

# 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.6

November / December 2021

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

# INTRODUCTION



Welcome to the issue #6 of The Aware Ones Journal for 2021. Shocking, isn't it? 2021 is almost over and I had so hoped it would not be as stressful as 2020. So much pathos, so much crap and not enough joy for my money.

So much has happened this year and so much of what we wanted to happen, has not. The year had hardly begun when rabid MAGAs staged an insurrection against the people's choice by invading the capitol, attempting to stop congress' certification of the "Flush the Turd on November 3<sup>rd</sup> election". They continued the year by constantly lying, using convoluted logic to assert the election was stolen from Orange Mango while the results increased republican seats in the house and halved the seats in the senate.

Maga republicans have continued their despicable task of taking our country back to our dark past when human slavery was normal and women's subjugation the rule. And ironically, doing their best to hide all the hatred and racism with smarmy declarations of artificial patriotism and phony piety. Many observers have declared we are experiencing a slow-moving

coup. We Aware Ones know what it is that we see and what we do here in this forum is our way of sorting it out.

Looking back at our previous issues this year, I am very proud of our group for speaking their minds with acid truths and crisp insights. This issue is another collection of what this remarkable group is capable of. I believe we do it with our ethics intact with sound judgement and equal conclusions ... even when our pet peeves are activated.

**It's interesting when people say higher ed is liberal indoctrination.**

**When I went to college I wasn't taught details or ideologies, I was taught how to properly research things and practice critical thinking skills.**

**We lean left because we tend to be better informed.**

My currently activated pet peeve is the so-called "reason for the season", i.e. the purloined from pagan "Saturnalia" festival, that is; Christians demanding that "Christ" is kept in "Christmas". Just like everything addressed in this issue. Males, particularly the Christian males, want to possess everything. Whether it is with maintaining inequality in race relations, women's health care and their overwhelming need to win with the most toys, i.e. greed. The Christian males want it all on their own terms. I say, we should not let them have it ... at least not without a fight or pointing out the error in their thinking.

Noah Lugeons of the "Scathing Atheist" podcast and one of next year's *FreeFlo* convention speakers gave this insight into the dichotomy of Christmas and Saturnalia and the reason for the season:

*"I know the point has been made plenty of times before, but none of the good parts of Christmas are Christian(!). The gifts, the*

*lights, the tree, the mistletoe, the joy, the charity, the tinsel, the feasts, the family, the elvish reverse burglar, the emotionally manipulative TV commercials, the caroling, the stars, the remote control helicopters ... all these things have non-christian origins. And I am willing to bet that if you keep all that shit and take out the baby Jesus stuff and the guilt-induced church attendance, people would not stop celebrating Christmas. [However], if you subtracted all the Pagan elements, I imagine the holiday's popularity would be on par with Epiphany or Ash Wednesday.*

*"And as vociferously as they protest anytime somebody makes the claim that Christmas is a secular holiday, they don't own it. They don't have any claim to it. They don't have a copyright on presents or Santa Claus or decorated trees. And, while we are at it, they don't have exclusive claim to joy, forgiveness, happiness or goodwill [to men]. They started the war on Christmas when they stole it in the first place. There is nothing at all wrong with fighting back."*

With this issue, The Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast Journal Volume 6 number 6, we do just that. Inside, You will find Bert Mautz's cheerful sarcasm of contemporary sports reporting and holiday anxiety; Dan Vignau's caustic study of faith healing, exorcism and physcotherapy; Yashi Nozowa's anthropological review of early Japanese culture, The Jomons; Ed Zilloux academically explores the End of Infinities and The Many Paths of Creation. Jim Longo has two contributions, one delightfully comic and the other full of sympathetic tragedy. Gale Baker recounts her associations with Bill Cosby; Lucy Thorp gives us a comparison/contrast of the consequences of the religious war on women's reproductive freedom. There is also a photo/journalistic view of the last October's Women's March and protest on the Roosevelt bridge. Until next year.

*Happy Saturnalia!*

*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 tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1<sup>st</sup> Friday of the month), 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 Flagler 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 Zoom. 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <[vignaujd@comcast.net](mailto:vignaujd@comcast.net)> 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 <[vignaujd@comcast.net](mailto:vignaujd@comcast.net)> to be included with the connection codes. Resumption of regular meetings subject to viral infections.

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

## Events

November – International Drum Month



Nov. 1 – Dios Los Muertos.  
National Author's Day.

Nov. 2 – Deviled Egg Day.



Nov. 5 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park. Guy Fawkes Day.



Nov. 6 – James Naismith, Inventor of Basketball, born, 1861

Nov. 7 – Daylight Savings Ends. (*@2 am, set your clock back.*)

Nov. 9 – World Freedom Day.



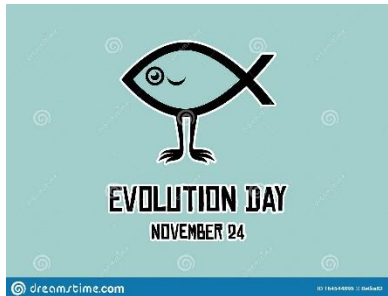
Nov. 11 – Writer's Group Zoom meeting.

Nov. 12 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Women's Rights Leader, was born in 1815.



Nov. 15 – Clean your refrigerator Day. Georgia O'Keefe born, 1887.

Nov. 19 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park. Gettysburg Address Delivered in 1863 by President Lincoln.



Nov. 20 – Absurdity Day. Do something that makes no sense.

Nov. 24 – Evolution Day.

Nov. 25 – Thanksgiving Day. ✂ Writer's Group Zoom (tentative)

Nov. 26 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

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

December – Read A New Book Month

Dec. 1 – Rosa Parks Day. On this day in 1955 she refused to give up her seat which led the Montgomery Bus Boycott.

Dec. 6 – 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment abolishing slavery, ratified (1865). Ira Gershwin's Birthday born, 1896



Dec. 9 – Writer's Group Zoom.

Dec. 10 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park. Human Rights Day. Emily Dickinson born, 1830.

Dec. 15 – Bill of Rights Day.

Dec. 16 – National Chocolate Covered Anything Day. Boston Tea Party Anniversary (1773). Deadline for contributions to AOTC Journal 7-1.

Dec. 17 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

Dec. 19 – Dickens' A Christmas Carol published in 1843.





Dec. 21 – Winter Solstice. Shortest sunshine of the year. First day of Winter.



Dec. 23 – Writer's Group Zoom.



## FREETHOUGHT OF THE DAY

“And yes I have all of  
the usual objections  
To the miseducation of children  
who, in tax-exempt institutions,  
Are taught to externalize blame  
And to feel ashamed and to judge  
things as plain right and wrong  
But I quite like the songs”

**Tim Minchin**

“White Wine in the Sun” (2009)

© 2018 Freedom From Religion Foundation

Dec. 24 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

Dec. 25 – Christmas Day.

Dec. 27 – Visit the zoo day.

Dec. 30 – Author Rudyard Kipling born, 1865.

Dec. 31 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

Jan. 1 – New Year's Day.

Future Events of Note – *March 2022. FreeFlo 2022, Orlando, Florida.*

## FREEFLO

**March 4-6, 2022 - Orlando  
Marriott Airport Lakeside**



It is official! FREEFLO 2022 has been scheduled. More than three hundred Atheists, Humanists, Pastafarians, Satanists, Skeptics, and Freethinkers of all labels will attend this three-day biennial event that includes informative lectures, great entertainment, lots of social time, a group service project, and many exhibitors. [www.freeflo.org](http://www.freeflo.org)



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

*Christianity has such a contemptible opinion of human nature that it does not believe a man can tell the truth unless frightened by a belief in God. No lower opinion of the human race has ever been expressed.*

Robert Green Ingersoll, discussing the practice of not allowing atheists to give testimony in court



## ***LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST***

Sep 2 -- Mikis Theodorakis, Greek classical and film



music composer (Zorba the Greek; Mauthausen Trilogy; Serpico), dies of cardiopulmonary arrest at 96.



Sep 4 – Willard Scott, American weather forecaster (Today Show), dies at 87.

Sep 6 – Jean-Paul Belmondo, French actor (Breathless; Casino Royale; Magnifique), dies at 88.



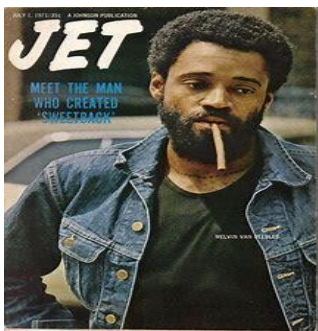
Sep 14 – Norm MacDonald, Canadian stand-up comedian, writer, and actor (Saturday Night Live, 1993-98; Dirty Work; The Norm Show), dies of cancer at 61.





Sep 16 – Jane Powell [Suzanne Burce], American singer and actress (Royal Wedding; Seven Brides for Seven Brothers), dies at 92.

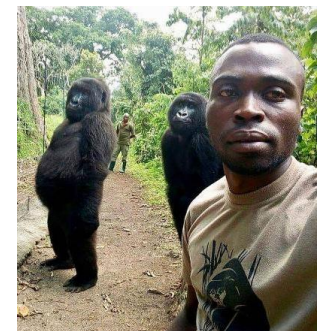
Sep 20 – Sarah Dash, American pop, R&B, and disco singer (Patti LaBelle & Bluebirds; Labelle - "Lady Marmalade"), dies at 76.



Sep 22 – Melvin Van Peebles, American stage and screen actor, director (Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song; Sophisticated Gent), composer, and novelist, dies at 89.

Sep 23 – (Alfred) "Pee Wee" Ellis, American jazz, funk, and rock saxophonist, arranger (James Brown; Van Morrison; Maceo Parker), and songwriter ("The Chicken"; "Cold Sweat"), dies of heart failure at 80.

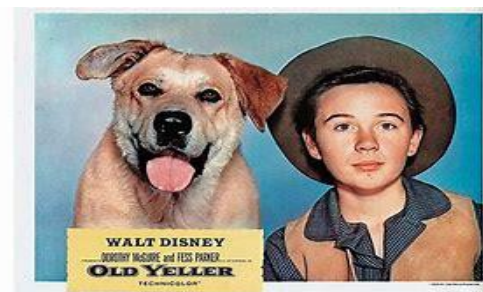
Sep 26 – Commander Cody [George Frayne], American singer and pianist (Commander Cody & Lost Planet Airmen - "Hot Rod Lincoln"), dies of esophageal cancer at 77



Sep 26 – Ndakasi, Congolese mountain gorilla whose photobomb went viral, dies of illness at Virunga

National Park at 14.

Sep 28 – Tommy Kirk, American actor (Old Yeller), dies at 79.

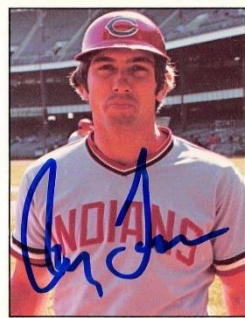
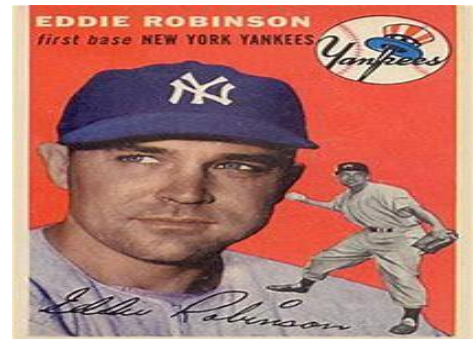






Oct 3 – Cynthia Harris, American stage and screen actress (Edward & Mrs. Simpson; Mad About You - "Sylvia"), dies at 87.

Oct 4 – Eddie Robinson, American baseball first baseman (MLB All Star 1949, 51–53; Washington Sens, Chicago WS, Philadelphia A's) and executive (GM Texas Rangers, Atlanta Braves), dies at 100.



Oct 13 – Ray Fosse, American baseball catcher (MLB All-Star, Gold Glove Award 1970, 71 Cleveland Indians; World Series Oakland A's 1973, 74) and broadcaster (Oakland A's NBC), dies of cancer at 74.

Oct 18 – Colin Powell, American General and 1<sup>st</sup> Black US Secretary of State (2001-05), Dies from

complications of COVID-19, blood cancer and Parkinson's disease at 84.



Oct 19 – Leslie Bricusse, British stage and film composer and lyricist (Doctor Dolittle; Goodbye, Mr. Chips; "Goldfinger"; Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory - "The Candy Man"; "Pure Imagination"), dies at 90.



Oct 22 – Peter Scolari, American stage and screen Emmy Award-winning actor (Newhart - "Michael"; Girls - "Tad"; Bosom Buddies -

"Henry"), dies of cancer at 66.





Oct 22 – Jay Black [David Blatt], American pop singer (Jay and the Americans - “Come A Little Bit Closer”; “This Magic Moment”), dies of pneumonia and complications from dementia at 82.

Oct 24 – Sonny Osborne, American bluegrass banjo player (The Osborne Brothers - “Rocky Top”), dies of a stroke at 83.



Oct 26 – Mort Sahl, American stand-up comedian, political satirist, writer, and TV personality (The Big Party), dies at 94.

## Hero and Heroine



Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez   
 @AOC

When we say “tax the rich,” we mean nesting-doll yacht rich. For-profit prison rich. Betsy DeVos, student-loan-shark rich.

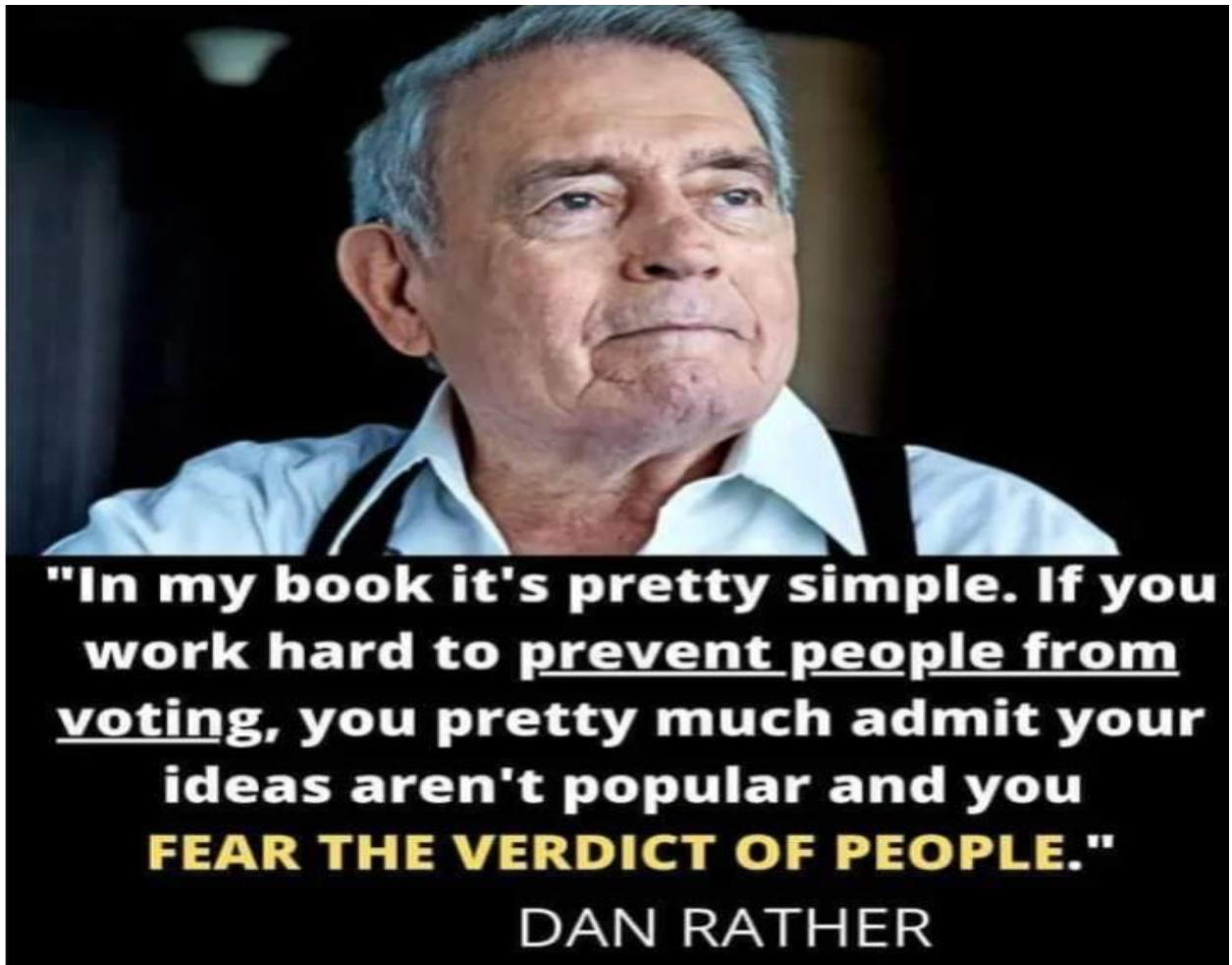
Trick-the-country-into-war rich. Subsidizing-workforce-w-food-stamps rich.

Because THAT kind of rich is simply not good for society, & it’s like 10 people.

1:54 PM · 5/11/19 · [Twitter for iPhone](#)

2,321 Retweets 9,404 Likes





**John Cleese**  · 18h ...

If the judge in the Rittenhouse case doesn't like the word 'victim', perhaps the phrase 'unarmed person shot to death' might do the trick

 1,266  6,438  39.6K 



## The reality of CRT

Another name for  
"Critical Race  
Theory" is "Actual  
American History"



**Dr. Abdul El-Sayed**

@AbdulElSayed

5h

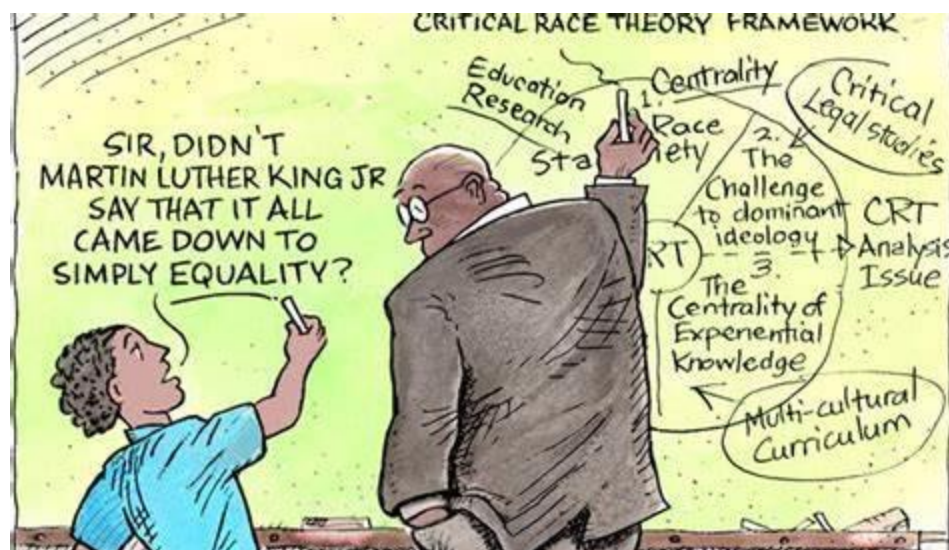
Cancel Culture is not what Jon Gruden did to himself. Cancel Culture is what the ENTIRE NFL OWNERSHIP did to Colin Kaepernick.

