

# 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.8, No.1

January / February 2023

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

# INTRODUCTION

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS

### 2023?

We start another year (A new year? Or are they all, really, just the same?) with a fresh volume of our joint endeavor (Folly? Adventure?) with Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast's Journal 8-1.

After the angst we have endured from 2022, anyone have any ideas what we should expect from 2023? Is it something to look forward to or something to avert your eyes from?

What are we attempting to accomplish? What are our intentions? Are we really believing we are making a difference? Despite any naysaying I say, Of course we are! We are sharing ourselves, our experiences, our follies and our wisdom. Even if it is we who are the choir we are preaching to.



In our own small way, we are the fourth estate. We matter. We, along with all the other individuals, podcasts, local news outlets are that spirit of freedom that has been stylized to us since we were babies. What is true is that we maintain the outrage of what we see; and what better way to voice that rage than to coherently blast the hypocrisy all around us. It helps keep us alive to bitch another day.

To reach into my past and put it in a philosophical light: Is it Descartes or Herman Hesse's Siddhartha? Siddhartha said - "I can think, I can wait, I can fast." Fine and good but I will pass on the fasting.

Descartes went simpler: In Latin, "cogito, ergo sum"; In French: Je pense, donc je suis – which is many times more lyrical than the gauche l'englise ! "I think, therefore I am – BFD").

It boils down to this: there is much I discover from my fellow Aware Ones that I find fascinating. Maybe we're just indulging in a mutual masturbatory philosophical fantasy? However, we exist, we think, we do. Let's not wait. Let's keep doing it!

*Virgil*

Twitter is owned by Republican. Fox News is owned by a Republican. CNN is owned by a Republican. OANN is owned by a Republican. Parler is owned by a Republican. Newsmax is owned by a Republican. Daily Wire is owned by a Republican. The "liberal media" is a Republican a myth.

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 tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1<sup>st</sup> Friday of the month will resume in October), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional if vaccinated. 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](mailto:vmthorp@outlook.com) for confirmation.*

# AOTC MEMBERS

Joan Auerbach	Ed Zillioux
Marsha Banks	Bob Haskins
Ernie Breud	Barbara Lange
Eddie Buitrago	Jim Longo
Ray Duryea	Jerry Shaw
Rick Burkhart	Yashi Nozawa
Sandra Burkhart	Roberta Synal
Paul Carlos	Lucy Thorp
Gloria Cosgrove	Virgil Thorp
Carol Gillooley	Dan Vignau
Gale Baker	Linda Webb
Bert Mautz	Betty Tewksbury
David Dorenzo	Mark Kasoff
Betty Kasoff	

Life cycle of a Strawberry 🍓



## MEETINGS & EVENTS

### Meetings



Friday gatherings: First Friday of month at Flagler Park (under the Roosevelt Bridge) will resume in October – maybe. All other Fridays, *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart’s Sandsprit Park. BYOB



Sunday Zoom – 11 am Zoom meeting.  
Contact Dan Vignau  
<[vignaujdan@aol.com](mailto:vignaujdan@aol.com)> to be included  
with the connection codes.

TC Secular Writers – We have returned to Jensen Beach at the *House of Brews* (3311 NW Main Ave, Jensen Beach, FL 34957) on Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm.



# Subject: Re: Best Party Ever

On Mon, Nov 28, 2022 at 1:12 PM robert mautz wrote:  
sandra & rick,

how do we thank you?  
your lovely home provides a great party  
ambiance.  
good to be with 16 of our favorite people.  
conversations loud with enthusiasm.  
a perfectly done turkey, and tasty sides from all.

thank you

bert & betty



Great Food, Great Company, Good Conversation, Great Company. Sandra & Rick thank you for hosting in your lovely home.

Linda & David

Truly something to be "thankful" for, especially the warm and yummy hospitality of Rick and Sandra.

Betty and Mark

Vignaujdan wrote:  
Thank you, Burkhardt's! It was great!

*Thank you all for making yesterday so delightful, specially Sandra & Rick (perfect hosts):  
Great food, great ambience & more important: GREAT PEOPLE!!!*

*So glad to be part of it all,*

*Sara*

Subject: Re: Best Party Ever

So, we should resume having rotating pot lucks once a month! Who is next??  
Sandra

Absolutely!  
Virgil & Lucy

## Events

### January Monthly Celebrations

- National Braille Literacy Month

**January 1 – National Hangover Day**

Betsy Ross born, 1752.

**January 4**

Louis Braille born, 1809.



**January 6 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.**

1946 - Syd Barrett - guitarist and founder of Pink Floyd born.

**January 8 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

1947 - David Bowie born (aka David Robert Jones, "Fame").

**January 9 – Play God Day**

1944 - Jimmy Page - guitarist for Led Zeppelin ("Stairway To Heaven") born. (*Play God Day* -- Coincidence?)

**January 10 – Peculiar People Day**

1953 - Pat Benatar born ("Hit Me With Your Best Shot").



**January 12 –  Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm. National Pharmacist Day**

*Feast of Fabulous Wild Men Day* – 1954 - Felipe Rose - American Indian in Village People born("YMCA")

Author Jack London born, 1876.

**January 13 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**



## *International Skeptics Day*

### **January 15 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

1952 - Melvyn Gale – cellist for Electric Light Orchestra born.

### **January 16 – *Prohibition* began in 1920**



Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Day Born in 1929.

### **January 17 – Ditch New Year's Resolutions Day**

Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) born, 1942.

Benjamin Franklin born, 1706.

### **January 18 – Winnie the Pooh Day – Birthday of Winnie's**

author A.A. Milne 1882.

### **January 20 – Aware Ones at Sandspruit Park, 11 am.**

#### *Penguin Awareness Day*

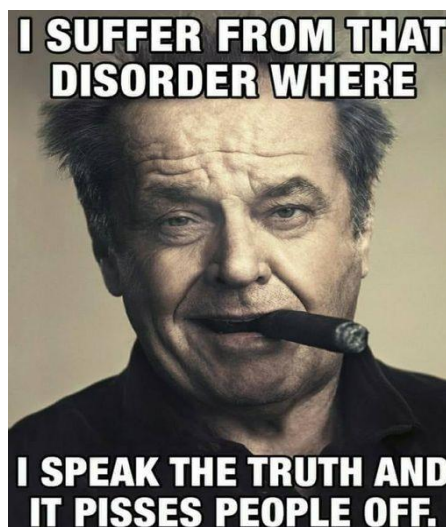
### **January 22 – Aware Ones Zoom, 11 am.**

1931 - Sam Cooke born ("Only Sixteen").

### **January 24 – Beer Can Appreciation Day**

1941 - Aaron Neville ("Tell It Like It Is").

1848 - Gold Discovered in California At Sutter's Mill by John Marshall.



### **January 26 – Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**



### **January 27 – Aware Ones at Sandspruit Park 11, am.**

1946 - Nedra Talley - vocalist for The Ronettes born ("Be My Baby").

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson , better known by his pen name *Lewis Carroll* born, 1832.

## January 29 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

**January 30** – 1951 - Phil Collins born ("Groovy Kind Of Love") – *is this a song about corduroy condoms? – ed.*

Franklin D. Roosevelt born, 1882 (23rd President).

## February Monthly Celebrations

- An Affair to Remember Month

### February 1 – National Freedom Day

Langston Hughes born, 1902.

### February 2 Groundhog Day

1942 - Graham Nash born - guitar / vocals for Crosby, Stills & Nash ("Suite Judy Blue Eyes").

## February 3 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park 11 am.

*The Day the Music Died* – Buddy Holly, Richie Valens and the Big Bopper died in a plane crash in 1959, Crystal Lake, IA.

1947 - Dave Davies - guitarist for The Kinks ("Well Respected Man") born.

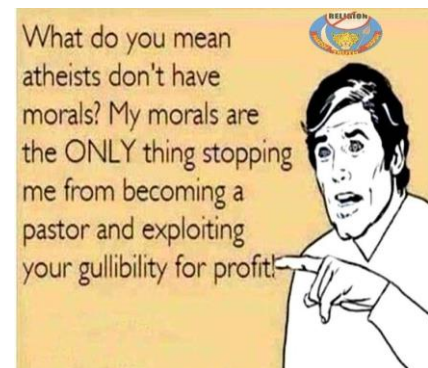
Elizabeth Blackwell born, 1821 (first female doctor).

Vietnam War Ended (1973).

### February 4 – Eat Ice Cream for Breakfast Day – first Saturday of month

Rosa Parks born, 1913.

Charles Lindbergh born, 1902.



## February 5 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

*National Shower with a Friend Day*

Superbowl Sunday – Superbowl (57) LVII

Author Jules Verne born, 1828.



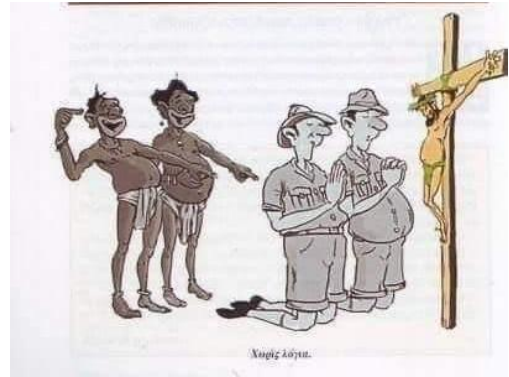
1942 - Cory Wells - vocalist for Three Dog Night born ("Eli's Coming").

Hank Aaron born, 1934.

February 9 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

*National Pizza Day*

1942 - Carole King born ("It's Too Late").



**February 10 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

*Umbrella Day*

1939 - Roberta Flack ("The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face") born.

**February 12 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

1952 - Michael McDonald - keyboardist for The Doobie Brothers ("What A Fool Believes") born.

Abraham Lincoln born, 1809 (16th President).

**February 13 – Clean out Your Computer Day** – second Monday of Month

1950 - Peter Gabriel born, Genesis vocals ("Solsbury Hill").



First Public School established (1635).

**February 14 – Valentine's Day**

**February 17 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

*Random Acts of Kindness Day*

**February 18 – National Drink Wine Day**

1947 - Dennis DeYoung - keyboards / vocals for Styx ("Babe") born.

**February 19 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**



Phonograph Patented by Thomas Edison in 1878.

**February 20** – *President's Day* – third Monday of month

**February 21** – *Mardi Gras* (Fat Tuesday)

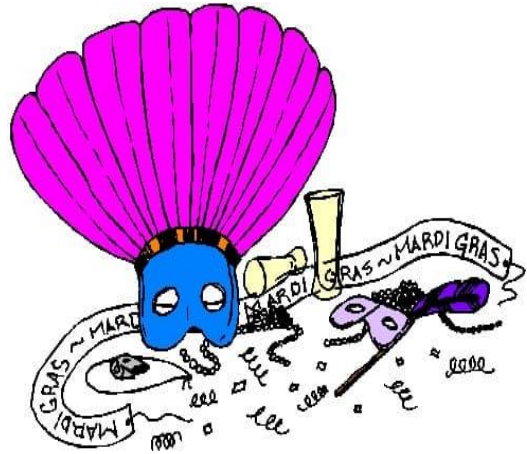
1958 - Mary Chapin Carpenter born ("Passionate Kisses").

Malcom X Assassinated (1965).

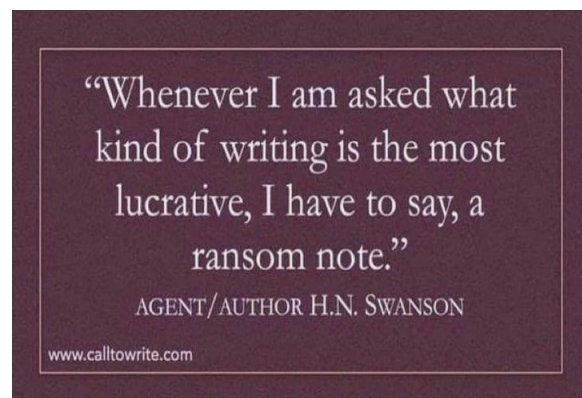
**February 22** – *National Margarita Day*

*Ash Wednesday (the reason for National Margarita Day?)*

George Washington born, 1732.



**February 23** –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**



**February 24** – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

*World Bartender Day*

**February 25** – *Open That Bottle Night* – last Saturday of month

1943 - George Harrison - lead guitarist for The Beatles ("Something") born.

Artist Pierre Auguste Renoir born, 1841.

**February 26** – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** *Carpe Diem Day*

1928 - Fats Domino born ("Blueberry Hill").

**February 27** – *No Brainer Day* – this day is for me!

John Steinbeck born, 1902.

**March 9** – Aware Ones' editor's birthday, 1948!

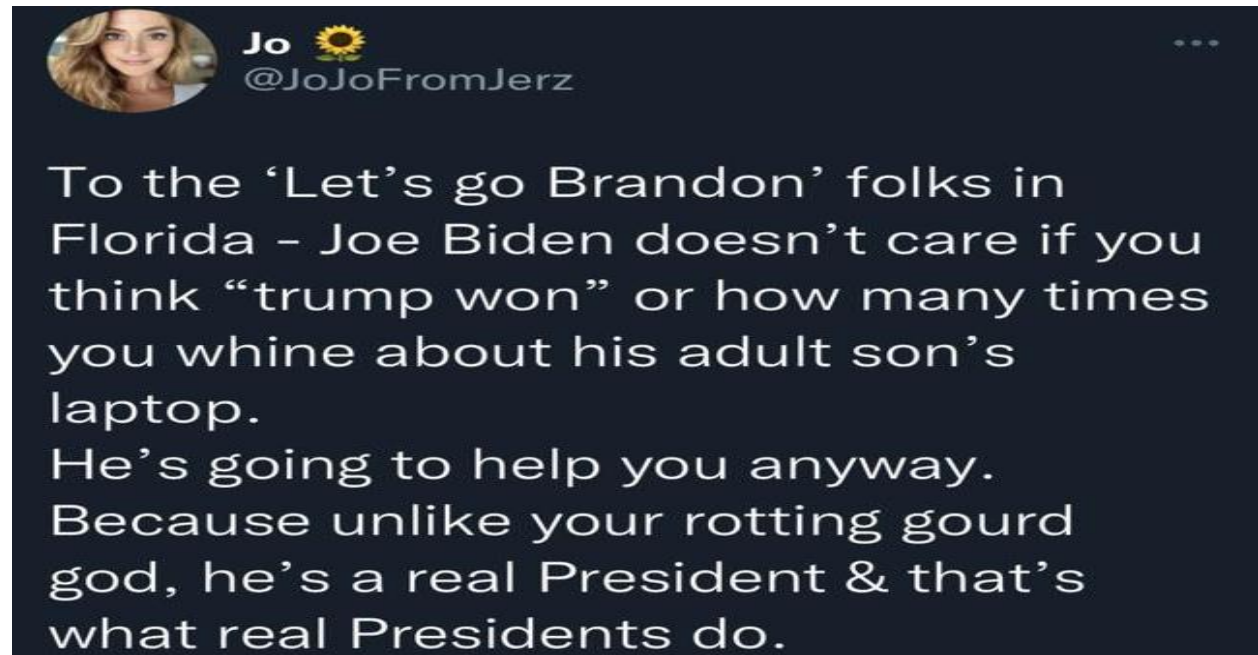
live your life in such a way that your heirs sort through your possessions whispering "what the fuck. what the FUCK. What in the SHIT."

## March 10 –12 Orlando, FL FreeFlo 2023



FREEFLO is March 10 – 12. Early registration ends January 2nd. Check out the speakers, schedule, venue, and don't forget to book your room! All the details are at [FREEFLO.org](https://freeflo.org).

## Atheist Quotes





## LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST



### November 2022



**1** – Gael Greene, 88, American restaurant critic (*New York*), cancer.

**3** – Gerd Dudek, 84, German saxophonist, clarinetist and flautist.

- Ray Guy, 72, American Hall of Fame football player (Oakland/Los Angeles Raiders), Super Bowl champion (XI, XV, XVIII), chronic obstructive pulmonary disease.



**4** – Dow Finsterwald, 93, American golfer (PGA Tour, Senior PGA Tour), PGA Championship winner (1958).



- Bambang Subianto, 77, Indonesian economist and politician, minister of finance (1998–1999).



**6** – Michael Boyce, Baron Boyce, 79, British navy officer, chief of the defence staff (2001–2003), first sea lord (1998–2001), and member of the House of Lords (since 2003), cancer.



**9** – Fred Hickman, 66, American broadcaster (CNN, ESPN, Black News Channel).

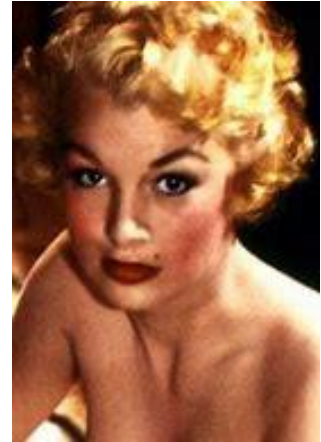


**11** – John Aniston, 89, Greek-born American actor (*Days of Our Lives*, *Love of Life*, *Search for Tomorrow*). the father of actress Jennifer Aniston.





