rape. Then there is Al Qaeda; Hamas and Hezbollah; Israel and Israeli settlement of the West Bank – all of these stick out like sore thumbs and closer to home I started to notice much more too; Before the resignation of Tony Blair, before his conversion to Catholicism, before he was named as the man to bring peace to the Middle East and before he'd set up his 'Faith Foundation', friends of mine, members of the Labour Party had begun to casually describe Blair's Cabinet as 'The Vatican' or 'The Holy See'. This deserves at least a brief explanation;

In the mid eighties the British Labour Party was the target of a Trotskyite group known as The Militant Tendency. The reaction to the spectacular failure of their policy of entrism was to throw the Labour Party far to the right where another, more successful, entrism took place; that of the One Nation Toryism of so called 'New' Labour. Its constituency, indeed the country at large, applauded this change and sealed its approval with a landslide victory at the polls in May, 1997. What the Trots, Old Labour or the One Nation Tory's hadn't realized was that they had ceded power to a secret Catholic. A country that had paid lip service to religion whilst pursuing a secular form of separation of church and state had been sucker-punched by its own unwritten constitution which would leave Catholicism a major force in British politics with

cabinet ministers and MP's taking their lead not from their constituents or indeed the liberal traditions of the oldest parliamentary democracy in the world, but from priests, bishops, the pope, and from an imaginary Guy in the Sky.

Seriously? Yeah, seriously. Trulio Hoolio? Yeah, cross my heart and hope to die.

Phyla's phone call; happy Easter son blah blah blah

My mother is still there. Still immersed in Catholicism.

We've just had Easter. And people say that we've forgotten the true meaning of Easter so this year I got all the family up really early. Cooked a good breakfast which we all sat down and ate – together... then we put on our Sunday Best, got everybody in the car and went straight down to... B&Q! Yes B&Q, the true meaning of Easter! Course, I did stop for a second and spare a thought for Jesus dying on the cross – bought myself a nice Nail-Gun!

The lengths people will go to preserve these myths – Santa story

Chapter title: The Santa Clause – or – The Santa Delusion

Lying For The Lord

I'm not against lying to children per se; we were all lied to as kids; *'It won't hurt'*. It fucking did, didn't it! By the time you were five if an adult said 'It won't hurt' you knew it was going to be close to a 'near death' experience! *'A burglar stole the rabbits. Now stop crying and eat your dinner!'* *'The Gypsies'll get yer if you go past the end of the street!'*

My partner (who is thirty nine years old) has a great one from her childhood; *'Aunty Beryl and Aunty Jean are just good friends!'* How cool is that! Lesbian Aunts - back then!

Then of course there was the perennial; *'You can have a dog when you're nine...'* *'You can have a dog when you're ten...'* *'You can have a dog when you're eleven...'* *'You can have a dog when you're...'* For fucks sake! Just tell me I can't have a dog!

What else?

'We won't get angry... if you tell the truth. Did you break the window?' (pause for thought) *'Yeah, I broke the win...'* ***'YOU FUCKING LITTLE SHIT!'***

Then you had lies that weren't quite *lies* but they might as well have been; Middle Class parents are particularly good at these; *'We're not angry... we're disappointed.'* and *'You haven't let us down... you've let yourself down.'* And the class transcending; *'Bullies are nothing more than Cowards'*. I hated it when Grown-Ups would say this. It might indeed be true but it was hardly consoling to know that you were being made to cry on a daily basis by nothing more than *Cowards*! Shit, man! Even the *Cowards* were bullying you!

We were told so many lies back then no wonder it became hard to distinguish fact from fiction. Still, childhood eh – the best days of your life!

My favourite bit of being a kid was bath-night. Yeah, I know – it's like Marmite, you either loved it or hated it – I loved it.

I used to get bathed in a tin bath in front of an open fire – this wasn't poverty as such, we had a real bath – but it was in the front yard... next to the fridge.

I loved bath night. Being lifted out and wrapped in a huge fluffy towel. Warm and damp and secure. The smell of the coal fire. The smell of my Mam. It's hard to describe - but she smelled like, well... well like a Mam! Sort of Buckfast and sweat, but nice.