TRIBUNE CONTENT AGENCY

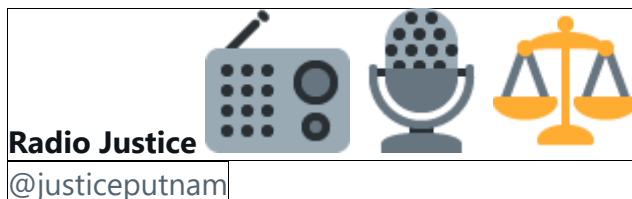
I DON'T HAVE A RACIST BONE IN MY BODY.



JUST A BUNCH OF REALLY BIGOTED CARTILAGE.



So, the folks who tried to prevent a black girl from going to school in 1957 are opposed to their grandchildren learning about how they tried to prevent a black girl from going to school in 1957.



11h

Remember when Condi came to Hillary's defense and counseled we should all just move on? Me neither.





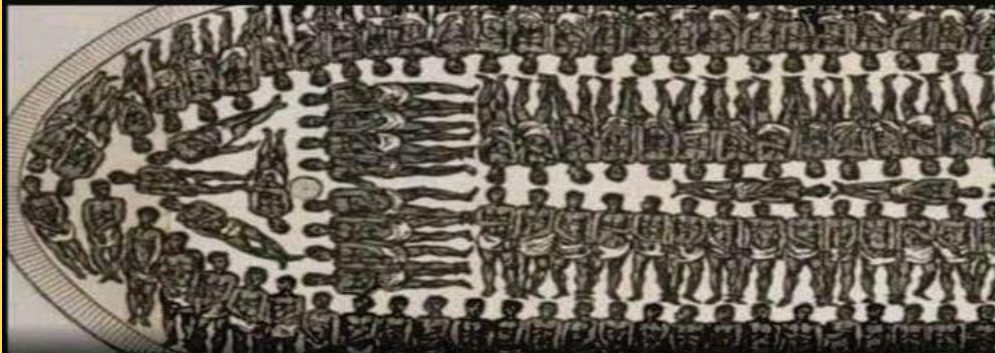
"I ain't draft dodging. I ain't burning no flag. I ain't running to Canada. I'm staying right here. You want to send me to jail? Fine, you go right ahead. I've been in jail for 400 years. I could be there for four or five more, but I ain't going no 10,000 miles to help murder and kill other poor people.

"If I want to die, I'll die right here, right now, fightin' you, if I want to die. You my enemy, not no Chinese, no Vietcong, no Japanese. You my opposer when I want freedom. You my opposer when I want justice. You my opposer when I want

equality. Want me to go somewhere and fight for you? You won't even stand up for me right here in America, for my rights and my religious beliefs. You won't even stand up for me right here at home. "

- Muhammad Ali

**Those against CRT (Critical Race Theory) in our schools never understood the lesson below:**



**Let's say it again...**

**Studying history will sometimes disturb you.**

**Studying history will sometimes upset you.**

**Studying history will sometimes make you furious.**

**If studying history always makes you feel proud and happy, you probably aren't studying history.**



## *Dubious achievements*

An ambulance that was towing a massive pro-Trump "Unity Bridge" was involved in a three-car pileup in Michigan that resulted in it crashing head-first into a telephone pole.

MLive reports that "the crash occurred just after 1 p.m. Wednesday, Sept. 22 at the intersection of Dort Highway and Court Street" in Flint, Michigan.



The "Unity Bridge" -- which features signs filled with right-wing slogans such as "All Lives Matter," "Build The Wall," and "Make America Great Again" -- is a fixture at Trump rallies, although it's not clear if the damage suffered by the vehicle will impact its ability to make it to future events.





**Well, since you asked:**



**This photo shows two children, both infected with smallpox. They were both infected the same day, from the same source. The one on the left was unvaccinated, the one on the right was vaccinated as an infant.**

**The vaccine didn't stop him from getting sick, and he could have still potentially spread the virus. But by the time this photo was taken, he had only had one or two spots that had already scabbed over, so he was well on his way to recovery.**

**So the vaccine wasn't 100% effective in stopping infection or the spread of the virus. But it did stop serious illness, and drastically lessened the chance of spreading the virus. Sound familiar?**

**Oh, and for the billionth time, masks don't protect you from catching the virus. They protect others from you spreading the virus when you're asymptomatic or pre-symptomatic. That's why doctors wear a mask when performing surgery. It's not like they're afraid of catching a broken bone or a bad hip.**





**Michael Eisen** ✓  
@mbeisen

...

because of vaccine mandates we're losing teachers who don't believe in science, healthcare workers who don't believe in medicine, and police who don't believe in public safety...

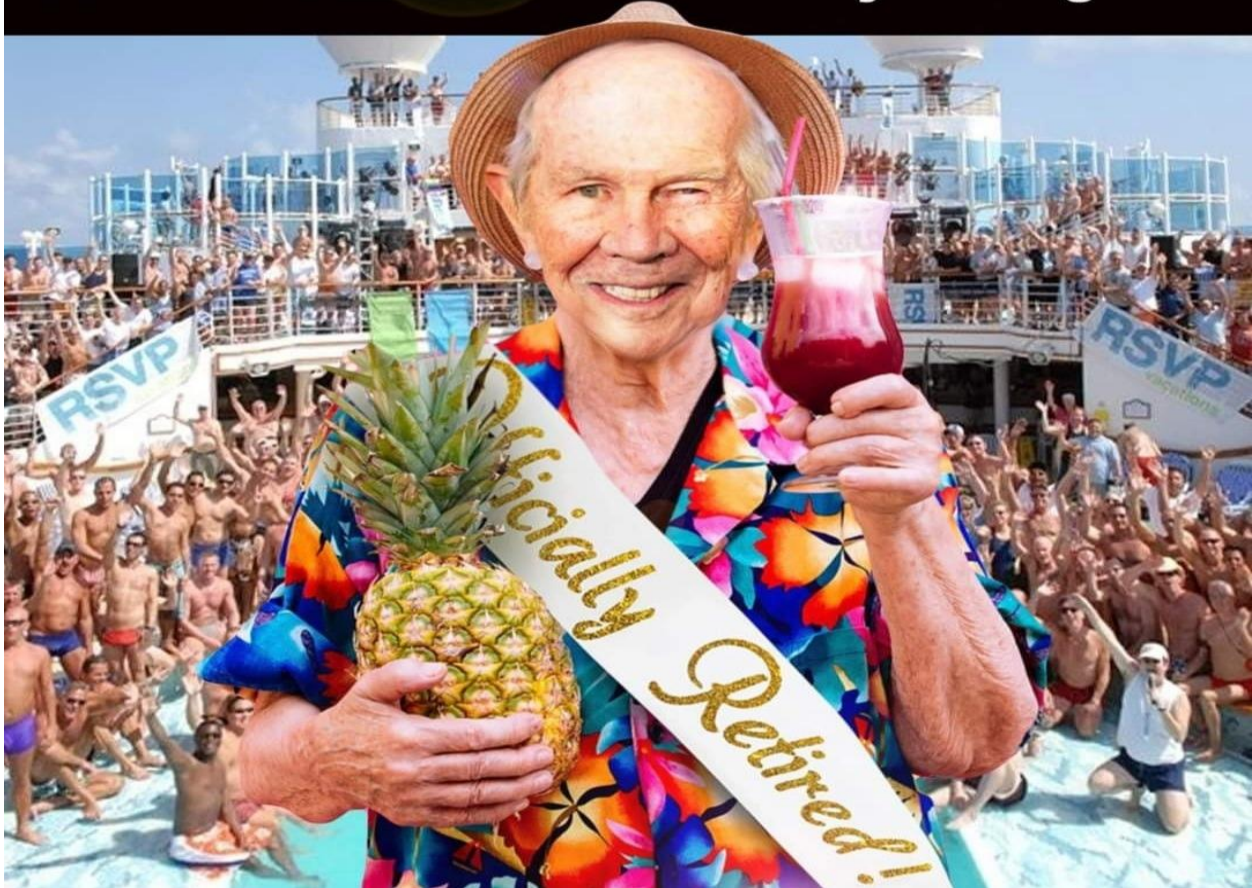
6:11 AM · 9/29/21 · [Twitter for iPhone](#)

### THE MOST COMMON SEARCH TERMS BY STATE



And just like that, the world is a tiny bit better place.

**After 55 years of spreading hate, Americans celebrate Pat Robertson finally setting sail.**



**"If I lose to Joe Biden, you'll never hear from me again." –Trump, Aug. 12, 2020.**

**Another Trump lie.**

**COMMENTARY**

# FRUSTRATIONS AND ANXIETIES *About Christmas*



By Bert Mautz

Seen any Christmas ads on television yet? After the social high of AOTC thanksgiving, it is all downhill. Over the years that period of holidays has become progressively more depressing. Once upon a time, bought into the dominating tree in the corner of the living room. Decorating the dining room with another tree, north and south porches, the nutcracker collection on the mantel, tiny colored lights on the chandelier, we went all out. And then it stopped. Being a new pathetic bachelor remodeling a small house in Florida changed all the priorities.

Cable news personalities, NFL football, college and pro basketball are interests bordering on addiction this time of year. Thank God the daily newspapers could be counted on to provide a constancy unaffected by all my stars of television news and sports taking time off. Their replacement, though adequate only serve to remind that my stars are gone until January.

Companionship was and still is huge in getting me through the mendacity of the lowest common denominator of retail Christmas competing with the Christian liturgy ceaselessly after our attentions. Greetings from local car dealerships infuriate me. That



caulking products guy really promotes his sticky stuff as holiday gifts, unbelievable. Routinely watch television with the remote control clutched in my left hand to mute those repetitious and mindless commercials. The commercials, coming in volleys every



few minutes, relentless, hammering in repetition. Wonder how *Walgreen* staff endure the Christmas carols loop, again and again. Likely the basis of my distaste of the holiday season originates in those commercials, virtually memorized by their constant presence, obviously intent on persuading holiday extravagance.

Thinking about how to divert and distract, am giving more thought to spending our time with Netflix movies of old. Must give some thought to lining up a collection to revisit. If only baseball were playing every night to provide distraction, but the World Series ends the first week of November to not return until April. Those post season NFL elimination games can be counted on for some relief, but only on weekends.

How do you celebrate New Year's Eve and New Year's Day? Local restaurants and clubs are overflowing with our winter snow birds. Your favorite table is now taken by an insurance executive from Michigan. Traffic is intense. Bourbon is good. Too cold for summer's Beefeaters & Tonic with double lime. These libations

must be moderated so as not to become an overbearing, too loud boor, but still sufficient to mute my negativity as all the above intensify.

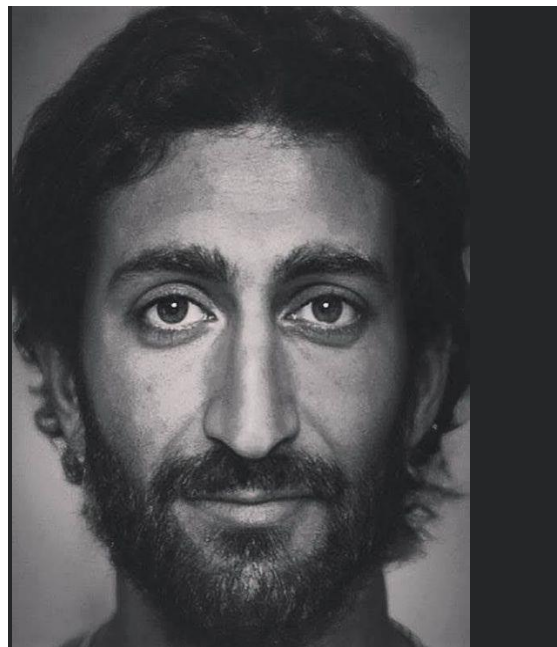
Coincidentally, a birthday a couple of days before Jesus's haunted me as a child. "Would it be OK if we just combined your birthday with Christmas?" I was repeatedly asked. My brother and sister with spring and summer birthdays were never asked such a diminishing query. There was that chain drive tricycle one Christmas when I was so, so ready for my first two-wheeler. Which would be a salvaged girls' bike of Connie Barcus's from across our back yards. repainted silver and given one new tire, a girls' bike for cryin' out loud.



January is a temperate month in south Florida. There is that prospect to cheer us through all the madness. *Note: got through this without resorting to unhinged profanities*



# Proof that Jesus Christ was actually Colin Kaepernick.



**Jim Palmer September 23 at 6:37 AM ·**

Jesus was no saint. The story we have about him is largely Jesus defying the legitimacy and authority of the dominant religious system and its ecclesiastical hierarchy. His noncompliance and anarchist spirit was a threat to the Roman government. Jesus was not a figure of religion. Jesus was an iconoclast. To the Romans, he was a radical – a religious fanatic who would no doubt try to overturn their social order if allowed to gain too many followers.

Jesus was not crucified for his beliefs but for his actions. People often envision Jesus as someone tiptoeing around in a flowing robe, speaking softly, patting children on the head and carrying a baby lamb in his arms. But the real Jesus of history was a lightning rod. He got angry. He was the greatest debunker

of religious hierarchies and traditions this world has ever seen. The religious establishment hurriedly condemned him to death for blasphemy, while the secular powers executed him for sedition. It's unfortunate that Christianity was pinned on Jesus. This wasn't his fault. Jesus did not die to save people from God, rescue us from ourselves, or snatch sinners from the flames of hell. Jesus is not a ticket-puncher to heaven, he's a jail-breaker for people locked up in religion.

Jesus did not start the Christian religion. Organized Christianity has probably done more to retard the ideals that were its founder's than any other agency in the world. Should Jesus reappear, he would be a most dangerous threat to the institution of the Church originally established in his name. What are now called "essential doctrines" of the Christian religion, Jesus does not even mention.

I consider the life, teachings, and wisdom of Jesus to be universally relevant, regardless of one's religious, spiritual, or philosophical point of view. Christianity does not hold unique and absolute claim to Jesus. Just because you are a Christian doesn't mean you truly get Jesus. In fact, it may be the reason why you don't." *Jim Palmer, Inner Anarchy*



# WAS BARNUM RIGHT?

*Broad Daylight Flimming and  
Flamming in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century*

By Virgil Thorp



"There's a sucker born every minute," circus and freak-show impresario P.T. Barnum was alleged to have said. I say alleged because I never heard him say it. He died long before I was born and there are no recordings that I can have analyzed to verify that it was his actual voice. But I believe it because there is a lot of biographical evidence from diverse sources who knew Barnum and who agreed that even if he did not say it, he thought it, especially when he was counting his daily receipts.

Just imagine Barnum at his cash register when his buddy, J.P. Morgan showed up. "Hi P. T., how're ya doin?"

Barnum would reply, "Great, J. P. Did you know there's a sucker born every minute?" The cash register would go "ring-ring" and the coins would give a pretty, metallic "tinkle" as the cash drawer "ker-chunked" shut.

Divine music to Barnum's ears as J.P. replied, "sure do! Say P.T. that is a lot of money you have in that cash drawer. You should invest it somewhere. I have a great deal on a bridge that's just come up for sale ..."



Barnum became wealthy by selling illusion to the public and never overestimating their intelligence. He was the precursor of the supermarket tabloid and the television talk show. He had the great ability of looking directly into your eyes and lying his ass off. He could convince you through bombastic rhetoric or pleading sincerity and titillate you with subtle innuendo.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. Boys and girls. I present for *your education*, your elucidation, and your edification" – the Siamese-American conjoined at the chest twin brothers – "Ching and Chang. Joined since birth, these unfortunate brothers have led, despite their disfigurement, nearly normal lives in their native country ... they are even (poignant pause for effect) **Married!**"



That was the bait that really hooked the suckers – sex. Could the public's collective "dirty mind" think of anything else but lurid images of Ching and Chang's marriage bed? How did they fulfill their marital duties with any privacy? Inquiring minds wanted to know, were the bedroom lights on? I mean, what would happen if one night their wives, confused by drinking a little too much vino, got into bed on the wrong sides? How delightfully perverted,



(insert a dirty laugh)! Is it any wonder that the public ate it up and Barnum got rich?



Greed is an even bigger flatterer than imitation and Barnum copycats sprang up all over the country to take advantage of the suckers hungry to believe and to buy. The less stylish of these became known as hucksters, snake-oil salesmen, cheats, crooks and television evangelists.

It does not surprise me that even today, we remain chumps for modern snake-oil salesmen peddling an elixir purportedly the ultimate unction to cleanse lives and perfect a future. What amazes me is the extent to which supposedly educated people have bought into their transparent fallacies. Like Barnum, they certainly have not overestimated the public's intelligence or underestimated moronic gullibility. And they use modern devices to accomplish their wiz-bang shell games.



Right-wing thinktanks like the Cato Institute, the Heritage Foundation and the American Enterprise Institute are pooping out unvetted analyses and subjective conclusions like diarrhea. Few of their position papers can withstand peer review yet are touted as scientific law. We can see this today as every study seems to be politicized. While we hear as many studies predicting imminent cataclysmic environmental disaster as not, the bad part of this phenomenon is there are media outlets manipulating phony studies against factual evidence and taken those absurdities as absolute gospel with very little reported dissent.



No more  
fairness doctrine  
since Reagan.  
Gloomy  
statistical



reports seem to fly out of our TV's, our computers, our cell phones and circulate about our dens like they were elevated by a poltergeist with nary a question of their validity. Scientific skepticism is denigrated and objective

evidence denied as heathen. Superstition is elevated as ecclesiastical fact. The disinformation is staggering and the theater of deception is thriving.

If you believe every non-peered reviewed "scientific" study that is published and then broadcast on the nightly news' "scare feature of the day," you would – *being a somewhat normal human being* – retreat to a concrete bunker certain that earthquakes, plagues, second-hand smoke and ozone depletion would ravage the earth within the year. Of course, it would also require slowly starving yourself to death, afraid to come in contact with any other human being and dream wicked images of bacon and eggs sizzling in a frying pan.



Behind the screen of "family values," today's most ambitious new-age hucksters and modern Barnums are successfully exploiting all of society's hopes and fears regarding – once again – sex. They have convinced countless numbers

of people that human sexuality is evil, and the only accepted version is sanctioned, pleasureless procreative sex. All other variations must be repressed and (hopefully, in their view) prosecuted.

If you buy this, you have been suckered into believing that it is "righteous" to ban string bikinieed hot dog vendors, nude beaches, homosexuals holding public office, having job security and adopting orphans, all adult entertainment, any form of erotic art and cholesterol because these vicious things are wrecking civilization. There does not seem to be any moderation whatsoever on bacon and egg issues.



