

AOTCJournal

Welcome to the **Journal of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast**, a secular humanist gathering, providing companionship, conversation, support, and good times, within honest and objective atheist, agnostic and freethinking values.

Vol.6, No.1

January/February 2021

In this issue:

Introduction	1
AOTC Members	4
Meetings & Events	5
Commentary	17
Articles	34
The Way We Were	57
Fiction	79
Poetry	91
Comedy Corner	92

**- Produced by the TC Secular Writers -*/*

INTRODUCTION



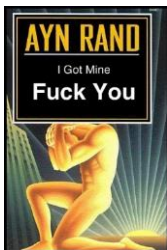
There is a line in the movie, *Revenge of the Nerds*, that not only appeals to my overall outlook on life, but – unfortunately or not – also reveals the depth of my sophistication. It occurs in the scene when the probational Tri-lambs are attempting to impress the national director of the Lambda-Lambda-Lambda fraternity with a party and have been stood up by their dates, the glamorous and snooty Pi Delta Pi girls. The Pi's insidious intentions with their Alpha Beta jock boyfriends are to embarrass the fledgling Tri-lambs, the Nerds.

Gilbert's girlfriend Judy suggests that the girls in her sorority, Omega Mu, "are pretty spontaneous" and would love to go to a party. (This calls the question, why are the Omega Mu's – 'moo's', get it – dateless on Saturday night? Of course we know, they are studious, they are plain and nerdy in their own right, the opposite of the glamorous, yet shallow Pi's. Who would want to fuck them?). The Omega's show up in force, but nerd shyness ensues and the party is in danger of being a bust. Booger breaks out his "super-joints" and before you can get the munchies on the tables and say "Einstein", there is a party going on.

Booger's doubts about the Omega's attractiveness are erased by being sandwiched between two chubby – yet party-hungry – Omega Mu's. "You Mu's sure can party!" the delighted Booger declares. Lewis is invited upstairs to lose his virginity by the Omega Mu who finds robots sexy. Poindexter found himself on the sofa, delightfully stoned and exploring philosophical dichotomies with his Omega date. "Would you prefer to live in the ascendancy of a civilization or during its decline?" he posits.

Her forthright answer is another question, "Poindexter, do you wanna fuck, or not?" Essentially, does it matter whether you are in the ascendancy or the decline? Is our only alternative to party like it is 2021? There are all sorts of literary examples of renewal and resolution, some mythological and some more immediate. Like the rebirth of the Phoenix versus FEMA after a natural disaster. In both instances, you crawl out of the rubble and press on.

And, 2021 might provide us, with hope that – with a new regime in the White House – the deterioration of our civilization can be



averted and ascendancy will be re-established. If only we can replace the Ayn Rand, "I got mine, screw you" selfish political mindset that has besieged progress since Ronald Reagan and crawl out of the rubble we currently find ourselves buried in.

So, screw it, let's virtually crawl out of the rubble and party. Let's disregard the potholes and falling bridges on the Interstate Highway System, let's ignore the failure to provide medical facilities to the rural interior of the states and the Arecibo SETI telescope collapsing in Puerto Rico. Is there anything we can do to stop the Visigoths from sacking Rome and stripping it of all value, right down to the marble veneers? Who cares' as long as I've got mine. Of course, drugs were involved.

I sum up this introduction to the inaugural issue of the AOTC Journal vol. 6 no. 1 with the valid question to our survival:

How long will a covid19 vaccine inoculation provide immunity?

Answer: We have no idea.

Welcome Aware Ones to 2021, like Sisyphus, let's start all over again. Precipice? What precipice?

Virgil

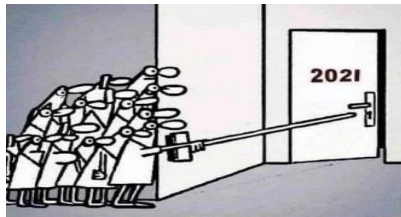
We continue the process of increasing the distribution of this Journal in the hopes of attracting new members. If you are new to the Aware Ones and would like to know more about us, please visit our website at <http://www.AwareOnesOfTheTreasureCoast.com>.

If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our table at (the moment it is a picnic shelter in Stuart's Sandspruit Park 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, Stuart, FL 34997), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00am to share ideas and challenge your mind. Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us on the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed, please email vmthorp@outlook.com for confirmation.

AOTC MEMBERS

Joan Auerbach	Stretch Graton
Marsha Banks	Bob Haskins
Ernie Breud	Barbara Lange
Eddie Buitrago	Jim Longo
Rick Burkhardt	Yashi Nozawa
Sandra Burkhardt	Roberta Synal
Paul Carlos	Lucy Thorp
Gloria Cosgrove	Virgil Thorp
Ray Duryea	Dan Vignau
Marilyn Graton	Ed Zillioux
Gale Baker	Linda Webb
Bert Mautz	Betty Tewksbury
David Dorenzo	Gil Gaudia



MEETINGS & EVENTS

Meetings

Friday *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart's Sandsprit Park. Usually in a shelter on the point. BYOB

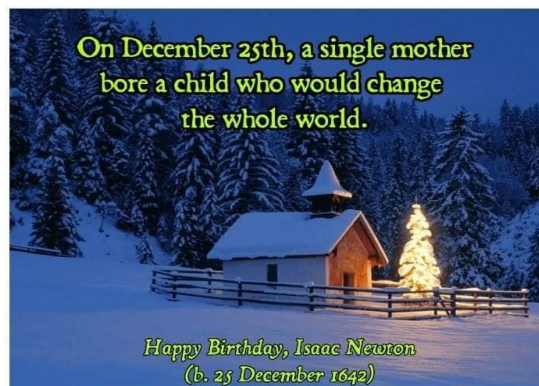
Sunday Coffee – Meeting still in limbo. Substituting 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <vignaujd@comcast.net> to be included with the connection codes.

TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Wednesday evenings at 6:30pm. For access, contact Dan <vignaujd@comcast.net> to be included with the connection codes. Resumption of regular meetings subject to viral infections. Social coffee and writers' meetings may become regular with "Zoom", a laxative for your mind. Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

Events

Dec. 25, 1642 – Isaac Newton born.

"If I have made any valuable discoveries, it has been owing more to patient attention than to any other talent."

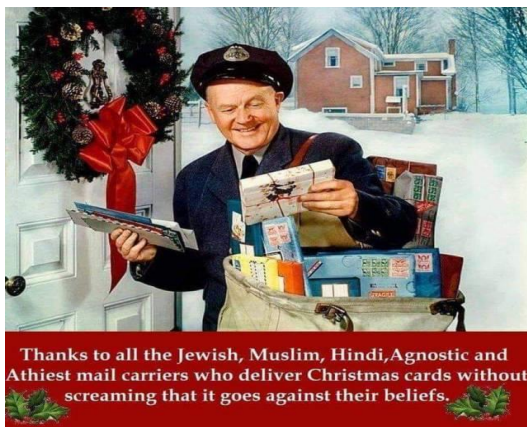


Jan. 1 – New Year's Day. Twenty days left until inauguration day!



Jan. 4, 1904 – Suave and debonair, classical Hollywood actor Cary Grant, nee Archibald Alexander Leach, born Bristol, England. Grant became an LSD advocate in the late '70's while still being anti-drug.

"LSD is a chemical, not a drug. People who take drugs are trying to escape from their lives. LSD is a hallucinogen, and people who take it are trying to look *within* their lives."



Thanks to all the Jewish, Muslim, Hindi, Agnostic and Athiest mail carriers who deliver Christmas cards without screaming that it goes against their beliefs.

Jan. 16 – National Religious Freedom Day

Jan. 20 – Bye-Don Day, or Inauguration Day.

THEY AINT REALLY MAD ABOUT JOE, THEY MAD CAUSE THAT COLORED GAL !!!!! 🤔🤔



Jan. 27 – National Chocolate Cake Day

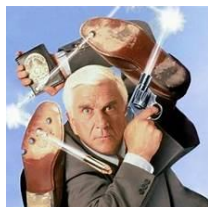
Feb. 4 – National Hemp Day

Feb. 5 – National



Commented [VT1]:

Wear Red Day



Feb. 11, 1926 – Leslie Nielsen Born. The Canadian actor, comedian and producer's career spanned 60 years in a variety of roles, his most funny and memorable role being Lt. Frank Drebbin of Police Squad in the "Naked Gun" movies.



Feb. 12 – Darwin Day. Did you know Charles Darwin had a mountain named after him, Mount Darwin, in Tierra del Fuego for his 25th birthday. The monumental gift was given by Captain FitzRoy of the HMS Beagle.

Feb. 14 – Valentine's Day

Feb. 17 – AOTC 6-2 deadline.

Feb. 27 – National Strawberry Day

Mar. 05 – National Day of Unplugging. *Try going without a computer or phone, or a tv one day – just try. I dare you.*

Mar. 14 – Daylight Saving Time. Pi Day.



Mar. 20 – Spring Equinox

The March equinox or northward equinox is the equinox on the Earth when the subsolar point appears to leave the Southern Hemisphere and cross the celestial equator, heading northward as seen from Earth. The March equinox is known as the vernal equinox in the Northern Hemisphere and as the autumnal equinox in the Southern.

Mar. 22 – 49th Anniversary Baird v. Eisenstadt (1972)

"Today is the 49th anniversary of my U.S. Supreme Court case Baird v. Eisenstadt. That decision legalized birth control for all individuals and became the foundation for abortion and other right of privacy cases. Birth control is tied into overpopulation which is tied to overuse of resources like fossil fuel which is tied to the destruction of our planet. On the right is a 1965(?) photo of me and a student showing dangerous methods women would use to self-abort." – Bill Baird



"Can you please drone me the mashed potatoes?"



Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

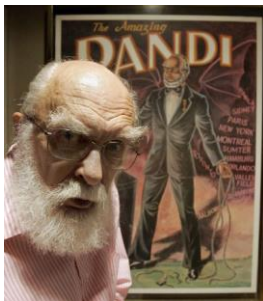
**The clergy know that I know that they know that
they do not know.**

Robert Green Ingersoll

Lives Lived

Charles Elwood "Chuck" Yeager – Record-setting test pilot and flying ace. First pilot in history confirmed to have exceeded the speed of sound in 1947. Feb 13, 1923 - Dec 07, 2020 (age 97)

"I haven't yet done everything, but by the time I'm finished, I won't have missed much," he wrote. "If I auger in (crash) tomorrow, it won't be with a frown on my face. I've had a ball." – General Chuck Yeager



James Randi – *The Amazing Randi*. Professional magician, escape artist and fraud exposé. Randi devoted much of his career debunking paranormal claims – from spoon bending, water dowsing, spirit channeling and faith healers like Peter Popoff and fraud psychics like Uri Geller, among others. He died Oct. 20. He was 92.

"I'm an explainer," said James Randi. "I'm certainly not trying to do in magic. But I'm obsessed with exposing those who use it fraudulently."

Carol Arthur – Aug 4, 1935 – Nov. 1, 2020. American actress specializing in character roles. She was Harriet Johnson in *Blazing Saddles* (1974). She appeared in *Robin Hood: Men in Tights* (1993) and *Intrepid* (2000). She was married to Dom DeLuise for 44 years.



On Governor LePetomane's appointment of a black sheriff for Rock Ridge, in *Blazing Saddles*, Harriet's famous line was:

"...this just goes to prove that you are the leading asshole in the state!"

Sean Connery – 25 Aug. 1930 – 31 Oct. 2020 Scottish actor. The original actor to portray fictional British secret agent James Bond in film, starring in seven Bond films. He also appeared in John Huston's *The Man Who Would Be King*, with pal Michael Caine. Connery won an Oscar for his supporting role in *The Untouchables* in 1987.

"I admit I'm being paid well, but it's no more than I deserve. After all, I've been screwed more times than a hooker."



Alex Trebek – Jul 22, 1940 - Nov 08, 2020 Host of TV game show, *Jeopardy*, for 37 years. Of pancreatic cancer. The Canadian Trebek won 7 Emmy's.

"Time is too precious to be spent on anything other than kindness,"

Bruce Carver Boynton – Jun 19, 1937 – Nov 23, 2020 American civil rights leader who inspired the Freedom Riders movement and advanced the cause of racial equality by a landmark legal case, *Boynton v. Virginia*, argued in the Supreme Court by future Justice Thurgood Marshall. Boynton had been refused service in the white section of a segregated Richmond, Virginia bus station in 1958.



"He did something that very few people would have the courage to do. He said no," Judge Myron Thompson said of Boynton.



Minnesota get out and vote!!!

8:35 AM · Nov 10, 2020 · Twitter for iPhone

Dubious achievements



Haines City police say 26-year-old James Blight stole a bulldozer from a construction site before election day and rode through Haines City, Florida tearing down Biden-Harris signs and even destroying a speed limit sign

He was charged with grand theft auto because they apparently do not have grand theft bulldozer in Florida, which

is a wonder because it is Florida.

Abdoullakh Abouyedovich Anzorov, an 18-year-old Muslim Russian refugee of Chechen ethnicity has been identified as the terrorist behind the beheading of Samuel

Paty, a history and geography teacher in a suburb of Paris, France. French President Emmanuel

Macron said the teacher was a "victim of an Islamist attack." Speaking at the scene of the attack, Macron said the educator was "killed because he was teaching students freedom of speech, the freedom to believe and not believe." The alleged attacker was shot dead by police in Éragny, the same area where the victim's body was found.



A.A. Anzorov



Samuel Paty



Do not forget the high price of freedom ... for art, free speech, free thought ... therefore remember the attack on Charlie Hebdo!

A terrorist attack on the editorial staff of the satirical magazine Charlie Hebdo in Paris on January 7, 2015



Reproductive Rights – Tens of thousands of people in Poland have protested a ruling that imposes a near-total ban on abortion. Some have disrupted masses and vandalized churches in a rare lashing out at the Catholic Church, which has long pushed to tighten abortion access.

"Doc, I think my son has gonorrhea," a patient told his urologist on the phone. "The only woman he's screwed is our maid."

"OK, don't be hard on him. He's just a kid," the doc soothed. "Get him in here right away and I'll take care of him."

"But, Doc, I've been screwing the maid, too, and I've got the same symptoms he has."

"Then you come in with him and I'll fix you both up," replied the doctor.

"Well," the man admitted, "I think my wife now has it, too."

"Son of a bitch!" the physician hollered, "That means we've all got it!"

Another One Bites the Dust courtesy LGBTQ Nation



Bishop Harry Jackson Jr., one of America's most vocal anti-LGBTQ pastors – and an "evangelical advisor" to Donald Trump – has died at age 66, just weeks after attending the White House super-spreader event in the White House Rose Garden where Trump announced the nomination of Amy Coney Barrett for the Supreme Court, which was attended by several top Republicans

– including Donald and Melania Trump, two GOP Senators, and several White House aides – who were later diagnosed with the COVID-19 virus.

In 2012 Jackson said that LGBTQ people are "folks who cannot reproduce who want to recruit your kids" and said that the movement for marriage equality proved that the U.S. was "just like during the times of Hitler."



In 2018, he said that Black Lives Matter will fail because there are lesbians in its leadership.

