

# AOTCJournal

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

Vol.6, No.3

May / June 2021

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

# INTRODUCTION

## Approaching the Summer Solstice on Tiptoes



2021 has been as much of an improvement of our lives over 2020 as President Trump's anemic inaction in 2020 on the pandemic pales to the accomplishments of President Biden. In just his first 100 days, his administration has immunized over 200 million citizens. Considering there was no cooperation for a transition between the administrations, this is a monumental accomplishment. And, border families are being reunited again!

The CDC recently adjusted its conditions and now we can meet mask-less if all individuals have received their vaccinations. Restaurants have noticed an increase in patrons. Other businesses like airlines, bowling alleys, cruise lines, roller rinks, axe-throwing bars and theaters are cautiously re-opening and looking to expand their operations.

The nation's highways are again teeming with travelers and truckers. While not as packed as 2019, the roads are becoming more congested – that much I can attest to as I just completed a trip to Missouri and back. There's even a rumor that because of the increase in people taking summer vacations, we may experience gasoline shortages.

Maybe we have turned the corner on the pandemic here in the United States. As long as we can proceed cautiously and cajole the disbelieving into getting their shots, we may just have a Fourth of July, a Labor Day parade, trick or treating on Halloween, a family gathering for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Maybe.

However, the planet is still reeling from Covid in many places, many countries and many stubbornly blank minds. If we discard all precautions, this pernicious infection could roar back, more dangerous than it was in 2020. Even more deadly is the adherents of "the big lie". You know, those "blank minds". I read where nearly 40 percent of the population is refusing to get inoculated ... could it be that those addresses of the Pfizer resisters and the "Stop the Steal-Save America" riot are the same people? We can only wait to see if Darwin remains correct.

Last Friday, April 29 was the first gathering of Aware Ones where we could see each other's faces in over a year. We could hear our unmuffled voices and while we maintained social distances, there was a lovely warmth that was not just from the spring sun.

As I was composing this intro, Dan emailed that Gil Gaudia had died unexpectedly. His loss is painful for our group. He was a fine friend, a remarkable atheist, a welcome addition to the Aware Ones and had contributed several fine articles for this Journal. *Adios amigo* – if that is not too sacrilegious.

*Virgil*

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

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

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

## AOTC MEMBERS

Joan Auerbach	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	

# MEETINGS & EVENTS



## Meetings

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

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

TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Wednesday or Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm. For access, contact Dan <[vignaujdan@aol.com](mailto:vignaujdan@aol.com)> to be included with the connection codes. Resumption of regular meetings subject to viral infections.

Social coffee and writers’ meetings may become regular with “Zoom”, a laxative for your mind. Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

## Events

May – National Bar-B-Que Month *As spring gives way to the summer grilling season, mouths are beginning to water with what is to come this year from the shared passion of BBQ!*



May 5 – Cinco de Mayo. *Any day is a good day for tacos!*

May 8 – No Socks Day. Sandals and Flip-flops only. *A day to free your toes from socks.*







May 9 – Mother's Day. (Also National Lost Sock Day). *Mother's Day is a celebration honoring the mother of the family, as well as motherhood, maternal bonds, and the influence of mothers in society.*

May 14 – Beginning of Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804. *As we passed on, it seemed*

*those scenes of visionary enchantment would never have an end. – Meriwether Lewis*



May 20 – Lindbergh Flight Day, 1927. *In time of war, truth is always replaced by propaganda.*

May 24 – "Mary Had a Little Lamb" published, 1830. *A poem by Sarah Josepha Hale and was possibly inspired by an actual incident.*



May 25 – National Wine Day. *Whether you host a wine tasting at your place to try the latest rosés or meet friends for an evening of professionally paired food and wine, the celebration begins as soon as the cork is popped. Cheers!*

May 31 – Memorial Day. (World No Tobacco Day).



June – LGBTQ Pride Month.

June 3 – First U.S. space walk by astronaut Ed White, 1965. *I'm coming back in... and it's the saddest moment of my life — Astronaut Edward H. White while reentering the spacecraft after his EVA*



June 4 – Doughnut Day (changed to donut day) established 1938 in Chicago to honor the Salvation Army serving doughboys the fried treat in WWI.



June 8 – Frank Lloyd Wright born, 1867. Wright believed in designing in harmony with humanity and the environment, a philosophy he called organic architecture.

*A doctor can bury his mistakes, but an architect can only advise his clients to plant vines.*

June 11 – E.T. the movie premiered 1982.

June 15 – Fly a Kite Day. Ben Franklin's electricity experiment, 1752.



June 18 – International Picnic Day.

June 19 – Juneteenth.

June 20 – Father's Day.



June 21 – Summer Solstice.

June 27 – Captain Kangaroo, Bob Keeshan born, 1927.

June 30 – National Organization of Women established 1966.

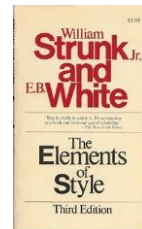


July – National Watermelon Month.

July 4 – Independence Day.



July 6 – National Fried Chicken Day. *Fear of chickens called Alektorophobia.*



July 11 – E.B. White born, 1899. *Writing is an act of faith, not a trick of grammar.*

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

A nation can neither be Christian nor Infidel – a nation is incapable of having opinions upon these subjects. If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? If it is not, will they all be damned?

***Robert Green Ingersoll***





## LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

Beverly Cleary, 104 – author

Michael Collins, 90 – astronaut, *Apollo 11*

Olympia Dukakis, 89 – actress, Oscar winner



Larry King, 87 – TV host, interviewer

Larry McMurtry, 84 – author, *Last Picture Show*, *Terms of Endearment*

Walter Mondale, 93 – politician, senator, U.S. vice-president (1977-81)

Prince Philip, 99 – royal, Duke of Edinburgh



Bobby Unser, 87 – 3-time Indy 500 winner



Monte Hellman, 91 – movie director, *Two-Lane Blacktop*

Tempest Storm, 93 – burlesque star

Bernie Madoff, 82 – financier, convicted fraudster

Ramsey Clark, 93 – American jurist, U.S. attorney general (1966-69)

Judith Reisman, 85 – author, anti-pornography activist





Anne Beatts, 74 – humorist, National Lampoon, Saturday Night Live

Alcee Hastings, 84 – politician, jurist, U.S. representative – FL (1992-2021)



April, 20 – American giraffe celebrity



Arthur Kopit, 83 – playwright, *Indians*, *Wings*, *Nine*

Jim Steinman, 73 – rock composer, *Bat Out of Hell* and more

### Dubious achievements

How to get a neighbor to say, “kiss my ass”



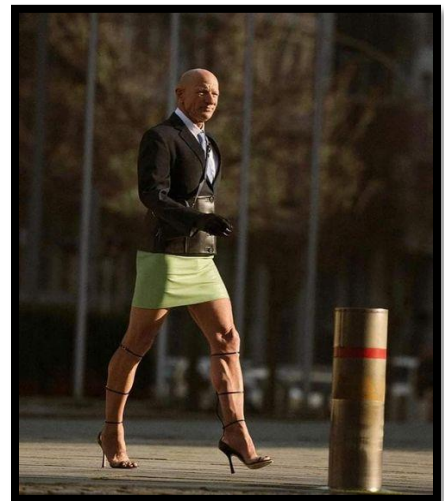


For want of an “L”



### A Man's Gotta Do What a Man's Gotta Do

*Mark Bryan is a heterosexual, cisgender, 62-year-old robotic engineer and resident in Berlin who 5 years ago started dressing in needle heels and skirts to go to work simply because he likes to dress like this. He thinks clothes shouldn't have gender. "I want people to see me and think about how well dressed I am instead of debating my sexuality."*



### The Tragedy of Tradition



*JERUSALEM – A stampede broke out at a Jewish religious festival attended by tens of thousands of people in*

*northern Israel, killing nearly 40 people and leaving some 150 hospitalized, medical officials said. The stampede occurred during the celebrations of Lag BaOmer at Mount Meron. Thousands of people, mostly ultra-Orthodox Jews (men and boys), gather each year to honor Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai, a 2nd century mystic and sage. Large crowds traditionally light bonfires, pray and dance as part of the celebrations.*



Spreadin' Ted – Socialized health care saves lives.

*Radical Right lies kill people. Look who came down with COVID-19, just months after he said the global outbreak was "not a real pandemic" and a "scam". None other than Ted "Shit Pants Chicken Hawk" Nugent.*

Posted by [Dave Dubya S:](#)

## COMMENTARY



# the graveyard of dead gods

“Where is the graveyard of dead gods? What lingering mourner waters their mounds? There was a time when Jupiter was the king of the gods, and any man who doubted his puissance was *ipso facto* a barbarian and an ignoramus. But where in all the world is there a man who worships Jupiter today? And who of Huitzilopochtli? In one year - and it is no more than five hundred years ago - 50,000 youths and maidens were slain in sacrifice to him. Today, if he is remembered at all, it is only by some vagrant savage in the depths of the Mexican forest. Huitzilopochtli, like many other gods, had no human father; his mother was a virtuous widow; he was born of an apparently innocent flirtation that she carried out with the sun.

When he frowned, his father, the sun, stood still. When he roared



with rage, earthquakes engulfed whole cities. When he thirsted, he was watered with 10,000 gallons of human blood. But today Huitzilopochtli is as magnificently forgotten as Allen G. Thurman. Once the peer of Allah, Buddha and Wotan, he is now the peer of Richmond P. Hobson, Alton B. Parker, Adelina Patti, General Weyler and Tom Sharkey.

Speaking of Huitzilopochtli recalls his brother Tezcatlipoca. Tezcatlipoca was almost as powerful; he consumed 25,000 virgins a year.

Lead me to his tomb: I would weep, and hang a *couronne des perles*. But who knows where it is? Or where the grave of Quetzalcoatl is? Or Xiuhtecuhtli? Or Centeotl, that sweet one? Or Tlazolteotl, the goddess of love? Of Mictlan? Or Xipe? Or all the host of Tzitzimitl? Where are their bones? Where is the willow on which they hung their harps? In what forlorn and unheard-of Hell do they await their resurrection morn? Who enjoys their residuary estates? Or that of Dis, whom Caesar found to be the chief god of the Celts? Of that of Tarves, the bull? Or that of Moccus, the pig? Or that of Epona, the mare? Or that of Mullo, the celestial jackass? There was a time when the Irish revered all these gods, but today even the drunkest Irishman laughs at them.

But they have company in oblivion: the Hell of dead gods is as crowded as the Presbyterian Hell for babies. Damona is there, and Esus, and Drunemeton, and Silvana, and Dervones, and Adsullata, and Deva, and Bellisima, and Uxellimus, and Borvo, and Grannos, and Mogons. All mighty gods in their day, worshipped by millions, full of demands and impositions, able to bind and loose - all gods of the first class. Men labored for generations to build vast temples to them - temples with stones as large as hay-wagons.

The business of interpreting their whims occupied thousands of priests, bishops, archbishops. To doubt them was to die, usually at the stake. Armies took to the field to defend them against infidels; villages were burned, women and children butchered,

cattle were driven off. Yet in the end they all withered and died, and today there is none so poor to do them reverence.

What has become of Sutekh, once the high god of the whole Nile Valley? What has become of:

Resheph  
Anath  
Ashtoreth  
El  
Nergal  
Nebo  
Ninib  
Melek  
Ahijah  
Isis  
Ptah  
Anubis  
Baal  
Astarte  
Hadad  
Addu  
Shalem  
Dagon  
Sharaab  
Yau  
Amon-Re  
Osiris  
Sebek  
Molech?

All there were gods of the highest eminence. Many of them are mentioned with fear and trembling in the Old Testament. They ranked, five or six thousand years ago, with Yahweh Himself; the worst of them stood far higher than Thor. Yet they have all gone down the chute, and with them the following:

Bilé  
Ler  
Arianrhod

Morrigu  
Govannon  
Gunfled  
Sokk-mimi  
Nemetona  
Dagda  
Robigus  
Pluto  
Ops  
Meditrina  
Vesta

You may think I spoof. That I invent the names. I do not. Ask the rector to lend you any good treatise on comparative religion: You will find them all listed. They were gods of the highest standing and dignity-gods of civilized peoples-worshiped and believed in by millions. All were omnipotent, omniscient and immortal.

And all are dead.”



— H.L. Mencken, *A Mencken Chrestomathy*

# THE VOTING SEASON



By Bert Mautz

The maddening, incessant drone of his fall super-spreader rallies. The lies drove us to vote as early as possible. The four years of constantly-the-headline, everyday-asking, can-it-get-any-worse? And then it got worse.

"Fake news. Fraudulent vote counts! If I lose, I was cheated by those socialist Democrats!!!!" Throughout it is painful to realize sixty or seventy million supporters believed every word. Who are these people? Is it like Mormonism's fairy tales ... blind obsession?

The vote tabulations and recounts took the first half of November. Trump declared it was all cheating, miscounts, a fraud. But Joe Biden came out of all the controversy, a clear winner. Rudy Giuliani to the rescue. Over fifty lawsuits brought, across the country, claiming voter fraud. But none – zero – was found to have any merit.

December, the holiday month, was wracked every day with new fraud suits being filed, while others were being dismissed as unsubstantiated until they were all rejected, every one of them. The Electoral College votes totaled and validated by state election commissions, 306 to 232. Biden-Harris clear winners over Trump-Pence.

Biden is assembling a cabinet of expertise and credibility, preparing to have to deal with Mitch McConnell's obstructive



senate majority. Low and behold a senatorial runoff is required in Georgia, a state Biden won by about twelve thousand votes, a squeaker in a long tradition of conservatism. A black preacher, Reverend Raphael Warnock, and Jewish youngster, Jon Ossoff, pitted against a couple very wealthy white people; David Perdue from an aristocratic Georgian family, and a replacement appointment, Kelly Loeffler, with all that ridiculous blonde hair, the wealthiest in the Senate.

The tension of weeks, accumulating three million early ballots leading up to Steve Kornacki's election night, January fifth, county-by-county scorekeeping. After all the rallies, recounts, and complaints, would Biden-Harris have a majority to work with after all the constipated McConnell blockades. The tension never let up; from the presidency to the Georgia run off. How much change would Biden-Harris be able to do. A senate majority is too good to be true.



But the very next day, Wednesday, January sixth, the Senate performs its ceremonial Electoral College vote count. Trump's last stand.

Demands that Vice President Pence throw the totals in his favor. The Constitution permits no such procedure. Trump has been assembling a demonstration, attracting supporters from across the country. Whips the thirty-four thousand mob to a frenzy, directing them to march on the Capital. Television coverage is intimate. The throng storms up the majestic stairs, overwhelm a scant police coverage, and minutes later a smashing of windows, assaulting fine old wood doors to take both the House and the Senate physically. The senators, representatives, and staff flee to

secure lock downs in the nick of time. Watching the furor live was unbelievable. This is my country. The United States. How is this possible?

The visuals – much of it recorded on personal cell phones – were agonizingly vivid. Witnessed the death of a female demonstrator from the West Coast, breaking into the senate chamber, shot dead. Breaking down the doors, smashing glass. The senators, the representatives and their staffs fleeing as the dysfunctional police and terrified in the crush on the other side of the doors. Keep thinking – how is this possible? – but there it is, happening before our eyes.

Eventually National Guard and expanded Capitol and D.C. police with pepper spray and tear gas dispersed the violent mob. To my everlasting amazement Pelosi and Pence reconvened the Electoral Vote certification. At four o'clock in the morning, Pence slammed the gavel. It was done, undeterred by the mob, no more contradictions possible.

Biden-Harris will proceed with their convening an administrative team despite blatant non-cooperation. Trump could be impeached for inciting an insurrection in these last dozen days. Can we relax now? Get back to being a functioning democracy? Looking after the citizens of a great country?





# *Spirituality:* An Atheist's Perspective



By Ed Zillioux

There seems to be an ongoing debate, or at least confusion, about whether spirituality is a legitimate value among atheists. For example, Sam Harris wrote in his personal blog a while back, a piece entitled "In Defense of Spiritual." He commented, "Whenever I use the word — as in referring to meditation as a 'spiritual practice' — I inevitably hear from fellow skeptics and atheists who think that I have committed a grievous error."

In the vein of full disclosure, I'll say up front that I consider this debate (or whatever it is) to be specious, unwise, misguided, and totally unnecessary. So why am I writing about it? Simply because it has risen to the level of at least a quasi-debate among individuals who might be described as

spokespersons for the humanist (or atheistic) movement ... but mostly, because it annoys me.

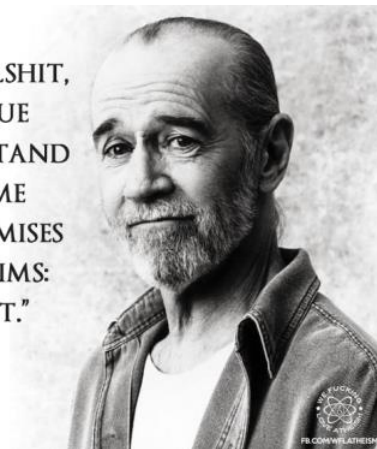
I believe I have a pretty good handle on my own spiritual inclinations, which have not substantively changed throughout my lifetime, *i.e.*, through my early years as a dogma-indoctrinated Catholic kid, through my personal transformational period, and

into my atheistic homeland, where I've resided through most of my years. Basically, it equates with a passionate love for nature (it is why I became a biologist) including all living things and the quest for finding my place in the realm of planetary stewardship. I'm not claiming any enlightenment or significant contributions here; it's just the ideal that I have aspired to, not the degree of my success in achieving it.

As I was thinking about writing on this topic a couple of years ago, I received an issue of *The Humanist* magazine with this

"WHEN IT COMES TO BULLSHIT,  
BIG-TIME, MAJOR LEAGUE  
BULLSHIT, YOU HAVE TO STAND  
IN AWE OF THE ALL-TIME  
CHAMPION OF FALSE PROMISES  
AND EXAGGERATED CLAIMS:  
RELIGION. NO CONTEST."

-GEORGE CARLIN



caption on the cover:

"Are atheism & spirituality mutually exclusive?" The then editor Jennifer Bardi certainly thought so when she wrote, "I don't have a spiritual bone in my body." She qualified her position, "Because spirituality

suggests a depth within the self, and an awareness of (and appreciation for) a connection to what's beyond...." Well yes, it can be that, but that's simply an application of the term by someone who is already a believer in such mysticism. I think, in terms of a basic definition of spiritual, it is more of a connection to what's around us and that implying a reference to the "hereafter" is a bridge too far.

Bardi apparently feared a possible association with the Christian sense of the hereafter and the linkage of spirituality with religiosity. Why is it that humanists seem content to leave the use of such excellent terms to the religious? Words like contemplative, transcendent, numinous, and many more. Language is a beautiful thing and I refuse to give up a single word in deference to Christians or any other established religion or cult. When will they realize that we do not pose a threat to their identity just by the simple action of sharing words?



In the same issue of *The Humanist*, Ryan Cragun wrote about the much publicized "Oprah-Nyad Affair." He concluded, "....it seems the majority of atheists and nonreligious people in the United States are indeed spiritual in the sense that they experience wonder and awe and are moved by what surrounds them."