These people do have a right to their opinions, just as Chicken Little felt compelled to spread the ridiculous rumor that the sky



was falling. However, my reading of the evidence and data disagrees with their conclusions. I do not buy it and don't want laws based on their nonsense. There is no equivalency. I do not want to force anyone to have an abortion, take contraceptives, to view or read

pornography, make them suck a dick or make them salute a flag or pledge allegiance to their pompous Mango on pain of death for refusal.

I do believe that buying into their fake agendas can fuck up your mind and lead to not only fanaticism, but also lethal fascism. Besides always asking for money, they may encourage you to spit on freedom marchers who ask you to agree that "Black Lives Matter". They may convince you to gun down a doctor at a woman's health care clinic because he performs abortions at his patient's requests. They







may persuade you to violently bust doors and windows into congress and chant "Kill Pelosi!" and "Hang Pence!"

Syndicated columnist, Bill Maxwell, writing in the Tampa Tribune, called the people who spread this righteous hate "a public menace" who use "wholesome sound(ing) ... names, facades of piety and ostensible concern" for public welfare to conduct "divisive witch hunts – in the name of God no less."

Are the new-age Barnums getting rich? I think so because I found out what their most feared term is. They hate anything containing the word – "audit."

So please, let us – the left of us and the right of us – prove Barnum wrong. Do not be a sucker and stop buying the sparkling iron pyrite they are selling as golden nuggets. It is not worth crap and we are just the people they refer to as "collateral", as in damage.

So, picking up from the fourth paragraph of this rant, our heroes, J.P. and P.T. strolled away together, their arms draped affectionately around each other's shoulders as their free hands tried to pick the other's pocket. This is reality. No one is totally safe from flim and flam. Even the flim flam men.



# FEMALE RIGHTS

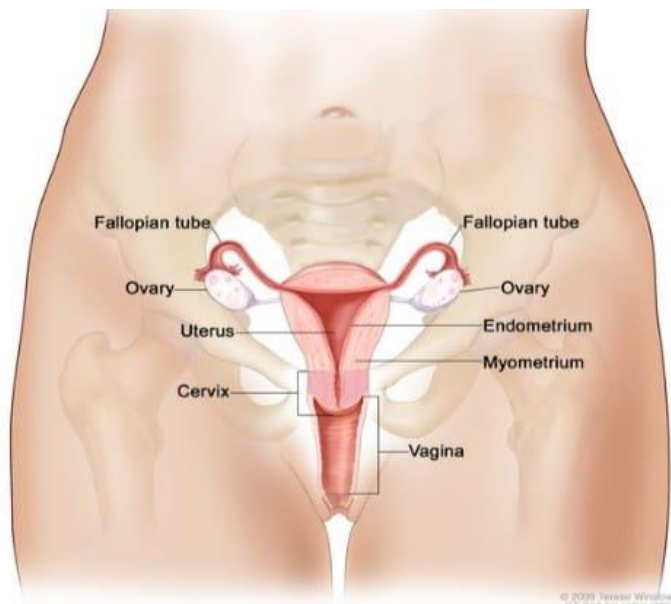
## *Re-Thinking the Uterus*

By Anonymous

I think it's, culturally, time for us to re-frame how we think about the uterus.

It's not a nurturing organ, it doesn't need to be; a fetus is frighteningly good at getting the resources it needs to nurture itself; if they are implanted anywhere other than the womb, (most often the fallopian tube, but also sometimes the bladder, the intestine, the pelvic muscles and connective tissue, and the liver) placental cells will rip through a body, slaughtering everything in their path as they seek out arteries to slake their hunger for nutrients. Fetal cells will happily grow in any of these places, digesting and puncturing tissue, paralyzing and enlarging arteries, raising blood pressure to feed itself more, faster; but it will be unable to be ejected. It's no coincidence that genes involved in embryonic development have been implicated in how cancer spreads.

Rather than a soft cozy nest, a womb is a fortress designed to protect the person from the developing cells inside them. Because of our huge and (metabolically speaking) expensive brains, human fetal development requires unrestricted access to a



parent's blood supply, which makes pregnancy (and miscarriage too, btw) incredibly dangerous for the carrier. The uterus has evolved to control and restrict whether placental cells can get that access, and to eject it before it develops enough to kill the host. The function of the womb is to protect the parent's life. The very structure of the womb very firmly prioritizes the life of the parent over the life of the fetus.

Even with modern medical care, at least 800 people die EVERY DAY from pregnancy and childbirth-related causes. Among developed countries, the United States has one of the highest rates of maternal mortality in the world, and Texas has one of the highest rates within that. The rate is even higher when viewed among BIPOC (*Black, Indigenous, People of Color*) only.

Pregnancy may be necessary for the continuation of the species, but it is not a joke. It is a life-threatening event, a parasitic attack on a human body; just one we have romanticized and been desensitized to. The “miracle” of birth is that we have a protective organ designed to, if all goes well, let us survive it. It doesn't always go well. It is life or death. Someone who chooses to get pregnant, stay pregnant, and carry a fetus to delivery is legitimately choosing to risk their life to do it. Nobody else has the right to make anyone do that, and nobody should be punished or vilified for not wanting to do it. Forcing someone to



carry a pregnancy, ANY pregnancy, is attempted murder. Abortion is a human right. — with Aayush Maurya.



# S/She

By Lucy Thorp

## *A Tale of Two Daughters*

**S**he was 16 in 1960 living in Colorado. **S**he and her Ex-Husband to Be had sex, twice.

"Mom, I think I need birth control."

"OK... we'll have to get you a cheap gold band so you can pretend to be married." We went to Planned Parenthood the next day. It was just across town.

"Just wait until you finish your next period and then start taking the pill," said the Nice Doctor.

The period that never came. What was **S**he going to do? **S**he could NOT have a baby... not now.



"It's ok," Mom said. "My cousin knows a Sympathetic Therapist that will present to a board of three Sympathetic Doctors that you need a Therapeutic Abortion for your health and well-being. It'll cost

\$600.00 and you two have to pay me back!" They did.

The clinic was spotless. The instruments were sterile. The recovery was quick. **She** healed physically and spiritually.

**She** gracefully died last Thursday; her life had been good. Her Second Husband of 50 years, her Niece, her Grand Niece and Brother at her side. She was 77.

**She** was 16 in 1960 living in Alabama. **She** and her Boyfriend had sex, twice.

“Mom, I think I need birth control.”

“OK... we’ll have to get you a cheap gold band so you can pretend to be married.” We went to Planned Parenthood the next day. It was 150 miles away.

“Just wait until you finish your next period and then start taking the pill,” said the Nice Doctor.

The period that never came.

What was **She** going to do?

**She** could NOT have a baby... not now.

“It’s ok,” Mom said. “My cousin knows a Guy that can take care of it. It’ll cost \$600.00 and you two have to pay me back!” She never did.

The Guy was not a doctor. There was no antiseptic



room. There were no sterile instruments. Things went badly. There was only pain. There was only regret. There was only sepsis. Her life became hell. **She** died that Thursday. **She** was only 16.

Who is **S/She**?

**She** is your sister.

**She** is your daughter.

**She** is your friend.

**She** is you.

Which result do you want your **She** to have?

Just remember, it is a “Women’s Health Care Clinic”. It is not an “abortion mill”. Do not let those bigots get away with spreading their misogyny by demonizing women’s health services!





WOMEN'S MARCH  
FOR REPRODUCTIVE  
RIGHTS — 10/02/2021

**I WENT TO  
PLANNED PARENTHOOD  
AND ALL I GOT WAS**  
A BREAST EXAM, A PAP SMEAR, PHYSICAL EXAM  
STD TESTING AND TREATMENT, INFORMATION  
AND COUNSELING ABOUT MY SEXUAL AND  
REPRODUCTIVE HEALTH, CANCER SCREENINGS,  
A PREGNANCY TEST, PRENATAL SERVICES,  
AND ACCESS TO AFFORDABLE BIRTH CONTROL.

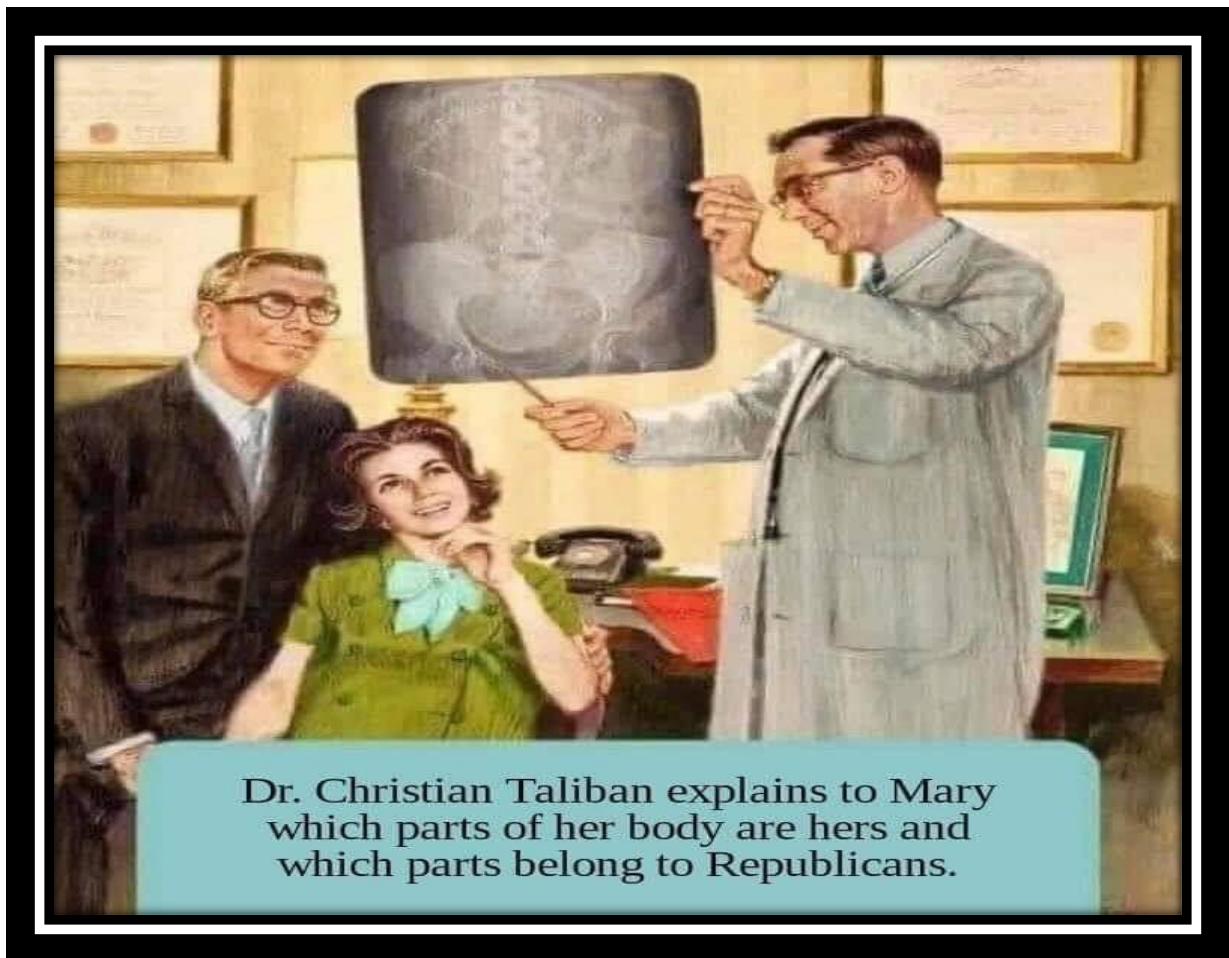
**#ISTANDWITHPP #WEWONTGOBACK**

MADE BY WOMEN IN THE USA  
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# ROOSEVELT BRIDGE – STUART, FLORIDA







Cartoon provided by William Baird

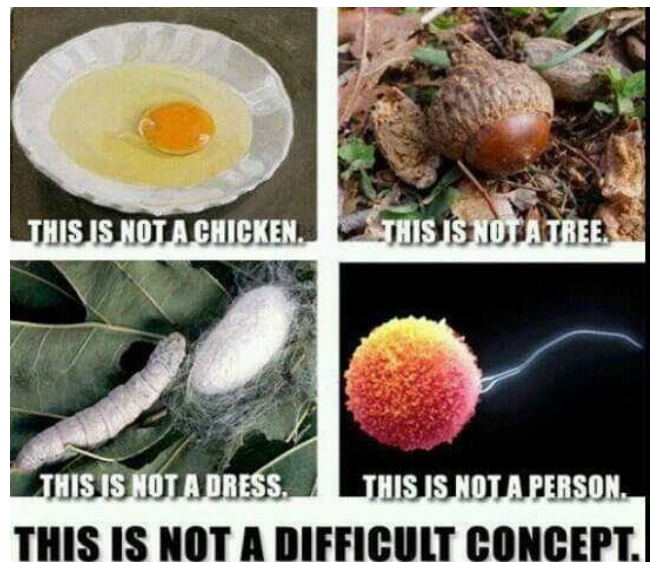
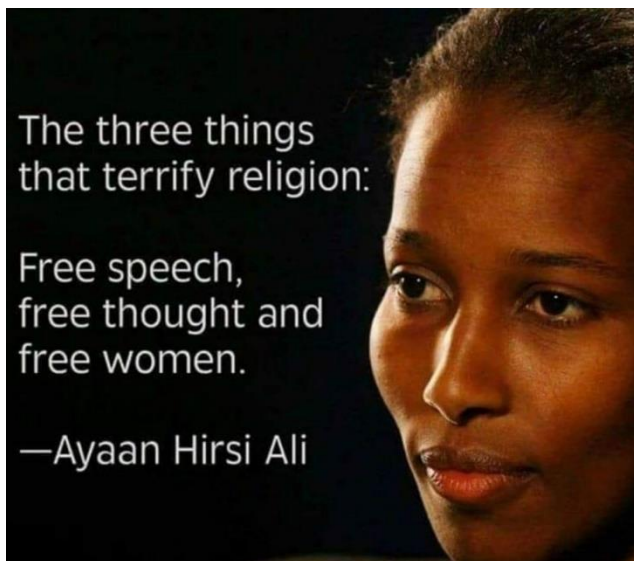




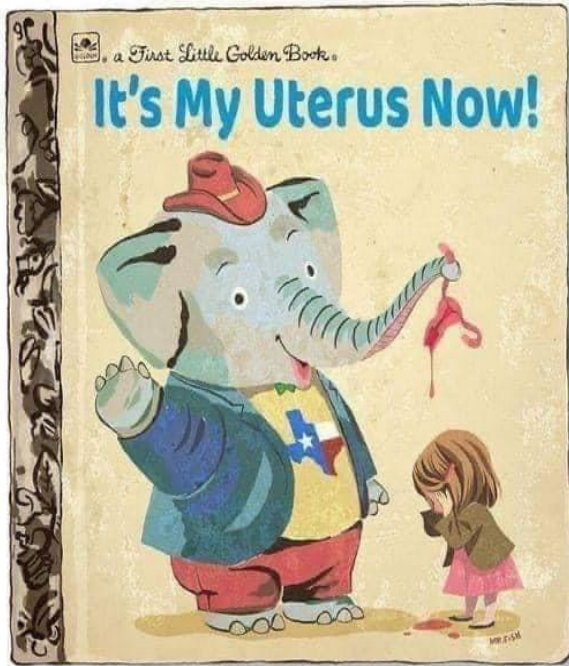




We should pass a woman's Heartbeat law: if a woman has a heartbeat, you can't tell her what to do with her goddamn body, ever.







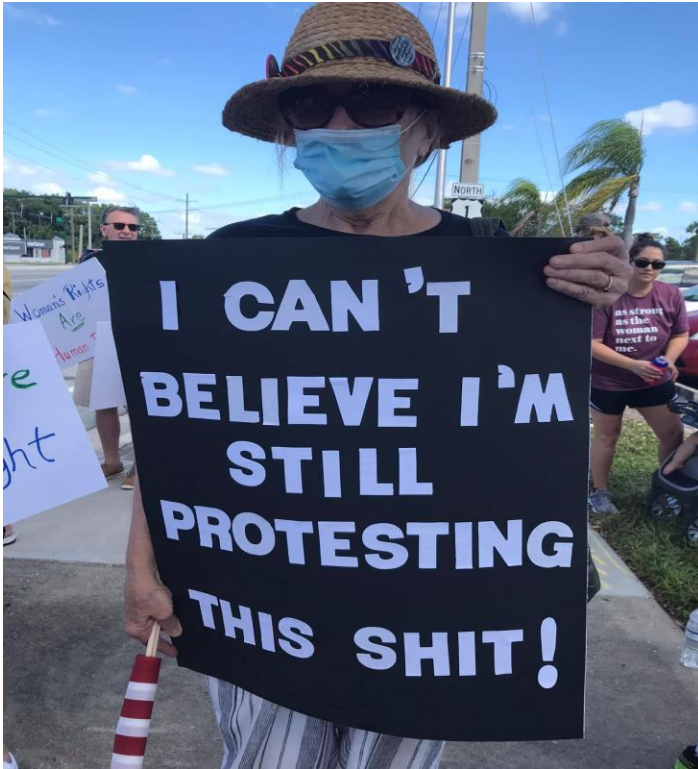
Meanwhile, at today's meeting on feline healthcare...