My Opinion.. I get it, you hated him 4 years ago and you still hate him now. I've seen a lot of hate

thrown his way, but this guy is a consistent winner and an overachiever. That's what the people who support him love about him. Yes, there have been some scandals, yes there have been some lies, and maybe a few times he's twisted the truth to make himself look better. He's out there every day proving those haters wrong time after time. Call it jealousy, call it envy, some people just can't handle how successful he is and how much money he has, could even be jealous that he's got a hot foreign model as his wife. You may not have wanted him in this role, but he's there now and there is nothing you or I can do about it. I know its possibly going to get worse over the next several days, but like him or not, Tom Brady is turning things around in Tampa Bay. 😏



Lap Dance Anyone? Don Junior/Junior Mints' \$15,000 Ameros/month emotional



support cougar Kimberly Guilfoyle, um, *applied her craft & trade* to fundraising for President Trump's 2020 campaign. Trump couldn't compete with Biden's small-dollar fundraising machine, and some donors were horrified by what they described as Guilfoyle's lack of professionalism: **She frequently joked about her sex life and, at one fundraiser, offered a lap dance to the donor who gave the most money.**

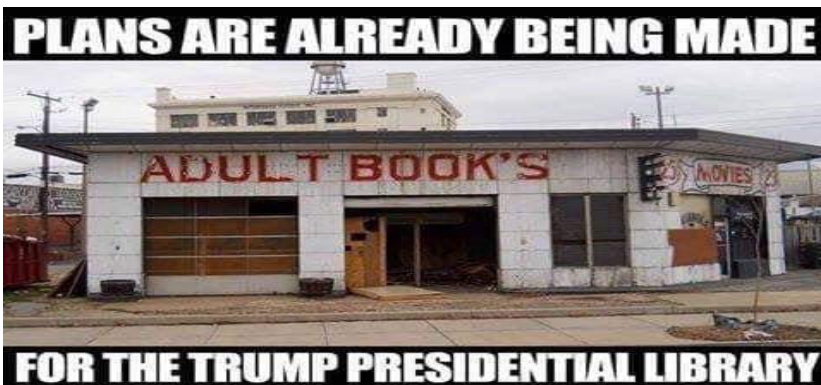
Trump Jr. and Kimberly Guilfoyle make moves to expand RNC influence and possibly takeover, sources say

Donald Trump Jr. and Kimberly Guilfoyle are making moves to expand their influence at the Republican National Committee, three GOP sources, including

advisers to the President tell CNN. Some sources say they may seek to take over the party structure themselves.

President Donald Trump's eldest son and his girlfriend, a Trump campaign fundraiser and former Fox News host, have made it clear to campaign and White House officials they are unhappy with RNC chairwoman Ronna McDaniel, who they view as not having done enough to win a close race.

Trump Jr. and Guilfoyle could seek leadership roles at the RNC to position the committee for a comeback run for the President in 2024, the sources said.



Quote of the week: From Jane Goodall, doyenne of the world's great primatologists, during an interview with Kara Swisher of the New York Times: "Well, don't compare Trump with a chimpanzee, because it's terribly rude to the chimpanzee."

Republican Euphemisms from Conservative political operative, Frank Luntz discourtesy of Mock, Paper, Scissors

A few simple wording changes can help improve the public's perception.

- **Lockdowns:** Survey respondents had a much more positive reaction to the term "stay-at-home order." "Calling it a lockdown brings to mind jailing your population," Luntz said.
- **Safety measures:** The data shows that Americans have a more positive reaction when rules and regulations to address COVID-19 are called "protocols" as opposed to "mandates," "directives," "controls," or "orders."
- **Responsibility:** The research finds it's better to use the term "personal responsibility" rather than a "national duty." References to the federal government should be replaced with more localized solutions, especially as many Republicans support stronger state rights.
- **Naming the virus:** Leaders should use the word "pandemic" instead of "coronavirus," because it helps humanize and personalize the situation. Overall, Americans consider a "pandemic" more "significant, serious, and scary" than "COVID-19" or "coronavirus."
- **Numbers:** Health experts often refer to hospitalization rates, but this feels distant and impersonal to the average person, Luntz said. Instead, they should focus mostly on talking about deaths, since that's universally understood.



- **Getting rid of the virus:** Saying "eliminating" or "eradicating" the virus is more impactful than using "defeating" or "crushing" the virus, because war-like language can politicize the issue.
- **Vaccines:** Emphasis on the speed of vaccine development turns the public off, Luntz said. People are looking for something safe, assured and effective, and the administration's framing around "Operation Warp Speed" to get a vaccine out quickly undermines the public's trust that the vaccine is safe, he notes.
- **Agencies:** Research shows people respond better to calling federal bodies "public health agencies" rather than referring to the government itself, because government often elicits feelings of bureaucracy and red tape, not personal safety.
- **Defining policies:** Saying that policies to combat the pandemic are "fact-based" is more effective than saying they're based on "science," "data," or "medicine."

There's a lot of good in this. Luntz might be on Team Evil, but he knows how to manipulate through words, especially to the mouth-breathers in his caucus, and let's be honest: They are the problem.



Louisiana archbishop sets fire to the altar where a priest, 37, recorded himself having a threesome with two dominatrices inside the church and calls the desecration 'demonic'

From Pharyngula blogsite (thank you P.Z. Myers):

Don't try to tell me it's not a cult

I presume a Christian painted this, completely oblivious to implicit heresy.



Aware One, Gale Baker, astutely asked the cogent question, "Where did the belly go?"

COMMENTARY

STORM'S A COMIN'

By Bert Mautz



Her name is Eta. We started paying attention as she was about to cross Cuba headed for the Keys on Saturday. The southeastern coast was in the predictable/terrifying northeast quadrant where all the wind and rain is to be found. Up here on the Treasure Coast flooding from six to eight inches of predicted rain combined with gusts to forty-five miles per hour. Not a hurricane, but worthy of closing the shutters. Something satisfying being buttoned down. We're safe now, we disillusionally believe.



633 Channel Ave is a legally surveyed seven point six feet above some definition of mean sea level. Being on Frazier Creek, drainage is not a problem, however the drive drains (flows) downhill into the garage door before the stream runs around the west end of the house. Betty's solution: a dike of a dozen mulch bags from Home Depot early Sunday across the door.



In the midst of this climatic tumult, and the disruption planning for the storm Saturday afternoon, Joe Biden is deemed the winner in Pennsylvania and Nevada. That's 279 electoral vote majority. Biden/Harris are going to replace Trump/Pence. Hurray for our side. (Mormon brother and sister report, "It's been a quiet week...." in their weekend letters oblivious to the entire political happening)

The storm will be more interesting if we can watch her. Betty's town house has storm proof windows, no house darkening shutters. Let's go over there for the duration. And so we did; first leaving my car in the parking garage a block away. My house on the creek shuttered and mulch bagged to ward off the wind and rain. Few better ways to begin a storm watch than with Mimosas and eggs, and rye toast for Sunday breakfast. Had just cleared and begun our Sunday Zoom session with friends when the lights went off. 417 Akron had never experienced an outage before.

The sizing up the consequences as the darkened minutes pass, immediately grabbing the attention. The elevator is out of commission. Could this old man sleep on the sofa? Betty believes the double width garage door is too much to open manually. The front porch is five steps above the sidewalk. She can escape the catastrophic home fire, but won't have a car. His circumstances are a little bit iffier, but can likely descend those front steps on crutches. Thirty minutes later



it is still dark. What caused this? Could it be those forty mile per hour gusts? Is there any cause of impatience as aggravating as the power being off?

Predictable how a modern, and high-tech home would be so susceptible to a simple power outage. Beginning to wonder if we might be better off back at my place, no elevator. Decided to check first whether the outage was also on Channel Ave. And low and behold, neighbors said. "It's been out almost three hours, and on football Sunday, for cryin' out loud." Staying where we are, and after a few more flickers a couple hours later Betty drove back to Channel and the juice was flowin'. Let's go. Repack my computer, and secure the pot of sauce and meatballs, going to simmer and enjoy at my house.



All this time with outages, driving back and forth to see where



electricity was available, the wind was howling and rain descending horizontally. We are experiencing a full-on tropical storm. The Tampa vs New Orleans game was an embarrassment for Holier-than-Thou Tommy Brady. Shutters rattling with wind blasts. Good night all.



Ayn Rand is as mysterious a character as is the pronunciation of her name. For the record, it is *Eye*, as in our visual organs, followed by the second syllable in the Southern term for one's children, "Young'Uns". *Eye-Un Rand*. Through her writings, she gave birth to the philosophical field of American Objectivism, the belief that it does not matter how you get your share of the pie, just that you get it.

Many self-centered assholes of the world cite her two novels, "The Fountainhead" and "Atlas Shrugged", as books that greatly influenced their lives. This influence is noted by several writers as totally consistent with her famous quote from interviews, such as, "Why should I care whether someone else is happy?" She also famously commented on Native Americans, by stating that there is no validity for anyone to claim land simply because they were born here.

My favorite critical objectivist insult is from a YouTube video about Rand fan, Mark Cuban, who says he rereads "The Fountainhead" for inspiration. His 288-foot, five floor plus upper deck yacht is named "Fountain head". Of course it is.

Yep. The boat needed a catchy name to tell everyone what an egotist a successful Ayn Rand fan can be.

Other noted fans are the immigrant hating, Ronald Reagan, Rand Paul, Donald Trump, and the former NRA and Pfizer attorney, plus EPA hating, Rafael E. Cruz, aka Ted, who also hates immigrants.

But don't assume I think everything she wrote was wrong. She took a stand for women's rights to choose whether to use birth control of any kind available. She definitely made a lot of good comments on minority rights, but her true indoctrination in the



American system of selfish capitalism for its own sake seemed to leak through to the surface no matter how reasonable she wished to be viewed. For example, in an interesting statement on how a successful man chooses a mate, she ended it with, "...because only the possession of a heroine will give him the sense of an achievement."

Do you hear that, objectivist bitches!

Mark, Ronald, Rand Paul and Rafael, aka Ted, rejoice! You have conquered your heroines! Well, actually, Trump bought his from the Russian Whore Clone Store, but the how does not matter to an objectivist such as Ayn Rand.

There are certainly many good Rand quotes, especially about being truthful. For us liberals, she warned, "Reason is not automatic. Those who deny it cannot be conquered by it. Do not count on them. Leave them alone."

At least she got that right.

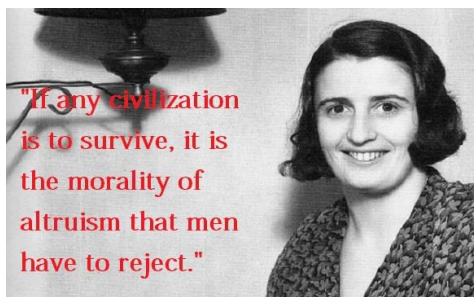
Of course, like the Bible, Donald Trump and his evangelical followers only like certain passages.

Her cohorts – and other so-called Libertarians who praise Rand – state that laws should not be written to discriminate against certain minorities, such as outlawing the disgusting and "immoral practices of homosexuals." However, if one is merely protecting his property, then he can discriminate any way he chooses to protect the value of such property, such as by not hiring disgusting homos or the inferior black people.

For Ayn Rand, the essence of her femininity is hero worship, "because an ideal woman wants to worship a man worthy of her worship." (*note photo previous page*)

In a Vanity Fair article, a psychiatrist with whom she had an extended extramarital affair, said this of her, "...man experiences the essence of his masculinity in the act of romantic dominance; woman experiences the essence of her femininity in the act of romantic surrender."

Maybe someone should point this out to the too many lesbian groups, and gay teens who proclaim Ayn Rand's Objectivism as their credo.



Remember kiddies:
Selfishness is a virtue, Altruism is a sin, and Capitalism is a deeply moral system that allows us to attain our dreams, even if it totally demeans and objectifies everyone else on Earth.

Ayn Rand says so.

By David Saperstein, provided by Gale Baker

To whomever reads this first:

If you don't make sure it that it gets to those addressed, then it is for you too because you will have joined the Trumpublicans. Note that it has been sent to more than 250 media outlets across my country, The United States of America.

I DO NOT SEE YOUR PATRIOTIC FACES APPEARING, OR YOUR ANGRY VOICES RISING, AGAINST THE INCREDIBLE SEDITION AND TREASON BEING PERPETRATED ON WE THE PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT, OUR FREEDOM, AND OUR COLLECTIVE SAFETY AND WELL BEING. HAVE YOU TOO JOINED THE TRUMPUBLICANS? OR ARE YOU JUST COWARDS LIKE THEM, FEEDING AT THE PUBLIC TROUGH? I'LL BET YOU'RE STILL GETTING PAID REGULARLY WHILE TENS OF MILLIONS OF US ARE NOT. FOR MONTHS NOW, YOU'VE SILENTLY LET US LANGUISH WITHOUT HELP, AND SENT MANY OF US TO DIE. WE KNOW TRUMP AND HIS ACOLYTES, AND MITCH McCONNELL, WANT US TO SUFFER AND DIE. BUT WHY DO YOU?

FIND YOUR BACKBONE! DON'T GO ON "VACATION"! IMPEACH TRUMP AGAIN RIGHT NOW! THE GROUNDS ARE SEDITION AND TREASON. LOOK UP THE DEFINITIONS. AFTER THAT PATRIOTIC ACT, SPEAKER PELOSI AND MINORITY LEADER SCHUMER, STAND UP WHERE YOU SUPPOSEDLY WORK BUT IN FACT ONLY SIT PARALYZED AND SILENT LIKE BYSTANDERS. THEN, LEAD YOUR DELEGATIONS OUT OF THOSE ROTTING, IMPOTENT CHAMBERS. MARCH OUT ONTO THE CAPITOL STEPS AND TELL AMERICA AND THE WORLD THAT YOU ARE A

SEPARATE AND EQUAL BRANCH OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND WILL NO LONGER TOLERATE THE WILLFUL DESTRUCTION OF OUR COUNTRY AND OUR LIVES. LET'S SEE HOW THE TRUMPUBLICAN COWARDS HANDLE THAT AND WHAT HERR OBERFUHRER McCONNELL, WHO GAVE HIS CHINESE FAMILY \$350,000 IN PANDEMIC RELIEF WHILE TELLING AMERICAN SMALL BUSINESSES TO GO SCREW, AND PSYCHOTIC WANNABE FUHRER LOSER TRUMP, AND HIS FASCIST SYCOPHANTS WHO TOGETHER HAVE DESTROYED THE CONGRESS OF WE THE PEOPLE, DO ABOUT IT.

YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO BE AMERICANS, BUT YOU ARE BLOWING IT. AND IN A FEW YEARS, IF YOU WANT OUR VOTE, YOU'D BEST ASK HERR TRUMP NOW FOR A PARDON BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET ONE FROM WE THE PEOPLE!

David Saperstein





By Virgil Thorp

One day to go. 24 hours before we will know – or at least – have an idea. Will we still have rights and be able to live like free human beings? Or, will we have to wear red hats and to be like the Trump zombies to survive? Is there any other choice? This is a day, not of resolve, but a day of questions and ominous anxieties.

My mind flashed to the stomach-churning scene in Taika Waititi's brilliant, off-beat, motion picture about an awkward Hitler-youth boy's experiences in the surreal environment that was World War II Germany, *JoJo Rabbit*, when the cadaverous gestapo leader and his black-clad heil-Hitler goons – mercilessly rummaging around the house for incriminating contraband – confronted JoJo and Elsa, the little orphaned Jewish girl JoJo's mother, Rosie, had been hiding in their attic.

Like a Jew in Spain during the inquisition converting to Catholicism in order to survive, in Nazi Germany you had to heil-Hitler everyone or be taken in front of a firing squad for summary execution. For Elsa, the repetitive 'heil Hitlers' was a necessary litany that served to protect her from the fate of other non-Aryan *Untermensch* through the death-head's diabolical final solution.



"Heil Hitler." goon one said.

"Heil Hitler," she echoed.

"Heil Hitler." Piped up goon number two.

"Heil Hitler," Elsa responded with a modest nod and a timid smile.

"Heil ad nauseum." Said another.

"Heil ad nauseum" ...

"heil ad nauseum,"

"heil – ad – *fucking* – nauseum"

... and on it went as each slimy Nazi sycophant echoed their dastardly salutations like a holy slogan and Elsa answered with her little smile while her guts trembled in terrified loathing and well-concealed outrage. You had to answer, or you were dead. If you hesitated, you were dead. There was no choice. You had to lie with joy.