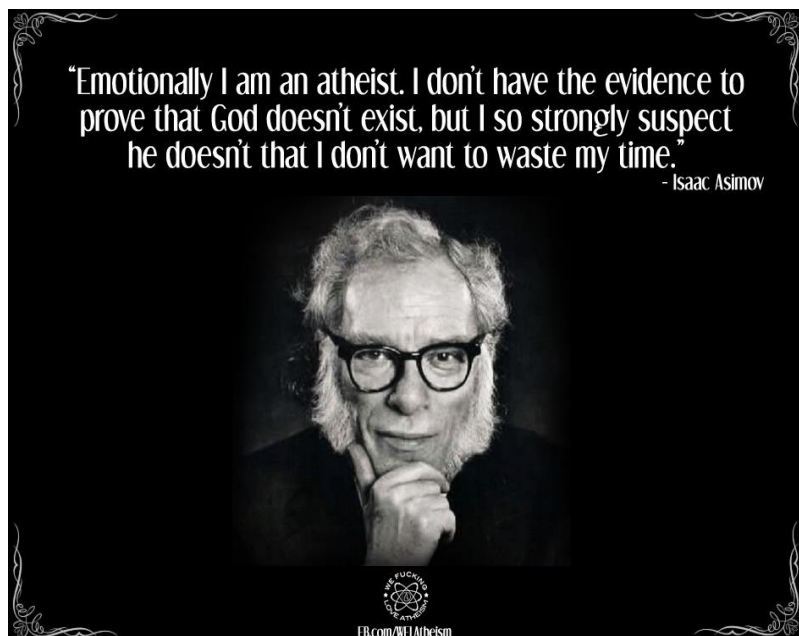
(Cragun is an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Tampa.) This is followed with an article by Michael Werner on "The Church of the Greater Solipsism." Werner contributed to the discussion with "The mantra today is, 'I'm not religious; I'm spiritual,' keeping it just vague enough not to offend others while providing an image of moral piousness." I like a lot of what Werner writes, but to denigrate spirituality to nothing more than a holier-than-thou attitude is

unnecessary, unfair, and perhaps even mean-spirited.

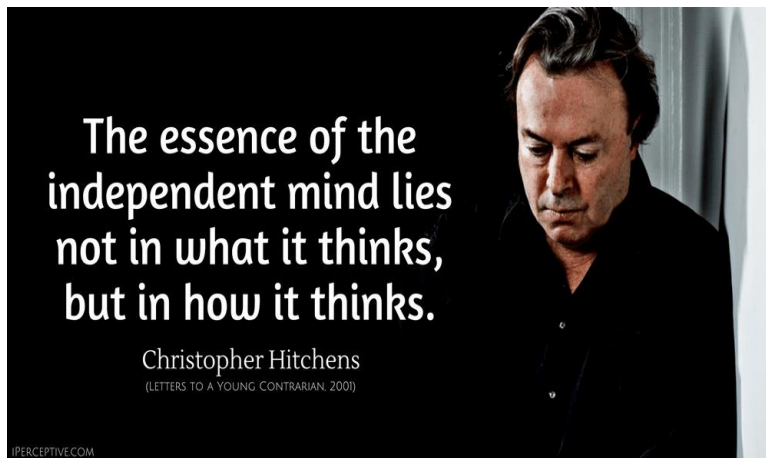
(Werner is a past-president of the American Humanist Association.)

I have previously written, "Humanists that I have met and interacted with, in general, have shown a

greater degree of spirituality and are more caring of the environment than the 'average' religious person." (ref. "The Anthropocene" HUMTC Newsletter, August 2013.) I have changed my mind. To help explain what I mean, I will again quote from Bardi. In her Editor's Note she commented on the *Humanist* interview with Hemley Gonzalez, who, in his search for meaning through charity, rejected self-serving religion-based charities and founded *Responsible Charity*, a nonprofit humanist organization for helping the poor. Bardi writes, "That's not a spiritual act. He's a humanist so it's not a religious act. It's a humanist act." I will go a step further, and say it's not necessarily a humanist act, it's



a *human* act. We all have the propensity for good behavior. It's what it means to be human. It's inherent in our genetic code. It's how we evolved (see my previous commentary on "Behavioral Evolution," AOTC Newsletter Vol.2 No.4). And it's how we are able to recognize evil. In the absence of empirical evidence, I am about to go out on a limb: I expect that there are as many truly good people who follow religious beliefs as there are among those of us who are non-religious. It's just easier for an atheist to see good behavior as an end in itself, than it is for a theist whose behavior is often predicated by the hope for reward in the "hereafter."



There's a blog on the internet that discusses Christopher Hitchens' 2010 debate with the Unitarian minister Marilyn Sewell where Hitchens is accused of hijacking the language of spirituality. In his response, Hitchens said, "Hijacking the topics

and language of spiritualists should not be resisted, but rather, it should be used carefully to enrich the scientific discourses."

Nevertheless, I don't like the idea that borrowing terms from any one discipline to inform another should be referred to as hijacking or usurpation. One could easily argue that religion itself has usurped many words that rightly belong to all.

Why, then, do we have to establish who "owns" spirituality? We all get hung up on labels and spirituality turns out to be a doozy. But we're stuck with the term, so it needs to be better defined. It seems to mean different things to different people and even supposedly authoritative sources are often colored by their own biases. A good definition needs to be simple, without bias of any kind, and broadly applicable. So, without any claim of authority, I will, for the purpose of this writing, offer my own definition:

"Spirituality is the desire and the will to do good, without anticipation of reward, and the capacity to feel joy and inspiration in the beauty of nature."



But I would be remiss in this discussion if I failed to point out that numerous well-known authors have responded to the use, misuse and meaning of the word spiritual. I will end by including two particularly insightful synopses.

First, Daniel Dennett, in his book *"Breaking the Spell: Religion as a Natural Phenomenon,"* provided the following:

"If you can approach the world's complexities, both its glories and its horrors, with an attitude of humble curiosity, acknowledging that however deeply you have seen, you have only just scratched the surface, you will find worlds within worlds, beauties you could not heretofore imagine, and your own mundane preoccupations will shrink to *proper* size, not all that important in the greater scheme of things. Keeping that awestruck vision of the world ready to hand while dealing with the demands of daily living is no easy exercise, but it is definitely worth the effort, for if you can stay *centered*, and *engaged*, you will find the hard choices easier, the right words will come to you when you need

them, and you will indeed be a better person. That, I propose, is the secret to spirituality, and it has nothing at all to do with believing in an immortal soul, or in anything supernatural."

Second, Carl Sagan, in his book *"The Demon-Haunted World,"* wrote the following on spirituality as it relates to science, hinting on the tendency among some to resist its use in secular contexts:

"Science is not only compatible with spirituality; it is a profound source of spirituality. When we recognize our place in an immensity of light-years and in the passage of ages, when we grasp the intricacy, beauty, and subtlety of life, then that soaring feeling, that sense of elation and humility combined, is surely spiritual. So are our emotions in the presence of great art or music or literature, or acts of exemplary selfless courage such as those of Mohandas Gandhi or Martin Luther King, Jr. The notion that science and spirituality are somehow mutually exclusive does a disservice to both."

So, let's stop quibbling over who "owns" spirituality. Remember, the "Golden Rule" predates any of today's established religions and is as valid for atheists as it is for theists.





TRUMP



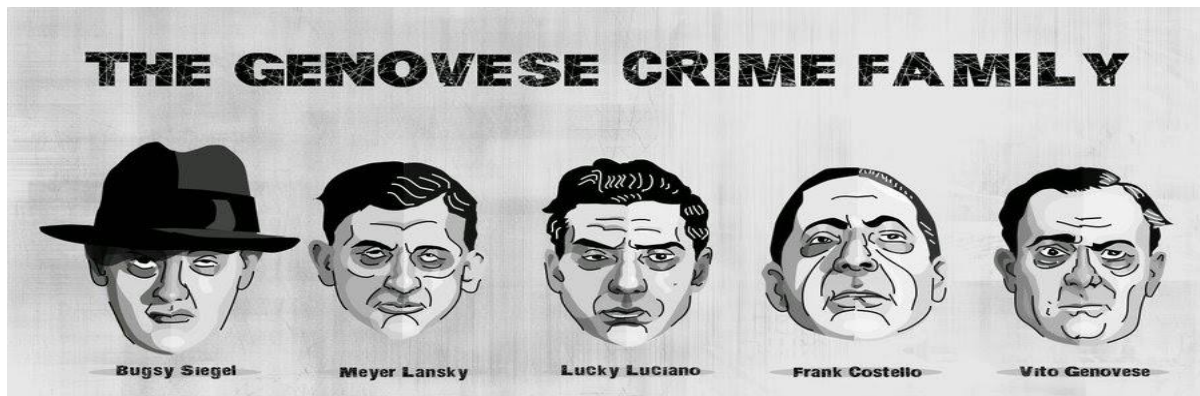
AND RICO

By Dan Vignau

It is time to lay down the law to the corrupt Trump family criminal organization. What law? How about the Title IX of the 1970 Organized Crime Control act, called Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, commonly known as RICO? Yes, RICO, the act that is used against the commonly termed Mafia, against biker gangs, and yes, even against politicians.

Under RICO, a person is guilty who has committed at least two acts of racketeering activity within a ten-year period of each other – if the acts are related in one of the four specified ways to an “enterprise” – the penalty of ten years is extended if broken for time served in prison. I wonder if we could use years served as President to extend this “time served” definition.

RICO has also been used against several legitimate businesses. In addition to its use against such criminal organizations such as various Mafia and Biker Crime organizations, international



versions of this act have been used against non-U.S. corporations and individuals.

Fourteen defendants of FIFA, The International Soccer Federation, were indicted on 47 counts of racketeering, including money laundering, and wire fraud conspiracies in the awarding of the Olympic Games to Russia and Qatar. It seems that they had greatly enriched themselves through bribery and other strong-arm tactics to place the games where the money was available to them.



RICO was used against Major League Baseball in court filings against commissioner Bud Selig and former EXPO's owner Jeffrey Loria for devaluing two teams, Minnesota and Montreal, for personal gain.

The act was used against The Drummond Company and an owner of Ilanos oil for working alongside *Autodefensas Unidas de Colombia* to murder labor union leaders.



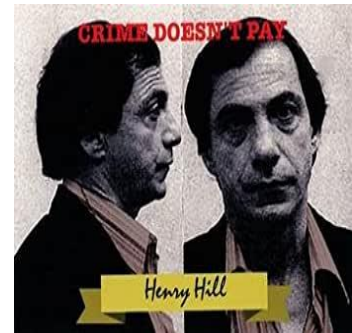
Real Estate developers are not safe from the reach of RICO. Even as the IRS made its own case against the accounting firm of Lechter and Aprio, RICO was employed for using false conservation easements as tax shelters, as well as knowing from the outset that these tax shelters and other shady deals were felonies.



Louisiana Agricultural Commissioner Gil Dozier was convicted five counts of extortion for compelling campaign contributions be paid in exchange for agricultural permits and easements for various companies, all the while totally avoiding any environmental concerns or laws. His sentence of ten years was extended to eighteen when it was discovered that he had both tried to bribe a juror to get a mistrial and had inquired about hiring a hit man to kill an unnamed witness.

RICO has even been used against criminal police departments, including Los Angeles and Key West, the latter being declared a criminal enterprise for running a protection racket for cocaine smugglers.

*Kids for Cash:* Two Pennsylvania judges were charged with RICO after committing acts of mail and wire fraud, for taking kickbacks from PA Child Care, a children's detention center. Thirty-eight counts are still pending.



Politicians are not immune. Connecticut Senator Len Fasano had to pay \$500,000 under RICO for helping a client hide assets in a bankruptcy case.

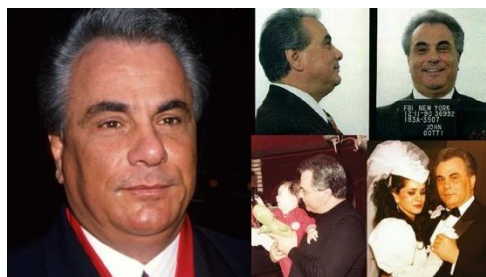
What does any of this have to do with the Trumps? Did you not just hear the part about hiding assets in a bankruptcy case? I bet New York's Attorney General will have something to say about this soon, along with the continuing criminal enterprise of inflating the value of assets for procuring loans, and for under reporting assets for the purpose of paying taxes. Surely, the Trump's did the same for their many bankruptcies.

There are several more RICO crimes that could be used against the Trump Crime Family:

*Extortion:* Trump and his cronies regularly threaten lawsuits for any perceived indiscretion, such as leaking his school grades,

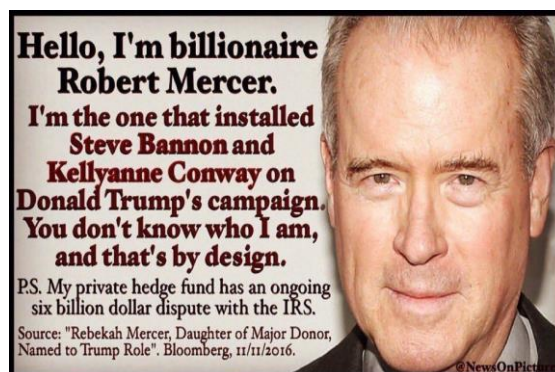


suing him for sexual crimes, testifying against him, running an election that comes out against his interests, and any other thing that may be perceived as an expose' of Trump family business.



*Bribery:* How many women has this syndicate bribed to not sue him for his criminal sexual acts? How much money has the Trump organization profited from the highly visible and extremely overpriced Russian real estate

purchases? Is it not a bribe to pay double the value of a Palm Beach estate, only to raze it? Should not overpriced Trump Tower purchases by foreign political bigwigs count for something? How many bribes has the Attorney General of New York uncovered? I eagerly await that bombshell dirt on the Trumps.



*Embezzlement:* Well, Steve Bannon has already been arrested on this charge. I am certain there are more to come. The money was for Trump's Wall, or so the donors were told.

*Civil Rights violations:* Just the number of cases that have been documented and settled in-and-out of court should suffice as an ongoing criminal activity, much less the ones not brought to the attention of our judicial system, which, not incidentally, began with Fred Trump, the creator of this syndicate. What about bringing in,



aiding, or assisting in illegal aliens for financial gain? Would his Mar-a-Lago employee records yield some juicy tidbits? After all, the Palm Beach County Department of Employment Security states, every year, that there are plenty of local applicants to fill these positions. Of course, by hiring illegal aliens,



when the season is over, Trump does not have to pay unemployment benefits, because everyone is deported or lost in the mire of our undocumented, alien underworld.



*My penultimate favorite:* Many of Trump's contractors signed Non-Disclosure Agreements (NDA's) to get paid a fraction of what they were owed for building much of his real estate empire. Trump commonly used this leverage to shirk his responsibility against contractors who had taken on sometimes immense debt, based on the profit they expected upon the completion of their work.

Routinely, Trump would make up excuses to stiff them. Since they could not afford to sue anyone this wealthy, they were forced financially to either close up shop to sue, or accept a pittance for their work, which would only be paid as they signed the NDA. Many contractors were ruined, but some regrouped, albeit with relatively massive debt to be repaid.

I wonder how many of these agreements exist. Surely there are enough to prove that this scam has been a continuing RICO defined enterprise.

Finally, my *ultimate* favorite. *Acts of Terrorism:* Did anyone see the news this month?



*The Sad Consequence that is Ignorance and Want*  
*While ignoring the woefully obvious*



By Virgil Thorp

Ignorance and want. Charles Dickens warned us about both concepts in his Christmas allegory about Capitalism's Ebenezer Scrooge's social Darwinism, but he emphasized ignorance the most.

The ghost of Christmas present says of the two pitiful waifs he reveals from the folds of his garment, "they cling to me,



appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is

Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy.”

Listening to Senator Rand Paul’s clueless questioning of the education secretary nominee, Miguel Cardona’s stance on transgender athletes’ shouts – no, screams – out profane ignorance like he is addressing a drooling CPAC audience.

An educated man, Randal Howard Paul graduated from the Duke University School of Medicine in 1988, so by all measures he should be – and even the everyday man on the street would think, Senator Paul is – a smart man. Rand Paul has made it his task in life to prove the point of view that having an education makes you smart. He is so arrogantly wrong.

Example: Rand smugly refuses to wear a face mask in the senate chamber. At the risk of alluding too biblically, Paul echoes Hebrew stubbornness at Pontius Pilate’s judgment of Jesus when the mob demanded the release of Barabbas in exchange for the execution of Jesus. Pilate washed his hands declaring that he could find no guilt of the man. The mob answered with this King James Bible version: “Then answered all the people, and said, ‘His blood *be* on us, and on our children.’”

I wonder if Pilate mumbled, under his breath as he wiped his hands, “these fucking pharisees are ignorant assholes! I can’t wait to get out of shithole Judea and back to Rome.”

There is more irony, the oblivious Paul has probably encountered transgendered individuals in his daily life, just like he has encountered all other lgbtq individuals and not been aware that they are who they are and who they may have been even if they are closeted members of his own Republican party’s descent into the ill-mannered Q-Anon miasma.

It is another example of supreme ignorance. *“You know, I come from a family that has a lot of girls who have been – have competed in college athletics, have been state champions. And*

*frankly, you know, some boy that's 6 foot 2 competing against my 5-foot-4 niece doesn't sound very fair."*

Sexual reassignment surgery (SRS) is a permanent thing. Does Senator Paul actually believe that a male athlete would undergo such "mutilation" in order to win a medal? Sure 1976 Olympic



Decathlon champ, Bruce Jenner (aka Caitlyn Jenner) revealed that she has held gender questions for her entire life. But, not as an Olympian. However, if she did and had undergone SRS with all the hoops an individual must jump through to make such an enduring change permanent, why shouldn't she be able to compete for the "female" decathlon medal? For Paul to say such an ill-informed statement belies his medical degree! If he was a real doctor, he would know that to choose to make such a dire change is not a whim.



However, Paul was not satisfied with flaunting his stupidity; "... I



*wonder where our feminists are on this."* He pondered. *"I wonder where the people who supported women's sports are on this. I mean, are we all going to be okay with hulking 6-foot 4 guys, you know, wrestling against girls do – you know, it just makes no sense whatsoever."*

Paul dug a deeper hole for his ignorance; *"I think most people in the country think it's bizarre, you know, that it's just completely bizarre and unfair that people – and you're going to run the Department of Education – you've got no problem with it. That concerns me, and I think it's this kind of thing is going to lead to really just the vast majority of America just wondering who are these people that think it's okay? From what planet are you from? I mean, to think it's okay that boys would compete with girls in a track meet and that that somehow would be fair."*

*Face palm!!!*

Senator Paul, what planet are you from? Oh yes, you are from Kentucky ... that explains a lot. But, it is true, we must know what is fair, we must know what it actually is we are judging before we can make a decision. That is obvious. Paul, however, is under the impression that there are male athletes who would undergo genital reassignment in order to compete against female athletes. Where would he get that crazy idea? Maybe he saw the 1984 Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker parody motion picture, *Top Secret*, that

has a thigh-slapping scene of an Eastern European dictatorship trooping out the women from their women's Olympic team. Every one of the broad-shouldered team members looked like steroidal muscular linebackers in short skirts and long hair. (Just the kind of the straw-girly-man stereotype that Paul and the rest of the



right wing has been implying) That was a movie, did it ever happen in real life?