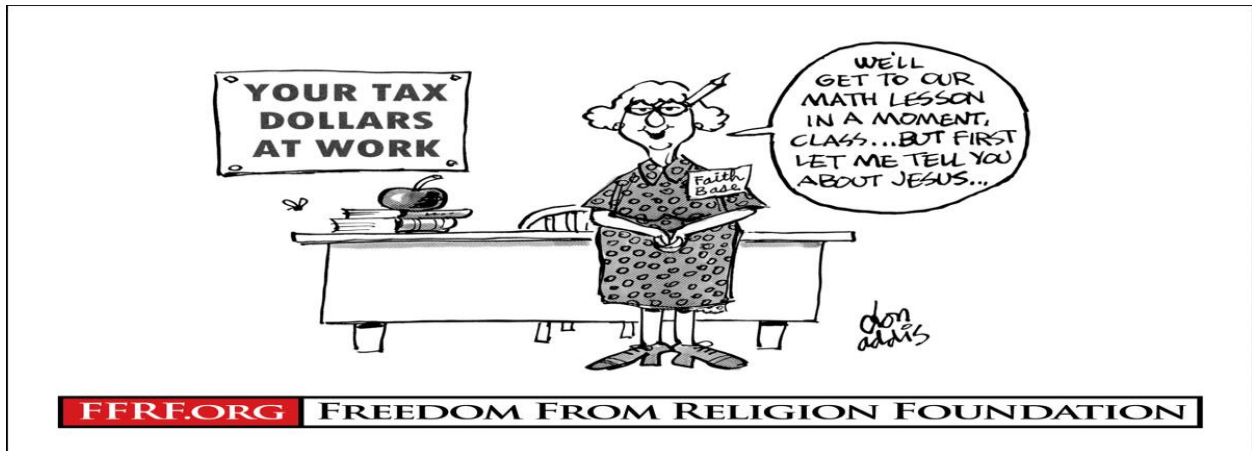






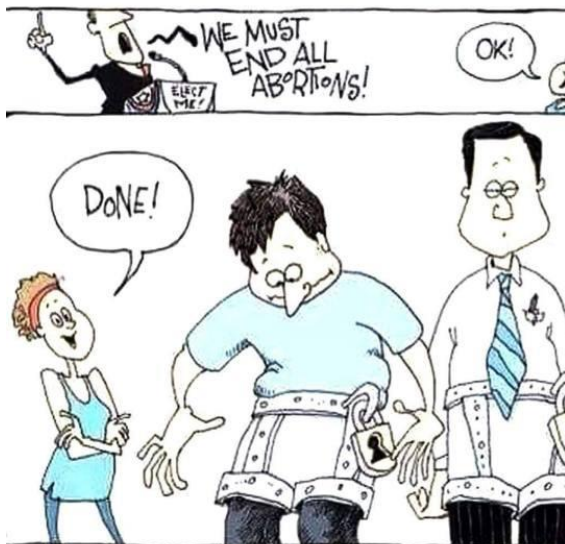






**FFRF.ORG** FREEDOM FROM RELIGION FOUNDATION

Provided by Bob Haskins, Atheist of the Treasure Coast



**Mrs. Betty Bowers**  
@BettyBowers

Texas doesn't have a hotline if you see a man go into a kindergarten with an AR-15, but it does have a hotline if you see a woman go into a Planned Parenthood parking lot with her car.

10:53 AM · 9/1/21 · [Twitter Web App](#)

cartoon provided by Judy Clause





## My Womb

I hear there's a bounty on my  
womb.

A high price in the currency  
of power and control.

In the currency  
of violence  
and cowardice.

You want to make a home in this  
body.

Penetrate it with your power and  
lust

and demand I carry the seed  
you've planted  
pretending to protect the sacred  
when we both know  
your concern is for birth  
and not for life.

I've seen the way you watch  
as young mouths go unfed  
as young arms are torn from their mother's embrace  
as young bodies are raped and ravaged and locked away  
in the land of the free  
and home of the brave.

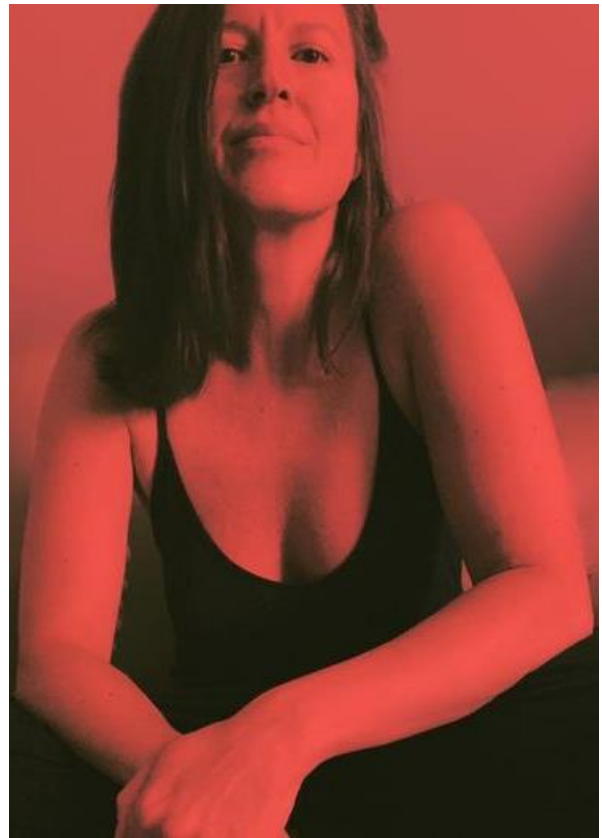
You read me ghost stories  
from the good book  
about purity  
and innocence

and all the ways my body is wrong  
and all the ways my body does not belong to me.

But I prefer different fairy tales.

The ones that were woven from an  
ancient mother's womb  
whispered to her from deep in the earth.

The ones that teach me  
that I am fire and water



that I am land and thunder  
that I am holy and sacred  
that I am the great creator and destroyer  
that I belong to me  
and only me  
and I alone  
will decide.

I hear there's a bounty on my womb  
but you seem to forget  
that I am the huntress  
and I can smell the fear  
dripping from your cowardly words  
and I dare you to try and hold my fire  
in your bare, trembling hands.

- Poem by Gina Puorro

Visit <https://ginapuorro.com> to join the waitlist for my upcoming book of poetry!

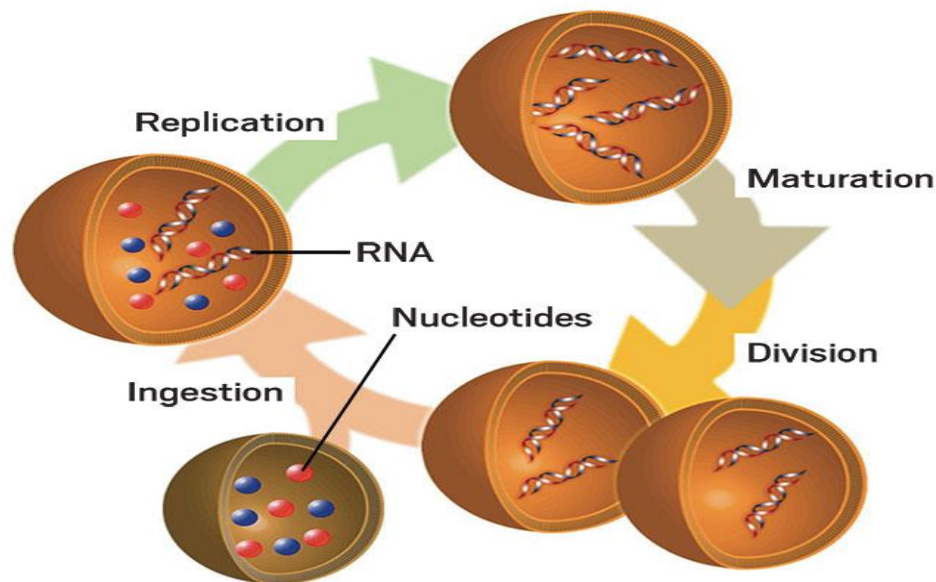


*Illustration provided by Teddy Tatum, KCMO*

# ARTICLES

## The Many Paths to Creation

(Revision 1)



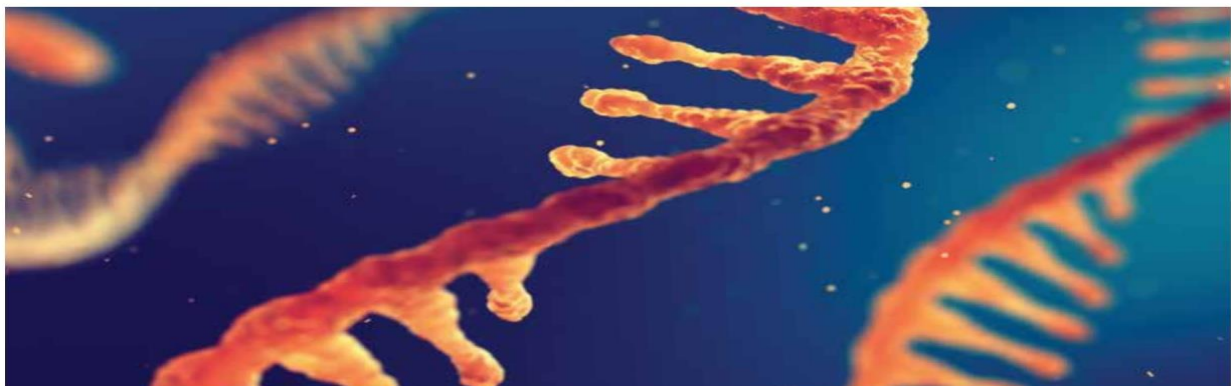
By Ed Zillioux

*The beginnings of the story (written in 2018):*

The explanation of Darwinian evolution has, in the past, gotten hung up on the question of what kick-started the whole process. That's no longer the case. The search for a self-replicating precursor of life on Earth, once thought to be an intractable problem, is now yielding to broader scientific enquiry. It turns out that there are many possible mechanisms that might have led to the self-sustaining replication of nucleic acids and the cellularization of genetic material that is the basis of life on Earth.



Protocell division now has been demonstrated based on simple physical and chemical mechanisms. Simple organic replicators also can be generated, and chance trial and error in template-substrate pairings would have led to more robust replicators. Once an early replicator established itself, the feedback cycle leading to the evolution of additional catalysts would have been difficult to derail. It all might have taken hundreds of millions of years, but that's nothing but a blink in the geological time scale. Strong candidates for early replicators are RNA enzymes or ribozymes. We carry RNA (ribonucleic acid, the single-strand cousin of the familiar double-strand DNA) in every cell in our bodies. Francis Crick and others have espoused the concept of RNA as a primordial molecule and its presence in modern cells has been referred to as fossils of nucleic acid enzymes. That is, our cellular RNA is likely an evolutionary remnant of an RNA-based enzymatic system that preceded the protein-based one seen in all extant life, although it has taken on a number of essential tasks so it's still paying its own way. But there are so many plausible paths to prebiotic synthesis that we don't even need to evoke RNA enzymes for the Grand Initiation. Some say It could have started with just a simple gas mix and an



## **Shotgunning the messenger: Single-cell RNA sequencing**

Nevertheless, many, or most, researchers still agree that life as we know it likely emerged from an RNA world. It is currently postulated that the formation of RNA may have occurred as early

as 4.35 billion years ago - a mere 183 million years after the Earth was formed. It took another 920 million years (3.43 billion years ago) before the first fossils attributed to microorganisms were laid down and preserved in crystals of zircon. This scenario favors a much earlier emergence of life on Earth than previously imagined.

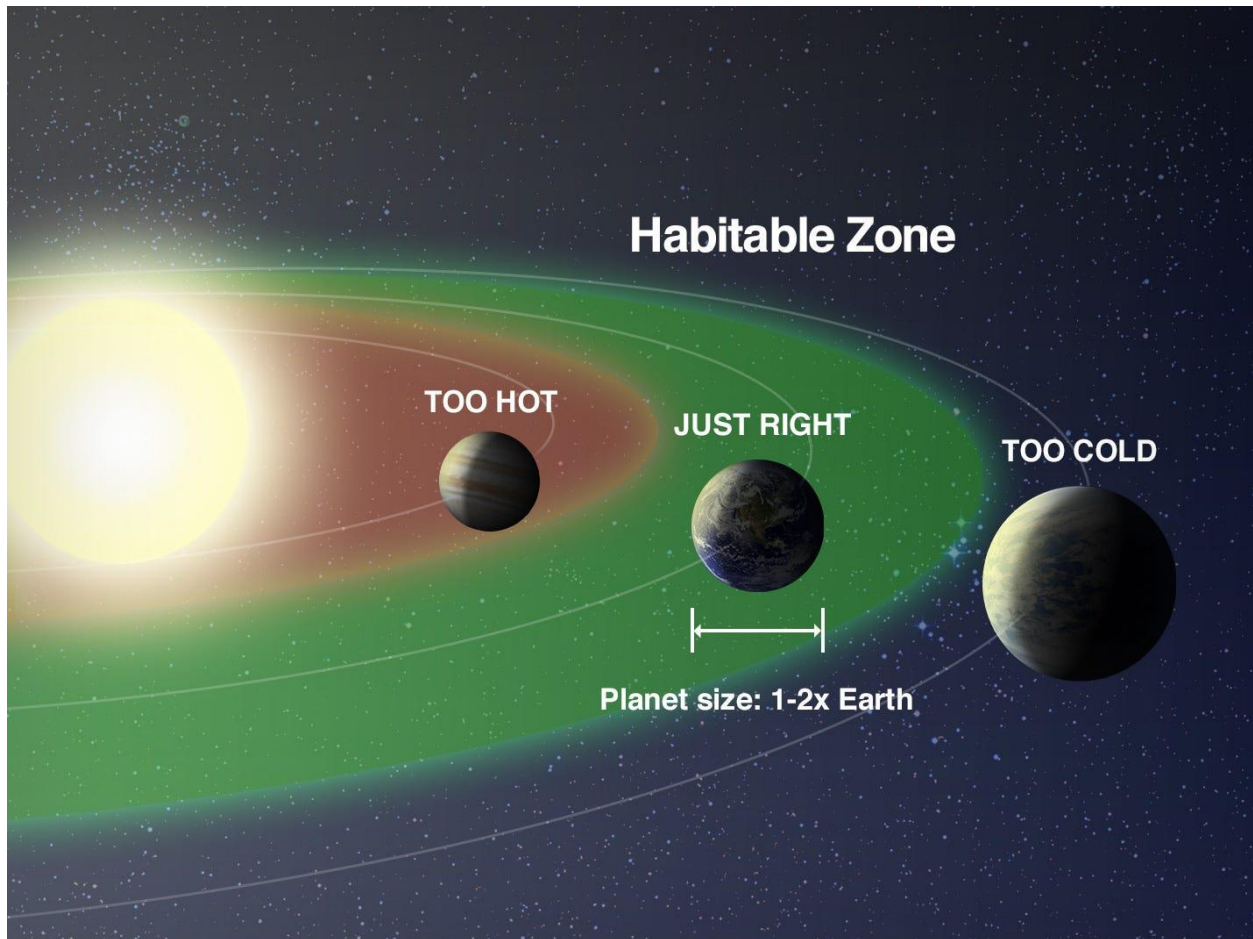
This series of events may have been precipitated when a moon-sized object sideswiped the Earth only forty million years after our own Moon was formed. The resulting explosion left an orbiting cloud of molten iron and other debris. The metallic hailstorm that followed split oxygen atoms from water leaving hydrogen behind. The oxygen bonded readily with the iron forming the rust-colored iron oxide deposits that encircle our planet in a uniformly dated geological stratum. As the temperature cooled, organic molecules formed under the blanket of hydrogen, and it is thought that these molecules linked up to form the first self-replicating RNA, thus triggering the Grand Initiation of life on Planet Earth.

### 2021 Revision

Sounds simple, right? Perhaps too simple? If you answer "Yes," then I would agree. Yet that is where I left this story before I began my own journey of self-doubt leading to the writing of this revision. The assertion that there are many plausible paths to the initiation of life on our planet does not necessarily imply that any of these "plausible" paths carry with them any reasonable probability of success.

Richard Dawkins touched upon this subject in his book, *The God Delusion*. As Dawkins points out, the origin of life only had to happen once, after which Darwinian evolution inevitably would kick in. Therefore, he reasons, the origin event occurrence can be extremely improbable, while subsequent evolutionary steps could not have been very improbable. The evidence for the latter lies in the extreme diversity of life all around us, while the origin of life, he contends, only happened once. Note that he does not use any

caveats, such as *might have* only happened once. He presents this singular event as fact for which no evidence is given or needed.



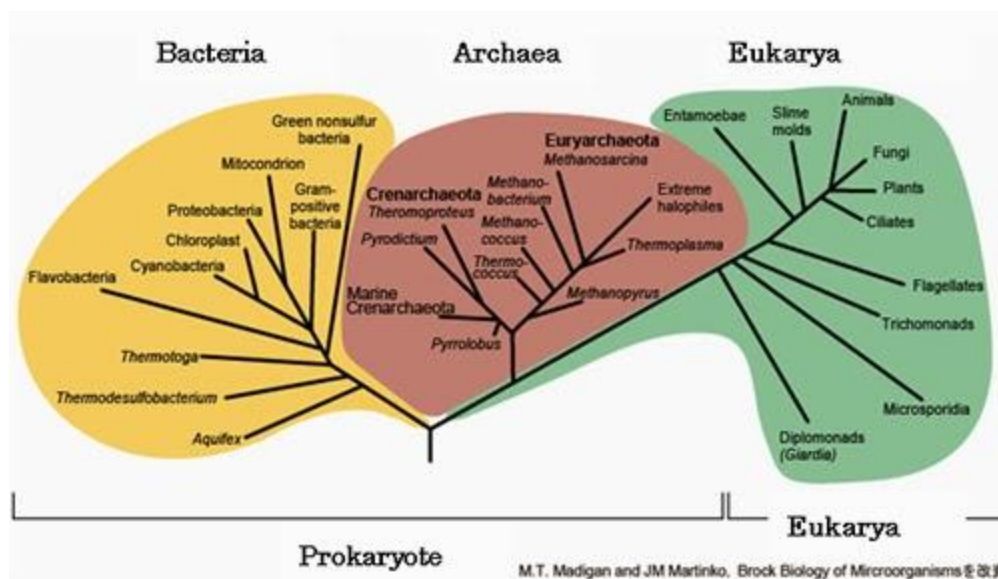
Nevertheless, Dawkins builds a statistical exercise in which he demonstrates that even in the most improbably imaginable odds, say the origin of life happens on only one planet in a billion of those that happen to occur in the Goldilocks zone of their star, i.e., where liquid water could exist, there could still be a billion planets in the universe where life might have initiated. I will not go into Dawkins calculations here, but if you are interested, I refer you to pages 137-138 of his book. Also consider the fact that since Dawkins wrote *The God Delusion*, thousands more exoplanets have been discovered, mostly by NASA's Kepler Space Telescope.





One critical aspect of the story that I had not previously touched upon is the discovery of the Archaea and its significance in our understanding of life on Earth. In 1977 Carl Woese, a physicist turned microbiologist, was sequencing RNA in a microorganism as part of a project to develop a classification

system for bacteria based entirely on their molecular structure. When he found his subject had a completely different chemistry in its cell wall than that of any known bacteria, he came to two conclusions: first, this was not a bacterium and, second, he had discovered an entirely new biological Domain. This led to his revision of the traditional Tree of Life comprised at that time of only two main branches, Bacteria and Eukarya, into three main



branches or Domains: Bacteria; Eukarya; and Archaea. He spent the next 20 years trying to convince the science community that he was right, but finally Woese was awarded the Crawford Prize, the equivalent of the Nobel, and many other awards and recognitions of his success.

Woese was obsessed with the prospect of building a quantitative Tree of Life based on the afore-mentioned RNA

sequencing. Between the Bacteria and Archaea, his tree was overwhelmingly composed of microorganisms and rightfully so, since they are by far the most numerous, accounting for the most mass and the greatest level of biodiversity in all of life. The result that all macroscopic life, including ourselves, occupied only one relatively minor branch on Woese's tree was the source of much of the early resistance to his ideas.

But Woese did not attempt to identify a common ancestry of the three Domains, although he apparently accepted this as fact, the basis upon which his and, indeed, all Trees of Life have been built since Ernst Haeckel's early work in 1879. I speculate here, but suppose a common ancestry did not exist. Might not the same "RNA World" that preexisted all life have yielded the ribosomal spark that initiated all of life's Domains independently? Or at least the Archaea? This could (possibly?) account for the nucleic acid similarities as well as the structural and chemical differences between Domains. I will not attempt to develop this any further here except to state the obvious: there is a lot that we still do not know.