- Leo Anthony Gallagher Jr., known mononymously as **Gallagher**, was an American comedian who became one of the most recognizable comedic performers of the 1980s for his prop and observational routine that included the signature act of smashing a watermelon on stage with a wooden sledgehammer.



- Keith Levene, 65, English guitarist (The Clash, Public Image Ltd) and songwriter ("Flowers of Romance"), liver cancer.

**12** – Neva A. Gilbert was an American model. She was Playboy magazine's Playmate of the Month for its July 1954 issue.

**16** – Robert Clary, 96, French-American actor (Hogan's Heroes, Days of Our Lives, The Bold and the Beautiful). Born in 1926 in Paris, France, Clary was the youngest of 14 children, 10 of whom died in the Holocaust. In 1942, because he was Jewish, he was deported to the Nazi concentration camp at Ottmuth, in Upper Silesia (now Otmęt, Poland). He was tattooed with the identification "A5714" on his left forearm. He was later sent to Buchenwald concentration camp.



*We were not even human beings. When we got to Buchenwald, the SS shoved us into a shower room to spend the night. I had heard the rumours about the dummy shower heads that were gas jets. I thought, 'This is it.' But no, it was just a place to sleep. The first eight days there, the Germans kept us without a crumb to eat. We were hanging on to life by pure guts, sleeping on top of each other, every morning waking up to find a new corpse next to you. ... The whole experience was a complete nightmare — the way they treated us, what we had to do to survive. We were less than animals.*

*Sometimes I dream about those days. I wake up in a sweat terrified for fear I'm about to be sent away to a concentration camp, but I don't hold a grudge because that's a great waste of time. Yes, there's something dark in the human soul. For the most part, human beings are not very nice. That's why when you find those who are, you cherish them.*



**25** – Irene Cara, 63, American singer ("Flashdance... What a Feeling") and actress (Sparkle, Fame), Oscar winner (1983).

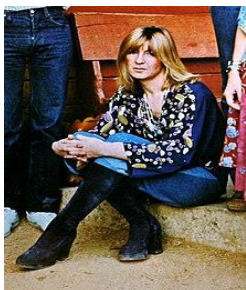


**29** – Aline Kominsky-Crumb, 74, American underground comics artist (Twisted Sisters, Wimmen's Comix, Weirdo), pancreatic cancer.

**30** – John Hadl, 82, American Hall of Fame football player (Kansas Jayhawks, San Diego Chargers, Los Angeles Rams) and coach.

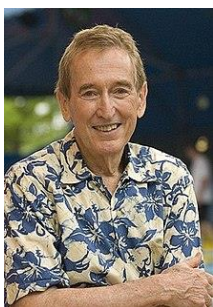






- Christine McVie, 79, English Hall of Fame musician (Fleetwood Mac) and songwriter ("Don't Stop", "Everywhere") As a member of Fleetwood Mac, McVie was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and in 1998 received the Brit Award for Outstanding Contribution to Music.

## December



- 3** – Ursula Hayden, 56, American professional wrestler (Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling) and actress, cancer.

- 4** – Bob McGrath, 90, American actor and singer (Sesame Street, Follow That Bird, Sing Along with Mitch), complications from a stroke.

- 5** – Jim Stewart, 92, American Hall of Fame record producer, co-founder of Stax Records.



- Kirstie Alley, 71, American actress (Cheers, Veronica's Closet, Look Who's Talking), Emmy winner (1991, 1994), colon cancer.

- 6** – Mills Lane, 85, American boxing referee and television personality (Judge Mills Lane, Celebrity Deathmatch). Lane refereed Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson II between world heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield and challenger Mike Tyson on June 28, 1997.



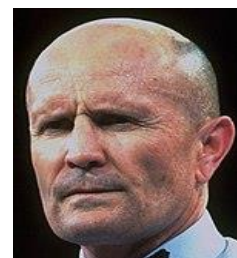
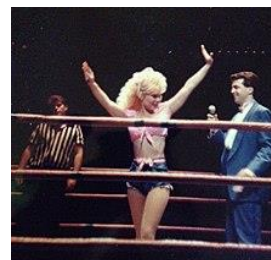
- 7** – Harry Yee, 104, American bartender, inventor of the Blue Hawaii.

- 9** – Joseph Kittinger, 94, American air force officer and command pilot (Project Manhigh, Project Excelsior), lung cancer. He participated in the high-altitude balloon flight projects from 1956 to 1960 and was the first man to fully witness the curvature of the Earth.



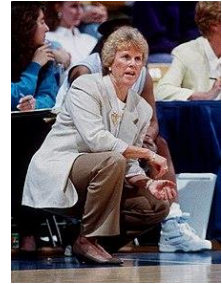
- 10** – Grant Wahl, 49, American sports journalist (Sports Illustrated) and author (The Beckham Experiment), aortic aneurysm while covering the 2022 Fifa World Cup in Qatar.

- Georgia Holt, 96, American singer and actress (Watch the Birdie, Grounds for Marriage), subject of Dear Mom, Love Cher. an American singer-songwriter, actress and model. She was also notable for being the mother of singer and actress Cher.





**12** – Stuart Margolin, 82, American actor (*The Rockford Files*, *Death Wish*, *Bret Maverick*), Emmy winner (1979, 1980), pancreatic cancer



**14** – Billie Moore, 79, American Hall of Fame basketball coach (Cal State Fullerton Titans, UCLA Bruins, 1976 Olympic women's team), multiple myeloma.



**16** – Sue Hardesty, 89, American novelist, cancer

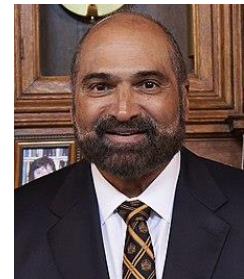


**19** – H. Norman Abramson, 96, American engineer and scientist. internationally regarded expert in the field of theoretical mechanics and applied mechanics with expertise in fluid

dynamics, specifically the "dynamics of contained liquids in astronautical, nuclear, and marine systems."



- Ali Ahmed Aslam, 77, Pakistani-born Scottish chef and restaurateur, credited with inventing chicken tikka masala, septic shock and organ failure.



**20** – Franco Harris, 72, American Hall of Fame football player (Pittsburgh Steelers, Seattle Seahawks), four-time Super

Bowl champion.



**22** – Thom Bell, 79, Jamaican-born American songwriter ("The Rubberband Man", "La-La (Means I Love You)", "Mama Can't Buy You Love"), arranger and record producer.



**24** – Kathy Whitworth, 83, American Hall of Fame professional golfer

## Heroes

"I hope he (Trump) comes, I'm going to punch him out ... I'm going to punch him out, I'm going to go to jail, and I'm going to be happy." ~ Nancy Pelosi 01/06/21





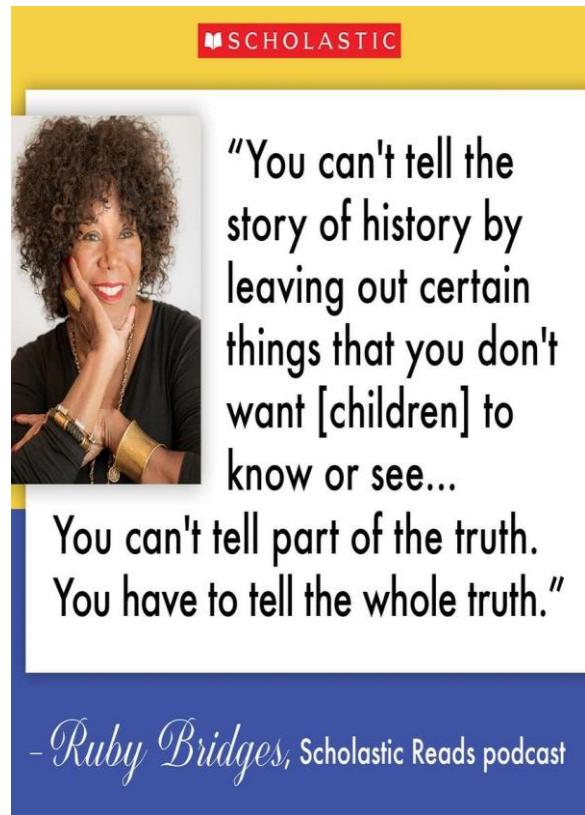
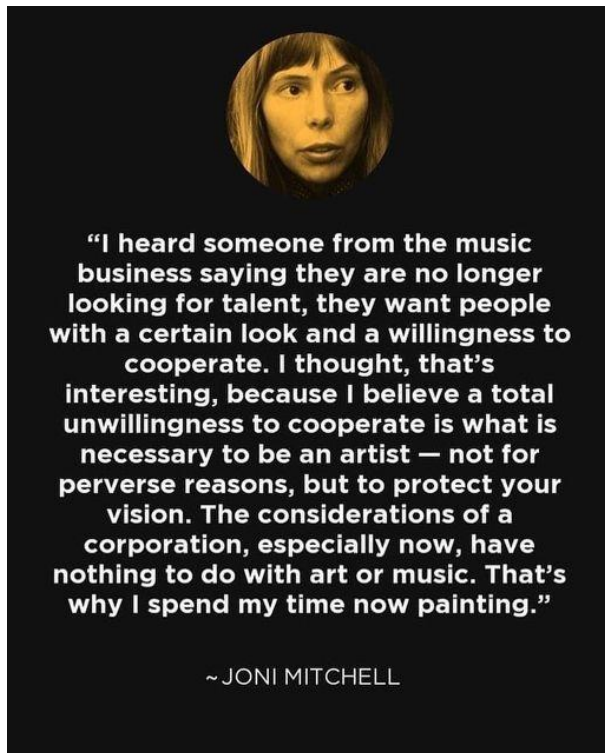
## Club Q Hero # 2

U.S. Navy Petty Officer 2nd Class Thomas James

*I simply wanted to save the family I found. If I had my way, I would shield everyone I could from the nonsensical acts of hate in the world, but I am only one person. Thankfully, we are family, and family looks after one another. We came a long way from Stonewall. Bullies aren't invincible.*



*I want to support everyone who has known the pain and loss that have been all too common these past few years. My thoughts are with those we lost on Nov. 19, and those who are still recovering from their injuries. To the youth I say be brave. Your family is out there. You are loved and valued. So when you come out of the closet, come out swinging.*



## Dubious Achievements



It was announced that Orange County California Deputy District Attorney Kelly Ernby, a rising star in the GOP who railed against vaccine mandates died of COVID-19. She was 46 years old.

This is a six-week pregnancy. It has more rights than the women of Alabama, Arkansas, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.



Nigerian Prophet Odumeje shows off the belt he won after defeating Satan in an international spiritual warfare championship. According to the prophet, he went alone to hell and fought Satan behind closed doors.

## Assholes of the Month

This is a DRAFT DODGER! He is NOT a VETERAN. NOT ONE member of the Trump family HAS EVER served in the United States Military. This Monster has wreaked havoc in our Great Country for the past 7 years. He PLANNED and EXECUTED a DEADLY INSURRECTION in an attempt to BLOCK the PEACEFUL TRANSFER of



POWER for his OWN PERSONAL GAIN. HE STOLE TOP SECRET DOCUMENTS, which placed our country in grave danger. He Longed to Remain in Power and he was Willing to Destroy our Democracy so HE could become a FASCIST AUTHORITARIAN RULER. He should NEVER be allowed to run for any public office again. HE SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED ANYWHERE NEAR THE PEOPLE'S WHITE HOUSE AGAIN. HE SHOULD BE AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE MOST WANTED CRIMINAL FOR TREASON AGAINST THE PEOPLE AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. The Election is Over. IT'S TIME TO INDICT THIS MONSTER! LET'S ROLL AMERICA!

## The Creepy Christo-Fascist of the Year Award goes to ... Mike Pompeo



*"It's not a close call. If you ask, 'Who's the most likely to take this republic down?' It would be the teachers' unions, and the filth that they're teaching our kids, and the fact that they don't know math and reading or writing."*



# COMMENTARY

## The War On Women Continues

by Lucinda Lugeons  
*Scathing Atheist 515 Script TWIM*



The plot, so to speak, of global feminism in 2022 has been watching things get ever more hopeful in Iran and ever more hopeless in Afghanistan. Though they started late in the year, the relentless protests against Iran's morality police *do* seem to be bearing fruit — though news blackouts and official misinformation is making it really hard to pin down the full extent of it. But whatever rights women stand to gain in Iran, they're dwarfed by the rights women have lost in Afghanistan. And that story line got even worse last week, when the Taliban barred women from attending universities.

Now, as you'll know if you're a regular listener, they already barred girls from attending middle and high schools, so we all saw this coming — despite repeated reassurances from the Taliban that they weren't gonna do this shit. But they did. They barred women from working at universities and, a few days later, from

working for non-governmental organizations with the excuse that there were too many female employees at those things that didn't wear proper hijabs. In the words of University Lecturer and Afghan activist Homeira Quaderi, (quote) "Afghanistan is not a country for women but instead a cage for women." (end quote)

Of course, all of this shit is in direct contradiction to what they promised to do when the US withdrew from the nation. But... it's the fucking Taliban. Not really known for their trustworthiness. Still, their recent moves are disturbingly regressive, and not just from the perspective of a liberal feminist in America. Majority Muslim nations like Turkey and Saudi Arabia have condemned these moves as well. And when Saudi Arabia is like, "y'all are being sexist", you know you've got a serious fucking problem.



But, lest I end the year on bad news, I do want to return really quick to the good ol' US of A and highlight a small success. In Indiana of all places. So, as you'll recall, when the SCOTUS chucked Roe to the curb like yesterday's Christmas tree, several Jewish groups sued their states to protect access to abortion, arguing that restricting abortion was a religious imperative, and their religion didn't have that imperative. Now, a lot of people dismissed these suits by pointing out that they're not legally sound. But, as the SCOTUS proved with Dobbs, "legally sound" no longer matters in terms of abortion arguments. And apparently Heather Welch agrees with me. Which matters, because she's a county superior judge in Indiana, and her opinion was enough to block the state's new anti-abortion law from going into effect.



Now, to be clear, all she's done is delay the thing for a month. She issued a temporary injunction that'll only last until Indiana's Supreme Court hears this case next month. And ... it's Indiana's Supreme Court, so we kind of know how this is gonna go. But the decision itself is brilliant. First of all, the plaintiffs used the RFRA law that was signed by none other than Mike



fucking Pence as the basis for their suit. And in her opinion, Welch points out that the question of when life begins is purely theological and not scientific, then adds that even if you could argue that it *is* scientific, that doesn't matter, because, as Sam Alito insisted in the Hobby Lobby decision, what science says is irrelevant if religious people sincerely believe otherwise.

So sure, Indiana's high court will overrule her and this law will eventually go into effect. But in the meantime, the Draconian law languishes a little longer. And, with a little luck, Indiana's high court has to tie themselves into such legal knots to justify their action that they strangle themselves.





*They shoot  
mad dogs,*

*don't they?*

By Virgil Thorp

"Mr. Finch, I swear there's a mad dog down the street!" cried Calpurnia into the telephone. Calpurnia was the negro housemaid to attorney and widower, Atticus Finch and also; a substitute mother to Finch's children, Jem and Scout, in Harper Lee's Pulitzer Prize winning novel of seminal prejudice and bigotry, *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

The incident occurred midway through the novel when Jem and Scout discovered something evil and terrible; that a rabid dog was drooling and lurching through their community. The fact that they recognized the animal as a neighbor's dog, Tim Johnson, produced distress in the kids. Tim had always been a friendly dog ever since he was a pup and all the neighbor children had played with him; thrown sticks for him to fetch and he would then bounce around, or crouch with wagging tail, often barking eagerly for them to toss the stick again.

The kids had learned about diseases like rabies; how virulent and fatal it always was to pets and livestock, and now, they could see Tim was not well. He walked like he was drunk, paws curled into a brain-pithed shuffle. What had happened to Tim to make him this way? Had another animal – a sick one – bit Tim?

Because Tim had been a friend to Jem and Scout it hurt, hurt bad to see him so sick. But they now understood the *why* of the inherent danger of rabies





as a contagious disease that could be passed from animal to person and from man to man to disastrously corrupt putrefication.

Imagine an individual – mother or father, sister or brother; a friend or lover – getting sick and not only losing all sense of direction but also right and wrong and you get to watch the collapse of their sense of conscience like a building from a corroded support beam. They were there with you one day and then, waking up the next morning, ka-boom and all is changed. Ka-boom! Devastation.

The warning signs of pestilence were all there, almost like flags and bumper stickers and red MAGA hats and open carry laws. No one knew when Tim Johnson got infected with the lethal virus – his symptoms probably had incubated for several days, maybe weeks – but there he was, with every warning sign. The virus had attacked his brain. Motor reflexes were rambling in that tiny head and he was biting the air like there was an annoying house fly buzzing around his bubbly maw.

Harper Lee's description reminded me of some people I am seeing today. People who wear the Red hats, fly obscene flags from their pickup trucks and boats. Decorate their homes with vile slogans and have disdain for others who do not share their contagious infection. A contemptible disease of the heart.