Somewhat. it seems there were and have been many allegations against the East European and the Soviet sphere states primarily in conjunction with hormones and doping. Some observers testified there was an awful lot of ball scratching amongst the athletes on the East German female Olympic track and field squad.

Let me interject here. I once had an intimate encounter with a "woman" – yes, she was genetically and chromosomally a woman – who, through no fault of her own, had been prescribed a male hormone that had a side-effect which resulted in her clitoris becoming enlarged. She still had her vagina (and a delightfully juicy one at that), but she now had an abnormally large clitoris which I found a distinct thrill in licking and sucking and caused her to buck, snort and shout to both of our delights. I did not feel rank for my relations with that girl even though on examination, her excited clitoris looked very much like a healthy 2-inch penis.

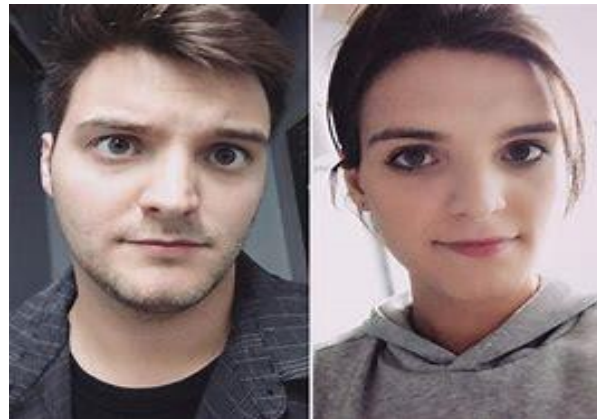
How dumb is Rand Paul? Senator Paul misunderstands weight classes for wrestlers and probably has never watched a basketball game. When he takes issue with height and size, I want to ask him if he ever saw 5-foot 3-inch Muggsy Bogues dribble the basketball around some big NBA lug who looked foolish lagging behind when Muggsy hit his lay-up. If Paul can access YouTube, he can find little Muggsy in action. Muggsy played professional basketball, surrounded by 6-foot plus athletes for 14 seasons.



*Male to Female?*

sincere. Aren't they? Don't all men want to dress up like women to invade the Ladies' Room to gawk at the women and girls making pee-pee?

Deflection, deception, projection, sounds like the background chorus from a pop-group boy band. Perhaps we are being too harsh on Senator Paul. His concerns look like they are



*Or Female to Male?*

Is this projection? Is it disingenuousness? Is it disinformation? My cynicism says it is part of the conservative shitshow that wants to use transgender issues to muddy political agendas at the expense of desperate individuals. It is a shitshow that wants to prevent President Joe Biden appointing Pennsylvania Surgeon General Dr. Rachel Levine to the position of the assistant secretary for health at the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). Levine could be the first out transgender person appointed to a federal position and approved by the U.S. Senate.

And make no mistake, Levine could be mistaken for my maiden aunt when she was 63 years old, she looks that dowdy. But Levine is imminently qualified for that seat.

Is it a cover-up? Is it an actual thing? I've got a feeling that anyone transgendered and wearing a dress is only using the ladies' room for the purpose of relieving themselves and nothing more. Paul's concern is only a flashing neon sign of his woeful ignorance. (Moron, *moron*, MORON!)

I only wish Paul's sincerity for women's sports included the concerns for the abuse and sexual assaults on the young women of the Olympic Gymnastics team who survived the molestations from men like Larry Nassar and John Geddert, the guy who killed himself when he was charged with 24 counts of rape and sexual abuse of those young women – no, these were little girls. There are plenty of pictures of Geddert kissing, hugging them after their successful floor routines and cruelly chastising and disparaging them for any flubs. There are many testimonies of both Nassar and Geddert ignoring the other's physical and emotional abuses of these young women. But where were you then, senator?

Senator? Senator??? Crickets.

Education Secretary nominee Cardona, responded to Paul at his senate confirmation hearing: *Respectfully, Senator, I think I answered the question. I believe schools should offer the opportunity for students to engage in extracurricular activities even if they are transgender. I think that's their right.*

So, is it an identity thing?

In the 1987 *The Untouchables* motion picture there is a scene concerning identity with Kevin Costner and Sean Connery when Elliot Ness (Costner) has a confrontation with beat cop Officer Malone (Connery) on a lonely Chicago bridge after Ness has embarrassed himself with a failed raid on an umbrella importer instead of a liquor bootlegger. Ness wants to know why the



policeman is leaving him alone after his admittance that he (Ness) is a Treasury agent carrying a weapon. I call it, "Who would say that, who was not?"



**Ness:** Hey, wait a minute! What the hell kind of policemen you got in this god damn city? You just turned your back on an armed man.

**Malone:** You're a treasury officer.

**Ness:** How do you know that? I just told you that.

**Malone:** Who would claim to be that who was not? Hmm?

I know we are concerned about Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head but after looking at Mrs. Potato Head, can you be sure she is not a transgender potato?



I can only ask, does Senator Paul's comments confuse you? Does the notion of a woman trapped in a man's body disturb you? When you think about gender dysphoria and what is fair make your head hurt? The really sad thing is that we have made

sexuality and gender identification a shameful thing. Almost a dirty joke that is unfortunately a very real dilemma to the genderly confused.

Can you identify a transgender individual just by looking at them?



I know, we are a long way from Charlie Dickens, but I must say, Senator Paul, *your* rude ignorance makes *me* want to bitch-slap you into next week. With one last nod to *Top Secret*, your willful ignorance does indeed sound like "some kind of bad movie





# EQUAL PAY FOR DOING WHAT? TRYING TO BE EQUAL?

By Bert Mautz

	
<b>Sue Bird</b>	<b>LeBron James</b>
<b>17 Seasons in the WNBA</b>	<b>17 Seasons in the NBA</b>
<b>4 WNBA Championships</b>	<b>4 NBA Championships</b>
<b>2020 Salary: \$215,000</b>	<b>2020 Salary: \$37.44M</b>
<b>Bonus for winning 2020 Finals: \$11,356</b>	<b>Bonus for winning 2020 Finals: \$370,000</b>

Mika Brzezinski has made a personal crusade of "Know Your Value," after she brought NBC corporate to its knees in demands



for equal pay for her role sitting beside Joe Scarborough, in MSNBC's "Morning Joe" early morning cable news broadcast.

Recently Mika invited a women's soccer champion to the



microphone to complain at length that her gender's games are as long, the field is as big, she's won many trophies, but asks, "Why aren't we paid as much as the men, 'cause we work just as hard!?!'"

Billie Jean King famously delivered equal prize money for women's major tennis championships. That's great, but most amazingly, the ladies play fewer sets than men play for equal millions. A rationalization for this glaring inequity will be discussed later.

Have recently – prompted by the men's and women's NCAA college basketball tournaments happening virtually at the same time – been critical of the women's game in direct comparison to their fellow male college players. But this is not about whether I personally enjoy as much the women's style of basketball as I enjoy their big brothers. The ladies and their league want equal respect.

At the pro level in the Women's National Basketball Association (WNBA), the equal pay complaint reemerges, *"We work just as hard as the men!"*

Comparing women's with men's basketball is unfortunate at either level as the physique differences are observably insurmountable. They, for all intents and





purposes, play two different games, unfortunately on the same



court with the same basket and a smaller ball (women's basketball is 28 1/2 to 29 inches in circumference. The basketball in the men's game is between 29 1/2 and 30 inches).

Another man versus woman approach to the same game has been brought to my attention. Women play golf. Totally escaped my attention. They have tournaments with shortened fairways, wear cute

short skirts. Nobody cares.

Easily we eliminate scary fast ice hockey, college and pro level pads and helmets football, and major league 90 mph pitched baseballs. The ladies do not play this level of sport.

The majority of track and field events at the Olympic level are run, raced, jumped, and thrown by men and women. These being amateur events, the equal compensation comparison does not emerge. Men's



numbers, and records of fastest, highest, and furthest are always bigger or better, but it's fun to watch those slender, glistening bodies, gracefully prancing over the high hurdles.



Women's softball requires no comparisons. That ultra-fast, under hand pitch is terrific. Folks will pay to watch, and therein lies the difference. Who fills the stands? Who watches at home? Who sells and buys the advertising time? Who pays billions to team owners with which they bid and bargain for the rights to phenomenally gifted athletes?

It's all about the television and stadium seats money, ladies. This is not about whether I personally care for watching ladies play their

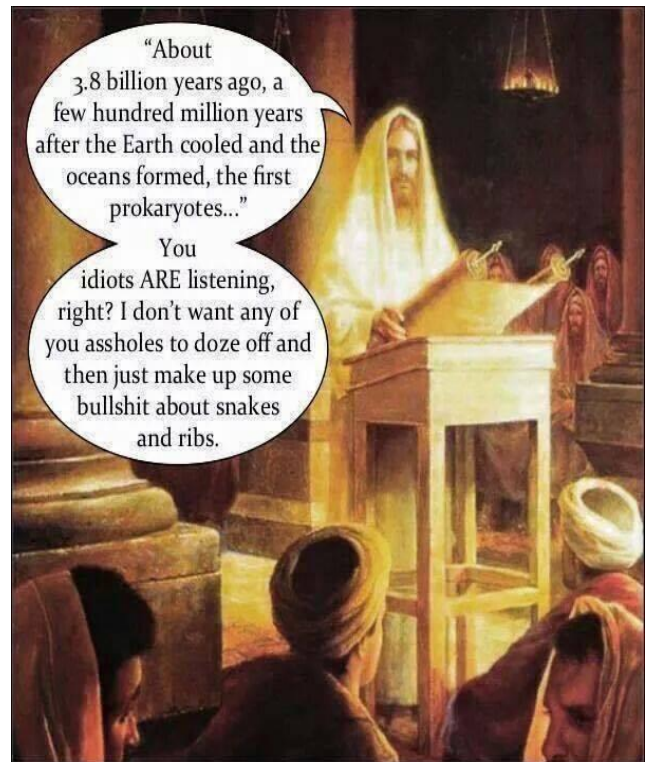
low scoring, clumsy basketball. Who else wants to watch and thereby generate the cash?

Back to professional tennis with Serena Williams and Naomi Osaka and the big bucks. (Pro tennis sponsors include Mercedes, IBM, Rolex) Too obvious to deserve explanation. These world class athletes play a formidable, terrific level of tennis, and they are beautiful to watch play; dashing, bouncing, stretch with their splits to return a wide shot, powerful strokes, transfixed. Pay the ladies. They earn it. The rest of you complainers, you need to pay attention.



## ARTICLES

# A Solution to the God Problem



By Yashi Nozawa

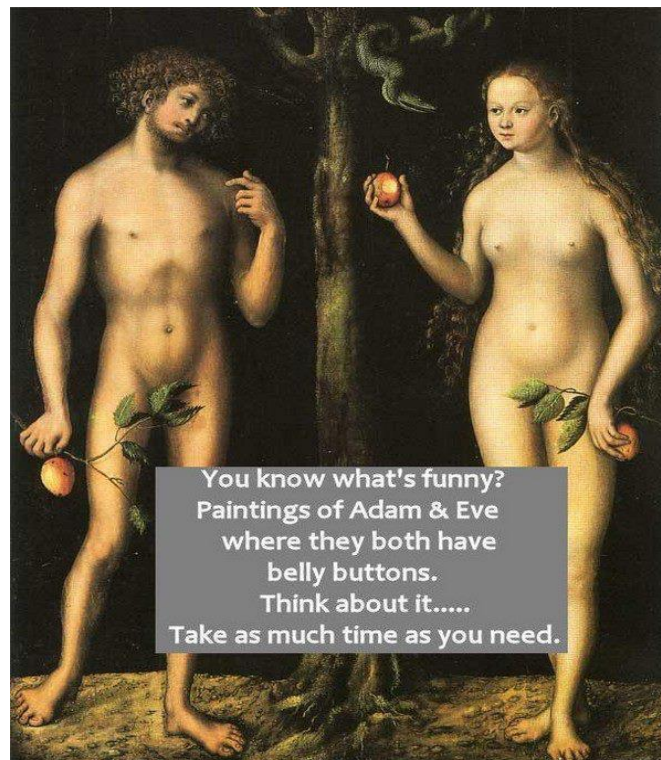
According to a recent survey, more than 90 percent of people believes in and worships some kind of God, Gods or supernatural beings. Even we limit the type of God to *Abrahamic God*, about 50 percent of the total adult population of the world are adherents to their religions. However, there are considerable numbers of skeptics, which include agnostics, atheists, humanists, and other freethinkers. These people have been absorbed with a problem referred to as "the God Problem," but so far, they did not find a solid solution yet. The God Problem is usually understood as a simple question, "Does God Exist?" or sometimes, "Can you prove the existence (or non-existence) of God?" The problem is very tricky.

The ambiguity of the situation is the same as the question, "Does Santa Claus exist?" The answer to the question can be "yes" for a kid who sat on the lap of a red jacket-wearing, white bearded, elderly gentleman and asked



him for a new toy truck. And the boy found a new red truck under his Christmas tree on Christmas morning. An eighteen-year-old girl will say, "No, Santa Claus is a fake, a product of commercialism, and a real Santa Claus does not exist." If you ask a *know-everything* retired college professor the same question, he will say, "Yes, he has existed. His real name is Saint Nicolas, a monk born around 280 C.E. in the town of Patara, in modern-day Turkey. He was kind and gave away all his inheritance to save many poor people ..." and so on.

As I illustrated here, when we ask a difficult question, we usually receive all kinds of different answers for the same question, and all seem to be correct. How can we prevent receiving many ambiguous answers? The solution is to make



a question clearer by adding on a constraint.

When people talk about the God problem, they define the word "God" very widely and vaguely in their way. For instance, some believe that God is Jesus Christ only, but many Christians also take the position of a *Triune God* whose definition includes Father and Holy Ghost in addition to Jesus (often referred to as "the trinity").



## **PHILOSOPHY**

is like being in a dark room and looking for a black cat

## **METAPHYSICS**

is like being in a dark room and looking for a black cat that isn't there

## **THEOLOGY**

is like being in a dark room and looking for a black cat that isn't there and shouting, "I've found it!"

## **SCIENCE**

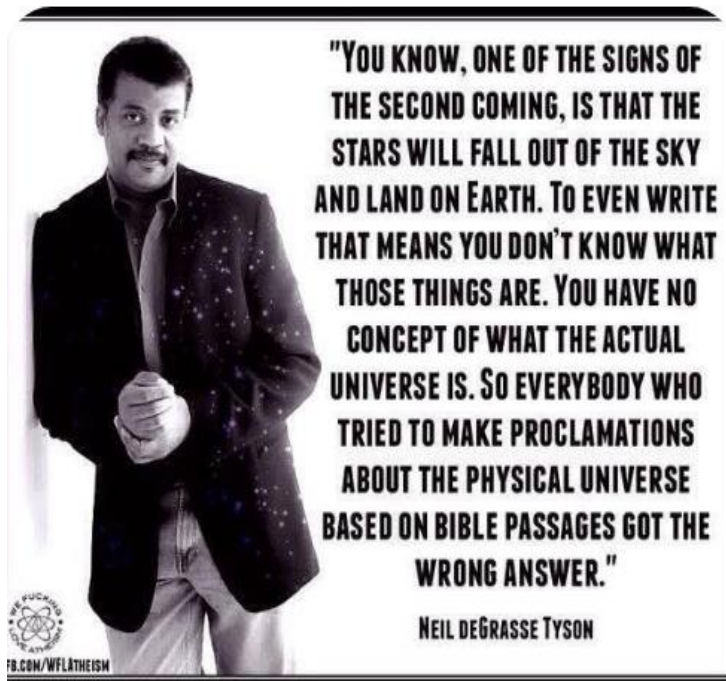
is like being in a dark room and looking for a black cat using a flashlight

Scientists' search for God often found that God is Nature itself, a specific physical principle, or a substance. For instance, several physicists and theologians think God is the electromagnetic waves or light because it exists everywhere and is invisible, but it can perform many miraculous phenomena simultaneously. Some other physicists proposed that God is a physics law, which we sometimes referred to as "the law of everything."

However, the law is not discovered yet. Some scholars claimed that God was the Creator of the universe, but He retired after the creation and did not concern Himself with the world's individual life or events and the universe. They call it a *deistic God*.

There are so many choices in the category of God, and I decided to investigate one type of God at a time. For the first stage of the God problem, I limited my discussion to the God of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. As an atheist, I do not have a deep understanding of these religions, but they seem to worship the same God based on my superficial study of their sacred Scriptures: The "Holy" Bible and the "Holy" Qur'an.

There are some differences in God's character among the three religions, but there are also many similarities. For convenience of investigation, I will treat the God of these three religions as a single deity, called *Abrahamic God*, and refer to it simply as *God* from now on. However, I must admit, that I could not find any proof of the admittance that faithful believers of these religions have revealed their Gods



as the same one. They insist and believe that their version of *Abrahamic God* is the only correct *God*.

I am assuming that God has an anthropomorphic character because He looks like a male human and also did communicate with humans directly with a specific human

language: Hebrew with Jews, Aramaic with Christians, and Arabic to Muslims. His behaviors and actions such as making a covenant, crime/sin and punishment, idea of revenge, moral judgment, prophetic expectation, request of worship, etc. all required advanced brain function and are far beyond other animals' capability. God's actual appearance was never well recorded, but He seems capable of morphing into looking like a human being temporarily. If you believe the Old Testament, God created a man as his image. So *Abrahamic God* must very closely resemble a human male. Even though only a handful of people have allegedly met God, these people almost immediately recognized God, and there was no description of strange appearance. This means that God's appearance was at least like a respectable and awesome figure, probably an elderly-looking human shape. However, Judaism and Islam's God prohibit the creation of any imagery or sculpture/statue/figurine of God. We cannot confirm God's appearance. In Christianity, Jesus lived about 30 years as a human, so God can sometimes look like a human if He wants. For our investigation purpose, I assume that God is an anthropomorphic supernatural being.

There is another major issue related to the God problem beside ambiguity of the category of God. The second issue is

a semantic problem of the words "exist" and "existence." To simplify the argument, I will handle only the verb "exist" since the meaning of the corresponding noun "existence" can be easily derived from the meaning of the verb "exist." Merriam-Webster and other dictionaries list several definitions for an intransitive verb "exist." Some of the definitions are as shown below.

1. To have actual, objective in reality or being; be real
2. To have a real being, whether material or spiritual
3. To have life or functions of vitality; to live
4. To live at a minimal level; subsist
5. To continue to be; persist
6. To be present under certain circumstances or in a specified place; occur
7. To be found, especially in a particular space or situation
8. To live, especially at any inferior level or under adverse circumstances
9. To have to be in a specific place or with respect to understood limitation or conditions

The verb's meaning covers a wide range of environmental parameters such as time, space, and situation. Without any investigation, we can say, "Yes, God exists in the spiritual world using the above definition Nos. 2, 5, and 6" just looking at the above list of definitions. However, I believe

I believe in traditional biblical marriage:  
one man and his sister.  
one man and his dead brother's wife  
one man and one woman and her servants  
one man and his rape victim  
one man and many women  
one man and 700 women and 300 concubines  
one man and one woman and her slaves  
one soldier and his virgin prisoners  
  
...just not one man and one man. THAT would be immoral.



that a person who raised the *God Problem* will not be satisfied with the answer. He will insist on further detail, such as where he lives, how we can see him, and etc. He wants scientific proof of existence. In essence, people who want to raise the question of the God problem are not believers in God; they are agnostics,

atheists, skeptics, and similar groups. Believers are already convinced that God existed, exists, and will exist forever. These skeptics are using a very narrow definition of "exist." Their definition of "exist" is that the object or being must be examinable by them in whenever manner they select.