Deception sure, but like camouflage protects prey from predators, this is how Darwin would advise you to blend in for survival. For Elsa, the ability to conceal her repulsion was the key to her living for another day, another hour or, another minute.

"Do you know where your mother is," the head gestapo guy, Herr Deertz, coyly asked JoJo, the question dripping with venomous lethality. Clearly the visit was to arrest somebody and take them into gestapo custody, but I feel the bastard knew where Rosie



was. JoJo's mother Rosie, was already dead, hanging from the gallows in the town square with the other betrayed anti-Nazi resistors – her left shoe pitifully untied in abject metaphor –

because she chose to make a statement against the evil, no matter how small that effort seemingly had been.

You might say that “that’s just a movie, in the real world, the



Nazi’s would have shot JoJo in the back of the skull point blank when he discovered his mother’s lifeless body and sobbed, forlornly clutching at Rosie’s dangling legs.” Heartless, sure, but that is the reality of being powerless when fascist take over.

I read where 55 percent of the people believe that tomorrow, Tuesday; November third, will be the most stressful day of the year. How could it be any more stressful than what today is? Or what the day after tomorrow might be?

How can we be calm when there’s Trump-Pence caravans forcing Biden-Harris buses off the road in Texas through hostile road rage, causing several campaign events to be canceled and no one arrests them: A gang of armed, national socialist brownshirts. Is this any different than 1936 Stuttgart, Munich, or Berlin? A Garden State Parkway Putsch, perhaps. Ahem, I say, is anyone out there who knows their history so the shame of Nazi Germany’s rape on humanity is not repeated? This time in the United States? Anyone? Hello!

Political division has robbed us of our piece of mind, but we know it is the mango-maniac conman lying and lying and lying to his gurgling mindless zombies that terrifies us the most. Do they want our brains? Our souls? All that we are? Our very beings? Do they just want to make us cry at the hateful inequities they worship and the shameful inequalities they impose?

What do we do if tomorrow’s results dash our hopes? Will we join Elsa in the attic? Will we have to be like the blacklisted writers of the early fifties? Like Dalton Trumbo and the rest of the

Hollywood Ten? Putting another person's name to their scripts, their articles and stories, their poems? History reveals to us that every tyrant has his opposition who he gleefully tortures and ruthlessly destroys – by hanging or firing squad or other despicable means of execution – if they show resistance. Should we respond and do a Nathan Hale, having but one life to give for our country? Is there any other alternative? Again, do we have to start acting in zombie-like, red-hatted, lock-shuffle to avoid detection of our heresies?

Will we be forced to cover up our true feelings and protect ourselves by telling lies, too? Will we have to start seig heiling the hideous Trump anti-messiah like Elsa did to preserve ourselves to conform and hide in plain sight? Will we start building tributes to Trump in our front yards? Flags and signs and erecting pitch and papier-mache and feces monuments to 'hair fuhrer'. Can we be able to do it without giving ourselves away by spitting out the foul taste? Will we say, instead, "Go ahead! Shoot me you cowardly motherfuckers, you ignorant shit-ass punks" as the defiant last words from our bleeding lips? Will we rather be dead on a gallows like JoJo's mother, Rosie?

When will stress go away?
Is it today? Or are we
condemned to exist in
eternal re-count
purgatory? One more day?
I am very concerned about

whether we can survive the next couple of months of climatic catastrophe, pandemic terror, economic fracture and the resultant panic of civil unrest.

And, as the Trump campaign of evil and darkness desperately tries to keep the lies alive, only time can tell at noon on 01.20.2021 how our futures will be. Or, will we merely shit ourselves?



Good Morning Aware Ones,

It is interesting how conspiracy theories have become a pseudo reality in our society.



It appears that Russia could not get Trump elected this time, perhaps because the internet was more aware of previous actions; and election interference was not as rampant. Maybe it was because Putin sees no more use in Donald Trump. Maybe it wasn't either of these.

Still, Trump got over 70 million votes. That is over 10 million more than he got in 2016. Biden won by almost 14 million votes more than the 2016 election for Hillary Clinton.

But since conspiracy theories like dead Venezuelans interfering in the election seem to resonate to some; let me put forth a little scenario.

If I were to write a script about the actions of the present president, I would write a backstory much like his own, done of course in flashbacks.

Then I would put into question where the ten million dollars is that belongs to the transition.



Perhaps I would end my script with this question unanswered, or perhaps I would indicate that the lame duck president knew how to funnel that money into his own pocket.

Hmmm. Is this a conspiracy theory? See attached photo for reference (the nefarious Dr. Evil).

Have a great Sunday and let's hope for a more positive 2021 when fanatics from both sides settle their differences in fact not fiction.

Gale Baker

Provided by Gale Baker and David Saperstein. Thanks so much!

GOOD-BYE JERKS!



A political fond farewell from British-Indian novelist Hari Kunzru...



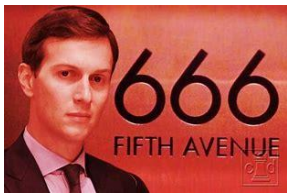
"Mike Pence, you repressed joyless would-be witchfinder, every time you spoke you always looked like you were straining to expel an enormous bolus of your own hypocrisy from your clenched sphincter.

"Betsy DeVos you blandly foolish soulless entitled child-stealing witch, rotting like a corpse inside your Chanel suit.



"Kayleigh McEnaney, you evacuated husk of a mean-girl cheerleader, the cavity where your heart once was pumped full of spite and moronic lies.

"Bill Barr, you vast pompous pus-filled bladder of casuistry, you are an enemy of justice, bloated with resentment and cruelty, wobbling like a jelly at the feet of the oligarchs.



"Jared Kushner, you vacuous dainty preening overpromoted nub of mediocrity, squeezed like an entitled smear of toothpaste into a silk suit bought

with tear-stained dollars wrung out of the suffering tenants of your slum apartments.



"Ivanka Trump, you monstrous slug of vanity, you infantile ninny so marinated in self-regard that in your pea brain you believe we ought to love you for your crimes.



"Mike Pompeo, you bubble, you booby, you flatulent zero, that roiling in your ample guts that you mistake for world shaking significance is just the acid reflux of irrelevancy.

"Don Junior, you scabrous single-nostriled unloved elephant-murdering human wreckage, vibrating with bitterness and impotent rage at all the opportunities you've squandered.



"Interlude: all you staffers and interns, so eager to crunch your way in your shiny new work shoes over the bodies of the poor and powerless, I smite you and cast you out one by one.



"Eric Trump, you pallid clammy suppurating nocturnal semi-human grub, your absence of charisma is your only notable trait and the act of flushing you from memory will so be smooth and painless that in a month people will find it hard to picture your moon face.

"Rudy Giuliani, you capering cartoonish skull-faced bag of graft and corruption, too stupid even to ask who's pulling your strings just so long as you can cake your crusty face in tv make-up and clack your jaw at a camera.



"And of course, Stephen Miller, you weeping pustule upon the social body, you dreg, you homunculus, you noxious slime felched from the gaping cavity of Jim Crow, one day may you find yourself walking barefoot across hot sand, desperate for water, crying for your missing child.

"With that I'll rest a while, and go to find a street corner to dance on."

Harri Kunzru

ARTICLES



Believing In Weird Ideas

By Yashi Nozawa

As a mature person, you are allowed to believe in any ideas. Some persons seem to believe in weird ideas. What is a weird idea? There is no clear-cut definition, but I can propose a temporary working definition: an idea which will be considered weird by a majority of your peers. A weird idea in one community can be considered normal or ordinary by another. A weird idea is like pornography, it is difficult to define precisely, but you can recognize it when you see it.

I am an atheist, humanist, and a member of a Unitarian Universalist church. I also believe that intelligent and highly educated people tend to become atheists or humanists. A majority of faithful religious persons may consider I am one of the believers of weird ideas. Nevertheless, I am proud of my beliefs.

The November 11, 2020, issue of the New York Times reported that the leader of a self-help group called Nxivm (pronounced

NEX-ee-um), Keith Raniere was convicted and sentenced to 120 years in prison for committing sex and other crimes. The legitimate part of the business of the group was selling expensive self-help lectures, which consisted of several levels of advancement. The group uses psychological techniques, including brainwashing and hypnosis very effectively to acquire many clients. According to one report, more than 18,000 people attended the expensive lectures. The curious part of the group is its sex activities.

The organization was constructed in a hierarchy with Mr. Raniere at the apex. He called himself "Vanguard." Specially selected female members formed a sub-group called DOS, which is an

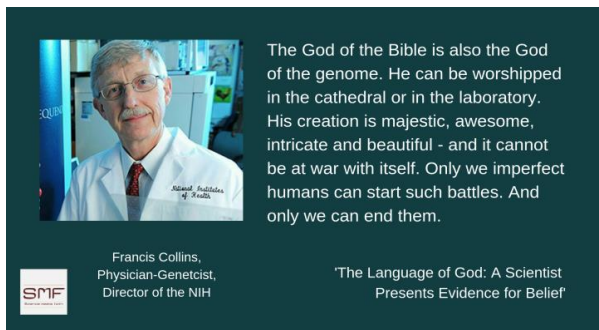


acronym for the Latin phrase meaning "Lord/Master of the Obedience Female Companions." Their duties are to serve the master as slaves; they vowed to fill sexual needs of Vanguard. To keep them bonded to Mr. Raniere he used extortions, threats, and other illegal activities. Up to this point, I considered that the group was an ordinary sex cult. The only points interesting to me were the events around the trial of Mr. Raniere. During the trial, eight members of the DOS group demonstrated every day at the front of the courthouse to exonerate Mr. Raniere. They claimed that Mr. Raniere cleaned the world. These women are well

educated and seem to be intelligent. For instance, one was graduated from an ivy-league college and another is a former TV actress. They are proud to be DOS members and openly admitted that they were branded with KR, the initials of Mr. Raniere near the pubic area. The unique nature of their group activity was made into a series of documentary videos and magazine articles. I am not interested in the motivation of the group, but my attention was on the behavior of these women who believed in the idea presented by Mr. Raniere and were openly promoting the idea. An expert on the occult said, "Educational level or intelligence is not a pre-determinant of belief in the occult."

The statement resonated with my long-held view that the behavior of the faithful believer of a religion is no different from that of occult believers. Faithful believers in a religion believe in supernatural, myth-based miracles and a super-natural God. These ideas were developed before the accumulation of modern scientific knowledge. The fundamental ideas of religions are weird from the modern science's point of the view.

This essay will present several examples of well-educated and obviously intelligent religious believers. Then I try to analyze the reason why they believe in a religion. I am hoping the detailed analysis will indicate a direction of religious development in our future civilization.



Probably the most famous scientist and serious Christian is Dr. Francis Sellers Collins, the 16th director of the National Institute of Health of the United States. He was also the second director of the National Human

Genome Research Institute. He has a B.S. degree from the University of Virginia, M.S. and Ph.D. from Yale University, and

M.D. from University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. He was also elected to the Institute of Medicine and the National Academy of Science. He received the Presidential Medal of Freedom and National Medal of Science. Furthermore, Pope Benedict XVI appointed him to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences.

He was an atheist during his graduate student years, but later he converted to Christianity. He wrote many books on science, medicine and religion. He encouraged serious studies on the relationship between science and religion and supported the idea that Christianity can be reconciled with acceptance of evolution and science, especially through the idea that the Creator brought about His plan through the processes of evolution.

The second example of scientist-Christian is the geologist/paleontologist Dr. Kurt Patrick Wise. He earned a Ph.D. in paleontology, in addition to an M.A. in geology from Harvard University and a B.A. in geology from the University of Chicago.



While he was in high school, he was very interested in science. When he checked the Bible and his knowledge about the beginning of Earth, he realized he was wrong. For instance, science said the sun came before the Earth and the Bible said that the Earth came three days before the sun. Whereas science said that the sea creatures came before plants and the land creatures came before flying creatures, the Bible indicated that plants preceded sea creatures and flying creatures preceded land creatures. So, he abandoned science and decided to believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible. He continued to study geology in a top-class university, but never abandoned his trust in the Bible. He is currently a professor and the director of Truett McConnell University's Creation Research Center in Cleveland, Georgia. He had previously taught at Bryan College in Dayton, Tennessee where he served as Director of the Center for Origins Research and as an Associate Professor of Science for seventeen years. He served as consultant to the Genesis Creation Museum.

He rejected evolution, but he did not necessarily reject all of science. In fact, he learned that science owes its very existence and rationale to the claims of Scripture.

My third example is Episcopal Bishop (Retired) John Shelby



We live in a very pluralistic society today. There are Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, atheists, Roman Catholics, Evangelical Christians, and Christians like me. There are a wide variety of religious expressions in this country. I think they all must be treated with respect and none of them must be given priority in the public arena.

— John Shelby Spong —

Spong. He did not deny God but was against teaching myth as historical fact or literal interpretation of the Bible. He is a modern type of believer and accepts scientific discovery and

at the same time the existence of God. Naturally, there is much opposition among the Christian community, but also, he is gradually gathering supporters among Christian ministers and leaders.

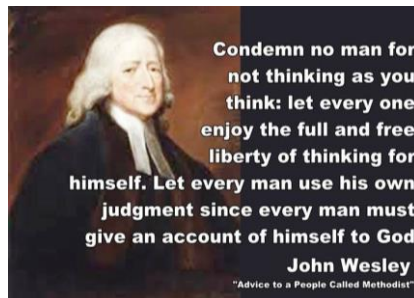
He graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, with a B.A. and was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa honor society. He received his Master of Divinity degree from the Virginia Theological Seminary. He has had honorary Doctor of Divinity degrees from Virginia Theological Seminary and Saint Paul's College, Virginia, as well as an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters from Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania.

He has been a strong proponent of the church reflecting the changes in society at large. He calls for a new Reformation, in which many of Christianity's basic doctrines should be reformulated. He believes that Jesus Christ fully expressed the presence of a God of compassion and selfless love and that this is the meaning of the early Christian proclamation. His points of view are summarized in his book *A New Christianity for a New World*. He denied most of the traditional myth-based dogma, such as creation, human's sin, virgin birth, view of a cross as a symbol of the sacrifice of the sins of the world, the physical resurrection, the three-tiered (hell, earth, and heaven) universe, etc. Besides

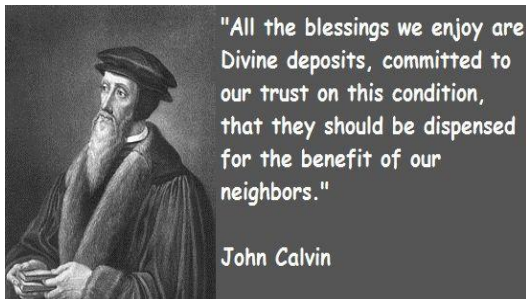
these negative opinions, he made the following modern reformative proposals.

1. The hope for life after death must be separated forever from the behavior control mentality of reward and punishment. The Church must abandon, therefore, its reliance on guilt as a motivator of behavior.
2. All human beings bear God's image and must be respected for what each person is. Therefore, no external description of one's being, whether based on race, gender, ethnicity, or sexual orientation can properly be used as the basis for either rejection or discrimination.

The fourth example of a person believing in weird ideas is not a real person. I said the fourth example, but it could be called a collection of anecdotes since it was created from my personal recollection with no backup reference materials. The imaginary person whom I created is combining five different persons are all retired liberal ministers from three denominations (Methodist, Congregationalist, and Unitarian-Universalist). Whenever I meet a former minister, I ask the person to make an opportunity for serious discussion about God and his or her faith. If the person allows it, I ask many probing questions. The material presented here is the result of such discussions. Since I did not ask them for permission to use their names and identities, I made a composite person. I was surprised that I did not find any conflict among their opinions. The only difference was the degree of depth of devotion to subjects discussed. Unfortunately, I never had an opportunity for discussion with a conservative former minister. However, I felt it would not cause serious errors in my study. Since my objective is to improve the future direction of religious development, these



liberal ministers' opinions are very useful, compared to that of old-fashioned conservative ministers.