But there was Tim Johnson, with foamy drool dripping from his muzzle like





frothy septic bigotry. Something had to be done and done fast; before the poor dog lost his mind completely and went on a tear, biting and chewing anything that got in its path. The children's father, Atticus, and sheriff Heck Tate pulled up to the Finch's gate in Tate's car.

"He's got it, Mr. Finch. He sure nuff does." Heck Tate warned and handed his rifle to Atticus. "Shoot him Mr. Finch, he's right by the Radley's stoop! Shoot him a-fore he starts runnin'!"



Someone had to shoot and kill the rabid, mad dog before it attacked and infected others. Before it made other pets and friends and neighbors sick with the slobber of murderous rage. Atticus tucked the rifle stock firmly to his right shoulder, his left arm and hand steadily supporting the barrel and drew a bead.



Up until this point, the novel had been pretty tame as Lee set up the drama of a sleepy, early 20<sup>th</sup> century Southern community of Maycomb, Alabama during the great depression with the precocious Finch children learning life's lessons in safe, sleepy ways from a variety of richly



depicted citizens; Both good and bad. There were eccentric ones like old Mrs. Dubose who Jem swore had a confederate pistol hidden within her lap shawl. There were playmates like Dill Harris and Cecil Jacobs. Neighbors like Dill's Aunt Stephanie and the thoughtful Miss Maudie were opposites of shrill and calm. There were also mysterious ones like the reclusive, Boo Radley and many others.

This incident, however, was her metaphor for what was happening in Maycomb and what was to happen in a dramatic clash between black and white.

So, this is the narrative's allegory: Maycomb parallels the United States. Jem, Scout, Calpurnia, Atticus and Heck are us. The catalyst is the trouble between a black man and a white man. The black man is a hard-working family man, the negro Tom Robinson. On the white side of the dynamic is a small-minded terror of a cur who walked like a man, named Robert E. Lee Ewell, perhaps the town's most repulsive bigot. They are both the poorest of the poor and on the bottom of the county's economic spectrum.

The sufferer of the illness of willful ignorance, Bob Ewell is abusive, alcoholic, and proudly illiterate; The epitome of racial intolerance and all its Southern antecedents. He is that allegory of a condition of oblivious selfishness that has invaded our environment and threatens us all; to turn us and others into a zombie-like creature that bites and infects other innocents without discretion, without mercy. But Tim Johnson is a carrier. Like Bob Ewell, he is infected with a lethal disease.

Racism is the facilitator of the plot and Tom Robinson is the unfortunate, humble, black man with only one good hand, (his right, his useless left hand had been mangled years before in a cotton gin accident). Tom has been falsely accused of attacking the lonely, white trash, damsel, Mayella Violet





## Robert E. Lee (Bob) Ewell

- Mayella's dad
- Drunk/alcoholic
- Abusive
- Lives behind a dump in a cabin
- Racist
- Has a lot of kids
- Hunts
- Spends most of his money on liquor
- illiterate



Ewell because Mayella tried to seduce Tom as he walked by the Ewell shack from his job. "Boy," she said, too smug to call him by his name. "Won't you come inside and bust up a chiffarobe for me? I'll give you a nickel."

"Oh, Miss Mayella," the generous Tom



Robinson replied. "You don't have to give me any money. I'll be happy to help you." And into mayhem he went.

It was because of that moment Tom became the target of racist hate because Mayella was Bob Ewell's eldest daughter. Sheriff Tate had said

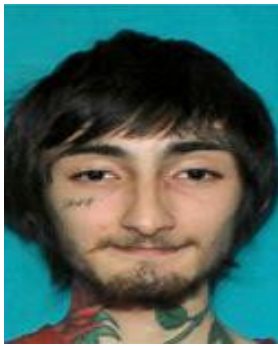


Mayella had been beaten fierce "by someone who had led mainly with his left hand." The right side of her face was swollen and her eye blackened. Bruises were around her neck – Sheriff Tate called it "her gullet" – and wrists. Bob Ewell swore at the trial



that he came home from chopping some kindling and when he "looked in the winder, I saw him [pointing out Robinson with his accusing left hand] on top of *my* Mayella."

*Oh heavens, in the South, this sort of taboo must be stopped.*



The fact that it had been Mayella who had grabbed and embraced Tom meant nothing to Maycomb's jurors. Tom was a negro. Even though he was kind, humble and generous, Tom Robinson had to be punished. To be Kept in his place. Made An example of. (The other niggers need to stay in their place, too! Don't you know.) And



why should not Bob Ewell be the one to do it? Well, who better? Wasn't he of the same culture and stock as that bunch of ignorant louts out in Old Sarum?

**In case anyone was wondering, this picture of a young Kyle Rittenhouse is what grooming looks like.**



Wasn't Bob a member of their militant group that burned crosses outside of negro homes and churches, wearing robes and hoods to keep their identities secret? The group eagerly polluted through hate and incubated by constant lies. By choice, their garments branded them as dangerously contaminated with the disease of racism just like the unfortunate Tim Johnson was poisoned with the disease of rabies.

Ewell despised Atticus for defending Tom Robinson and succeeding in exposing for all the townsfolk to see who and what he and Mayella Violet were. (As if those townsfolk did not already didn't know) With genuine disbelief, Bob had said to Atticus after the arraignment, "I hear'd you believed his story over our'n."

*How could a white man take a lowly nigger's word over a superior white man's?*

It was as if Atticus Finch had slapped Ewell in the face with the awful truth on the courthouse steps. His animosity toward Atticus turned him rancorous as had his humiliation on the witness stand, as vicious

as a mad dog could possibly be. Cowardly, revolting, bilious, vile and "sick to the back teeth", Bob Ewell had become a rabid, raving, human Tim Johnson in the last stage of rabies; ready to strike out at anything, anyone.

He was just as rabid as today's Christo-fascists; seditious Oath keepers, venomous Proud Boys, toxic Operation Rescuers, deadly Opus Dei priests and noxious Q-anon incels all shouting "Jews will not replace us!" like they did in Charlottesville, Virginia in 2017. slouching in contempt of learning and

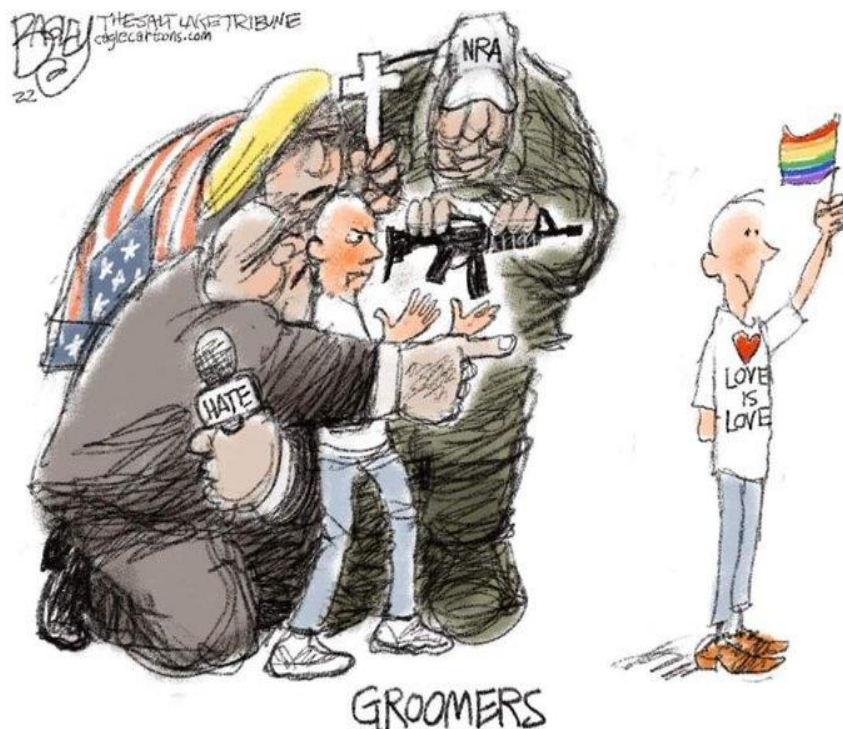


knowledge during their torch-lit parade at the University of Virginia to the perdition of their bigotry. They are racists, transphobes and anti-semites. They embrace the hate that comes from their panicked and dreaded notion of inferiority. And in pitiful efforts to divert the self-hatred from their closeted selves, they now have to strike out at minorities and bash the out n' proud fellow gays.

Is that the real picture? The fear of association? The hate at being one of "them"? So the infected bigots have to target them. Bigots carrying automatic weapons lash out at black and brown patroned supermarkets, stores and churches; jewish temples and community centers; Fourth of July parades; LGBTQ nightclubs; Country and Western music concerts in Las Vegas; and for some sick, fucking, reason – schools – from pre-school toddlers through elementary adolescents to high school young adults. They have transmogrified from human beings into mad dogs! They are a simile with absolutely no concern for their victims.

Reluctantly I wonder. Where is Heck Tate? Where is our Atticus Finch? Won't somebody shoot that vicious, rabid dog before it bites Jem and Scout ... and the rest of us?

Ka-boom.



# All Art is Propaganda!

By James Longo

Ran across this in my reading. "All art is propaganda" – George Orwell. Propaganda is just information which is biased or misleading or it is a committee of Catholic Cardinals responsible for propagating foreign missionary information. The second definition pretty much tells us all we need to know about propaganda. When the definition has the words, committee, Catholic, Cardinals and missionary information all in one definition.



Can you say bullshit?

If all art is propaganda, then is all propaganda art? If propaganda – or bullshit is an art, an application of human creativity – no wonder they are called bullshit artists.

For starters, the word "all" is absolute, and nothing is "all", including this piece of Orwellian propaganda. This leads us to Sturgeon's law, "Ninety percent of everything is crap."



*[an adage that was coined by Theodore Sturgeon, an American science fiction author and critic, and was inspired by his observation that, while science fiction was often derided for its low quality by critics, most work in other fields was low-quality too, and so science fiction was thus no different – ed.]*

So, if propaganda is ninety percent crap, how do you distill the ten percent of valuable information, from the mountains of manure?

In two little words, *who benefits*. Who's making the statement and why? Who's making money from the statement and why? Who are the



winners from any statement, and the losers and why?

Once you wipe away the shit from the information, you pretty much aren't going to like what you see. Most of us will just cover it back up and continue on our merry way, but don't you owe it to yourself, to take a peek every now and then.



Is all art crap? According to Sturgeon, ninety percent is. How much music, media (cinema, television and video), paintings, sculpting, gaming, you name it, makes us transcend our human condition, or at least, makes us think, or both? Considering how much time is spent every day dealing with words, video and music, how much actually changes our condition or perspective?

Not much.

Part of this is our fault, are we really looking for stuff that changes our condition or perspective or do we just want to be mindlessly entertained? I



myself go for the mindless entertainment ninety percent of the time. Oh no, Sturgeon was right we prefer crap ninety percent of the time. So, the marketplace gives us what we want, crap.

Let's be honest. I propagandized Orwell's statement. I believe his point was that every piece of art comes from the creator's perspective, and every artist is trying to make a point. If that was his only point, the only thing I can say is, "no shit Sherlock."

If you read Orwell's article on propaganda, he spends a lot of time describing the "ugly" language used by the political class when propagandizing. Maybe

we should start watching our mass media of choice with a checklist of just how the language itself is being used to bullshit us.

My mother used to call my father and his friends – which included a couple of priests – the “Spanish Club”. One day I asked my mother why? My mother said, “They are all bullfighters. They are either throwing the bull or fighting the bull ... sometimes it hard to tell which.”



Like my father before me, I want to be a bullfighter. And like my mother before me, sometimes times I wonder if I am fighting the bull or just throwing it. But there is one thing I know for sure; whatever you do, *don't eat it!*

## The War on Christmas?



A trio of blasphemous observations from John Pavlovitz, Noah Lugeons and Driftglass



# Yes, There is a War on Christmas and The Right is Waging it

JOHNPVLOVITZ.COM DECEMBER 1, 2022



Yes, there is a war on Christmas in America.

The Evangelicals were right.  
The pulpit-pounding preachers were right.  
Franklin Graham was right.  
The Republicans were right.  
Donald Trump was right.  
Fox News was right.  
The Religious Right was right.  
Every single one of them was speaking gospel truth.

They've all been warning me for years, and I didn't want to believe them, lest hopelessness set in—but the proof is unavoidable now and I need to confess they were right and I was wrong. I once was blind and now I see it clearly.

They told me Christianity was under attack here. It is.



They told me Jesus was being rejected. He is.  
They told me a brazen mockery was being made of his birth. It is.  
They told me the Gospels were being perverted. They are.  
They told me decent people were being deceived. They are.

The only thing they neglected to tell me in their bombastic, sanctimonious, sky-is-falling sermonizing—was the source of the offensive.

The brutal yuletide assaults haven't come from Atheists or Agnostics, not from Humanists or Muslims, not from coffee franchises or the Liberal Media or Progressive Christians or the mythical Woke Mob.

The very white Conservatives who've been loudly sounding the alarm, are the incessantly advancing hordes.

They're the only ones warring with Christmas because they've disregarded their own story.

*Christmas* is a child of Palestinian Jewish parents desperately fleeing politically ordered genocide. *Christmas* is a dark-skinned child, born amid the smell of damp straw and animal dung, because no human-worthy welcome could be found.

*Christmas* is a poor, itinerant, street preaching rabbi, living off the generosity of those around him.

*Christmas* is a compassionate caregiver, feeding and clothing and healing whoever crossed his path.

*Christmas* is a liberal activist fighting for the poor, condemning violence, shunning material wealth, and calling the world to live sacrificially for the common good.

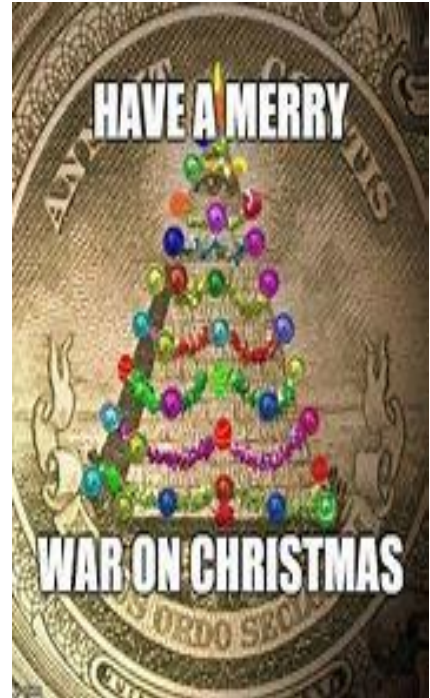
The white Evangelical Church in America has no use for *this* Christmas. In fact, worse than that—it has open contempt for it.

Because this Christmas is antithetical to its arrogant supremacy.

This Christmas is incompatible with its rabid Christian nationalism.

This Christmas is counter to its ravenous capitalism.

This Christmas is resistant to its closed borders and erected walls.





This Christmas will not consent to its heartlessness, its callousness, its myopic *America First* hubris.  
And this Christmas, is now hiding here in plain sight among the “least of these:”

It is the weary Mexican father of four taking refuge from ICE in a suburban church building.

It is the terrified young woman having to traverse three states to have autonomy over her own body.

It is the transgender teenager trying to feel at home within their own body, while being terrorized from without by lawmakers and preachers.

It is the Ukranian family trying to find some normalcy in the incessant assailing of their home.

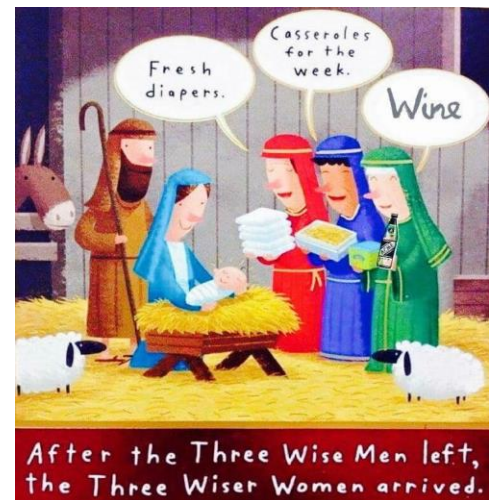
It is the exhausted mother in Atlanta waiting for hours to cast her vote while being gerrymandered into silence.

It is the homeless veteran starving to death on the corners of opulent megachurches who pretend to care for the poor.

It is the grievously ill toddler whose parents have exhausted their resources trying to keep him breathing.

It is the young black man terrified during a traffic stop, because he has seen this viral body cam video a hundred times before.

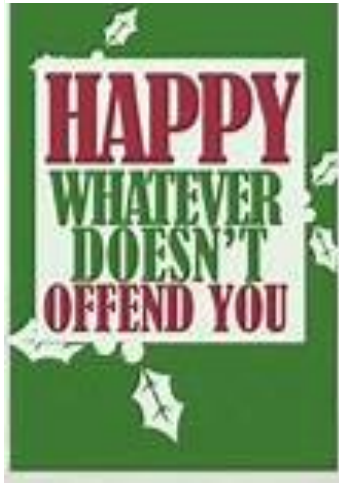
It is the poor, sick, hungry, and marginalized of this nation, who exist on the razor-thin line between living and dying.



*This* is the Christmas these professed Christians are assailing.

