

# 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.5, No.6

November/December 2020

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

## **INTRODUCTION**

*OCTOBER SURPRISE?*

*OCTOBER SPECTACLE!*

*(or)*

## One Flu Over the Cuckoo's Nest



It is that month of the year and the time for anticipated natural and politically treacherous surprises. For the Aware Ones, we look to the next few weeks with trepidation and concern (I know I do!). What kind of shoe will drop next?

The November 3<sup>rd</sup> election has put us all on edge. This issue of the AOTC Journal shows that many of our contributors have both concern that feeds anxieties and anger that fuels our apprehensions. Anxiety over the peril to our lives, our constitution and our fortunes. And anger for what has happened to justice in our country over the last four years of the Mango Mussolini and his ravaging hordes of zombie corporate capitalist raiders. Could there be four more years of his demented degeneracy? Could we absorb it if there is? The specter frightens us all.

I wonder how I can stand many more surprises as we have experienced a pitiful glut of shocks that have staggered the economy and flabbergasted the fifty-seven percent of the country to realize that there is forty-one percent of the people who view the president as the best who ever was. Yeah, I thought we, as a country, were smarter than that too!

I don't believe there is going to be a surprise *per se*, but I am prepared for a spectacle that may or may not be a series of surprises not unlike a string of glaring haute couture models sauntering one after the other down a runway to the beating glare of irritating electronic noise (I hesitate to call it music). For us Floridians, imagine a line of storms from the tip of North Africa across the Atlantic to the Caribbean. We have run out of names for these storms this year, we are using Greek letters for each cyclone's designation. It is overwhelming, a constant mind-fuck! It is not so much Donald Trump on drugs as it is his responses to the lurking monster called Covid.

His steroid reactions have been quite normal for that caste known as the ultra-wealthy. Close the gates, stock up on all the assets while ignoring those poor fucks on the outside begging to get in. Remember Prince Prospero in Edgar Allen Poe's *Mask of the Red Death*. What an ironic metaphor! He and his courtiers were celebrating when the infection glided in, slithering past all his carefully constructed border walls, legal barriers and Proud Boy guards. My goodness, it is not so much that history is repeating itself as making Poe a prophet. And it is also not so much that Trump himself has been infected but that he is – *himself* – the infection.



As surprising as it is, this is the sixth issue of the AOTC Journal for the year, 2020. Thanks and congratulations to all who have shared their contributions. You have made this magazine a joy to assemble. Lastly, I have great pride that this edition may be lauded as the most important issue of the year as we all put in our two cents with passion, whimsey and, most importantly, wisdom of what our worlds mean to us.

Flush the turd, November 3<sup>rd</sup>!

Please enjoy this little voice we create and share with others if you deem it fit.

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

If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our table at Importico's Bakery, 555 S. Colorado Ave., Stuart, (currently on Covid hiatus) where we gather every Sunday *around* the hours of 9:30 to 11:00 to share ideas and challenge your mind. Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us on the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

*If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed, please email [vmthorp@outlook.com](mailto:vmthorp@outlook.com) for confirmation.*

## AOTC MEMBERS

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

# MEETINGS & EVENTS



## Meetings

Sunday Coffee – Still in limbo. Reschedule TBA Stuart, 9:30 amish, outside when weather is agreeable and the virus transmutations allow. Or, when the bridge is fixed. Zoom gatherings persist.

TC Secular Writers – In limbo. Reschedule TBA Every other Thursday, Jensen's House of Brews, 6:30 pm; TBA etc. Social coffee and writers' meetings may become regular with "Zoom", a laxative for your mind. Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

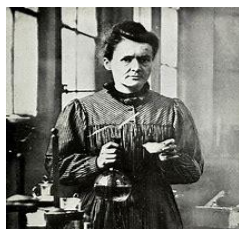
## Events



November – National Impotency Month



Nov. 1 – Daylight Savings Time ends. National Author's Day. All AO's have a big drink!



Nov. 3 – Flush the Turd Day (Election Day) *Vote, Vote, Vote!*



Nov. 7 – Physicist and chemist, Marie Curie born, 1867. Curie along with husband, Pierre, discovered Radium and pioneered studies in radioactivity. Winner of two Nobel prizes. Died July 4, 1934 from aplastic anemia due to her exposure to radiation.

Nov. 11 – Veteran's Day. Buy a veteran a drink. (Call Virgil, he is a veteran and he's always thirsty.)

Nov. 15 – Precisionist artist Georgia O'Keeffe born, 1887.



*Drawing XII, 1916, charcoal and paper Georgia O'Keeffe*

Nov. 22 – Author George Eliot (aka Mary Ann Evans) born, 1819. Who would read *Silas Marner* if the byline said, "written by Mary Ann Evans?"

Nov. 24 – Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* published, 1859.

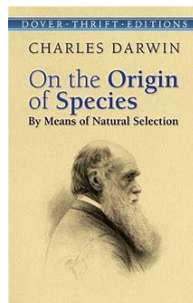
Nov. 26 – Thanksgiving Day. (Or, Nov. 4 if you-know-who loses the vote)



Human Rights

Nov. 30 – Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) born, 1835.

December – Universal Human Rights Month



Dec. 1 – Rosa Parks Day. The civil rights activist's arrest after she refused to give up her seat to a white man on a Montgomery, Alabama, began a boycott that helped lead to equality.



*"Racism is still with us. But it is up to us to prepare our children for what they have to meet, and, hopefully, we shall overcome."*

Dec. 7 – Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.

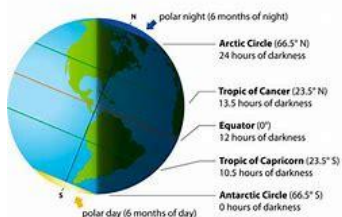
Dec. 10 – National Human Rights Day.

Dec. 15 – Bill of Rights Day. Embrace and drink a toast to the first ten amendments. Ah, hell, drink a drink to each fucking one.

Dec. 16 – National Chocolate Covered Anything Day. Use your imagination ... You know what I'm talking about ladies.

Dec. 19 – Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* published, 1843. Enjoy a bumper or two of Christmas punch.

winter solstice (December 21)



Dec. 21 – Winter Solstice.  
Drink a drink to the sun returning.

Dec. 25 – Christmas Day. Drink and eat and drink and eat.

Jan. 1, 2021 – New Year's Day. Toast with wine.

Jan. 20 – Flushing the Turd Day. Joe Biden inaugurated as the 46<sup>th</sup> President. (Please!)





### ***Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll***

***Nothing could be more dangerous to the existence of this Republic than to introduce religion into politics. – Robert Green Ingersoll***

Passings – 220,000 American citizens from Covid-19 since the early part of February, 2020 and still with no comprehensive national plan to fight the virus from the government.

Diana Rigg – Sophisticated heartthrob in the 1970's as Mrs. Peel in the British television show, *The Avengers*. Diana continued to show her acting chops as the acerbic Queen of Thorns, Lady Olenna



Tyrell in HBO's mega-hit *Game of Thrones*. Of cancer, 82.

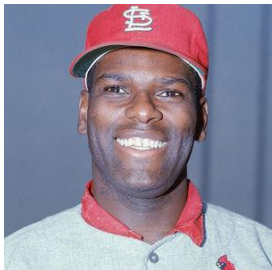
Eddie Van Halen – Lead guitarist for



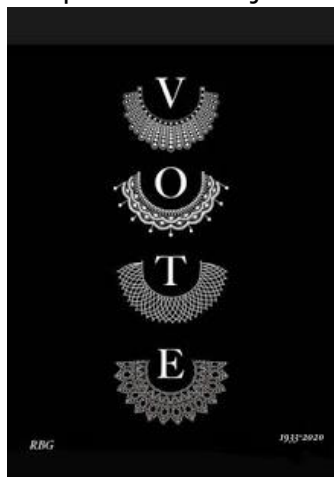
rock band Van Halen, Eddie admitted he was stoned and drunk when he wrote the majority of the band's hits. Of throat cancer, 65.



Bob Gibson – Hall of Fame pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, Gibson was an intimidating 'high & inside' fastballer during the era when Negro athletes were integrating the major leagues. Gibson notched 251 wins, 3,117 strikeouts, and a 2.91 earned run average during his career. A nine-time All-Star and two-time World Series champion, he won two Cy Young Awards and the 1968 National League Most Valuable Player Award. Oct. 2, of pancreatic cancer, 84.



Ruth Bader Ginsburg – The second female Supreme Court justice



was appointed in 1994 by President Bill Clinton. Affectionately referred

to as: *the notorious RBG*, Justice Ginsburg had a lifetime of promoting a woman's entitlement to basic human rights. Admired and venerated for her tenacity, Ginsburg battled many forms of cancer while she continued to be a leading force on the Supreme Court.



Ed Brayton – Atheist activist and podcaster, host of *Dispatches From the Culture Wars* on Patheos. Aug13, 2020.

*"I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid to die painfully and with suffering. My hope is that hospice will put me on a morphine or dilaudid drip and knock me out so I don't feel anything, then I can just slip away. ...*

*"My greatest hope is that after I'm gone the world continues to become more fair, just and equal. What else could we possibly hope for and work for? I urge you all to keep fighting the good fight for those core values...*

*"Don't be sad about this, be hopeful. I got to make the decision myself and spare others from that awful task. I did it while still of sound mind, if not body. That means the world to me. I maintained my self-determination until the end.*



*"In closing, let me just say thank you again. You made my life better, richer and more fulfilled and who could ask for more? Goodbye, one and all. I will miss you as I hope you will miss me. Be good to each other along this incredible journey.*

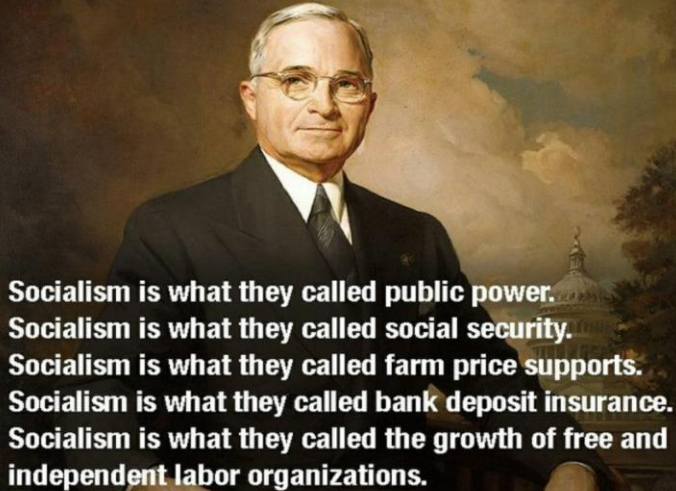
*We have our marching orders, everyone. Be good to each other. Fight for justice." – Ed Brayton*

Ruth Bader Ginsburg was a leading force in securing women's rights to:

- Obtain a mortgage without a male co-signer
- Open a checking account without a male co-signer
- Start a business without a male co-signer
- Get a credit card without a male co-signer
- Obtain a business loan without a male co-signer
- Obtain a job without gender-based discrimination
- Obtain/retain employment while pregnant
- Obtain birth control without having to obtain husband's permission
- Not be forced to provide proof of sterilization to obtain/retain employment
- Pension benefits equal to male coworkers
- Equal consideration to be executors of their children estates

## COMMENTARY

**Socialism is a scare word they have hurled at every advance the people have made in the last 20 years.**

A portrait of Harry S. Truman, an older man with glasses, wearing a dark suit and tie, standing in front of a building with a dome, likely the U.S. Capitol.

**Socialism is what they called public power.  
Socialism is what they called social security.  
Socialism is what they called farm price supports.  
Socialism is what they called bank deposit insurance.  
Socialism is what they called the growth of free and independent labor organizations.**

**Socialism is their name for almost anything that helps all the people.**

Harry S. Truman, 10 October 1952.

**The Bible and the Quran both tell us to**  
via @DifferentShadesBlue  
**love one another.**

**The Kama Sutra is a little more specific.**

# OF SPORTS & POLITICS



By Bert Mautz

Something is happening in professional sports beyond the pandemic's curtailment of cheering fans, abbreviated schedules, and recently, outright game postponements made by the team stars. The athletes are exerting their power and influence to an unprecedented degree. All triggered by the police shooting a black man in Kenosha.

*Doc Rivers* – LA Clippers, head coach made an eloquent, off the cuff speech about raising black children to be afraid of the police in this racist climate.



*Chris Webber* – University of Michigan basketball, nationally renowned leader of the "Fab Five," currently a game play-by-play personality spoke movingly about need for and making changes.

*LeBron James* – biggest name in sports, and revered spokesman emphatically denounced Trump.

*Giannis Antetokounmpo* – all-star, MVP, Milwaukee Bucks leader calling for game deferment 08.26.20, leading to all games

scheduled for that evening postponed and players, holed up in “Disney Bubble” in Orlando, meeting to discuss how to proceed with the season and their collective protest of blatant racism.

These prominent stars and personalities have this week spoken eloquently about “Black Lives Matter” beginning with the police murder of George Floyd, in Minneapolis through Sunday’s police shooting in Kenosha of Jacob Blake. Racist resistance grew through the summer of 2020.



Mike Tirico, NBC sports commentator, first interviewed by Nicolle Wallace on

Wednesday, has explained sports star’s reluctances, avoiding political commentary due to the concern for their endorsement contracts, and fans’ finding offense with political orientation not like their own. Michael Jordon despite his fame and wealth kept his head down in the late eighties and early nineties. Today social media and the emergence of athletes having their own fan followings has freed, even encourage stars to speak out, taking a stand.

“Shut up and dribble LeBron,” coming from Laura Ingraham, FOX NEWS lady, will no longer be accepted or tolerated. Indeed, the athletes, no longer mere entertainers, but widely known public figures with influence likely greater than even they realize. Billionaire team owners have been compelled to recognize their players’ unity, influence, and power. These are wealthy, self-sufficient men, willing to exert their newly discovered audience. This power shift alone, is something to behold.





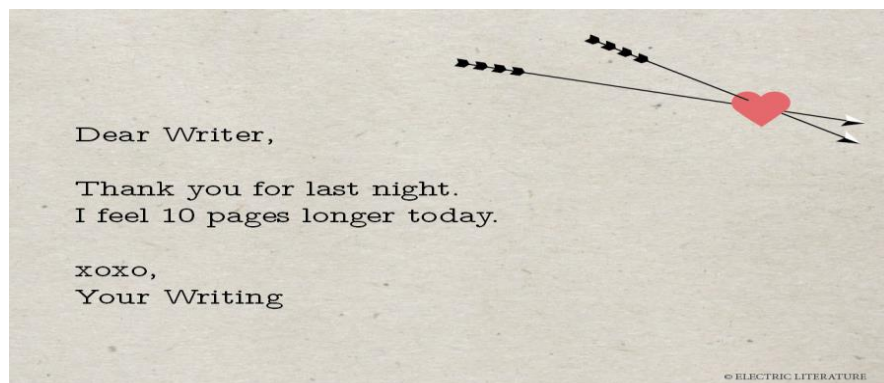
Wednesday, the National Hockey League, Major League Baseball quickly followed Giannis' leadership vision and canceled their games for that day. What the future holds for professional sports



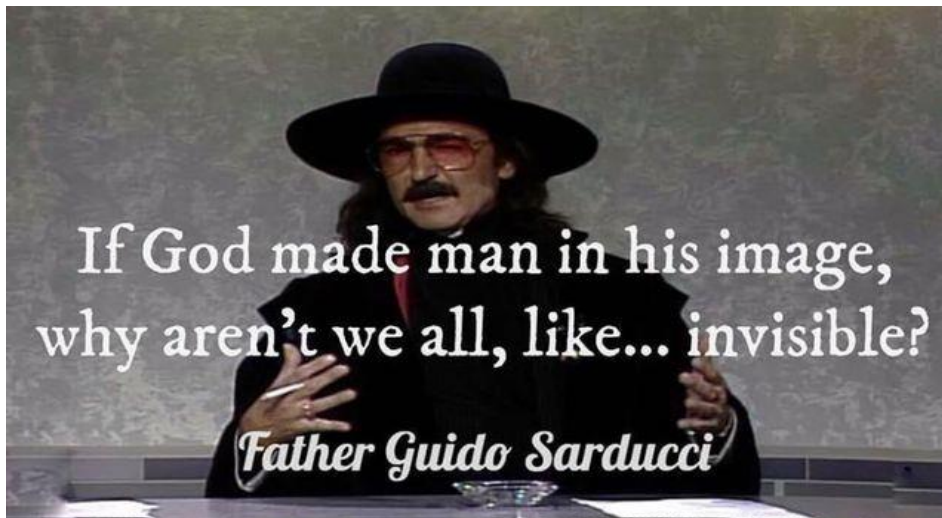
generally, and the black stars reacting to this continuing flood of police brutality and racism is impossible to predict, but the athletes, and their power with their fan bases could be huge.

Stephen A. Smith, a vituperative cable pontificator, speaking Thursday morning regards the players exclusively in that role, unable to look beyond the immediate season finale he craves talking about. With the millions they are paid and good for a few more years we'd keep playing too, but, ahhh the future.

Tonight is the fourth and final evening of the Trump circus, national convention. Will speakers acknowledge what is going on with this voting population, or continuing their fabrication of an alternative world of lies and contradictions?



# What is the Truth?



By J. Dan Vignau

At a recent COVID COFFEE, this question for discussion was presented:

*"What is truth?"*

The greatest thing about the human mind is that it seeks answers to how things work. We may not know what the truth actually is, but we do continually strive to find out. Today's scientific knowledge is our truth. The truths about our world should be used to make the condition of human existence more rewarding, while alleviating suffering of all kinds. While many people try to do exactly this, far too many of our scientific discoveries are used for selfish reasons, thereby negating the ideals behind the philosophy of truth seeking. Far too many newly discovered truths are criticized for not maintaining the status quo, even being called heretical.

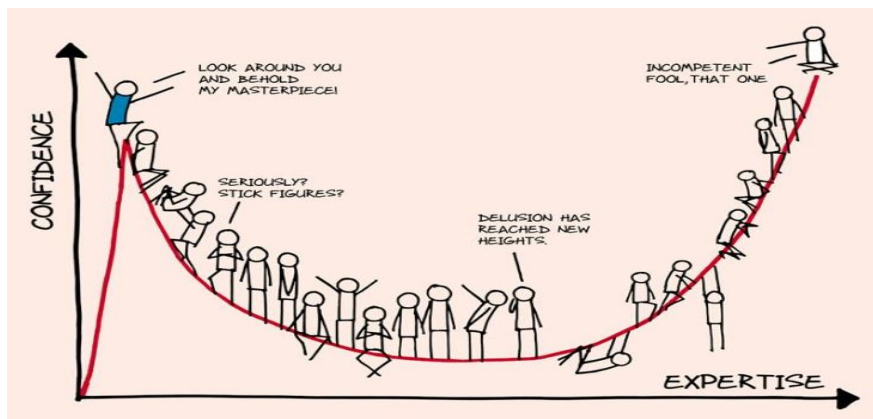
One of the more recent controversies was whether Pluto is a planet. Far too many people do not want to continue to learn, being

quite satisfied with the truths they were taught in school, some as long a half-century or more ago.

