

AWARE ONES OF THE TREASURE COAST

BIMONTHLY JOURNAL

"We are Progressive Humanists
We are the Soul of the Coffee House
We are Love and Laughter"

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-- Produced by the TC Secular Writers --

INTRODUCTION

Ed Zillioux

Once again, we have entered the seasonal flight of much of our membership and friends. Two will not be coming back. Gloria Cosgrove and Paul Carlos have moved to their cabin in the mountains near Ashville, NC. They remain on our e-mail list and we will, of course, maintain communications, but we will miss their presence and wit at Sunday Coffees greatly, as well as their frequent turns at hosting potlucks.

Nevertheless, my thoughts are that if we want to attract new members (the old sustainability thing), we must stay active the year around. That means all social outlets: Sunday Coffee; AOTC Secular Writers; potlucks (perhaps on a reduced frequency); all member communications and support; this Journal; our web page and AO Forum. The latter item, though functional, is not yet operational since we have not met to agree on how to best proceed, but we'll get there.

AOTC MEMBERS & FRIENDS

Members

Joan Auerbach
Ernie Breud
Barbara Lange
Jim Longo
Bert Mautz

Friends

Amar Almasude
Joanna Almasude
Marsha Banks
Rick Burkhart
Sandra Burkhart

Yashi Nozawa
Virgil Thorp
Dan Vignau
Pat Winchild
Ed Zillioux

Paul Carlos
Gloria Cosgrove
Stretch Graton
Marilyn Graton
Bob Haskins
Roberta Synal
Charlie Thompson
Marilynn Thompson

MEETINGS & EVENTS

Meetings

Sunday Coffee – Every Sunday, Importico's Bakery, 555 S. Colorado Ave., Stuart, 10 a.m.ish outside when weather is tolerable, i.e., no snow.

TC Secular Writers – Every other Thursday, Jensen's House of Brews, 6:30 pm; May 3 & 24; Panera's Jenson June 7 & HoB's June 21.

Events

June 23, Saturday: potluck at Luci & Virgil's ~4 pm

COMMENTARY

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things..."

Where Have We Gone Wrong?

Ed Zillioux

Senior members of the two political parties that dominate the governing of our country are fond of invoking the Founding Fathers to lend support or legitimacy for whatever self-serving issue they wish to, or might need to, garner such legitimacy.

A while back, I was engaged in one of my favorite pastimes: browsing through my library in search of whatever gem I might uncover. This is, in part, a justification for my penchant of never throwing anything away. I was rewarded by picking up a 1988 issue of the *Wilson Quarterly*, in which I found an article entitled, "Choosing America's Presidents," by James W. Ceaser and Neil Spitzer. JWC is a professor of government and foreign affairs at the University of Virginia. NS is an associate editor of the *Wilson Quarterly* at the Smithsonian Institution.

True, the article was written during a more sane period of our recent history, but it provides background leading to understanding how we came to elect Donald J. Trump as our president. The fact that it was removed in time from the current debacle, only increases its objective authority.

To begin with, the Founding Fathers (FFs) never envisioned the concept of political parties. Interesting when one considers the extent to which party leaders now pin their ideologies to what was the "intent" of the FFs. Really? What the FFs did do was establish the Electoral College, "a group of men, chosen by the states, who would elect the president." (Note they specified "a group of men" – maybe that's the problem.) Their intent was to establish a body that would "both temper the electorate's wishes and ensure that successful candidates enjoyed a broad mandate." Clearly an acknowledgement that the electorate would be given to excesses and would need to be tempered. The parties, however, soon usurped the original

mandate of the electoral college. No longer would the College “elect” the president, instead the parties choose the electors so that the electors’ function has been reduced to simply voting for their party’s choice. Given that the FFs did not even envision the existence of political parties, doesn’t that sound like we have come a long way from the “intent” of the FFs?

Nevertheless, the “FFs” continues to be a bushel basket into which politicians may forever pluck cover for whatever absurdity they want to foist onto the electorate, informed or uninformed. Just don’t be too literal, don’t ask questions.

Too bad we didn’t have any Founding Mothers. Women, whom we now know are brought up to be perfect [citation needed], presumably would have anticipated how the twisting of any declaration or principle could change its meaning or at least its intent. Thereby, the “intent of the FFs” is in the mind of the obfuscator. Didn’t mothers teach their boys better? But to give them credit, maybe they did. Maybe it was the boys themselves who, in typical male fashion, interpreted “principles” as that part of the pie that clouds the more important opportunities of democracies, such as self-aggrandizements, monetary incentives, and, oh yes, Trumpianisms – but we didn’t have Twitter back then, so I guess any omission on that score can be forgiven, but we can draw parallels. Anyway, we seem to be left with the one principle: Anything can be misconstrued to fit agendas.