And so this season, while they hide behind ceremonial religion, armed with recklessly wielded Bible verses, dressed in ornamental piety, and drenched in flowery prayers and sweet songs—these religious people wage their war on Christmas.

With every social media diatribe, every Tucker Carlson racist rant, with every piece of legislation, with every cell phone complaint to police, with every anti-immigrant, with every homophobic distortion, with every manufactured crisis, with every incendiary Sunday sermon.



White Evangelical Christianity as it is currently constructed in America cannot peaceably coexist with the Jesus of the scriptures; with the truth of the poor baby in the center of the Nativity; with the gritty, non-white, non-American reality of Christmas—which is why it is choosing to remove him. We cannot let this happen.

We who seek to emulate Jesus and guard humanity need to speak this truth. We need to oppose their perennial act of aggression and their annual victim rhetoric.

We need to fight for the sick child, the migrant family, the transgender teenager, the homeless veteran, the young black man; because when we do, we are perpetuating the heart of the Middle Eastern child, born under duress in the place where livestock dined—the one who turned the world upside down in the name of a compassion that knew no borders and a love that had no walls.

Yes there is a war on Christmas. The Right has chosen its side.

And so must we.

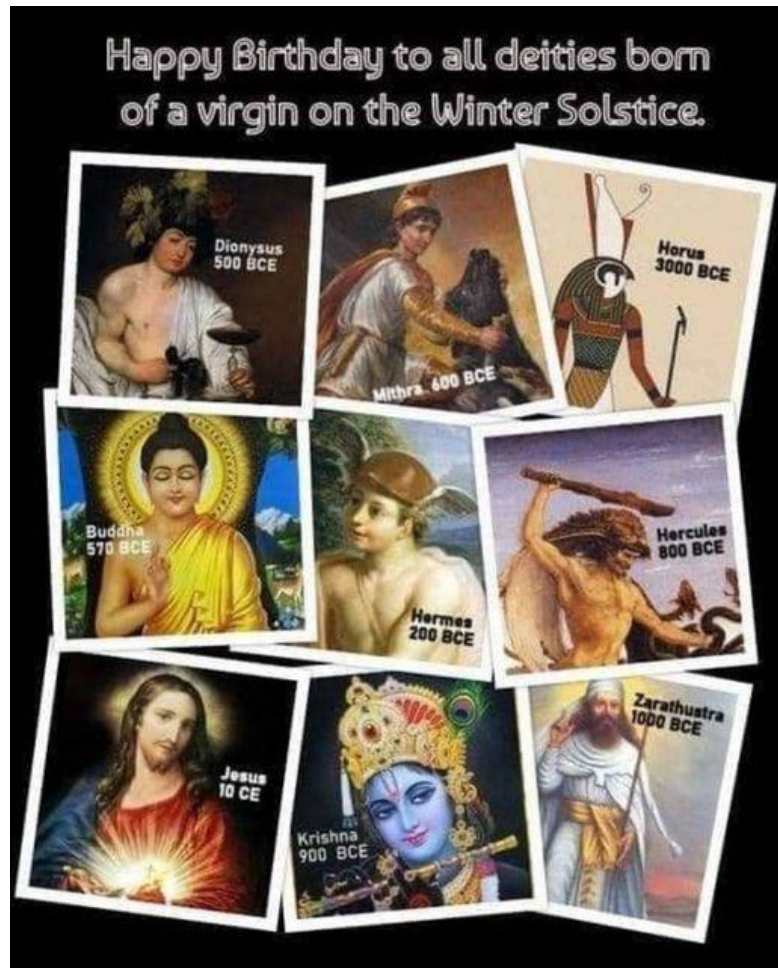


# This Year's War on X-Mas

By Noah Lugeons

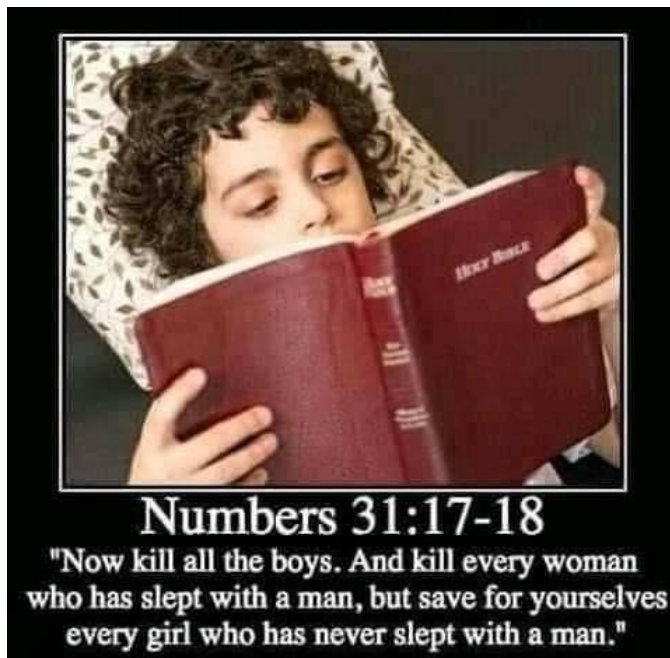
Well, the opening salvos in this year's war on Christmas have been fired. I know because I was there. See, on Monday I was at the mall and as I walked by the kiosk that sells phone cases, the dude there said "Happy Holidays", which — as we all know — is just another way of saying "fuck Jesus and his stupid birthday." And as we stood there amidst Christmas decorations and Christmas sales, with Christmas music wafting in around us, in the shadow of the Santa pavilion, we shared a conspiratorial cackle about how secular this time of year has become.

I mean honestly, the whole "War on Christmas" thing is a perfect microcosm of everything wrong with American Christians right now, isn't it? It's based on a bigoted, knee-jerk resistance to inclusivity, it's a long overdue challenge to their privilege that they've mislabeled as persecution, it's an imaginary fear that would be inconsequential even if it was real, it's rooted in spite, anger, and pettiness, it's an artificial paranoia concocted by Fox News to retain their viewership — like, that list could be applied





to damn near any political motive that stirs up evangelical voters, right?



And look, even as a person who's spent nearly a decade pointing to this as a red flag about where the Christian mindset was, I wildly underestimated how scared we should have been about it. Because let's be clear about what happened here: A bunch of progressive-minded people started to realize how alienated they'd feel if they were part of a religious minority that didn't celebrate Christmas and

were surrounded by all this Christmas shit everywhere for six weeks a year. They realized that the ubiquitous greeting "Merry Christmas" was unnecessarily exclusionary when there was a perfectly good (and already broadly used) alternative sitting right there in "Happy Holidays." So, on the holiday that's ostensibly about "peace on Earth and good will toward men" ("men" ... just "men" ... Jesus, even their aspirational phrases betray their bigotry), people decided to send a more inclusive, more international, more peaceful, more goodwill-ful message.

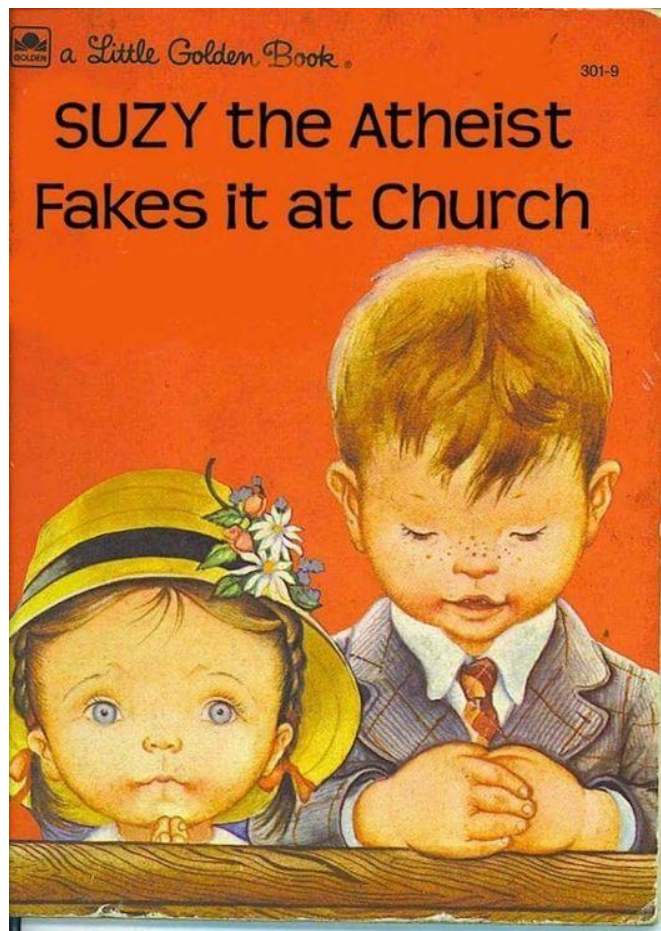
And Christians got angry.

I mean, we've been in this boiling pot the whole time, so it's easy to lose track of what a dick move that is. I mean, not to be grandiose here, but the conscious decision to move towards "Happy Holidays" was literally a message of love and unity. It was a way for a Christian-centric culture to recognize the feelings of the twenty-three million Americans that don't celebrate Christmas — and the roughly fifty-five percent of humanity that doesn't.

And before we could fully extend that olive branch, those motherfuckers side tackled us.

The end result, of course, is that the minorities this change was all about in the first place are now even more alienated than they would've been if we'd just said "Merry Christmas" the whole time. Because feeling like you're not welcome in the wider culture probably doesn't hurt as much as being explicitly told that you're not welcome in the wider culture. Moreso, being told that your influence is an *existential threat* to the wider culture; that including you is somehow an act of war against the status quo. War. They use that fucking word.

And, perhaps seeking to head off the charge that they're frothing mad over something as basic as "recognizing other people's feelings", they try to pretend that *we're* the angry ones. I remember arguing with my dad about and his entire framing of the argument (no doubt gleaned from Fox News coverage) was that he just couldn't imagine why people would be *offended* at "Merry Christmas." Even if you don't celebrate the holiday, surely you want to have a *merry* December 25th, don't you?



But that's a perversion of the actual fight that's happening. It was never about being offended; it was about being inclusive. If we're angry about anything, it's that you pushed back against that goal. I mean, the lines are blurred at this point because these days you



assholes are often saying Merry Christmas out of spite, and that pisses me off, but that's certainly not how it started.

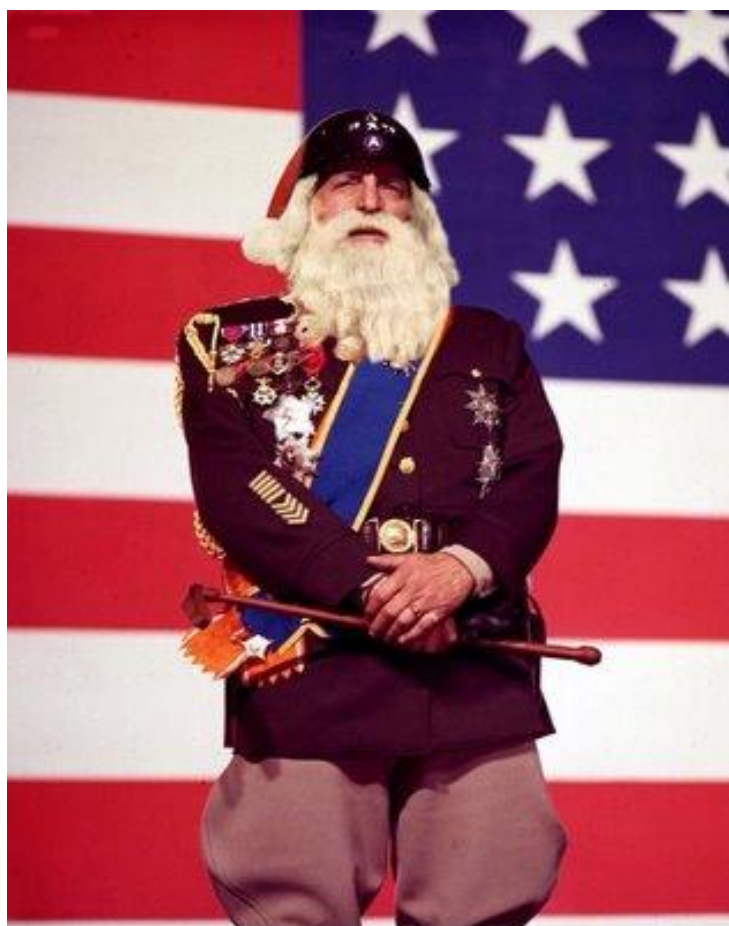
But that's the important thing to bear in mind when it comes time to adjudicate this in your family dinner or the break room or whatever. Where our side was motivated by joy and good will, theirs was motivated by despair and hostility. And that's just yet more evidence that we never should've trusted them with this holiday in the first place.

*Courtesy TheScathingAtheist.com*



FSM = Flying Spaghetti Monster!

*General George S. Santa whips up the 101st  
Chairborne- Again before dispatching them into  
the trenches to lay  
waste to Liberals in  
the name of the  
Prince of Peace...*



By Driftglass – [The Professional Left](#)  
[Podcast with Driftglass and Blue Gal](#)

Be seated.

I want you to remember that no bastard ever won the War for Christmas by dying for his dogma. He won it by making the other poor, dumb bastard die for his dogma.

Men, all this stuff you've heard about America not wanting to fight, wanting to stay out of the War for Christmas is a lot of horse dung. Fundymericans,

traditionally, love to fight for Jesus. All real Fundymericans love the sting of battle.

When you were kids you all admired the champion draft deferrer, the biggest rich kid, John Birch, and the guy whose daddy could hire the toughest boxer. Fundymericans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser...except for the whole War of Northern Aggression thing.

And the Jim Crow thing. And the "Segregation Now" thing. And the "Loving vs. Virginia" thing. But other than that, Fundymericans play to win all the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Fundymericans have never lost and will never lose a war...and Vietnam does NOT count because it was only a "police action" and not a Real War like the War on Christmas. And anyway, we coulda won – were on the verge of

winning – when we were betraaaayed by Cronkite and Jane Fonda and the dirty hippies. Anyhoo, the very thought of losing is hateful to Fundymericans. As is the thought of Tolerance. And Science. And Causality. And Compromise. And every other religion in the history of the Universe.

Now, a Chairborne-Again army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, fights as a team. This individuality and “thinking for yourself” and “asking questions of the Dear Leader” stuff is a bunch of crap.

The bilious bastards who wrote that stuff about individuality for the Washington Post don't know anything more about real battle than they do about why fornicating and terrorism are both caused by feminists, queers, teaching Evolution in the public schools and the ACLU.

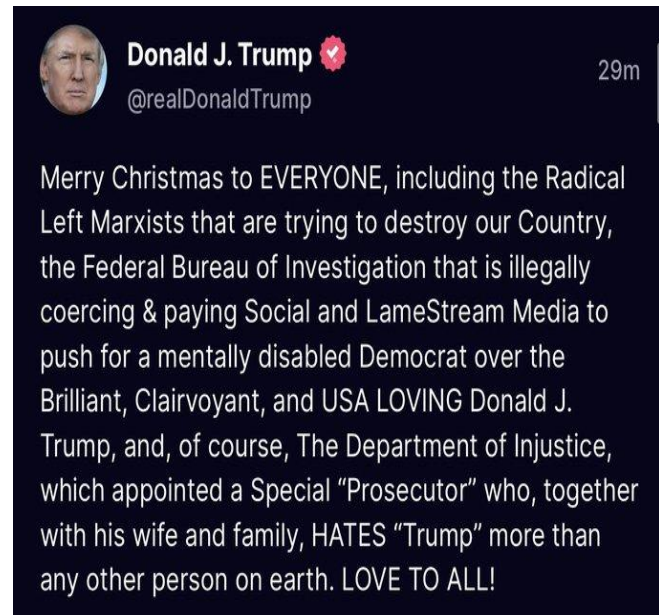
Now we have the finest food, *Chick Tracts*, the best hair, and the most extremely heterosexual men in the world. You know, by God I...I actually pity those poor bastards we're going up against, by God, I do.

We're not just going to shoot these Liberal “Good Will Towards Men” bastards; we're going to cut out their living guts and use them to grease the treads of Santa's Sleigh. We're going to murder those lousy “Tolerant”, “Turn the other cheek” bastards by the Hanukkah Bushel.

Now, some of you boys, I know are wondering whether or not you'll chickenhawk out under fire. Don't worry about that. I can assure you that you will, just like your fathers and grandfathers before you.

That is, if this were an actual “war” war. Then we'd just send poor Negros, Spics and hillbillies off to do our fighting for us.

But this is just some faked-up Holiday Hatred extruded by knee-biters like Bill O'Reilly to keep the stoopids distracted and divided, facing the wrong direction... ...and screaming wrong slogans so they won't notice how routinely and ineptly Dear Leader's Administration lies to them and fucks them over.







**Katelyn Burns** ✓  
@transscribe

She just described December



**Keri Smith** Deprogram... @RealKeriSm... · 19h

Replying to @MerkinMuffley5 @GoGoRogozhin and @Nth\_Dimensions

A Christian pride month with every business wrapping themselves in the Christian flag & promoting Christian programming on platforms above all other content, & every city council making Christian Month pronouncements? And Christian parades all month? Yes. That would be wild.