And she'd sit me on her knee in front of that blazing fire and in that moment I'd stare at the flames licking the grate and I'd think; 'This is what love is... this woman actually *loves* me!'

She didn't – but in *that* moment it felt like she did.

And I'd snuggle up to her neck and say; 'When's Dad coming home, Mam?' and using the tact deserving of a young child she'd say;

'For Gods sake! How many times... Your Dad's DEAD!'

This wasn't a lie but I didn't believe her and neither did any of my mates in the street. You see, none of their Dads were around either. They were all away *fighting wars* in the *French Foreign Legion* or working on the *Oil Rigs* or *Long Distance Lorry Drivers*. One kid, his Dad, was an *Astronaut*! Of course, he wasn't really an Astronaut for these were all euphemisms for *prison*. But we knew this and played along. I mean, we were stupid, but not *that* stupid. Do you really think that some snotty nosed kid on a sink-estate in Liverpool would believe his Dad was an Astronaut? Armed-Robber, maybe, but never an Astronaut! So when my Mam would say that my Dad was *dead* - we just presumed he'd been given Life with no chance of parole. In a street on a sink-estate in Liverpool that was credibility indeed.

All lies, and harmless for the most part, but then came the Biggie – the lie that could fuck you up forever;

'There's an invisible man who watches your every move and will kill you and burn you forever in a lake of fire if you don't believe in him, and he loves you!'

At least the kids today have got Child-Line.

'Sorry love, calm down... yer say he's gonna' burn you, forever... in a lake of fire? And you don't know where he lives?'

Hell and burning forever in a lake of fire is surely cruel and unusual punishment under the definition of the United Nations? In England you are not even allowed to leave a red mark on the arse of your own child. In England if you want to leave a red mark on the arse of your own child you have to go to the bother of driving them across the Scottish border?

'Welcome to Scotland, kids! 'Thwack!' Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord!'

I'm not against child abuse per se – for example I've never hit my own children but there are a few kids in my street that I would gladly kill, or at least pay someone to physically abuse.

Is it Dawkins who thinks teaching kids about god is child abuse? Well, he certainly gets my vote.

The old adage; 'sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me' was a complete load of bollocks!

Do kids still say that? They've probably got an updated version; 'a gun and a knife may take my life, motherfucker, but names will never dis' me Nigga, innit!'

Yeah, sticks and stones...

The trouble with this is that words, even unspoken ones can often have a far sharper edge than any blade

The pen, or in this case the word, is indeed mightier than the sword.

Into the story about human nature - "Fuck off, big nose!"

Fact!: My Grandad used to say; 'Ginger people smell in the rain'

Fact!: It won't hurt so much if you don't struggle...

Fact!: If you stick your tongue in a light socket you'll see Smarties.

You've probably guessed by now that as a child I was, in the main, disappointed by the adults around me. The first day of junior school was one of unbounded excitement – initially, at least. It was the first time I'd worn a semblance of a uniform; grey shorts and jumper, white shirt and a red tie attached with elastic. All brand spanking new. We marched, somewhat ceremoniously and two abreast, from the playground in the Infant School, across the main road to the yard of the Junior School and then on into the classroom that would be my educational home for the next four years. The import of crossing that road was not lost on me; I felt special. This was *real* school. A place where I would learn *things*. In the first day confusion of the classroom I was found staring at a Mercator projection of the Earth; "We live just about here." said a voice over my shoulder. The teacher, a Mr. Adams, seemed kindly enough. "What are these lines for?" "Well, if you used scissors and cut along those lines and then folded the paper in, you'd see the world for what it is; a huge big football!" "What's that bit?" "That's South America." "What's this bit?" "That's the Atlantic Ocean." "What's that bit?" "That's Africa." I looked for the first time at the opposing coastline of these two great continents; "Did that bit used to fit into this bit?" "Don't be stupid. Go and sit down."

'Don't be stupid. Go and sit down' should have been the school motto for I was to hear it over and over again for the rest of my time in state education.

"Are Stars just other peoples Suns but very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very far away?" "Don't be stupid. Go and sit down."

"Chimpanzees look so much like us? Are we ...?" "Don't be stupid, go and sit down."