All of these former ministers are progressive enough to believe in evolution, and some believe in the Big Bang theory and the latest discoveries in physics. At least one of them even supported the SETI project (Search for Extraterrestrial

Intelligence.) We had several opportunities to discuss belief in God. Their beliefs in God are really strong and there is no doubt in my mind that they really believe in the existence of God. They knew and agree that science cannot prove the existence (or non-existence) of God, but they still believe in the existence of God. However, there are differences in nuance when we talked about the appearances of God. Some think He is non-shaped like the Muslim God (Allah) or the Physics law, which scientists call "law of everything." Some said simply, "We don't know." Some consider that He is really anthropomorphic, just as depicted in many church pictures, even though we do not know details. Some think that God has no fixed image and He appears exactly like a person whom believers want to see.

All of them thought that Virgin birth, resurrection, and ascension are myths and they accept the idea that they were scientifically impossible. By the way, I also studied these miracle subjects and found alternative ways to explain why these myths were created. (See "Betrayal, Resurrections, and Conversion: Three Christian Mysteries Unlocked" by Yashi Nozawa).



Other important subjects discussed were existence of soul, reincarnation, and miracles. The medical miracles turned out to be relatively common phenomena. More than one minister

claimed that they performed medical miracles more than once.



They believed that medical miracles were a placebo effect. They work on simple disease or wounds and aches, but are useless for chronic disease. Patients with chronic sickness seem temporarily to improve after treatment but are not cured, and usually return to their former condition shortly after. In other words, prayer treatment cannot be considered a reliable medical treatment. The effectiveness of the prayer treatment heavily depended on

the type of the patient's personality. Once they realized these problems, they felt that offering prayer treatment was against their consciences, so they stopped offering medical miracles.

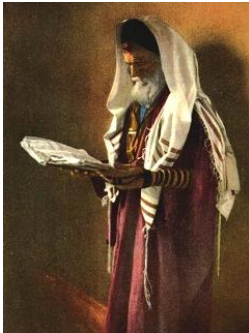
These intellectual and highly educated people discovered that their faith in God does not cause internal conflicts in their minds. Furthermore, most of them decided to believe in God after becoming mature adults, even knowing that many teachings or dogma of Christianity are contrary to well-established scientific knowledge. If they wanted to leave the faith they can do so at any time, but they stay with their faith.

These four examples are a sort of exception. A majority of people on the earth are believers of one or another type of a religion. Why did they become religious people? It is a relatively easy task to solve the problem. All human societies have a religion or some kinds of religious belief without exception. Why do they have such a belief?

Evolutionarily speaking, the brain developed for survival of the individual being; most of the functions were limited to control of internal organs and some external capability, such as flight or fight. In the earlier stages of evolution, the brain lacked capability of thinking or imagining.

In the time, when humans emerged as a separate species, they





were already equipped with a relatively large brain. This means they had some kinds of thinking and imagining capability. When they encountered unexplainable phenomena, they invented explanations by introducing imaginary beings, such as spirit, god, deities, monsters, demons, and other beings. They had supernatural power to control nature.

When a person is born, his or her brain contains many internal control systems, but very little information about how to face an external stimulus. However, the baby rapidly acquires much new information from its surroundings. This new information is stored in neurons, special cells in the brain. A newborn baby's brain contains many excess numbers of neurons. Unused neurons are gradually deleted. This process continues until late teens or early twenties. When the number of neurons becomes stable, we say that he or she has reached maturity. In general, new neurons are seldom created after maturity. A particular type of information has to be acquired during a corresponding window of acquisition. For instance, everybody can acquire the skill of language before maturity regardless of the type of language. However, after a person becomes an adult, learning a new language is very difficult and often impossible to reach the level of fluency of native speakers.

I am convinced that capability to incorporate some beliefs has a similar window of knowledge acquisition. When a person becomes an adult, he or she has to make decisions without external advice. To prepare for self-determination, an adolescent youth starts acting independent from the parents. This is the sign of his or her core belief system formation in the final stage. For most people, once they finish the construction of the core belief system will not change the core belief. Basically, any idea against or not agreeing with the core system is considered to be a weird idea.

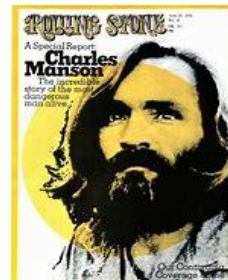




For instance, a majority of people in the Western world are born in a Christian family and grow up in a Christian community. They are nurtured to be a good Christian by parents, relatives, and neighbors. They are indoctrinated that Jesus is God and the Bible

is a record of God's words. During the growing-up process, they accumulate more knowledge and experiences. In early ages, children are exposed only to Christian environment and they are protected from weird ideas. When they become older and start going to a kindergarten or a school, they inevitably notice strange or unfamiliar behavior of other kids and report back to the parents or guardians. The response of parents is usually to try to enforce Christian behavior and ideas and try to prevent their child from straying away. As a child gets older and enters a higher level of schools, a similar process repeats.

Because of this process, many people stayed as Christian even after he or she becomes an adult and stays a Christian for their whole life. This model was probably correct about 100 years ago, but nowadays the situation is slightly different. When a child goes to school, especially junior and senior high schools, he or she will learn evolution and astronomy in a science



class. Contents of these two subjects directly conflict with the Bible. So, children are forced to face a conflict between a weird idea of scientific knowledge and the teaching of the Bible. When a child brings the problem home, some parents cannot convince the child that Christian teaching is correct regardless of what the school taught. Many high school students have internal struggles in their minds. A minority of students abandon the Christian teaching and start believing "weird ideas," namely scientific findings. Many of these new non-believers are closet non-believers, like homosexual students because the admission of non-believing in Christian teaching will cause conflict with family members and social

discrimination. It is not publicized but considerable numbers of high school students suffer depression and other psychological problems as a result of conflicting doctrine with science.

Nevertheless, this tendency of abandonment of Christian teaching is increasing more in students at higher education levels. So non-believers are gradually increasing every year and a current estimate is that about 20 to 25 percent of adult Americans are non-believers.



MARTIN LUTHER

Actually, these numbers are considerably lower compared with a number of holders of higher degrees. Reasons for the disagreement are that many science believers stayed Christian and behave like faithful Christians without causing any psychological problems due to internal mental conflict. Most adults are busy making a living and supporting a family. There are so many immediate problems to solve. There is no time to worry about the Science-Bible conflict. Christian life has many benefits, such as friendship, social interaction, belonging, pastoral service, amongst other benefits. There is a formal solution for the Science-religion conflict, which many scientists, and also, theologians are practicing. I will explain it in the next article. *(To be continued.)*



MERRY EFFIN'



CHRISTMAS

OK, maybe that's a little emphatic, but you get where I am at with this holiday season. (*Did he ever have a good Christmas? Is this a temporary funk? Maybe the pathetic bachelor really is miserable.*) The first visual image of Christmas, likely reinforced by Dad's 35mm slide shows, was a life-size cardboard Coca-Cola Santa Claus standing grinning, next to and dwarfing a decorated tree. All downhill since. Never as good again.

I went down fighting. Hosted ten December birthday cocktail parties; booze, wine tastings, hors devours, a jazz Christmas carols soundtrack, fifty or more neighbors and sailing club members in my home for a couple hours, a good time was had by all, cost me a couple hundred, and then I quit. Feeling less social obligation, and more favor transactional relationships. Few return invites, so screw this. However, my parties are only a part of the

total problem I am having with this “black Friday,” shop your brains out season.

The traditional corner brick house in Wilmette was perfect for the nine-foot tree, brought home the Saturday of Thanksgiving weekend from New Trier High School Athletic Association's tree lot. The diabolical nutcracker battalion marching on the mantel. Cookie baking almost as good as Ruth's Scandinavian recipes.



Family dinners in a formal dining room with; good china, stemware, sterling, and pressed and folded linen napkins. Teaching the kids to handle their champagne flutes. And a hell of a lot of work for two career parents. Kay and I decorated a wonderful home and entertained family and friends for two decades of satisfying holidays, and then the “pathetic bachelor,” fends for himself.

The grad student Mormon family with two little boys, efforting Christmas traditions, but money is tight, school and jobs spreads energy too thin. Never met own self-imposed expectations. Being the noncustodial parent of three sons would be a source of ever-present parental inadequacy guilt made especially painful for the goddamn holidays. So yes, there were some celebrations, good grief, back in the eighties, that are fond memories. Now without the children's presence to necessitate the *whoop-ti-do*, the ubiquitous Christmas kitsch, omnipresence merely offends my haughty artistic and design sensibilities. This shit is literally, unavoidably everywhere.

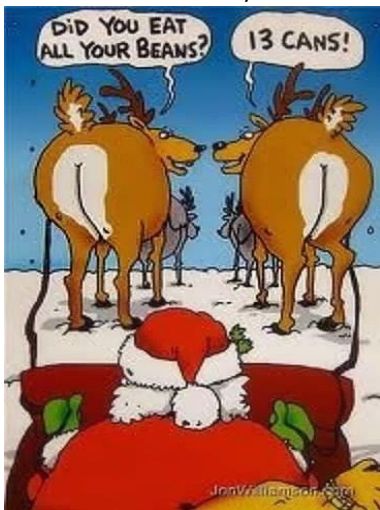
Yesterday, at the Toyota dealership to take care of a bunch of recall notices, a soundtrack of “Christmas Music” – both the sacred and the profane – was blasting at an uncomfortable level. Cannot conceive of having that aural background



torturing staff for an eight-hour shift, for weeks on end, oh my god, no. A buddy, Walgreens pharmacist, recounts composing diabolical lyrics for the endlessly repeating melodies. "*We three kings of orient are, saving our pee in little glass jars...*"

As a senior, dating senior women, mostly grandmothers, they have families demanding their time and attention, invariably out of town. The result is holidays dateless and/or alone for anywhere from ten days to two weeks, high n' *f-ing* dry. Even phone and texting connection is awkward, the sense of intruding on their family time together. She could phone/text me, if she weren't consumed by that cuddly dog. Still, the impending holidays; have been, and continue to be imposed sexless, without romance. After so many years of this, seeing traditional holiday kitsch, a Pavlovian signal, "You ain't getting' any fella."

Being alone for Christmas is not a problem. It's Christmas that f***s you up the most, applies to me. Not a favorite for a long time. On a very real level, the peace and quiet, doing my own, self-centered things isn't so bad. The partner/date/girlfriend's "Christmas needs," needn't be a concern; watch, read, play it loud, eat, smoke, drink whatever I want to.



A moment of reflection, how did this sorry state of holiday animosity come to be? Childhood and adolescence, the late December birthday competing with Jesus mostly negated both our birthdays. Recall going to Walgreens on my bicycle to find a bottle of cheap cologne for my friend Bud, whose mother, my fairy god mother, Erma would more than likely spend a hundred on me, signing the card, "Merry Christmas, Bud."

*Merry F***in' Christmas end? bert*



*"Sure, I love the scent of a **real** tree, but nothing beats the convenience of ignoring the holidays altogether."*

And, Happy New Year's blues

dear friends,

DON'T HATE CHRISTMAS, JUST DON'T CARE ANYMORE

Big celebrations were always a lot of work, both in anticipation and in recovery. Some of the stuff we brought down from the attic. Lots of disposables beginning with the tree were bought new. Loved the pine bough aroma coming from the living room with that nine-footer touching the ceiling. Something fun taking the nut crackers out of their dusty plastic bags where they've spent the past year waiting for December.

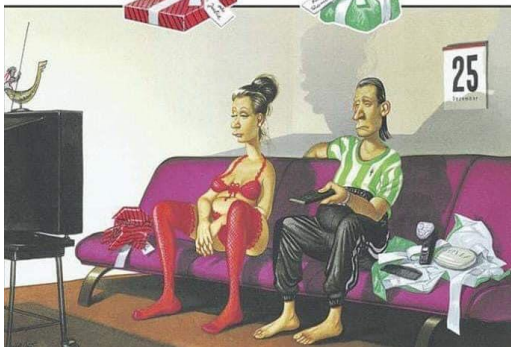
The traditional/hulking brick center entrance colonial with pillored front entry invited decoration. The formal, likely sedate living and dining rooms, off either side of the entryway, transformed by sparkling strings of lights, the dining chandelier festooned with

glittering ornaments were enjoyable for a couple weeks, but then.....enough/too much. We were comfortable with calming traditional rooms, to which they were returned.

Was the house decorating a response to the cold, often white outside. Did all the lights, Christmas detritus, push back the enclosing dark of winter? I enjoyed bringing home the first two-foot-tall nutcracker from a business trip to Frankfurt, the appreciation it prompted, so found several more to festoon the mantle.



Children were at home or returning to be with us. No more the wide eyed four-year-old, astonished by the lighted tree in the early morning dark, Santa's stuff on the hearth. We were years beyond those Christmases. The cooking, the decorating, dinner parties, cases of Champagne and Beaujolais Nouveau. These were all self-inflicted and enjoyed whether the young adults were interested, or not.



Seemingly another decade in life's passage has taken charge. No obligations for

another's happiness. Can't ignore the irrepressible holiday presence on television. Yeah, it is all around, but not for me/us. No more holiday compulsions, free of those responsibilities. May enjoy vicariously, reports on Christmas in our children's homes providing for their kids, doing it all for the next generation, perhaps as they learned in the home they grew up in.

Not so much, a relax and enjoy it, as relieved and ignore it.....
New Years is always promising. bert

11/07/2020 THE BIG BOARD (four days after)

By Gale Corny Yackety Yack.

It is reported that Trumpty Dumpty is despondent citing how much love is shown him at his super spreader pep rallies; so, using the example of 10,000 attendees equaling 100 percent, let us break down the numbers.



10 % are staunch Republicans and may not love him but feel obligated to be there and cheer because they vote straight down the ticket. Most of those have already voted.

20 % love him because they see him in themselves - racist, misogynist, bigots.

10 % are there because they voted for him in 2016 and hope to hear something from him that will encourage them to vote for him in 2020.



10 % are paid to be there to lead jeers and cheers.

10 % are there because sports are not available and arenas are unfriendly, and they miss being part of the crowd.

[Coliseums with gladiators are no longer available to distract the people from unpopular policies]

5 % are there for entertainment and swept up in the moment.

5 % are there to get their faces on camera.

30 % bought the lies and listened to nothing but right-wing media.

That equals 100 percent.

Trumpty has wavered between 40 and 50 percent approval rating in the last four years.



10 % hypocritical evangelicals.

10 % are Reality Show fans

10 % bought the lies and still believe them [Right Wing Media again]

10 % Believe there is that 20 % who are bigot, racist, element mentioned before

5 % vacillate on and off

5 % listen to his whining and feel sorry for him

Gale Corney Yackety Yack signing off.



Correct Speech

By Ed Zillioux

I sometimes ruminate over how we talk ... and, how our talk is predicated upon whom we talk to.



This came to me today when I was busy doing my laundry. Consider first, that my laundry room is at the southern end of a very long house. The laundry room is also one of my favorite places, stuck out as it is into the surrounding Florida jungle, with panoramic views afforded by being encapsulated on three sides with continuous jalousie windows. It has two access doors, one into the main house, and one opening to a tiny porch with six steps leading down to what

I call 'my orchid patio'. This same back porch is also where I frequently step out to relieve myself if my bladder beckons when I'm at this end of my house since both my toilets are at the northern end (I think I said it is a loooooong house).