7:25 PM · Jun 23, 2022 · Twitter for iPhone

... The Liberals are the enemy. Wade into them. Spill their blood in the name of the Redeemer. Shoot them in the belly for the sake of the Lamb of God. When you put your hand into a bunch of Nondenominational "Holiday" goo that a moment before was your best friend's Manger Scene, you'll know what to do!

Now there's another thing I want you to remember: I don't want to

get any messages that we are holding our position. We're not holding anything. Let the Liberals do that. We are advancing constantly and we're not interested into holding onto anything except the enemy.

To celebrate the fake birthday of the King of Kings, we're going to hold onto him by the nose and we're going to kick him in the ass. In the name of the Son of the Living God, we're going to kick the hell out of him all the time and we're going to go through him like mouthbreathers through a WalMart on double-coupon day!

Now, there's one thing that you men will be able to say when you get back to your Mommy's Basement, and you may thank God for it. Thirty years from now when you're sitting around your fireside with your grandson on your knee, and he asks you what did you do in the great Operation Eternal Clusterfuck in Iraq?

You can proudly say, "Well, first I called everyone that didn't support the Dear Leader a traitor and a coward... Then I cowered under the bed like a



little bitch while far better men and women than I went off to bleed and die to cover the margin call on my Dear Leader's stupid, reckless gamble. Then I re-elected him!

Then I went out and spit on a dirty Jew to commemorate the fake birthday of my Lord and Savior."

Alright, now you sons-a-bitches, you know how I feel. I will be proud to lead you wonderful meatbags into a completely faked-up, Potemkin battle anytime, anywhere.

Like, say, Easter. That's all.

*(Apologies to Franklin Schaffner's 1970 Oscar winning movie, Patton)*



# ARTICLES

## A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE ON ELECTIONS IN AMERICA

By James Longo



Hong Kong in 2014 erupted in protests over election reform. What got the Hong Kongers panties in a bind? The proposed reform would let the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) pre-screen candidates to hold political office. This act brought people into the streets.

But, don't we have a similar system in place in the United States today?



It isn't the Communist Party, but doesn't money pre-screen our candidates? Before the first vote is cast, the first primary is held. The primary before the primary is the *money primary*. That's right, in capitalism, capital determines who you see on the ballot. If you can't raise enough money, you really aren't a viable candidate!

The next time you find yourself complaining about AOC, Marjorie Taylor Green, Nancy Pelosi or Ted Cruz remember the real owners of this country have made sure their butts are

in the seats of power.

Do you want to know why our government doesn't work for the American Middle Class? Because it is working so hard for the America's Upper Class.



The Middle Class might as well be called the new American Indian. Find an issue where the Middle Class came out on top in the last fifty years. Real wage growth? Look at the average pay in constant dollars. We lose.

Do you think either party really wants to fix immigration? It behooves both parties' masters to keep it in flux.

Government regulations? "Less is better" (especially to make more money!).

Protect the people? Why would we do that? The American Health Care System looks more like the American Wealth Care System (AWCS).

I won't even go into the Corporatist Supreme Court. You can't have a growing economy without an increasing population.

The tax code is set up to tax labor at a higher rate than capital gains and dividends. Do you think that is by accident? It is because *the wealthy* decide who your choices in candidates are. They control the levers of power -- not really all that different than what the Chinese Communist Party wanted to do in Hong Kong.

HR: Let me get this straight. You were fired? You refused to leave, called all your friends to come & vandalize the work place, then you stole a ton classified sensitive sh\*t on the way out of the office, you got caught & now re-applying for the job again?



Was the election of 2020 fixed? Absolutely. Was it fixed on November 8th? No, it was fixed long before that! It was, and is, fixed with every large dollar donation. It is fixed with every Fortune 500 lobbying dollar. It was fixed with Citizen United, where capital (money) became free. speech.

Should Americans have stormed the Capital on January 6<sup>th</sup>? Absolutely. Was the election stolen? Absolutely, but it was stolen in the primary before the primary. Not by the Democrats, but by the Plutocrats. Should it have been done to keep those in power in power? Are you bleeping nuts, they are as much a part of the problem as

the money gumming up the whole ball of wax.

Since, in the last paragraph, I made a case for insurrection, let me make a case *against* insurrection. Pick a revolution, almost any revolution, (the exception might be the American as that was a war *against* Colonialism) and you'll see a lot of mass murder, with the people only to be ruled by worse, criminal rulers.

The French Revolution, started with the guillotine and Robespierre; ending with the despotic Napoleon. The Russian Revolution, started with Lenin, with the resultant starvation of millions and ending with dictatorial Stalin. The Cambodia Revolution with Pol Pot in charge, left millions to be murdered by the bloodthirsty Khmer Rouge. The Chinese Revolution started with Mao and ended years later with the chaotic Cultural Revolution. The Cuban Revolution, to depose the autocratic Batista, left the Cuban people with autocratic, Fidel Castro. It never ends well for the little guy on the street. The criminals who end up in power are always worse than the ones before the revolution.

What is a brother to do?  
Public financing of elections?  
Always voting for the guy  
with less money? Is the  
system so irreversibly  
corrupt that it cannot be  
saved? There is a Hell of a  
lot of people these days who  
think so?

Revolution? Be careful what  
you wish for, you just might  
get it.



## EATING OUT

# DO YOU LIKE THIS PLACE?



By Bert Mautz

Do you have favorite dining establishments? Those eateries that you return to, and what brings you back? Just last evening we ventured out to try a new place that possibly, wonderfully, was within walking distance. A new place to discover and unavoidably criticize and judge.

At our advanced seniority we've eaten in a wide variety of joints over the years; both recreationally and professionally, big cities and small, extravagant and modest, at home and abroad. Obviously, our taste buds reign supreme when answering that, "Would we come back here?" question. Surely, you've got to enjoy the food, that clear reason' to exist.

Betty has managed a very large restaurant and bar in her home state of Maine. For that reason alone she has exacting and high standards





for quality, hygiene, bartenders, waiters, and all servers for their attentiveness, knowledge and charm.



My own picayune standards, after the all-important food, tend in the direction of architecture, furnishings, views, and tableware, right down to the heft of the knife and fork in my hands disassembling the baked sea bass before me. We enjoy a seaside restaurant, part of a resort hotel with architecturally sophisticated dining spaces and bar with an eastern exposure over the surf line. A delight merely to bask in this ambiance with a glass of *sauvignon blanc* in your hand, watching teenagers in bikinis heading for the pool.

To rise to top shelf standards of restaurant evaluation the place must score on; food, wine, service and communication with our waiters, visual amenities of the space, the design of the dining room, music and acoustics, table linen, furniture, and silverware, decorative flourishments. Hitting on all “cylinders” is a rare occurrence. Mustn’t forget valet parking.

A restaurant’s style and how you sense it and whether you appreciate this presentation is highly idiosyncratic, but no less important. *The London Chop House* existed in downtown Detroit until the eighties; downstairs from the street, dark paneling, low lighting. Very formal, waiters all mature men in white with floor length aprons.

Stemmed goblets are individually polished then placed before you. Your table would be set after you took your seats. The staff had a deft casualness arraigning your silverware with numerous forks and spoons, placing the large napkin across your lap, while taking your drink order and describing this evening’s specials all at once. Sit back and enjoy the attention.

A new restaurant on the Stuart waterfront forty years later is nearly an aesthetic opposite to the Chop House. *Hudson’s (on the river)* features a single high ceiling dining



room with four-sided island bar in the center. Three sides continuous glass with brilliant sunlight views of the water. Tanned waitresses in short shorts contribute to a relax and enjoy Florida vibe.

*The Hangar SUA* announced its presence in the hood with a menu in the mail; thirty draft beers and "the world's best \$15 burger." We knew the building. Got a break in the weather so walked and rolled over late Sunday



afternoon. Picnic tables on the front porch, elevated bar height tables inside, with more tables in the loft. The back wall was a thirty-spigot beer dispensary. The only barrier free seat offering was a lowered end of the bar, looking at the beer tap.

A small goblet of a Dutch beer was on happy hour special of \$6, wanted a *Stella*. The cabernet was \$14 marked down to \$8 and unremarkable. Intending to split one of those renowned burgers

were persuaded to have a pair of miniatures they call "sliders." The fries were hot, but tasteless and the burgers tepid, barely warm, overdone and dry. Where I come from, these are known as little shit burgers. All of this gustatory wonderment amid painful noise and something pretending to be mood music. Taking odds on how long this overpriced sorry rehab lasts.

We do have favorites which come with special advantages. Our local, neighborhood joint is within walk n roll distance, and does offer valet parking – *Sailor's Return*. Virtually atop a large yacht marina all in white, beyond which the vivid sunsets offer a comfortable setting.



Likely weekly customers we've become first name acquaintances with the owner, Bob, his managers and too many to name bar tenders and wait staff. A *Jim Beam Manhattan*: four parts whiskey, one part vermouth, dash a 'bitters, no cherry, on the

rocks, and her *Jim Beam and Diet Coke* in a tall glass are virtually waiting for us as we walk and roll into the bar, some small talk about Christie's week while we were away and the evening eases into a satisfying rhythm. Half-priced bottles Wednesday produces standing room only, so we finagle a slot to park at the crowded bar, enjoying the camaraderie. A husky fellow with three tattoos on his triceps gets up giving his stool to Betty. Later she pays his tab as he's about to leave, "You people just don't play fair." I think he wanted to kiss her.

Whether we dine upon appetizers sequentially at the bar or split a pair of lobsters with green beans and garlic mashed potatoes at our favorite fish tank table, executive chef, Keith's menu is nicely executed. You will eat well at *Sailor's*.



*And the quest continues – bert*





**"Bob, don't you  
recognize me?  
It's Steve ...  
from work"**

## *GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN*

By Herman Nietzsche (AKA Virgil Thorp)

"I like wearing women's clothes," the young man who referred to himself as Ramona said, as he touched up his makeup. With a smile he continued, "they feel great and make me feel so sexy." And look sexy too, I wanted to add, having to overcome my incredulousness that here was indeed a man talking with me about his "favorite sport": Crossdressing.

It had begun just two weeks earlier, at Friendship 100's Spring Fling swingers' weekend in Kansas City, as I had been relieving nature in the hotel's restroom when another guy exclaimed, "hey lady, this is the men's room."

Imagine my surprise when I heard the gruff reply, "I'm not a lady," and this slim, pretty girl in a tight pink and blue patterned shift and tiny pink and blue baby's breath flowers in her hair strides to the urinal next to mine, hikes up her dress and pulls out ... a cock!

*"Well, I'm not dumb but I can't understand  
Why she walked like a woman and talked like a man..."*

"Aha, are you here for the party in the penthouse (the Spring Fling)," I asked trying not to look, but unable not to and realizing this exotic creature was incredibly pretty and proudly well-hung.

"No, we're having a Gay Pride Dance in the ballroom."

"Well, between our two groups we're going to drive the Black Southern Baptists Convention in this hotel crazy."



"Yeah, one of them tried to pick me up when I came in."

Ray Davies of The Kinks wrote a song called "Out of the Wardrobe" (MISFITS, 1977 Davray Music Ltd) which has the refrain:

*"Cos when he puts on that dress, he looks like a princess."*

That lyric crossed my mind as I talked and pissed with this cute little crossdresser, and it became clear that many of the people who enjoy this activity are metamorphosizing their personalities through living out their fantasies by dressing and acting like women.

*"Girls will be boys and boys will be girls, it's a mixed-up-muddled-up-shook-up world, except for Lola,"*

Davies sang back in the 60's in the song of the same name that was quite a scandal back then and banned from almost every AM radio station until underground FM kicked the bejesus out of top forty.

Of course, those were the days of the deep-deep closet. Oh, we knew where the queers hung out to cruise and to mix and my buddies and I used to call out rude names whenever we happened to drive by a gay bar like the notorious gay icon, *The Tent*.

"Fairies, Faggots, Cocksuckers, Homos!" We'd yell and often get flipped off in return as the 'denizens of perversity' scurried into the dark confines of the devil's den.

But a funny thing has happened since then and gay people are no longer content to stay out of sight and out of mind. I believe the turning point in alternative sexualities started in Europe – they are much more sexually sophisticated than we Americans – and consequently, that continent seems to have fewer problems with things we deem as delinquent like teenaged drinking, unwanted pregnancies, and hooliganism. Gays have been openly working and living side-by-side with European heterosexuals and no one who hasn't wanted to try it has been forced to join in. But in America, we

can't stand it when someone tries to be themselves and is different than what we feel the norm is.



What a quaint term "gay-bashing" is. It takes such a real man to bully and beat up an effeminate and passive person (I once knew some real mean boys who enjoyed rolling queers, that is, until they met up with a burly guy who smiled at them while he rolled up his sleeves and said, "boys, there are two things I like to do, suck dicks and fight. What do you want to do?" Isn't it the closet gay who is the most severe in judging his peers to prove to the rest of the world that "he" isn't a homo! You know, the guy who appears to really like being cruel, the guy who detests "homos."

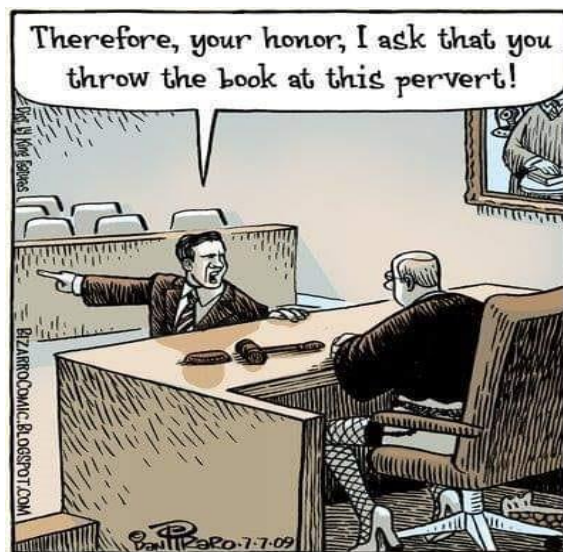
The guy that leaves a bludgeoned young man bleeding on a street, back alley or a fence in Wyoming. Funny, those mean boys never bragged about bashing gay people again).

What is true is that homosexuals are tired of being pushed around and denied their rights! All over the country gay rights advocates are out and demonstrating their numbers; it is a very courageous thing. It was after the local chapter of ACT-UP chastised Kansas City's Black Mayor *Pro Tem*, Emanuel Cleaver, for tabling a gay rights bill, that they decided to have a dance at a main hotel to celebrate Gay Pride week, and if that included dressing up as a woman, all the better!

Unfortunately, being occupied with our heterosexual swinging Spring Fling, we couldn't cover the Gay Pride Dance that night, but we did find out where many of the crossdressers hang out the rest of the time.

The next Tuesday found Fonda and myself at *Connections*, a mid-town gay bar on Main St. We had decided to stop by and see if we could get any information or an interview with anyone and asked Randy, the bartender, if we were in the right place.

"Who the fuck are these straights," I'm sure Randy asked himself. Talking my way into a gay club is not something I have often tried. However, with Fonda's beguiling assistance, Randy introduced us to the





manager of the club, Nicole, an enticing and statuesque transvestite who was more than helpful.

Nicole put on two shows a week, Tuesday being amateur, open-mike night and a professional show on Thursday. We found that things don't get started at the bar until around eleven. Then, almost magically we were surrounded with more gender-shifting drag-queens slinking and vamping than I've ever seen before. What's so intriguing is how many of these *men* become extremely attractive *women*. I mean, "cuter than a bug's ear" attractive!

Fonda was working hard collecting model releases, because we just knew there'd be a lot of picture-taking opportunities. Funny thing though, most of the white crossdressers wouldn't consent. I thought, *"good gravy woman(?), you're in drag! Who's going to recognize you looking like this?"* Besides, if your boss recognizes you, what is he doing reading GET KINKY magazine anyway? Maybe I am too judgmental. Perhaps I haven't stood in their pumps long enough.

Vibrant in the spotlight, drag-queen after drag-queen strutted their stuff that evening, lip-syncing Janet Jackson, Madonna or Donna Summer and being someone beautiful, so very much like a princess or like a prom queen. We got to view Marilyn Monroe and even a special pair who dressed like Judy Garland and her daughter, Liza Minelli. You could tell the veterans from the novices—high-heels take getting used to—but their enthusiasm was the same and they were all very alluring.



Fonda and I were so charmed by "Nicole" and her male companion that we even got up and danced with them after the show was over. What can I say about "Nicole?" Dark and delicious? Hotter than fire, blacker than night? Yes, all that and more. I couldn't tell at first that "Nicole" might be a man, but when I took her hand as we were dancing, it covered mine and I got convinced, real fast. I flashed back to Ray Davies and the Kinks' last Lola verse:

*"I'm not the world's most masculine man but I know what I am and I'm glad  
I'm a man and so is Lola, lo-lo-lo-lo Lola."*

Strange, the thought of dancing with a man didn't gross me out. Neither did it turn me on. Everyone was having a fine time. I was having almost as much fun as the "girls" were having! Because, as Cyndi Lauper sang,

*"When the working day is done, girls just wanna have fun!"*



I was picking up trash. Don't ask me why I do this, my friends say I'm trying to improve my karma. I think it's to keep a flabby belly at bay. Let's be honest picking up plastic on the beach is sort of like shoveling *shinola* in stock yard, there is no end. Occasionally my trash brings me in front of people sitting on the beach.