On the other hand, their daughters would have instinctively known better. Now if they, in contradiction to the then male-dominated world, could have become Founding Mothers, the Declaration of Independence would have included words that would have ensured the nurturing of the people, by the people, for the people, etc., for all time. Our politicians could not have fallen back on the “Intent of the FMs” to justify nefarious interpretations, or any such stinky-thinking that their mothers would just not have allowed.

Ok, let’s stay with this for a bit. Take the wives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence as a cross sample of achieving women of that period that, if allowed, could have done a creditable job of pulling together the new republic on their own. George Washington was not actually a signer, but Martha Custis Washington is certainly worth including given her demonstrated business acumen in managing her family’s huge plantation as evidenced, for example, in letters she wrote to the London merchants who handled the exporting of her family’s large crop output. Later she organized women of the colonies to volunteer on behalf of the Continental Army, writing to the wives of all the colonial governors and asking them to encourage the women of their colonies to make not only financial contributions but to sew and gather necessary supplies for the Continental Army.

One of her recruits was the wife of Thomas Jefferson, Martha Wayles Jefferson, who led a drive among the women of Virginia to raise funds and supplies for her state's militia in the Continental Army. Her efforts, including writing and publishing numerous appeals for help, contributed nationally to raising \$300,000 for outfitting Washington's army.

Abigail Adams was the closest advisor and wife of John Adams, as well as the mother of John Quincy Adams, and widely recognized for her role as a behind-the-scenes stateswoman. She was ahead of her times as an outspoken champion of women's rights. In a letter written in March 1776, she urged her husband to take women's rights into consideration: "In the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors ... If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation."

That's sufficient to make my point. But again and again as I read biographies of the wives of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, I find a level of intelligence and skill in political and social issues of their time that at least equaled that of their husbands. Consider how the history of women's rights might have been written if Abigail Adams could have been a Founding Mother raised to political power. Instead we had to wait almost 250 years to begin to see progress in this area.

With a record-number of women now running for public office, I believe the Era of the Woman is on the cusp of realization. Let's hope they will do a better job of it.

Random Thoughts on Sex After Sunday Coffee Conversation

Bert Mautz

5/13/18

Sunday coffee gave birth to an interesting conversation cum confessional. Often don't recall how topics emerge, but with the collection of fine minds gathered around the table, stimulated by caffeine and sugar anything is possible. We were recollecting childhood, moving comfortably and candidly to sexual awareness, discovery, and all the questions and uncertainty that accompanied this stage of blossoming/earliest adolescence.

Questions we experienced; why do boys swim naked? girls dance together, but boys don't? why do girls dress in cubicles and boys on open benches? The lady at our table answered quickly, this privacy need was, "Because girls get their period. " No one should see, or know." Another universal phase of human biology that mustn't be talked about. Amy Shumer - "Taught to be ashamed to be born human women." so reluctant to ask, "Anyone here have a spare tampon?"

The other perspective figuratively sprung to life as we guys remembered puzzlement/curiosity of first erections; what is this? where did this come from? and oh my, it feels good. One mother's scoldings about stains on pillow case, but no explanations, would never talk about such natural goings on in the maturation of every boy that ever lived. Get the kid a box of tissues, for cryin' out loud. But can a father take his son aside and explain under arm hair, erections, growth spurts all of a piece. "Son, you're growing up, becoming an adult, a man."

Our senior visionary remembers a daughter entering the bedroom early to witness Daddy's morning erection to run screaming down the hall, "I saw it! I saw it!"

Mormon teachings, avoid all things sexual, being asked about masturbation as 12 year old by a relative stranger, the lay congregation leader, in worthiness interview to become a deacon in aaronic priesthood. Oh the shame! Continues thru college age singles programs and repeated admonishing, "Just don't touch her, save yourself for marriage."

My sister's daughters were so traumatized by their father's preaching abstinence, they left the church and married gentiles. Likely decades getting Dad's obsessive fear of their natural sexuality out of their matrimonial bedrooms.

Human sexuality begins fundamentally as the hard-wired drive to procreate. That this built in initiative to make babies/procreate and preserve the species happens to be pleasurable seems to complicate things on a emotional/philosophical, or fear/religious perspective. Only bonobo monkeys and chimps practice recreational/feel good sex. Perhaps, anything this enjoyable can't be godly, so the devil makes me do it?

Fear what they cannot control; Have conjectured elsewhere the worlds great religions have as a common tendency/belief, the need to limit the sex drive, as this emotional/biological/physiological event appears to be beyond man's control, so the muslims throw a tarp over their women, while making babies annually. Is it the sensual pleasure aspect of the human reproductive imperative that makes sex wicked, or evil, the devils business? O.K. getting carried away here.