These hangars on to old, contemporary facts and legends have historically kept progress at bay, especially when new facts presented as the truth contradict their religious fables, although religion is certain not a prerequisite for hanging on to discredited findings.

For many, including me, truth is seeing the world as being in accord with facts, or reality. Truth should correspond to what is actually seen and understood as real. The ancient Greek philosophers, beginning with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle thought that truth is the accuracy of how something describes objects. Thomas

The Dunning-Kruger Effect

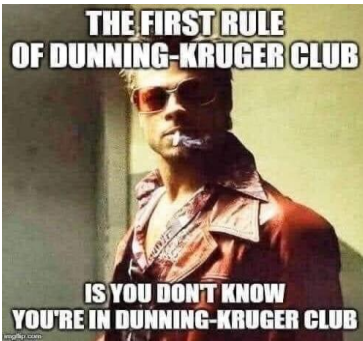


Aquinas succinctly claimed that truth is the equivalence of things and intellect, adding, "A judgment is said to be true when it conforms to the external reality."

As a ~~retarded~~, uh retired, motorcycle salesman, whose Dunning-Kruger psychopathy makes him believe that his thoughts matter, I must believe in the sanctity of logical reasoning. This paradigm of thought processes allows for hypothetical constructs regarding the truth of reasoning and fact gathering to be used and shown as a most valid way of deciding what is truth.



Others think that the truth of anything should be judged by consensus, or popular opinion. Unfortunately, this type of so-called truth flies in the face of science and logic, assuming that whatever people believe is really the truth, when obviously there are a lot of really stupid and/or brainwashed people who refuse to be swayed by scientific thought and discoveries. I do include really intelligent string theorists for clinging to their paradigm, even though in the half century or so they have proffered it, they have not been able to present one speck of evidence, even one experiment to justify their faith. Hey, I



warned you about my own Dunning-Kruger malady – and now I am learning how wrong I was.

Newly discovered facts mean nothing – unless the majority agrees!

Of course, like the actual scientific community, I agree that some good, healthy skepticism, with its use of logical reasoning, needs to be our modus operandi. Our constant accumulation of scientific discoveries cannot be discounted if we plan to improve the conditions of living as mortal human beings, trying to understand the world we live in.

***We have God. If he says two and two is six, then two and two is six.***

Unfortunately, the easiest way to convince such traditional lore believing people is to bombard them with rote, repetitive memes, to such an extent that they begin to believe, if not actually understand, our scientific community's evolving truths.

Brainwashing works. Ask Nazi Reich Minister of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda, Joseph Goebbels, or the propagators of current right-wing media, especially Fox News, The

Heritage Foundation, and The American Family Council, or even George Orwell, god rest his soul, so to speak.

The three GOP propaganda agencies mentioned were specifically founded together with the express purpose of inundating the populace with anti-union, racist, religious drivel. They do this for one reason and only one reason: To get the public to vote against their own economic interests, and to allow the extremely wealthy controllers of our monopoly capitalistic system to make the masses, or at least a voting majority of them, or equivalent, believe that what they see and hear elsewhere does not matter, if it contradicts what they are fed the most times by the continual barrage of anti-logic, anti-science and anti-human rights, rhetoric.

They are certain, just ask the majority of them whether we have a purpose other than to serve them. We only exist to fulfill their needs.

*Just ask the smartest man in the world,  
Donald Trump.*

For the scientist, truth is what is learned through the continual examination of our world, as well as through the use of logical reasoning. This ability to reason is what separates us from other sentient beings. Truth should be power, but usable power is propagated through force, not logic.

The problem of convincing people what is true, as least as far as our current knowledge indicates, is that, in general, people want to believe that they know everything they need to know. If they were misinformed, ill advised, or poorly educated, or if their acquisition of knowledge is held back, i.e. retarded, cognitive dissonance arises when they are confronted with facts that they do not understand. For example, how can Pluto not be a planet, now? It has not changed since I went to school. How can the world be round? My book of fables says it is flat. God says so.

Oh, I almost forgot, as they do with many rules and regulations from their god, the Catholic Church voted to admit it is round, but only after seeing photos of Earth from space in the 1960's. After so many years, Galileo was so happy to finally be released from his eternal imprisonment in the Catholic Limbo. I guess it is a step between Heaven and Hell, somewhere near Purgatory, but I did not actually Krugerize this bit of religious dogma.

How can we not own slaves? God told us how to treat them. How can we allow immoral sexual acts? How can anyone vote for killing babies that have just collected one of a myriad of souls in waiting? What happens when you die?

***Newly discovered facts mean nothing –  
unless the majority agrees!***

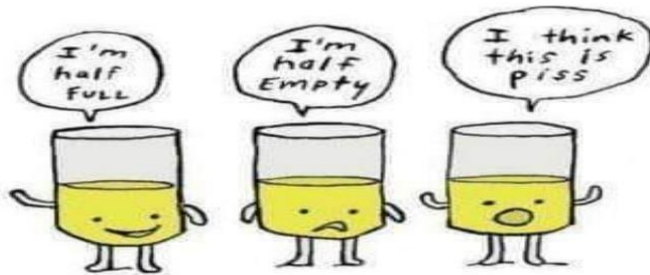
Too many people do not want the facts. They want comfort. Logic means nothing. To them, the truth is what they have been told is the truth. If we came from apes, why are there still apes, to which I like to add, if dogs came from wolves, why are there still wolves?

Reasoning and logic mean nothing to seriously brainwashed people. Only what they hear the most matters. Rote learning rules. Again, ask Goebbels. Ask Fox News. Ask Madison Avenue. Ask any Trumpster.

While philosophers ponder how we learn, a process they call etymology, the perpetrators of misinformation continue to gain power by using basic B.F. Skinner conditioning techniques, and guess what? This type of rote learning makes one crazy. It was proven in rat labs all over the world. A person cannot hear something over and over and over and over without becoming psychotically attached to the browbeaten positions promulgated. Just ask any Stockholm Syndrome victim. Look around at the cohesiveness of Trump supporters.

After decades of being told that they must be idiots, they have a rallying cry. They have several rallying cries: *Make America Great. Lock Her Up. What about Benghazi or Hillary's emails?*

It is memes, I tell you. Memes are what rule the world. Facts do not



*The Optimist. The Pessimist. The Realist.*

matter when there is an apparent consensus of consciousness. What do pointy head intellectuals know?

Your science is wrong

It cannot even decide if Pluto is a planet.

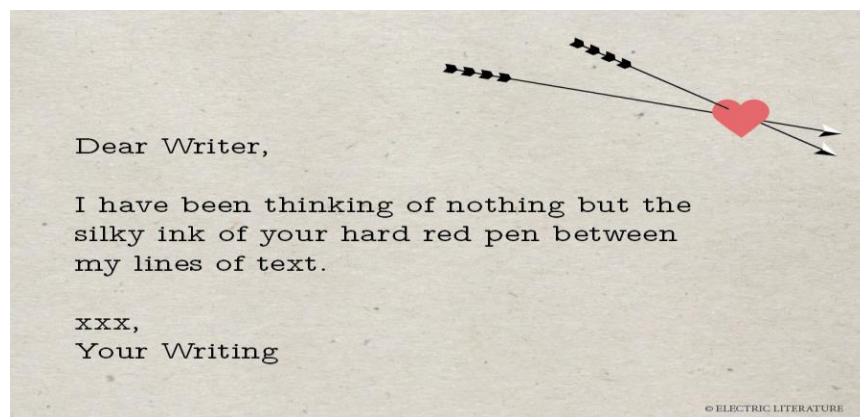
How can it tell me there are more than two sexual identities?

There is only blue and pink.

We do not need no stinkin' rainbows.

We have God. If he says two and two is six, then two and two is six.

Just ask the smartest man in the world, Donald Trump!





## THE UNITED BLUE STATES OF SECESSION?

*WE'RE LEAVING.*

We've decided we're leaving. We intend to form our own country, and we're taking the other Blue States with us.

In case you aren't aware, that includes Hawaii, Oregon, California, New Mexico, Washington, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and all the Northeast.

We believe this split will be beneficial to the nation, and especially to the people of the new country that includes Puerto Rico, U.S. Virgin Islands, Guam and Washington D.C.

We also get the vast majority of the major shipping ports. So good luck with getting goods in or out of the country affordably.

We also get Costco, Starbucks and Boeing. You get Texas, Oklahoma and all the slave states.

We get stem cell research and the best beaches.

We get the Statue of Liberty. You get Branson, Missouri.

We get Intel, Apple and Microsoft. You get WorldCom.

We get 85 percent of America's venture capital and entrepreneurs. You get Mississippi.

We get two-thirds of the tax revenue; you get to make the red states pay their fair share.

Since our aggregate divorce rate is 22 percent lower than the Christian Coalition's, we get a bunch of happier, intact families.

Please be aware that California will be pro-choice and anti-war, and we're going to want all our citizens back from Iraq at once. If you need people to fight, ask your evangelicals. They have kids they're apparently willing to send to their deaths for no purpose, and they don't care if you don't show pictures of their children's caskets coming home.

With the Blue States unified, we will have firm control of 80 percent of the country's fresh water, more than 90 percent of the pineapple and lettuce, 92 percent of the nation's fresh fruit, 95 percent of America's quality wines (you can serve French wines at your state dinners) 90 percent of all cheese, 90 percent of the high tech industry, most of the U.S. low-sulfur coal, all living redwoods, sequoias and condors, all the Ivy and Seven Sister schools – Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, the Penn, Princeton, and Yale; and Mount Holyoke, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, and Radcliffe colleges; plus UCLA, UCB, Stanford, Cal Tech and MIT.

With the Red States, on the other hand, you will have to cope with 88 percent of all obese Americans (and their projected health care costs), 92 percent of all U.S. mosquitoes, nearly 100 percent of the tornadoes, 90 percent of the hurricanes, 99 percent of all Southern Baptists, virtually 100 percent of all televangelists, Rush Limbaugh, Alex Jones and Rand Paul.



We get Hollywood and Yosemite, thank you.



Additionally, 62 percent of you believe life is sacred unless we're discussing the death penalty or gun laws, 44 percent say that evolution is only a theory, 53 percent that Saddam was involved in 9/11 and 61 percent of

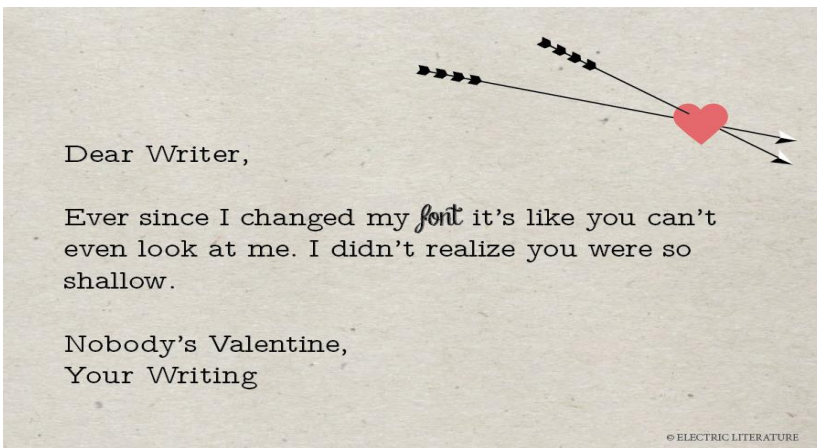
you crazy bastards believe you are people with higher morals than we lefties. (See that part about divorces. ...)

Oh, and you can have all the new COVID-19 cases since you're too dumb and self-centered to wear masks.

Peace out.

We are the people of the  
Blue States

*Provided by David Saperstein and shared by Gale Baker*





# Pheidippides Stumbles Rounding Third

*(or; "when you make a  
Freudian slip,  
can you go home again?")*

By Virgil Thorp



The title of the Thomas Wolfe novel, "You Can't Go Home Again," originated from a phrase that the left-leaning, feminist author, Ella Winter made during a lengthy conversation she and Thomas had while they were reminiscing about their childhoods. Wolfe liked it so much he asked Ella's consent to use it as the title for the book he was writing about his hometown of Asheville, North Carolina. I found this little tidbit out through investigative research. Now, there was a guy who knew the concept of permission, although not so much of accreditation.

The perception of returning to home, to roots, like it was when you first left, is impossible to achieve. In my own perverse way, I compare it to losing your virginity. Some people have a lot of difficulty about this momentous step in their self-worth and inflate the value of being "pure". (I have wondered, why do some people wait so long? Are they confused with the value of inexperience? Why not compare it to a baby moving from pureed to solid food? The twisted idea that ignorance is preferable to

knowledge and experience is baffling.) I know it is true because I tried it and failed miserably. Well, maybe not so miserably as attempting to repair naively hopeful expectations to the reality of those pitiful crushed dreams. A Humpty-Dumpty concept, I know, but that ideal was no longer there. The once vibrant existence was now hidden or even lost somewhere in the dreams of time. Some people could say that those reveries were my blind faith. Something romanticized and worshipped as truth and paradise but upon inspection rises nowhere near the propaganda that the streets of heaven are paved with gold. What I felt was that I was changed and those people at home had remained in stagnation. Perhaps that is how we moved so far apart. It was as though I had advanced with the timeline and they had stood still.

The epiphany comes when you realize that blind faith is not a



British rock n' roll supergroup, but an enigmatic idea that "you cannot find your way back home" no matter how weary and wasted you might be.

How many acid trips does it require to lose all sense of confinement? The kind you had been indoctrinated with that serves as an incarceration of the mind and spirit. The kind that, like the Star Wars' droid

restraining bolt, kept you in your place and not launching into raving sonnets of love, hate, sex and birth. The acid trip that allows you to say, "why did I do this to me and why won't it stop?"

When I attempted it, I had been on my prodigal journey for two decades, alternating between living high and living low, experiencing life and tragedy, questioning authority and learning how to duck.

And when it happened, I smiled that I had achieved freedom by way of disinheritance to have finally thrown off the bonds of indoctrination and accept that my antecedents were just made that way. They had religion and I had acid. I even asked myself during a particularly vivid hallucination why should I believe the mirages of my mind rather than the delusions of the Missouri Synod Lutherans, cemented in old world German traditions.

What did acid give me? Help mostly. It helped me like a booster shot to achieve

escape velocity. It stripped away the pretentious notion that it was possible to be holy. To realize the absurdities of the primitive mind believing the speck of dirt they live on is the center of the universe. Of course it is, in their superstitions. With acid those archaic beliefs meant nothing to me. Acid was my



sacrament and I religiously 'tripped around the bay' with Tim Leary four times a year like the good pagan I had become.

Going home after a thirty-two-year day, during an old homestead visit, I found myself one morning sitting at the kitchen table with

a roll and coffee when my stepmother asked, "what do you think of Michelle Bachmann?"

Without any consideration of how or why the question was asked, I replied with the total honesty of someone who has not had his first sip of caffeine, "I think she's legally insane."

The raised voice response should not have surprised me. "Well, I like her!" And then storming out of the room in a huff that made the visit more than a trifle cloudy and uncomfortable.

I never got the chance to embellish on my answer, I never got the chance to say what I thought about Bachmann's husband, Marcus and the gay conversion tortures they advocated. How deep in the closet can a person get? I never did ask what made my stepmother worship Michelle with the same zeal as she did her god. But I do know enough of her simplistic moral viewpoint that I have rebelled against it.

*There is a belief that if only ... we had a theocracy, all would be better.*

The balance of the visit remained a little chilly and cold. It really has not changed since. There is a nagging belief that if only the Christians were in charge and we had a theocracy, all would be better. All would be just. All would be righteous, and we would be god's chosen country again. This view shakes me to my core.

What I see is bigoted hatred, injustice and inequality. This is where we differ, especially in the present. Bachmann still lurks in the background, but the Christians my stepmother is part of have embraced the anti-Christ that Donald John Trump is. Our viewpoints could not be any more opposite and personal. It is me versus you.

I see arrogance, you see confidence. I see dictatorial fascism; you see patriotic nationalism. I hear detestable racism; you hear

honesty. I see a petulant spoiled child; you see a fighter and a leader with the media unfairly twisting his words and messages. I hear 20,000 lies and counting; you hear a breath of fresh air. I see immigrant children in cages; you see the preceding president's undocumented immigrant cells (where is the equivalency?). I see a flag-desecrating, draft-dodging coward; you see a noble hero. I see 200,000 dead from a plague that is being ignored and you, you see a redeemer who says that all is well. I am dismayed with what I see the nation becoming; you are happier than a pig in shit.

Is there equivalency? Will there ever be rapport? Why do you not see genocide? Do the trees obscure your view of the forest? Or, are you just scared of the brown people? For Christ's sake, Donald Trump shits in a golden toilet! It is all for him. He does not give a shit for you! You're not listening to the shit he is selling! He's telling you he wants to be a dictator. You hear no evil, you see no evil, but you speak the evil of blissful stupidity.

**Dear Conservative Evangelicals:**

**What is it about Donald Trump  
that reminds you of Jesus Christ?**

**His serial adultery; pathological  
lying; sham university; or  
fraudulent charity?**

**Or is it his schoolyard bullying; foul  
language; lack of compassion; or  
heartless policies that make life  
harder for the least among us?**

**Exactly what is it about Donald  
Trump that you find Christ-like?**

My mind is not so cynical that my heart does not ache.

Going back home, what do I see now? Nothing I can remember. The entire topography has evolved. Nothing is how it was. And there is nothing to be redeemed. If you feel the past is what should be now, I cannot help you. You believe with blind faith that cruelty does not exist and the colored should know their place. I refuse your fealty to crude blind faith.

*What I see is bigoted hatred, injustice and inequality.*

So, I smile a sad smile, nod my love and leave to experience the uncertainty of the future. But I do hold my memories with respect as I accept the circumstance that Winter and Wolfe were right in their assessment, you can never go home again.



And Pheidippides never limped past the boundaries into Athens.



# THE STINK OF TRUMP

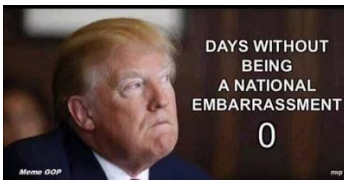
By Gale Baker

Postmaster DeJoy,



I want to congratulate you on joining the new *Trump*publican Party's neo-Nazi group who now eagerly follows the same path as Hitler's enablers ninety years ago. It is a growing list of names that I will make sure go on to be recorded in American History as those who attempted to deconstruct, disenfranchise and destroy

Constitutional Government in The United States of America. You see, this is my country and was founded to be ruled by WE THE PEOPLE! Since most of my parents' families were murdered by people like you who behaved and destroyed their government in Germany while the world remained silent, I vowed to ALWAYS SPEAK OUT when your kind of evil, bigotry and greed rises to destroy. Here you are...



Trump – A pathological liar and criminal financial charlatan who is directly responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of innocent American citizens by ignoring his sworn duty to



uphold, protect and defend the country and its citizens against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and for his ignorance and inability to actually perform the work and moral duties of a President of the United States of America. He praises American neo-Nazis as "good people ..." He is a false, phony, fake would-be king. I call him *Faux-King Trump*!