And so, it was this morning when I stepped out onto the tiny porch, moved to one side and proceeded to evacuate. And just as I got well into the pause that refreshes, I hear a voice call out "Meter Lady."

Noting briefly, with some satisfaction, that she didn't revert to the overly genderized 'Meter Maid,' I called out, "Guy on porch peeing."

At this point, she is completely out of my sight (am I out of hers?) behind a solid wall of greenery. Then I realize that of course she saw me since she never ever has called out announcing her approach to read the electric meter located within spitting distance of where I was now standing with my dick in my hand. I finish up and, giving it a shake, I put my gator back where it belongs and call out, "All clear," and quickly duck back into my laundry room.

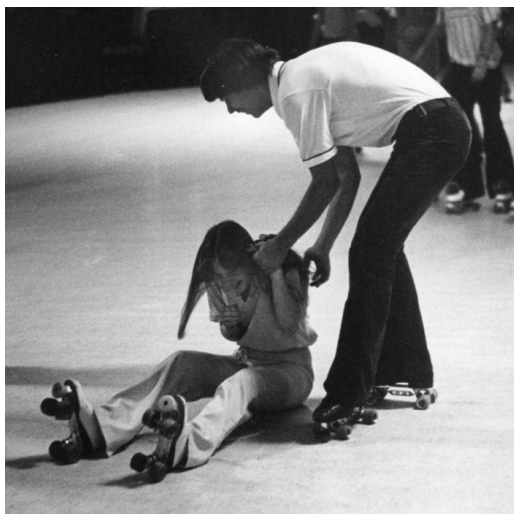


A second or two later I hear the obligatory, "I'm sorry," followed by my "No problem."

Funny, we are never so polite than when we inadvertently cross the personal privacy barrier. Like when I was a kid and used to roller-skate a lot 'cause the rink was a great place to meet girls, especially if you were good at the fancy twirls and dancing to the organ music, which I was.

Well, one night I was out on the floor spinning around when I tripped over another skater, lost control and was catapulted right into a pretty little girl that I had always wanted to meet but was too

shy to start a conversation with. Here I was, heading for an immediate collision that was totally out of my control and the one thing I could think of was I didn't want to hurt her so as I collided, I grabbed her to prevent my knocking her over. Her back was toward me and my arms went around her with my two hands firmly grasping both of her young, bouncy tits.



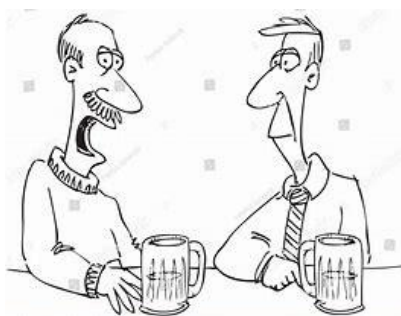
To be clear, at this point in my young life, I had never before had my hands on, or even near, such paired mystery. I was so embarrassed that all I could

say was, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." I'll never forget, after we were stabilized, she turned to me and smiled. That was it. Nothing further said. Until later.... Yeah, sometimes silence speaks volumes.

Back to the present, we have asked each other before about how, or even whether, we can talk with a Trump lover. Thus, I share with you the following:

One day not long ago, I was in a bar where I wasn't known, sitting there with a bourbon on the rocks, when a stranger sits down on the only empty stool available, which happens to be right beside me. There seems almost a palpable need to say something to him when he beats me to it with a "How ya do'in?"

"I'm feeling good. How about you?"



“I’m just glad to git in outa the rain and this looked like as good a place as I’m gonna find.” And to the bartender, “I’ll have a beer, gimme a Bud Lite.” I didn’t say anything, so he continued. “I’ve been drivin’ ‘round just countin’ all the Biden an’ Trump signs. It seems that everyone has an opinion one way or t’other.”



I should have known better, but before I could stop them, the words just came out of my mouth, “Who do you think will win the election?”

“Well, Trump of course. Biden doesn’t stand a chance, ‘specially after his pick for a VP.”

At this point, I had just two choices: pay up and leave or engage with this jerk – to be honest, I was leaning toward the former but then I thought, maybe to be fair, I should give him a chance to state his case. I raised my glass and said, “Well then, here’s to the winner.” He smiled broadly and raised his glass to the toast. Then I added, “I just think you’ve got it a bit backwards.”



“Whatta you mean?” he said, with a look about half-way between disbelief and a snarl.

“You gave me your point of view so here’s mine. I’m not sure, but I think Biden is going to be our next president and that ‘his pick for a VP’ will prove to be a major factor for putting him over the top.”

"You... you're a fucking democrat!"

"That's right, but that doesn't mean we can't have a drink together. Here, let me buy you another beer, or at least pick up the tab on your first one."

By this time, he was sputtering. "No! No, God damn you. You fucking liberals are destroying everything. I'm not drinking with you and sure as hell I'm not going to drink anything you pay for. You get the hell out of here!"

"If I remember correctly, you're the one who joined me. And I hope you don't leave because I have some more questions I'd like to ask you."

At this point, he pulled several dollar-bills out of his pocket and slapped them down on the bar like he was killing flies. "You son of a bitch! You tricked me into drinking with you. You just wait and see. Trump is gonna win big time!!!" By this time, my drinking buddy is practically screaming.

So I answered in a calm voice, "I suppose that's possible, but I highly doubt it. Have a good rest of your day."

He damn-near fell off his stool in his haste to run out the door and back into the rain.

A minute later, the bartender came over with a glass full of ice and a bottle of the bourbon I had been drinking. He grinned as he poured the drink and said, "This one's on me. That was the best entertainment I've had in a long time."



THE WAY WE WERE

A Gut-kick

for



Christmas

By Virgil Thorp

It was not what I wanted, not at all. Our father, a centenarian, had tested positive for Covid, my sister said when she phoned Sunday night. I was glad I was sitting down and my body reacted with that pit of the stomach punch that stunned me, head to toe, with an ear-ringing, anxious flush. What to do?

He lives in Missouri, in a nursing home. We're in the middle of an epidemic. I'm in Florida. I had to resist the urge to throw some clothes in a suitcase, pack-up a cooler and rush northward. My old man needed me. Fuck the pandemic!

We are all concerned.

What symptoms has he shown? Is he in the ICU? How long does he have? Tell me the bad news first I can take it. No, Wait. Don't do that. Is he conscious? Can I talk to him? Oh, he's being moved to the covid ward of the nursing home.

They have a covid ward? What kind of cesspit has he been put in?

Oh, it was only a regular check the nursing home conducts. But the regular test was positive and now he's in quarantine for 14 days?



Good grief, don't hang up, I'm on my way. Be there in about ten minutes.

Who am I trying to kid? I'm in no shape to be of

any help. I can't even provide assistance if he were to fall unless I had a sky hook. We'd both be laying on the floor needing help. Arthritic, knees shot, half a left lung cut out with a tumor. Fat and lazy. I pant and wheeze when I stumble to the bathroom to take a piss in the morning.

It is a good thing my sister takes a long-time explaining a situation and she is very precise with details, approaching monotony – forgive me Pam – and because of that trait, I can take a deep breath and listen and think, bless her heart.

If this is the last time I talk to my father, what will I say?

Thanks for all your guidance and assistance and having a pact that you would not beat me if I told you the truth about something bad I did?

Already did that. Probably wouldn't hurt to repeat it whenever I talk with him. I think I'll tell him that if and when he dies, I will have a memory that if I need to, I will always be able to recall him. What if he asks me to come so he can look at me one more time?

What if I say:

Hey boss (I still call him, boss) *remember that time in the Raysouth gym when the fathers played the sons and you swished that Kareem Abdul Jabbar skyhook over John Lankford's head?*

Maybe I should remind him of the time the grocery company had the favorite boy contest co-sponsored by Folger's Coffee and one hundred and fifty 10-to-13-year-old boys turning in the most labels got a free weekend in St. Louis to see the Cards play baseball, go to the zoo to see the shit-throwing silverback gorilla and take a riverboat ride on the Mississippi aboard the old paddle-wheeler, the Admiral. I'd say:

Do you remember when some of the kids dropped the water balloons out of the fifth-floor window and hit the businessman as he walked past the hotel? Boy was he pissed. I didn't tattle on who did it – but it wasn't me – although I do admit that I did watch them fill the balloons, open the window and take careful aim. Did you chaperones laugh after you chewed us out? How could you keep a straight face? Did I tell you I learned the word "fart" on that trip?

And damn, don't forget the snakes.

Like at the store that day when I found a beautiful corn snake in the screaming lady's yard and brought the poor thing to the store to show you. You were at the end of the produce aisle talking with your assistant and pregnant women were climbing over the cantaloupes trying to avoid me as I marched up to show you Sammy the snake, my new pet and you taught me how to fly through the swinging doors into the backroom. You wouldn't even hold the grocery sack open for me to put the snake away. Ha-Ha.

Wow, so many things can vividly rush back into the forefront.

There were also those times that caused real pain and fear like:

When you went to camp for army reserve duty. I must have been no older than five but could not help but cry at the Union Station

when your regiment boarded the train for the two-week training in Kentucky.



Was it really training or was it a party with all the guys away from the wife and kids?

It was only two weeks, but I had no conception of the time, I just wasn't sure I'd see you again.

And then, that scary time when the store on North Oak Trafficway burned and since we had been swimming at the country club, (the first time you and mom had achieved anything resembling a luxury) you were in your swim trunks and cover-up, hauling cash registers out through the hole in the broken front window as the firemen sprinkled you with a water shield to protect you from being burned from that roaring blaze. There you were, stepping on the broken shards of plate glass in your flipflops all the way. I was really scared. I cried then too, you meant so much to me I did not want to lose you. And then, in just a couple of weeks' time, you had a circus tent set up and were ready for business through the coldest and wettest fall we'd had in years. Yeah, it was a circus and when that little girl asked you where the clowns were you just pointed to the meat-cutters.

No, no, I don't think we need to talk about my birth-mom's cancer and her dying, either.

Oh yeah – little sister just summing up – just a little congestion, huh. But he's had congestion for years. This move is just for observation? Okay. Asymptomatic right now. Okay, okay. Let me know when they get his phone line plugged in, please. I want to talk with him no matter what. Sis, if you need me, I'll get there. Even if I have to limp. Just let me know. Bye sis, love ya.

Hell's bells, I don't even have a winter coat! I've been wearing shorts for almost thirty years and anything deep in my closet that was cold weather, fit a guy 30 years younger and 120 pounds lighter. As is, I'd have to wrap myself in a blanket and how could I be more than useless. I'm disappointed in myself just the same.

Gratefully, I do have a wonderful younger sister who has been doing double and triple duty attending dad's and mom's deterioration. She's always checking on him and her, making sure the doctors and nurses are doing their utmost to help them. Taking her to the clinic for treatments. Standing outside his window in the cold to let him know how loved he is.

Like many things that advance to a threshold, ageing is particularly pitiless when it catches up with us and it isn't so much hitting a wall as falling face first on the floor. Age will do that to you. It does it to us all.

I think I'll start writing some more things down I want to share with The Boss. I won't talk about either of our shortcomings or the times of disappointment, that will be something to avoid as



all have been forgiven and forgotten. That won't be hard to do. We'll only talk about happy times because there were many. Oh, yeah, I definitely will not tell him how his rabbit fur-lined, leather dress gloves got so matted and crunchy – both pairs.

I can hardly wait to call him. We're both running out of time and time waits for no man. It really is like that little kid at the Union Station. One day you won't be back. And all I want for Christmas *is one more day*.

Charlie Prince

By Gil Gaudia

The three recent incidents; the one with the fake gun, the purse snatching and the hubcap episode provided a significant part of the motivation for my adolescent self-examination. I began thinking more about my behavior and what I could do to improve it. I also started examining or questioning other people's behaviors.

I thought long and hard about all of these events. Why had I felt compassion for the victim of my purse snatching which had seriously dampened my zeal for that hobby? I was shaken by the lesson taught by two tough New York City plainclothesmen that crime



might not necessarily pay no matter who the beneficiaries were. I was preoccupied with my thoughts about God. Was He directing all of this? Was my life predetermined? What made someone choose between right and wrong? Was it because of some innate feeling of morality and values, or was it acquired through learning, maybe from religion, or the fear of retribution from the law?

I felt I was at a crossroads, and although I didn't understand it all, I sensed I had to make a choice about how I behaved and thought. I felt that I wanted to speak to an adult in confidence and for a while I considered my guidance counselor, Mr. Lieberman, but I decided against it.

I knew an older guy in the neighborhood named Charlie Prince, a college student, who was very bright, although some of my



friends regarded him as strange and unapproachable. I occasionally ran into Charlie at "Sid's," the corner candy store, buying a pack of cigarettes, or sometimes I bumped into him waiting at a bus stop at night where Charlie was returning from classes at City College of New York and I would be

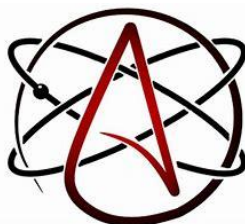
returning from a session of altruistic acquisition. He always seemed willing to talk to me in an avuncular way, so the next time I ran into him in the candy store, hoping to steer the conversation toward some of my concerns, I asked him, "What are you studying Charlie; waddaya gonna be?"

"I'm a philosophy major in my second year, and I hope to become a professor. That's about all you can do with philosophy," he added.

"Philosophy? That has to do with religion and morality and stuff like that, right?"

"Yeah, it does include that. How come you're asking about that? Did you do something wrong, Gil?"

"No. I just been thinking about maybe joining a church. My parents are different religions, and I was wondering, what church do you go to?"



"As a matter of fact, Gil, I have stopped going to church, and I no longer believe in God. At least not the God of the Judeo-Christian Bible. He's an absolutely illogical construction."

This was an astounding revelation to a kid who had been lately risking his freedom and reputation in the service of the Lord, and who was, at that very moment wearing a Miraculous Medal, and a Star of David, and since I admired Charlie for his wisdom, I listened carefully to what the college student was telling me. That night on a Bronx street corner under a blinking "Coca-Cola" sign next to "SID'S" above the store's plate glass window, Charlie posed to me the dilemma of "Free will versus predestination." When he was done, I was staggered with the irrefutability of the logic that I had never before considered.

"If God is omniscient," Charlie had said, "and He knows beforehand what you are going to do, how can you then have the freedom to choose the opposite?"



He then pedantically rephrased it, "Look Gil, If the choices are A and B, and God knows you will choose B, how then could you possibly be free to choose A? If you did, that would make God wrong. Worse," Charlie pointed out, "if B is an evil choice, how could you be blamed for choosing it since it was the only choice God gave you by having known you would choose it in advance?"

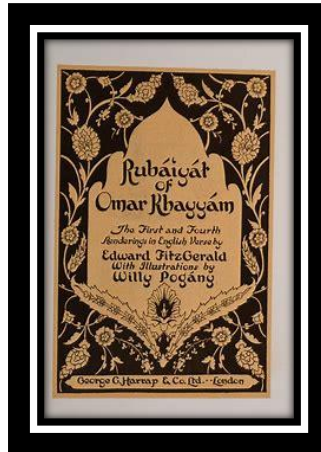
Here Charlie struck an almost professorial tone and stance, "Have you ever heard of Epicurus?" Of course, I hadn't and said so. "Over two millenniums ago Epicurus wrote his famous epigram ... 'Is God willing to prevent evil but not able? Then He is not omnipotent. Is He able but not willing? Then He is malevolent. Is He both able and willing? Then whence cometh evil? Is He neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?'" Charlie was eloquent as he spoke the lines from antiquity, but it was the logic that stunned me, although the delivery was not bad either.