Still, we find families/parents unable or reluctant to teach their kids about the naturalness of human biology affected by the emotionality of our sex drive. Readily available online porn is another perspective for parents to deal with. Recent exposure of sex on campus informs, teach um at home, or they will learn it all as soon as they are away from home. Unavoidable, inevitable, to be human is to be sexual.

THE WAY WE WERE

Early Television Memories

Bert Mautz

The family dog, "Spot," freshly bathed for my visit home from the hospital two-a-day physical therapy treatments, was killed by a car on Thanksgiving weekend. Flash forward to joining Sheriff Sid's four o'clock kids' show just prior to my December birthday, likely arranged by a well-meaning neighbor.

The Sunday morning coffee stream of consciousness conversation among the three amigos turned to early television experiences with the youngest of us beyond seventy. Champaign, Illinois got its first television broadcasting station in the mid-fifties. Reception via "rabbit ear," antenna atop the set itself. That same Sheriff Sid in a jacket and tie did weather forecasts drawing the state of Illinois, free-hand with a grease pencil on an easel pad, to add temperatures and possibly a descending cold front from Wisconsin.

The parents feared the inevitable question of the sad little boy in a wheel chair. "What do you want for Christmas?" The Sheriff was as certain to ask it, as Mom and Dad were sure my answer could have disastrous consequences. I was coached repeatedly.

"When Sheriff Sid asks you what you want for Christmas, you must not say, 'All I want for Christmas is a puppy.' Say whatever you want to say, just don't say a 'puppy.'"

Brilliantine was applied and my hair combed. Extra-large khakis had been bought to go over the full leg braces, and off to the television studio. Would be one of several kids my age, but the only one in a wheel chair. And Mom and Dad were right about the question. Sheriff Sid asked each of us what we wanted Santa to bring us for Christmas. Had given my answer some thought, so that without choking, or stammering said, "A microscope. Yes Sheriff, my dog was run over on Thanksgiving, but what I really want is a goddamn microscope!"

ARTICLES

Losing Our Religions One God at A Time

Dan Vignau

After handing out the assignment, I began to think. I know it's a sin to wonder rather than pray, but the dreams and doubts are overwhelming. I need to tell the bishop what I think, but what would I say? How could I keep my job? Hmmm.

In the beginning there was darkness, darkness of mind and spirit. Science has been lifting this veil of ignorance so that we might become enlightened, rather than superstitious. "What are some examples of this awakening," you might ask?

Well, let's just start at the beginning of our culture's prevailing myths, as handed down as the folklore of generations of uneducated nomads and animal farmers of the deserts, or goat herders, if you will. Each version had to change thousands or even millions of time, for every progeny or traveler, at least until being saved to the newfangled systems of writing. Upon reading the Bible, it quickly becomes apparent that the tales changed even after the common use of written language.

Well, let's just start at the beginning of our culture's prevailing myths. If the myths are not downright proven wrong, then, they will be shown to have evolved to a greater understanding of our world. Some of these examples can seem trite, while others might surprise the uninitiated, but they all show the fallibility of folklore.

1- Science has proven that the stars were created before the planets, completely contradictory to the Bible (or as we shall say from now on, "CCB"). Along with this discovery, we must discard the idea of light having been created before the stars. BTW, the Earth is no longer flat.

2- As far back as the ancient Greeks, the study of fossil records has shown the changes animals go through over the eons, not the 6000 years that the earth has existed. All life evolved from simpler organisms. Only the truly ignorant and/or totally brainwashed deny this. Of course, I do not omit the truly psychotic, who to me are simply crazy due to the trauma of brainwashing. There are good reasons some religions require constant self-brainwashing, i.e. prayer, at regular intervals.

3- First, man was created from mud, and he was so ... bored. The sky-man made a mate for him out of his rib. Why was a rib needed and why do we men still have an even number of ribs? Are women too complicated to also from dirt?

4- I particularly like the idea of the tree of knowledge: What a concept! According to the legend, the man in the sky wanted us to remain ignorant and to worship him, but he sabotaged this plan by not only placing a tree of knowledge in his newly created world, but by adding a talking snake to convince the morally-weaker woman to use her charms to seduce the man, so that they must fail to live up to the sky-man's plan. What an asshole!

5- For centuries, actually for thousands of years, these goat-herding nomads watched the sun rise and fall every day. Their tales centered on the apparent phenomenon of a geocentric Earth. Even the much touted and infinitely more educated ancient Greek, Ptolemy, used this misinformation when creating charts that showed not only where the stars had been, but where they would be at future predicted times. Of course, since the theory was flawed, the calculations were incredibly cumbersome. It took the heliocentric theory to make the calculations much more concise, or sane if you will. Copernicus was the new scientific hero. In the 1960s even the Catholic Church relented and let the long dead, but still exiled Galileo into their ghastly paradise with gold streets. I don't know why. Their man in the sky had them all convinced that the Earth was flat and that ships would fall off the edge if they tried to, ahem, learn otherwise. Oh yeah, it was the photographs from space. It's just that pesky old tree of knowledge, yet again.