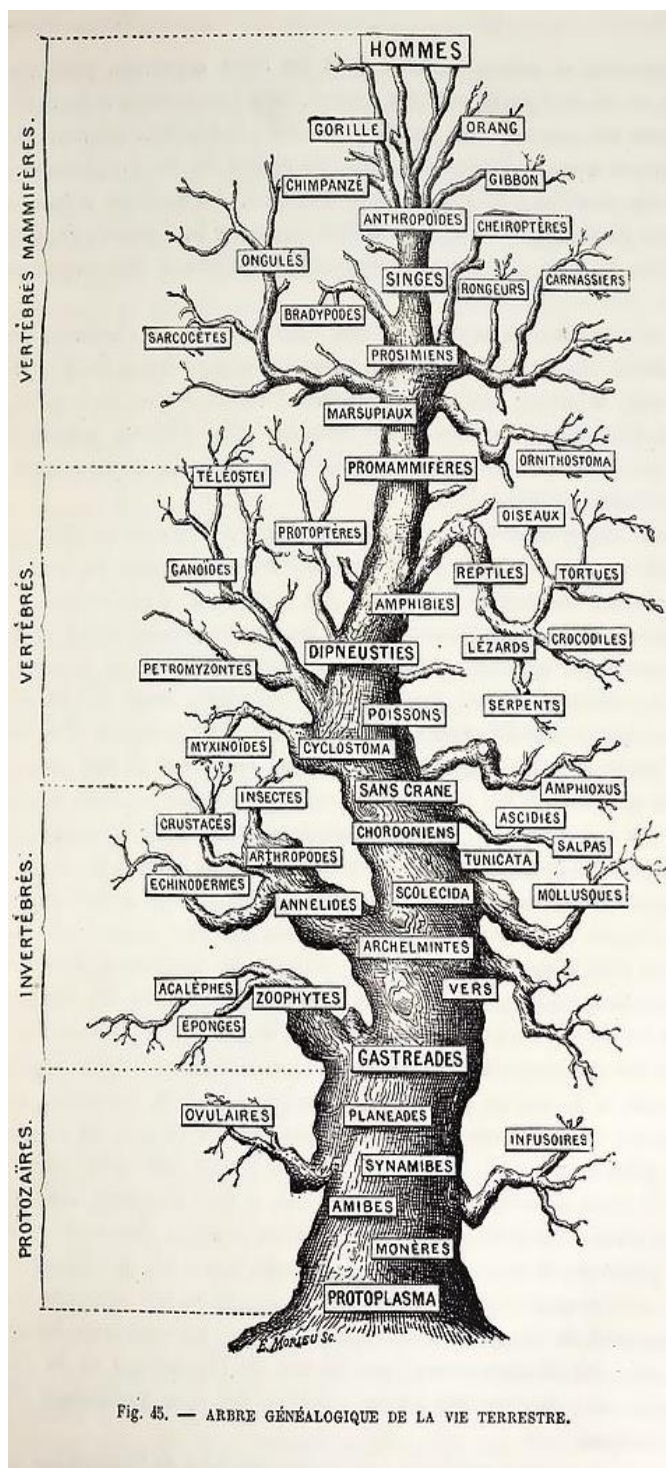


Fig. 45. — ARBRE GÉNÉALOGIQUE DE LA VIE TERRESTRE.

# SPORTS REPORTING



*Or,  
HOW DO THEY  
MAKE  
SAUSAGE?*

By Bert Mautz

Mike Greenberg is a weekly morning host of

his ESPN sports talk show. A jock wannabee, nicknamed himself, "Greenie." The mild mannered, of Hebrew descent, boy of Brooklyn, graduated from Northwestern with a journalism degree to become a sportswriter and eventually, television personality. Obsessively fascinated by all things football, his daily discussions, all the yearlong focus on football, whether or not it is in, or out of season.

Have complained elsewhere, all there is to say about football requires a two-hundred-word vocabulary. And yet, Greenie goes on and on, 52 weeks a year. If there are no games to comment on in minute detail, he and his panels of player/experts can obsess on player trades, the player draft, all things coaching personnel, and the NFL corporately.

The question made here has to do with all the aspects of the game and how it is played that is never talked about. Start with the







players' locker room. Been watching for fifty years and the only intrusions into a locker room by a television camera is that once-a-year celebration spraying champagne extravagantly. What goes on in there? What do they talk about? What does a half time pep talk sound like? What is the mood in a losing team's locker room?

What goes on at practices? Again, give your audience the detail. No betrayal of games strategy, the secrets of tomorrow's game plan. This can be material from last year, for cryin'-out-loud. Why is so little included in the suffocating yearlong minutia, but never the background coverage of how teams manage, teach, improve, and plan for their regular season games?

While in midst complaint, the other sports leagues are as nontransparent. They sell their sponsors and television networks the games, but that is really all we get. For the amount of intense media and sports' journalism, these multibillion-dollar entertainment colossuses do not permit their devoted fans

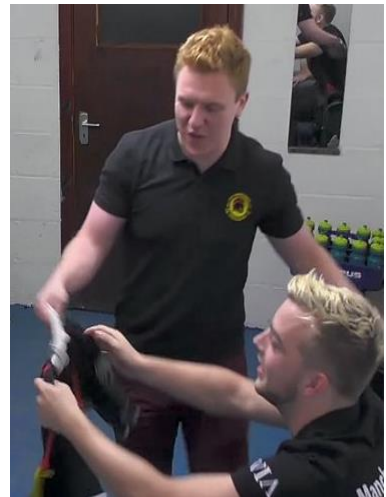


to look behind the curtain. Can we ask, “why not show us more of themselves?”



I would like Formula One broadcasters to get into the engineering technicalities of the race cars. For instance, what is the down force effect of all the foils hanging off the front and high on the rear. The rear foil flips up to be an “air brake.” What braking force is created at 150 miles per hour? A fan of these state-of-the-art race cars would like to

know more about them, but instead they go on and on about tire choices to match track conditions as the Key to car performance, but that’s all we get. Why not more technology. Want really stupid lap by lap explanation? Try watching a NASCAR race – (in my humble opinion) as fraudulent as “professional wrestling” – being yelled over in a southern accent.



Where did the clandestine approach to sports availability to scrutiny originate. Just curious. Believe more background detail could add interesting material to the coverage and fan understanding.





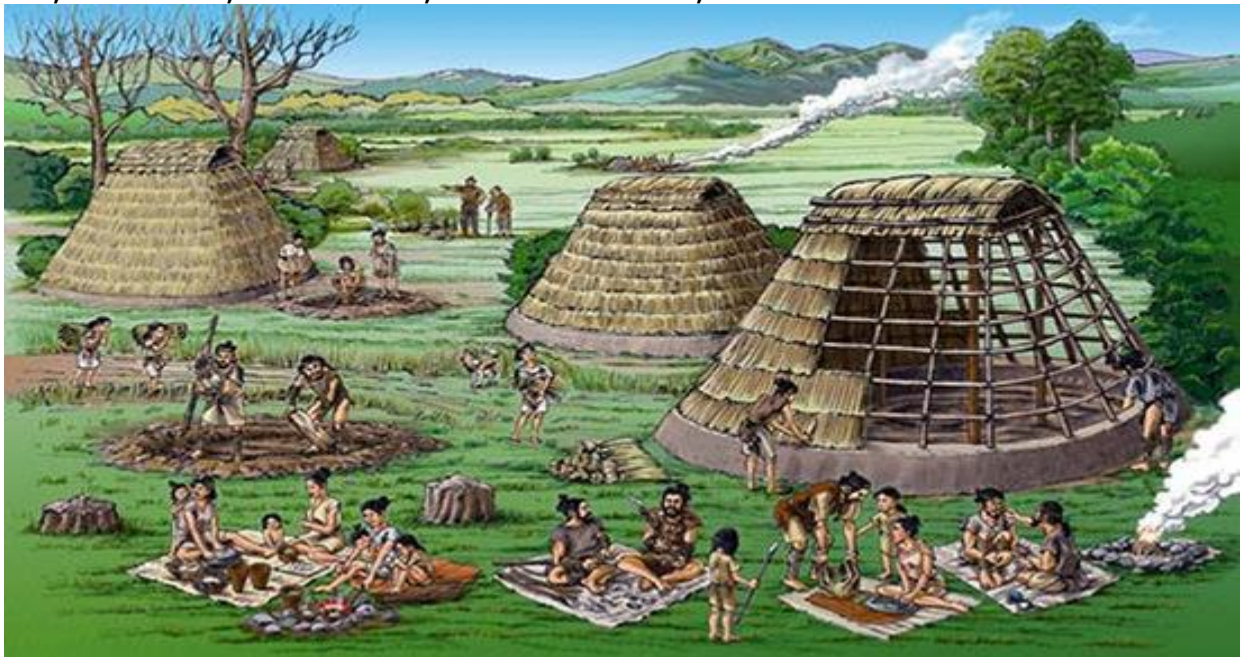


Japanese archeology started with American zoologist Edward S. Morris (1838-1925) discovering a big pile of seashells at Omori near Tokyo in 1877 and identifying it as a midden of ancient people. He called it Omori *kaizuka* (shell mound). He also named the ancient culture *Jomon* (Cord-marked) based on a shard of the earthenware taken from the midden. However, the national policy of Japan at that time prohibited a study of the ancient history of Japan because such research would conflict with the legend of the origin of the imperial family. The official version of Japanese history was that Japanese people originated in heaven and the emperor was a direct descendant from the Sun Goddess *Amaterasu*.

With the defeat of Japan in WW II and the following American occupation of Japan, the ban was lifted. The study of ancient Japanese history gradually expanded. An accidental discovery of an ancient ruin (*iseki*) and its reproduction of an old lifestyle triggered a new tourist industry. Since then, more ancient ruins have been discovered. The rising curiosity about the origin of the Japanese people and the rebirth of nationalism triggered the



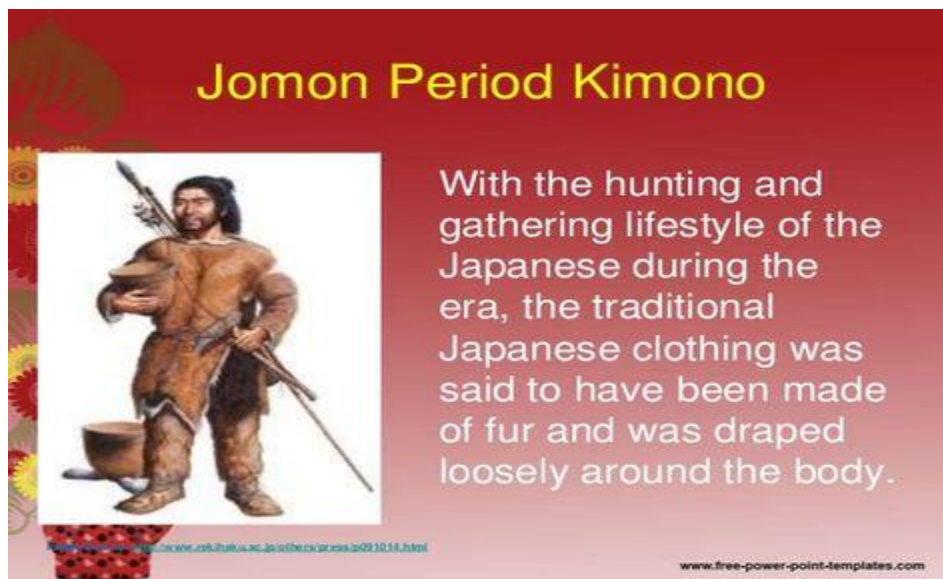
expansion of the general public's interest in archeology. The confirmation that Jomon people had lived in the Japanese archipelago since 12,000 BCE especially created a countrywide archeological study boom. Many organizations engaged in research on the Jomon culture. These organizations included academic institutions and museums, local municipalities, newly established special-interest research groups, etc. When people look more closely, they find more interesting facts. For instance, a recent study revealed that the oldest Jomon pottery was as ancient as 16,500 BCE based on a radioactive carbon dating method. It implied that the Jomon people arrived in Japan in 16,500 BCE, or before, instead of 12,000 BCE.



Around 2500 BCE, the Jomon people disappeared and were replaced with Yayoi people from Asian continents and brought a wet rice farming culture. In other words, Jomon people prospered for about 13,000 years all over the Japanese archipelago from Hokkaido to Okinawa, which is about 1400 miles long. However, the Jomon people are not the direct ancestors of the modern Japanese. According to DNA analysis, 20 to 40% of Japanese have Jomon genes, but the direct ancestor of modern Japanese is the Yayoi people.

Judging from pottery and other findings during the 13,000 years, the Jomon people constantly maintained progress in their technology and spiritual life. For instance, pottery started from no pattern on the oldest one, but in later periods, pottery carried excessively decorated designs such as a flame-style crown on the top of the container. The size and elaboration of decoration exceeded the central body part. These highly decorated potteries may have been used for ceremonial purposes since they are not practical for daily use.

The richness of their spiritual life is represented in various figurines, called *dogu* (earthen idol). Some have odd shapes, and we have trouble determining whether they represented an animal, a person, or an imaginary being. Many personal decorative items, such as necklaces and bracelets made of seashells were also found. But researchers have occasionally discovered some things made from rare materials such as emerald, amber, and agate. Since most rare materials were not local products, they indicate trading with remote regions.



The idea of trading between remote regions was also supported by recognizing more than 150 remains of dugout canoes all over the Japanese archipelago. These canoes are about



two feet wide and twenty feet long. Brave and skilled seamen of the Jomon people crisscrossed coasts of Japan with these small vessels and engaged in trades of local specialty products such as natural tars, obsidian, jewels, etc. At present, we do not know whether they used a sail or not.

One of the desirable characteristics of Jomon life was peace. There was no sign of war or mass killing for more than 10,000 years. There were bows and arrows for hunting purposes, but no tool of large-scale fighting existed. I noticed that the Indus valley civilization in India had the same characteristic as the Jomon culture. An ironic part of this characteristic is that inhabitants of both cultures have disappeared from human history.

### Jomon Pottery

- Made out of clay, which potters made by hand
- Imprinted rope patterns into the clay
- Used as a cooking vessel and to store food



When a settlement of the Jomon people was initially discovered, archeologists tried to find a sign of farming, but they never found it. The well-accepted idea in archeology at that time was that hunter-gatherer people were constantly moving around. Only when farming was invented, did they settle and stay at the same location to tend the farm. However, from the earliest time to near the end of the Jomon period, they practiced no farming. Actually, when they adapt to agriculture they seem to lead to the self-extinction.



Why did not the Jomon people start or invent farming? Archeologists investigated the food situation in the Jomon communities, and they found that the Jomon people were well-fed, but there was no sign of source of carbohydrates. Also, remains of hunted animals such as bones and horns were rare. Yes, they had hunted deer, wild boars, and some small animals, but they seemed not to have hunted them for the primary source of protein. The purpose of animal hunting appeared to be to obtain the materials for tools, clothing, and construction rather than a food source.

Western-trained archeologists took time to realize that the significant protein source was the sea, namely fish, sea animals, and shellfish. Then they realized that the most obvious protein source was shellfish. Each remaining site of the Jomon period has a large midden, which is usually a pit of twenty feet by forty feet, several feet deep. And used seashells were packed in it. Scholars reported that the types of shellfish in the Jomon middens are more than one hundred, and many of them already suffered extinction. Judging from the size of wasted shell piles, we can easily conclude that shellfish were the primary source of daily food.

Since the Jomon people appeared at the end of the last glacial period, Earth was warming up. Sea level was increasing, and shallow shores were expanding rapidly. The Jomon people easily gathered or dug out many shellfish. It was natural that the Jomon people made shellfish their primary source of daily protein. The protein source was identified, but the source of carbohydrate was still puzzling.

In other archeological sites, the farming of grass seeds was invented or adapted. Then, people harvested grass seeds, namely grains, annually or semi-annually. So, grains became the primary source of carbohydrates. For more than 10,000 years, the Jomon people did not cultivate grains, but they were well fed. Where did they get the carbohydrates? Dental remains indicated that they had been taking sufficient carbohydrates to produce cavities.

Then archeologists discovered remains of burned nuts. Careful research confirmed that almost all Jomon remains sites had some kinds of nuts as the primary source of carbohydrates.

Further study revealed that many sites had forests of nut-producing trees near the living spaces, and these trees were placed at regular intervals. Obviously, these trees were not virgin forests but planted artificially. A DNA study of chestnut trees from the forest also indicated that these chestnut trees had relatively uniform DNA patterns. This means that these trees were carefully selected for desirable characteristics, such as higher yield, larger



and better tasting nuts. Why did they choose chestnut trees? My speculation is as follows. We have a saying in Japan, "*Momo, Kuri san nen, Kaki hachi nen.*" (Peach and chestnut need only three years, and persimmon takes eight years to produce fruit/nut after planting.) Because of the very short maturity period, the chestnut tree was suited for the selective process of better trees. I do not know whether any other nut-bearing trees have been investigated or not.

The Jomon people ate chestnuts and other nuts such as walnuts, almonds, and even bitter-tasting nuts such as acorns

and horse chestnuts. They ground these nuts after removing outer shells using a stone mortar and a stone pestle and converted them to flour. Then they soaked and washed the flour with water to remove the bitter taste. Later in the Jomon period, many places had large-scale communal processing facilities to produce nut flour.

The Jomon people were experts of arboriculture and managed several other non-food producing tree forests also. One of the fantastic accomplishments of the Jomon people was the invention of Japanese lacquerware. The lacquer to paint Japanese lacquerware is produced from sap from *Urushi* (poison oak) trees. Each tree yields very little sap. And the sap is toxic, causing rash if touched, similar to poison ivy. To make a sufficient amount of lacquer, they have to manage a large number of *Urushi* trees.

The Jomon people and their culture occupied a unique position in human history. The Jomon people took advantage of their tree management skills and developed a tree-based culture. They survived peacefully and prosperously for more than 10,000 years by eating nuts from various trees.