Pence – Someone who claims to be deeply religious and yet breaks, at a minimum, the FIRST, SECOND, SIXTH AND NINTH COMMANDMENTS in his open worship and fealty to Trump's murder of American citizens, tearing apart of Hispanic families, comradeship with murdering dictators and enemies of We the People, rescinding regulations protecting American citizens from air, water and land pollution, selling off public lands for corporate profits, and using taxpayer money and property for personal political purposes and leading a so-called COVID-19 group that ignores science and medical advice while piling up the bodies of dead Americans every day.



McConnell – Has become a gleeful, self-appointed destroyer the Legislative branch of WE THE PEOPLE'S Congress. Hitler burned down his country's legislative branch – The Reichstag. McConnell castrated ours by denying any vote on legislation he doesn't like; has taken away the jobs of every other Senator and

Representative; has allowed the Executive branch to ignore Constitutional Congressional Oversight and arrogantly reject lawful subpoenas. He also denied President Obama his right to nominate a Supreme Court Justice and in doing so weakened, perhaps critically, another separate but equal branch of American Constitutional Government. And yet, this year the 200<sup>th</sup> Trump Republican Federal Judge was rammed through by wannabe

dictator McConnell, signaling the eventual destruction of the entire Federal Judicial System.



Mnuchin – Rammed through a so-called tax reform bill that rewards millionaires, billionaires and fat corporations who pay no taxes while making trillions. At the same time, hardworking, honest American taxpayers cough up billions of dollars that go toward these same corporations and “pork-filled” deficit budgets. He ignores struggling small business and America citizens in desperate need.

Miller – A neo-Nazi of the first order who brought new and vicious meaning to the words bigot, Muslim and Hispanic hater, and vigorous supporter of anti-Semitic “White Supremacists”.



Sessions and Barr – Both so-called “top law enforcement people in America” who turned out to be the most disgusting and arrogant destroyers of Law, Order and Justice in our history. Both rank right up there with Adolf Eichmann’s separation of Jewish families as they did, and continue to do, to Hispanic families while prosecuting, incarcerating and even subjecting some to rape and brutality. They also ordered the denial and turning away of innocent people

seeking asylum promised and inscribed on our proud Statue of Liberty standing in New York Harbor. "Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" They also supported the persecution of Muslims.





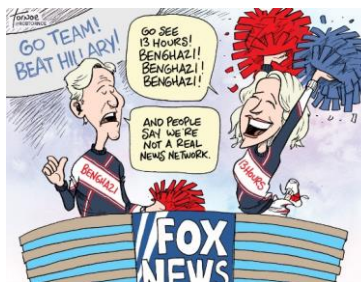
Betsy DeVos – Secretary of Education who deliberately rejected the concept of public education, especially for those identified as minority, poor, “people of color” and those in rural and inner-city locations. Instead she directed taxpayer money, paid by those very people, toward religious oriented and private schools. She has no plan or concept of how to deal with the outrageous, prohibitive cost of higher education for these same “underprivileged” young people. Is she preparing American youth to be the ones who will be making sneakers for the Chinese and Indian rising populations whose governments pay for their young people to be educated here? Is she investing her personal billions in their future and not America’s?



Wilbur Ross – Not a billionaire but Secretary of Commerce denies Faux-King Trump’s order not to wear masks and hides away in his Florida Estate. As the Trumpublican Party bellows about “Democrats being Socialists,” Ross’s tariff policies against China and the EU has destroyed income for hundreds of thousands of American farmers and workers causing the Federal Government to pay American farmers between \$15 and \$150 per acre in an aid package totaling \$16 billion. And if that isn’t “Socialism,” how about the trillions in tax cuts and breaks that made

Trumpublicans the Socialism-For-The-Rich-Party in 2017? How many trillions in CARE, PDU and Unemployment have been spent due to the incredible and criminal mismanagement of the COVID-19 pandemic? That is MAJOR SOCIALISM! Duh!

Sean Spicer, Sarah Sanders, Stephanie Grisham, Kayleigh McEnany and Fox News – The most direct and appropriate analogy to this bunch of



Commented [VT1]:

puppets, aside from reeking from THE STINK OF TRUMP, is that Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's Reich Minister of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda, would be proud of their ability to spew out lies and lick Herr Trump's boots at the same time.



Jared, Ivanka, Don Jr., Eric, and Kimberly, the "girlfriend" – We are not a monarchy, but with Faux-King Trump's display of his "princes and princesses" during the Trumppublican Convention, no sillier a display of

irrelevant, ignorant, arrogant dullards and slugs has ever been so poorly rammed down the throats of American voters. Who would ever believe or vote for ANY of them? Hail, all hail Faux-King Trump, his damaged progeny; abuse of women; bankruptcies; wives who "woke" and split, and all of the spineless Trumppublicans who now contribute to the potential destruction of WE THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY!

And so, Herr "Leutnante" DeJoy, to paraphrase a decent, normal Republican, Steven Schmidt, who rejects Trumppublicanism, you now have "THE STINK OF TRUMP" upon you forever! You, Trump, and all the other traitors, do not realize that there is nothing more dangerous to despots than arrogantly assaulting people who have nothing more to lose. The growing list of traitors and criminals you join, who attempted to destroy our democracy, and who are responsible for the destruction of the economy, and politically caused the death of hundreds of thousands of Americans, will always be remembered for their treason. I believe, for the rest of their lives, and that of any who bear their names, there will be demonstrable reason to understand the ominous words: "Revenge is a meal best served cold!"



# Enjoy Your Ham

By J. Dan Vignau

**T**he JBS USA meat packing facility, (originally Swift and Company before being acquired by JBS S.A. of Brazil, the largest meat packing company in the world) based in Greeley, Colorado, was fined by OSHA for \$15,615 "for failing to provide a workplace free from recognized hazards that can cause death or serious harm". This works out to \$2000 per employee death from COVID-19, and another \$81 for each worker who tested positive. Thank You, Donald Trump! Your leadership has set the way for these companies to pay for not protecting our American workforce.

Another meat processing plant, owned by Smithfield, has been fined \$13,494 for its safety record of 1300 infected with 4 deaths. That fine is much more compassionate to the families of those who died, giving them a whopping \$3300 per death and \$78 per infection.

These companies continue to struggle from losing this income. These fines have cost JBS just over three cents for every \$10,000,000 it made last year, while Smithfield suffered much less, at just a penny per ten thousand dollars in revenue.





Still, on Wall Street every penny counts. While JBS could have been fined \$140,000 per violation, or \$195,000,000, and 40,000,000 for Smithfield, their business association, the North American Meat Institute's perspective, has called these fines excessive, and in a lengthy response, the industry group criticized OSHA's fines as "confusing and revisionist."



But in the scheme of things, it does not matter, because the workers families are not getting a single penny of any fines.

Meanwhile, two employees of this industry per week continue to have a limb amputated from on-the-job injuries.

Another member of this meat processing cartel, Mountaire Farms, a chicken processor with only a couple

billion a year in revenue, has donated 4.5 million to Republican candidates.

Smithfield has rewarded many Virginia Republican candidates with large campaign donations. At this time, the state's Department of Environmental Quality was investigating repeated instances of Smithfield, as it dumped improperly treated animal waste into a tidewater river, which faces millions in state fines.

The American Farm Bureau Federation, which represents a range of animal agriculture interests, has also pushed Congress to include liability waivers in the next round of legislative relief for the current crisis.

Influential industry-backed think tanks, such as the American Enterprise Institute and the Heritage Foundation, have demanded civil lawsuit immunity as part of any





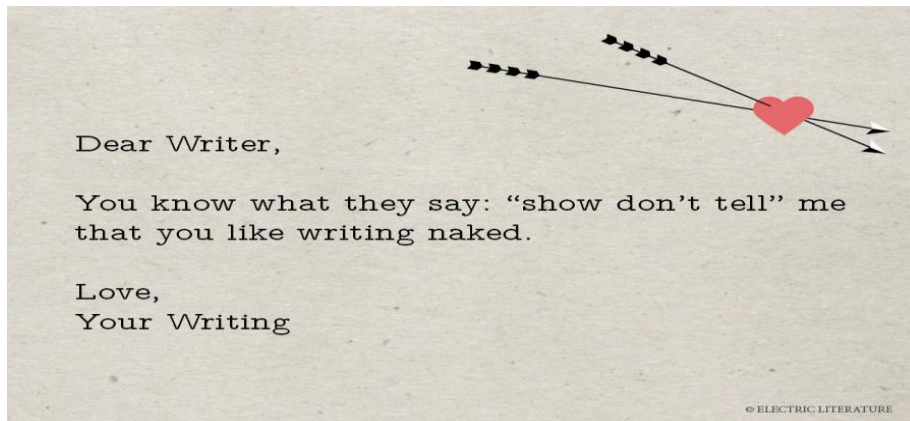
coronavirus legislative fix. The American Legislative Exchange Council, a business-friendly nonprofit that produces “model” legislation to help shape state policy, released template legislation on Monday that calls for civil liability immunity for actions arising out of a national

emergency or disaster.

U.S. District Judge Rebecca B. Smith ruled that Smithfield Foods was liable for nearly 7,000 violations of the Clean Water Act since 1991. The ruling resulted from a lawsuit by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, which accused Smithfield of polluting the Pagan River and destroying documents to cover it up. In its lawsuit against the EPA, Smithfield claims that Virginia gave it permission to violate environmental laws.



Fortunately, the current democratic governor, Ralph Northam, claims otherwise.





# I SAW SOMETHING...

# YOU SHOULD TOO

From: **David Saperstein**

*There is now a constant and growing drumbeat about our American Constitutional Government being in danger. I think it is, if we don't pay attention and fight those who would destroy the cornerstone of our Democracy and Freedom – **"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness"** – those freedoms will be gone.*

*This letter went out on the 15<sup>th</sup> driven by warning born out of the 9-11 attack – "If you see something – say something!"*

Postmaster General Louis DeJoy

August 15, 2020

475 L'Enfant Plaza, SW

Washington, DC 20024-2115



Postmaster DeJoy,

It is clear that you are under orders from Trump & Co. to sabotage the operations and purpose of the United States Postal Service. Judging from your age, and actions, I assume that you have never served our country in the military. If you had, you would have learned that purposely placing your fellow soldiers (citizens) in harm's way is a courts martial offense and under certain conditions, punishable by life imprisonment and perhaps execution. It is clear that you are subservient to Trump – the cowardly draft dodger – so apparently you are comfortable

bedfellows taking steps to subvert and ruin our country's founders dream and guarantee of constitutional government and freedom.

By moving to destroy the postal service you have put millions of Americans in danger. I gather that being rich and self-centered you don't give a damn about "We the People" or that we have critical needs that the postal service provides such as delivery of medication, social security, payroll and pension checks, legal notices, care of loved ones, applications for employment ... ETC. "We the People" also are aware that Trump & Co.'s order to destroy the postal service will negate our right to vote by mail and destroy any fair presidential election.



It is outright disgusting that you have orders that target specific groups of American citizens who most depend on the US Postal Service – the working poor, people "of color," immigrants, retired people, small businesses and the elderly. My wife and I are among those groups. This attack, in my opinion, is a planned, vicious, outright criminal act of attempted murder. By trashing the postal system, and other cynical voter suppression tactics, you leave "We the People" only one way to exercise our constitutional right to vote – to go to a polling place in person and in doing so risk death from contracting the COVID-19 virus. That makes you one of Trump & Co.'s killers.

During my military service I was taught that there was an enemy whose purpose was to kill me and destroy my country. I was trained to prevent that. In your pathetic case, I hope every American citizen who cherishes freedom, constitutional law and the right to vote will remember that, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are

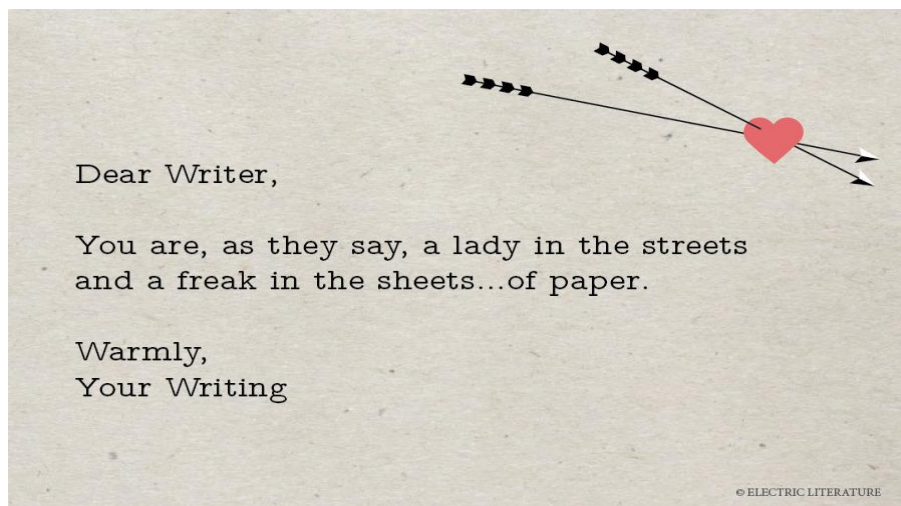
endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."



Be advised, Lackey DeJoy, that your criminal acts will not destroy our America. "We the People" will do everything we must to stop your twisted attempt to kill us, and see to it that you, along with Trump & Co., wind up where you all belong - on a foul-smelling, orange, smoldering, fecal-trash-heap of history.

*David Saperstein*

Cc: Editors - New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Post, USA Today, Mercury News, New York Daily News, New York Post, Chicago Sun-Times, The Denver Post, The Chicago Tribune, The Dallas Morning News, Newsday, Houston Chronicle, Orange County Register, The Star Ledger, Tampa Bay Times, The Plain Dealer, The Philadelphia Enquirer, Star Tribune, The Arizona Republic, Honolulu Star-Advertiser, Las Vegas Review-Journal, The San Diego Union-Tribune, The Boston Globe + 66 other American media outlets.

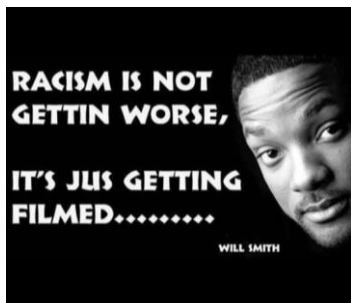


# Crummy Morning 09.22.20

By Bert Mautz



Jeffrey Goldberg's piece in the recent *Atlantic*, reporting on Trump's disdain for the military had Joe and Mika going at it the other morning. The night before, Rachel Maddow working the same story, linked this antimilitarism to formative years in Fred Trump's household, as analyzed by Trump's niece, Mary Trump. The vast archives of NBC News found numerous quotes, "on tape", of Trump visiting military cemeteries saying terrible things about the "losers and suckers" who lost their lives in military conflict. All such quotes, though live and unrehearsed literally on tape, are being frantically denied by the White House in a barrage of public relations claims this morning. We all know the list, our national agenda should be to set it a-right, but cannot.



How are you coping with all of this deceit, chaos, the madness? Allow me to confess, I'm not feeling that good myself. Six weeks to the day is the most momentous election. My oft read and too oft listened to journalists and reporters in the *Times* and *Post*, and on cable wallow in their enjoyment of election conjecture. They haven't a clue



but can come up with countless alternative futures, playing “what if”, forever.

Self-incarceration isn’t helping. I’m buying books for diversion to gain detailed, up-close perspective with a heaping dose of more what if’s? Added to the

papers’ reporting. Better informed, but in an ever-worsening mood.

Coronavirus after nine months remains unchecked with a thousand deaths per day continuing. Total currently exceeds 200,000 deaths since February. With utter disregard and mismanagement of the pandemic the economy went down in flames. By now the primary damage is within the hospitality industry and folks have given up air travel unless the job says “ya gotta go.”

You see where this is going? The country is in terrible shape. Schools ought-a be closed. It is so frustrating that I can’t do a goddamn thing about it. Everything irritates me – well except for my fabulous girlfriend. Not real pleasant to be with – *me not her*. A stiff whiskey with lunch might help me nap but, sounds like a dangerous habit in the making.

National debt exceeds annual budget for the first time since WWII.

Unemployment at highest levels in decades, largely due to virus shutting down businesses.

Government wide agency deterioration. No real cabinet, international contempt results.







Trump's latest evil to condemn is urban collapse, 'violence all fault of Democratic led cities'. Actual experience, all to the contrary. Would the urban blight be on Trump's watch?

Documented history of Trump's lying, totaling tens of thousands, lying virtually at all times through campaign rallies, official business, and spontaneous talking out on the back driveway.

The fundamentally disgraceful character of d.j. trump; criminal, misogynist, racist, egomaniacal, and drawn to imperialist world leaders who oppose America.

Vote by mail count compromised by USPS down grades. Trump chants "voter fraud."

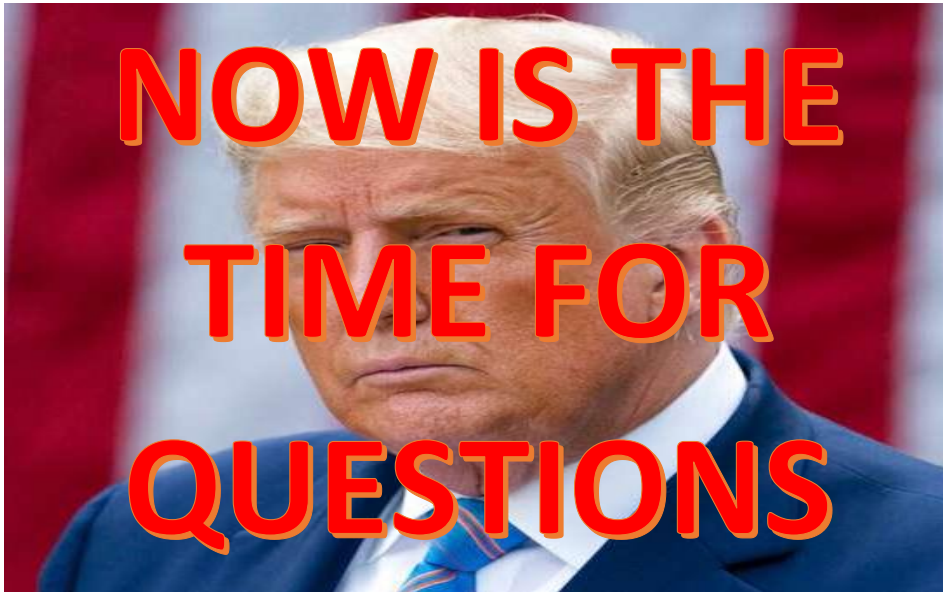
Add it all up. A summary of Trump's criminal behavior and lousy leadership. Discouraging while insistently urging moral Americans to get out and vote him out in the coming presidential election.

The fundamental intransigence of it all makes me crabby, depressed, stifling creative energy. *bitter end*



## ARTICLES





By David Saperstein, provided by Gale Baker

Rather than commenting about the few bloated, badly aging, bitter Caucasian males who are currently in seats of government power and are attempting to destroy your and my Constitutional Democracy and Freedoms, and the cowardly, silent, bought and paid for Republican legislators and Judges who have been neutered, I have questions to ask as November 4th approaches and "WE THE PEOPLE" a supposed to speak out with our one vital and precious voice known as OUR VOTE.