For the sake of a time allotment, we must now go to some social changes:

6- If mankind actually read the Bible, instead of looking over it and, like a user agreement, just checking the box "I agree", everyone would certainly become an Atheist; otherwise, anyone who professes to believe this drivel must admit to being a sinner of the worst kind. After all, just about every proscription is simply a fact of life. We eat hoofed animals and shellfish, we wear all sorts of different clothing materials together, we lie, cheat, steal, cause distress for the poor, only pray when we covet something or wish to be forgiven other sins, and who the hell worships anymore? The ignorant, that's who! I mean, was the man in the sky omniscient or what?

7- The man in the sky says he is the only man in the sky. Where did all of the other beliefs come from? 17,000 religions and counting, I tell you, and our constitution says they are all OK! All are OK as long as you do have a man in the sky.

8- Here is a list of battles lost or all but lost, by the religiously ignorant:

Lightning rods, because they might keep the omniscient and omnipotent sky man's plan from happening. Who the hell does Man think he is to keep God from striking down sinners with lightning?

Not working on the Sabbath? That's a laugh!

Dietary and clothing taboos. You're not so damned omniscient now are you, a-hole?

Virgin Birth and resurrection? Well, just copy the ancient stories of Horus and pretend that absolutely no one has any knowledge of them. Say it enough and a few generations down the road and you will convince the gullible that this is your sky-man's original story.

Faith healing? Freud figured this one out. Conversion reaction or Demonic possession? What is the difference if it works?

Infallibility of kings? Unless they want a divorce, in which case they simply break off into a new religion.

Envy, gluttony, dancing, evil, second-class women, one God, Sodomites, interracial marriage, evolution, other worlds, circumcision replacing baptism, the Trinity... Where does this bull-shit end?

With knowledge, which even the original Martin Luther knew was the enemy of religion.

It is that old tree of knowledge, again. Marie Antoinette was right: "Let them eat cake." Those fruits of knowledge provide insight into a world of amazing discoveries, if and only if, we can just shut up those ignorant assholes who covet streets of gold and harps for everyone; those who think they can sin over and over again, as long as they believe in the correct sky-man; those who think it is fine to destroy entire cultures for their wealth, if it gives the murderers a rise in status they could never deserve; eternal life for these murderers, war mongers, planet destroyers, child rapists, and worse, as long as they choose the correct sky-man to whom to repent. Then and only then will they sit alone with the sky-man, with too little insight to realize that billions of others think they will sit right next to him.

Gee, ain't it great to be a priest. I just wish I did not have to wear the little statue of the zombie on my necklace.

Misogyny Evolution

Ed Zillioux

I will probably be beaten about the head and shoulders for taking this subject on but, what the hell, I've been there before.

In recent years, and dramatically in recent months, sexual abuse of women by men, or rather the knowledge and acknowledgement of it, has reached an almost deafening crescendo. As I have written before (see *Behavior Evolution*, AOTC Newsletter Vol.2, No.4), bad behavior, like good behavior, has a Darwinian source. It turns out, that most of the difference in male/female behavior is driven by one indisputable survival necessity. Since the female alone has the mechanism necessary for making babies, the initiation of that process, i.e., the trigger, is, perhaps arguably, the most important act in the complicated chain of events that ends with the making of a new member of the species. It is also the only reason for the existence of males (Sure, it could be correctly argued that males also are needed

to support diploidy, but that can be considered a separate issue for the purpose of this discussion. Besides, Christians [and other virgin-birth devotees] would be bound to point out that having only one set of chromosomes is a godly thing, and I don't want to go there yet).

Thus, from the perspective of the continuation of the species, the single, most important reason for the existence of men is to impregnate women. To make that possible, evolution has invented the Joy of Sex (apologies to Alex Comfort). But, there was a flaw. Natural selection did not mete out this joy equally across the sexes. I have personal knowledge of some wonderful exceptions to this generalization, but, on the average, the male sex urge and reward is more mindlessly intense and long lasting (the urge, that is, not necessarily the orgasm itself) than that of the female, remaining long after any physical possibility of his impregnating anyone. (The simple fact that I have recently entered my 9th decade, makes me a fucking expert on this [no pun intended].) Talk about the law of diminishing returns, evolution just didn't know when to shut it down.