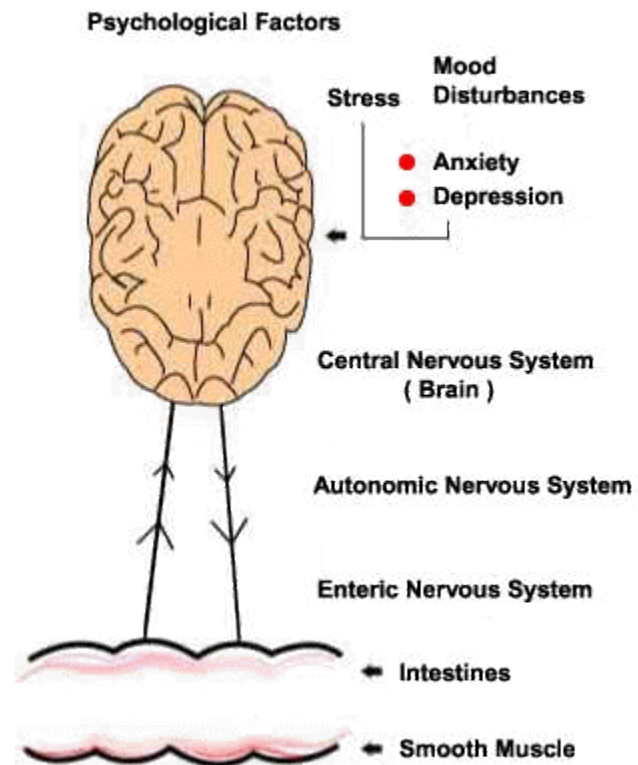
# THE VIABILITY OF FAITH HEALING, EXORCISM, AND PSYCHOTHERAPY

By J. Dan Vignau



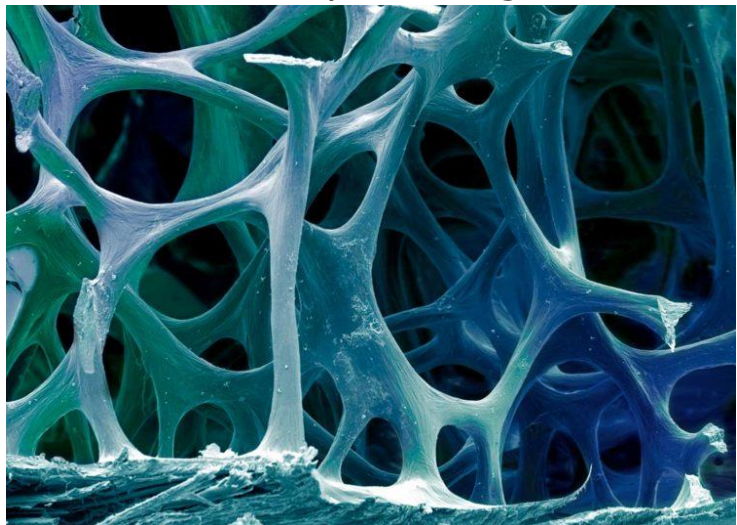
*Nearly all true freethinkers would agree on one thing: There is no such thing as faith healing or exorcism. The purpose of this article is to show how such "cures" might not only be successful, but possibly the best-case scenario for certain patients. Consider the old joke: How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb? Only one, but it takes a long, long time, and the light bulb has to really want to change. The psychologically challenged religious sinner really wants to change, too. Using insights of Freudian thought, I propose that faith healing and exorcism can work for certain psychosomatic conditions. The success of many counseling sessions and psychotherapies are not that different in their lack of use of scientific thought, or the ultimate truth of their applications and treatments.*

Sigmund Freud was a physician, specifically a neurologist. As such, he did research on cerebral palsy, aphasia, and most importantly, the loss of sensory perception and motor control. As a neurologist, he recognized that many of his patients had sensory losses, and/or lack of use of appendages, which could not be explained by existing nerve pathways. The most quoted example is “glove paralysis” a condition in which a person has no feeling or function in his hand from the wrist down [to the fingertips]. Freud saw that this was not an organic (physical) injury. There is not a cluster of nerves that only controls the area from the wrist down.



Imagine drawing a line from each fingertip to the shoulder. That is how we are wired. Any injury to one such nerve would leave a trail of malfunction down the entire arm, only affecting certain fingers, and certain parts of the arm following this nerve.

With the insight he gained from his constructs regarding ego defense mechanisms, along with his medical knowledge of the nervous system, Freud concluded that this lack of use of a



hand, or “glove paralysis” had to be of the mind rather than of the body. Since this affliction did actually occur, it is certainly no stretch of the imagination to realize that there could be psychologically caused deafness, blindness, muteness, and other symptoms.



To Freud, these afflictions have everything has to do with trauma to the ego. A favorite example concerns a patient who saw someone stabbed. This event is posited as so terribly traumatic that the patient's mind cannot bear to let the body's hand be used, lest it do something just as terrible. I like to add that Freud might have missed the real point here: *Maybe the mind cannot let the hand be used like this ... again!* The patient might have actually committed the murder and remembered it or not! But I digress.

If psychological trauma can stop one's hand from functioning, could it not also actually disable the eyes, ears, nose or use of speech? After all, if a child saw a much-loved parent kill the other beloved parent, wouldn't this memory be so horribly traumatic, and repressed so deeply to such an extent, that the thought of the crime witnessed actually preclude the use of the hand that killed, the eyes that saw, the ears that heard, or the legs that ran? Freud wrote during the Victorian Era. Sexual thoughts were considered to be so terribly dirty, that piano legs were often covered with doily skirts to keep men from being aroused by their



erotic shape. After all, they did look similar to women's legs. Oh my; the horror of it all!

As to the aforementioned glove paralysis: What about the hand that was (nearly?) caught masturbating? I vote for this sin as the reason this affliction was so prevalent during this era. It is no wonder modern critics say he was obsessed with sex. Guilt from sexually repressed thoughts was the essence of Victorian culture!



Jesus' culture was slavery, illness, and discontent. Jesus was said to have healed the blind, and to have made the deaf hear again. What better way could there be to ensure one's ascension into a heavenly paradise, than to follow this magical healer of men, the magician who guaranteed eternal comfort. The alternative, eternal fire and damnation for one's sins, must be avoided. Surely, eternal comfort seemed quite important to the impoverished and slaves. Since most conquered people were taught morality that included God's putting them in their predicament for a reason, they eagerly grasped at any stories offering an explanation of their continual punishments, with seemingly endless suffering, especially the promise of a paradise of blissful, eternal life among the people they loved.

Even George Washington, who was not a believer, thought that religion was necessary to provide a moral base for most of humanity. Yes, he was a slave owner who, used the Bible (ironically, often referred to as the "good book") to justify both owning slaves and eradicating entire native populations. It seemed like a good idea at the time. Using religion to teach the

savages how to act in the polite company of superior beings was a wonderful idea. Elitist thought for the beneficiaries of Manifest Destiny was perfect. Washington even recommended the teaching of religious constructs to the indigenous peoples of America. After all, these savages certainly seemed incapable of understanding real philosophy. Whew!

Freud fathered psychoanalysis by convincing many others to believe in his concept of the three-part psyche: Ego, Id, and Superego, which to me seem to have arisen from the prevalent Victorian constructs, The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or even more appropriately, Man, The Devil, and God.



Freud's Id is our innate, pleasure seeking self. It must be controlled by the mind, or Ego, which is mediated by the Superego. A sociologist would say that the Superego is mostly the norms and mores of a society. A Christian would say it is the will of God, as outlined in their Good Book. A Freudian might use a philosophical sense of right, wrong, and empathy.

More importantly, ego defense mechanisms could be used to explain psychosomatic illnesses, including what psychiatrists like to call Conversion Reactions, the loss of use of motor skills and sensory perception. Learning about these insights might allow a gradual return of the use of the afflicted parts and senses. Why would we think that the exclusion of the beliefs and constructs

religious believers use, including The Devil, Christ, and other ghostly Gods, would not have the same effect toward a cure? "The Devil made me do it" or religious guilt from a fear of punishment might be just as plausible to a believer in Satan as a defense mechanism is to a Freudian. After all, religion is nothing if not psychology. Not the best; but psychology, none the less.

Our constructs need not be true, as long as they provide help to the afflicted. With problems of the mind, any believable construct can work: the defense mechanisms to a Freudian, the devil to a priest, even possible eternal damnation for the guilt ridden.



Religious belief systems do work to cure psychosomatic illnesses. The mistake of religious minded person is to believe that organic diseases can also be cured by faith. Of course, if priests believed this, faith would no longer seem necessary. They would need to become practitioners of another discipline, i.e., get a real job ...

Like religious oriented people, psychologists are compelled to have faith in their constructs. We all believe in the truth of our knowledge, and the usefulness of our respective paradigms. This belief in our constructs creates exploitable knowledge. The belief can set you free, even when it is imperious bull shit! It might even work better when a belief is true. Of course, these constructs can also totally enslave you, but that is a topic for another time.

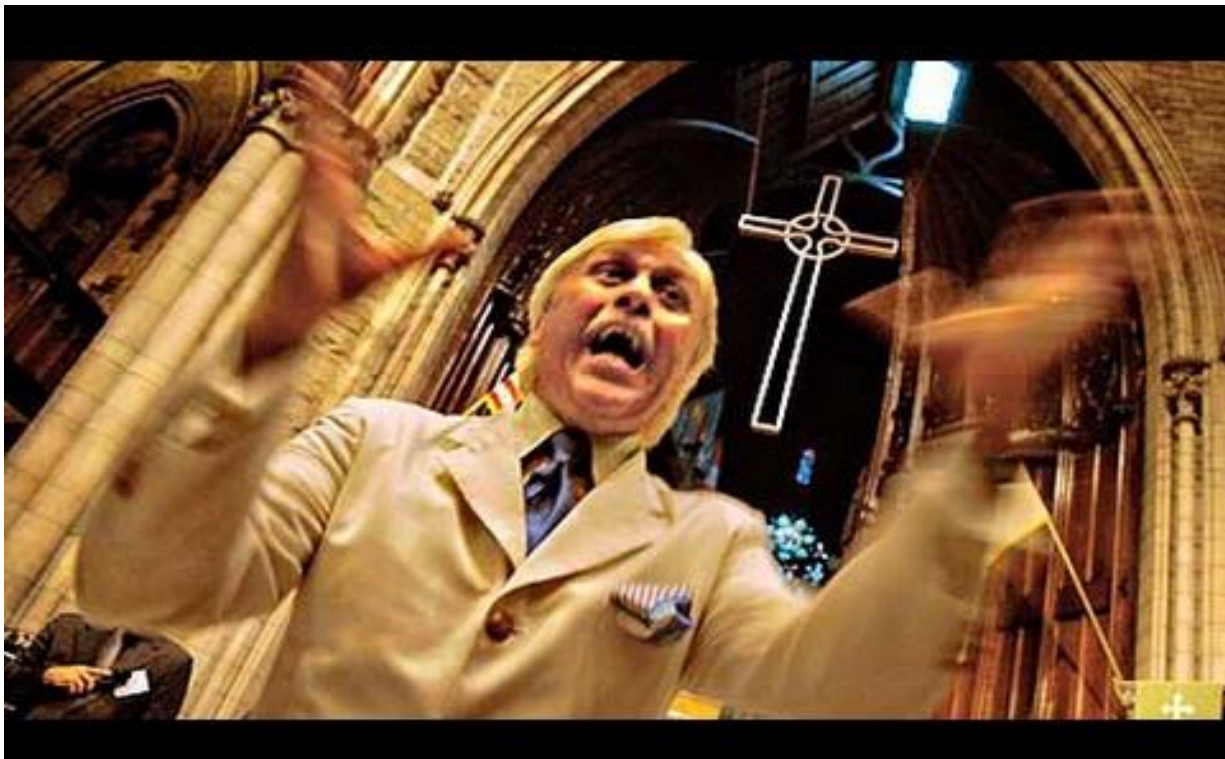
We all use cultural truths to solve problems in our daily lives. Some, like Einstein, Copernicus, Freud, Newton, and Galileo, innovate and discover new paradigms, thereby changing human knowledge, at least until the next innovator appears. Whether religious or secular, our constructs are all just a means to understand our particular situation in life, a means to live our lives to the fullest state of living and being available. They are how we deal with human existence. The most important point is



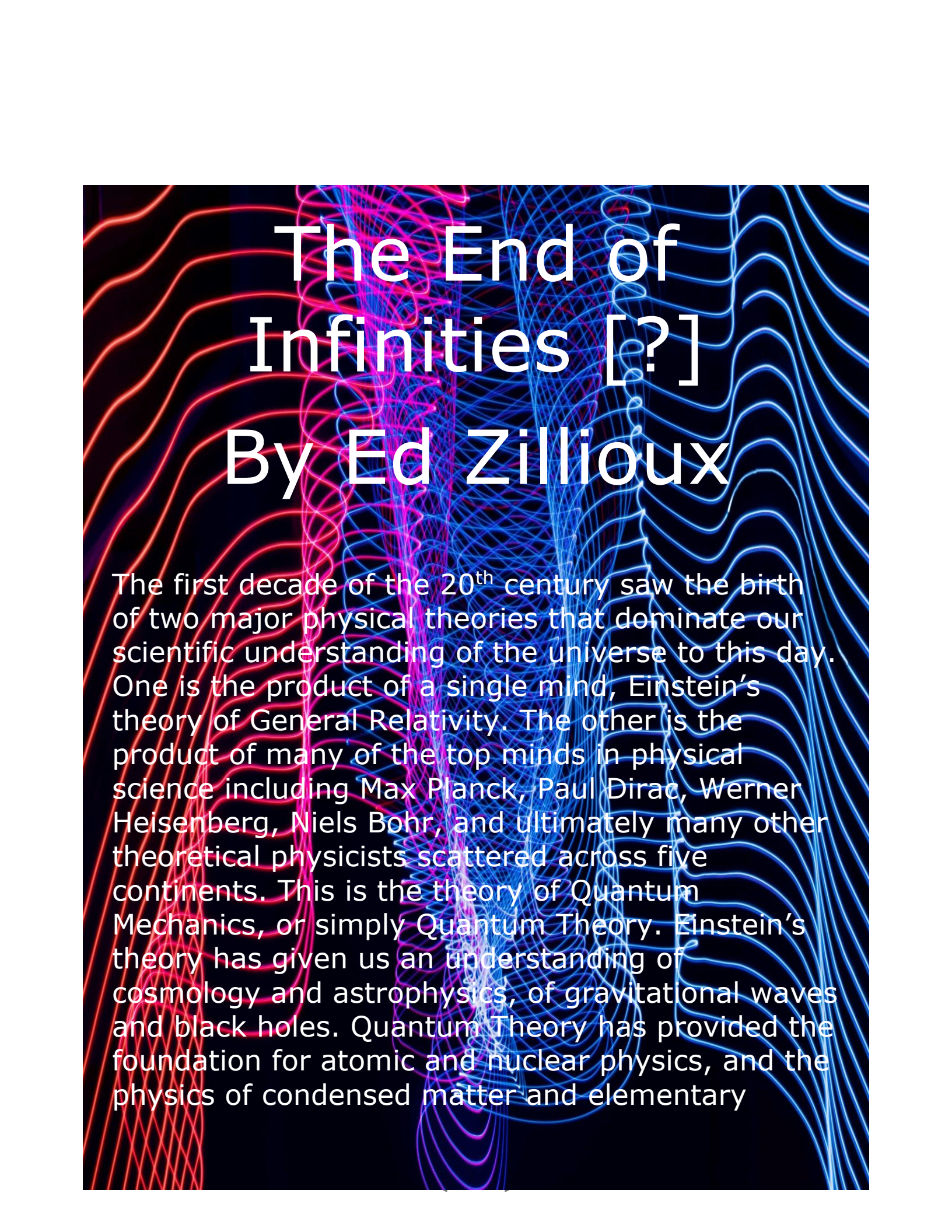
to never get totally stuck with a single belief system. We must retain our ability to think totally free of our sacred constructs and paradigms. We must learn to reason, to question, and to think. Rote learning gives the basis for our thoughts, while thinking allows innovation.

When outdated, all dogma, secular or religious, and yes, even Freudian thought and physics, must bow to arising scientific discoveries and theories. Our greatest human accomplishments, be they music, art, psychology, or science, are all no more than culturally biased views of our world. At most, they are useful "truths" for the time frame into which we are born.

Without questioning everything, no matter what we have been taught or are yet to learn, no matter what scrutiny we avoid for our dearly held beliefs, we will spend our short lives in relative ignorance. As such beings, we would merely live our lives as the next in a long succession of critters on Earth, yes somewhat evolved critters, but still only as brainwashed people who spend their time ceremoniously howling at the moon.







# The End of Infinities [?]

## By Ed Zilioux

The first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century saw the birth of two major physical theories that dominate our scientific understanding of the universe to this day. One is the product of a single mind, Einstein's theory of General Relativity. The other is the product of many of the top minds in physical science including Max Planck, Paul Dirac, Werner Heisenberg, Niels Bohr, and ultimately many other theoretical physicists scattered across five continents. This is the theory of Quantum Mechanics, or simply Quantum Theory. Einstein's theory has given us an understanding of cosmology and astrophysics, of gravitational waves and black holes. Quantum Theory has provided the foundation for atomic and nuclear physics, and the physics of condensed matter and elementary



fact that they have each given us so much better understanding of the world we live in, and that predictions of both have been repeatedly demonstrated to be correct, such as the curvature of space for the Theory of Relativity and the existence of subatomic particles for Quantum Theory, there are areas where the two theories

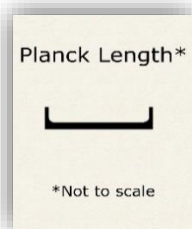


contradict each other such that neither can be completely correct when the other is taken into account.

It is not the purpose of this writing to delve deep into either of these theories, (as if I could) but to focus only on one aspect of their inconsistencies, that of Infinity. Special Relativity, the precursor of



General Relativity, recognized that there is a limit to velocity: the speed of light. Nothing can travel faster than the speed of light, therefore there cannot be infinite velocity. Yet, General Relativity also predicts that there is infinite compression. Specifically, that singularities exist. These have been posited both for the compressed universe prior to the Big Bang, and for the deep interiors of black holes. However, when Quantum Theory is taken into account, these infinities vanish and are



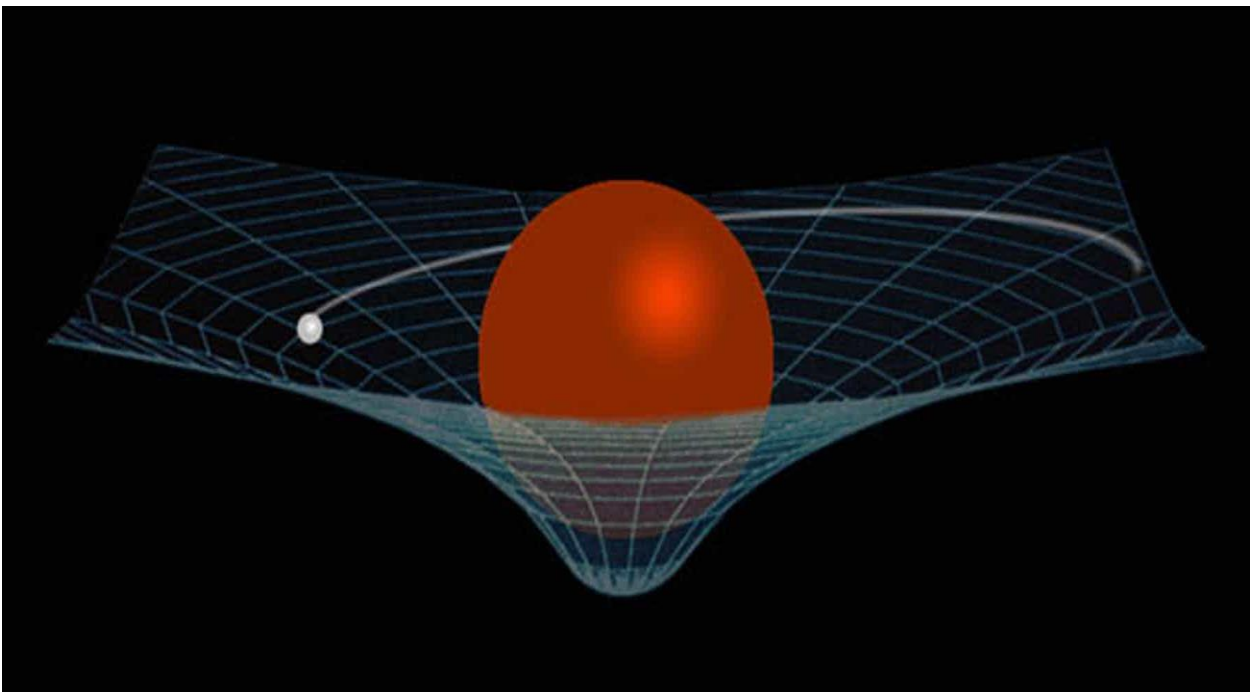
replaced, at the smallest scale, by the Planck Length ( $10^{-33}$  centimeters). Nothing exists that is smaller than the Planck Length, which is itself extremely small, but finite.