There I am in an old dirty t-shirt and a bathing suit, with a plastic bag half filled with chips of plastic, bottle caps, used toothbrushes, a few empty water bottles, a couple of pens and a plastic cigar end. There it is, a booze bottle a little northeast of where this guy is sitting in a low beach chair under an umbrella. A booze bottle is like hitting a daily double especially when you have nearly a full bag. *Can you say jackpot?*

He was a trim gentleman with expensive wraparound sunglasses placed strategically in his well-groomed white hair. He wore a polo shirt and bathing suit and was looking at a tablet. Maybe a hedge fund manager visiting relatives on Jupiter Island.



Anyone who knows me knows I can talk to almost anyone. Once had a friend suggest that I could be robbed at gunpoint and I would be able to learn all about the gunman's family, and he would leave friendly. I'd still be robbed but I'd consider him a friend, alright at least acquaintance.

I approached the bottle, raised my hands in triumph, because it would be the final piece of that day's plastic bag puzzle, "I yell jackpot!"

The guy raises his head from the tablet.

I said to him, "How are you doing?"

He said, "Fine, how about yourself?"

"Excellent, this baby fills the bag, I can start going back to the car."

"Good for you, thank you for picking up the beach."

"Oh, it's nothing. Now that I'm done here, I have to go help the wife put up my Christmas lights. You know the old joke, how are Christmas lights like Jeffrey Epstein? They won't hang themselves."



He turned to me and said without a smirk, "I know Jeffrey Epstein."

"You mean you knew?"



"No, I mean I know, he still alive."

What the hell do I know? I'm picking up trash on the beach in Jupiter Island. This is where the *mega rich* live. This was the home of Grandma Bush, Tiger Woods, all the Johnsons, (Johnson, and Johnson, Mead Johnson, and Johnson Wax). Mr. Searle, Mrs. Pfizer, hell I wouldn't be surprised if I and BM lived here part of the year. I know a couple of their retired executives did.



All I could say was,  
"Really?"

"Yeah, we were really good friends, I used to go to his island all the time."

"Wow I bet you that was fun."

"Oh yeah and the deals," he said, a smile lightening up his face.

"Really, like what?"

"Half the M&A in America started on that Epstein's Island. Time Warner AOL, MS and NBC, Citibank and Traveler. Nothing lubricates the mating of companies, like the wealthy mating with young people.

I just stared at the guy. I couldn't believe that he was talking such trash to a trash collector. Finally, I got my wits about me. "I guess when corporate heads get head, it's a good thing."

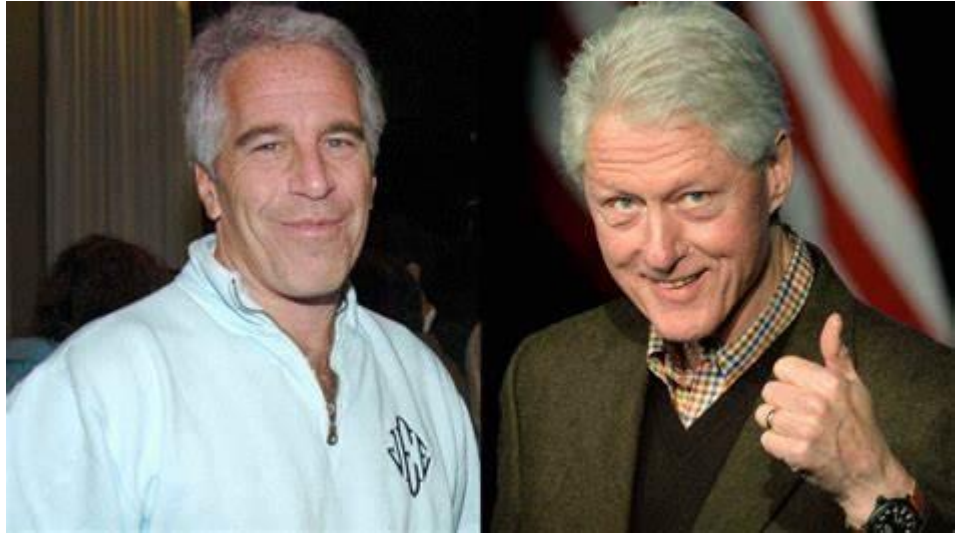
That's nothing, the deals the political people used to make would make the corporate types blush.

"Like what?"

"Bill Clinton and Donald Trump used to hang out all the time in the playroom."

"The playroom," I questioned raising an eyebrow.

"The big room where the young and beautiful and the old and powerful used to frolic on the island."



"Bill was the guy who talked Trump into running for president to grease the way for Hillary in exchange for a boatload of huge government contracts."

"I guess that backfired, I bet the Clintons were pissed."

"Yeah, they were, but Bill figured out a way to take lemons and make lemonade. By Trump making off he was a threat to Democracy they figured the GOP would never be able to win a general election again."

I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what to say. I just stared at him. It was too much to take in. My understanding of the political world just exploded. I felt a tightening in my chest. I was having a bleeping panic attack. "So," I said, "That's beyond interesting. What is your name?"

"You can call me Billy."

"I'm Jim, like the place you go to sweat."

He chuckled.

"What is your last name?"

"Que-Toro?"

"Yours?"

I told him mine, and said, "I better get going, those Christmas lights aren't going hang themselves."

I stumbled down the beach. My thoughts were racing. I threw my trash into the bucket. Washed my feet. Got in my car and then it hit me.

Billy *Que Toro*!

I translated it into English and started to laugh uncontrollably. His name was *Billy What Bull*?

Was I just punked, or did I just meet "Q"?





# THE WAY WE WERE

## Pool Gods

By J. Dan Vignau



**P**ool gods are feisty little critters, scurrying about in the drop-down ceilings above every coin eating pool table in America. No respectable dive or college pub is immune from their influence on the most popular American bar game ever played, eight ball. As a perpetual student, I learned about many such creatures, hanging like bats from the rafters, just waiting to torture you into making senseless mistakes. Winning at eight ball is crucial for many reasons: You meet more people, while spending less money, but most importantly, you get to play, rather than sit. These little attic imps exist only to torture your soul by cajoling you to miss your easy shots. Because of these ignoble billiards gods, you must sit and wait while they torture each ensuing player.

You wait. You drink. Player after player succumbs to the Pool gods' mischief.



Pool gods are not like cats, with their total focus on the object of prey. These Lilliputian brats are more like jackals, scurrying about, one by one trying to swipe a bite here, a bite there, trying to intimidate the tiger for its kill, then pouncing on the remains after the big cat carries off the bulk of the grand prize.

These ignoble demons can make you sit and wait. Sit and wait. You should be studying, cleaning house, or washing the car, but you wait ... you endlessly wait. Finally, it is your turn again. Once more, you tell yourself that these demons will not affect your game.

I know. I have been there. I am a pool player, but in the attic lurk my allies, not my enemies, or so I tell myself.

While these spirits frolic above, I quietly go about my game, never bragging, never betting, and never allowing my focus to waver. I know how they think. I know they can see and hear. More importantly, I know they cannot read minds. This is a very important point. Many players will say something to distract you, but these gods will punish them for their unsportsmanlike behavior.



It is of the utmost importance that the little imps see you as the good guy. Never brag; the gods will make you look like a fool when you shoot. Never do a short rack for an advantage; they are watching. Never ask to make a bet; you will be smitten. Never say, "nice game" before it is over; they will hear you, and plot to overturn your feeble attempt at reverse psychology.

OK, Now I have done everything just right to appease them. I'm shooting for the win. Just a few easy shots and someone else will have to sit and wait his turn.

Just as I am ready to sink the eight ball, the opponent reaches into his pocket to retrieve quarters for his next game, many long minutes away if I make the shot. If the shot is really easy, he will actually put his stick back in the rack on the wall. He is sometimes under their control, sometimes not. They do anything to distract you or make you overconfident. They will stop at nothing. I have learned from them. I know what they are thinking, but will never let them know, as I act as innocent and pure as a newborn puppy.

But the damned pool gods hear the change jingle, jump into action like the pack of hyenas, and do everything to make me miss. First, someone really cute walks by. Next, a door opens. A drink drops. I have no chance. Finally, just as I prepare to shoot an obvious





shot, my opponent asks, "Where are you calling it?"

He screwed up. Now they know he is trying to sabotage my focus. They will want *him* to lose, rather than me.

But I still miss. Damn! *They* did it again. I must concentrate, but I also must answer the question. How did they trick me into not calling my too-

obvious shot? I must remember the next time.

Cocky that he ruined my rhythm, my opponent walks around the table, vainly chalking his stick. A simple little mini bank shot, barely having to brush the rail to bounce a mere half inch, at most, to tap his ball into the corner pocket. He makes it. He makes the next shot. He hits a hard bank and looks at the eight. It is not a gimme, but is certainly routine. I say nothing. Reaching into my pocket, I jingle my change to alert the gods. I have plenty of quarters, but for dramatic effect, I get a dollar out of my wallet and put it in the change machine. After a slight hesitation, the quarters drop one by one. I have already put my stick in the rack and ordered a beer. I don't watch. I want the pool gods to truly believe that I know I have lost. That is how to beat them.





My opponent aims, he pulls back, and he shoots and banks the eight ball toward the near corner. He yells, "Yeah!" That was his mistake. These ornery old pool gods don't like bravado. The cue ball crosses the table and redirects the eight.

I abandon my money on the bar. I must make it look good. *They* cannot turn on me now. I need my little devils to save me. If they suspect anything, they will make me miss, or look like a fool ... or both. I look for my stick in the rack. I fumble with several sticks before finding the one I was using. I can't let them know I planned this. I act distracted when the bartender sets my beer down a few feet away.

I shoot to tap in the eight ball at the opposite end of the table. I wait. I wait for the impending scratch. I put my stick up. The cue ball stops just short of the pocket. I have beaten these little imps again.



*Thank you, my pool gods.* You have helped me win yet again. Without you, I am nothing. I would just sit and watch all evening.

And that is how our beliefs in gods are formed!

# The Pepe Family Christmas Curse



By Jim Longo

*And so this is Christmas  
And what have we done?  
Another year over  
And a new one just begun*

— John Lennon

Never liked Christmas. Maybe never is too strong a word. Never liked Christmas *as an adult*.

Maybe it all started with the Pepe family curse. When

anyone from my mother's family got together for a holiday there would be an argument. The bigger the holiday the bigger the argument, and Christmas being the biggest holiday and caused the biggest arguments. We aren't talking minor disagreements. We are talking screaming at the top of your lungs, doors a-slamming, tears a-flowing. Someone is getting thrown out of the house or leaving early type of arguments.

When I was young, I thought these wars were caused by a snide remark here, a dig there, a button pushed, a second or third button pushed, and the family was off to a blowout.

In my early teens I thought the curse might have been caused by the "All chiefs and no Indians" nature of my mother's family. Let's be honest, there wasn't a shrinking violet in the bunch, and strong character leads to strong opinions, and not one of my aunts or uncles (never mind their spouses) would give anyone a quarter; and if they disagreed with you, they wouldn't mince words. Add to that I know my mother, and at least a few of my relatives, hadn't been wrong in their lives. Can you say, *recipe for a war*?



In college my family moved to Maryland. I can remember getting a short note from my sister while I was in college. *"Helped Mom and Dad move last weekend."* My first thought was where did they move to? My second thought was, it would have been really awkward going to my childhood home trying my key and it not working, knocking and a stranger answering the door to tell me my parents moved and forgot to tell me.

That pretty much ended the big Pepe family holidays for us. Driving nine hours to yell at your relatives wasn't all that practical. That didn't keep the curse from continuing and now, with a smaller group, it was much easier to become one of the main antagonists.

This didn't stop me from looking for a common denominator, that kept Christmas my own personal hell. Every Christmas had my immediate family and in them including the only Pepe, my mother. So, I concluded that maybe Mom was the problem.

What made Christmas so miserable that my mother needed to take it out on all of us?

Christmas was a lot of work for my mother. She worked in food service as a chef, so her workload increased during the holidays. Then she came home and did it all again for us.

She bought all the presents. There was probably a financial strain. She was probably spending money she didn't have to buy things she would never buy for people she wasn't sure she liked. She loved us but she didn't always like us.

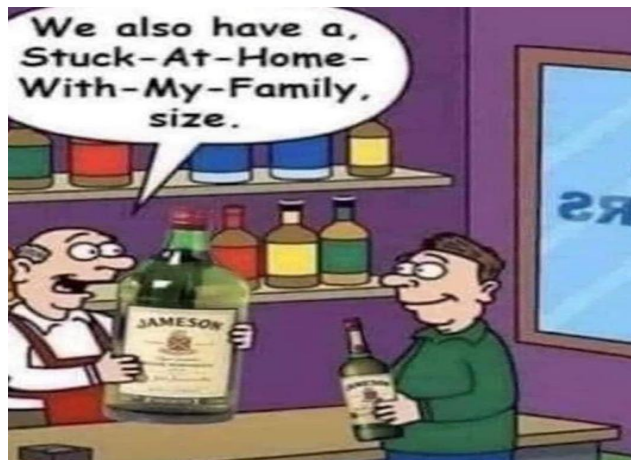
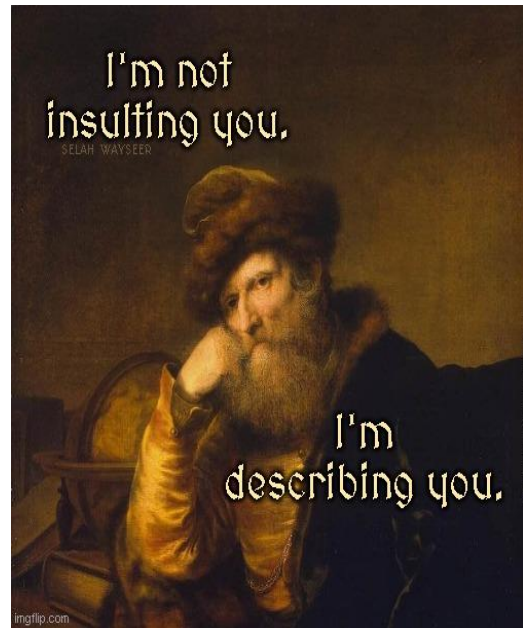


By the time my parents moved to Maryland, I wasn't spending all that much time with them. I wasn't dating or living up to my parents' standards and neither was my sister. Criticism can be very stressful especially when it is personal, and my mother was very personal.

When you look at all the things my mother did for us and specially during the holidays and then it was over and what a letdown. We weren't grateful enough, and maybe that was the rub, which led to smoke and the fire that was our holidays.

I asked my mother's last living sibling about the curse, and she suggested it was alcohol. The Pepe's were just mean drinkers. Looking back, it could have been that, I don't remember them drinking all that much, but it could have been a factor.

When I entered my work life. I found that in the time between the holidays, people were just more ornery. I believe more people suffer the Pepe Christmas Curse than just the Pepe's. Here are the reasons why:



- Increased workload due to the holiday or due to the end of the year.
- The shortness of those days to do all that extra work.
- The stress of buying gifts.
- The financial burden of those gifts.
- The under appreciation of those gifts and the feast.
- The expectations of a better time than is actually possible.
- Not liking who you are spending the holiday with.
- Alcohol decreases inhibitions and one might say something they shouldn't to someone they shouldn't.

My mother is now gone, and hopefully the Pepe Family Christmas Curse with her, but understanding what caused the curse is the only way to keep it dead buried for the Pepe's and everyone else.

## POETRY

# *Hard Times*

By Betty Lee

When the rain from a lead grey sky  
Falls in wind driven icy sheets  
the little dog  
Bone in mouth  
Curls up in his blanket in front of the  
fireplace  
Eyes lazily closed  
Lucky little dog  
Rescued from the streets, lame and sick  
Now Nose to tail he sleeps curled up  
Like a little snail...I wonder  
Does he remember the hard times  
and sigh at his good fortune.