The third issue in the *God Problem* is the functionality of God. God is supposed to be almighty and can do anything. However, the assumption of almighty is not proven yet. According to a current popular belief, God performed or is performing the following functions.

1. Created the universe, including all life forms on Earth.
2. Monitoring and recording behavior of the human race as a whole
3. Monitoring and recording behaviors of individuals of all human beings for the entire population of past and present
4. Executing, rewarding or punishing actions to the whole human race as a group or each individual based on their behaviors
5. Listening to prayers from believers and responding to them promptly
6. Control natural disasters and punish wicked communities and regions with them
7. Perform miracles



8. Managing the after-death world, including classification of people's souls and sending them to proper destinations (Heaven or hell), according to their behavior records.

9. Perform an unspecified secret task devised by an examiner/inspector.

If a God candidate passed all the above tests, I would consider that the candidate is a real God. If the candidate can successfully perform some of the above tasks, I would consider the candidate a part of a group of deities.

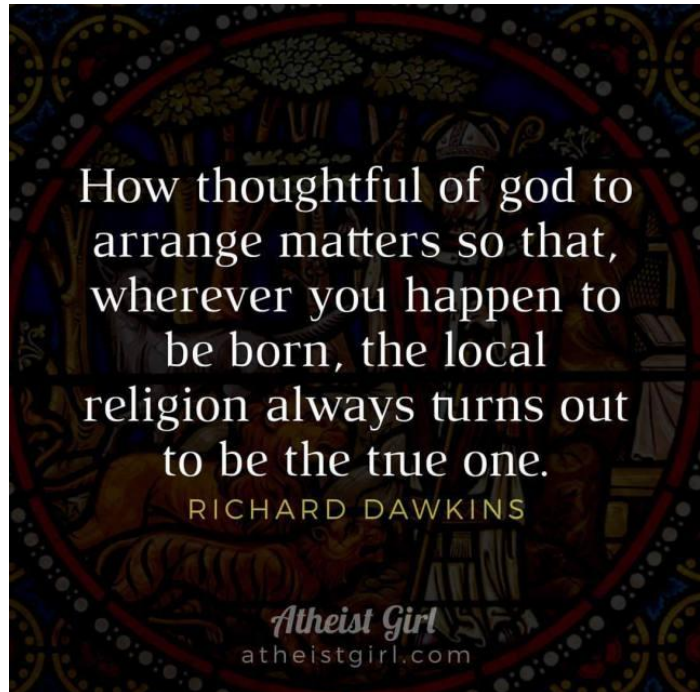
Namely, *Abrahamic God* is not a single being but an assembly of multiple deities. When they collectively act, we called them an "*almighty God*."

Now we have a general test procedure, and our next job is searching for a candidate for God. Where can we find God or a candidate for God? Nowadays, a standard process for seeking something is to ask Google, so I did. The result of my inquiry produced almost two billion answers. As usual, most of them were useless junk that had practically no connection to the original question. However, I found several valuable answers. The following are examples of the simplest solutions.

The question, "How to find God?"

Answer A: (With) the Five ways

1. Change your thinking about yourself and about God.
2. Regard every thought of God as God.
3. Practice believing that God dwells in you already.
4. Remember that God dwells in all others, too.

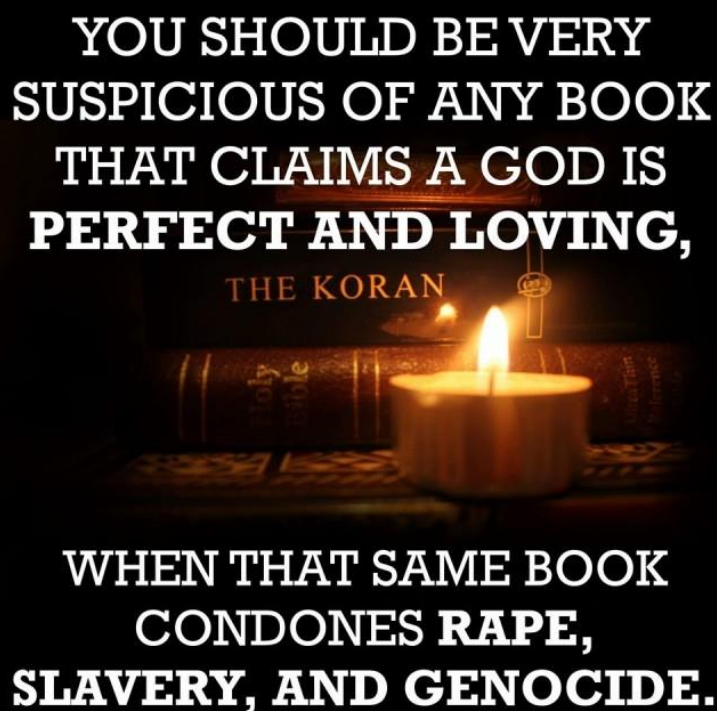


5. Relax and know that I am God.

Answer B: 12 Practical steps in your search for God

1. Pray
2. Focus your search on Jesus
3. Read the Bible
4. Engage your brain
5. Remain Open
6. Ask Questions
7. Investigate
8. Talk to People who love and follow Jesus
9. Journal
10. Spend time on Nature
11. Make time for your search for God
12. Evaluate and respond

There were many longer answers, which I did not list here even though I checked those which seemed to be useful ones. Some answers were as long as a full-length book. When I checked *Amazon* for books titled "How to find God," I found more than a dozen books. None of these How-to-find-God methods gives me a tangible way to see God or to meet God. They are saying that if you try hard to find God, someday you will suddenly realize or feel in your heart



the existence of God by discovering the results of God's action or work. In essence, they did not tell me how to find God directly, but they pointed out to me that I will eventually realize the greatness of God's power. Then I should consider that I have discovered God indirectly through His accomplishments.

I wanted to meet God and ask Him a proving question in English directly, but so far, I cannot find the means to see Him. The answers from the Internet or publications provide a method to finding a God who speaks English and has the appearance of a human being. It seems that all suggested methods will lead to a seeker of God discovering Him by realizing His existence in the seeker's mind, with no physical contact with an anthropomorphic living being.

It turned out to be that this was an intentional setup, according to the scripture. The Old Testament said that Moses encountered God, but he did not see God. Moses just heard His voice, but he did not see Him because he was afraid of looking at Him. As far as I know, nobody else met God directly.

While Jesus was alive, thousands of people saw him. However, after his execution, resurrection and ascension, nobody could meet Him on Earth. Jesus himself said that he would leave the Earth and go to Heaven, to be at the side of his Father.

"Now I am departing from the world;" (*John 17:11*)

While Jesus was facing toward Heaven, saying, "Now I am coming to you (Father)" (*John 18:13*)

Some faithful persons might say that Stephen and John (*Revelation 1:12-16*) saw Him after the ascension.

"But, full of the Holy Spirit, gazed steadily into heaven and Stephen saw the glory of God, and he saw Jesus standing in the place of honor at God's right hand." (*Acts 7:55*)

The Scripture says that Stephen saw Jesus in Heaven, not on Earth. Also, it implied that Jewish

Look I haven't read the Bible in a long time but I'm pretty sure there's a part that said not to do literally this



priests and others near Stephen looked at the sky but could not see anything. Only "full of the Holy Spirit" Stephen could see. I believe Stephen's sighting was likely a hallucination rather than an actual observation.

John encountered Jesus while visiting Church on the Island of Patmos. It was the Lord's Day, and John was worshiping in the Spirit. Suddenly he heard behind him a loud voice like a trumpet blast. John wrote, "When I turned to see who was speaking to me, I saw seven gold lampstands. And standing in the middle of lampstands was someone like the Son of Man (Jesus)." (*Revelation 1:12-13*) In the case of John, he also saw Jesus in Heaven, not on Earth. However, it is an interesting disclosure. Both Stephen and John saw Jesus in Heaven while both were still living on Earth. They had achieved the miraculous act while they were praying/worshiping God in the state of the Holy Spirit.

A consensus among believers of three religions is that



nobody knows the shape and form of Father (God). However, Christians believe that Jesus was a human shape before execution. After the ascension, Jesus became invisible. Jesus is not human on Earth anymore, and he exists in Spirit. However, Stephen and John's

accomplishment suggests, if we pray hard and reach the state of the Holy Spirit, then we might be able to see Jesus in Heaven.

Is it proof of God's (Jesus) existence? Not quite. Theoretically, anyone can meet Jesus once the person enters



the state of the Holy Spirit. What is the Holy Spirit? How can we become the Holy Spirit?

Almost every religion has some selected persons who can achieve a trance state while performing intensive religious rituals such as praying, meditating, repeating a mantra, twirling, or inhaling hallucinogens. During the state of trance, they often believe that they have accomplished seemingly supernatural actions such as meeting deities, visiting paradise, and maybe, possessing 70 to 700 virgins. I think both Stephen and John were in a state of trance. In other words, A state of mind, which is called "Holy Spirit" in the Bible, is a state of trance in laypersons' terminology.

Anything that happened or is observed during a trance is not a phenomenon in reality, but a hallucination or event created in the mind. Any observations that occurred during a trance state cannot be shared with any other person because it was in the person's mind with the trance state. In Stephen's case, many people with him could not see Jesus. Only Stephen saw Him.

In the case of John, we have no information about accompanying persons. So, John might be praying alone. However, John saw Jesus and described His appearance as follows:

*When I turned to see who was speaking to me, I saw seven gold lampstands. And standing in the middle of the lampstands was someone like the Son of the Man (Jesus). He was wearing a long robe with a gold sash across his chest. His head and his hair were white like wool, as white snow. And his eyes were like flames of fire. His feet were like polished bronze refined in a furnace, and his voice*

**The fact that churches  
are suing to stay open  
instead of voluntarily  
doing what's in the  
best interest of public  
health tells you  
everything you need to  
know about churches  
and their values.**

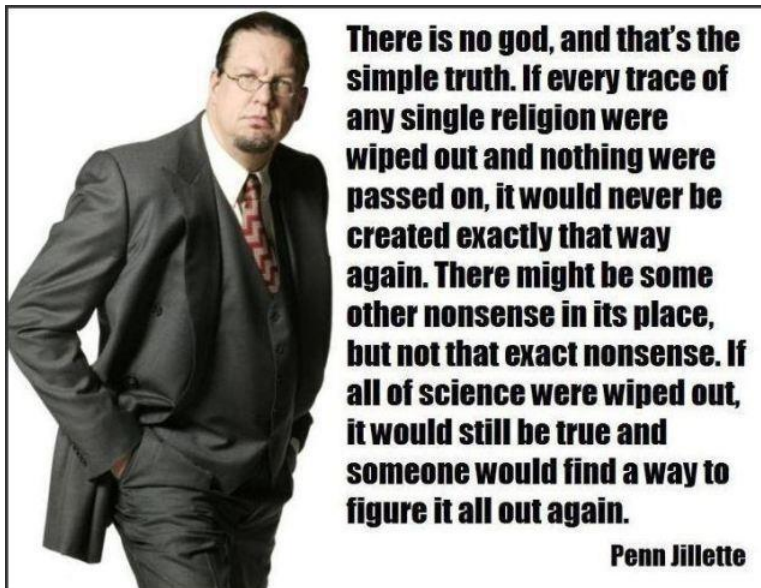
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*thundered like mighty ocean waves. He held seven stars in his right hand, and a sharp two-edged sword came from his mouth. And his face was like the sun in all its brilliance.*  
(Revelation 1:12-16)

Later in the same book, John described Heaven in complete nonsense for an ordinary earthling like me. For instance, four living beings around the throne were described as “each covered with eyes, front and back. The first of these living beings was like a lion; the second was like an ox; the third one had a human face, and the fourth one was like an eagle in flight. Each of these living beings had six wings, and their wings were covered all over with eyes inside and out.” (Revelation 4: 6-8)

I can judge that the above description of the strange living beings is the product of John’s imagination and not the actual observation of the real world. In other words, John was in the state of trance and not in the state of normal consciousness.

Stephen and John are the only officially recognized persons who saw God, even though God was “Son of the Man (Jesus),” not Father Himself in both cases. In both cases, observers of God were in the state of trance. This fact implies that the only way a living person may meet God is to put himself into a trance state. This makes lots of sense.



Abrahamic religions and many other religions, occults, and shamanism practice also introduce trance to reach higher beings such as deities, gods, Spirit, and other metaphysical entities.

In conclusion, the *Abrahamic God* does not exist on Earth as an anthropomorphic physical person. But God can be considered to live in believers' minds. When believers place themselves in the state of trance, they may see God or hear God's voice. Because God does not live on Earth as an anthropomorphic person, science cannot detect His presence unless supernatural almighty God exists in some virtual worlds and God decides to reveal Himself to scientists' examination. I repeat that God does not exist in the real world even though He may exist in an imaginary world, namely in people's minds.

**I think we should buy a bunch of  
blow up dolls and fill them up  
With helium. We can release  
them and make Evangelical's  
think they missed the  
Rapture** 🤪



# Emotions

By Ed Zillioux

Humans, like it or not, are characterized by our emotions. We are, simply put, living, breathing, often sharing, bundles of emotions.



We don't need to venture far to experience the most profound of emotions; many of us don't have to go out of our bedrooms. Or you may be awestruck or humbled by the beauty of a Chopin nocturne or elated by Ravel's Bolero. There is joy and there is sadness; there is envy and there is empathy; there is fear and there is triumph; there is hate and there is love. Ahhhh, love.

And there is sex. When I was a little boy, I knew there was a difference between a boy and a girl, but I had no idea how much difference there was. One day, when I was five years old, I was walking to my kindergarten class in St. Bridget's school with my neighbor's little girl. Her name was Ann Kelly. (That was 80 years



ago; how do I still remember her name?) She noticed that my shoe was untied, so she made me stop so she could tie it properly. She *taught* me to tie my shoe! WOW! I don't remember ever teaching her anything. We became good friends, but it was a different kind of friendship than I had with the

neighborhood boys. I didn't know why, but it was different. Just different. For example, she didn't like to play with bugs. And she smiled at me.

Ann Kelly and I never fell in love. I didn't know what that was back then and I'm pretty sure she didn't either. But I felt



something when I was with her and I knew it was something different than when I was playing with my boy friends.

Then the war ended and my dad got a different job and we moved away. And I started to grow up. And, ultimately, I began to experience sexual desire. Now, that's an emotion with staying power. I'm 85 now and it's never left me.

But what about love? I'm going to stop talking about myself now, 'cause it's none of your damn business anyway. Nevertheless, through three marriages and numerous affairs I, like you, have learned a thing or two. I'll just make a few points that I know will be obvious to you, especially considering that most of you are past your 70<sup>th</sup> year. Love and marriage often go together, but not always, and when they do it doesn't always last. But that can be fixed by divorce; or by death, if you are a slow learner. Love and affairs can also go together, just not as often; more commonly, they are temporary infatuations, if that. But when real love gets mixed up with an affair, it can be a bombshell. Like it can ruin your marriage if you happen to be into one of those. It can also ruin your affair, your sleep, your digestion, and maybe even your bowel movements. You can



never take love lightly. It won't let you. If you think you're in control, you're probably not in love.

That said, and despite the pitfalls, if you are lucky enough to be in love with someone that loves you too, do not let it go. Do not let it get away from you. Love is beyond all doubt, hands down, the purest of all emotions. Do not lose it. Do not fuck it up.

# CHATTER

By Bert Mautz

Recall listening to football games being broadcast Saturdays over the Universities' own radio station. The same radio station playing classical music in Mother's kitchen all day long. This had to be around 1949. Impressed then how the descriptions of the play were enough to allow a kind of visualization, for even a little kid. A number of years later the RCA 21-inch, black and white assumed the dominating position in the corner of the family room. Low and behold football games were on television, revealing even more detail of what was happening on the field.



Eventually became apparent that the play-by-play announcers had a different task working for a television audience than on radio. And for a few years the TV folks had less to say, no longer having to create an audio image – we could see the base runner sliding into second with everything visible on the screen. Harry Caray, the much-loved Chicago Cubs announcer made the transition from radio to television, plus occasional clowning from the booth to the fans in the stands. Great seventh inning stretch memories.

With fewer demands for on field/on court descriptions of the action, the announcers branched out, developing fans of their own. The broadcast booth-boys expanded their repertoire to include general baseball, or football commentary, talking about management, player careers, trades, and draft choices. Lots of extraneous talking over doing play-by-play broadcasting. Jack

Buck for the Cardinals, Ken “The Hawk” Harrelson working the White Sox adhered to a minimalist style, telling the fan only what we needed to know beyond what was happening right there in front of us. Like to think that these old timers knew and respected their audience, understood that we had some knowledge of the sport and our team’s personnel. In short, they didn’t have to explain the game while calling the game.

A favorite televised spectator sport is the four Tennis “Majors,” played in Melbourne, Paris, London, and New York. It is played by men and women, even mixed doubles. Was only natural that the women’s side of the tournament would be described by former women players, foremost among these is Chrissie Evert paired with Kris Fowler on ESPN. A couple years ago began to notice, then be distracted, and finally irritated by Evert’s incessant commentary, or as I called it, “chatter.” Chrissie doesn’t have much to say about the players’ technique, but all about off the court gossip. Makes me crazy. Gotta mute her.



Most of the major sports broadcasting teams include a pretty face stationed down on the field, or court side. She does ever so brief player interviews, or comments on the general conditions of the weather, or arena noise, important stuff like that. In the last year or two, presumably in the interest of equal opportunity employment the women made their move into the booth alongside the play-by-play announcer, the seeming ubiquitous former player with his players’ perspective, she’s joined the team. So, what is her role in the booth you want to know? Hell, if I can figure it out, beyond the extraneous chatter they have all learned from Chrissie Evert.

So, there I am minding my own business. Get my feet up for an hour, reading my latest *New Yorker*, turn on the television, for audio/visual enrichment and *KaPow!* spring training games are finally being broadcast. Even more wonderful, I've chanced upon a Cubs game. They're playing the Mariners. Of course, hearing the regular broadcast team would be too much to wish for, but I've got a Cubs game. Who is that talking? We've never had a – god forbid – woman in a Cubs booth! They're everywhere, equal opportunity bull shit. Oh no! Go for the mute button. I can follow the box score with base runners and outs, in addition to balls and strikes, and pitches hurled. Why did this inane, superfluous distraction have to happen?



Do you think Jim Nantz and Tony Romo, CBS football premium



play callers with Romo's gift for predicting which way the half back is going to dodge from offensive linemen positioning will add a girl to their booth? Perish the thought.



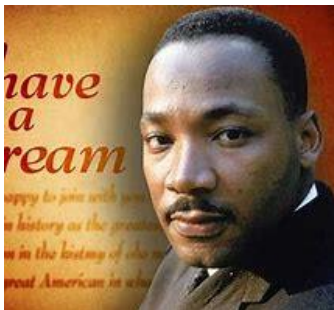
# GUILTY!