At the opposite scale, we have the enormity of the cosmos. Einstein considered a finite cosmos without borders. A cosmos of more than a hundred billion light years. Using the Planck Length as a basis of measurement, the cosmological scale of the known universe is sixty orders of magnitude greater. Immense. Huge. But finite.

Quantum Mechanics also tells us that there exists a minimum for information, or physical actions, which can be measured in multiples of a very small quantity, the elementary quantum of action, or the Planck Constant. Thus, all physical actions are measurable; all are finite.

These are the fundamental unities from which all others are extracted. For example, the unity of time is the time that light takes to cover a Planck Length. These are the natural unities that are used in quantum research.

Physicist Carlo Rovelli summarizes discussions on infinities in this way: “infinite,’ ultimately, is the name that we give to what we do not yet know ... The only truly infinite thing is our ignorance.”





# PLACEBO EFFECT AND *(TRUE?)* MIRACLE CURE

By Yashi Nozawa

**T**he “placebo effect” has been known to physicians and other healers almost since the beginning of medical practice. Some researchers have said, “The history of medical treatment is a history of placebo treatment until recently.” In the 1920s, the medical profession instituted self-regulation such as licensure and standardized exams to “police” the occupation. The changes were associated with emphasizing the “science” of medicine, downplaying the “art.”



With such a trend, it was natural that the use of placebos was frowned upon and barred. Today the laws surrounding the use of placebos for treatment and or research are very stringent, protecting both patient and doctor. Efficacy tests are done now as double-blind tests in which neither doctors nor patients know whether the treatment is actual or a substitute, minimizing bias.

It was not until the 1990s that members of the medical profession reevaluated the known effectiveness of some placebos and proposed research to establish causes and effects. Some of the working mechanisms of the placebo effect have thereby been unraveled. They are both exciting and thought-provoking for future use.



The benefit of the placebo arises from the patient's expectations concerning the treatment rather than from treatment itself (from *The American Heritage College Dictionary*). The treatment itself may consist of dummy pills, sham surgery, or actual medical treatment. Diverse types of placebo effects encompass a variety of ailments. The most studied effect has been that of pain control. The benefit of pain reduction is achieved, not by psychological effect, but by the effect of natural opiates actually secreted by the patient. The patient's expectation of pain reduction is somehow translated into actual brain signals inducing secretion of real opiates (endorphins.) The mechanism is identical to how the medication works. Without knowing the exact mechanism of the translation process in the mind-body interaction, we still know it is an actual biological effect.

Positive placebo effects in symptom relief have been confirmed in asthma, allergy, and Parkinson's disease. Natural

opiates do not control them, so we conclude that different translation mechanisms are working for each ailment. The only common factor among these different placebo effects is that brain-mind interaction can control the autonomic nervous system (not usually regulated by executive commands from the frontal lobe) and produce biological changes.

A psychologist at the University of California documented an interesting incidence of the placebo effect with associated jubilation and disappointment using the “miracle drug” *Krebiozen*. Patient W. was dying of cancer of the lymph nodes. The patient had tumors the size of oranges at several locations on his body. He was bedridden and barely alive, but he had confidence in the miracle drug. He and several other patients received the medication. After three days of the treatment, he walked around the hospital floor, his tumors shrunk by half their size. After ten days of treatment, his cancer was [pronounced] cured, and he was discharged from the hospital. However, other patients who received the same treatment did not show any improvement.

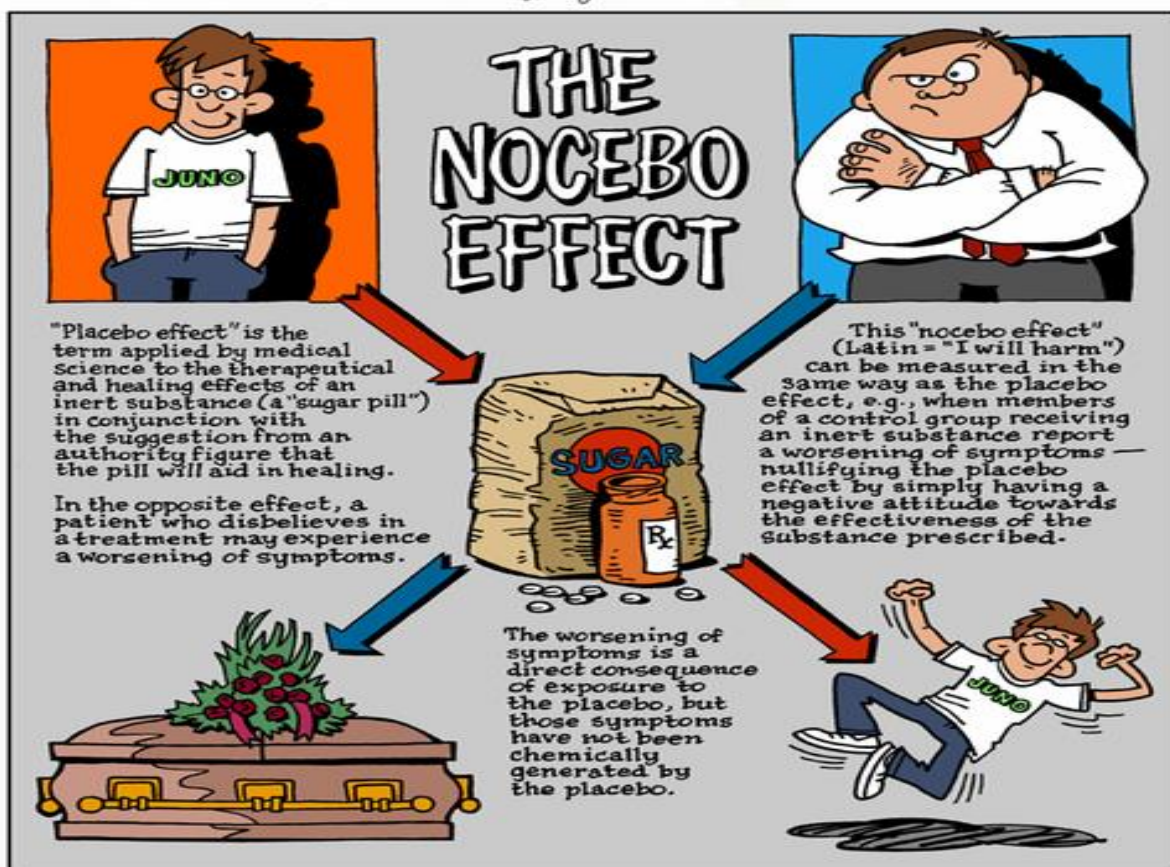
A few months later, Mr. W. read a newspaper article raising serious concerns and doubts about *Krebiozen*. He suffered a relapse and was re-admitted to the hospital. The doctor offered a new medication with double the effectiveness of *Krebiozen*. It had to be given by injection. After several days of the treatment, Mr. W. was discharged, again without cancer symptoms. Two months later, Mr. W. read another report revealing that the medication he received was nothing more than a standard saline solution. He died a few days later.

The placebo effect works in three separate stages. Stage one will bring the patient's health from subnormal to a normal state. When we encounter an invasion of pathogens, excessive physical or mental stress, physical damage, or a depressed mental state, our defense system falls into a subnormal state. Then it cannot function optimally, and our health deteriorates. Recovery from the subnormal to the normal state is relatively easy. Although modern medicine can help, some patients can recover naturally with rest, removal of stress, change in environment, shift focus, or just by willpower. In this stage, the placebo effect is a beneficial and straightforward assurance from

doctors or dispensing of dummy pills works fine for many people.

In the second stage, the patient's defense mechanisms are working well, and recovery from most illnesses or injuries is almost inevitable with or without medical treatment. In the normal state, vital parameters are well controlled with preset ranges. Examples of these essential parameters are body temperature, blood pressure, ion concentrations, blood cell counts, and hormone levels. Separate control systems work for different parameters, semi-independently from other parameter control systems. However, they are well-coordinated and kept in balance.

WIKI WORLD® by Gary Williams



Text excerpted from the Wikipedia articles *Placebo* and *Nocebo*. 14 Jan 2008 (THANKS TO JOHN STOSSEL)

Sometimes we encounter illnesses or injuries beyond the standard capability of our defense systems to maintain vital parameters. For instance, one's immune system may be fragile against a new type of virus. If the invading new virus is massive, it will breach our immune system defense, and we might die. Our



immune system can fight any virus, including the new one, but needs time to implement defensive mechanisms. If the new virus reproduces quickly before our immune system is ready, our defensive measures will be too late, and we might die. Vaccines can prepare our immune system's defensive measures beforehand so that when the invasion begins, our immune systems trounce the invading virus. The fundamental role of modern medicine is to extend and strengthen the capability of our natural healing power.



However, when the external disturbance is far more significant than system capability, the system fails. Recent research shows that cancerous growths are widespread throughout our bodies, but most of the growths are terminated by our defense systems. Only when our defense systems fail, we become ill with cancer. In the case of the patient, Mr. W, he was in this state at the beginning of his treatment with *Krebiozen*, so he was barely living.

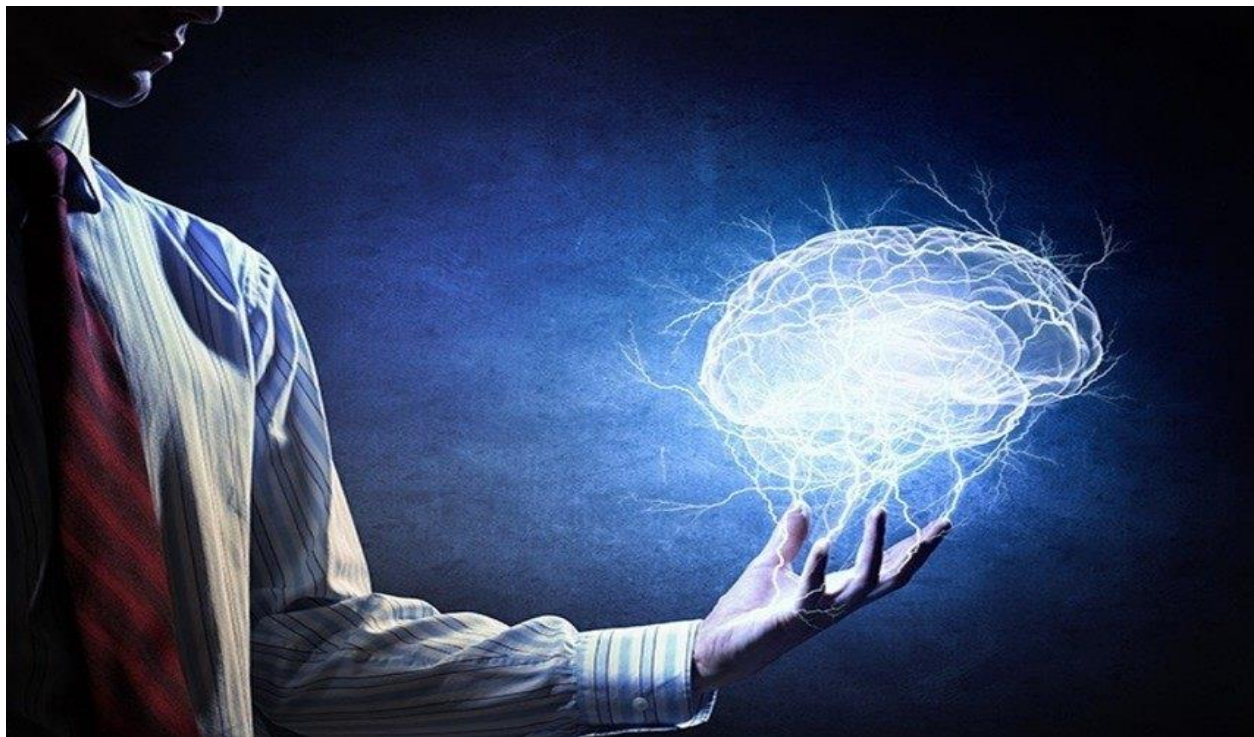
Stage three of the placebo effect is the “boosting” stage. The patient's natural defense mechanisms work beyond the standard level and produce a short burst of healing power. The patient will reveal extraordinary capability. The boosting stage is rarely observable, but it happens from time to time. For instance, a very sick person may stand up and work for a brief period using the last remaining vital power. If we could stop the overworking of his immune system and stabilize the patient at this stage, the healing could become permanent.

At present, our science is ignorant about the mechanism to

activate our immune systems beyond their standard capability. In the case of Mr. W, he demonstrated twice that only his immune system cured cancer, triggered by his high expectation of the treatments, through mind-body interaction.

In a previous article, I asserted that most faith healers are fraudulent, but some might have attained a placebo effect without its being known. Therefore, investigation of cases of actual placebo effect induced by faith healers may reveal the secret of body-mind interaction. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of the placebo effect varies considerably among different individuals and is usually temporary. If we could overcome these shortcomings of the placebo effect, then we can include it in legitimate medical practice.

My recommendation to future scientists is to study patients of all faith healing, including fraudulence and quackery. Then eventually, we might find the secret of mind-body interaction to activate the full potential of our immune systems and other defense systems. Then we “may” have the true miracle cure for all diseases based on a solid scientific foundation.



# THE WAY WE WERE

## Old Bill

By Gale Baker

I was saddened when I heard about Bill Cosby's first night in jail. Yes, he was sentenced as a sexual predator. I can only think of Bill as the guy who kidded around with my 7-year-old daughter during our numerous meals at the *Stage Deli* in New York.



I choose to remember him as the guy who played the Hilton in Las Vegas



with his famous "Dentist Routine," and then hung out with the rest of us



sitting in with the *Trenieres* at the Frontier Lounge. There he would invite himself onstage, where he would "play" the organ or the drums to the delight of the late-night audience. P.S. He



could not play a lick, but did so with great dedication and gusto.

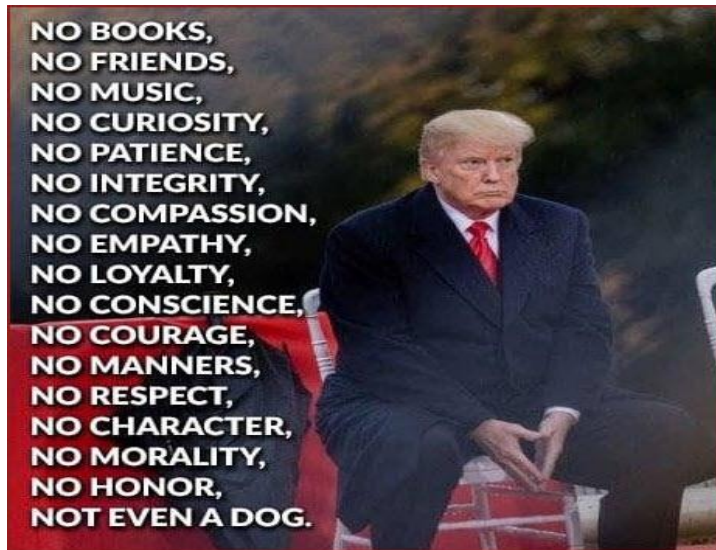
And I remember the 70's and 80's when drugs appeared to be saturated into the sex lives of many. I often had drugs offered me with the overt intention of sex after. Fortunately for me, I am not a druggie.

Never have been  
and never will be.  
Yes. I drink my  
wine like most  
women of 'a certain  
age'. But in the  
business I chose, I  
saw too many men  
and women hooked



in the jaws of drugs. I had a comic open for me one night who was so high that when he looked behind him and noticed the band during his opening monologue, he thanked them and closed the show thinking it was over. I saw that same comic sit frozen like a zombie in front of a plate glass window in Germany after a potent helping of hashish.

So, while Bill has been declared a predator, we live in an age



where a man of power can attack those who allege inappropriate sexual behavior, calling them out as liars. I quote one of his pet sayings, "SAD." That quote is from a "reality" TV performer, who somehow wrangled his way to the White House by dividing a democracy and inciting hatred among Americans.

# A Dubious Distinction

By Jim Longo

**R**arely does anything make you examine yourself like confrontation. At high noon on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, Jack the pharmacist, was asked to talk to a customer at the drive-thru by Kat, the pharmacist's technician. Kat, really is not a cat, she is more like a mountain lion of a woman. Our hero, the pharmacist, went over to tell Mr. Moron that he was a day early picking up his Xanax 2mg, and that it could not be released for another day.



"Mr. Moron said, "They told me it would be ready today."

"I'm sorry who ever told you that was mistaken. It will be ready tomorrow."

"I had to go to the DMV to get a new license and spent thirty-six dollars and I just waited forty-seven minutes for my medicine and now you are telling me I can't have it!?!"

"You are two days early picking it up, sir," Jack said with his biggest smile, "and we can't dispense it until tomorrow. Those are the government's rules."

"I don't like your attitude, you call yourself a professional," Mr. Moron said with derision.

Jack just smiled and turned to walk away.

"And fuck you," Mr. Moron said to Jack's back.

Jack struggled to maintain his cool, pleasant smile. "I am sorry, Mr. Moron. I cannot break the rules."



Mr. Moron peeled rubber out of the drive-thru, parked his car and bellowed his way to the pharmacy counter. Two minutes passed and there Mr. Moron stood, screaming all sorts of embarrassing epithets. Finally he said, "I don't like your attitude you are very unprofessional."

Jack did his best to remain stoic. He took a deep breath and said, "As I told you in the drive-thru, sir, your medicine will be ready tomorrow."

Mr. Moron screamed, "Fuck you!"

Jack could not help himself. Breathing through his nose did not give relief. It just burst out of his mouth. "Fuck you!" Jack shouted back.