There are unprecedented attempts to suppress and deny that promised voice of the hard-working, freedom-loving, law-abiding, tax-paying American citizens of OUR United States of America. Remember words of our Declaration of Independence"

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."



And remember the preamble to our Constitution?

"We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, ensure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Read these words slowly, carefully and aloud.

THEY ARE PROMISES THAT BELONG TO "WE THE PEOPLE!" THAT'S YOU!

Then ask these questions:

Why would anyone of African American heritage and lineage vote



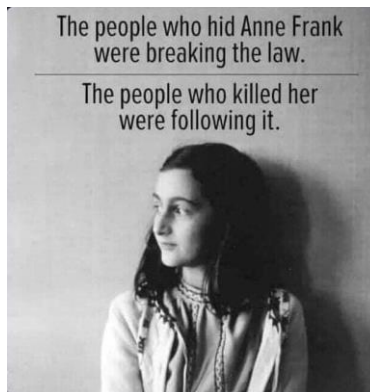
for an administration that supports and encourages violent White Supremacist Organizations and their members? And why are African Americans disproportionately victims of COVID-19?

Why would anyone of Hispanic-American heritage and lineage vote for an administration that created and vigorously enforces the incarceration, in sub-standard and dangerous

concentration facilities, of desperate immigrants seeking the promised asylum and protection of America while also ripping children from their parents and beating Latinos while also raping and sterilizing Latinas? And why are Hispanic-Americans disproportionately victims of COVID-19?

Why would anyone claiming to be devoted to Judaism vote for an administration that encourages Anti-Semitism claiming that their Neo-Nazi-White Supremist supporters are "good people?"

Why would any American woman vote for an administration that has stacked our Supreme Court with judges committed to deny women the freedom to control their own bodies and reproductive systems and denying them access to gynecological care?



Why would any American individual or family vote for an administration that vows to negate The Affordable Care Act and thus deny proper and necessary medical care to thirty+ million Children, Adults and Senior American citizens?

Why would any American Veteran or Active Duty Military Personnel, or families of these Americans who serve our country, or families of those American heroes who shed their blood and gave their lives in service to our country vote for an administration that refers to them as "Losers and Suckers"?

Why would any of the families, and friends and co-workers of the more than 200,000 Americans who have died from the COVID-19 virus vote for an administration that so stupidly, viciously, ineptly and arrogantly ignored and then mishandled the health and protection of ALL American citizens and wantonly continues to endanger the public?



Why would any thoughtful and patriotic American citizen vote for an administration whose leader refers to the American military as "Mine" and states he is "Smarter than the Generals..."; or Attorney General Barr who acts as the president's lawyer instead of bringing justice to We the People; or Republican Leader of the Senate McConnell who blocks desperately needed financial aid to millions of the unemployed and small businesses suffering from the economic disruption from COVID-19 and continually attempts to destroy The Affordable Care Act?

Why would any working person who belongs to a Union, or wishes to join one to secure decent pay and benefits, vote for an

administration that constantly pursues to legislate the destruction and outlawing of Unions?

Why would ANY caring American vote for ANY Senator, Congressperson or Judge who does not speak out, LOUD AND CLEAR AND IN PUBLIC, against specific racial bigotry and brutality, religious prejudice, denial of health care to children, denial of any woman's right to control her own body, cutting back aid to public education, rape and sterilization of Hispanic women, withholding economic aid to small businesses while giving billions of tax dollars to huge multi-national corporations that pay no taxes, neglecting our crumbling infrastructure, rolling back of environmental protections of WE THE PEOPLE'S air, water, food, natural resources and public lands and gives blatantly obscene huge tax cuts for billionaires and millionaires while ignoring hard-working, freedom-loving, law-abiding, tax-paying American citizens?



# HONEY, SHOULD WE HIDE THE BOOKS?



By Gil Gaudia

My nephew, Tommy, is coming for a visit. I haven't seen him for over fifteen years and I have always loved the kid. He's the youngest of "the Cousins," as my daughters call them – my brother's four kids. Now he's a grown man and a Born-Again-Christian. His part of the family and ours have had our periods of estrangement and rapprochement and now his upcoming visit was about to take place in the aftermath of another crisis which had resulted in everybody making up again. So, he was coming to see his old aunt and uncle, who had had a small part in the successful resolution of the problem, and his father, mother and the Cousins were all happy about it.

Tommy was never really part of the events that caused the repeated rifts among me, my brother Marty, and one of Marty's daughters, Tommy's sister, Linda, also a born-again Christian. He was too young to be involved, and after he turned eighteen, he moved far away from everyone in order to strike out on his own. Maybe he was fed up with all the family problems. Anyway, he always had great affection for Jeanne and me.



The “rifts” were repeated and severe, and over several



different issues, but this time, well, let's just say that my being an Atheist did not increase the camaraderie in the family. Tommy's sister, Linda, felt that I had insulted her "Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." I swear that I never met the man. Actually, she was referring to the publication of my sacrilegious novel, "Outside, Looking In," in which I had my main character (based upon my own belligerent personality) frequently attacking god, religion, the Bible and Christianity. After reading the book, Linda wrote me a blistering attack which after a

page of insult and vitriol, declared that I would burn in Hell, and had better repent and open my heart to her god. Needless to say, not only did I spurn her advice, but I answered with a brief counterattack which silenced both our pens for two years.

Now, when Tommy arrives, we're going to have to put him up on the sofa-bed in the room we call my "office" in our small apartment, where most of my reading materials lie around on the desk and other horizontal surfaces. They include copies of *American Atheist* Magazine (AAM), and books by Sam Harris, Christopher Hitchens, Richard Dawkins, and other infidels, with their inflammatory titles on the covers that scream out "The End of Faith;" "God is Not Great;" "The God Delusion," and "God The Failed Hypothesis: How Science Shows That God Does not Exist." Reading them aloud, they could sound like they were placards carried by protesting nonbelievers outside the Vatican during the announcement of a Papal encyclical condemning birth control. In reality, they were just some paper objects lying innocently around a small room in the apartment of a retired senior couple.



This is not the first time we've faced the issue. Several years ago, when we placed our home up for sale, the realtor, during her inspection of the place, and the documents-signing ceremony, noticed copies of AAM on the living-room coffee table. Although she claimed to be a non-believer herself, she suggested that we remove them. "You can never tell what will affect a client and ruin a sale," she had said, and so, eager to sell the old homestead, we complied.

Now, Tommy will be here in a few hours, and although I have no intention of raising the subject of religion (remember, "never discuss religion and politics with family and friends" is the old adage), he can't help but notice the incendiary titles that scream out from the coffee-table-top where they reside in defiant repose.

The questions struck me as I was straightening up the room this morning in preparation for his two-night stay. He will see all these publications staring him in the face when he gets himself settled in the room certainly by the time he goes to bed. Will he be offended? Might he possibly be interested? *SHOULD I PUT THEM AWAY?* Should I hide the materials that are so much a part of my daily life; writing articles; reading books; proofreading for *American Atheist Magazine*?

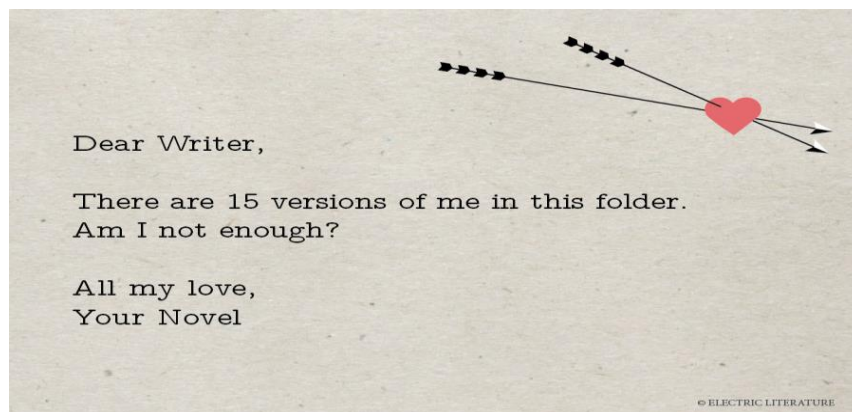
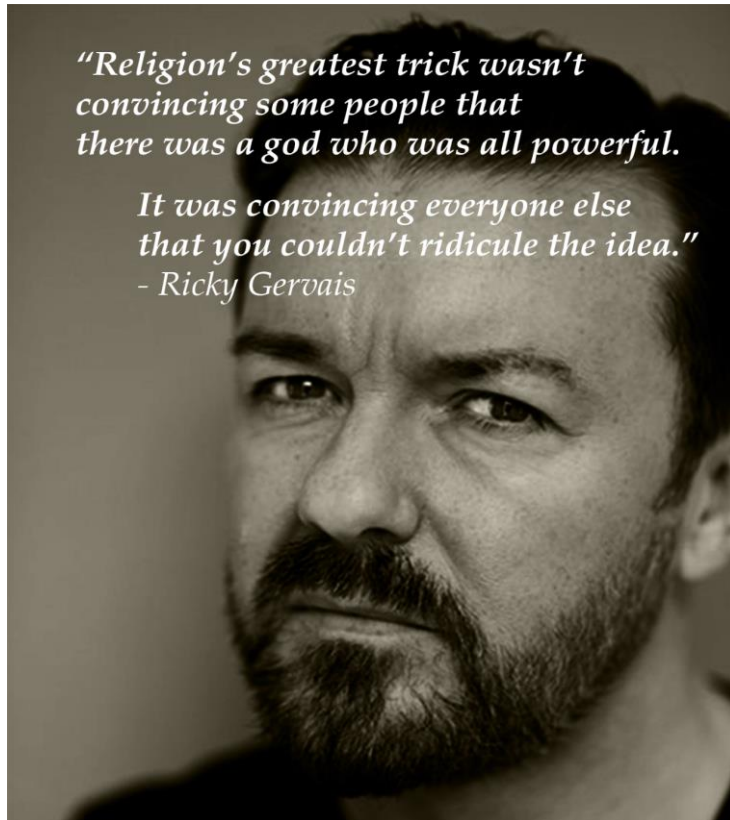
We have just gotten over one period of conflict, should we risk starting another? On the other hand, do Christians, whether they are friends or relatives (or even real estate customers) take down their statues, their crosses, their copies of mediaeval paintings by the artists who provided civilization with the images of people who may have never existed, just because I am visiting? Do they hide their Bibles? Is their display of religious iconography

considered to be provocative? Insulting? How did it come to be that expression of one sort, based exclusively on faith is considered to be admirable (as well as a required qualification for political trust and confidence) while its opposite, the one based on reasoned logic and EVIDENCE is suspect and an indication of subversity, even disloyalty.

THE BIBLE THEN	SCIENCE	THE BIBLE NOW
-The Earth is a flat circle. Isaiah 40:21	-The earth is a solid sphere	-They meant to say sphere.
There is a literal firmament over the Earth. Genesis 1:6	-There is no firmament over the earth	-Firmament is really a metaphor for "sky".
-Donkeys can talk. Numbers 22:21	-Donkeys can't talk	-God is a ventriloquist.
-Truly, you can tell a mountain to move and it will move. Mathew 17:20	-Mountains don't respond to voice commands.	-"Truly" in this case means "figure of speech".
-People can live more than 900 years. Genesis 5-9	-Seriously?	-Yeah, maybe they got that wrong.
-Plain white cattle who look at striped sticks while mating will give birth to striped calves. Genesis 30	-Stripes are a genetic mutation	-We don't discuss this verse.
-Women should keep quiet. 1 Timothy 2	-Women are people.	-Women should keep quiet about politics and civil rights at least... and abortion.
-Beating your slaves is OK if they don't die right away. Exodus 21	-Slavery is immoral and abominable.	-You're taking this out of context.
-Disobedient children should be stoned to death Deuteronomy 21	-Capital punishment is not a proper parenting technique.	-LOOK! A Squirrel!

Why is it taken for granted that believers have an absolute first amendment right to parade their philosophy everywhere in society, but an Atheist is considered to be a provocateur under the same conditions?

I am curious to know how other Atheists feel about this issue and how they would deal with a similar situation. For me, and for many of you it will occur again and again. What would you have done? What will you do?





# *and where we are*

By Gale Baker

Yes, we have always been a violent nation. First upon landing, fighting in the wilderness and then annihilating a native nation. This country was established with men fighting for freedom from an oppressive king over taxation. It has fought wars in the meantime, mostly for land and gain.

Lives were claimed by a ferocious Civil war when brother fought against brother because of slavery of human beings, and not because of taxes, which the south has long claimed. This country was called upon in two great wars and answered the call. Somewhere along the way, this country became an aggressor, justifying its presence in many nations as peacekeepers.

There were protests against racism in the sixties. There were protests against fighting in a "conflict" in Vietnam. There were love-ins by young "Hippies" who felt outcast.

I asked if anyone remembers Kent State when four students were killed and nine wounded by the Ohio National Guard.

Here's another question.

Do you remember the "bystander effect" incident in New York in 1964 when a woman was dragged and stabbed to death outside her apartment and neighbors watched from their windows, and did nothing?

These items were in the news. They were a big thing at the time. With social media and news on every hour of the day, we have become so inured to violence that we look on with apathy.

And still it is out there, racism, hatred, unrest and yes, we look on saying little.

Remember folk music? Remember Country Joe Macdonald and the "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag?"

I was and am still a fan of Phil Ochs. He was a "beatnik", not a Hippy. I often pull out his old recordings and listen. I have many favorites, including "The Crucifixion" about the death of John F. Kennedy. But the one that always sticks with me is "A Small Circle of Friends", which I have included the lyrics for you. *Editor's note: if you'd like to listen to a recording of Phil and think about where we are today, there is an excellent version on YouTube featuring Phil's sharp wit and his folky, rinky-tinky melody providing the stinging sarcasm of the world we inhabit.*



Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed  
They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed  
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain  
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes, my back is getting stiff  
Thirteen cars are piled up, they're hanging on a cliff.  
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain  
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

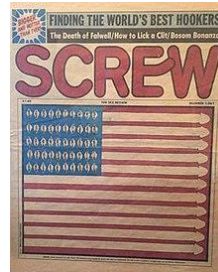
Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor  
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor  
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops?  
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops





And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

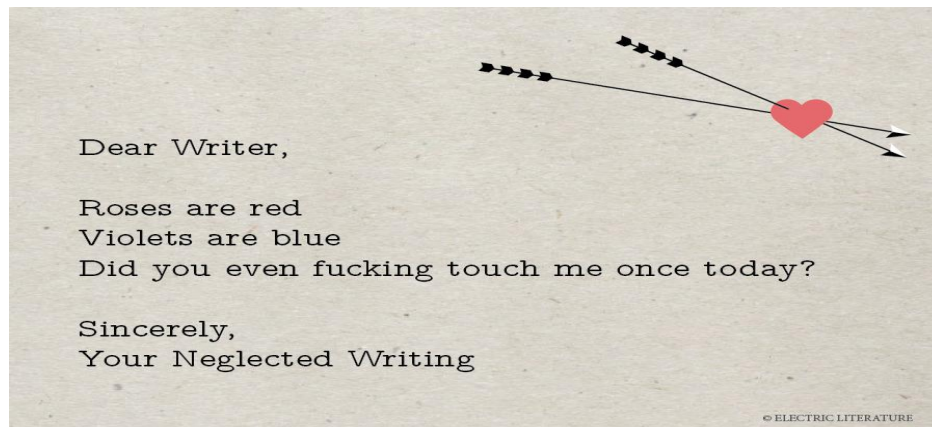
Oh there's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale  
The Supreme Court was so upset, they sent him off to jail.  
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine.  
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends



Smoking marihuana is more fun than drinking beer,  
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years  
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why  
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends



Oh look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed  
They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed  
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain  
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends



*The Adderall  
Addled  
Brain  
study 45-*

(or the tingling cheer  
of a Lysol enema)

By Virgil Thorp

How dirty should one  
feel after one has  
stroked Donald J.

Trump's tremendous, throbbing ego? Should we have graphs and interviews with percentages prominently highlighted and juxtaposed between the two sides of the issue? Must we first have an idea of just how big that fragile psyche is? Should I be embarrassed? And, is this a statement rather than a question?

It is beyond apparent that in order to get the president's limited attention, one must stroke that prodigious ego. Not simply tickle it, no-no that would barely register. One must be bold. One must grasp that flagging character issue with both hands as it were – that is, if your hands are small enough – and with enough pressure, friction and coaxing, make it stand up proud. Like a patriotic space force cadet.

How many times have we seen on propaganda sources like A-O-N and Fox news, each member of Trump's fawning cabinet licking his ass like a momma water buffalo licks the south end of her constipated calf? The only thing more nauseating would be a line-



up of testimonials from conservative, tea party republican toadies ranging from Matt Gaetz to ~~Jerry Falwell Jr.~~ (oops, scratch him) Ben Shapiro to Charley Kirk, Mark Meadows or Mike Pompeo, Kimberley Guilfoyle or the heavily armed, stand-off couple from St. Louis, the McCloskeys, in an orgy of butt licking resembling any similar event in Moscow or Pyongyang, Ankara or Manila or the toilet area of New York City's kinky Hellfire club. Oh god, I think I just described the Republican National Convention



(henceforth referred to as RNC).

The spectacle makes me yearn to be ill-mannered; I would love to ask Donny rude questions. I would ask him something cruel, like how long it had been since he had been able to see his ego ... without a mirror. What is that tiny thing nestled amongst the rolls of belly fat? Well, I thought I saw it a

moment ago but maybe it receded and is sheltering from view, hidden now amongst the pillow-like, partially hydrogenated flaps of inner thigh flab. But I do not do that because that would be stooping to Donny's level. Besides, everyone who knows says it is a triviality.

As satisfying as that image is, what explains his attitude to real problems? Questions that should be asked of him are why do you ignore wildfires, riots and hurricanes, Mr. President? All three caused by neglected responsibility or blatant racism. By the way, why are you also suppressing health agencies during a plague that has a body count exceeding 180,000 Americans?



Do not get me wrong, we need to evaluate opposing views. They are doing it, why shouldn't we? We need to hold up comparison graphs of presidential staff indictments. How about that. One side is former President Barack Obama and the other side, of course, is Donny Do-do's. And there it is, you can plainly see it. Poor Barack's graph does not register any wrongdoers. It looks virginal. No indictments whatsoever. It is empty, a hollow shell, while Donny's is profusely phenomenal and threatens to add more pages. That is accomplishment, that's promises kept and without the power of pardon, all those names would be restrained in corporate prisons of like-minded grifters and frauds. Let's face it, the ones who have not been indicted or resigned in disgrace are shaking in their Brooks Brothers' loafers right now. How many obstruction of justice charges does it take to hoist the red flags of something stinkingly rotten in the White House?