By Gale Baker



So, has it finally come? Can we hope for a reckoning? Will there really be a change? Or will we hear the same rhetoric and political talk with no action? We have become so accustomed to inaction in this country from politicians who pander to deep pockets and ignore truth.

I was not old enough to vote for John Fitzgerald Kennedy. But I sadly watched the assassination of JFK from my abode in Boston. I missed the first Lyndon Johnson election while I was in Europe entertaining our troops. From there, I was due to go to Vietnam. But the government changed all plans when the singer booked before me and her guides were ambushed and killed.



I was in Germany when Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy were murdered, and the Chicago 7 made news by voicing their opinions loud and clear in Chicago and were indicted for crossing state lines to protest. It reminds me of the young man who crossed state lines with a gun and killed people during a protest in 2020.

I proudly voted for the first time in 1972. My candidate lost. I missed the year Jimmy Carter was elected but celebrated from Manila with expatriates who lived there.



Since then, I have made it my business to vote every year. I hope the

generations to come will take advantage of their right to vote. I pray that the racists, the xenophobes and those who are so afraid to lose their power cannot change their obligation to protect our Constitutional right to democracy.



The *one who must not be named* defamed our name and standing on the world stage. Let us remain vigilant and make sure that those

who follow that ugly behavior are diminished and run out of office. Let us present a positive behavior and conduct to the generations of tomorrow and remind those who continue to thwart justice because of prejudice that we are all human, with arms and legs and a heart.

We also have brains. Let us encourage politicians to use them.



THE WAY WE WERE

# Songs Bring Memories

By Jim Longo



It always amazing how certain songs bring on certain memories of certain people, places and things. The Billy Joel song "The Piano Man" always reminds me of being fourteen sitting in the dimly lit boiler room of Mount Caramel (*sic*) School bent over metal tub washing the cafeteria's yellow, wooden, folding chairs. My father (and) boss allowed me a little silver Panasonic radio which was plugged in behind me playing top forty. Of all the songs I heard that summer washing those chairs – with the six-month stuck on bits of red Jell-O – that's the one that triggers

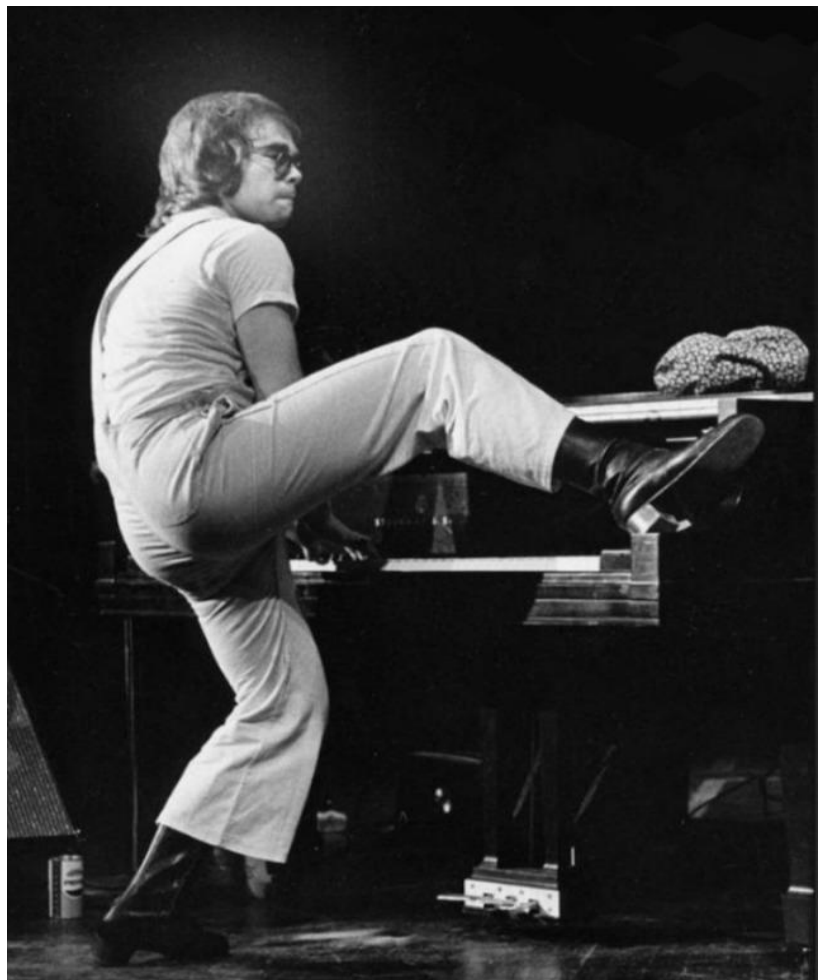
that memory. I used to think, how can I become great washing chairs, what a stupid, boring, lonely job but it did pay a dollar and quarter an hour.



"Nights in White Satin" by the Moody Blues always makes me think of a dance I got invited to by some girl I met at a McDuffie's school for girls' dance. We hit it off, yet I cannot remember her name. Remember her, a friend, and I walking thru the mall like the Marx Brothers. She moved to the

Caribbean because of her father's job. I remember writing her a letter and it bouncing around the back of my car for as long as I owned it. "Letters are written never intending to send."

"Philadelphia Freedom" by Elton John, reminds me of the month I spent on Cape Cod the summer of 1976. My sister got a job working on the Cape as a sous chef for a restaurant called the Golden Anchor, a steak house with singing waiters. A couple of things happened. My twenty-one-year-old sister Laura started dating the fifteen-year-old owner's son Ernst, he was tall,





blond and tanned and she became deathly ill in July probably from Mono.

"After Laura got over Mono, she wanted to go back to the Cape. She had already paid the rent on the cottage she was staying at until Labor Day. My mother would only let my sister go back to the Cape if I went with her. Yes, at fifteen I was sent to the Cape to keep my older sister out of trouble.

Laura and I ended up working evenings at the Golden Anchor as dishwashers. In the mornings we would go lay on the beach in South Yarmouth at the mouth of Bass River, where Ernst, had his Boston Whaler. Ernst showed up in his Boston Whaler and took Laura across the river to the Dennis side of the river. Needless to say, I crossed the inlet to make sure my sister didn't do anything stupid with a boy about six months older than me.

Ernst, Laura, and I went to Nantucket bicycling on our day off, and as we loaded the car "Philadelphia Freedom" came on. We rode around the whole island eventually coming to a barren stretch of beach against a sand dune on the complete opposite end of Nantucket from where the ferry came in.



My sister gave me a six pack of Schlitz beer and said, "Why don't you go take a walk?" So I walked down the beach up the sand dune, and back above where Ernst and my sister laid necking.

I sat there drinking beer, and just about the time Ernst had gotten the knot on Laura's bikini undone, I started back over the dune down to the beach and back up to the beach, probably asking, "What you got to eat?" After all I didn't have popcorn for the show.

Last thing I remember about that summer was the cottage we lived in. We lived with the bartender who lived on the porch. Laura and I had one bedroom, and one of the bus boys had the other bedroom. I don't think anyone did the dishes unless they needed on that whole summer. The toilet chronically overflowed. One night I needed to pee, I headed out the door, for the yard-slash-parking lot, cutting through the bartender's porch-slash-bedroom. I didn't run into only the bartender, but also his singing waitress girlfriend in bed which they stopped doing whatever they were doing to wake me. I might have been sleep-walking. I didn't remember the girlfriend the next morning other than she was blond.

Needless to say, after that, our bedroom door was locked at bedtime, so much for my *Philadelphia Freedom*.



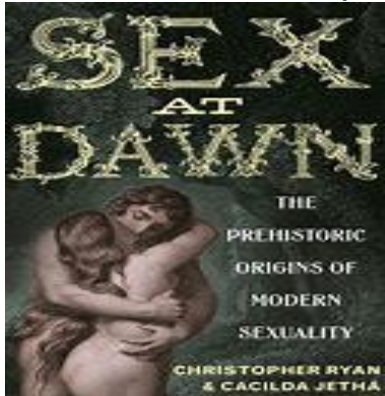


Being attracted to tennis as an engaging spectator sport is natural enough. The players with varying skill and experience levels brought together in one-on-one competition is mesmerizing. The four "Majors," taking place in Melbourne, Paris, London, and New York provide the ultimate in tennis entertainment. Players ranging from young, eager, and newly attempting to qualify, to the "old pros," clinging to their dominant rankings, withstanding the challenges of new talent, while taking home million-dollar winnings for two week's work.

The European major tournaments occur early due to the five- and six-hour time differentials, but Australia is a whole day earlier. So, their afternoon and evening matches happen through the night and into the morning. The upshot being, we are in bed for much of our tennis viewing, often falling asleep during the matches occurring in the night/morning hours.

Idiosyncratic sleep cycles, sleep deprivation susceptibility, versus night owl tendencies, and whether the combatants on the court are interesting, make for less-than-ideal sleeping, but we love our tennis. Have been quoted elsewhere my criteria for a

perfect morning; consisting of predawn sex, a hearty breakfast, concluded with a productive bowel movement being a pretty good start. Tennis broadcasts from Melbourne, where it is already tomorrow can complicate this fool-proof formula.



Stefanos Tsitsipas, a youngster from Greece was mounting a remarkable attack on the old master, Rafael Nadal of Spain, down the first two sets, the shaggy kid fought back. We were now two sets apiece, a heroic contest, thoroughly awake at four in the morning ... and horny. The irrepressible morning wood of a red-blooded old man, distracted by four games apiece in the fifth, makes for a conflict of the most fundamental sort. Can we have it all? Surely the match's audio will suffice. We know what the players look like. We understand the play-by-play calls. "Oh baby..... you feel so good."

Missed seeing the "match point," being scored by the bedraggled and sweat soaked/exhausted youngster. Otherwise, we are all good, ready to face the day, just need coffee and a sandwich, and a few minutes alone.





# Reborn

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By Lucy Thorp

I had my last cigarette on Tuesday, March 17, 1998 at 9:00 am. Then I entered the hospital.

Backtrack three days, to Saturday, March 14<sup>th</sup>. Another hospital room. On the bed lay the man I love most, more,

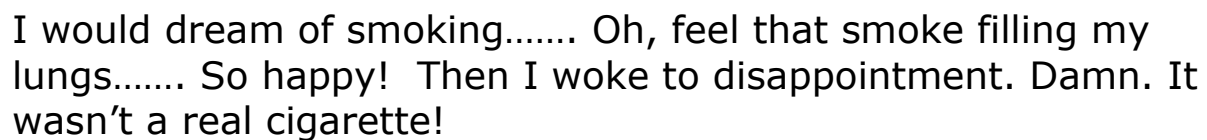
unbelievably, with all my heart. Tubes ran up his nose; the I-V hooked to his arm. He could barely breathe; more like tiny, shallow gasps every few moments.

It was shattering to see him so helpless, so opposite of what he had always been. I grasped his hand and felt so helpless myself.

"We have to quit smoking," he managed to squeak out, "I never want to see you here."

"Of course, my love, I'll quit with you," I whispered through my tears. "What the hell?!" my brain screamed. "How the fuck am I going to quit smoking?!"

The doctor prescribed Wellbutrin to soften the edges of the withdrawal but it was *sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo* hard. Yet every time the urge almost pulled me over the edge, I pictured the love of my life laying in that bed barely breathing.



\_\_\_\_\_ ( 70 ) \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Nicotine seemed to be always near and whenever a moment when I had enjoyed a cigarette happened, (after a good meal, at



a bar, waking up in the morning with a cup of coffee, partying with friends ... after sex) I had to resist his siren craving of nicotine's love for me. "You

want me, I want you. Let's make beautiful music. Just a puff, a tiny little puff, a puff, a puff."

I almost lost it in 2004. After hurricanes Frances and Jeanne, I was not just at the edge of the cliff but just about to leap over. Then my sweetheart's face loomed large with tubes and I-V's and gasping breath. I couldn't do it to him. I resisted.

I began to appreciate other smells again. My taste buds had awakened from their coating of tobacco tar. My car reeked, my clothes reeked, my house reeked. The bucket of residue when I washed the inside of my car was gagging and it took ages for all the stink to dissipate. However, it felt good not to cough and hack every morning and the coffee tasted much, much better.

I wondered when Mr. Nicotine would leave us entirely. I was hopeful. He seemed to be further and further away. When I felt strong, I would flip him off and pity any chain-smoker dangling a cigarette from their lips as they went about their life, burning holes in their blouses, their car seats, their slacks.



After some time passed, and I began to feel better, physically and mentally, I felt it was time to start apologizing to all the non-smokers who were my friends. They had to put up with so much noxious gas from us.

"No," they'd say to me, "Thank you for quitting."

I had a dream the other night. I was smoking a cigarette and was totally pissed, "You stupid idiot!" I berated myself, "Now you have to quit again!" I did not know how it got there, or why it was in my mouth. Mr. Nicotine was chuckling in the corner of the room offering me another cigarette.

Then I woke to the elated realization that I hadn't had a cigarette. I don't smoke.

I was reborn a nonsmoker 23 years ago. Thank you, my love.





# FICTION



## Chapter 3,2525

By Jim Longo

Aunt B stood between Jack and the food fabricator, "Jack when did you get in?" She asked. "I love you what you have done with your skin color."

"Yeah, blue matches my eyes."

"And the ice flowing through your veins."

"I'll ignore that, this family needs to be more civil." B said.

Jack said under his breath, "As civil as a shark feeding fest."

"That would be an improvement," B said, and they both laughed.

She produced his desired home coming meal of mushroom cold cuts on kelp bread, and big class of hemp juice, "See I made this just for you."

"Auntie I sent in my order on the local net, when I started down here."

"I know, that's how I knew you were here."

"You're monitoring the food fabricator?"

"I monitor everything. I have a mind like a steel trap."

"Well, they did put one in your brain to run this place," Jack thought, remembering Auntie B was augmented. Augmented meant a little cyborg like. A little cyborg like, was like a little bit pregnant. There was no such thing.



B slid the tray with Jack's lunch across the silver prep table. He took a bite and smiled. B sat down with across from Jack and smiled. A chill ran up Jack's spine. Jack loved his family, but he was also smart enough to fear them.

"Okay, you didn't break me out of Jeopardorian monastery; bring me to the bottom of the bay, to watch me eat a mushroom and seaweed sandwich."

"Can't an Aunt have feelings for her nephew?"

"Yeah, when the Florida rises from the sea."

"Okay, okay, I need you to find Uncle Blackey," B said, the smile running away from her face.

"Uncle Blackey?"

"What are you deaf? Yes, Uncle Blackey, my twin brother."

"Why? Why me? Are you nuts?"

"Yes, Uncle Blackey, the Black sheep of the family."

"Family, he is the Black sheep of a hell of a lot more than this family, try the world, try the solar system, hell, try this sector in which this solar system is in. He is Big Father's person non-grata. God knows what the Spacers would do if they got their hands on this guy."

"So, you'll do it."

"Back up, back up, I am the laziest, least useful, member of this distinguished family, maybe with exception of E but at least he has hobbies. Why me?"

"You are uniquely qualified," Aunt B said not even breaking to a smirk.

"Oh, I got to hear this one. How in this sector am I uniquely qualified?"

"You're Uncle Blackey's clone."

Jack's mouth fell open. He sat there totally stunned. He stared at Aunt B to see if she was joking. Cyborgs rarely joked, but they were known to do it occasionally. Jack regained his composure. "You're shitting me. I,



the least motivated man in the universe is a clone of Uncle Blackey. The man who supposedly bent a rule of physics, Fucked with the neural net for his own needs. Made a fool out of not one government but all of them, how could I possibly be his clone? My only goal for this life is to eat this sandwich in peace."

Aunt B did not bat an eye. She rarely did, and said, "Environment, neural net, and some neural transmitter manipulation, the latter was mostly your choice. Maybe that and he fell in love."

They sat in silence for a few moments. Jack chewed on his sandwich, and everything he just learned.



"So, are you in?" B asked.

"In what, in trouble, yeah, I'm in trouble, big-big trouble. Yeah, I'll go find him and hide in whatever hole he is hiding in. You never explained why you want him back."

"Everyone wants him back."

"Yeah, because?" Jack said.

"We think he believes he can manipulate time space, and if he does that might not be good for anyone."

Jack finished the bite, "So you don't only want me to find him, you want me to stop him?"

"Dissuade him," Aunt B said.

"Yeah, finding him might be the easy part."

She laughed, finished her juice, got up and headed towards the door, "If there is any way I help you let me know."



Jack sat in silence and finished his sandwich, but definitely not at peace.



# ~~Patsy~~ & Misty meet Mr. Death.



By Virgil Thorp



Her birth name was Patricia. Her mother called her Patsy, but she wanted to be called, "Misty". Only when she was pissed off at something she had done, did Misty refer to herself as "Patsy" as in, "you really fucked up this time, Patsy."

Misty wanted to expunge "Patsy" so much she had undergone a long and complicated tattoo across her chest, above her ample – and to her disappointed judgement – saggy breasts that read



“Marvelous Misty” in filigreed Edwardian Script. It had indeed,



been an excruciatingly painful ordeal

She often wore revealing tank tops that did not quite cover the tattoo completely and people would naturally try to decipher what it said. Misty would never admit to herself, but she enjoyed telling people, especially men, “my eyes are up here.” It was her way to feel important and special. A way to feel in control. It was about the only thing in her life that did. Of course, she often caught herself looking down to admire the tat and her cleavage.

She was saving for another tat, one of those tramp-stamps things. She had gazed at dozens of bikini-shots of other women with exotic tats on all sizes of asses and had even looked at her own naked, bent-over bum to imagine what one would look like on her. On what the hot stud who was fucking her would look down and see. She turned down the rheostat to dim the lighting and peered over her shoulder to see what her reflection in the bathroom vanity’s mirror looked like and said to herself, “yeah, my ass’d look hot with a tat!” The Patsy-Misty persona felt like her ass was firm and ample and it was better than her tits at being an asset, particularly in a dimly lit bedroom.

She had seen a picture of a native American Indian symbol, the dreamcatcher, that she thought would give her a classy, spiritual aspect for whomever she shared it with. She did not have any idea of the symbol's significance to Indian spiritual beliefs because she was a devout born-again Christian, and as a Christian, she was supposed to deny pagan symbols. But, as a decoration, it was so pretty, she wanted it. It was also part of that desperate grasping for significance that resulted in all Misty's piercings and other body modifications.



Her earlobes had been the initial holes for pretty hoops, followed by a cute nose ring, then studs through her eyebrows, a row of gold rings around the helix of her ear. As soon as she was able to save enough money through babysitting, she added a tongue stud. She thought the rings were so compelling she closed her eyes and gritted her teeth as holes were punched through her nipples so she could add another set of studs through the sensitive tissue.

Last month she added a calf tattoo of her favorite man, President Donald Trump. She thought it looked just like him. Random observers, however, objectively described the tat as "pumpkin-like". But the tragic part of it that caused her such anguish, was when she discovered "Make Amrica Great Again" banner underneath the tat was misspelled. She cried for two weeks. "Way to go, Patsy."