Years later I was sat in a planetarium waiting for Stephen Hawking to give a talk following the publication of 'A Brief History of Time'. As it happened he never turned up – I can't remember why? Maybe the 'Speak'n'Spell' had crashed? The other speakers however, were brilliant; the first guy talked about entropy and the second law of thermodynamics and its relationship to time. About expansion and contraction. About how time could possibly travel in reverse. About effect preceding causation. It was mind blowing. The subject of the second speaker

was a little closer to home but no less interesting for it; his specialism was plate tectonics. 'Don't be stupid. Go and sit down.' *Don't be stupid. Go and sit down.* The words swam round my mind. 'Adams, you stupid fucking fuck!' The woman sat next to me got up and moved. Shit! Had I really said that out loud?

Imagine the awe, the wonder, if instead of 'Don't be stupid. Go and sit down', the answer had been; 'Yes, well done. And not only did they used to fit together but they are still moving apart – at the speed that your fingernails grow!' Wow! Would I have told that to a few adults on my return home!

Of course his employment as a Teacher was more to do with his belief in a vindictive god than his ability to inspire children. More 'Shock & Awe' than 'Awe & Wonder'.

I was stupid stuff - followed by 'but what about all those other kids?'

Working Notes:

Hi, welcome to the 'Working Notes' section. These are mainly ideas taken from a notebook I carry around with me. Some of them are just random thoughts that occur to me as I'm working on the show. Some will make sense, others not. Some will be expanded here before finding a place in the structure of the show, others will remain forever homeless. There is no particular order to anything found in this section, it's simply a clearing house for words that may or may not join together. I will try very hard not to delete anything in this section and in accord with the general idea of the project you are welcome to contribute or comment at will.



'You're still going to fucking hell!'

No, I'm not. Let's get this out of the way right from the start; Hell is a fiction of priests and imams sent to scare us. Yeah, sorry if I'm popping any bubbles here, but there ain't no god. Sorry. Just telling the truth... It's the Christian thing to do. Surely, as religious people, that's what you would want me to do; tell the truth? Well, here it is; Ain't no God – ain't no Bogey Man – ain't no Leprechauns – ain't no life after death – ain't no heaven – ain't no hell – ain't no God. Sorry, just telling the truth.

Sorry. I grew up immersed in this shit. Large Catholic family, large Catholic city, large Catholic estate. Catholic Infant, Catholic Junior, Catholic Secondary Modern... but I never *believed* in any of that shit.

Being taken to the priest to be hit etc

I remember as an alter boy asking the priest; 'Father, (how ironic is that! A sixty year old virgin in a frock and we call them 'Father') ... and I'd say; Father, why is it that God is hiding? What's with all the secrecy? Don't you think he'd maybe just once say 'hello'... just once?' And he'd reply in this beautiful wise old Irish brogue; 'Oh, I don't know, young Anvil, come over here and suck fathers cock'. Yeah, the only thing I believed as a kid was that that priest was gonna' hit me, preach at me or get me to suck his cock. One of the three – The Holy Trinity we called it in the Alter Boy profession.

Not so much touched by Jesus... as touched by the representatives of Jesus.

Far more believable than the other Holy Trinity; The Father, The Son and The 'Whooooo' Holy Ghost!?!? How could you believe this shit? Hey, here's another one for the credulous; The Virgin Mary! C'mon... an Angel came upon her? Yeah, well, somebody came upon her but he was no fuckin' Angel!!! What I couldn't believe was that that numpty Joseph fell for that shit? "Honestly, Joey, it was an Angel" "An Angel?" "Yeah, really, an Angel" Fuckin' Plumber more like...

I've nothing against religion, we've all gotta' have a hobby, but why, in God's name, *would* you believe in this shit? No wonder the church calls its believers 'Sheep'! they've been having the wool pulled over their eyes for years. I can feel a song coming on... "Stand Up And Bleat For Jesus..."

A Christian friend of mine is always chiding me that I should keep room in my heart for religion so it's there should I ever need it. He obviously thinks I will. I can understand the logic; it's somewhere in between Pascal's Wager and No Atheists in Trenches (that's foxholes if you're a ham-shank) and it may well be a good bet. To keep him happy this is exactly what I do; next to the ever growing fatty deposits I keep a small part of my heart reserved for religion and on the odd occasion when I'm feeling down or lonely or spiritually deflated, I take it out and hold it up to the light – just to remind myself of what a stupid cunt I once was..