The rain beats on my window  
A relentless staccato  
The leafless trees bend and whip  
Where, I wonder, are the ragged  
wanderers  
That gather under the bridge  
for food and fellowship  
Remnants of a society that has no place  
for them  
Of a species that has ceased to care  
As they shiver in the cold  
Do they remember the good times  
When warm and safe  
Their hearts knew joy and love







# *QUEEN-ANNS-LIFE*

Her body is not so white as  
anemony petals nor so smooth—nor  
so remote a thing. It is a field of the wild carrot  
taking the field by force;  
the grass does not raise above it.  
Here is no question of whiteness,  
white as can be,  
with a purple mole at the center of each flower.  
Each flower is a hand's span of her whiteness.  
Wherever his hand has lain there is a tiny purple  
blemish.  
Each part is a blossom under his touch  
to which the fibres of her being stem  
one by one, each to its end,  
until the whole field is a white desire,  
empty, a single stem,  
a cluster, flower by flower,  
a pious wish to whiteness gone over— or nothing.  
by William Carlos Williams (1921)



## >>>> Pandemic

>>>>

>>>> The streets are different now

>>>> Grey and deserted

>>>> I know

>>>> Every day I walk them

>>>> Looking for signs of life

>>>>

>>>> Pay careful attention I tell myself

>>>> Good advice

>>>> I see a dog

>>>> Racing to catch a ball

>>>> How normal

>>>>

>>>> Walking on the bridge

>>>> I meet a man

>>>> He approaches

>>>> Full of the fury of the forgotten

>>>> Trouble

>>>>

>>> I hear passing bits of music

>>> Hip hops rhythmic rebellion

>>> The Companion of lonely souls

>>> Trying to survive

>>>

>>>

>>>> Walk the streets every day

>>>> Study them

>>>> Feel the pulse of a country

>>>> That is struggling to find itself

>>>

Betty Lee



COMEDY CORNER

# A LIFELONG FASCINATION



## ***BUT WHY?***

***By Bert Mautz***

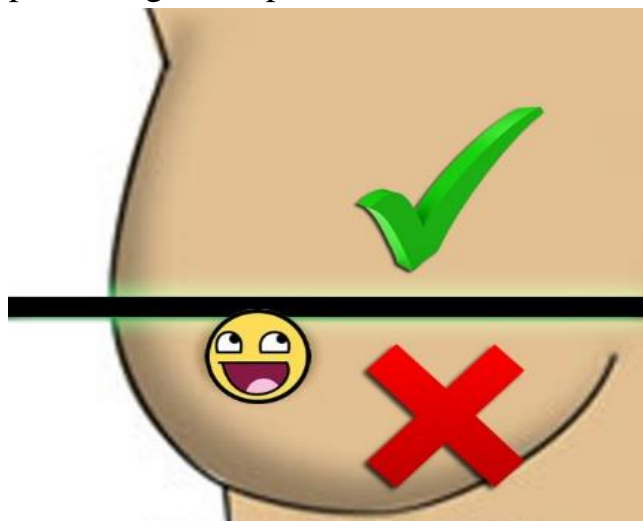


When we catch Mika, an understated beauty, flashing a little, it is safe to assume the trend is truly with us. Mika began wearing funereal black daily during the Trump administration. Minimal attention-grabbing fashion wise, wedding ring is the only jewelry. All she has to do is smile at the camera as her partner and husband Joe Scarborough blathers on ceaselessly.

Pervasive; the weather gals, the traffic girls, full figured personalities on MSNBC, prime time anchor desks, sports talk show table mates, and lady tennis stars all giving us cleavage.

Symone Sanders a former communications staffer, to Vice President, Kamala Harris, now on MSNBC, her bounteous bosom, a gift to all mankind is a trademark. Have yet to see her program, or promotions of it in which the truly massive breasts are not featured as they jiggle along.

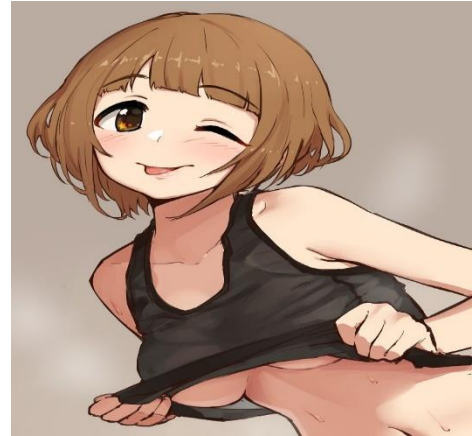
Tiffany Cross, the former weekend MSNBC host dresses self-consciously and very well. Her hair fashion, facial make up, jewelry; Every outfit if not presenting her copious bronze bosom directly,





at least wears knit tops that emphasize her bosom as the featured element of the entire costume

Have mentioned before the back issues of *Playboy* magazine's available at the barbershop. And an immediate and seeming automatic fascination, quickly evolving into a virtual study into the types and sizes and who presented them and how and where. Thinking about this now, in my seventy-eighth year, is a wonderment on where this fascination came from, and just as mystifying the lasting pleasure.



Is it all natural reproductive drive obsessing males for much of their life? Does this romantic obsession/force originate with biology?

Television commercial actresses are all, everyone, selected with her bosom figuring in her appropriateness for the brief role. It must be as important as her age, physical build. hair color/length/style.

In conclusion we must not neglect the beauty of “D-cups” beneath a cashmere sweater. No nudity required. The perfect height, separation, fullness will forever be a blessing to behold. Will likely continue this fascination until I die, intending to keep abreast of world events.





# **JESUS CANDIDE**

BY J. DAN VIGNAU

In ancient Rome, times were tough for many people. Some became slaves or soldiers to guarantee a meal every day, but not our protagonist, Jesus Candide. He used one of his mother's mixing bowls for water and bought a little frankincense and myrrh to wash feet for a living. It was not a great living, but it kept him from working for The Man, or worse, fighting for armies.

Journeying from oasis to oasis, JC charged a shekel per person when he could get it, and a drachma for a group of men up to seven. When a caravan

stopped for a rest, he could make anywhere from 2-10 shekels per day, although a slow day might only bring 3 or 4, if anything. Still, at 3 1/3 shekels per drachma, the least he usually earned was Roman soldier wages of a drachma a day.

When he met Mary Magdalene, JC was astounded that she could make 15-20 drachmas in a day. Even on a slow day, she would out earn him by two to three times. When the soldiers stopped at The Camel Stop Oasis, he thought he was doing insanely well when earning as much as 5 drachmas, but Mary M showed him 62 drachmas she earned one day. He had to discover her secret.

"Mary M," he asked, "Why do the men pay you so much more than they pay me?"

Putting her hand over her mouth in embarrassment, she said, "I know how to offer them great pleasure."

JC asked, "Will you show me how to do that?"

After a short gasp, she said, "Why not? Some men will pay for another man to please them, but you must promise that if he wants a woman, to call for me."

"That would be fine with me," he intoned, wondering what in god's name could she be doing to earn so much money.

About this time, he couldn't help but notice that his best friend, Judas Iscariot was always walking up to newly arriving caravans. He thought if he could learn to make more money, that maybe he and Judas could hang around more with each other. Judas was always partying, but JC rarely had the money to stay very long at the Sultan's Cantina, where Fatima sang and danced on weekends.

The next thing JC knew, he was home in his mom's tent with Mary M



"Whereby the house and I belong to both in common."

kneeling before him. When she placed his feet into the bowl of water, he wondered just what she could be up to, thinking, "I already wash feet."

As she gently scrubbed her way up from his feet to his thighs, she winked and bragged, "Here is the secret. I will now cleanse your privates."

She took some Myrrh and rubbed it between his legs, gently brushing aside JC's privates. As one might expect, JC had a manly reaction and apologized, saying, "I'm so sorry, but I was not expecting so much intimacy."

Mary M giggled and put her head down between his legs. You can guess the rest.

JC asked, "How did you learn to give so much pleasure?"

Peering up from his crotch, she looked up and coughed a really hearty laugh.

"If your parents were not so damned prudish, you would have already known this. Do you think you can do it?"

"For 10 drachmas a day, I'll learn." He could not wait to tell Judas.

Mary went on her way and wondered if JC might ever actually send her any business.



As JC rushed to the Cantina to tell Judas, he yelled excitedly. "Mary M taught me how to pleasure men today. I can earn some real money. We can hang out a the more often."

With a puzzled expression, Judas looked Jesus in the eyes, when Jesus said, "Let me show you."



The diligence with which these gentlemen strip people.

Grabbing JC's arm, Judas said, "Let us go to your place. I thought this would never happen, what with your sexually repressed parents."

At Mary and Joseph's tent, Judas said, "Grab a bucket of water and follow me." Entering the partitioned part of the tent where the family snuggled during cold winter nights, Judas leaned back on the bed.

Just as JC had begun to show Judas what he had learned, Joseph strolled through the door. "What in god's name are you doing Candide? This is not how I raised you."

Always alert, JC looked around, raised Judas' foot, and said, "Honest dad, I am only washing his feet, dad."

Joseph frowned, but asked, "Do you think I am tired enough to see other than what I saw?"

"I don't know daddy. I just know that I was washing my friend's feet."

Slyly, Judas asked, "What did you think you saw, Sir?"

Being quite prudish, Joseph could not say it, asking, "Did you walk a lot today?" Without waiting for an answer, he added, "I am extremely tired. I walked for three days without water and only desert peyote plants to eat."

JC asked, "Why? What happened?"

My favorite camel, Andretti, stepped into a hole and broke his leg. Last night, I was wandering toward a campfire and finally understood what Moses saw when he talked of the burning bush and the stick that turned into a snake. Wearily he added, "I must need some rest, boys. Leave me alone, please."

The next day, Judas gave JC some really good pointers about how to end the service quickly, saying, "Put your thumb in your mouth. Now, inhale all of the air from your mouth and close your throat. Pull out your thumb and make a popping sound. That is how to end it sooner, with the suction

action. It'll take a while to be able to do it for any length of time, but when you master the technique, you can nearly double your income."

A few days later, a caravan wandered onto the oasis. Jesus looked at Judas and asked, "What if they are Jews and think the scrolls are right, and they demand a woman?"

Judas said, "Did you not tell me you promised Mary M you would call her?"

"Well yes, but sometimes she very busy."

"Just call for her, and when she is unavailable, I'll get a woman into the tent for you, and you can move on to the next traveler."

JC asked, "Do the Hebrews ever get violent?"

"Not if you find them a woman."

"What about the Roman Soldiers?"

"They mostly couldn't care less, but if they want a woman, they will ask politely."

"What about Greek soldiers? I hear they can be quite violent?"

"Violent is more likely. They will not be a problem."

"The Centurions?"

"Never do a Centurion! They will crucify you and everyone you know. They get a bounty for it."

"What if I accidentally get a Centurion?"

"Just wash his feet and let him go. Always suggest that pleasure is available, then squeeze his calf, and if he flinches say, "There is a woman near the lake if you want some pleasure. She is called, 'Mary M'. Just tell her Candide sent you, and she will give you the time of your life. Then, stutter a little as if you are not too smart, like this, "And uh, well, uh..."

Then say, "She was my first." That will get them going every time.

The foot washing business had turned out to be lucrative, especially with the added perks from Mary M and Judas, but JC was having trouble upselling the pleasure part. He was wasting a lot of valuable time washing stinky feet for a pittance, so he tried the female upsell. The very first time he said something about a woman, the Roman businessman asked, "How many Shekels is she?"

JC said he was not certain, but he would check. Peering out of the tent, he saw Judas. Beckoning him, JC asked, "Can you find Mary M?"

Judas nodded toward a few camel groomers looking their way. "JC, use my tent. I'll make certain your guy is helped. Just tell him so before you go."

JC looked in and said, "Just sit on the bed; she will be here in a minute." Judas then pushed JC toward the camels.

A few minutes later, the merchant heard a rustling of the flap of the tent. A red high heel shoe stuck through the entrance. It slowly turned around backwards and faced the outside. The shoe disappeared and a second one appeared about a foot off the ground. They began to alternately go through the opening, really exciting the merchant. A high-pitched voice whined, "For three drachmas, I will bring you some wine and pleasure."



An enthusiastic – "Yes!" – pierced the air.

The flap opened enough for a person to enter. A fully burka'd bottom backed into the room, red high heels vibrant with energy. Peeking out from under the burka, the red high heels kept suggestively backed toward the bed where the merchant sat. The burka turned and raised its veil, exposing nothing but huge, painted red lips, around big, white teeth. A tongue licked the red lips, at first delicately, then finally quite suggestively. The merchant

squirmed with anticipation.

The burka'd figure pulled out some ropes and tied the traveler's eager hands to the bedposts; then, the huge lips followed the hands up the merchant's thighs. In a thrice, lipstick was smearing the legs, as the tongue worked its way up to its destination.

When the merchant had received his upgrade, he nodded toward his purse. A large hand from the burka pulled out three drachmas and asked, "How much is my tip?" The spent man said to take another drachma. When the burka left the tent, JC returned to untie the man, and let him leave. Almost immediately, Judas walked in and said, "I got Mary M to take care of him."

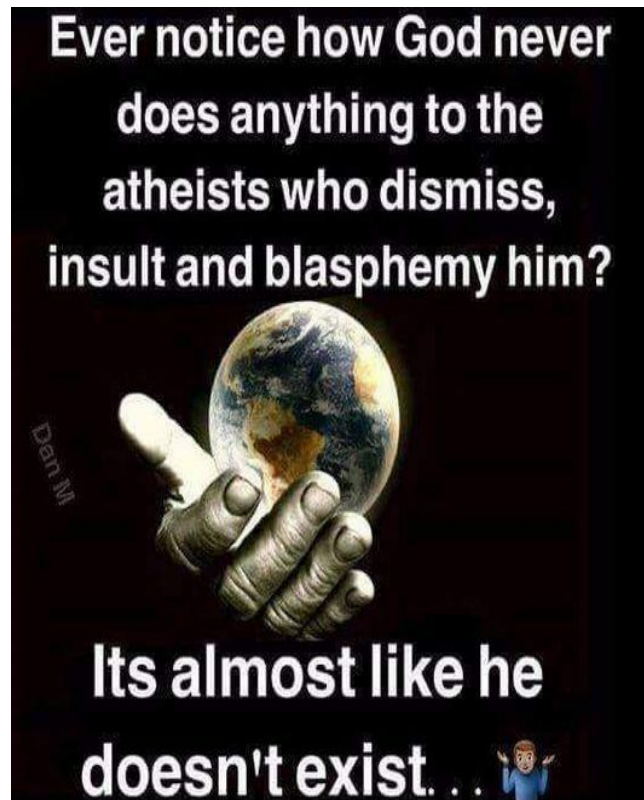
Startled, JC said, "But I was with Mary M."

Wickedly, Judas smiled. JC could not help but notice the lipstick on his teeth.

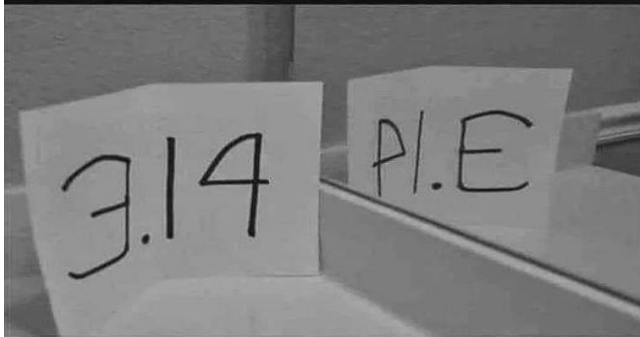


## The Top 12 States To Live In

Indicated By Yellow



## The Secret of Pie



Never thought about  
it until I saw it

I fill sorry four all the  
kids that half to learn  
from home with  
parents who can't  
reed, right or spale

Life is all about perspective.



The sinking of the Titanic was  
a miracle to the  
lobsters in the ship's kitchen.

This is my  
step  
ladder.

I never  
knew my  
real  
ladder.



BBQPitLife.com

## "MAID wanted her SALARY RAISE"

MADAM: GIVE ME 3 REASONS WHY I NEED TO  
INCREASE YOUR SALARY

MAID: I CAN COOK BETTER THAN YOU

MADAM: WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

MAID: YOUR HUSBAND TOLD ME

MADAM: OKAY, 2ND REASON?

MAID: I CAN IRON BETTER THAN YOU.

MADAM: WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

MAID: YOUR HUSBAND TOLD ME

MADAM: OKAY, 3RD REASON?

MAID: I AM ALSO BETTER IN BED THAN YOU.

This time Madam was furious and ready to break  
her hand

MADAM: DID MY HUSBAND SAY THAT?

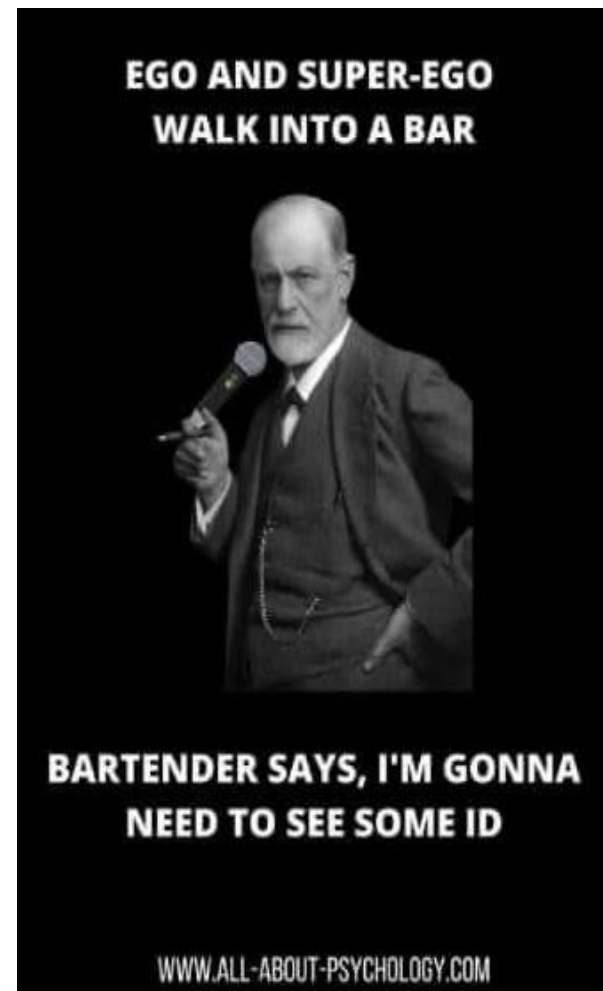
MAID: NO, THE DRIVER TOLD ME. IM BETTER  
IN BED THAN YOU.