There is a personality however, that brings utter fright among the RNC and the name of that person is, Pelosi. Nancy Pelosi, the angry democratic woman with a mythological reputation. Ripping and tearing, she is a confrontational woman and those kinds of women are exceptionally cruel. Angry women, disgruntled, nasty



women. Radical women like, *The Squad*. They don't fight fair.



They discover felonies and detail hypocrisies. They point out how dependent male egos are fragile to criticism and robust to flattery. They laugh at manhood's and they just don't fight fair. They say irresponsible statements have consequences. Especially if you have said them to the

impressionable front row In a MAGA rally seat. Pelosi admonished after the recent Kenosha, Wisconsin violence, "the encouragement that the president ... gives to vigilantes coming in to make matters worse in these situations is something the president should be quelling rather than encouraging." So cruel! So unfair! *So shriveling!*

I blame those women for hurting the president's feelings and so does the radical right. Those wanton sluts! They have seduced and abandoned men all the way back to Adam. Their wants and their desires. Wanting the right to vote, to control their own bodies. We all know what those bodies are capable of. Those pussy-hat wearing women. Wanting to own property. Wanting to get an education. Wanting equality. It is only a rumor that they have brains. It must be a hoax. One of many hoaxes foisted upon a once great nation that must be brought back to its knees in greatness again before the holy messiah that is the

Imagine being so stupid that you look at this treasonous, traitorous, totally corrupt, self-serving, ignorant clown, this racist, semi-literate moron, this sexually assaulting, pathologically lying, feeble-minded, morally bankrupt, constitutionally-illiterate simpleton, this bloated nitwit with his cotton candy hair, radioactive tinted skin and obese dishevelment, and think "Now that is a guy I really admire".





wanton flag fonder, Donald J. Trump! Is he what you want? Do you know what you want! You must know what you want! You want to return to the simplicity of the old days. I get it. Those old days when the women and the lower classes knew their rightful




places beneath the prodigious dangle of wealthy and landed men.

There is so much that must be repaired and restored. We must exploit all our resources. We must have light bulbs that do not conserve electricity and illuminate brightly, eliminating all shadows and dark crannies so you can see where you are going and avoid stubbing tender toes. We must have water that gushes with actual pressure that will scour away evilly noxious residues. We must have dishwashers that wash, showers that clean and rinse and toilets that only need to be flushed once for the dukey to go round and round and down and down. Into the bathrooms America! Resurrect the ancient 'biffies'! Let us sing the primal hymn together, "In the biffy, in the biffy, you can get there in a



jiffy" – *Everybody sing!* – "where it thunders and it crashes, where you hear them great big splashes, as the burden of your bowels rolls away, rolls away."

Rebound loyal red hats. Be steadfast America! This is a crisis of climatic conservation of unintended consequences. To hell with austerity. Save water by polluting it. Sell off pristine national park acreage. Drill for oil in fragile tundra, and on offshore platforms near coastal beaches. Frack the ground water for more oil and gas extraction until the last drop of petroleum has been gathered and burned and the water table is delightfully toxic. Destroy environments of endangered species without guilt.



**Wild Geerters**  
@classiclib3ral

2016: It's not like there will be concentration camps, calm down you hysterical lefties

2018: I don't think it's fair to call these camps "concentration camps"

2020: If they didn't want to be sterilized against their will maybe they should just have stayed at home

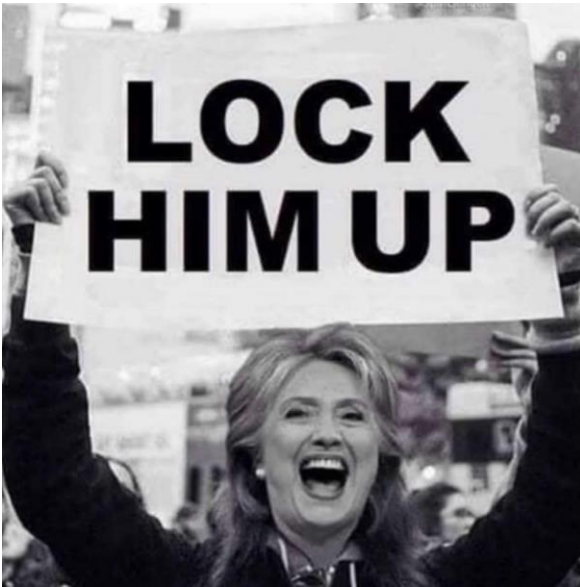
Fill the courts with judges who will decide that a pregnant 14-year-old girl is too immature to choose an abortion and must become a mother. Judges who decide that a 14-year-old boy can purchase an AR-15 without parental consent. Disguise hateful racism in soaring rhetoric. Invite workers to slit their own throats by decertifying

trade unions. Make peaceful protestors sound violent. Erect guarded, gated communities to keep the hungry, displaced riffraff out. 20,000 lies and counting! Start a fire and fire the fire department. A fjord is not a swamp. And the demon's semen cures the ailment of MAGA frustration. Now, drink your Oleander extract like a good boy. You too can be a douche!

I can hardly wait for Kamala Harris, Elizabeth Warren, Stacey Abrams and the other worthy democratic women start taking Donny and Mikey and their repulsive *rethuglican* minions to task, exposing their mendacities and deceptions. There will be a reckoning for their hateful deregulation of public health and standards and the destruction of the social safety net this November. They won't let them get away with the lies any more without a fight. I'm betting on the women.

And remember that one day, one of your progenies may ask, "How big was the turd that refused to be flushed. By any chance, was its name Donald?"

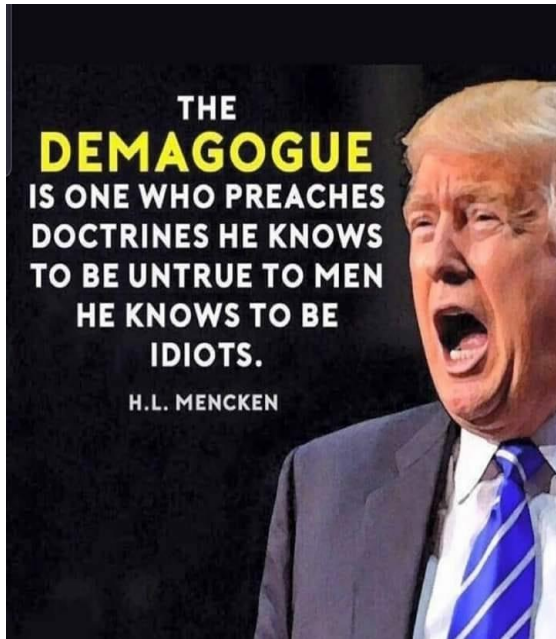
And you can look them in the eye and reply with all the candor you can summon, "yes, it was Donald and it was a huge, mother-fucking, ginormous pile of manure. A monument of manure. Indeed, Charlie Kirk proclaimed him, 'The bodyguard of western civilization'. Which, by the way, is the RNC euphemism for



manure I'm told. And, as the stupendous fecal glob circled the bowl, I heard it declare, 'only I can fix it.'"

So, as soon as the tank had refilled – just to certify the stinky dukey had gone away for good – I personally flushed the toilet again.

It is a remedy to the induced madness; I think I'll call it voting.



# When Have They Ever Lied to You?

By J. Dan Vignau

Herd immunity occurs when a sufficient percent of a population has become immune to a particular contagious disease. Normally, this is achieved when a large portion of individuals has been vaccinated. Vaccination derived herd immunity has been responsible for the near elimination of such diseases as polio, and for the total eradication of smallpox and rinderpest, commonly called cattle disease, which infested even toed ungulates, such as giraffes, cows, deer, and hippos.

The way it works is that when enough immune people are immune, their presence acts as buffers between the infected and susceptible individuals, thereby breaking the chains of infection. Such so-called herd immunity could also occur when a sufficient proportion of the population has become immune by having recovered from the infection. It is especially important for



immune suppressed people, such as those with immune suppressed or immune deficient people.

For capitalistic societies – which, by definition, need growth to survive – one of the benefits of overpopulation is that wages can be kept low.

This occurs because

people need to earn a living to survive, and with a scarcity of jobs versus people, high wages are not necessary to attract workers. This is real plus for those who benefit from the profits of someone else's labor. At the moment, 51 million Americans are unemployed. Trump has always told us to keep from letting the fear of COVID take over our lives, even stating that we should not fear the disease.

Why? The aspiring labor market has plenty of replacements for us as we die off. It is not necessary to worry about killing workers, because people are begging for jobs, but hopefully safe ones due to their fear of COVID. Western style monopoly capitalism has become the main force in world affairs. There has been no preparation for disasters, no savings for hard times, but only the greed short term profits that pay quick bonuses and quick commissions. Allowing the excess workforce to die off is a cost benefit paradigm, how many workers can we lose before we must protect people from COVID?



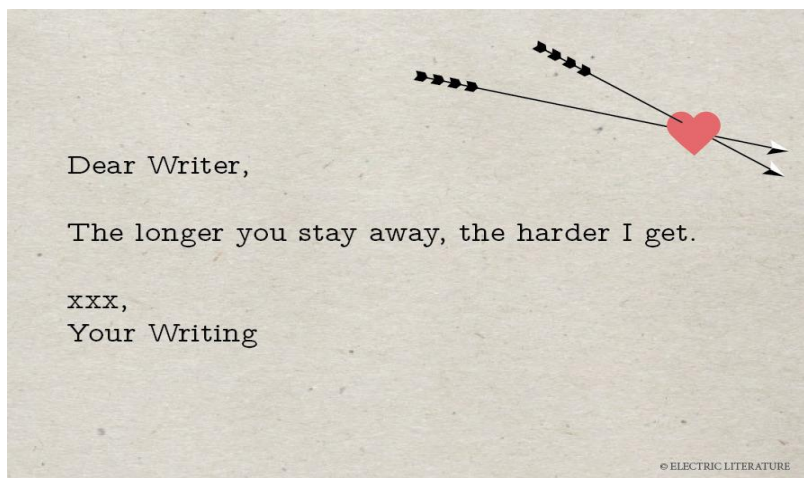


immunity might linger. So, we simply hope for a vaccine. We have been hoping for a vaccine against AIDS and HIV for four decades. Nothing fails like hope, except of course for prayer.



6.6 million deaths for a promised herd mentality, as our leader says, or a quick release of a vaccine is all we need. Without losing any more jobs, Americans can still take comfort in knowing that, even without a vaccine, these deaths will free up that many more jobs for the other 45 million currently unemployed to fight over. And who knows? The economy might miraculously rise above all expectations, just like the disease might go away from a miracle.

Trump and his sycophants say it will happen, and when have they ever lied to you?





## THE WAY WE WERE

# Life is good!



And then we ate them! I made zucchini bread, but some of the peppers were so hot we *couldn't* eat them, so I will make them into pepper jelly. Life is fun! Now we are going to walk the dogs, with one puppy on the electric collar. Today I dug up Roses of Sharon, a fecund plant whose offspring litter the ground beneath them. Photo to follow where I planted them on the new fence.

Sandra

# GOODBYE KURT



from Ed

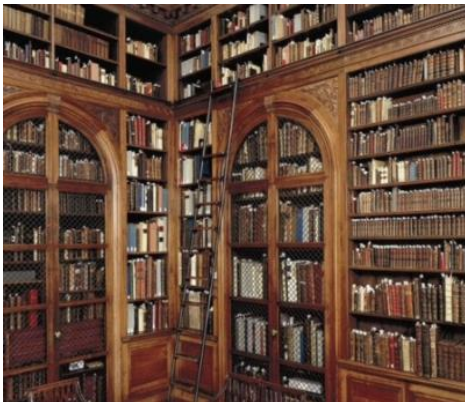
I'm about to lose one of the best friends I ever had. It's now 1600 on a Friday afternoon. We expect Kurt to die either late today or tomorrow morning. Because of Covid-19, I cannot even go to the hospital in Gainesville to bid him goodbye, one atheist to another. I want to hug him, tell him I love him, but I can't do that; I can't even speak to him – it's too late. He's being kept alive on life support until his son, Randal, on the road from his home in Tennessee, might be able to say goodbye. I'd like to

think that his son loves him as much as I do. I don't know. His wife is with him now, will stay there until life support is finally turned off. That would be my niece, Patty. He married her at a beautiful ceremony in the side yard of their large house in Gainesville. She, walking with only a slight limp down a flower-strewn path, Kurt at the end singing in his fine full-throated tenor, "The Girl that I Marry will have to be, as soft and as pink as a nursery ..."

Early in their relationship, Patty had told Kurt, "I don't know where this is going but you need to know I have MS."

Years later, when Patty was confined to a wheelchair with her only willful motion restricted to her left hand and arm, and her left leg, Kurt was heard to say, "If I could have found a Patty without MS, I would have married her. But this is the Patty I found ..."

A dozen or more years ago, when I was hospitalized with an irregular heart beat that ultimately was "fixed" with a pacemaker, Kurt and Patty hit the road as soon as they heard and drove about three hours to see me. If only now I could return that love in kind. Damn.



Over the years, my wife Ivy and I and Patty and Kurt spent many fun times together from stays together at Cedar Key to many other outings – always singing. Kurt and Ivy knew all the lyrics to many songs, including virtually all the major Broadway musicals, while Patty and I, definitely not singers,

joyously joined them in spirit. They were often applauded in restaurants, or just sang into the midnight sky on a lonely Gulf beach.

My fondest memories with Kurt were the hours we spent on the phone talking about and dissecting books we were reading. Many of the books in my library now are there because of him. But we didn't talk only of books. From time to time he would excitedly call me to read his latest poem. His poems were good; he had the mind and the heart of a poet. Kurt was many things, a complex man, a practicing actor, an English teacher.... I was always finding things out about him; when I spoke once of Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* he told me he once taught an entire course on just Bellow's work. The last time he visited me, after Ivy had died, he spent much of his time in my library, and we shared our personal writings. He didn't know that Ivy and I had made plans to leave our joint library, some twelve hundred books, to him in our will. But he beat me out the door, so I am left with the memories of our exchanges, and they are beautiful, and that is how it should be.

I went to bed Friday night about one a.m. and was woken at six this morning with a call from Patty. Randal, Kurt's son, didn't make it in time. Kurt left us in the middle of the night with Patty holding his hand. His time was up.



# *Pacific War Chronicle:*

## *February 1945*



By Yashi Nozawa

I was a twelve-year-old boy and a seventh-grade student of the Ninth Tokyo Metropolitan Middle School. I was commuting there every school day on foot because the school was located only two and a half miles away. The general rule for students is that anyone who lives within three miles from the school must commute on foot. Actually, the walking to and from school was rather pleasant, especially walking together with friends. The exception was snowy days when my feet got wet and cold and I felt miserable. Furthermore, I had to be extra careful to prevent slipping.

One windy but dry day on the way back home, I decided to visit one of the Shinto shrines instead of going straight home. The shrine called *Oji Gongen* was located only one block away from my normal walking rout. It was historically famous, a rather grand shrine. It housed the Guardian Deity for the capital city, Edo (present day Tokyo). It stood on the ground, which was the most vulnerable direction of Edo, northeast, to defend against the evil spirit, based on Chinese zodiac-astrology. There are several well-decorated large buildings surrounded by many well-aged trees in the campus. On the way back from school I occasionally made an extra effort to pray at the *Gongen* for the victory of Japan.

On that day, I had a special plan besides normal worship and prayer. I went to the backyard of the buildings to look at a recently hastily constructed *misogi dojo*, (cleansing bath). I found it. It was a rough, amateurish temporary construction of an above ground outdoor large wooden trough. It was a three-foot-high, three-foot-wide and fifty-foot-long above-ground pool made from wooden boards and poles. I was disappointed in its poor construction since its name implied a separate normal building. Well, it was the best we could do under the circumstances -- shortage of construction materials and skilled carpenters and other craftsmen.



The construction of *misogi dojo* was ordered by Prime Minister General Koiso, who was a fanatic believer in Shintoism, even by Japanese standards. He was convinced that recent setbacks of the war such as the defeat of Saipan, were the result of our deities' rage over the Japanese people's collective neglect of deities. This was

one of Koiso's first actions as the new prime minister. He ordered



a cleansing bath built in major shrines around the country to stimulate devotion by Japanese subjects toward Shinto deities. He also issued an order to all able-bodied male adults to perform a daily cleansing ritual prayer every morning before going to work at their offices or factories.

Around seven a.m. participants in the ritual would get together around the trough, completely naked. They would squat like sumo wrestlers before a match, sit with straight backs and bend both knees fully until hips touched heels. Then everybody takes a wooden bucket, which was stored at the top of the supporting poles, dunks it into the water to fill it and pours the cold water on his body. Since it was a prayer ritual, everybody had to move in unison with a leader's commands while saying the prayer phrases loudly. When they finish the first prayer, "*Rokkon Shoujo*," they repeat the dunk-and-pour motions and pour water on the left shoulder while screaming, "*Tekikoku Kosan*," and then pour water on the right shoulder. Then they would again fill the bucket to pour water on their heads, while yelling, "*Shinkoku Hisshou*." They repeat this cycle three times. Then they stand up and perform another ritual of bows and clapping hands three times. After the end of these motions they dry their bodies with clothes. Once everybody is dressed again, they line up and shout, "*Tenno heika, banzai*," while raising both hands.



The climate of Tokyo was very close to that of Washington DC and winter mornings were fairly cold. Quite often the surface of the water pool froze and was covered with thin ice. I wondered what they would do on a snowy day. Would they perform the *misogi* ritual while the snow is falling or not? I know I will find out soon, since my father is one of the participants in this cleansing

ritual. Next morning, when I got up, my father was ready to leave the house for the ritual. When I looked outside, it was snowing.

I asked him, "Do you have to go on this snowy cold morning?"

He said, "The more severe the condition, the better is the effectiveness of the prayer. This is the deities' test to check how seriously we are devoted to asking their help. So, when the weather is worse, we have to go more eagerly."

Well, when the adults go for cold-water bathing, we young boys had no problem walking to school and no complaints.

While the Japanese were praying to the deities for the victory of Japan, US president Roosevelt had a different idea. He called a meeting of the two main leaders of the Allied forces: British prime minister Winston Churchill, and Soviet Union Premier Joseph Stalin. They met at the Russian resort city of Yalta, located on the Crimean Peninsula. The official agenda of the meeting was



making a plan for the final defeat and occupation of Nazi Germany. The conference started on February 4, 1945 and ended on February 11, 1945. The major achievement of the conference was the decision of how to divide Europe among them after the victory. The Yalta conference confirmed the position of the Soviet Union in Europe and the world for the post-war period. Roosevelt was eager to please Stalin in order to get help from Russia to defeat Nazi Germany and accepted many Russian proposals

The conference realized and confirmed the importance of the Russian position in the post-war world as the reflection of strength of Russian armed forces shown in progress against German forces. During the Yalta conference, Roosevelt made the following secret agreement with Stalin about Japan:

If the Soviet union would enter the war against Japan within two to three months of the defeat of Germany, they would receive the Kuril Islands from Japan, and also regain all territories lost as the result of the Russo-Japanese war (1904-1905).

Naturally, Japanese leaders did not know of such a secret agreement. With combination of wishful thinking and their naivete, as well as trust of Soviet leaders, they believed in the effectiveness of the Soviet-Japanese Non-aggression Pact (also known as Soviet-Japanese Neutrality Pact), signed on April 13, 1941.