We also talked about girls that night and Charlie told me, "I'm in love with a girl named Marlene. She's the most beautiful, intelligent and sensitive girl I've ever known. She's studying pottery and wants to go somewhere where she can open a studio and create hand-crafted ceramics. When I finish college, we're going to get married and maybe move to Oregon. Marlene told me that there were lots of opportunities for a free-spirited lifestyle out there."

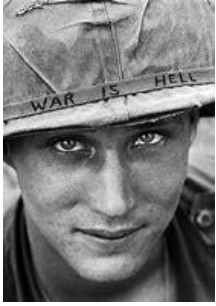
As I listened to Charlie's plans, I secretly wished that I could meet a girl like that someday, and go somewhere together and be something, although I wasn't sure where Oregon was or if that was where I would want to go.

Before we parted, Charlie reached into his bookbag, a heavily laden old briefcase with buckle straps, and pulled out a small leather-bound book, "Gil, I'm going to lend you a book on two conditions. One, you have to read it thoroughly and be prepared to discuss it with me the next time we meet. And two, I want it back in the same nice condition I'm giving it to you, four weeks from today at this time here at the candy store." It was Edward Fitzgerald's translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.



On the appointed night I had kept my word and waited for a long time, but Charlie never showed up. Since I didn't know where he lived, I decided to hold on to the book until I ran into him again. I was very disappointed, because the book had inspired me and brought out many of the traditional ideas of the ancient skeptics, and I simply couldn't wait to discuss them with Charlie who by now had become someone I held in the highest regard.

I had no way of knowing this, but I later found out that the week following our meeting, Charlie had received a notice from his draft board to report for active duty and was shipped off to Fort Benning, Georgia. In the frenzy of packing, leaving school and home, and saying goodbye to friends, family and sweetheart, he forgot about the tiny volume he had given to me that evening.



Months later I not only found out why Charlie had never kept the appointment so that the book could be returned but that it never would be. I was reading the Bronx Home News and idly scanning the list of the latest Bronx war casualties. I was saddened to find among the names of those killed in action from my neighborhood that of Charles Edward Prince, and I immediately thought of our last conversation on the street corner that night. I was very moved by the information I had just received and I lay back on my bed and let the tears that forced their way into my eyes roll down the sides of my face. Later I dug out the small volume from my book bag and turned to one of my favorite quatrains and read,

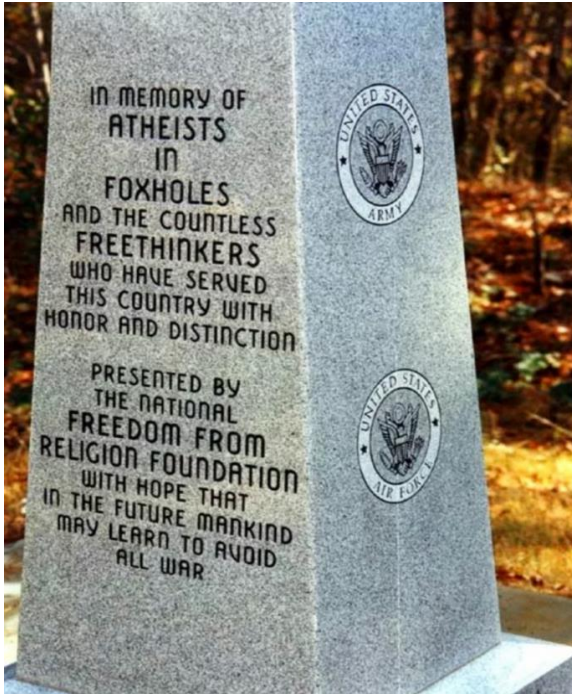
*"The moving finger writes
And having writ moves on
Nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel
half a line
Nor all thy tears wash out a
word of it."*



The moving finger had written and had taken Charlie to a location very far from that Bronx bus stop. On December 22, 1944, in a foxhole on Tinian Island in the Marianas just southwest of Saipan, a Japanese sniper's bullet killed a twenty-year-old atheist named Charles Edward Prince. Three quarters of a century later, I still have his copy of *The Rubaiyat* on my bookshelf.

Although Charlie was only a casual acquaintance, his death left a profound impression on me. For one thing I could not forget the philosophy lesson. I also was impressed with the irony of war. I thought about God, and prayer, and religion and I thought about the amulets I wore. I thought about saying the Lord's Prayer each night before I went to bed. I thought about all the soldiers, like Charlie who must have been praying before they died. Were their prayers heard? If so, why weren't they answered? Were they undeserving of answers? How did God decide whose prayers, if any, He would answer? I thought endlessly about all of these questions on the subways, during classes, in bed at night when I barely slept half of the time, and then decided that it was all too perplexing and I tried to put them out of my mind. But the seed had been planted and, if I survived the mental turmoil of my confused adolescent psyche, a freethinker was preparing to emerge.

"Over two millenniums ago Epicurus wrote his famous epigram . . . 'Is God willing to prevent evil but not able? Then He is not omnipotent. Is He able but not willing? Then He is malevolent. Is He both able and willing? Then whence cometh evil? Is He neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?'"



A Proud Bleeding- heart Liberal Socialist Democratic Secular Humanist Atheist ... by god!

By Lucy Thorp

I am a bleeding-heart, liberal, socialist, Democrat, Secular Humanist, atheist and proud of it.

"Mom", I asked at 10-years-old, "Do we believe in god?"

I had spent the summer I turned 10 with Tanta in Minneapolis Minnesota. Tanta came to America in 1920 from Norway with her 10-year-old niece – my grandmother, Ingfrid – in tow. Grandma was a "bastard". Her mother refused to marry her father because she didn't like him that much. The only answer to this family dilemma was to ship Grandma off. Tanta was coming to America anyway to marry prosperous Norwegian immigrant farmer, Swan Hallea – great solution! My grandmother, however, always seemed rather proud of the fact that her mom stuck to her guns and did not marry her father, even though she never saw her mother again. Ingfrid was also an atheist and proud of it. I have

no idea where that non-belief may have come from but, my mother and her brothers were all atheists.

At the beginning of the summer, I had not thought much about god. My mother, my grandmother and all my relatives did not say much about it that I can remember. Tanta was the religious family member, a Christian. She was aghast that I did not know the prayer before meals or the nightly prayers. She could not fathom that I not only did not believe in god.... I had no idea of the concept. So, she taught me the prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep" was kind of terrifying before I realized that I was probably not going to die that night. But, what if you are five and don't know better that you're probably not going to die tonight? Boogie-manish scary! The family next door to Tanta were Catholics with lots of kids. We were best friends that summer. Tanta let me go to Mass with them. Again, nothing made sense.

So... "Mom, do we believe in god?"

"Which god?"

"Tanta's god"

"You know, there are a bunch of gods."

"Mom, do we believe in god?"

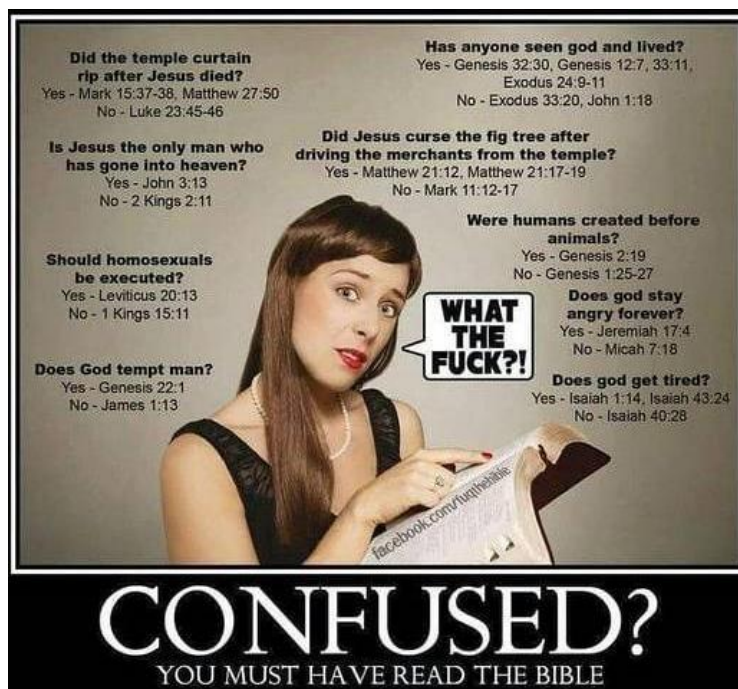
"Which god?"

No. I had no idea. So Mom started my journey to the world of religions. Romans and Greeks. Norse and Hindu. Thor and Zeus and Apollo and Vishnu and Diana and Aphrodite and Yahweh and Jesus and God. And how does one be a father, a son and a holy ghost all at the same time? I was, however, confused as to why the old religions had a bunch of gods whereas Tanta's religion only had one.

"Think about it," Mom replied, as she always did to my adolescent questions. "If you do not understand how the earth rotates or how the sun rises or where the thunder comes from or why the wind rages or why the volcano erupts, it is easier to believe that gods make it happen instead of just being terrified that nature just happens. It is a way to bring order to your life. Throw the virgin into the angry volcano to satisfy it!"

(Aside; if I had been a nubile young virgin living in a village at the foot of an angry volcano, I have no doubt, I would have joyfully become the village slut!)

"But eventually, you find out how the sun and moon cross the skies and why the thunder happens and the wind rages and the volcano erupts – so you don't need so many gods. You can also quit putting pretty, nubile young virgins into the molten lava. Eventually, some decided that only one god was more convenient. So, no, I do not believe in god."



"So, if we don't believe in god, what do we believe in?"

"I call myself a Secular Humanist," mom said simply.

"What is that?"

"Look it up." So like my mother.

(Another aside; I wrote an essay on what "Americanism means to Me" in 5th grade and had a hard time finding the perfect word at the end of the essay)

"Mom, I am trying to say that I wish I had words to say what I mean but I can't find it."

"Look in the dictionary ... find a word you like and then look at the synonyms. You may find the word you are looking for."

I came up with, "I wish I could be more eloquent...."

My teacher accused mom of helping me.

And mom had helped me (better than the teacher!). She gave me the road map. I found the word! Finding one word begets finding other words.

Secular: denoting attitudes, activities, or other things that have no religious or spiritual basis.

Humanism: a belief in the value, freedom, and independence of human beings. For a humanist, all human beings are born with moral value, and have a responsibility to help one another live better lives.

Wow..... since you do not believe in some "guy in the sky" belief then you must believe in each other. I thought it a great idea. To mom the Golden Rule was the only rule truly needed. If everyone pledged to do no harm to their fellow human beings..... well!



When I was 11 and in sixth grade, I wondered why I had to say the Pledge of Allegiance as "one nation, under god" when I did not believe in god. Mom explained the whole red scare thing to me. How and why the "under god" had been added to a perfectly good pledge without a god.

"So, if you don't believe in god, you don't have to say 'under god'"

So, I didn't.

The principal noticed. She said I couldn't go to recess unless I recited, 'under god'.

"But," I cried, "I DON'T believe in god."

"Then what can you possibly believe in," she retorted.

"Secular Humanism."

"That is the most disgusting thing I have ever heard. You are a Satanist!" She accused. "You can have no morals!"

Wow. Tiger Mom was not happy(!) and did not appreciate the how, what and why of my punishment and in the end, I got to go to recess and I never again had to say, "under god." I think the principal retired with a permanent limp.

With that incident I officially became a Secular Humanist in 6th grade. It's funny, though. I was not upset about being called a 'Satanist' because I didn't believe in Satan either. But, having no morals? That riled me almost as much as it did my mother!

The Golden Rule was the base upon which my morality was built. I thought it was a strong base to stand on.

It is all so funny.... as an adult I have often been accused of believing in God but "just not knowing it." That "I am too moral to be an atheist." When I explain my Golden Rule theory, I am often told that I can't believe in the Golden Rule if I do not believe in Jesus.

(My reaction was, "Who says Jesus has a patent on morality!")

**How Many Times Is A Word
Used The Old Testament?**

The word 'hell'	0
The word 'forgive'	1
The word 'hate'	90
The word 'love'	131
The word 'enemy'	200
The word 'kill'	218
The word 'sin'	336
The word 'god'	3090
The word 'lord'	7234
The word 'punishment'	51,713

**Word count will vary a bit depending on which bible is used.*

It seemed then and it seems now to me, to be a whole lot of believing *without* a whole lot of reasoning.

Mom was also very immersed in politics. She believed in voting; she was adamant about it. "If you don't vote, you don't get to bitch!" was her mantra.

It has also become mine. The first Presidential race I was aware of was John F. Kennedy versus Richard M. Nixon. Mom was in LOVE with JFK and didn't care if he was Catholic. He said his god would not influence him as President and she believed him.

And he kept his promise. The day he was assassinated the same principal that told me I had no morals let the 6th grade chorus rehearsal go on and no one told us the devastating news. I was shocked and stunned when mom and dad stormed into the auditorium and yelled, "Lucy, get your ass over here right now!"

What the fuck had I done wrong?

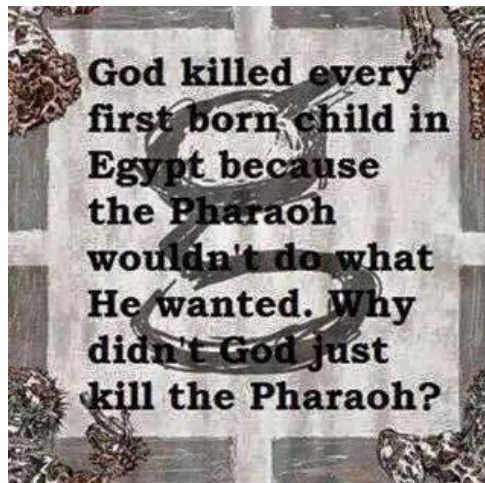
"How dare you let them sing!" Dad spit out to the principal on the way out, "how dare you!"

We got in the car and I realized that both of my parents had tears rolling down their cheeks. "President Kennedy has been shot and has died." For the next three days of mourning, we all sat in front of the TV and cried.

Innocence was lost. Camelot was gone. Everyone who came of age in the sixties remembers the strife, the turmoil, the racism, the war. (Kind of like now, 60 years later).

There were other moments like that which defined my life like, I am sure, there are moments that define your life – *all our lives* – too. In 10th grade I had a great Current Events and History teacher. He was also a devout Catholic. He assigned a final term paper, "What is your Religion and why do you believe in it?"

I wrote that I was an atheist but if I *HAD* to pick one it would be Universalist Unitarian; (the one church we would go to on occasion for whatever reason). Dad (an ex-Catholic) used to say it was the church for atheists who couldn't give up the



habit. The teacher told me that he had never heard of that church and dismissed it as not being real.

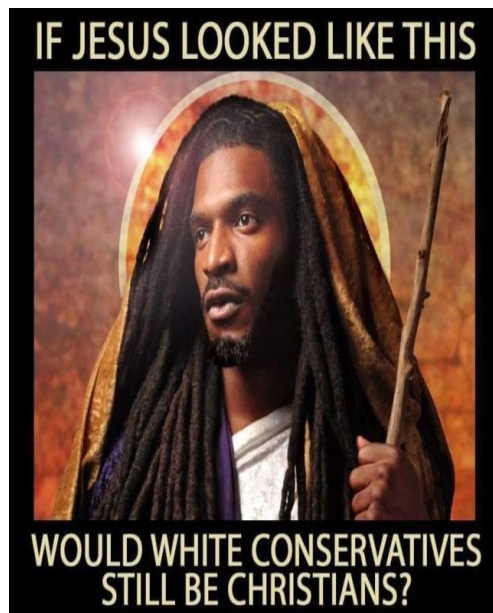
I asked the Pastor of the church – we seldom went to – if he would speak to my teacher. He did so and I got an “A” on the paper.