Insult: couldn't find his own arse using both hands! – finding god?

A Bad Man; We used to call him Hobbes – not because he looked like the cartoon character but because he was nasty brutish and short.

A desperate yearning to belong.

Mass; a celebration of ignorance and superstition.

A friend converting to Judaism in order to marry the woman he loved; I said 'You're not!' 'Ah, no problem...' he joked; 'What's in a word... Hebrew Shmeebrew'. Then the date came through for his genital mutilation through circumcision.

George Bush having a dream where a God tells him to invade Iraq.

Are you fucking serious?

The so called 'Holy' Catholic Church deciding that Aids was bad but birth control... badder!
And for some reason not being dragged before the International Criminal Court for genocide
and crimes against humanity.

Is that what we want for our kids? Is that what you want for your kids?

(Emmanuel Colleges; Government funded faith based schools where they teach shite like
Intelligent design, irreducible complexity, flood geology and creationism...

and then in September 2007 the Blair/Brown theocracy brought in The Racial And Religious
Hatred Act 2006 which curtails what I can say about your scumbag religions under the threat
of seven years in prison!

In the end I felt I *had* to write this show. I was, if you like *called* to write this show. I felt
somebody had to stand up and scream from the pulpit in the words of the poet Brendan
Cleary 'GET THEE BEHIND ME CREEPING JESUS!'

Course, standing up and shouting out – making a stand – is one thing... but writing a show
called 'God is a Cunt!?' I know what you're thinking; 'Who's gonna' get him first?'

Now, no-doubt Ladbrokes or 888.com will be opening a book on who will get me first; the
Muslims the Christians or the Jews? Maybe Channel Four could get a reality TV show out of
it; 'Welcome to 'Kill The Infidel'. 'Team Muslim, Team Christian and Team Jew... Are you
ready?' They could start in Jerusalem, the city of the three faiths - with one hundred pounds
each - in cash - and they've got 28 days to get to Edinburgh and kill me before the last show:
"Team Muslim... you will go on my first whistle."

And will they feel confident about the righteousness of taking my life?

Of course they will. 'Cos it doesn't matter what side you're on in this global conflict, does it:
Team Muslim, Team Christian or Team Jew. Arab, Israeli, American, Iraqi, Sunni, Shia,
Saudi, George W Bush, Tony Blair or a suicide bomber from Derby, you can at least be
confident of one thing; that 'God' is on your side... What a fence sitting bastard your God is
eh? Here's me calling your God a Cunt and he turns out to be a fuckin Lib Dem! Hmmm, still
on track then.

Little aside here; d'yer see that suicide bomber from Derby? They said they couldn't
understand why he tried to blow himself up... he's from fucking Derby for Christ's sake!

Of course, God isn't really a Lib-Dem. The difference is subtle but significant... you see, the
Lib-Dems, sadly... *exist*.

Yeah, sorry... didn't mean to pop any bubbles, but God doesn't... *exist* that is. Sorry. Just
telling the truth... It's the Christian thing to do. Surely, as religious people, that's what you
would want me to do; tell the truth. Sorry. Ain't no God – ain't no Father Christmas – ain't no
Bogey Man – ain't no Leprechauns – ain't no life after death – ain't no heaven – ain't no hell –
ain't no God. Sorry, just telling the truth.

And yet... belief in a non-existent God is soaring! To paraphrase the great Douglas Adams;
Isn't it enough to see that the garden is beautiful without having to believe that there are
fairies at the bottom of it too? Apparently not; Churches and Mosques are for the first time in
years at bursting point. Christians, Jews and Muslims are coming out of the woodwork.
Fastest growing religion in the world; Catholicism... Hey, and get this; fastest growing religion
in the UK & Ireland... Islam!

Wait till that spreads to the council estates... you can see that can't yer... sixteen year olds pushing their prams past the burnt out cars, trainers, tracksuit, Burberry veil... baby in an all in one romper burka. Ah, hasn't she got lovely eyes? She is a girl isn't she? Duh! Pink burka!