So, they did not imagine the Soviets would declare war against Japan in the near future, especially during the crucial time to defend the Japanese mainland against American offense. Actually as early as January of 1945, one of the powerful Japanese politicians, former Premier Prince Konoe proposed to the Emperor that he would visit Moscow as a special envoy and would persuade Stalin to act as a mediator between the Allied forces and Japan to end the war. Konoe believed that Japan had already lost the war and further fighting

would bring disaster to Japan. The Emperor eventually and reluctantly agreed with him at the much later date, approved the proposal and initiated the process. A secret messenger asked the Russian ambassador in Japan to inquire about the possibility. History knows that the Soviets scrapped the neutral treaty and declared war against Japan on August 9, 1945, exactly three months after the defeat of Nazi Germany.

## Redford Recalls His Memories



I have a lot of vivid memories of growing up in Los Angeles in the 1940s, but one in particular keeps coming back to me today, in these troubled times. I remember sitting with my parents – actually, my parents were sitting; I was lying on the floor, the way kids do – and listening to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt talking to us over the radio. He was talking to the nation, of course, not just to us, but it sure felt that way. He was personal and informal, like he was right there in our living room.

I was too young to follow much of what he was saying – something about World War II. But what I did understand was that this was a man who cared about our well-being. I felt calmed by his voice. It was a voice of authority and, at the same time, empathy. Americans were facing a common enemy – fascism – and FDR gave us the sense that we were all in it together. Even kids like me had a role to play: participating in paper drives, collecting scrap metal, doing whatever we could do. That's what it was like to have a president with a strong moral compass. It guided him, gave him direction, and helped him point the nation toward a better future.

Maybe this strikes you as simple nostalgia. I've got a touch of that, sure (who doesn't right now?). But I'm too focused on the future to sit around pining for the old days. For me, the power of FDR's example is what it says about the kind of leadership America needs – and can have again, if we choose it.

But one thing is clear: Instead of a moral compass in the Oval Office, there's a moral vacuum. Instead of a president who says we're all in it together, we have a president who's in it for himself. Instead of words that uplift and unite, we hear words that inflame and divide. When someone retweets (and then deletes) a video of a supporter shouting "white power" or calls journalists "enemies of the state," when he turns a lifesaving mask against contagion into a weapon in a culture war, when he



orders the police and the military to tear gas peaceful protestors so he can wave a Bible at the cameras, he sacrifices – again and again – any claim to moral authority.

Another four years of this would degrade our country beyond repair. The toll it's taking is almost biblical: fires and floods, a literal plague upon the land, an eruption of hatred that's being summoned and harnessed, by a leader with no conscience or

shame. Four more years would accelerate our slide toward autocracy. It would be taken as free license to punish more so-called "traitors" and wage more petty vendettas – with the full weight of the Justice Department behind them. Four more years would mean open season on our environmental laws. The assault has been ongoing – it started with abandoning the historic agreement that the world made in Paris to combat climate change, and continued, just last month, with using the pandemic as cover to let industries pollute as they see fit. Four more years would bring untold damage to our planet – our home.

America is still a world power. But in the past four years, it has lost its place as a world leader. A second term would embolden enemies and further weaken our standing with our friends. When and how did the United States of America become the Divided States of America? Polarization, of course, has deep roots and many sources. President Donald Trump didn't create all of our divisions as Americans. But he has found every fault line in America and wrenched them wide open.

Without a moral compass in the Oval Office, our country is dangerously adrift. But this November, we can choose another direction. This November, unity and empathy are on the ballot. Experience and intelligence are on the ballot. Joe Biden is on the ballot, and I'm confident he will bring these qualities back to White House.

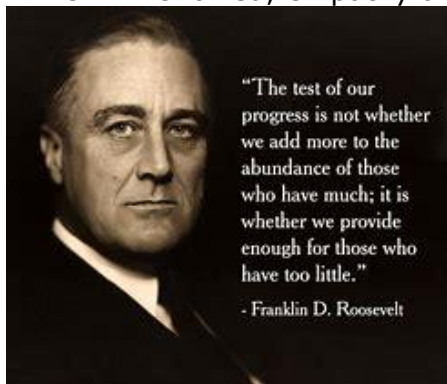


I don't make a practice of publicly announcing my vote. But this election year is different. And I believe Biden was made for this moment. Biden leads with his heart. I don't mean that in a soft and sentimental way. I'm talking about a fierce compassion – the kind that fuels him, that drives him to fight against racial and economic injustice, that won't let him rest while people are struggling.

As FDR showed, empathy and ethics are not signs of weakness. They're signs of strength. I think Americans are coming back to that view. Despite Trump – despite his daily efforts to divide us – I see much of the country beginning to reunite again, the way it did when I was a kid. You can see it in the peaceful protests of the past several weeks – Americans of all races and classes coming together to fight against racism. You can see it the ways that communities are pulling together in the face of this pandemic, even if the White House has left them to fend for themselves.

These acts of compassion and kindness make our country stronger. This November, we have a chance to make it stronger still – by choosing a president who is consistent with our values, and whose moral compass points toward justice.

– Robert Redford, July 8, 2020







# WHAT WOULD RUTH SAY?

By Bert Mautz

Mothers' influences last a lifetime. Ruth Sylvia Sundby Mautz was a powerful, unavoidable

presence, even if only by dint of repetition. When one of these impressions reemerges late in my life – vague, yet recognizable – ya gotta laugh, and say, “There she is, still haunting me.”

She was seventh of eight children in a North Dakota, Norwegian household. Perhaps that obsessive attention was an expression of maternal love and affection, but that’s not the feelings of the lasting impressions. What would she think of me now? Because I don’t make my damn bed. Total waste of time and energy. I change the bed, but don’t make it.

There was and remains a definite clash of personality between my mother and myself. So many expressions of adult life, defining my own lifestyle, the quality of my life, counter to her deeply held values. Her strict commands linger:

“Clean up your plate.”

“That’s enough sugar, Sugar rots your teeth.”

“You’re eating too fast. Chew sixty times.”

“You can use it more than once.”

Her over riding obsession with frugality has me thinking of minimizing keyboard strokes as I write, as somehow avoiding wasting effort with those strokes.

"Play it again, five more times."

Listening to my afternoon piano practicing while preparing supper in the kitchen.

"I wish you wouldn't wear shorts. Your legs are too thin."

There is little doubt, Mother Ruth regarded my contracting polio in the fall of '53 as the result of some kind of humiliating homemaking failure of her own. It was always a concern with her that we could never be clean enough. I think she firmly believed the biblical adage that *cleanliness is next to godliness* and only the dirty get disease.



But that's not what a hero of mine, comedian George Carlin, believed:



*"Swimming in the East River with my buddies, immunized us against all of life's sicknesses."*

I wonder if I ever made her proud. I wish I could have but I don't recall her saying so and she was always shouting orders. So many admonishments:

"Wash your hands first."

"Wipe your feet, hang up your coat, put your dirty clothes in the wash, do that, do this, don't mumble." My mother was my own drill sergeant!

"Eat your green beans, they're good for you." Message: healthy foods taste bad.

"I can hear you in there, shut the door tightly." She hated the sound of males urinating, like it was an unforgivable sin, even though half of humanity makes that noise.

Yes, the toilet hygiene was an ordeal, especially for an adolescent as tightwad frugality overruled bashful toilet paper etiquette. "Four squares are enough. Then fold it over and wipe again."



Sure, the toilet paper fixation lives to this morning's bowel movement. Every time I wipe, I chuckle and think, 'This one's for you, mom! It was not your fault.'

Funny, it is the little things that count, the things I've kept and the things we have discarded and the things that never go away.

"Close the frig door. Don't stand there looking, hurry up, you're wasting electricity." So, how does this manifest itself? A fixation on the

air conditioning thermostat. And Oh My God, "close the door to the garage while you look for a pair of pliers. Can't you feel the electricity consuming cooled air rushing out of here?"

"Why aren't you playing in the recital?"

"Janet Henderson skipped second grade. She is sooo smart."

"Chocolate makes your face break out."

I found her dichotomies confusing. Delicious things are bad for you? Bad tasting, cold green beans are good for you? Add to her personal sense of nutrition, the Mormon exclusions of all the good

things I now enjoy; maduro Macanudo cigars, Jim Beam Black bourbon, California pinot noirs. I became her contradiction. It wasn't easy, but these prohibitions have been set apart, to be left in the past, well, except for the toilet paper thing.



Perhaps having too much of a good thing also applied to Christmas trees. Is this yet another example of her obsessive frugality? Ruth fervently believed that somehow displaying more than five days of a decorated tree would be wasting too much of a good thing. My reaction was predictable, my Christmas tree tradition went the other way. I bought the tree the day after Thanksgiving from the high school men's athletic association – a



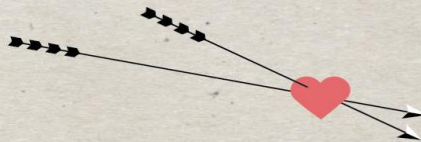
hundred-dollar nine-footer (!) – decorated that sucker and defiantly left it there, enjoying its fragrance in the corner of the living room to stand proudly until New Year's Day when it was dragged, needleless, to the curb.

What would Ruth say?

Dear Writer,

Do me. I don't care where—the desk, the bed, the dining room table. Hell—let's be risqué—even in a café. Just do me.

xxx,  
Your Writing



© ELECTRIC LITERATURE

FICTION

# *The Moon!*



By Ed Zillioux

"Mommy, mommy!" Bobby screamed as he rushed breathlessly into his family's trailer home after tripping over the concrete blocks that served as their front steps. He never just entered the trailer, he fell in. Bobby was just six years old and his world was a never-ending adventure.



His mother, Peg, caught him and asked, "My goodness, what is it this time?"

"The Moon!" he answered. "I wanna go to the Moon! I'm gonna go to the Moooon!"

"Well that's a very long trip. You'll have to pack a lot of clothes."

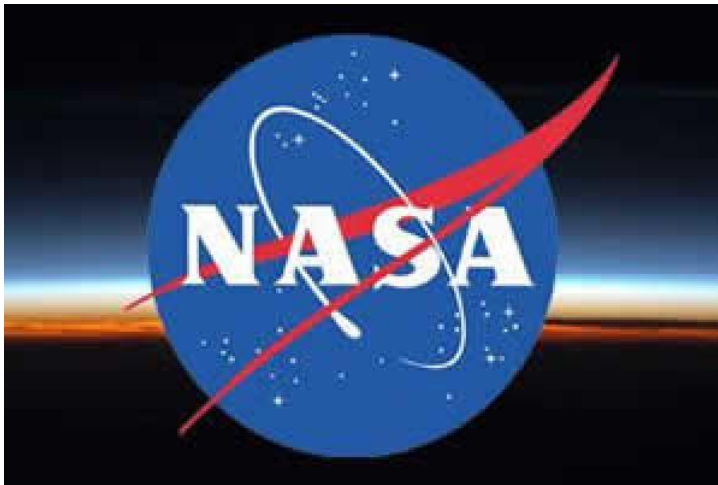
"Oh Mom, you don't wear clothes to go to the Moon; you just wear a space suit. Don't you know nothin'?"

"Ok, where did you get this idea?"

"My teacher. She said that people have already gone to the moon. All the kids are talking about it. And I decided I'm gonna go! Do you know people have already walked on the moon?"

"Yes, I do. I was just a little girl when I watched the moon landing on TV. Neil Armstrong was the first man to step onto the moon's surface, followed by Buzz Aldrin."

Bobby's eyes got big as saucers upon hearing his mom describe the event. He said, "Wow! My Mom actually saw the moon landing. I'm gonna tell all the kids in school."





"Now don't get carried away. Probably all their parents saw it too."

Then Bobby got serious. "Mom, do you know how I can get to go to the moon?" Peg had suddenly become someone to look up to, someone worthy of his respect. Someone he could ask for advice. And from that moment on this new relationship never changed.

Peg picked up on his new acceptance of her and got serious too. "Yes Bobby, you can do this. But you will have to study very very hard, harder than anyone else in your class. Buzz Aldrin had a Doctor's degree; Neil Armstrong was an aeronautical engineer and a university professor. It takes a lot of work to become an astronaut."

Bobby didn't understand everything his mother said, but he knew that she could tell him how to get to the moon, and nothing else mattered.

Late that afternoon, Bobby's father, Pete, came home from a long day of work on the dredge boat. He was covered with mud and



grease and, as on every day of his 7-day work week, Peg took his clothes as they were discarded into her tiny laundry area while Pete climbed into the shower. Peg would wash Pete's dirty clothes in the morning as always. When he came out of their bedroom in fresh clothes, Peg already had his dinner on the table and they sat down together to discuss the happenings of the day.

"Where is Bobby?" Pete began, "Did he go to bed early?"

"No, he's in his bedroom working on his homework for school tomorrow." Then she told him about his dream to go to the moon and what she had told him about how hard he would have to study to get there. "I guess he took it to heart because he

immediately went to work on his studies, which are not much for a first-grade assignment, but he hasn't been out since."

Pete had a scowl on his face when he said, "Now don't you go putting ideas in his head that he ain't never gonna have a chance to achieve."

Peg didn't want to upset her husband, so she said, "He got this idea from his teacher who told the class about the moon landing. The rest is just his imagination, a passing fancy."

Somehow, Peg didn't believe her own words, but knew she had better change the subject. "So, what's happening on the dredge today? Did you work aboard or out on the dump?"

Time went by, one day as much alike as the next. After a couple weeks, Peg got a call from Bobby's teacher. It surprised her because she had never talked to anyone at Bobby's school since she had first taken him down to enroll. "Hello, is this Mrs. Osbourn?"

"Yes, it is," Peg replied.

"This is Angie Mitchell, I'm Bobby's first-grade teacher. I'm calling to ask what has happened to Bobby."

"What's wrong? Is he alright?" Peg cut in, obvious concern in her voice.



"No, no, I'm sorry I upset you. Bobby is fine, in fact he is doing wonderful. I have never seen such a change in one of my students, especially one so young. Both his classwork and his homework are excellent. He is at the top of his class, but not only that, I am giving him extra work meant for higher grades and he just eats it up. With your permission, I am going to recommend that he skips the next grade and goes right into third grade."

Peg was speechless. "I-I don't know what to say," Peg stammered, "He just spends all of his time with his homework, and I noticed he's been bringing more books home with him lately."

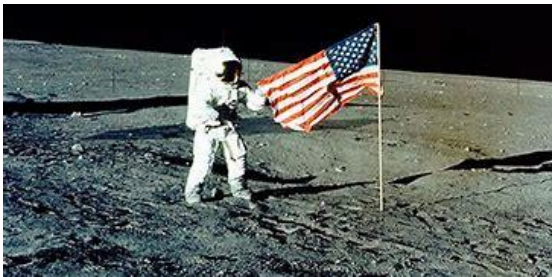
"Yes, these are extra assignments I've been giving him. Does he have books he reads at home?"

"Well, we have the dictionary, which I notice he now keeps in his room."

"Look, I have an old copy of a child's World Book Encyclopedia that I would be happy to give him if you think it's a good idea."

"Oh, that's very kind of you. Certainly, I would accept that."

"Well, it's too heavy for Bobby to carry home, so if you would tell me where you live, I will bring it over."



Peg was ashamed to have Bobby's teacher see how they lived, so she quickly said, "No you don't have to do that, I will come to the school and pick it up." Pete walked to work these days since the dredge

boat was operating nearby. That allowed her to use their car under the guise of a grocery run.

"Great. Just come to the secretary's desk in front and ask for me. I'll have them here tomorrow."

Bobby was thrilled with his encyclopedia and his teacher's report made Peg very proud. But she felt something was missing. One day, over his summer vacation she took Bobby to a park where there were other boys playing with their dogs. When the moment was right, she asked him if he would like his own dog.

He said, "Really? Could I have a dog?"

"If you would take care of him, take him on walks and play with him."

"Yes, yes. I would love a dog. I don't have anyone to play with." Then he added slyly, "Can I take him to the moon with me?"

Peg just laughed, being used to these references to his dream that never ceased. This led to a trip to the pound and Silvester, a young border collie who had lost part of his right ear in a fight with a bigger dog. Since they hadn't passed it by Pete, Peg said, "We'll just tell your father that the dog was a stray and he adopted us." Bobby was used to these little secrets that passed between he and his mom, so it worked out.

Third grade was a breeze for Bobby, and he continued to skip grades including his fifth and seventh. When he entered high school, he was the youngest student ever admitted. He became fascinated with science and math, and eventually graduated with the highest grades ever given in physics and calculus. Aware of his modest means, his teachers coached him in applying for scholarships, and wrote letters of recommendation.

The day came when Pete returned from his shift on the dredge boat. As usual, he was covered with mud and grease, clothes soaked with sweat, but Peg couldn't wait to tell him. In her excitement she burst out with, "Bobby is going to college!"

"Damn! You know that's impossible, woman, we can't afford that. I've told you...."

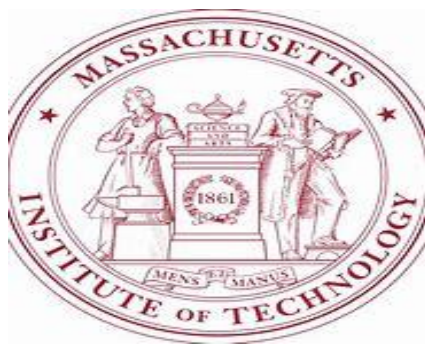
But he was interrupted by Peg, who took both his hands and looked up at him with tears in her eyes, "We don't have to afford it. Bobby has been awarded full scholarships from several top schools in his chosen field."

It was too much for Pete to process. He backed away from Peg and flopped down in his favorite easy chair. After several minutes of silence, he asked in a quiet voice, "Where's Bobby?" Bobby was listening in the next room. He came out and faced his Father.

"Damn, I knew you were smart boy, but this is...." Pete just shook his head. For the first time in Bobby's memory, his father was at a loss for words. Then he began again. "What field are you going into?"

"Aerospace Engineering," Bobby answered. "I'd like to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, if it's ok with you. They have one of the best programs." Then he added, "And my dormitory room would be all paid for."

Pete reached over and hugged his boy, for the first time in their memories. He said, "Of course it's ok with me. Even though I don't deserve it, you've made me the proudest father in the world."



Not surprisingly, Bobby finished through his master's degree at the top of his class, and NASA snatched him up. His salary at NASA was more money than he had ever seen, and he immediately started sending money home to his parents. But that was not enough. As soon as he could, he returned to the Florida neighborhood where he spent his boyhood and where his parents still lived and began looking around for a small but comfortable home in a quiet residential area. When he found what he thought they would like, he first put down a deposit, then picked up his mom and dad and drove them over to show it to them. It was a deeply emotional moment. Bobby finished closing the deal, making a point of putting it into both their names as joint owners.

It was three years later, on one of Bobby's frequent visits, when he burst into his parents' home and screamed, "Mommy, mommy, I'm gonna go to the moon!!"

And before the year was over, Colonel Robert Osbourn and the spirit of little Bobby landed on the moon.