Flash back 1.5 million years to early Pleistocene conditions on the plains of Africa. That was the time of *Homo erectus*. It was also about 1.3 million years before our own *Homo sapiens* species left the fossil remains that were later identified. (No one knows how far back our species actually extends or what our direct precursors were. I speak here of Hominids in general. The fact that Homo species are taxonomically very close was shown by the recent discovery that *H. sapiens* mated with and had offspring with *H. neanderthalensis* and that most of us still carry Neanderthal genes. This argues that the various Homo forms were not true species but rather subspecies.)

The only two things that drove males in that early era were sex and food, in that order. Never mind whether the woman wanted sex at that moment or not, the Darwinian exigency was simply: man sees woman, man fucks woman! Okay, so that's an oversimplification. The evolutionary requirement would be better couched as distribute your genes to the maximum extent attainable. So much for monogamy. Our Pleistocene forebears were of course not cognizant of much and certainly not the biological consequence of their lust. Which brings us to another characteristic that can only be explained in light of the imperative to impregnate women: males are typically the stronger sex. Why? Superior strength cannot be explained by any other need. Without men, women would certainly have had sufficient strength to be capable of carrying out all the necessities of life in a hunter/gatherer mode of living.

No, superior strength was needed in the case where the object woman resisted his sexual advances. The word rape, of course, hadn't been invented yet. Indeed, language itself would not be invented for another 1.35 million years.

Please do not misunderstand me. This is not an attempt to provide an excuse for sexual abuse or assault. There can be no excuse for either. Not today, not ever. But that does not mean that there was not an evolutionary reason for this behavior, nor that the behavior could not be inherited and still present in modern man, just as the intense urge for sex itself is. My purpose is to suggest that if we can understand the reason for this behavior, it may help us to suppress the abuse itself. Also I must admit a bias, writing as I am from the perspective of western European society and its extensions. I understand, for example, that masculine dominance is much stronger in Indian, Asian and African cultures. This should not affect the general applicability of my comments.

Civilization is generally thought to have had its beginnings with the development and proliferation of agriculture. This began some 10,000 years ago. The first universally recognized civilization was developed by the Sumerians of Mesopotamia about 6000 years ago. But did their men sexually abuse their women?

What does it mean to be civilized? Like it or not, we carry in our DNA all the evolutionary baggage of millions of years, even some of those from lineages before the oldest human ancestor first walked on two legs. We share 98.8% of our genes with Chimpanzees. The obvious differences between chimps and us can be explained primarily by gene expression, whether an identical gene is turned up or down. The study of gene expression is fascinating, but it is played out over a canvas of millions of years and obviously beyond the scope of our present discussion. I mention the extent of our evolutionary baggage only to emphasize that the inheritance of a trait for bad behavior that was initially selected for its usefulness in species survival would almost certainly persist in the modern individual. If there has not been enough time for gene expression to suppress a behavior no longer needed for survival and that behavior is no longer acceptable in civil society, we must learn to suppress it ourselves. That is the answer to what it means to be civilized. Or, at least, one answer.

Harvey Weinstein used his position of power to obtain non-consensual sex. He is accused of sexual misconduct by 95 women and

has now been formally charged with first- and third-degree rape of one woman and a criminal sex act for forcing another to give him oral sex. Is Harvey Weinstein civilized?

Bill Cosby used drugs to incapacitate his sexual victims before raping them. They were not even fully aware of what was happening, let alone capable of giving consent. One of his victims called Cosby "America's greatest serial rapist." Is Bill Cosby civilized?

We are talking about sexual abuse and sexual assault. If a man is incapable of suppressing this inherited tendency, and cannot be psychologically reprogramed, he is a danger to society and must be removed.

What Part of Futility Don't You Get?

Virgil Thorp

Apparently a moral apocalypse will occur on this holy date of 4/23* that coincides with Biblical numerologists and Fox News predicting another Harold Camping--style, civilization--ending Rapture and the nefarious plan of the gay Human Rights Campaign and Planned Parenthood to indoctrinate our children with mass sexual confusions and masturbation techniques; which they depict as "an indecent marriage of secular humanity and concurrent sexuality" that will draw forth the rapture and condemn all of humanity as being leering, slobbering carnal sex fiends actively recruiting our snowflake virgins into joining the denizens of hell.

*(*While this date has come and gone with hardly a blip on the national news, the movement remains solidly behind Donald Trump and being the evangelical-dominionist right, is a frightening chunk of chumps who consistently vote against their own interests. Which is why we desperately need to keep a wall of separation between church and state!)*

To counteract this devilish blueprint of indecency, a mass boycott of public schools has been organized that includes the states of North Carolina, Texas, Iowa, Illinois and California called "SexEdSitOut" on Monday of middle school and high school classes.

This combination of evangelical Christians and Tea Party crazies firmly believe that an "ignorance is bliss" policy is preferable particularly when it comes to sexual education and by proximity, any science not specified in the bible. "Take them (the kids) out of school and never bring them back," one teacup blazed.