But seriously, joking aside, don't mean to offend, not being a smart arse, no pun intended - I can see eye to eye with women who wear the veil. No, c'mon, it's a free country! Wear what the fuck you like! Got nothing against the wearing of the veil... Ha! Sounds like an Irish Folk Song doesn't it: 'The Wearing Of The Veil'

All together now,,, 'Oh the wearing of the veil, oh the wearing of the veil. I'm dressed in black and I've got the sack for the wearing of the veil'.

Nah! Wear what the fuck you like! We haven't got Sharia Law... Yet!

That lass got the sack didn't she? That Teaching Assistant? Rightly so, in my opinion. Wear what the fuck you like but you can't teach someone wearing a veil, can yer? Or, indeed, use a lathe!

But seriously, joking aside, don't mean to offend, not being a smart arse, no pun intended - but what gets me about this growth in religion is they force us all into having labels. Labels! You gotta' be *something*! Apparently, I'm something called an 'unbeliever'? An 'Infidel'. I *unbelieve*? Unbelieve... sounds like a cream you rub into yer back doesn't it? You'll never believe you had a bad back when you use Unbelieve.

Got a sore, angry, religion? You need 'Unbelieve'.

Unbelieve... 'course it's technically incorrect... It presumes I have *believed* in the past. To be an 'Unbeliever' I must have at one point 'believed'. Well, I was brought up in a Catholic Family in a Catholic City on a Catholic Estate. Went to a Catholic Infant School, Catholic Junior School, Catholic Secondary Modern... but I never *believed* in any of that shit. The Son of God? The Holy Ghost? The Virgin Mary?

.....

What are these Religions?

What a superstitious load of old nonsense! So what are these religions? Who are these non-existent gods that we are force fed from birth? What the fuck is Judaism, Christianity and Islam? You can find this out by reading their sacred texts; the Old Testament, The New Testament and the Koran but this, believe me, would be very, very boring. No problem... I've read them for you.

Let's take them in chronological order;

Judaism, in a nutshell, A fantastically violent, jealous and wrathful tribal deity called Yahweh - there were a lot of them around back then - creates the earth and all upon it in six days – this was a common thing for gods to do – so much so I'm surprised the Jews didn't get three quotes? "Six days, yer say? It'd be pushing it? - but this one then gets a bit bi-polar and drowns everyone in a genocidal hissy-fit apart from a geezer called Noah who after much begatting begats Abraham who cuts a deal with Yahweh for exclusivity in the worshipping department if he will allow them to steal a piece of land that belongs to those people, over there. Not having a biro, he makes this deal binding by cutting off the end of his own cock. Fast forward through much begatting and cock-cutting to another geezer called Moses, yeah, the one who lied about the burning bush - Moses renews the worshipping promise in return for stealing that land which belongs to those people, over there, only this time gets it written in stone. The small problem of what to do with the people who live on that land, over there, is

solved by killing them all – well, all apart from the female children which they keep to fuck. Then there's more begatting until a madman called Isaiah predicts the downfall and scattering of the tribe of Israel and the coming of a *Messiah*, along with a promise that they will once more be able to steal that land, over there, and start to solve the small problem of what to do with the people who live on that land, over there, all over again. Following this prediction Isaiah then runs around naked for three years until he eventually gets sawn in half. That's it.

Of course after much, much more begatting and cock-cutting some of these 'Chosen' people see a geezer called Jesus as this *Messiah* and that's where Christianity begins...

Okay. **Christianity**, yeah, in a nutshell: Yahweh, who is now called God, why the name change? Witness Protection? Could be? Lets face it he's the biggest serial killer of his generation. And if he'd spent the seventh day creating a police force instead of chilling out, he'd be well bang to rights! Anyway, God sends his only son, an only child – don't know why? Catholic family and all? Maybe he's trying to prove that the 'Withdrawal Method' works? Maybe he's using condoms on the sly; apparently knew about Aids long before we did - I don't know, it doesn't say? Anyway, God sends his only son - who was really him, oooh, mystery - down to earth to be used as a human sacrifice so we could be forgiven for the sin of a geezer called Adam who, get this, talk about zero tolerance: stole an apple. We then pretend to eat gods' son and then drink his blood in order that we will be saved from God later when he gets really pissed off, turns back into a mad cunt and kills everybody on the planet apart from us. So, a religion practiced by over 2 billion people on the planet, has, as its central tenets Human Sacrifice, Cannibalism, Vampirism and Genocide! – and nobody, *nobody* bats a fucking eye!?