MADAM: PLEASE LOWER DOWN YOUR VOICE,  
I WILL INCREASE YOUR SALARY

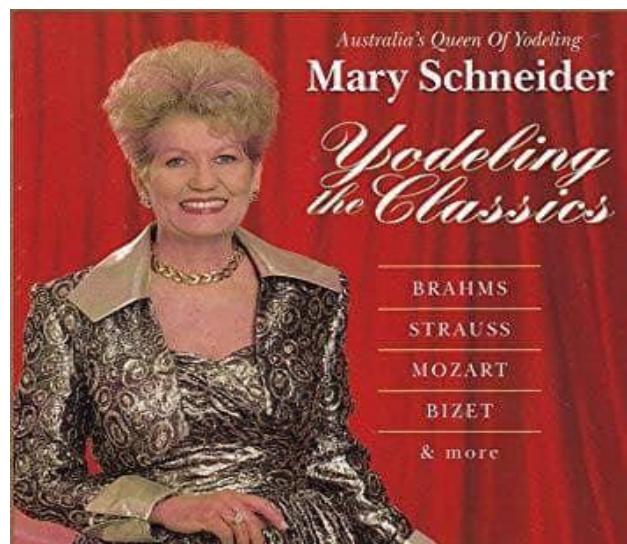
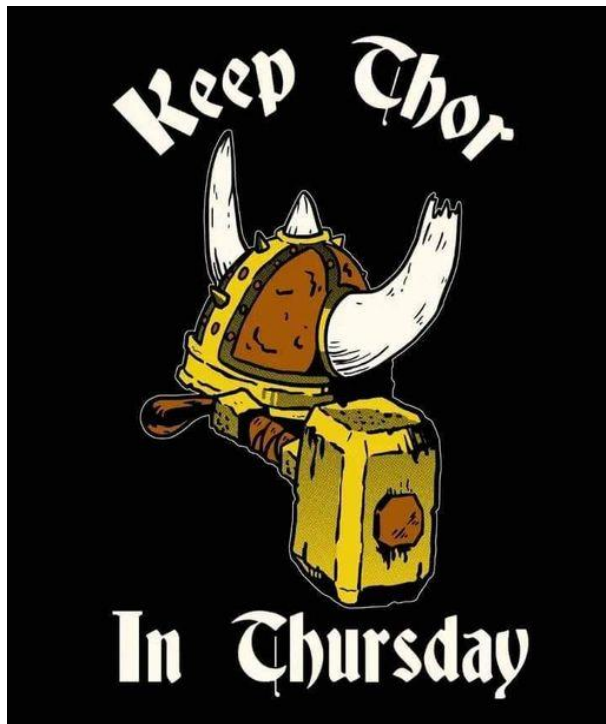




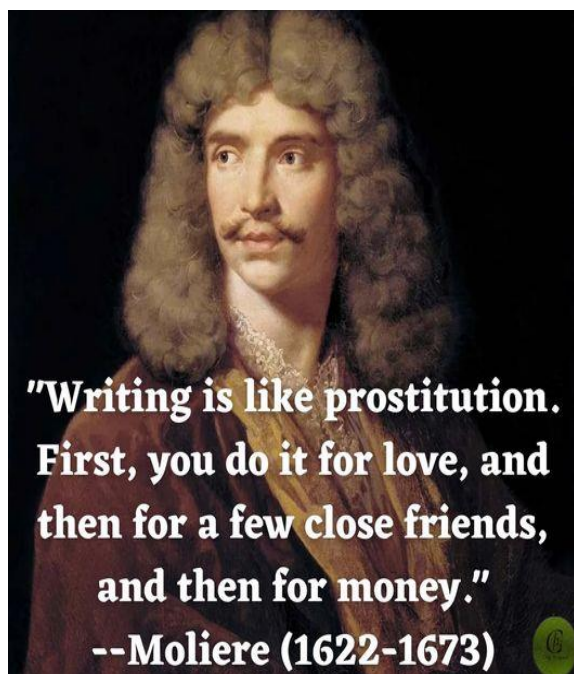
Thanks to the people that said its fine to allow your pets to sleep on your bed. My goldfish is now dead.











## THE CYNICAL EDITOR'S GUIDE TO TERMINOLOGY...

Today, Common Forms Of Narrative Prose

**VIGNETTE:** A short story you gave up on.

**SHORT STORY:** Something you started because the novel was a disaster.

**NOVELETTE:** A short story that was too long for the submission guidelines.

**NOVELLA:** A novel you ran out of ideas for.

**NOVEL:** A novella you padded out in the hope no one would notice.

**TRILOGY:** A cry for help.

greydogtales.com - where writing hides when it has a headache



So you're telling me that god was 'unaware' of priests sexually abusing children, but he KNOWS when I'm masturbating?

If GH can stand for P as in Hiccough,  
If OUGH stands for O as in Dough,  
If PHTH stands for T as in Phthisis,  
If EIGH stands for A as in Neighbor,  
If TTE stands for T as in Gazette,  
If EAU stands for O as in Plateau,  
  
The right way to spell POTATO should be:  
GHOUGHPTHTEIGHTTEEAU

## BOOK BLURBS - GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Enchanting

Heart-warming

Moving

Heart-rending

Thoughtful

Haunting

Exotic

Audacious

Award-winning

Perceptive

Provocative

Epic

there's a dog in it

a dog and a child

child dies

dog dies

mind-numbingly tedious

set in the past

set abroad

set in the future

set in India

set in north London

infuriating

editor cowed by author's reputation

From the pen of a master same old same old

In the tradition of

shamelessly derivative

Spare and taut

under researched

Richly detailed

over-researched

Disturbing

author bonkers

Stellar

author young and photoge

Classic

author hanging in there

Vintage

author past it

**FYI** wilwheaton



every accusation is a confession

Found this on Reddit:



?il ? si ??? ??? ð???  
@TypingLiterally

**Thread reader**

Found a list of Republican pedophiles, and it is quite a list. It's little wonder that Epstein got "suicided". Be warned, this thread is very dark and very disturbing. Republican anti-abortion activist Howard Scott Heldreth is a convicted child rapist in Florida. Republican Count...

Read Unrolled Thread

Tweet

Share



Republican Ralph Shortey, Donald Trump's Oklahoma campaign chair and former Oklahoma state senator, was indicted on four counts of human trafficking and child pornography. He plead guilty to child sex trafficking.

[https://www.nbcnews.com/feature/nbc-out/trump-s-oklahoma-campaign-chair-plead-guilt-child-sex-trafficking-n822461?fbclid=IwAR142W77Q5Dan71BsxC\\_5uH8h1BBA4EGyqP\\_VMsrx7ISvoPX9Njjvt0o\\_HK0](https://www.nbcnews.com/feature/nbc-out/trump-s-oklahoma-campaign-chair-plead-guilt-child-sex-trafficking-n822461?fbclid=IwAR142W77Q5Dan71BsxC_5uH8h1BBA4EGyqP_VMsrx7ISvoPX9Njjvt0o_HK0)

Republican Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert was indicted on federal charges of structuring bank withdrawals after prosecutors alleged Hastert had molested at least four boys as young as 14 and





attempted to compensate his victims and subsequently conceal the transactions. Hastert eventually admitted that he sexually abused the boys whom he had coached decades earlier, and was sentenced to fifteen months in prison.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2017/07/18/us/dennis-hastert-released.html>



Republican Tim Nolan, chairman of Donald Trump's presidential campaign in Kentucky, pled guilty to child sex trafficking and on February 11, 2018 he was sentenced to serve 20 years in prison.

<https://www.cincinnati.com/story/news/2018/05/03/former-judge-tim-nolan-could-sentenced-today-more-drama-could-get-way/577947002/>



Republican congressman Mark Foley, in charge of the congressional caucus dealing with exploited children and predominant anti-gay politician, caught sexually harassing 16 year old page boys working under him.

<https://www.cc.com/video/u1k1hb/the-daily-show-with-jon-stewart-headlines-foley-erect>

Republican Pennsylvania State Senator, Mike Folmer, arrested and convicted of child pornography charges.



[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mike\\_Folmer](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mike_Folmer)

Republican Minnesota State Representative Jim Knoblach Drops Out Of Race After Daughter Says He Molested Her For More Than Ten Years 22 Sep 2018

[https://www.washingtonpost.com/politics/2018/09/22/lawmaker-quits-race-after-daughter-says-he-molested-her-more-than-decade/?utm\\_term=.8ac8527c7f43](https://www.washingtonpost.com/politics/2018/09/22/lawmaker-quits-race-after-daughter-says-he-molested-her-more-than-decade/?utm_term=.8ac8527c7f43)

Republican anti-abortion activist Howard Scott Heldreth is a convicted child rapist in Florida.

<https://offender.fdle.state.fl.us/offender/sops/flyer.jsf?personId=28587>



Republican County Commissioner David Swartz pleaded guilty to molesting two girls under the age of 11 and was sentenced to 8 years in prison.

<http://www.lanternproject.org.uk/library/child-abuse-arrests-and-court-cases/child-abuse-arrests-trials-and-proceedings/ex-county-commissioner-admits-sexual-abuse-of-girl/>



Republican judge Mark Pazuhanych pleaded no contest to fondling a 10-year old girl and was sentenced to 10 years probation.

<http://www.poconorecord.com/article/20120426/NEWS90/204260334>

Republican legislator Edison Misla Aldarondo was sentenced to 10 years in prison for raping his daughter between the ages of 9 and 17.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edison\\_Misla\\_Aldarondo](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edison_Misla_Aldarondo)



Republican Mayor Philip Giordano is serving a 37-year sentence in federal prison for sexually abusing 8- and 10-year old girls.



[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philip\\_Giordano](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philip_Giordano)

Republican campaign consultant Tom Shortridge was sentenced to three years probation for taking nude photographs of a 15-year old girl.

<http://archive.easyreadernews.com/archives/news2001/0621/rb%20Shortridge.php>

Republican Senator Strom Thurmond, a notable racist, had sex with a 15-year old black girl which produced a child.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strom\\_Thurmond](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strom_Thurmond)



Republican pastor Mike Hintz, whom George W. Bush commended during the 2004 presidential campaign, surrendered to police after admitting to a sexual affair with a female juvenile.



Republican legislator Peter Dibble pleaded no contest to having an inappropriate relationship with a 13-year-old girl.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2004/04/18/nyregion/embroiled-first-selectman-takes-leave.html>

Republican Congressman Donald "Buz" Lukens was found guilty of having sex with a female minor and sentenced to one month in jail.

<https://www.nytimes.com/1989/05/25/us/teen-ager-in-ohio-testifies-to-sex-with-a-congressman.html>



Republican fundraiser Richard A. Delgaudio was found guilty of child porn charges and paying two teenage girls to pose for sexual photos.

[https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/local/2003/04/24/gop-activist-admits-to-child-porn/5af2adf0-bec8-4a10-b061-014de679422a/?utm\\_term=.d7ebcbf4f92b](https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/local/2003/04/24/gop-activist-admits-to-child-porn/5af2adf0-bec8-4a10-b061-014de679422a/?utm_term=.d7ebcbf4f92b)

Republican activist Mark A. Grethen convicted on six counts of sex crimes involving children.

<http://www.thenewblackmagazine.com/view.aspx?index=437>

Republican activist Randal David Ankeney pleaded guilty to attempted sexual assault on a child.

<https://www.westword.com/news/randy-ankeney-suit-that-could-free-thousands-of-prisoners-headed-to-state-supreme-court-6054115>



Republican Congressman Dan Crane had sex with a female minor working as a congressional page.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dan\\_Crane](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dan_Crane)

Republican activist and Christian Coalition leader Beverly Russell admitted to an incestuous relationship with his stepdaughter.

<https://www.nytimes.com/1995/08/02/opinion/journal-beverly-russell-s-prayers.html>

Republican congressman and anti-gay activist Robert Bauman was charged with having sex with a 16-year-old boy he picked up at a gay bar.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert\\_Bauman](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Bauman)

Republican Committee Chairman Jeffrey Patti was arrested for distributing a video clip of a 5-year-old girl being raped.

<http://www.njherald.com/article/20060510/ARTICLE/305109971>

Republican activist Marty Glickman (a.k.a. "Republican Marty"), was taken into custody by Florida police on four counts of unlawful sexual activity with an underage girl and one count of delivering the drug LSD.

<https://www.arktimes.com/TheHoglawyer/archives/2007/08/28/the-latest-republican-sex-scandals-plural---more-of-the-same>

Republican legislative aide Howard L. Brooks was charged with molesting a 12-year old boy and possession of child pornography.

Republican Senate candidate John Hathaway was accused of having sex with his 12-year old baby sitter and withdrew his candidacy after the allegations were reported in the media.

<https://www.nytimes.com/1996/06/06/us/politics-the-senate-maine-candidate-again-faces-1990-child-sex-accusation.html>





Republican preacher Stephen White, who demanded a return to traditional values, was sentenced to jail after offering \$20 to a 14-year-old boy for permission to perform oral sex on him.

[http://www.thedp.com/article/2004/01/brother\\_stephen\\_convicted\\_of\\_soliciting\\_sex](http://www.thedp.com/article/2004/01/brother_stephen_convicted_of_soliciting_sex)

Republican talk show host Jon Matthews pleaded guilty to exposing his genitals to an 11 year old girl.

<https://www.houstonpress.com/news/jon-matthews-conservative-talk-show-host-and-sex-offender-pulled-from-kpfts-prison-show-6740755>



Republican anti-gay activist Earl "Butch" Kimmerling was sentenced to 40 years in prison for molesting an 8-year old girl after he attempted to stop a gay couple from adopting her.

Republican Party leader Paul Ingram pleaded guilty to six counts of raping his daughters and served 14 years in federal prison.

<https://culteducation.com/group/1255-false-memories/6514-man-in-notorious-sex-case-finishes-term.html>

Republican election board official Kevin Coan was sentenced to two years probation for soliciting sex over the internet from a 14-year old girl.

<https://www.semissourian.com/story/57773.html>



Republican politician Andrew Buhr was charged with two counts of first degree sodomy with a 13-year old boy.

<https://www.arktimes.com/TheHoglawyer/archives/2007/08/28/the-latest-republican-sex-scandals-plural---more-of-the-same>

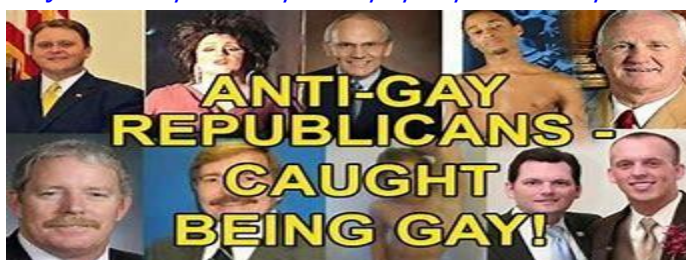


Republican politician Keith Westmoreland was arrested on seven felony counts of lewd and lascivious exhibition to girls under the age of 16 (i.e. exposing himself to children).

<http://www.chattanooga.com/2002/6/21/23202/Tennessee-Legislator-Commits-Suicide.aspx>

24 pages more here - <https://www.dailykos.com/stories/2021/4/28/2028057/-Republican-Sexual-Predators-Abusers-and-Enablers-Pt-24>

#republicans are garbage#fuck these fascists



# HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THE 12 REPUBLICANS WHO VOTED AGAINST AWARDING CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDALS TO CAPITOL POLICE OFFICERS WHO PROTECTED THE U.S. CAPITOL AGAINST TRUMP INSURRECTIONISTS



Matt Goetz (FL)



Andy Biggs (AZ)



Thomas Massie (KY)



Andrew Clyde (GA)



Andy Harris (MD)



John Rose (TN)



Michael Cloud (TX)



Bob Good (VA)



Lance Gooden (TX)



Greg Steube (FL)

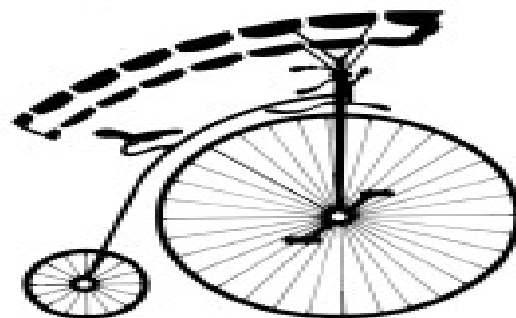


Louie Gohmert (TX)



Marjorie T. Greene (GA)

## SPREAD THEIR SHAME!



BE SEEING YOU