Indeed for them it can't happen soon enough -- the Rapture and calling for an end to public education -- nay, calling for total home schooling and rampant ignorance, resulting in a return to superstition and divine revelation. And only a day after the pagan inspired Earth Day that's been celebrated on April 22 since 1970.

Here's the letter they are encouraging parents to print, sign and send to their local school principals and school boards:

SEX ED SIT OUT LETTER

Dear Principal _____

This letter is to inform you that my/our child(ren) _____ will be participating in the global Sex Ed Sit Out on April 23, 2018 and will not be attending school.

This date has been set aside by parents and concerned citizens in America, Canada and Australia to stand against the sexualization of our children. Pornographic sex education and anti-bullying curriculum is being implemented across our globe in an attempt to indoctrinate our children with "sexual rights." This is unacceptable and I/we am/are joining others both nationally and globally in taking a stand to say "enough"! Our children are our most precious gift and deserve to be protected against the evils of big corporations and radical activists who desire to instill a disturbing sexual ideology in the name of "Comprehensive Sexuality Education."

We send our children to school and pay you for your services through our taxes so that our children can learn reading, writing, science and history, not to question their gender or how to have oral or anal sex!

It has come to my/our attention that parents are oftentimes not being informed by the school of the controversial, graphic, gender-bending sex education programs in our schools. Administrators are hiding behind frequent name changes of sexual education programs (Welcoming Schools, Safe Schools, Reducing the Risk, Making Proud

Choices, and more) and deceptive denials in order to get the funding that comes attached to these dangerous programs. We don't believe our children's innocence should be expendable for school funding. We believe there should be transparency with parents at all times concerning what is being taught.

We demand that any such curriculum or resources be pulled immediately from our child's/children's school!

Please feel free to contact me for further discussion.

Sincerely,

Name _____

There is not enough time in the day to begin to refute their out-of-context condemnations of sex education with this campaign of shameful thick headedness. The implied pedophilic slants ooze disease and festering sores along with the slack-jawed result of occasional masturbation. For instance, this tweet from Dr. Judith Reisman, anti-sex educator and director of the Child Protection Institute who purports to be exposing fraud in sex science and education: *#SexEdSitOut "This should get a hundred thousand signatures! The beginning of the GLBTQ movement started here at the Pedo Grooming Center (Southern California?), spreading to universities globally. citizensgo.org"*

Their support comes from media outlets like The Washington Times, FOX News, Glenn Beck's The Blaze.com and groups like The American Life League, Defund Planned Parenthood, Liberty Counsel, Mama Bears Unite, Culture Guard and Freedom Project. Individuals have face-booked and tweeted under identities like "Activist Mommy," "SparkleMAGA," "Deplorable Joe," to euphemistic nom de plumes like "Dr. Truth Westheimer" but also politicians like Kentucky governor Matt Bevin and (woefully) our secretary of education, Betsy DeVos.

Their purpose is to let parents "tell their children what sex is all about when they are ready" instead of educated professionals. And who is ready? The parents or the children? Sometimes, and by the illegitimacy rates we've seen in the areas of the country that worship such idiocy, the parents are never ready to share with their children the facts of human reproduction and are always more than a little late

with the information that their children desperately search for. They don't seem to realize that hormones have no respect for arbitrary dates that say that until this date a person is still a child and after it an adult (unless of course, the child happens to be of a darker skin tone or speaks primarily Spanish or Creole which means that they will be considered an adult in any court of law at any age for any infraction they may incur). However, it is an undeniable fact of life that when the hormones start flowing, nature respects no one's arbitrary notion of when "they" might be ready.

Could it be that the social economic movement from an agrarian society to a more city dwelling gentry has been the real culprit of the sexual mis-education of our youth? I mean, things happen on a farm. You wouldn't have one if it didn't and from the rooster mounting the hen and the bull mounting the cow resulting the birth of a cute calf several months later, that sort of thing just does not often happen in sterile suburbia. (Ironically of course, their children currently only have to find the get-around of the parental block on their computers and iphones to access some of the most salacious porn ever shared with humanity!)

"Let kids be kids" is a mantra I've often heard and it was repeated by the guy who was my publisher of the adult magazines I edited back in the 1990s. I agree that it would be nice but kids are not dolls and I'm not talking about screwing them; I'm talking about educating them. They are developing beings and deserve to hear truth and reality about life and about themselves. And they will do their best to discover the reality of sexuality despite their parents' best efforts to prevent and delay their discoveries. It's like the parents are misguidedly thinking that if their children don't see "it" they won't want to do "it." How naively futile!