And that brings us to **Islam**. The word, tellingly, means *submission*. Okay, in a nutshell. In the seventh century of the common era an Arab called Mohammed traces his lineage back to Abraham's son; Ishmael – Ancestry.com? I don't know... and then tells the Jews and the Christians that they'd got it all wrong and that 'God' – now called 'Allah' – probably for tax purposes by now - has spoken to him through the Archangel Gabriel and told him the *truth*... and the truth was that there wasn't *nearly* enough killing going on... oh, and that humans with tits shouldn't drive cars!

There you have it; the three great religions of the planet: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Yahweh, God, and Allah; The Old Testament, The New Testament, and The Koran. Bloodshed, slaughter, rape, murder, incest, child abuse, self mutilation... the greatest chinese whisper of all time and yet there are nutters out there who believe that this horror, this collection of old yarns written by a load of twisted, bigoted, misogynist, slave-owning old cunts from the stone-age, the bronze-age and the iron-age... is the literal word of Yahweh, of God, of Allah. That we all descended from two people; Adam & Eve, and that the earth is approximately six thousand five hundred years old!

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Why do we have them?

Yeah, never believed in any of that shit. Never spoken to by god... never touched by Jesus... merely by the representatives of Jesus.

And it wasn't as if I was clever? Honestly, I'd never had a great education... thought a Courgette was an American sports car. Thought a crèche was a car accident in Knightsbridge. Thought Chelsea was an English Football Club? But I was clever enough to know that God didn't exist... God didn't create man... man created God... and of course the God that Man created, *in his image*... turned out, unsurprisingly to be a total Cunt!

Course I believed in Santa, but then I had a vested interest in that. There was proof wasn't there... Xmas morning... presents! Thank you Santa! Ha! Did you ever try to stay awake to catch Santa? Course you did, even the Muslims and the Jews amongst us did that - but you never tried to catch god! (actions)

As far as I can see the only thing that belief in an imaginary god does is allow you to kill another human being simply because he doesn't believe in your imaginary god...

As far as I can see the only thing that belief in an imaginary god does is allow you to kill another human being simply because *his* imaginary god is different to *your* imaginary god.

The sheer horror of Religion. Of faith. Of belief.

And yet after every natural or man-made disaster out come the witchdoctors with their voodoo and their spells and potions and we interview them on the TV and treat these fraudsters with the utmost *respect*. The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Chief Rabbi, the Bishop of Durham, the Head of the Muslim Council of Great Britain, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the fucking Pope – who spent his formative years in the Hitler Youth. And we listen with awe as they tell us what great insights The Great Imaginary Friend In The Sky has imparted to them, to pass on to us. It's like a massive game of Simon Says. Sometimes it goes like this: 'The Great Imaginary Friend In The Sky says... check on your elderly neighbour'. But equally often it goes like this: 'Today the Great Imaginary Friend In The Sky says: 'Kill the Jews!' or 'Kill the Muslims' or 'Kill the Christians!' or 'Kill Salman Rushdie' or 'Don't allow the doctors to give your dying child a blood transfusion' or 'Don't use condoms to prevent the spread of the HIV virus', to which we might as well add: 'Kill all Homosexuals'.

The sheer unadulterated horror of it all.

And the weird thing is that instead of this horror being *obvious* to all and sundry, it's the very reverse! I'm told that, in a twist of logic that quite frankly escapes me; I should *respect* the very perpetrators of this horror.

That I should *respect* their belief.
That I should *respect* their religion.
That I should *respect* their Faith.

Faith?



Faith in God? I've had more faith in Northern Rock!

Faith is nothing more than the enemy of knowledge.

They want you to respect ignorance!

Don't ask questions - just believe.
Don't seek the truth – just believe.
Don't think for yourself – just believe.

Just believe in this omniscient, omnipotent, all powerful, all knowing supreme being who not only stands by as millions die of aids, starvation, genocide and disease but created all of these in the first place to test us!