Misty dealt with a lot of body image shame. She knew she would never be like an anorexic model. Her mother knew it too, and always told her, "Patsy, you have a wonderful smile. A young girl should always smile." Every time she thought of her mother, she would shudder at the name "Patsy".

Life had more downs than ups for Misty. She had not done very well in school but had finished a GED after she had been in a drug rehab. Liking to party, Misty had been roofied one night and endured a rape with multiple men penetrating her and leaving her naked, bruised and knocked-up. She had also had ecstasy that night – they really did not need the "bennie" (Rohypnol), the ecstasy was enough to encourage her libido to want to fuck – and while never completely unconscious, had really enjoyed the guilty gangbang. At the time she thought she was having a wonderfully erotic dream where she was the main course at a sexual banquet. She was just too fucked up to tell them to pull out and come on her face. But afterwards, guilt and shame caused grief and hatred for her body's betrayal. "You've done it again, Patsy."

She found herself praying every day, in the morning and in the evening for weeks that nothing bad had happened. The harsh reality slapped her when she missed one period then a second. She had thought about a Planned Parenthood abortion but fortunately, she miscarried the day before the procedure was to take place. She fled into depression and group therapy. And religion. "God loves you," she was told. "Hates the sin but loves the sinner."

Misty began to believe it. She had to. She was told that it was not her fault. Her heritage had been stolen by the unworthy. Misty had vicarious daydreams of wealth and fame. If only she could carry a tune. She called all her idols by their first names – Bae, Cardi, Brittany – and knew they would welcome her into the glamorous group and call her "Marvelous Misty." They would be so exceptional as they ran about town together and she could

waft away on the dream of being introduced as our 'special friend'.

Misty found that there were others very much like her. They were also dissatisfied with their lots in life. Things like "equality" did not include her or them. They were now outsiders. She was told it wasn't her fault and they were being kept down by radical-left politicians on main-stream left-wing media who preached heresies like "quotas" and "Affirmative Action."

She saw that there were cheaters who played the system and she was jealous that they got away with it. The bad part was that they were so fucking smug about it.

Her friend, Reek, had persuaded her to go with him to a rally. "you won't believe how exciting it is." And it was. More like a rock concert than a boring political gathering. Misty found herself fitting right in with the chants of "lock her up" and "CNN sucks." The man running for president spoke right to her. 'He knows how I feel,' Misty thought, 'he knows how to fix my life'. No one seemed to notice the covert fascist thought of "master race" and autocratic authoritarianism – "only I can fix it" – that underpinned the simple script that guided the event's structure.

A bonus was the abundance of hunky, rugged guys. Misty thought she had gone to a Brawny towel lumberjack audition. Outdoor types with lots of camo and open-carry weapons. Of course, there were also wimpy, nerd-type wanna-bees, like Reek, but there were lots n' lots of the strapping Adonises who looked appreciatingly at her tats and one of them even gave her his own "Make America Great Again" hat.

"Let me hear you say, 'Crooked Hillary,'" he said. "And the hat is yours."

Misty barged her way past Patsy to the forefront and gave him a lusty, "Crooked *f-ing* Hillary!" that made him grin and hug her with powerful arms.

It is true that she felt uneasy when the current president was called a nigger, but she felt so comfortable otherwise that she could easily overlook the bigotry. She was overcome with joy when the electoral college gave her new hero the presidency even though he came up short on the voter totals. Dejected democrats all had furrowed brows and down-cast looks. After the inauguration speech, no deep-state progressive mouths could smile.

Because, for Misty and her MAGA's, America was going to be great again. She was convinced. Lost jobs would return; the swamp of D.C. would be drained. American companies for America. It was almost like Jesus Christ had returned to pass judgement. It was the great era of America First. MAGA ruled.

"Look at the lib-tards cry" was the sniggling shout with each noxious decision that came out of the White House after the inauguration. Misty could not conceal a smirk as she mocked them with, "boo-hoo, boo-hoo."

The rallies of the faithful never stopped and Misty went to every rally she could make because she felt so profoundly good after each event. Like going to church and having been blessed by the priest's benediction. It was not so much a substitute for the profane ecstasy that used to thrill her, but a new, more potent panacea to the hunger she had felt before Reek introduced her to MAGA. She just did not care that she was just as drugged as in, "you've fucked-up again, Patsy".

Meanwhile those cursed lib-tard snowflakes kept trying to bring her hero down. They investigated. They impeached. They lied! They accused the president of terrible things, criminal things. She only knew they lied. All the time. Another election loomed and was joined by a pandemic. Life became more complicated and toilet paper was in short supply.

Misty believed everything her hero said. The virus would be gone by April. Completely disappear. Try this drug. Try bleach. She

wasn't sure what to do. She tried to purchase Hydroxychloroquine on-line but was relieved when her credit card was turned down. So many people out of work. So many people hungry. So many people scared of the future. Long lines of cars waiting for something, either a covid test or a box of can goods and a roll of toilet paper. You did not know what it could be until you got close to the front. Despite being assured the virus was now, actually "a hoax", she did feel apprehension being in crowds, though.

The great man said the upcoming election would be rigged and she feared he was right. But look at all the Trump-Pence signs and flags in every yard. Look at all the bumper stickers and all the people at the rallies. The boat parades were awesome. All the roar of the engines and the flapping of the flags! So stirring, so patriotic. How could he lose? To lose was to affirm the election was fraudulent. Something had to be done. Something had to be said. Another rally was planned, and it coincided with the vote certification in congress on January 6<sup>th</sup>, 2021. Attendees were



promised they would not believe how great the "Stop the Steal" rally was going to be. So, Misty and Reek loaded up on warm clothes, their MAGA paraphernalia, a Gadsden, "Don't Tread on Me" flag, beer, chips, weed and Red Bull energy drinks, to travel all night to get to Washington D.C. by the next morning. The Walkman full of recordings of Jonah Goldberg, Dan Bongino, Rush Limbaugh and Alex Jones'

podcasts helped them stay awake on the drive and reinforced the righteousness of their holy quest.



Even though she was shivering in the slate grey of January D.C. chill, Misty felt this morning was going to be a great day for the president, for the country ... and for her. She could feel it as the crowd gathered. It got larger, louder. The first hint of getting the rally's high! She could feel it when the dignitaries began walking from the VIP tent to the stage. She thought Ivanka was waving to her. She waved her "Save America" sign and Ivanka gave her a thumbs up and a dazzling smile. Her adoration welled up as tears of joy trickled and she had to wipe her nose with the back of her glove. Then the great man walked to the podium. The cheering was the loudest she had ever experienced, even better than the first rally five years earlier. The chant of "four more years" began right behind her and she joined the frenzy of "four more years, four more years, four more years", until she was bouncing up and down with the MAGA crowd's excitement.

"Stop the Steal" rang out and the crowd echoed into slobbering emotion. "I have been cheated" translated to "you have been cheated". The election was rigged. The message was personal, every emphasis was underlined. It has always been rigged against you. Your country has been ripped away from you. Your heritage has been seized and bestowed on the undeserving. There is only one thing we can do – "and I'll be right there with you" – and that is to 'stop the steal'. Stop it now. Go down the street, to the capitol and stop the steal. Be an American hero and stop the steal, save America! And with the blessing of the president, the anger took on a menacing shape and aimed directly at congress.

Misty was swept up with the rest of them as hundreds moved together like an enraged flock of daggers ready to smite the transgressors who had betrayed the nation's birthright.

Misty did not feel any fear, the thrill of the righteous patriotic power, like a drug – its own ecstasy – was surging to the heart of the mob's fury. Their president told them he needed them to battle for the country's freedom, to save America. And like

dedicated soldiers, like patriots, they were ready to man the barricades like loyal cannon-fodder.

By the time Misty reached the building, the throng had breached the outer barricades. The air was saturated with gas and sprays; bear, mace, tear. Misty was coughing as she tried to keep up with the relentless surge forward. That was like a wave, carrying her with it. That was now banging against the doors and shattering windows. Her buddy Reek was lost, somewhere else behind her in the crowd.

There were rioters gasping, police shouting. Chaos became the color of the day. No one saw the irony of the "save the blue" banners and the bloodied policemen and women retreating and reforming to attempt to halt the relentless tsunami of the MAGA mob. She could hear angry shouts: "Hang Mike Pence", "shoot him with his own gun", "Jesus is my president", "Trump is my savior" and "Get Pelosi."

It was Misty who was about to yell "stop the steal" when Patsy stumbled and the crowd jammed her against the hard marble of the Capitol steps. Her "Don't tread on Me" flag clanked to the ground and her hands were crushed by heavy boots that also broke her nose. More things were being broken; the treasured MAGA American flag sunglasses, her teeth, her ribs. The broken ends of bones punctured organs. The pain was like fire. The air in her lungs was forced out by the weight of many bodies passing over her. Vomit spewed out of her mouth and nose and she inhaled it right back in, desperate for air. Darkness was closing in as she choked on the regurgitated breakfast of powdered donuts and Red Bull. Pain flashed everywhere.

The "Marvelous Misty" tattoo was smeared with blood. Most of her piercings were stomped and misshapen. On the capitol steps there was simply a quivering mass of trampled tissue, leaking out on the outside and bleeding out on the inside. The only thing her blood was good for was making the steps slick and sticky.

She had no air to scream. Her panicked thoughts were mommy and God. "Help me God." Stop it. "Stop them, Mommy." Stop. And then, Patsy went silent, and it was only Misty. The final brainwave was, "you've fucked up again, Patsy."

Maybe God had answered. The body was now limp and still. Blood, drool and vomit dripped from her open mouth. There were no more smiles to give and no more dreams to catch. And the riot continued over and around her.

News reports the following day said:

*One of the five people killed in the DC riots was a pro-Trump protester who was trampled to death. According to an unnamed friend of the deceased, Patricia Mounds, of Murfreesboro, TN, died as the mob stormed the Capitol building, squaring off with police at Wednesday's "Stop the Steal Rally".*



*Her friend recalled her final moments as protesters began falling over one another. "I put my arm underneath her and was pulling her out and then another guy fell on top of her, and another guy was just walking [on top of her]. There were people stacked two, three deep ... people just crushed her."*

*Paramedics attempted to revive Mounds, 34, but she was unresponsive and pronounced dead at the scene.*

Even though Nothing had really changed – and Misty and Patsy were once again, the same – no chants and no prayers could wake them. The Red-hat rallies were over, and the meeting with Mr. Death turned out to be too up-close and fatally personal.

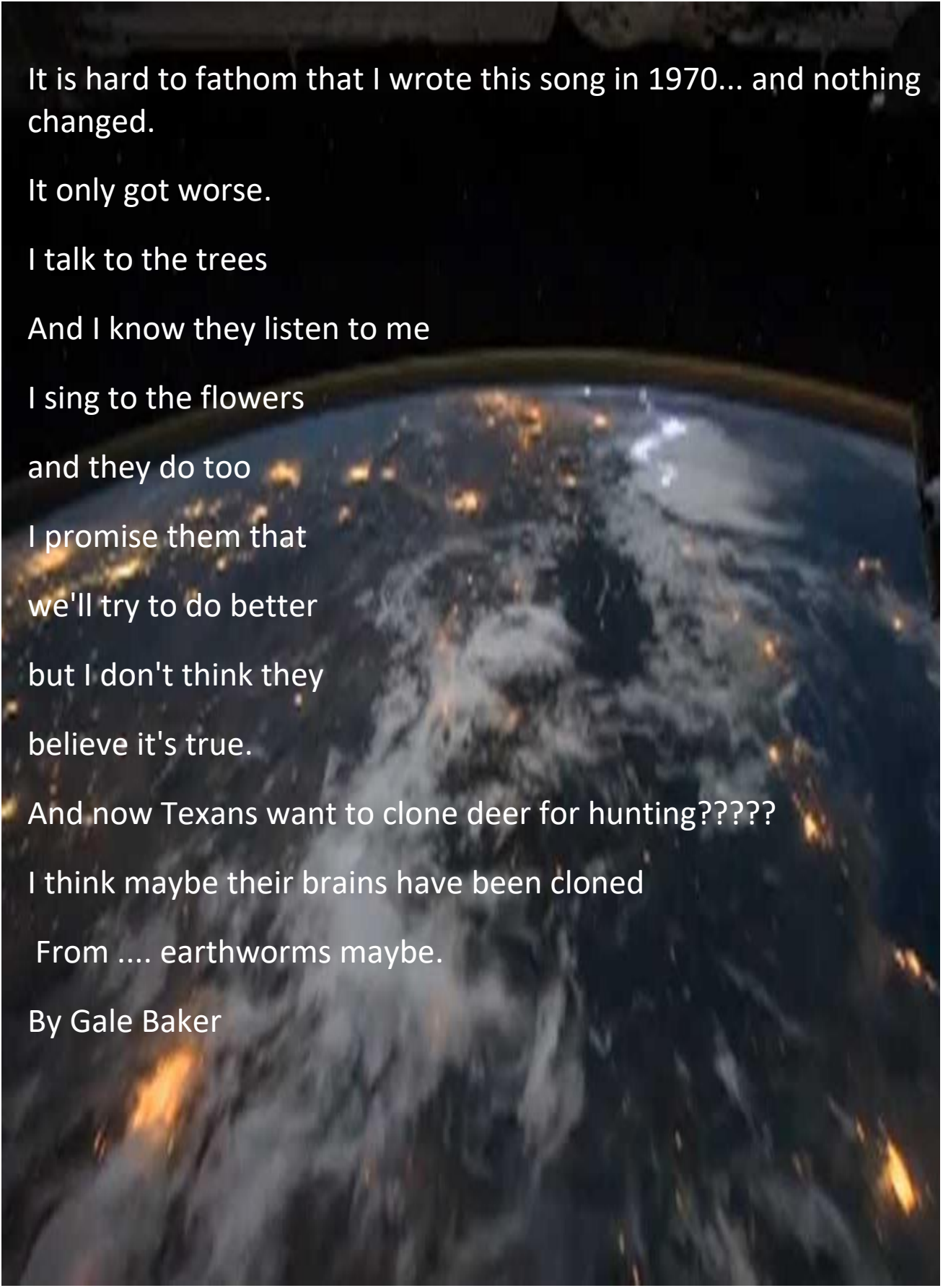
## POETRY N' PROSE

Winter solitude--  
in a world of one color  
the sound of wind. ~~ Matsuo Bashō (松尾 芭蕉)



sculpture: *Gustav Vigeland* (1908)





It is hard to fathom that I wrote this song in 1970... and nothing changed.

It only got worse.

I talk to the trees

And I know they listen to me

I sing to the flowers

and they do too

I promise them that

we'll try to do better

but I don't think they

believe it's true.

And now Texans want to clone deer for hunting????

I think maybe their brains have been cloned

From .... earthworms maybe.

By Gale Baker

I placed a jar in Tennessee,  
And round it was, upon a hill.  
It made the slovenly wilderness  
Surround that hill.  
The wilderness rose up to it,  
And sprawled around, no longer wild.  
The jar was round upon the ground  
And tall and of a port in air.  
It took dominion everywhere.  
The jar was gray and bare.  
It did not give of bird or bush,  
Like nothing else in Tennessee.

~~ Wallace Stevens (1919)



**Maya Luna**

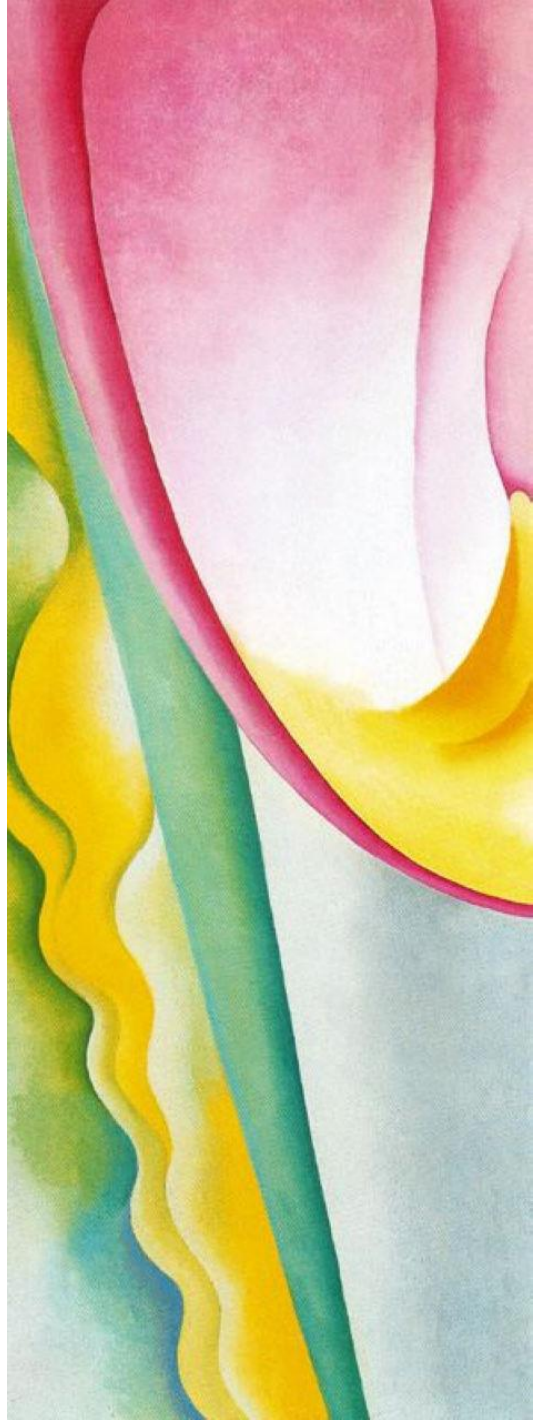
**Yesterday at 6:55 PM**

The Age of Authenticity:  
We are no longer trading in our soul  
For the allure of money  
The seduction of fame  
The euphoric fantasies of intoxicated  
love  
We see the game  
The jig is up  
We no longer chase the carrot  
That never nourishes our hunger  
We no longer seek the shiny package  
With a rotten hollow core  
We are done letting shame fuel our  
hunger  
For unattainable perfection  
We no longer believe the lies  
Of the polished perfect ones  
The mask is slipping  
We know the script  
The emperor has no  
Clothes  
We no longer believe our will  
Is God  
We are no longer satisfied with the sickly taste  
Of sweetness  
Delivered with a grimace  
Shaped like a smile  
We are ready to feast on the fruit  
Of the Real  
We are returning  
To innocence  
We are bored with corrupt systems  
That seek to cut out our heart  
In exchange for a dead performance  
We are no longer charmed by the