I can understand the parental fears and trepidations about such an inflammatory subject. I saw it first hand as my father tripped and stumbled over his tongue trying to pronounce clinical words pertaining to human coitus and love and family values as I prepared to exit adolescence into puberty (maybe I already had? Probably had). His hands shook, sweat poured off his brow and soaked his shirt from his collar and armpits and under his pectoral muscles. He was so ashamed that he couldn't look at me. However, I did correct his mispronunciations. How and why? Because I had scoured every dictionary and every encyclopedia for every naughty word I could find after I had stumbled across the definition for the word "teat." My searches for sexually-related information really improved my

vocabulary and my grade school teachers were astonished that I was reading at a tenth-grade level when I was eight-years-old.

I am going to relate a personal story that took place a couple of years before that uncomfortable incident in the car on the way back from Scuba Diving lessons and my father had noticed that I had begun to sprout pubes. Also, by the way his hands were shaking, it was good that I was the one who was driving the car.

Mom wanted her kids to be pure and approach the marriage bed as virgins. What greater gift could a wife present to a new husband than her hymen? What greater example could a husband give his new wife than a "no way I'm not going to touch that, much less kiss it!" Or, to say, "What's this thing here, ewww, that's nasty." Or blurt out, "Hey, Did it just wink at me?"

Mom tried to talk to me about sex but all that came out was "giving birth is gruesome, just gruesome." She was concerned about unwanted pregnancy and diseases (which I believed was a very Christian thing to do), but she could not bring herself to speak with my sister and me about sex (and I can only hope that my sister's first period did not come as a horrifying surprise). She gave us inadequate books on the subject – hell, that was about all there was at the time – and constantly feared what we were doing to ourselves when our hands were under the covers late at night.

Fortunately, my sister didn't get pregnant even though she didn't have adequate education. Away from home for the first time at college, she met up with and fucked a sophisticated guy from New York who had better access to sexual education and knew how to use rubbers. But I know she wasn't chaste on her wedding day. Still, up until her death, she believed that douching with Lysol was healthy.

There was no hope for me. I think I had my hand on my dick the moment I was pulled out of my mother's womb. They used forceps and misshaped my head into a pointed bomb. My mother worked for hours trying to flatten my skull and tried not to notice the hand on my crotch.

I saw the movie "The Last of the Mohicans" and thought that running around the vacant lot like Magua, the treacherous Huron Indian guide, with nothing else on but a belt with two dish towels as fore and aft breechcloths and my dick hanging out was strangely

exciting and incredibly sexy. Solar plexus, pit of stomach exciting and visceral.

As I got older, I got even hornier. I'd wake up in the middle of the night with the blankets looking like a one-poled circus tent. I had to fuck something, but had no idea what.

One night, when my folks had gone out to some friends' house, leaving me alone, I came up with something innovative. We had just received a new National Bellas Hess catalogue that had some tremendous ladies' lingerie pages. The section that turned me on the most – and please don't read too much Freudian nonsense into it – was the nursing bra section. Whatever it was something had to give. Overcome with guilt for good thirty seconds, I resisted my baser urges like a good boy. But it was a losing battle.

I had a ball of kite string with a hole through it. Bingo! My mind made a connection. I looked at the couch... I looked at the kite string with the hole. I thought of my dick. I looked at the couch's cushions. I looked at the kite string. My dick said, "Hi, buddy." I laid out the catalogue, opened to the appropriate section at the end of the couch. I wedged the ball of string between the cushions. I took off my jeans. My erection throbbed. I took off my underpants. My dick hit me in the stomach with a slap that echoed throughout the family room. Twang your magic twanger, Froggy.

Past the point of no return, I stuck my magic twanger into the hole of the ball of string. My hips began jerking involuntarily. It felt goooooood! I thrust harder. I imagined a lovely lactating red-haired girl whose breasts sprayed milk through the nursing bra flaps in gorgeous twin fountains beneath me. It was glorious. It was fun. It was fantastic! My orgasm was quick, but it was shuddering. Then shame tiptoed into the room and whispered its name into my psyche.

What had I done? I ran to the bathroom for toilet paper to wipe up my sin. I threw the ball of kite string, soggy with semen, into the trash and covered it with rancid garbage and icky coffee grounds. I wiped off the drool from the nursing bra section of the National Belles Hess catalogue. But, there was one thing I couldn't clean up. I had given my penis a severe case of rope burn! If only someone had explained the concept of lubrication to avoid abrasion to me... but I learned quickly.

Two months later, my mom asked of no-one in particular as she passed through the living room, "Has anyone seen the Vaseline?"

"No mom," I said, from behind the National Belles Hess catalogue. "I guess we better get some more, huh?"

But that was nothing compared to the two weeks I spent the next summer on my Granddad's farm (and things do happen on farms!). Every afternoon after the chores were done (and they gave me chores to do but they also provided a pony for me to ride) I'd get together with my best farm buddy, Sammy Ed Yokely and we would ride our horses around the block which was like a three-square mile box. We'd pick up kids along the way and some would stay with us and others would ride for a little while and turn back.