Billions dead and dying... to test us?

Hey, no wonder he's in fucking hiding! If God exists then we should realize that it's imperative for our survival that we find this cunt. Hunt him down and kill him!

I've met people who claim to talk to Jesus on a daily basis and I've told them to tell him when he comes again like he's threatened to do, then don't come near where I live coz, as God is my judge, I'll crucify that cunt too!

Ask yourself a hypothetical question: Why do Gods exist? When we were a single cell amoeba we didn't have gods – if we did it would have resembled a single cell amoeba. When we were swimming in the primordial sea we didn't have gods – if we did it would have resembled a primitive fish. When we were monkeys we didn't have gods – if we did... well, you get my point. Gods only come into existence when we get to a stage in evolution where our consciousness has developed enough to understand our own demise. To have a concept of our own death.

This is a good trick; to understand that you may die gives you an enormous advantage when it comes to survival.

Once we understood that our time on this earth was finite we panicked and had to create a situation whereby we could live on after our own death. We needed to create a god. (who said that? 'If God didn't exist we would have to make him up') God didn't create Man – Man created God!

My dog has no nose. How does he smell? Awful! Actually he stinks. Actually, he has no idea just how bad he stinks! If he did he would occasionally announce to our living room: "I'm gonna' dive in the shower. Does anyone need a shit or a piss first?"

My dog has no god. Why? Because he has no concept of his own demise. If and when he evolves to be able to contemplate his own death he will develop a god - and that god will be in the shape of a dog - and when he dies he will go to that Great-Dog-Basket-In-Front-Of-The-Fire in the sky. And if he dies in a dogfight trying to kill another, unbelieving dog, he will go to doggie heaven as a doggie-martyr where he will get 72 treats or 72 bones to bury, or, and this is probably more likely, be allowed to rape 72 puppies, for ever and ever, amen.

Yeah, funny... but it'll get funnier still 'cos young immature bitches will start to wear silver collars and make oaths not to let other dogs fuck them in the park because they are saving themselves to be fucked by the Great Imaginary Dog In The Sky. And the Great Doggie Public, unbelievably, will applaud this! Other, older, male dogs will force their mates and their female puppies to wear bags over their heads or mutilate their genitals and the Great Doggie Public, unbelievably, will applaud all of this and will not notice for one moment the sheer unadulterated horror that is what has become of their existence.

As far as I can see the only thing that belief in an imaginary god does is allow you to kill another human being simply because he doesn't believe in your imaginary god...

As far as I can see the only thing that belief in an imaginary god does is allow you to kill another human being simply because his imaginary god is different to your imaginary god

In general a bad man will do bad things and a good man will do good things and it's quite hard to get a good man to do bad things. What you need to make a good man do bad things is God! As Voltaire said: for a man to commit atrocities he must first believe in absurdities. God is truly a total Cunt!

The planet is obviously more suited to insects than humans

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"knowing is more important than learning what" - Watson (from Watson & Crick)

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The Holy Babble (Bible)

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"Many people would sooner die than think... in fact they do!" - Bertrand Russell.

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The genetic origins of having a bad back (bipedalism) Nothing worse than having a bad back (into 8,9,10... and having to wipe our arse's

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"The purpose of education is not to validate ignorance but to overcome it" a quote I wrote down but never knew who said it?

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Pain – you can't remember pain! Terry Waite and co. sticks and stones (another lie?) – dig it out

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Think; altruism between brothers – goldfish story
Navy blue knickers – parental love/altruism

'those who deny that we came from animals are content to believe that it is human nature to act like animals.'

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Vicarious redemption

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Comments:

Rob Sherwood Says:

[Oct 30th, 2008 at 6:51 am](#)

4. “Please don’t suggest that darwinian theory supports your views on abortion, stem cell research, or Civil Partnership. It is completely silent on all of those issues. Do you really believe you could compose a darwinian endorsement of abortion or gay marriage? The theory is all about differential rates of reproduction between individuals for goodness sake. From that perspective, how would Darwin’s theory endorse any of those things? Your perspective of social virtues is your own, not Darwin’s.”

I won’t. It is. I don’t. It is. It doesn’t. It is.

But then, that’s not what I said, is it.