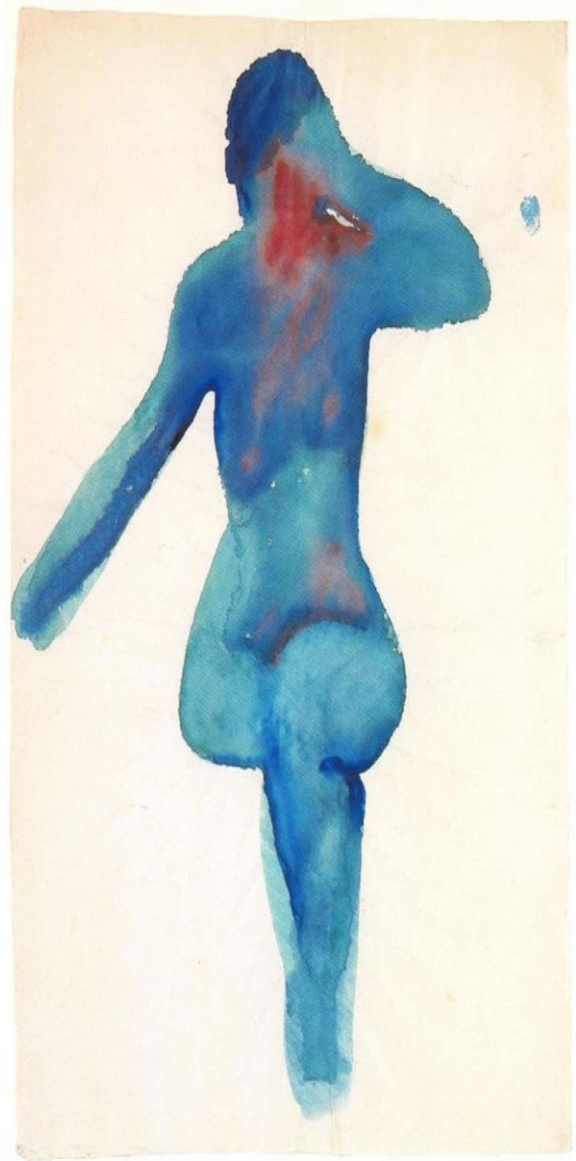


Siphoning of our essence  
In exchange for a bad deal  
We no longer color inside the lines  
We delight in making mistakes  
We are rapturous in our play  
We allow the unfolding to be a  
Revelation  
The Mystery is our guru  
The unformed Rose is our muse  
We are done with the trance of  
The illusion of control  
We are learning how to dance  
With the spontaneous arising  
Of this holy moment  
We know longer need to know  
We are in love with our  
Unknowing  
We are inhabiting our imperfections  
We are letting the body lead  
We are listening  
We are receiving  
We are letting grace have its way  
We are submitting to the sublime in  
the  
Ordinary  
We are remembering we are  
Beautiful  
We are discovering what Beauty  
Is  
We are Finding  
We are Being  
We are no longer serious  
In our Seeking  
We seek like children  
Playing games  
For fun  
We are delighting in being  
Found





We are drinking the nectar  
Of our own presence  
We are letting God break in  
We no longer run away  
From the haunting void  
We are no longer attempting to  
Fill it, Stuff it or Hide it away  
We are falling into the emptiness  
We are finding fullness here  
We are coming home  
The jig is up  
We recognize the illusion of  
glamour  
The twisted sickness of false  
promises  
The cruelty of fixing  
What was never broken  
We have no hope for perfection  
We seek the vastness of humility  
The infinite in the small  
We are drunk with sober  
Faith  
We are living off the breath  
Of truth  
Radically available  
Merciful in its abundance  
We are finished earning love  
We are done chasing the  
Dream  
The jig is up  
The game is tired  
Played out  
We are letting ourselves have it All  
We are experiencing fulfillment  
Without ever leaving ourselves  
Again  
We are tired of being rigid  
We find ecstasy in the supple



We are learning to make love  
Limitation is our Sanctuary  
The Simple Heart is our Refuge  
We are burning the map  
We are dancing on the ashes  
We are moving from  
Fullness  
We are delighting in stillness  
We are learning to walk  
With eyes closed  
We are no longer waiting  
For life to begin  
We are finally free  
To live

-Maya Luna

From OMEGA: Feral Secrets of the Deep Feminine



(Pastel art by Georgia O'Keeffe)



By Gale Baker

We are red. We are black.  
We are brown. We are yellow.  
We are beige [not white].  
And we treasure what is right.  
Don't judge us by our color  
By our religion or our race  
Take off your blinders.  
And you will see one face.  
It's a face of freedom bought  
With pain and agony  
It's a face of many races  
Who are longing to be free.  
It's a face of us all together  
In the body of liberty

## COMEDY CORNER



By Vignau Dan

Well, My CRT TV speakers are surviving as I write, as I listen to them blast the trial from the bedroom next door. PBS would have been much more pleasant, but alas, TEE-VEE! That was a word I had never used before I joined this writers' group. Thanks a lot, everyone.

This television was bought to appease my pal Steve, because before we met, he had never lived without one. Luckily, we pretty much just used it for movies and some sports, with the stereo being the main source of entertainment.

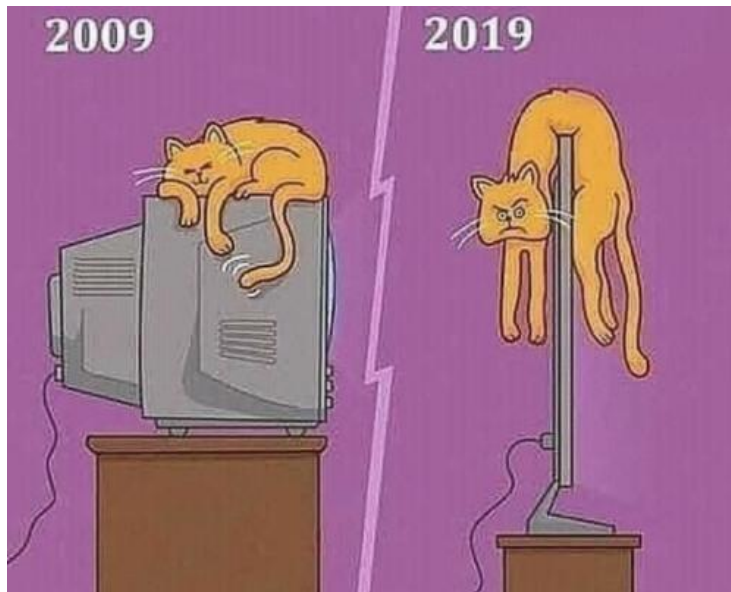
The two were permanently conjoined when *Pink Floyd's* "The Wall" came out on video. The big American power amp and British monitor speakers really enhanced the movie experience, as did the special mushroom pizza. We did not use alcohol back then, but eventually re-learned how to abuse it.



My family still had its first television when I went away to college. We had it about 13 years at the time, a huge 21-inch Sylvania, I think, with VHF, but no UHF! In other words, it did not have *Pink Floyd's*, "13 channels of shit on the TV to choose from." (From *The Wall*, "Comfortably Numb")

Due to our antenna on a hill, we got three Knoxville stations, and sometimes three from Chattanooga – which were pretty much duplicates – and an FM station on channel 6, I think.

Or did we get Channel 6 on FM? That sounds more likely since there was a Knoxville Channel 6.



I have trouble remembering what I forgot.

I'll never forget NBC's WATE channel 6. It was responsible for my downfall from perfection. Up until I misspelled this word on a quiz, I had never made a mistake on any exam.

DAMMIT! Why did I spell 'Wait' as 'WATE'? Brainwashing, I tell you! Simple, but inadvertently efficient brainwashing! Rote learning wins out again! Repeat it often enough and ....

Years later, when the family finally decided to sell our Tennessee home, that trusty Sylvania was still working, but by then pushing over 20-years-old, except for some tubes.

I had eventually enhanced the sound by providing my own system for it, from my childhood 1940's RCA "portable" 45 rpm record changer in a case, with added innards of a burned-up juke

box carefully mounted in a big plywood box with auger holes. Of course, since I had helped wire the house, all of this fed into my reel-to-reel in my upstairs bedroom, along with my stereo Magnavox suitcase portable, that is, if you can call big Magnavox console innards in a 35-pound, vinyl clad suitcase, "portable". The removable end on it was a three-way speaker that was placed across the room for the STEREO!



I always wondered how the juke box amp, and especially the 12-inch cardboard woofer, survived the fire that took out our Big Wurlitzer at our competitor's movie theater, and just a week before our grand opening!

The burnt-up Wurlitzer was a really old one. Like the ones that mostly sat in our warehouse, converted 78 rpm ones, ancient ones with collar-like rings around the 45's to make them fit on the spindle.

This also made me wonder about my Dad's

driving me miles out of the way to show me the restaurant that had given me food poisoning.

Even more amazing, my wish that it would burn down had come true! Then, there was the paint store fire. Dad had called us to come watch it, about 35 miles away from home, in Athens.

Coincidence? Surely?

My first flat screen only lasted a few short years, so I bought a three-year warranty on its smarter replacement. I am glad I did, because it only lasted two years. Best Buy sent a guy to my house to test it. He returned with the wrong parts, so I was given a warranty refund. Although the television still worked, it had become stupid, by no longer streaming anything. The tech told me there would be a disposal fee if I returned it.

It is still my main one, albeit now all Roku'd up, sans its own smarts, but with great sound: *Thanks Bert!*

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



In many ways, life was a lot more interesting without what Frank Zappa sang was, "Gross and perverted, obsessed and deranged, the tool of the government, and industry too!", providing, "The slime oozing out, of your Tee-Vee set." (From *Overnight Sensation*, "The Slime")

We now live in a throw away economy. It shows. Crap is cheaper to make than to



repair. We don't save for anything. We just replace it on credit cards.

This strategy of giving credit cards to everyone keeps our failing, monopoly capitalist system humming, and more importantly, it locks workers into payments that keep everyone tied to boring, mediocre jobs.

The United States monopoly capitalist system has crashed. It is on the life support called credit cards. No one, especially not the managers of our economy, ever saves for downturns. We just rely on our next Fasci-Socialist bail out, which leads to even worse inflation than Adam Smith pointed out is necessary for monopoly capitalism to function at all.

**Modern slaves are  
not in chains.**

They are in debt.

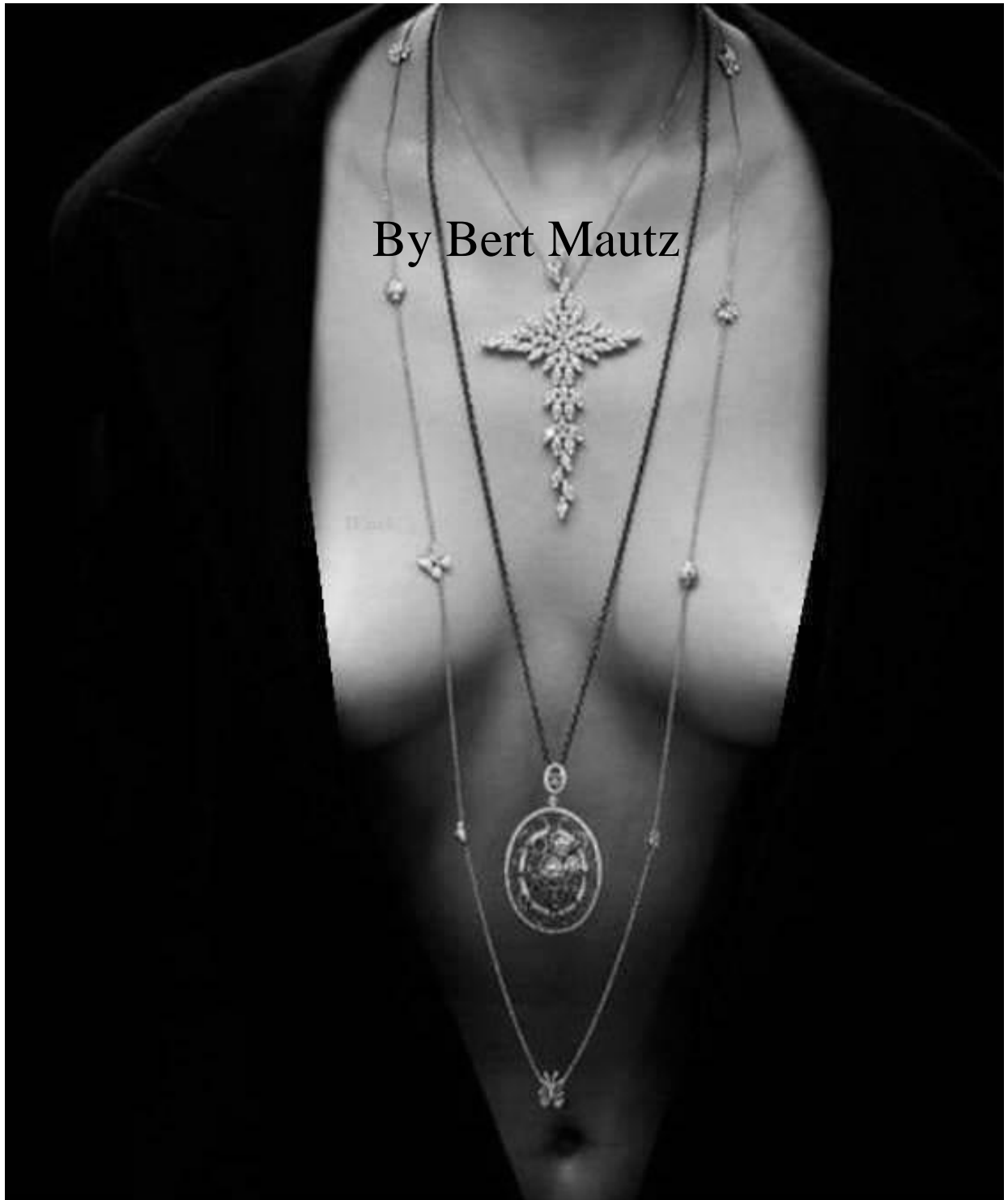


At least we have the Tee-Vee Slime to entertain us, and to

make us think we understand how we are being screwed, no matter which brainwashing we, shall 'er say, "choose" to believe in. The slime coming out of our TEE-VEE set will gladly support our beliefs, and using Chomsky's term, this slime continues to "manufacture consent" of our populace, as it entertains us, no matter which sides of the political aisles we occupy.



# CLEAVAGE



What is it about the attraction of the emerging cleavage at the neckline of the traffic lady's dress? Was I not suckled enough? Was I denied love and cuddling? Tiffany Cross, MSNBC this



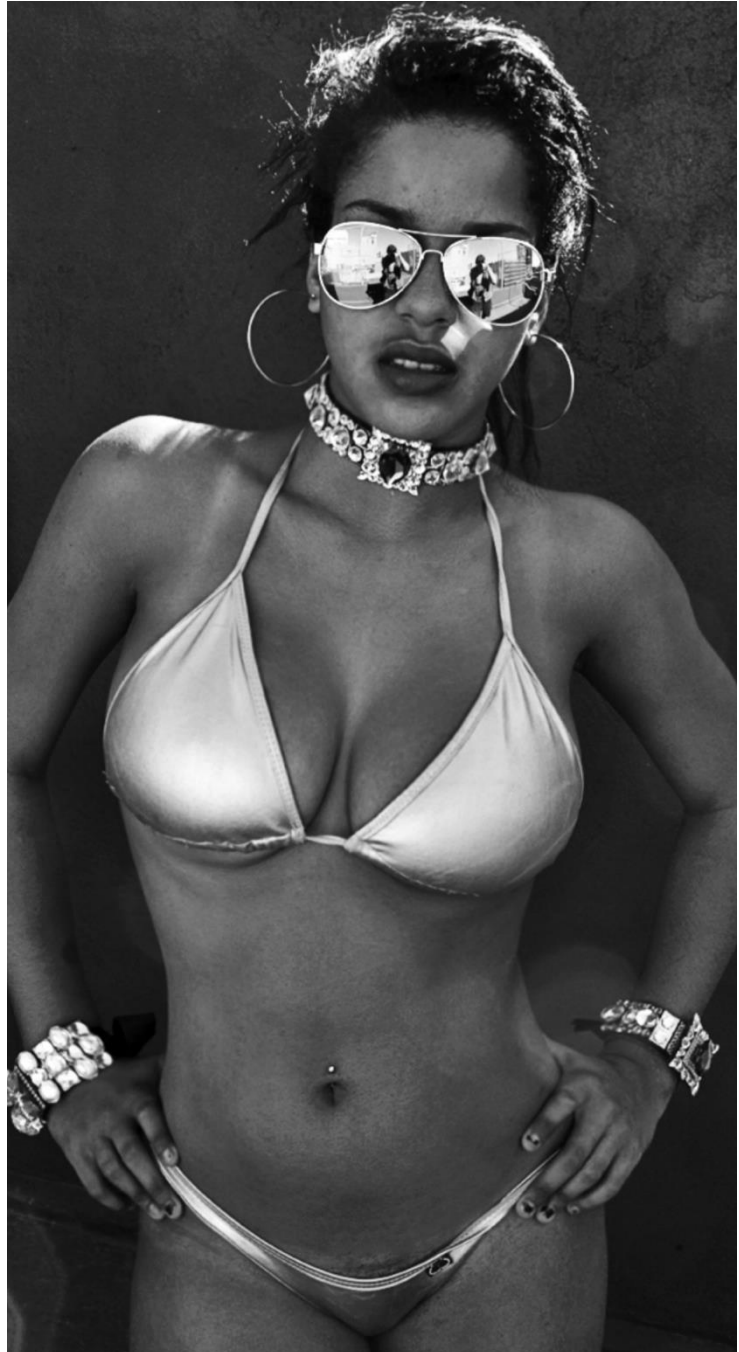
Saturday morning in a white suit, glistening, golden cleavage. What's a guy to do?

How did Hugh Hefner, a Chicago boy in 1953 seize on the male of the species' obsessive attention to create the Playboy empire? Men's magazine cheesecake of the fifties was light-weight stuff compared to what can be found on every child's bedroom computer today.



Have wondered elsewhere about the ad scripting and talent assigned whether every female actor was cast for her role in terms of the appropriateness of her bosom to selling vitamins or telephone service. Surely every ad has a target audience: gender, age, socioeconomic level, and susceptibility to her bosom. The actors chosen accordingly.

The ladies frolicking on the beach in those commercials for vacations in the tropics, wearing surprisingly modest swimming suits, and clearly younger than the middle-aged couples who have the time and resources for such holidays. Why isn't she buxom, say as our favorite AT&T gal in the *Oh-My-God* blue shirt. The grey-haired grandmother type jogging through the park, avoiding the pinecone on the walkway is lasciviously bouncing beneath her lovely sweater. Who makes these calls choosing the talent, gauging her bosom?



Network television has carefully avoided explicit female body shape in its on-screen talent beginning with Jane Pauly until

recently with the weather girl in a bright and tight cocktail dress at seven o'clock in the morning. (Must mention the contrast with all the guys in drab business suits since time began.) Obviously am obsessively paying attention to virtually every lady on screen for her presentation of bosom; subdued, or accentuated, enjoying the latter. It's only natural.