When it came time to address the issue in class, the teacher advised me to be true to myself and let it be known that I was an atheist. Looking back, I realize this was his way of making things interesting.

What I remember most was the popular jock who yelled at me, “I can't believe you don't believe in God!”

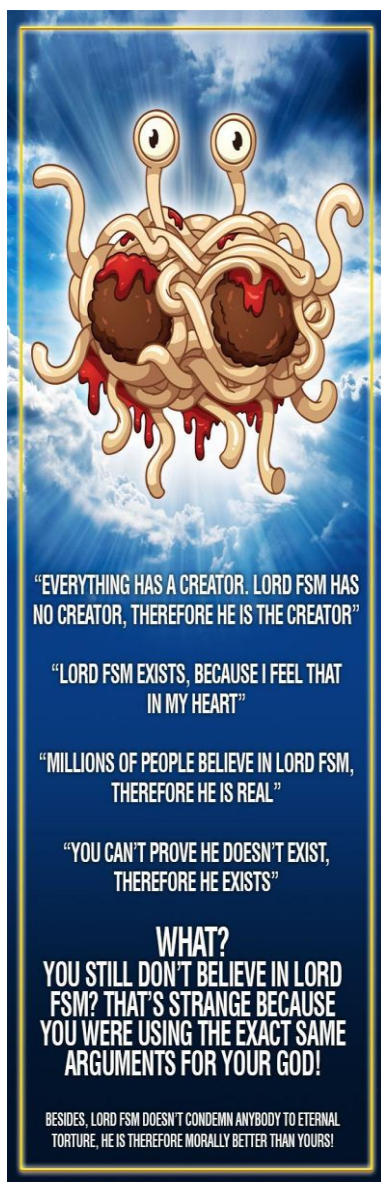
I replied with all the coolness I could muster, “I can't believe you do!” However, judging by the class’ approval, I believe I may have found some fellow atheists that day. At least, planted a small seed.

My humanism is the reason I attended a mostly black high school



my Junior year. I wanted to be the 5 percent in a black school instead of the 99 percent in a white one. What is it like to be the odd one out? To be surrounded by people who don't look like you? To be stereotyped?

Granted, it was not total immersion. Every afternoon I returned to a lily-white neighborhood with very little poverty and very little of the crime that is the result of privation and neglect. It was an experience I will never forget. And to make it even



more special were the children enrolled there who had immigrated from countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece and other places that were becoming totalitarian dictatorships. Denver’s East High School was a true melting pot and I learned much from just being there. I credit the harmonious situation at East to the principal, a wonderful, gentle man, who seemed to be everywhere. He was at the gym, he was at the esplanade, he was at every student gathering and he knew every students’ name which was a direct contrast with other principals at other schools with whom I may, or may not, have come in conflict with.

The following year I had to return to Thomas Jefferson, the local, suburban *white* high school. That was the year that bussing became mandated so some of my black classmates from East High ended up at T.J. High.

I was thrilled to be reunited with my former East High classmates and they were happy to see me. Unfortunately, they were less than thrilled to be going to a largely rich white high school named after a slave owner (albeit a “good” one). Many T.J. students, teachers and the principal were also not thrilled with “those

people” who had been sent there.

I watched in horrified disgust as a teacher told a black student to;
"Go back where you came from, nigger. We don't want you here!"

When I went to the principal he agreed with the racist teacher,
"Damn straight! Don't want 'em here!"

*(This all while Vietnam protests and Civil Rights demonstrations
raged all around. Times were tense. Like now. We survived
then.... we might survive now.)*

So, why am I a bleeding-heart Liberal Socialist Democrat Secular
Humanist Atheist?

I do not believe in god, so I must believe in people. If I believe in
people then I must try to be the best person I can be. To be the
best I can be I must be involved with the things in this world that
make it the best world it can be. The people of the world must
take care of it.... the flora, the fauna, the oceans, the air, the
water – the whole shebang. I cannot do this by myself so I must
rely on other people.

So, secular-humanist-atheist.

*I watched in horrified disgust as
a teacher told a black student
"Go back where you came from."*

Democrats have always pushed for most of the things I believe
important. Everything? No, but mostly. I want every person on
the planet to have health care, enough food to eat, a place to
sleep, an education and a chance for a happy fulfilling life. I want
clean air, renewable energy and healthy oceans. So do most
Democrats. So, bleeding-heart-liberal-Democrat.

I also want pie in the sky potatoes and jabberwocky sirloins. So, you would not be wrong to say I am also a nutso Socialist. I believe in equality for all.

Republicans, not so much. Low taxes for filthy rich people? Trickle-down economics? Give a billionaire a couple of million dollars and its, "meh". Give an unemployed due to COVID-19 worker who gets \$240 per week unemployment an additional \$600 per week; that money gets spent.... it erupts up!

Trickle down.... erupt up.... hmmmmm. Volcanic?

Oh, and let's not forget to try to take away health care from millions (mostly black and brown so who cares?) Right!

Oh, and let's not forget that thousands of brown children are still separated from their brown parents and hundreds will never see each other again. Uh-huh.

Oh, let's not forget Mitch McConnell sitting on any bill that would help desperate Americans. Oh yeah!

Oh, let's not forget the total pandemic ineptness of the current administration and the 350,000 and counting Americans now dead. Hallelujah!

And there is so much more. I am proud not to be a Republican.

I am a bleeding-heart liberal socialist democratic secular humanist atheist. My mother would be proud of me. Thanks, mom. Miss you.



FICTION

If you could *love* suffering...



By Jim Longo

"Positive, negative, or something in between," Jack said.

"What the hell are you talking about now?" Jill asked.

"My life, my attitude, I don't even know what I'm talking about, maybe I'm trying to gauge how I feel at this moment."

"Why don't you just shut up and get me another cup of coffee?" Jill said slightly perturbed.

Jack got up walked to the kitchen and poured them both another cup. "Maybe more caffeine will help."

"I doubt it. When you get into these funks, you are a real pain in the ass."

"I love you too," Jack said arriving at the table handing her coffee and sitting down with his.

"The sun's out, the egrets are picking the lawn for bugs. You have the day off. We got approved for vacation, it's a beautiful day."

"Thank you, Polly Anna, the house leaks, it's my birthday, all I seem to do is eat, sleep, crap and go to work. I'm getting another day closer to death."

"Oh, I get it, you are taking stock of your years on this big blue sphere and you are finding it lacking."

"Is that it? Earlier this week a kid at work asked me why don't you just follow your passion and my first response was what, redheads? But the more I thought about it, do I have a passion, and is it okay if I don't?"

"So, you don't have a passion, probably a lot of people don't," Jill said.

"What is your passion?" Jack asked, hoping their passions might be connected.

"Fishing," Jill said as a matter of fact.

"Well, that's definitely not mine."

"So, you don't have a passion. Get over it."

"Get over it, a life without passion is," Jack said, his voice trailing off.

"Is what, a life without drama? God knows we have plenty of that?"

"Yeah, but that is mostly in my head?"

"Yeah, no shit," Jill said sounding almost indifferent.

The cell phone rang. Jack picked it up. It was work.

"Yeah, yeah okay, you can't find anyone else? Alright I'll help you out, okay I'll be there." Jack hung up the phone. "Yeah, they need someone in Jensen. I told them I'd do it."

"Maybe that is your passion? Saying yes, you try your damndest not to tell anybody no, maybe with the exception of me."

"Hell, I try never even to tell you no. No is like a four-letter word in our society. If you tell someone a flat plain no you might as well be telling them to go fuck themselves."

The Four Noble Truths

- Life is suffering
- Suffering is caused by desire
- Desire can be overcome
- There is a path that overcomes desire and ends suffering

"You do say 'no' occasionally."

"The only times I say 'no', it is going to do someone harm, or break the law or both."

"So, going to work on your day off isn't doing you harm?"

"You're going to be working, why shouldn't I?"

"You could relax or do things that need doing around here, or do something you would like to do?"

"I'll do them some other time."

"Someday there isn't going to be some other time."

"Yeah, I know."

"I think you are in denial and I'm not talking about that river in Egypt."

"Yeah, this isn't getting it done," Jack stood, picked up the coffee cups and took them to the dishwasher, the white egrets had moved to the front yard, and they both had to get ready for work.

Four hours later, Jack was two employees short and up to his elbows in alligators at work when an epiphany hit him, "My passion isn't 'yes'! It is suffering. I love to suffer, that is why I always say 'yes'!"

A few minutes later, after vanquishing a couple of alligators, Jack said under his breath, "Mom use to say, 'If you could love suffering, you'll love life'."

A few minutes later, after the next couple of alligators ripped his heart out, Jack revised his conclusion, "I really need to learn how to say 'no'."



HOUSE GUESTS FOR THE WEEKEND

by Bert Mautz

"What a coincidence. Forgive my informality. Guess I thought I would be alone at this hour."

"What are you drinking? Is there more? I don't need much. You look good in boxers and a tee."

"Yeah, left over from dinner, a Sauvignon Blanc, yours will be the last glass."

"Thanks. Must I ask what you are doing in the kitchen at two?"

"Probably same as you. Having trouble sleeping in a strange bed. House noises, you know."

"Is yours a real bed? They've got me in a nursery, or some such, maybe a juvenile mattress. Doesn't fit me."

"Oh, too bad. Mine's a queen with attached shower. Still not like home."

"Hardly know each other. Terribly presumptuous, but is that queen wide enough to share?"



"Have always admired a self-actualizing woman. Of course, there's room. No need to gulp your wine. Take your time."

"The stairs in this old house creak. Think anyone will notice?"

"Last door on the left. Which side do you prefer?"

"I started in the middle. I'll take the side against the wall. O.K.? Gonna brush my teeth."

"Are you taking your shirt off? Shorts too? Oh my."

"You asked if you could join me. No ground rules. I've slept in the nude for the last twenty years. Mean no offense, so make yourself comfortable. You've got the light on your side."

"Not a prude. So, when in Rome ..."

"Welcome aboard. Good night."

"Good night, hmmm, this is a better mattress ..."

a couple hours later

"Is your hand on my shoulder?"

"I was drawn to the snoring. Just kidding. You don't snore. More a lovely rhythmic breathing. Yes, my hand is on your shoulder and what are you feeling now, you can guess?"

"Warm nipples on a guy's shoulder blades, wonderful. Still having trouble sleeping?"

"Roll over. I've decided to kiss you."

"You know what is going to happen, don't you?"

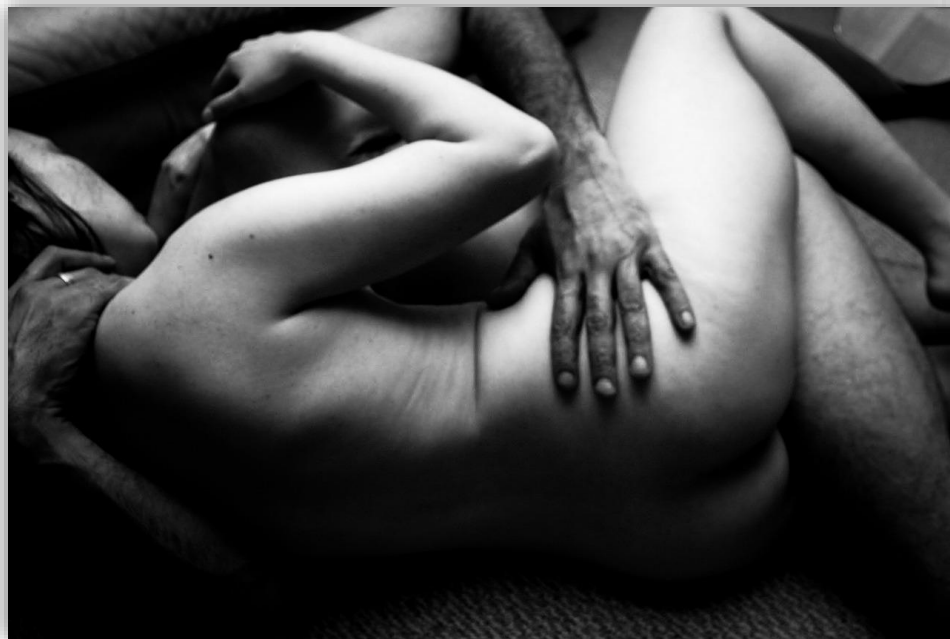
"Try not to be too noisy. Oh my, he's a big fella. I'm getting on top."

"Bet you say that to all the guys ... Your pussy is fabulous. Boobs in my face. God, take me now."

"You are stronger than you look. Penetrations are deep, forceful, I love it."

"There you go, a shiver all over orgasm. Now wait for it, 'cause here we come, oh baby, you're good."

"You know, I ought to get back to my child's quarters before the house wakes up. Do me again? Sleep with you again tonight? You feel so good ... bye"



THE PLEA— part 1

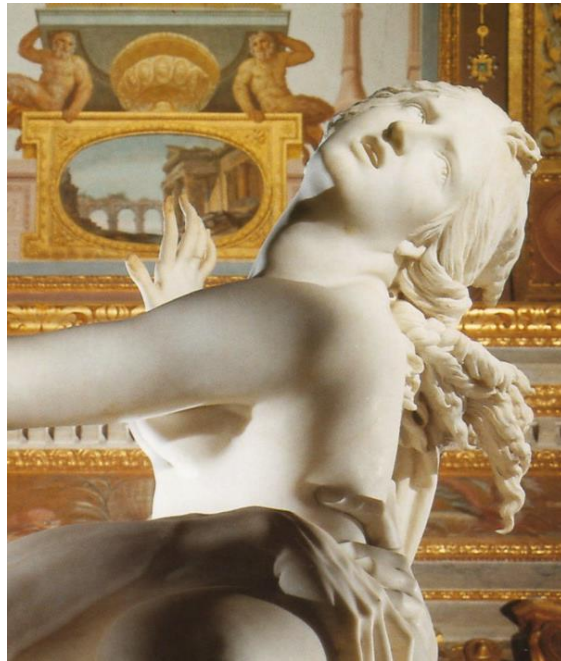
An excerpt from a chapter of memoirs of the 20th century sexual revolution.

By 'Emily Swinger'

"Isn't anybody going to fuck me?"

Emily blushed as she realized what she had said right after the last word exited her mouth. She was rarely sexually forward but here she was, totally naked in a hotel suite, in the middle of an orgy with swinging couples screwing with abandon left and right, above and below. And she, was the only person not achieving sexual satisfaction. She had no partner to play with!

Emily checked her breath and her armpits. Everything had a pleasant bouquet. She ran a finger through her vaginal lips and sniffed. The aroma of Her Bartholin secretions reminded her of warm butter browning in a sauté pan, heady and earthy with a taste that was rather cheery and affable. She was perplexed. *Doesn't anybody want to fuck me?* Perhaps she just got lost in the pile? How could that have happened? But here she was, all by herself. Watching couples fucking all around her. They were all her friends. Pangs of insecurity threatened to flood her psyche.





The blurted question was not the loudest noise in the room that was tight with fornicating swingers bunched in couples and groups. It was easy to get lost in the harsh snorts of imminent orgasms, cries of pleasure and the shrill demands of "harder, harder! Fuck me harder!" Which is why the request was made in the first place.

Like a lonely little petunia in an orgasm patch the lady had found herself surrounded by shameless debauchery of nearly every sort but with no way to find satisfaction herself. She was loath to break into someone else's carnal decadent

celebration without an invitation and it was only the frustration that encouraged her to call out to someone, anyone. Would she get an answer?

Yes, she would and there were two likely candidates from the assembled sybarites who heard her call for help and promptly answered. Gabe and Mike, a couple of nice-looking gentlemen who had sterling reputations as considerate, attentive and gentle partners. It was rumored among the swinging ladies of their group, that they were a lot of fun and very experienced in many forms of human sexuality – whatever that meant. Emily was not aware that the men themselves had been looking forward to doing more than simply admiring Emily's delightful charms if they ever had the opportunity. She was a very attractive woman.