## Learning How to Suffer

By Jim Longo

"My mother used to say, 'If you can love pain and suffering, you'll love life.'" Jack said.

"It is plain and simple, your mother was a sadist," Jill said.

"What does that make me?" Jack said sipping his beer with his feet up.

"You are your mother's son?" Jill said sipping her wine on the back porch watching the sunset.

"If my mother was a sadist, and I loved my mother, are you suggesting I'm a masochist?"

"Did you ever tell her no?"

"I tried all the time ... but I eventually always gave in."

"I guess, 'yes' was your safe word." Jill said having put down her wine to make finger quotes with her hands.

"She wasn't that evil."

"At three months old she left you outside in January for three hours, until your father came home and went inside, and asked, 'How's little Jacky?' And what was her response?"

"He has been really quiet this afternoon," and my father said, 'That's because you left him outside, my son is a fricking Popsicle.' It was an honest mistake. I lived," Jack said laughing at his childhood misfortune.

"Your mother's feeble attempt at infanticide," Jill said with more air quotes around "infanticide".

"She was a young mother, mistakes happen."

"She was thirty-three, and you know you were the mistake she was probably trying to correct."

"Oh, come on, that's conjecture. My momma loved me; she wasn't that evil."

"No, she wasn't evil," Jill replied with her typical sarcasm. "Hell, she claimed her name, Angelica, meant highest angel, which of course, was the devil."

"Well my father worked for the church and my mother was the highest angel. I thought I'd grow up to be the antichrist."

"Dude you never had a chance," Jill said, finishing the wine and pouring more into her long stem glass.

"True enough, I never had a chance."

"Your mother was a 'Stalinist'," Jill said once again with the air quotes. "I remember she always enjoyed quoting him to you."

Jack took another pull off the beer bottle, "Which quote? When it is cold 'You need to learn how to suffer like a Russian?'"

"No, that one suggests she was truly a sadist."

"Well, the Russians just didn't want to spend any extra money on heating oil during the wintertime."



"You'll protect her until the end of time, won't you?"

"She *is* my mother you know."

"You'd chop her in little pieces, but God, let anybody else do it ..."

"What do you want me to say, I only found joy after I stopped listening to her? I only stopped listening to her after I let her do my taxes and she committed five counts of fraud on them. I never realized how paranoid she was."

"You didn't think the Stalin quote she drummed in your head, 'Don't trust anyone don't even trust yourself,' wasn't paranoid?"

Jack put the beer to his lips but did not drink, looking a bit hurt.

"Honey, who is the only person you can trust," Jill said with a little smirk.

"You are Jill," Jack said almost robotically.

"Honey, I've decided we really don't need air conditioning in the summertime in Florida," Jill said finishing her wine.

"Okay honey, I guess I need to learn how to suffer," Jack said looking grim.

"Won't you always," Jill said getting up, taking Jack's hand and pulling him inside.



# POETRY N' PROSE

AUGUST 20, 2020

BY MARK ALEXANDER

## Pronunciation Poem

I take it you already know  
of tough and bough and cough and dough?  
Others may stumble, but not you,  
on hiccough, thorough, laugh and through.  
Well done! And now you wish, perhaps,  
to learn of less familiar traps?

Beware of heard, a dreadful word,  
that looks like beard and sounds like bird.  
and dead—it's said like bed not bead—  
and for goodness' sake don't call it deed!  
Watch out for meat and great and threat  
(They rhyme with suite and straight and debt).

A moth is not the moth in mother,  
nor both in bother, broth in brother.  
And here is not a match for there,  
nor dear and fear for bear and pear.  
and then there's dose and rose and lose—  
just look them up—and goose and choose,  
and cork and work, and card and ward,  
and font and front and word and sword,  
and do and go and thwart and cart—  
come, come I've hardly made a start.  
A dreadful language? Man alive!  
I'd mastered it when I was five.

# THE 50<sup>TH</sup> DAY

By Virgil Thorp

How clear the sky is was my thought  
as I took out the garbage and the trash  
and the recyclables to the end of the driveway.

I did a 3-60 turn  
and the sky was achingly azure  
clear blue.

No clouds, no sky-farts  
crisscrossing in tic-tac-toe patterns.

The only blemish was my neighbor's "Trump 2020" flag  
fluttering their bigoted ignorance for all to see.

Today was the 50th day of Shelter-in-place and  
in many places around the globe  
that had been foggily polluted  
there were probably many others  
taking out their Monday garbage  
noticing how clear  
the sky above their heads was  
and therefore,  
the air had become clean  
once the planet had a chance  
to rinse itself from the noxious effluent  
of turbine and internal combustion engines.

## COMEDY CORNER

# Copycat Carnality



## Amongst the Christians

By Virgil Thorp (LLD *Sexualis Coitus*)

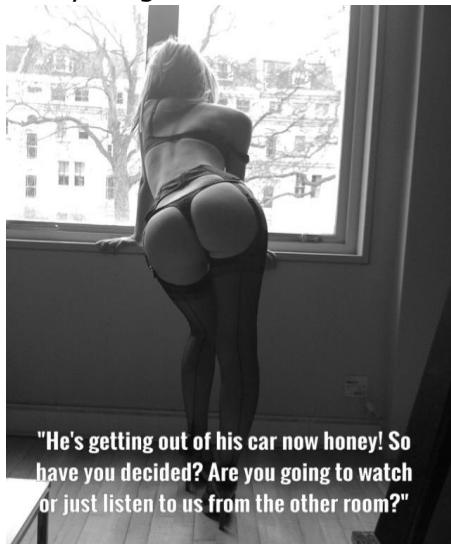
The amorous couple entered the dimly lit bedroom wrapped around each other. The woman was dressed in a sexy “little black cocktail” gown that had been pulled down, exposing her pretty breasts that rosily shone with anticipatory blush. Her nipples were pointedly crinkled, pulsing with her excitement. The male was a younger man, dressed quite the opposite fashion in flip flops, shorts and a tee shirt.

It appeared like he was someone she had picked up while on the way home from a cocktail party. Their passion intensified as



clothing was discarded and they were soon naked and feasting on each other's body parts. In the dark corner of the room, a gloomy figure sat observing the vigorous copulation of the couple on the bed. His breath caught as the light twinkled on the woman's diamond inlaid crucifix necklace. The sacrilege added to the sum of her adultery even more than seeing her wedding ring sparkling as she caressed her partner's erection. The voyeur wanted to see her debase herself. He wanted to see her be brazenly sexy. He wanted to see her be a slut. He wanted to see her debauched, breathless as she lay in a pool of sweat and semen.

The young man finishes his thrusts amid grunts and shrieks into



her welcoming body and they collapse in gasping afterglow. He stirs and withdraws from her spasming vagina. He leans over and gives her an affectionate peck on her forehead and on her lips and then dresses. As he exits, he waves to the man in the corner. In *sotto voice* says, "See you next week Charley." And softly shuts the door behind him. It is now a special time for the clandestine couple.

The man in the corner rises from the chair and approaches the bed and climbs on. His hand touches the woman's and she breathlessly says, "thank you, darling, was I hot?"

"God damn, you were beautiful!"

The "pick-up" scenario was one of several fantasies the couple had devised to act out with other men and even groups of men. Although the woman was very aware that she was there to perform for her husband – and his excitement was very important

to her – when the passion was accelerated and several men were playing her body like a treasured, precious instrument, she had to admit to herself that ‘hubby’ became less of a concern than her babbling orgasms were. One time, she was so turned on as she entertained a trio of vigorous young men that she let forth a torrent of obscenities that her husband and her partners enjoyed so much that it was deemed a less than perfect experience if she were not raised to the desired level of erotic Tourette’s syndrome.

There are many questions; does she really want to be there? Was her orgasm worth the fornication? Or, was this something of a fantasy for her spouse who masturbated in the corner? Is this an aberration or is it more common than thought? Who would do such a thing? The answer is – judgementalism aside – just about anybody.

I have to wonder what is going on in evangelical bedrooms today since Jerry, Becki and Giancarlo’s three-way relationship became public? “The Falwells do it, why can’t I?”

When the older couple buying you  
drinks on vacation start giving you  
this look



Why haven’t I(?) is a better question. Is it not true that those naughty thoughts have swum around in the basest ganglions of your brainstem? Yes, yes, it is true and anyone who denies it is as much a liar as anyone who denies masturbation. I know naughty thoughts are alive and swarming on mine. These people, these evangelicals, like medieval

monasteries and nunneries, wallow in sinful thoughts. This has happened despite the waves of guilt and shame that sweep over them every time their thoughts get dirty and their erections declare themselves to the world. The impure thought slithers through the brain, “What would it look like if I could watch Julie, or Nancy or Debbie getting a royal fucking from that young stud

across the street? Just like Jerry Jr. watched Becki bucking on the strapping pool boy, Giancarlo?" Would it cause you to want to fuck her again? Hearing her go to the next higher octave "I'm coming" squeak would be a reminder of why you wanted her to begin with. Hell, it might even be beautiful!

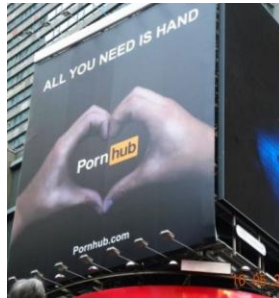
How many evangelicals, bored with mundane, lights off sexual relations, will be encouraged to spice up their connubial fires with cuckoldry like the Falwells have? Maybe not so many but I'd wager that there will be several hundred couples at least to welcome another dick – or dicks (i.e. "fuck-buddies") – into their intimate relations. I'd also wager that many of those dicks won't be pale flesh colors considering the hateful and taboo racism endemic to this portion of society, either.

Let's face reality. That white draped virgin you married has become less desirable over a decade or two or more of familiarity. You found out she really had dense curly leg hair and farted like an entire crew of sailors. Once she let the first one go, each successive fart got louder and longer and decidedly unladylike! Not that you were any prize either with your personal intimate habits and your own stinky emissions.

For the Falwells, something had to change and fantasies got put in motion. When a special agreement has been made and special circumstances are right, the mountain comes to Mohammed and desires are reached for and clutched at. When that happens, there is a first impression to be made like there had been in the past during courting. Legs are shaved and make-up applied, there is a return to the magic of courting and the result is a special thrill for the male of the couple as a voyeur and also for the woman as someone who is again pursued and desired. So sinful, so naughty, so dirty! Yeah, it is deliciously perverse, but isn't that the incentive? Almost like eating the apple from the tree.

To verify such a claim is an easy task. Simply go to one of the porn providers like Pornhub or x-Hamster. Those platforms are

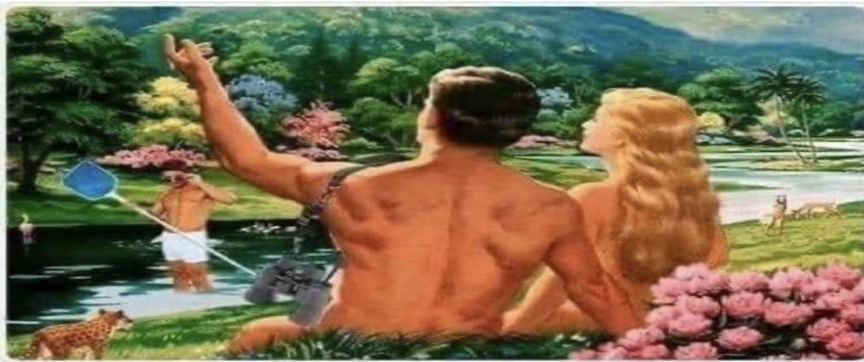
like a scientific study of sexual aberrations and kinks; generously arranged and classified into those sinful cuckold categories, are the number of hits and also provided are the quantifying hotness levels of each video! The number of views run into the thousands, especially if a video is described as “amateur,” “homemade” or “first time!” Are these actual people or are they professional porn actors? Sometimes they are both. But, you’ll find prurience is exciting for both the viewer and the viewee and if there is a favorable responsive female enjoying the encounter, it magnifies the voyeuristic pleasure immensely.



One of the first adult movies that had a storyline that featured voyeurism was the Mitchell Brothers’ film that was ripped off from an erotic short story, *Behind the Green Door*. In the plot, a nubile young female (portrayed by Ivory Snow girl, Marilyn Chambers) was abducted for the purpose of being ravished “like you have never been ravished before.” Something so forbidden to a female indoctrinated into the specious notion that “good girls don’t”. She is initiated by a hive of slatterns who have previously been in her position as ravishee. The women proceeded to lavish her with sapphic kisses and oral tongue baths so she has no defiance left when a be-tighted Johnny Keyes, the muscular negro with a bear-claw necklace strides between her receptive legs to open up and fertilize her virginal white flower. She’s so overwhelmed with carnal desire she cannot refuse. Will she let go or will she protect her virtue? Of course, she couldn’t resist and she responds with all the pent-up sexuality that patriarchs fear a woman can possess. After she drained Johnny’s man-butter, she was perched on a special trapeze and every hole and hand was occupied. The pinnacle was a literal climax film in a psychedelic raunch of ejaculating cocks in beautiful rainbow colors. It got the movie

audience very hot and some did not make it home before they parked their car and degraded each other in the back seats of their Fords, their Chevvies and maybe a Mercedes or two.

It is as easy to become aroused as it is to become turned off. "Who knows what ... lurks in the hearts of men?" But I must say, practically all (permissible) fetishes are represented in these raunch-pit websites.



**"It's not Adam and Steve, It's Adam and Eve... and a Cuban pool boy named Giancarlo"** - Jerry Falwell Jr.

Personally, even with the thousands of videos that are offered, I think it is only the tip of the pulsating sexual movements that, like an iceberg, shows only a small volume to the eye while the vast majority lies beneath the surface, pulsating and turgid. Or longing for that oozing stimulation.

In a past life I had a job as the editor of one of the larger alternative lifestyle magazine publishers in the Southeastern United States. We had titles with people who wanted to do nasty stuff with each other and our magazines provided the forum for meet ups and articles and commentary to answer questions and to present etiquette for proper behavior to successfully meet others to exchange bodily fluids.

I made the acquaintance of many people who were eager to partake in our particular pleasures. I was surprised at how many were very devout Christians in their "normal lives" outside of our passion pit of degradation. My quest was strange in itself. I saw people as the animals they are and copulation as an artistic statement – an X-rated ballet if you please. What I did wrong was attempting to make the depiction of sex too clean, too normal. The Christians taught me what is truly exciting is the sin, the sordidness of sinning. The acceptance of actual lust! That ache to wallow in profane debauchery and lay in a pool of sweat and semen, proud of the impenitent acts of decadence.

It is difficult though, to not accuse these Christians of overt hypocrisy. They believe a book that describes a time of patriarchy with multiple wives, handmaidens and concubines when women were chattel. From the beginning with the fictional Adam and Eve in the paradise of the Garden of Eden, it was Eve's vanity that led to the sin and the cause of their eviction. It was her fault, not Adam's! The enamored Adam would never have crossed God without Eve's evil



pussywhipping. Of course, the devil made them do it!

I believe that, don't you believe that? The ultimate vessel of evident sacrilege is woman. Or, is it patriarchy run amok? It is only when they are exposed that the hypocrisy gets shitty. So, the biblical lesson of "casting the first stone" also comes to mind, especially with the slut-shaming that Becki Falwell experienced. In typical male-evasion of responsibility, there was an attempt to make it Becki's fault for the scandal and not the responsibility of the cuckold horn-wearing Jerry jerking off in the corner or peeking through the slats of the folding closet door. Becki is the slut, she was "having the affair" and poor Jerry Jr. was simply

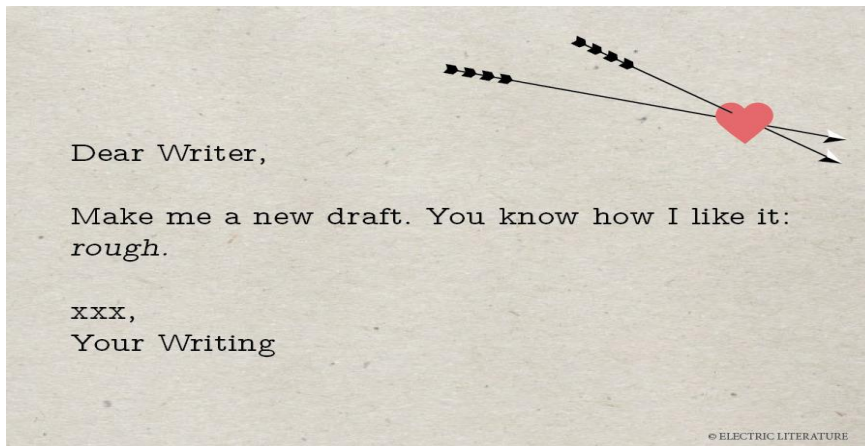



acquiescing to his wife's degenerate obsession for the pool boy's tight buns. Right pilgrims?

Now, I cannot prove that putting the blame on the female is total bullshit, and I really don't care much how people regard the Falwells; but it certainly smells like it from my memory.

In the Falwells' case, it appears like everyone got precisely what they each wanted. Jerry Jr. got to jerk off, Becki got to enjoy Giancarlo, Giancarlo got financial support for his omnisexual bed and breakfast in Miami. The only losers are the uptight, conservative puritans who keep their closet doors securely locked and their legs securely closed.

One last thought that I learned from being a porn editor that was true then and has passed the crucial test of time, "It ain't cheating if your husband gets to watch!"





# WE WILL SURVIVE!

Everyone PLEASE be careful because people are going crazy from being locked down at home!

I was just talking about this with the microwave and the toaster while drinking my coffee, and we all agreed that things are getting bad.

I didn't mention any of this to the washing machine, because she puts a different spin on EVERYTHING!! Certainly couldn't share with the fridge, cause he's been acting cold and distant!

In the end, the iron straightened me out! She said the situation isn't all that pressing and all the wrinkles will soon get ironed out!

The vacuum, however, was vey unsympathetic ... told me to "just suck it up buttercup!" But the fan was VERY optimistic and gave me hope that it will all blow over soon!

The toilet looked a bit flushed but didn't say anything when I asked its opinion, but the front door said I was becoming unhinged and the doorknob told me to "get a grip!!" You can just about guess what the curtains told me. They told me to "*pull myself together!*"

We will Survive!!