What got to me the most was on one of those hot, dusty August afternoons when we were joined by Harley Lee and his mare, Pinky. As Harley Lee rode in front of us, Pinky's tail would swish at the horseflies circling around the folds of her hindquarters and at that point Sammy Ed said something to me that I have never forgotten and never believed that I could have imagined it. Sammy leaned over, punched my arm and pointed at Pinky's flanks saying, "That's good pussy!" I was kinda glad I was a city kid with a good supply of Vaseline at home at that moment.

What I'm trying to say is that nature is nature and it will find a way, sometimes good and sometimes tragic. Tragedy always comes with ignorance; good results are the benefit of education. And because of their guilt about their own sexual mis-education and their shame about dealing with their own sexuality, these SitOutSexEd zealots are futilely trying to protect their children by keeping them ignorant which will certainly end up hurting them. That doesn't make ANY sense.

BRIEF COMMUNICATIONS

A Quiet Night, Not

Bert Mautz

Deputy Sheriff Billy Chase didn't mind the grave-yard shift all that much. Didn't sleep so well anyway these days, guessed that, too, was just part of getting older, and it was the least stressful time to be out and about the town he knew so well. Every picnic table camp site in every pocket park, all the back alleys, even the burnt-out street lights, Billy knew his town intimately. They had grown up together. He knew who would be driving after the bars close at two. Even knew where they were headed.

This was the second time around with the Sheriff's Office for Billy. They asked him to come back and help train all the kids coming up from the academy. The handy-man work he did keeping his string of forty-year-old houses habitable for his few tenants and the suffocating attention of his second wife after him about smoking and his weight were made bearable with the distractions of drunk and disorderly arrests, stop sign violations, and breaking and entering reports, all in the hot and humid dark of the southern Florida night.

The half moon and stars illuminated the City South Point Anchorage. Boats appeared moored on a black mirror glass smooth. Billy stopped his Martin County Sheriff cruiser mid span on the old Roosevelt Bridge, got out of the car and walked over and leaned his paunch comfortably into the railing. He growled up a good hack to spit into the darkness, just like he has done since he was a kid. An unconscious reaction; when you look down into the water you've got to spit and if it is real quiet you actually listen for the impact far below. Billy pulled a pack of smokes out of his uniform shirt pocket and struck a generic matchbook match with one hand, an old truck driving trick. He took a deep pull and let out a relaxed plume of smoke. Not a man tending toward introspection, but this is one of his favorite times....

LETTERS

Letters to the Editor
The Wall Street Journal
200 Liberty Street
New York, N.Y. 10281

Subject: (<https://www.wsj.com/articles/the-population-bomb-was-a-dud-1525125341?emailToken=f18f7f2c23130fb465c6779a0b57fc98l4Ui%2FngQvOE0UirLKuSUIY3MDpbhbfAfkTyaUmCnUagXGvBX1Par7Fi%2F6GfXOyiXMN3qSe28wWbxDI7Ytx0Txw%3D%3D>)

Dear editor:

The opinion by William McGurn (*The Population Bomb was a Dud*, 30 April 2018) totally misses the point, merely echoing the previous and specious article in the *Breitbart Connect* (27 January 2018) that labeled Ehrlich's book as "essentially junk." Contrary to McGurn's inference, Ehrlich did not invent the concept of "carrying capacity" and it remains a valid scientific construct, as many (probably hundreds) of peer-reviewed and published scientific papers attest to. Of course, resources are not fixed, but they are and always will be limited. He mentions the prediction of millions expected to die in India, but he doesn't even mention the amazing advances by the plant scientist Norman Borlaug, whose work was not known at the time that Ehrlich wrote his book, but is now widely credited by scientists, including by the Nobel committee, of saving those millions of otherwise doomed lives. McGurn quotes the oft-cited rejoinder that "skepticism is in order whenever someone waves the flag of 'science' to justify the latest" whatever (which I agree with). But it's a shallow argument when placed in the hands of those who can't tell the difference between garbage and valid scientific reasoning based on currently-available evidence. Borlaug, upon accepting his Nobel prize, recognized that his efforts, however monumental, had not solved the real problem of runaway population growth and declared, "If the world population continues to increase at the same rate, we will destroy the species." More recently, Charles Mann, who published this year, *The Wizard and*

the Prophet, commented that we “have the imagination to see our potential end, but [do] not have the cultural resources to avoid it.”

Edward Zillioux

COMEDIC CORNER



Contributed by Dan Vignau



"Think about it, Ed. ... The class Insecta contains 26 orders, almost 1,000 families, and over 750,000 described species—but I can't shake the feeling we're all just a bunch of bugs."

Contributed by Ed Zillioux