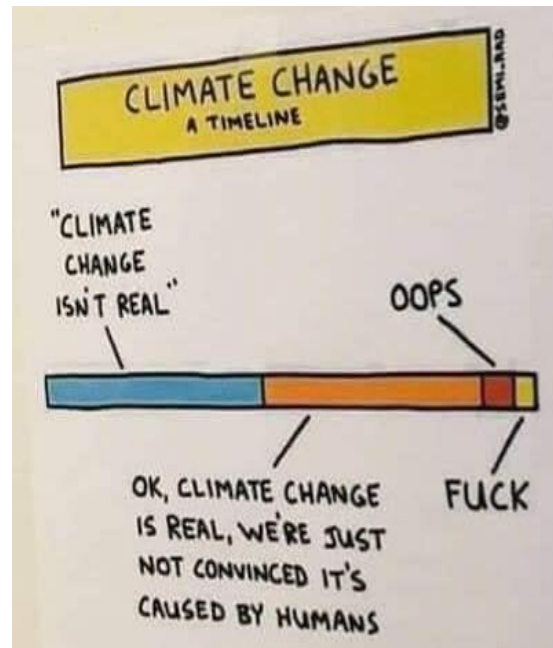


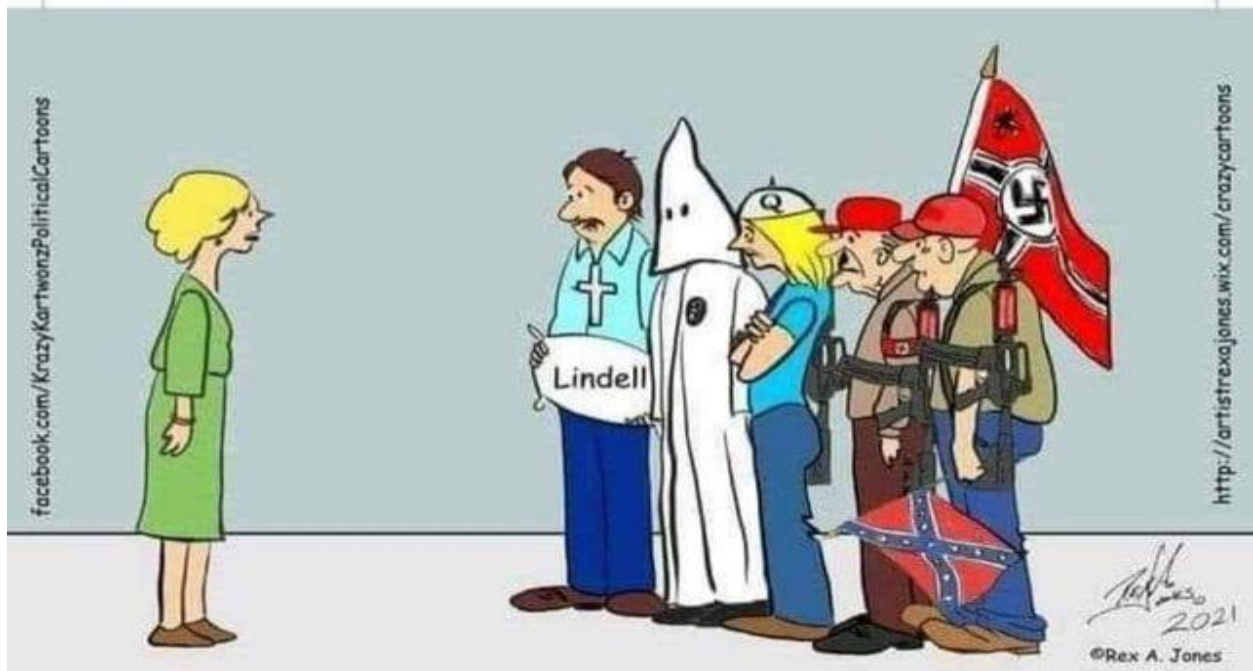
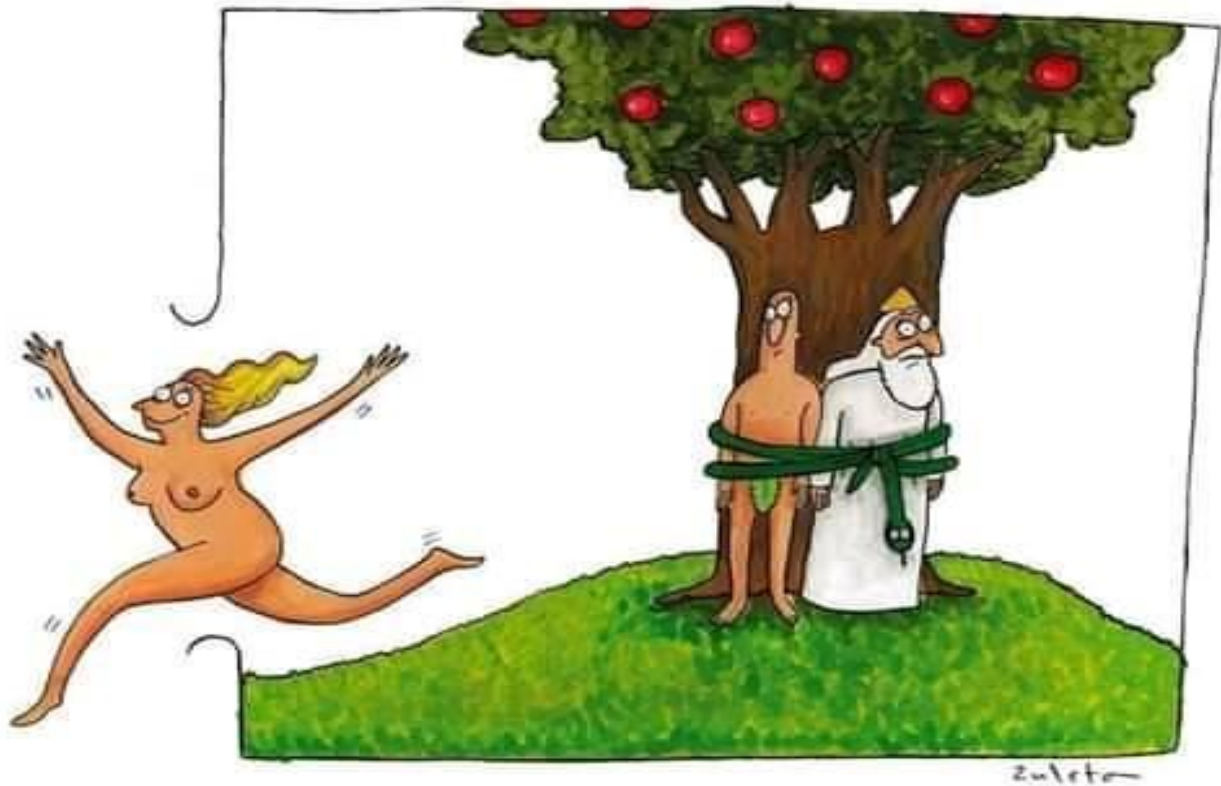
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"They can sense brain death, Richard ... you have to stop watching Fox News."





"You may consider it cancel culture, but it's well past time your cultures were cancelled."





Ralph knows that the secret to retail is location, location, location.



## FREETHOUGHT OF THE DAY

“It was only when I finally undertook to read the Bible through from beginning to end that I perceived that its depiction of the Lord God . . . was actually that of a monstrous, vengeful tyrant, far exceeding in bloodthirstiness and insane savagery the depredations of Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot, Attila the Hun, or any other mass murderer of ancient or modern history.”

**Steve Allen**

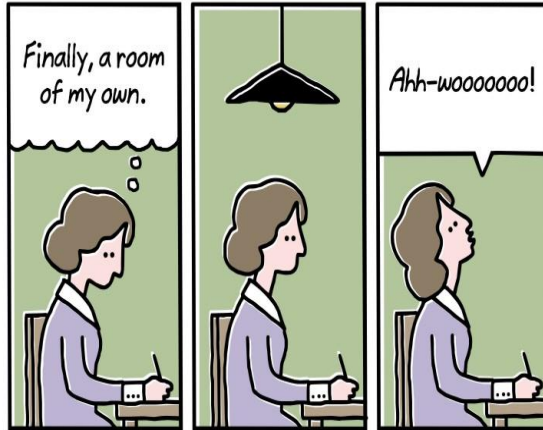
“Steve Allen on the Bible, Religion & Morality” (1997)



## lone Virginia Woolf

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## Medieval texting abbreviations

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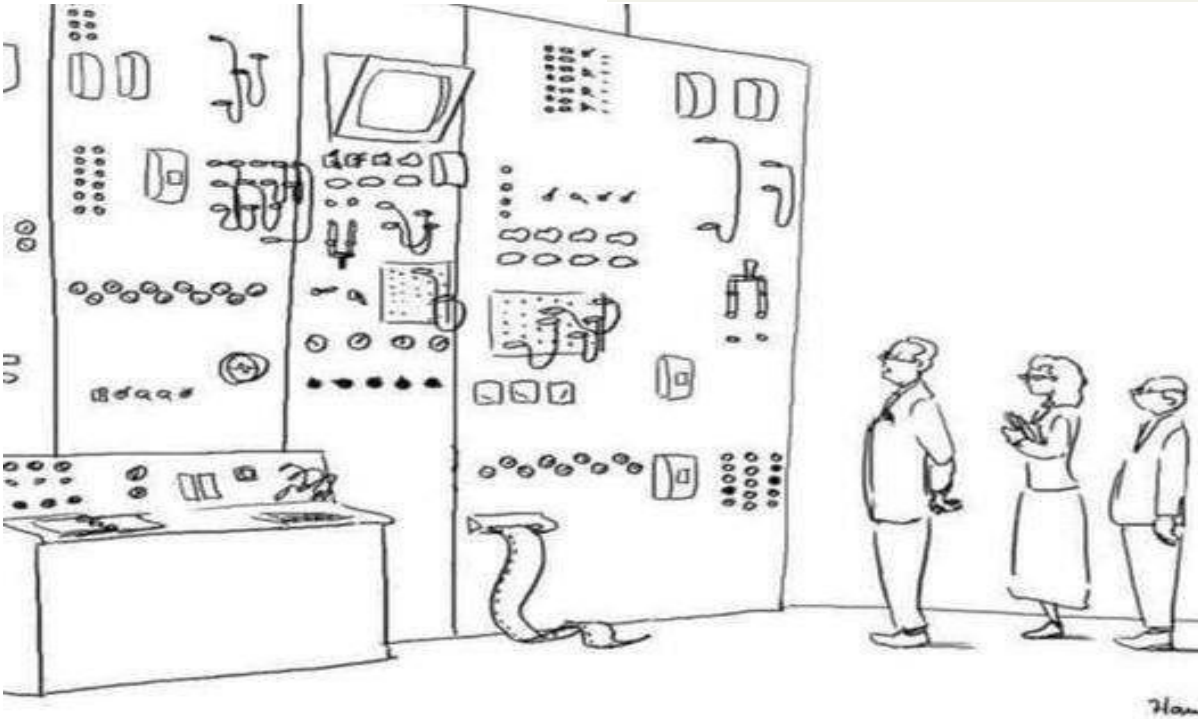
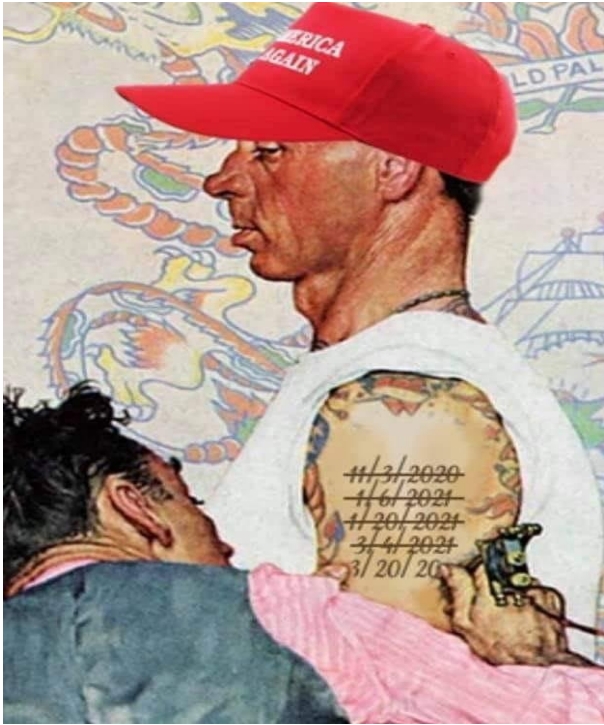
LOL - leprosy or lead poisoning  
 BRB - bought rancid beef  
 ROFL - really obese feudal lord  
 OMG - obnoxious minstrel guy  
 OFC - off fighting Crusades  
 BTW - burn the witch  
 LMAO - leech marks all over  
 AFK - annoyingly foppish knight  
 WTF - what tomfoolery

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SINGER





*“Someday, you’ll be able to hold one of these in the palm of your hand while you poop.”*

I'm so fricking bored  
I think I'll go knock  
on a Jehovah's  
Witness door and  
talk to them about  
the power of sex  
drugs and rock and  
roll

## rock classification table

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	science	group	man
rock	geology	Rolling Stones	Dwayne Johnson
rocky	pugilism	film franchise	Sylvester Stallone
rocket	aerospace engineering	NASA	Elton John

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## WHAT GOP CONSPIRACY ARE YOU?

YOUR BIRTH MONTH	FAVORITE COLOR	FIRST INITIAL
JANUARY- HILLARY	RED- BOUGHT STOCK IN ANTIFA	A,B - WHILE WEARING A HI JAB
FEBRUARY- OBAMA	ORANGE- COLLECTED TODDLER FACES	C,D - IN THE PANTRY OF A MARXIST PIZZERIA
MARCH - GEORGE SOROS	YELLOW- BANKROLLED ABORTION FARMS	E,F - TO KEEP THE WHITES DOWN
APRIL - HUNTER BIDEN	GREEN- FACESWAPPED WITH MIKE PENCE	G,H - WHILE GETTING GAY MARRIED
MAY- "THE BLACKS"	BLUE - CREATED COVID	I,J- ON A SOCIALIST DARE
JUNE - ANDERSON COOPER	PURPLE- DRANK THE BLOOD OF A BALD EAGLE	K,L - FOR THE GHOST OF HUGO CHAVEZ
JULY- THE DEEP STATE	GREY- TRAINED CROWS TO UNIONIZE	M,N- WHILE FORCIBLY VACCINATING A FLAG
AUGUST- NANCY PELOSI	BLACK - WILL HARVEST YOUR TRIGGER FINGER	O,P- FOR THE CHILD PRISON CAMPS ON THE MOON
SEPTEMBER- TOM HANKS	PINK - CAN SHAPESHIFT INTO A FOOD STAMP	Q,R- TO KEEP THE LIZARD OVERLORDS HAPPY
OCTOBER- BILL GATES	SILVER- BUILT A JEWISH SPACE LASER	S,T- BECAUSE EVERYONE'S A SECRET MUSLIM
NOVEMBER- AOC	TAUPE- USED "HAPPY HOLIDAYS" AS A SEX INCANTATION	U,V,W- IN A TAN SUIT MADE BY MEXICANS
DECEMBER- THE MSM	INDIGO - INVENTED ANTHEM-KNEELING	X,Y,Z - 5G CELL TOWER

J. DUQUETTE



 **Courtney Heard (Godless M...** · 1d ✓  
Satanists don't believe in a literal Satan.

3 5

 **Army Veteran** @NewArmyVeter... · 1d ✓  
Then what do you call people who believe in a literal Satan

2 1 3

Retweeted by Courtney Heard (Godless Mom)

 **The Church Of Satan** ✓  
@ChurchofSatan

Replying to @NewArmyVeteran @godless\_mom and 2 others

**Christians.**

12:49 PM · 25 Sep 19

 **Traditional Canadian Girl** 🇨🇦  
@canadiangirlbc1

**Why is my church closed and the strip clubs open?**

10:52 PM · 23 Aug 20 · [Twitter for iPhone](#)

7,152 Retweets and comments

 **The Church Of Satan** ✓  
@ChurchofSatan

**Progress.**

**Diseases eradicated or decimated by science**



- 1) Chicken Pox
- 2) Diphtheria
- 3) Measles
- 4) Pertussis
- 5) Pneumococcal Disease
- 6) Polio
- 7) Tetanus
- 8) Typhoid Fever
- 9) Yellow Fever
- 10) Smallpox

**Diseases eradicated or decimated by prayer**



- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)
- 6)
- 7)
- 8)
- 9)
- 10)

Bill Flavell







Mississippi Governor Phil Bryant just signed a **15-week abortion ban**, saying he wants Mississippi to be the ***"safest place in America for an unborn child."***

### Mississippi ranks:

- ▶ 50th in health of women
- ▶ 50th in health of children
- ▶ 50th in health of infants
- ▶ 1st in infant mortality



Ted Cruz  
@tedcruz

Yikes. A government big enough to give you everything is big enough to take everything...literally! Alabama Democrat proposes bill mandating all men have vasectomy at age 50 or after third child.

The Iron Snowflake



Kevin M. Kruse  
@KevinMKruse

Replying to @tedcruz

Yes, the government shouldn't be involved in private reproductive health choices, yes, that's a great point you made, yes.

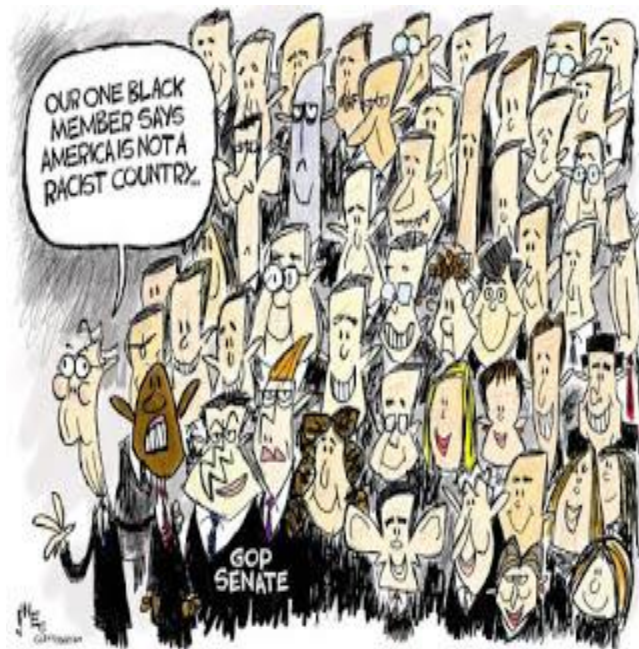
**French:** This chair is feminine!  
"La Chaise!"

**Italian:** This chair is feminine!  
"La sedia!"

**German:** This chair is masculine!  
"Der Stuhl!"

**English:** This chair is a fucking object, I don't see a skirt or a pair of trousers anywhere on its cold hard surface, you people are fucking insane.

**Japanese:** If you don't pronounce chair exactly right, you'll end up saying testicles instead.

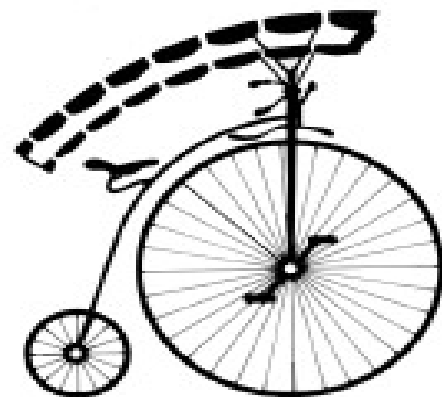


Earliest known image of Jesus & his disciples. Coptic Museum in Cairo, Egypt



Now that Josh Duggar has been arrested by the FBI on child pornography charges, **PLEASE** don't share these embarrassing photos of him with Republican Senators Ted Cruz, Rand Paul, and Marco Rubio...

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS



BE SEEING YOU

STUDIES HAVE SHOWN  
THAT INTELLIGENT  
PEOPLE SWEAR MORE  
THAN STUPID  
MOTHERFUCKERS.