Gale Baker

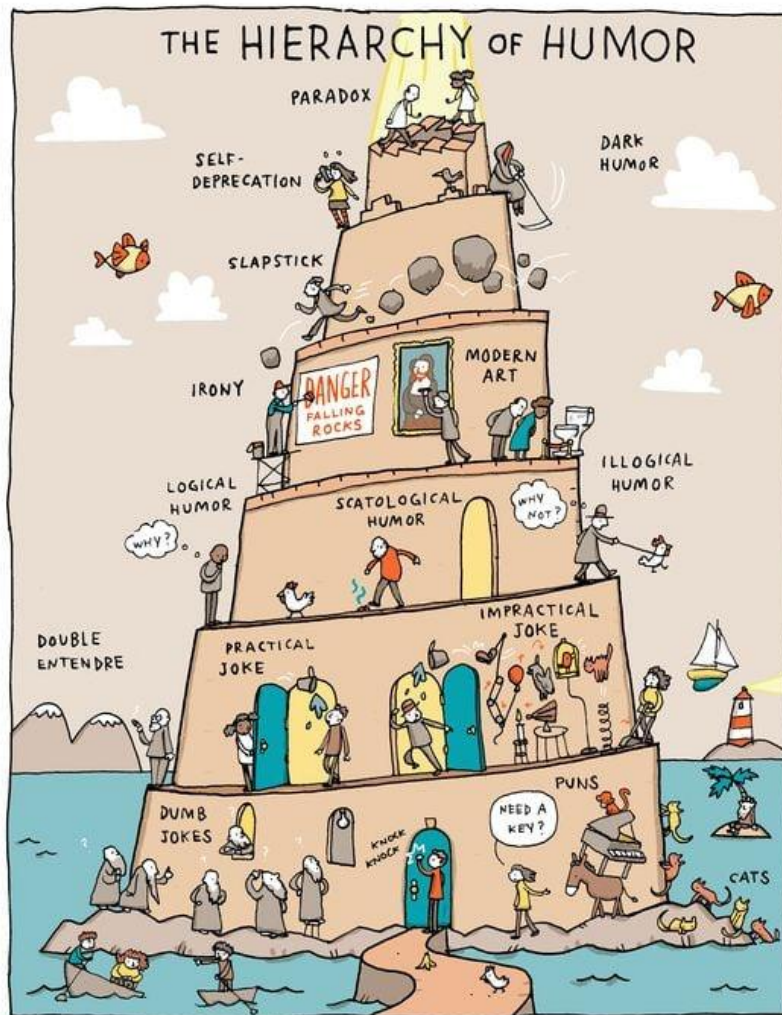
R. CRUMB 1980



**Buy yourself a drink if you understand this  
Trump 2020 sign!**



**I preferred the time  
in America when  
the President of  
the United States  
and the Village  
Idiot were two  
different people**



GRANT SNIDER

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**DETROIT** – Eric Trump has canceled a Michigan based campaign event scheduled to take place Tuesday at Huron Valley Guns in New Hudson after one of its former employees was linked to the domestic terror plot against the state's governor.



## Hallmark Christmas Movie Plot Generator

choose one from each column

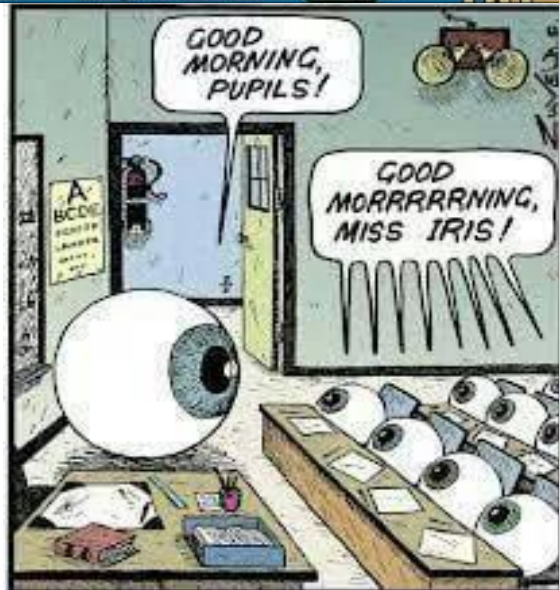
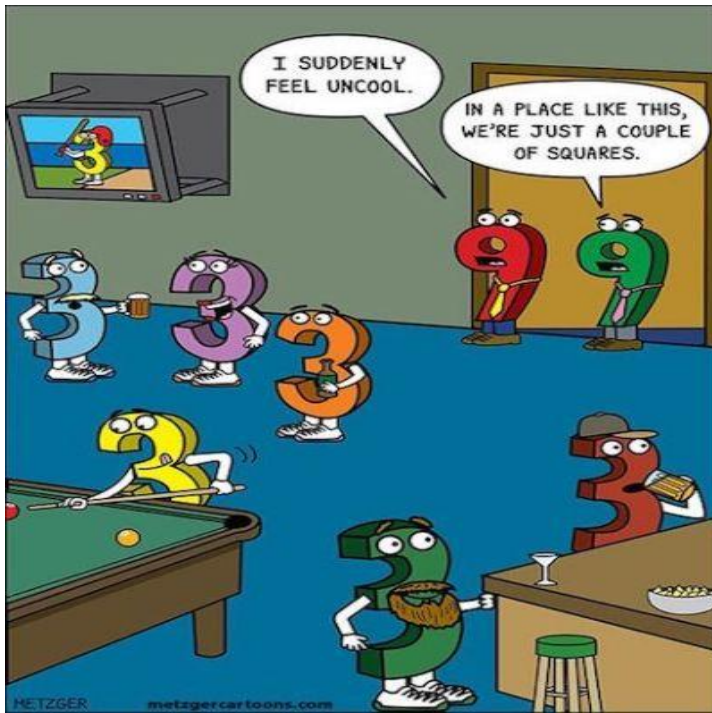
Dist. by Universal Uclick

© John Atkinson, Wrong Hands

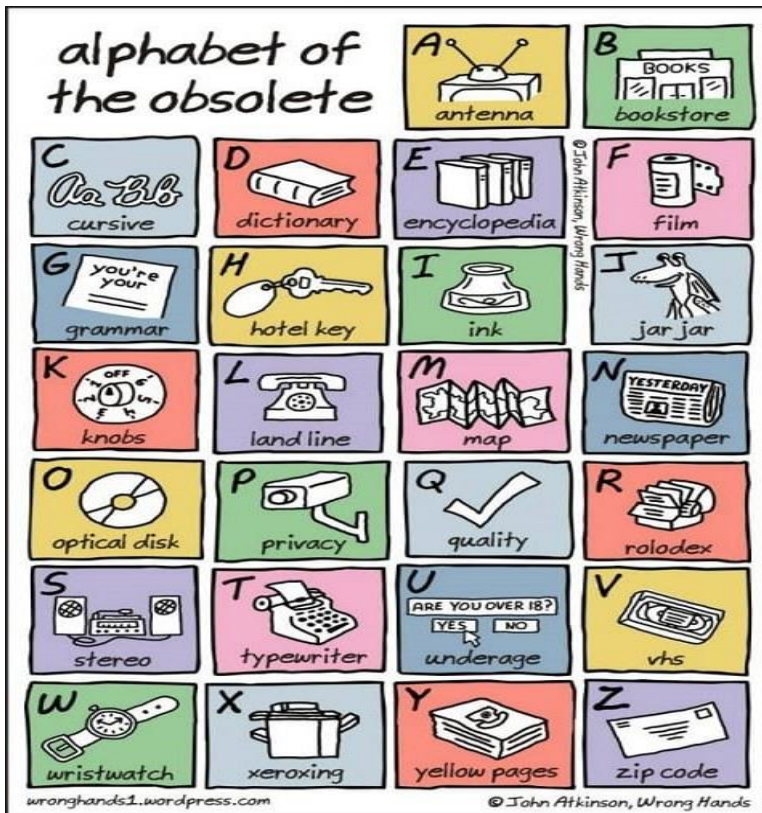
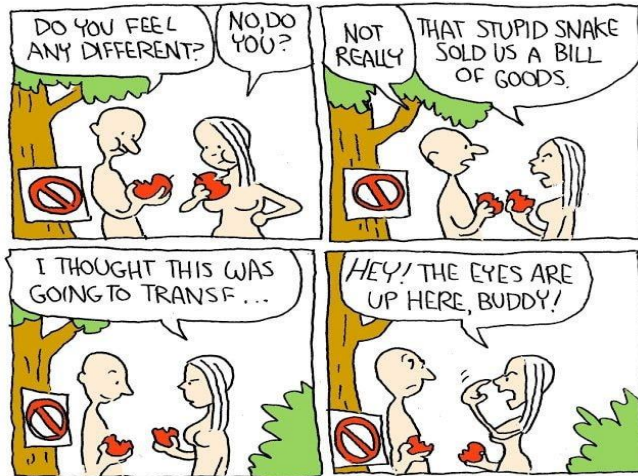
big city	lawyer	returns to her small town at Christmas time	to inherit something	and magically falls in love	with a sensitive guy in plaid
career- oriented	writer		to enter a folksy contest		with an old flame
recently single	baker		to stop some corporate closure		with some guy and his dog
world weary	interior designer		to save the family business		with a single dad and his precocious child
with the wrong guy	early 2000s actor you forgot about		to appease their sassy friend or widowed parent		with Christmas, the town and some guy

...and also the only old man in town might actually be the real Santa Claus.

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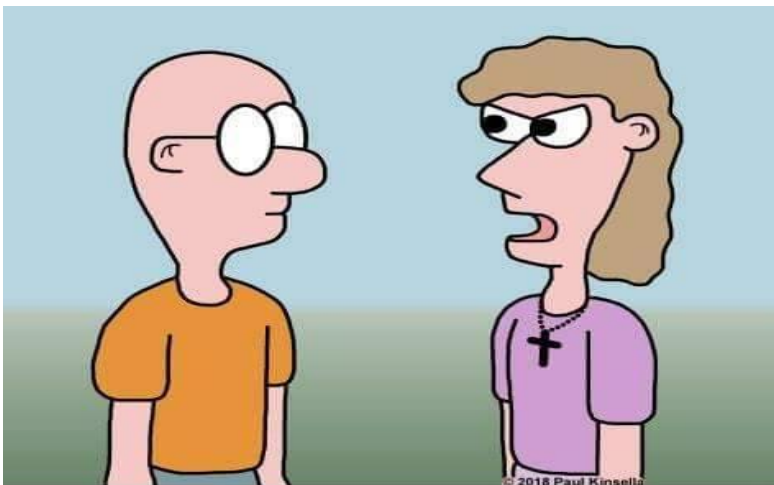




I love how people walk around with crucifixes, skullcaps, pointy hats, funny beards then say "you should keep your atheism to yourself."

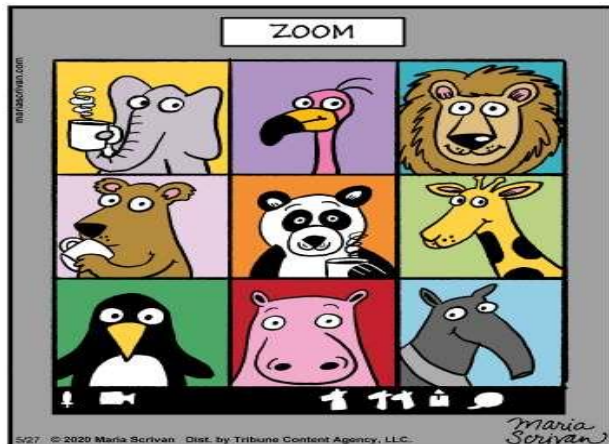
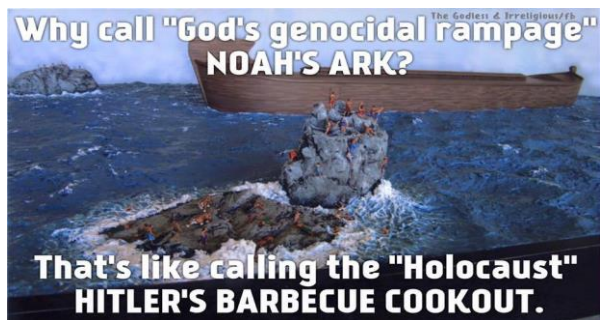
*Ricky Gervais*

Godless & Irreligious fb riseofatheism



"The Bible does not say that!... And if it does, it's taken out of context!... And if it isn't, it's just a metaphor!... And if it's not, it's not a big deal!... And if it is, then that's just how things were done back then!... And if... er... shut up!"

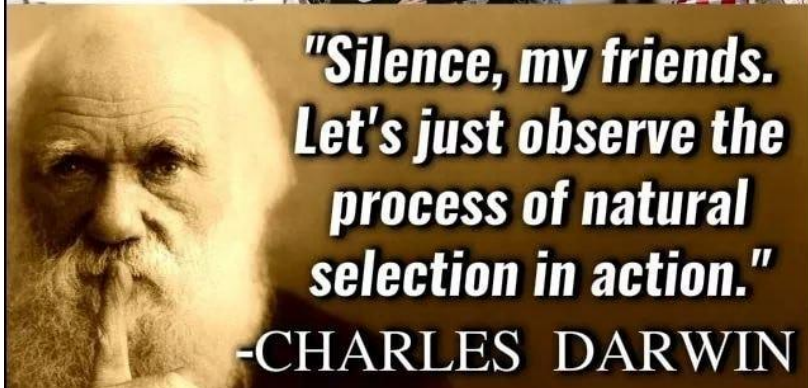
Nothing says I have faith in a "all powerful" god like a church removing the "holy water,"





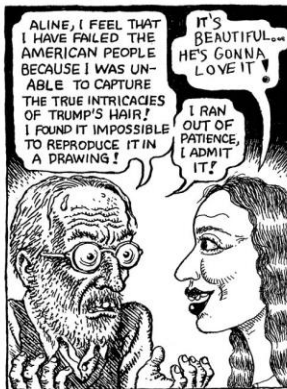
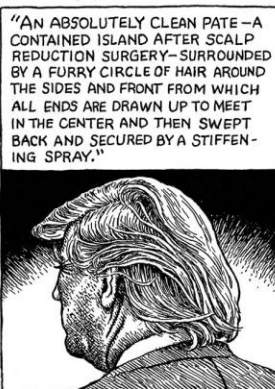
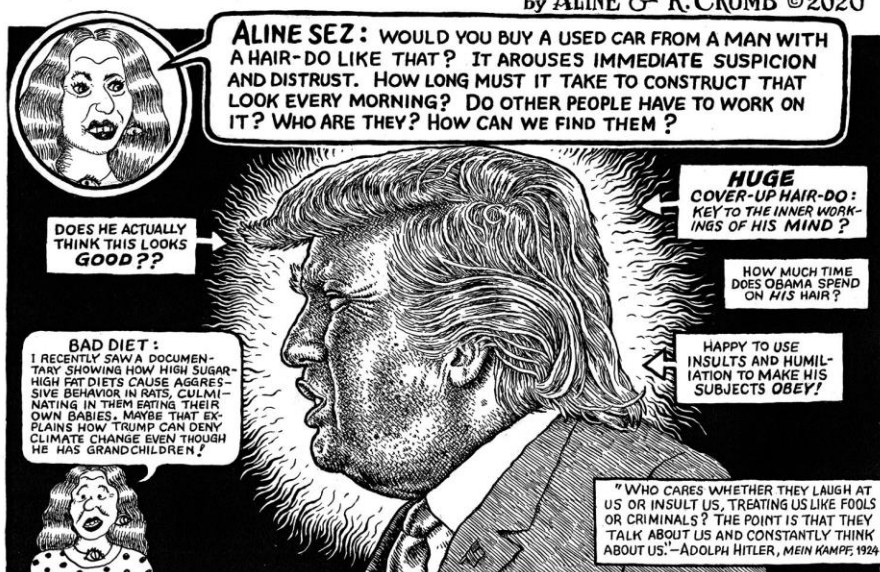
THE PROBLEM WITH  
THE WORLD IS THAT  
THE INTELLIGENT  
PEOPLE ARE FULL OF  
DOUBT, WHILE THE  
STUPID PEOPLE  
ARE FULL OF  
CONFIDENCE.

Charles Bukowski



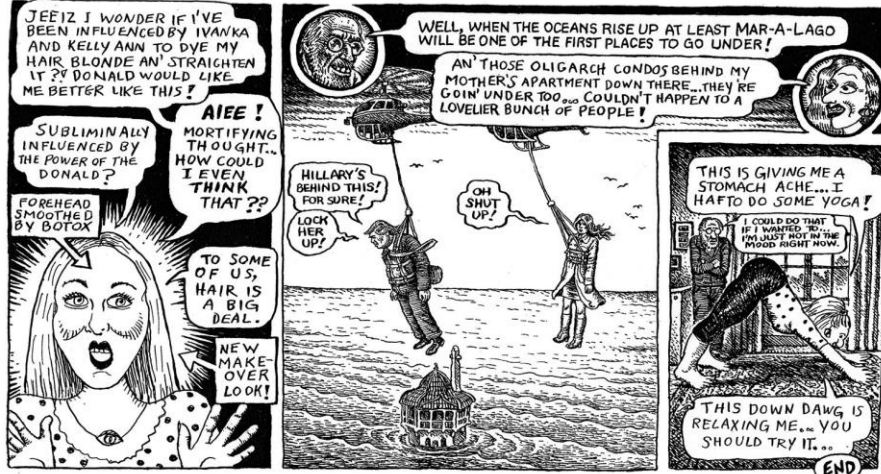
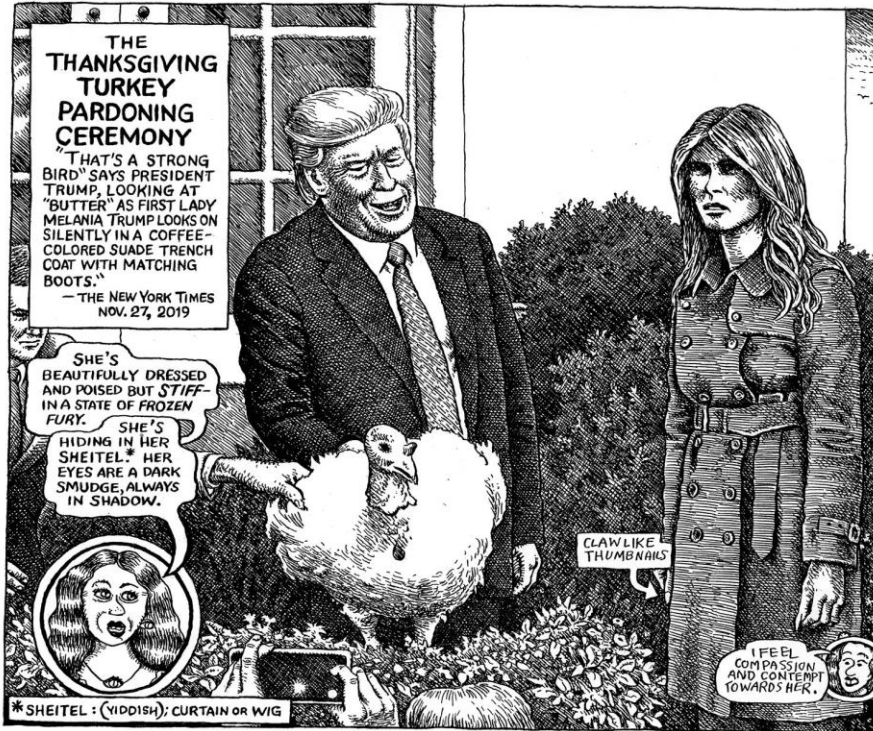
# BAD DIET & BAD HAIR DESTROY HUMAN CIVILIZATION

by ALINE & R. CRUMB ©2020











wordcubed

# Answer me this atheists

If God never existed, then whose heavenly staircase did I march up, whose heavenly host did I best in battle, and whose severed head do I keep stowed in my basement?



BE SEEING YOU