"You called?" Gabe asked like a super-hero with an erection.

"At your service," Mike declared with warm hands aching to cup full breasts.

Emily's plea was answered in the most pleasant way of anticipated pleasure pledged with a double dose of intimate fornication. What was a girl to do with two ardent lovers of quality like Mike and Gabe? No further introductions were necessary and the two men began their tender attack. It started with tentative touches, light brushes and suddenly a touching of lips that deepened into a smoldering French kiss while an ear nibble excited every tiny hair on her body. There were four hands stroking the smooth ivory texture of her curves and each hand knew exactly what it was doing. The thrilling caresses brought instant lubrication to an already moist vagina and a desire for naughty-naughty experimentation.



What kind of pleasure would this trio generate? Would the exciting frictions become too much to bear? Too much stimulation? How much is too much? Will the mind detach from the body and observe the licentious copulations – oh yes, multiple penetrations – promising a degeneracy often dreamt of but never imagined to be anything more than a mischievous fantasy from the dark shadows of Emily's id? The legendary ache in the loins for penetration and fulfillment? How can a description do justice to the reality she was about to experience with hopeful expectancy for pleasure and yet, still with a queasy anxiety that a nasty distraction could lead to a disappointing intrusion, the kind of *masturbatus interruptus* that had always shattered her most self-indulgent, erotic fantasies.

'Not this time, damn it,' her mind declared rebelliously. 'I'm not diddling myself this time. This is something I've always wanted; two dicks and I'm going for it.'

As she was being titillated by the manly fingers, lips and tongues, Emily's hands were busy as well, anxious to explore those masculine bodies. Grasping two erections simultaneously satisfied that one scenario that always started her wicked reveries. Smooth yet hard, sturdy fleshy erections that welcomed her fingers wrapping around the shafts to stroke with dainty softness to gradually increase with more and more pressure. The sounds from Mike and Gabe – or was it Gabe and Mike? – harmonized with her own sighs.

She sensed an exploratory touch that lightly followed her smooth belly from her navel down to the soft pouty mound of her pubis. It caused an involuntary thrust of her

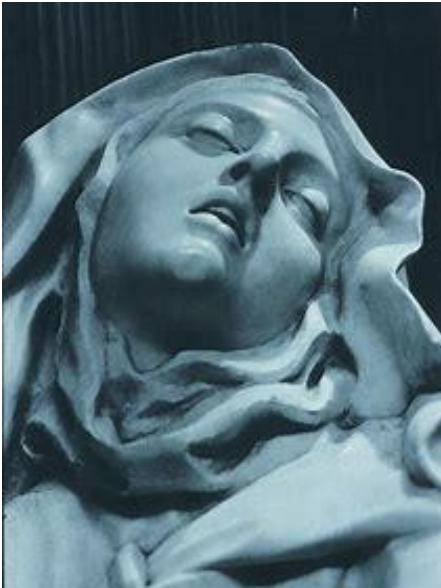


pelvis. Simultaneously, a tongue parted her mouth and the tip of it swirled just inside, from corner to corner of her lips as her clitoris felt the first touch and oh no, a nipple was being sweetly tortured to wrinkled tumescence by another tongue. This was becoming symphonic.

Her grip tightened around the now pulsing cocks because of the images that were vibrating through her mind. Prim and proper Emily would always use the clinical term, "penis" to avoid sounding like a slut; and the adventurously poetic Emily preferred the archaic Latin noun, "phallus" because she enjoyed how the

sound of the word tickled her taste buds and puckered her lips. But, the vulgarian Emily, horny beyond redemption, always used "cocks" because her vagina demanded it. No namby-pampy penises or dicks for her. No non-threatening phalluses of dreamy romantic couplets! Cocks! She wanted hard cocks and was eager to have them plunge into her so she could devour them.

She then felt something different between her legs and the sensation was so intense that her eyes clamped shut and her face furrowed in what the uninitiated might interpret as an expression of pain. It was another finger that had parted the fluttering vaginal lips and her breathing doubled with powerful exhalation. It was not unpleasant, but it was attention grabbing. Yes, her eyes did roll back involuntarily and she felt a gushing sensation deep in the saddle of her inner female. You could say it was life



imitating art. Mostly, Emily's facial expressions resembled Gian Lorenzo Bernini's late baroque era sculpture of The Ecstasy of St. Teresa with the spiritual and the sexual melding into the stark depiction of purely depraved, genital lust. This is the dynamic of what Emily felt in her loins.

These two wonderful men were treating her body like a fine instrument and they knew how to play it like a virtuoso duet of Giacomo Puccini and Franz Liszt being conducted by Maurice

Ravel. It felt wonderful! 'How could this kind of sex be bad' shot through her mind like a psychedelic thought arrow hitting the target dead center. It was her first orgasm of the evening and she was ready and eager to cross more boundaries. ***

POETRY N' PROSE

"From that time on, the world was hers for the reading.

She would never be lonely again,

never miss the lack of intimate friends.

Books became her friends

and there was one for every mood.

There was poetry for quiet companionship.

There was adventure when she tired of quiet hours.

There would be love stories when she came into adolescence

and when she wanted to feel a closeness to someone

she could read a biography.

On that day when she first knew she could read,

she made a vow to read one book a day as long as she lived"



— Betty Smith, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*



COMEDY CORNER



Alligator mississippiensis

(Florida alligator)

By Bert Mautz

It (for gender is as yet indeterminate) was basking in late afternoon sun on the dock Sunday. Jesus Christ! There's a four-foot alligator on my dock! Have never had an alligator sighting. Here in my very back yard, a mere fifty feet from the house.

Over the years otters, raccoons, possums, squirrels, rabbits, iguanas, and countless varieties and sizes of birds have appeared. Surrounded by foliage, the dock is visually secluded, a

seemingly comfortable place to take the sun, or lurk for careless prey to chance by. Been observing the dock out the kitchen window many times daily for eighteen, or so years.



Never before has a gator stopped by. Took its picture, and then the click of opening the porch screen door, to get a better view and it was gone, spooked, back into the creek from whence it arose. All kind of exciting. Reports of a seven-footer downstream, by

the Route No. 1 bridge, but never sighted this far up the creek. Likely a mere coincidence, a chance occurrence, to be savored and retold, with pictures for proof.

Monday, two o'clock, different location, likely where it climbs up from the lawn embankment, afternoon sunshine, it is back, two days in a row, is this a pattern? A local acorn feasting squirrel is bouncing around the gator, too close for comfort. The gator is motionless, poised to lunge, perhaps, but the squirrel loses interest and is gone.



What could consecutive day appearances imply? Did it spend the

FLORIDA STATE SYMBOLS



night under the dock? Is there a chance this four-foot-long reptile is taking up residence?

The Florida alligator is one of several obvious symbols of the Sunshine State, along with pink flamingos, pelicans, palm trees on the beach. Have seen much larger specimens on the banks of the trans Florida channel, via Lake Okeechobee. But this is personal, on my property, but it will disappear soon enough?





Tuesday, returning from errands, oh my, there it sits, head raised, late morning sun. For readers keeping score, that's three days in a row. It lives here, for sure. It should have a name..... Wide variety of reactions from friends, ranging from fear and caution to laugh out loud funny. We are day to day. Many have seen the recent video of the gentlemen rescuing his spaniel from the jaws of an alligator. Floridians have a guarded relationship with our gators, team mascots to macho hunters' prize.





Drumphrey Trumpy

By J. Dan Vignau

Drumphrey Trumpy sat on his wall



Drumphrey Trumpy had a great fall



All the king's whoreses, and all the king's men



Couldn't get Drumphrey

.... elected again.



The Real Urine Test....

Go pee on the trunk of a tree.

If it attracts ants you have high glucose.

If dries too fast - too much sodium

If it smells like meat - high cholesterol.

Forgot to open pants - Alzheimer's.

Had trouble aiming at a tree - Parkinson's.

If pee went on feet - prostate.

Could not smell pee - COVID-19.

Provided by Gale Baker

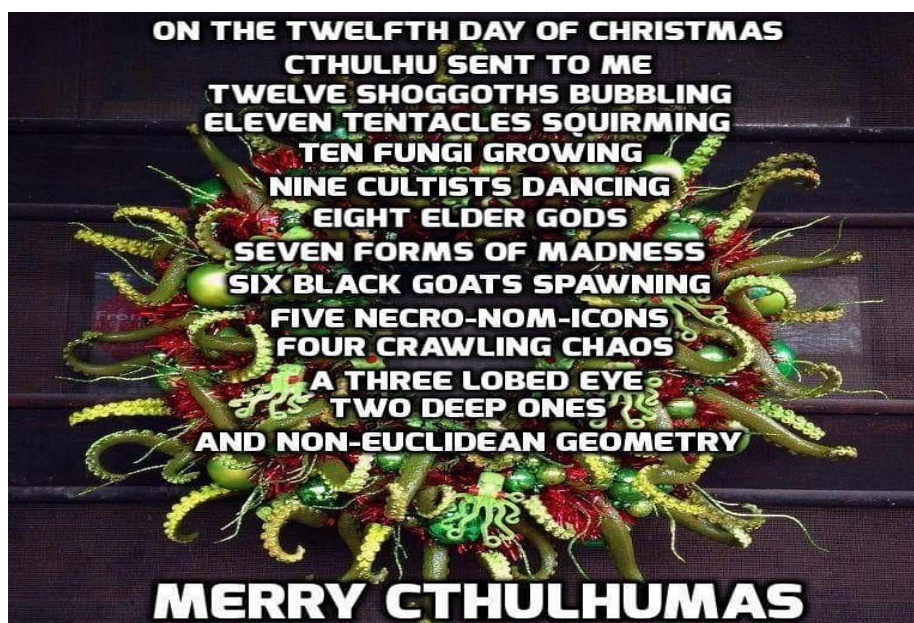
Kinky Christmas

Kartoons



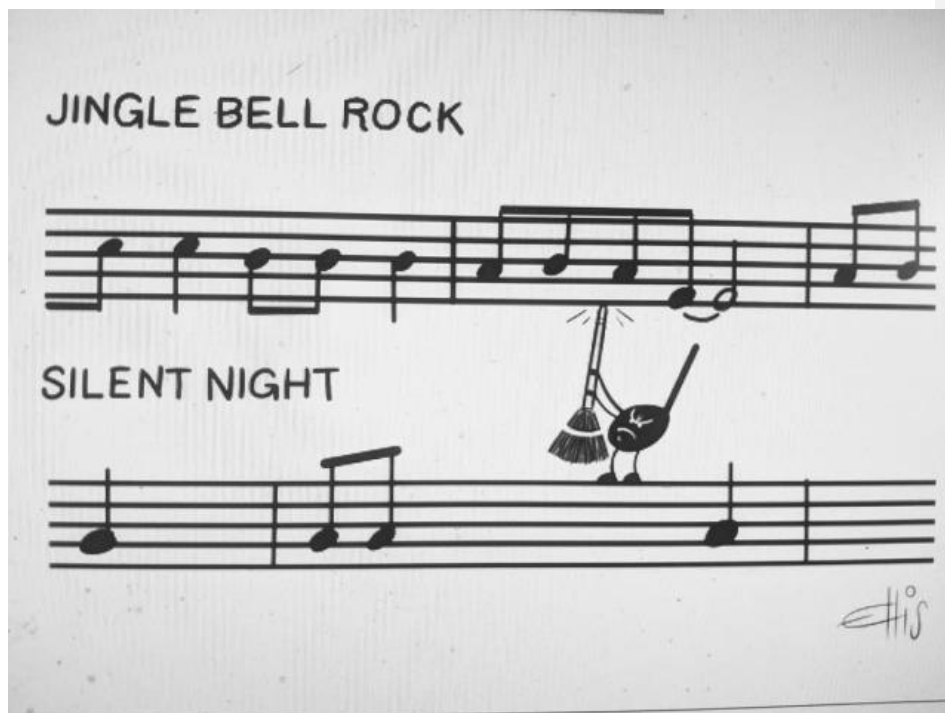
See More Crazy Pictures & Videos on Owned.com

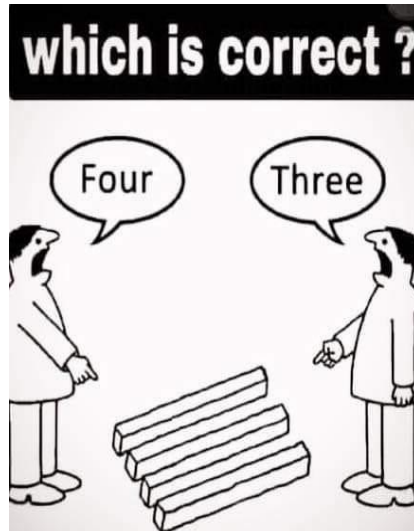
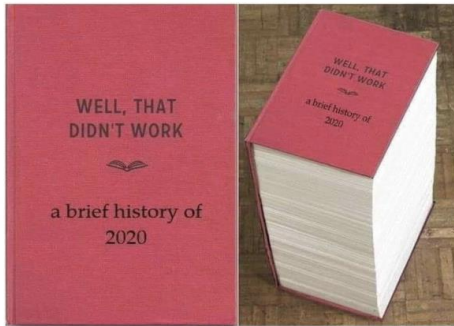






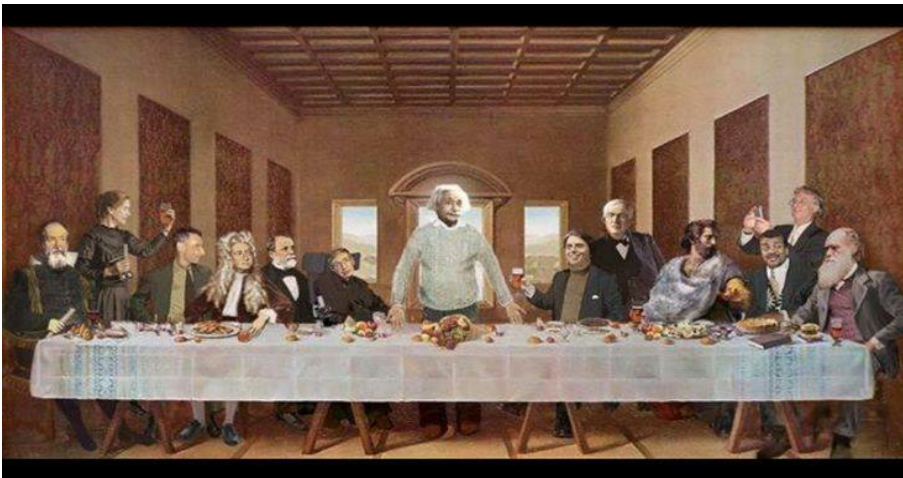
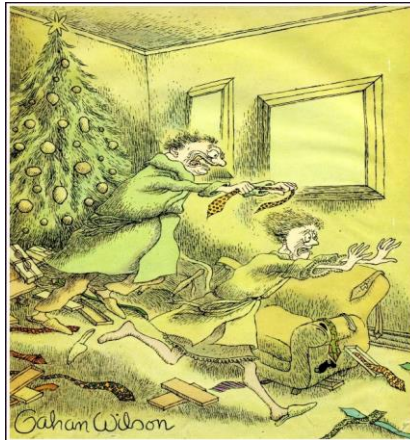
If you don't see the Dog
you have problems..





Proud Atheist

Reason not Superstition
Ethics not Dogma
Respect not Worship
Courage not Fear
Fact not Myth
Morality not Doctrine
Clarity not Delusion
Skeptic not Cynic
Pragmatism not Ideology
Good not God



A07C
"Summit @
Sandsprit"