Mr. Moron gave Jack the finger.

Jack returned Mr. Moron's salute.

Mr. Moron challenged Jack, "You want to take it outside?"

It was a "Fight Club" moment. Jack said, "Yeah, let's take it outside."



As Jack moved to his right toward the pharmacy exit, he thought, 'Why don't I just call the police?' He turned to his left, to the nearest phone, picked it up and thought, 'by the time the cops get here, this idiot will be gone.'

Mr. Moron indignantly said, "Are you fucking coming out or not?"

Jack's frustration overflowed. All he saw was red. He slammed the phone down, smashing the phone stand. The stand tinkled apart in plastic shards.



Mr. Moron immediately seized on the action, "You wanted to throw that phone at me."

Jack immediately countered, "You wanted to hit me."

"Throw it!"

"Hit me!"

By then two female shift leads were there because they heard the quarrel and shepherded

Mr. Moron up front.

The last line Mr. Moron yelled before he was escorted away, "You need my medicine more than I do!"

Jack gazed at his hands. They were shaking like tree leaves in a high wind. He looked on the counter and mountain of work and thought, 'He's probably right.'

Mr. Moron put in a police report saying that he felt threatened by Jack.

Jack told the police, "I didn't touch him. All I did was repeat back to him everything he said to me. If he felt threatened by that, wasn't he really the one doing the threatening? This is what you get for telling people 'No'. The word 'no' in our society is really a four-letter word and I am talking K - N - O - W."

His heart heavy, Jack had to fill out a corporate report because of Mr. Moron's police report, which he ended up doing on his own time. It ruined his weekend, because losing his self-control destroyed his self-respect. The self-respect he had nurtured and banked on for more than half a century. To think, all it was, was a thin veneer of civility and kindness covering the inner savagery that Mr. Moron had tapped into. There was only one thing Jack felt he could do to do redeem his self-respect ... resign. That and the perverse pride of holding the dubious distinction of being the only pharmacist he knew who had a customer call the police on him.

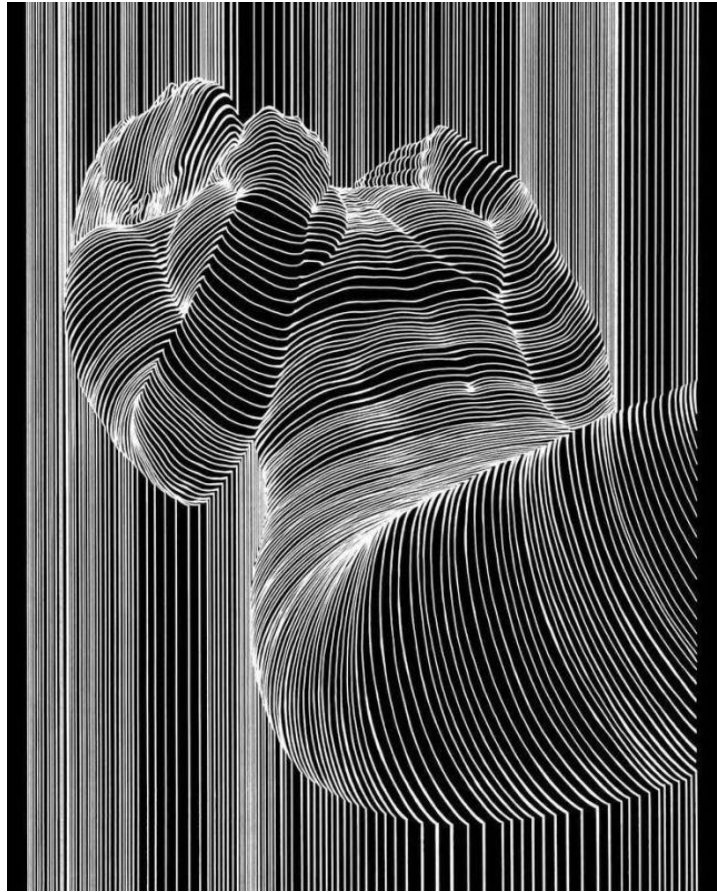


# *A Brief Moment in Time*

By Virgil Thorp

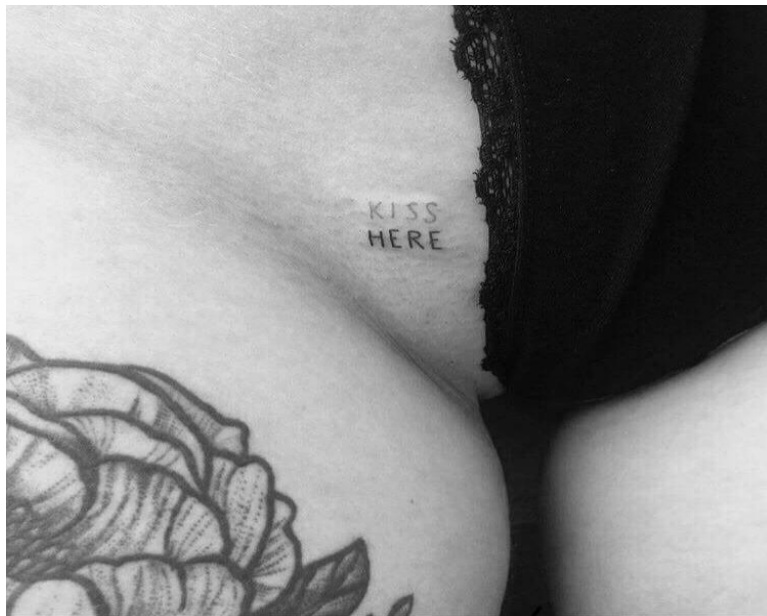
The old man was startled when he opened the bedroom door and found his wife enjoying her vibrator. He was highly embarrassed that he had shattered his wife's privacy and interrupted her while she was in such a private moment. "Oh gosh, excuse me." Was all he could blurt and then quickly closed the door.

His wife was nearing her orgasm and his mind had frozen her expression in the internal video screen of his brain. How many times had he seen her on that orgasmic verge? That beautifully exotically erotic release. Each time had been a thrill, he reminisced. He leaned against the door jam and concentrated on the vision he had just seen. There she'd been, gnawing on her lower lip, the vibrator tickling snugly at her pubes. Her legs tightly scissored, her back arched as much as her retired body could achieve. Even at this age, in the dim light of course, she could still be attractive and when she came, she was strikingly





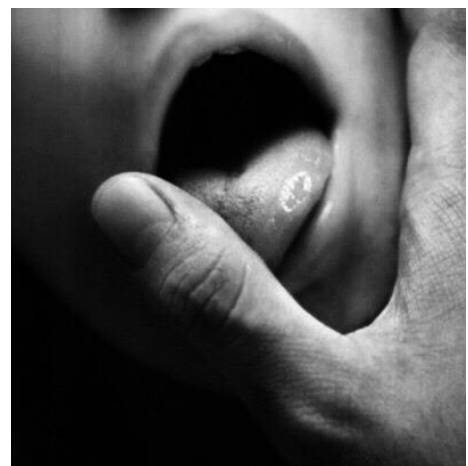
ravishing. Always. A visceral thought spasmed into an abdominal tickle.



"I should go back on in and ask if she'd like some help," he thought to himself. 'Those thighs are so creamily kissable!' Maybe go on in and plant a sucky, sloppy kiss on each thigh. Maybe be a little suction for a tiny hickey. He remembered how just the right

amount of suction could arouse her to ecstasy. "Yes, I'll say, 'hi cutie, that looks like fun' and 'need some help?' ... and well, maybe not. The last time he had done that, the vibrator caused his nose to itch for about a week. And how would I like it if she walked in on me as I'm wanking off to some cyber porn?" And then he sighed as that delectable image of her morphed into the first time they had crossed into total intimacy.

That dark and stormy night they made the first step to life changing consequences (or is it more accurate to say "life altering consequences?"). The "horny" was great back then and everything in the culture was stroking the collective libido and they were all eager to acquire anything that was sold to them purporting to taste very fucking good! Even chewing gum incited a gnawing desire for greasy three-ways with the double mint twins – a fantasy which always



was an assistance for a lagging erection on Wednesday nights at home.

Perfunctory, soulless fucks were still a good release and tension remover and it always amazed him with how erotic it was to glance over to the dresser's mirror and see an eagerly conjoined, fucking couple. Yes, it was them and they were very good at what they played with, and it was an easy door to open to think about others also partaking of their sensual sacrament. How could he possibly imagine his beloved writhing in lustful ecstasy while being penetrated fore and aft by firm studly cocks?

With that image he grabbed the bottle of baby oil and a towel and adjourned to his computer.



**POETRY & PROSE**

# RIDE SALLY, RIDE - BY BERT MAUTZ

She pulls away from their full contact embrace.

His hand slides down her back to clutch  
a breast, never losing touch.

"Roll on to your back," she directs.

Finds his penis and takes it fully into  
her mouth.

He quivers as she sucks harder,  
pumping to ever firmer arousal.

She giggles as Mr. Happy does his own  
throbbing,

"Are you ready?"

He can only moan as she straddles  
him. In total control of this.

Takes him in and settles her weight.

The pressure feels good.

They moan in unison. Her ride begins.

Penetration is never better.

Still he lifts, wanting to be deeper.

Her hands stretch overhead.

He clasps both breasts, as they canter in the middle of the bed.

She comes. Collapsing to kiss him.





The wind blows hard among the pines  
Toward the beginning  
Of an endless past.  
Listen: you've heard everything.  
—Shinkichi Takahashi, "Triumph of the  
Sparrow"



# A WOMAN'S BEAUTY

"A woman's beauty is supposed to be her grand project and constant insecurity. We're meant to shellac our lips with five different glosses, but always think we're fat. Beauty is Zeno's paradox. We should endlessly strive for it, but it's not socially acceptable to admit we're there. We can't perceive it in ourselves. It belongs to the guy screaming "nice tits." " ~ Molly Crabapple, activist + artist (2012)

*& Illustration by Molly Crabapple.*





## COMEDY CORNER

# Bravely Going Where No Man Has Gone Before

By James Longo

When it comes to intimate relationships my motto always has been to bravely go where no man has gone before. Yes, I have had intercourse with tall ones, small ones, bald ones, blue ones, and of course quite a few stewed ones.

Maybe I shouldn't not tell you about the giantess who rested her left breast on top of my head, while I was just standing there at work one day. Hey, I guess a girl has to get your attention somehow. Or maybe the cute little dwarf with the most perfect adult body and most beautiful childlike limbs. I almost forgot the cancer victim who didn't want to die a virgin! Nothing in my life has been more bittersweet. She had videos and lube and everything.

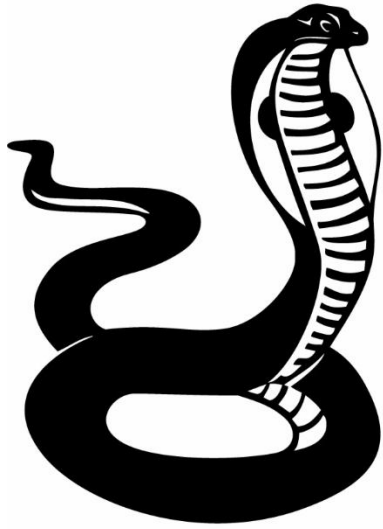


Yes, I once dated a Smurfette. Maybe I should explain; this woman had a small hole in between her ventricles. She always was a slight tint of blue, at least her body was, not her personality. When she got off, she would radiate the most beautiful baby blue tinge. A color-coded woman, who would have thought it?

No, I never tried any one of my own sex. Let's be honest, men are such pricks. I always say, before you sleep with someone that looks like you, you should like you. You can see where that leaves me. Besides, walking into any situation and doubling the possibilities on who I was going home with seemed like it could have become a pain in the ass.

Eventually I decided to settle down, but my adventures continued. My girlfriend and I explored lots of kinky things. Yep, from butt plugs to nipple clamps, from hand cuffs to spreader bars. Yes, we bravely went where few people went before, but it was not enough. What was next? Can you say pharmaceuticals? Yes, from marijuana, to cocaine, to ecstasy. But the drug that really did it for us was sex on LSD!





In the warped world of psychedelic intimacy anything can happen. I know, there is something weird about feeding your wood to a beaver and watching her chew it up as you come closer to an orgasm. By the time you have your orgasm, you might get back what you think is a little nub. You might think your whole nether region has been chewed apart. Can you say damn!?!

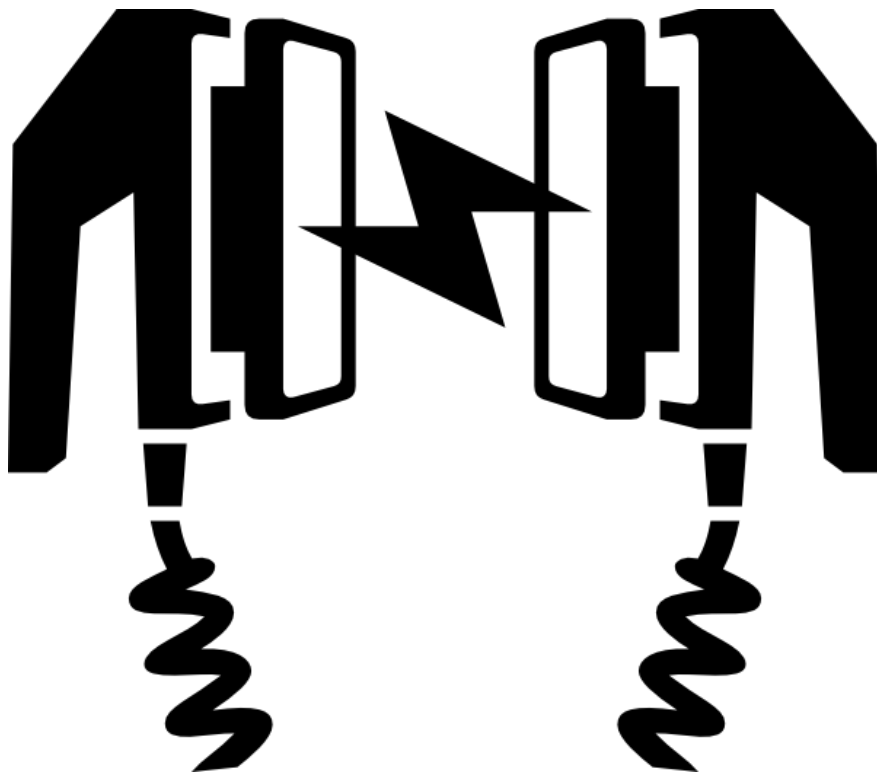
Or, how about the time my girlfriend thought my penis was a cobra, and her mouth was a mongoose. Can you say *rikki-tikki-tavi*? You do realize the mongoose attacks the snake's tail as cobra tries to ejaculate in the mongoose's eyes, don't you? How should I say this? It ended with the girlfriend needing an eye wash and I needing a couple of stitches around my anus.



While I was being attended to at the hospital, I found what I thought could be the motherlode of sex toys, a hospital cardiac defibrillator. When I got home, I searched the internet and picked up one on e-bay, for nearly nothing. It had been rehabbed in Ethiopia or some other shithole place in Africa and the price was amazingly reasonable.

When it arrived, we could hardly wait to try it. There we were; my love tied to the bed, me licking and stroking her body. The paddles were already jellied, the machine by my side. I licked her lowers, bringing her to the ledge of ecstasy. I raised my torso up, inserting myself while we shared a deep French kiss. I placed one paddle against her side, reached behind and placed the other on my back. This was going to be the wildest screw yet! For safety, the defibrillator was set to its lowest setting.

I rode my love like there was no tomorrow. As I reached the moment of glory I was grunting. She was squeaking like she usually did when she almost there. I reached over and hit the button. I had never experienced anything like that then or since. I didn't know if I was cumming or going. At the end of the orgasm, I blanked out. The last thing I remember is my love's bulging eyes. Were those eyes the eyes of ecstasy, fear, pain? I couldn't say.



To this day neither could she. How was I supposed to know the defibrillator was defective? How was I supposed to know the setting was a joke? It only gave the strongest of jolts. How was I supposed to know she would become a babbling idiot? She just shuffles around the house aimlessly these days. I am probably going to marry her ... it is the least I could do.

How long did you say you worked for the District Attorney's office?





The Washington Post's *Mensa invitational* once again asked readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition. Here are the winners:

1. Cashtration (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.

2. Ignoranus: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.

3. Intaxication: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

4. Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

5. Bozone (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.

6. Foreploy: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

7. Giraffiti: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

8. Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.



9. Inoculate: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

10. Osteopornosis: A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)



*Ensign Steven Bannon,  
auxiliaries officer*

11. Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.



12. Decafalon (n.): The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.

13. Glibido: All talk and no action.

14. Dopeler Effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

15. Arachnoleptic Fit (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.

16. Beelzebug (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.

17. Caterpallor (n.): The color you turn after finding half a worm in the fruit you're eating.



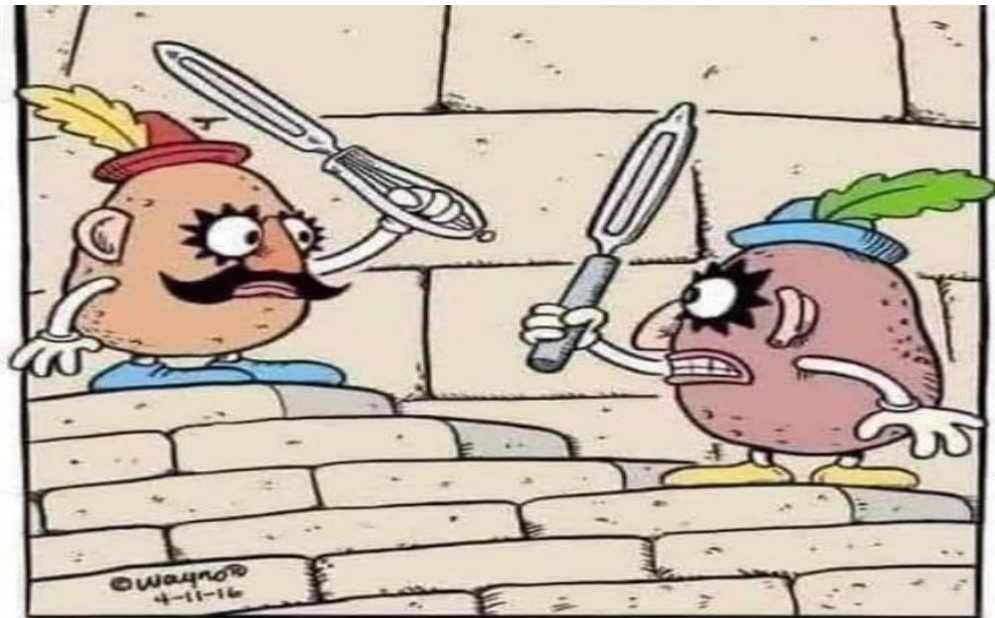
*From Billions of Versions of Normal.*

## *Armeggedon pas de deux*

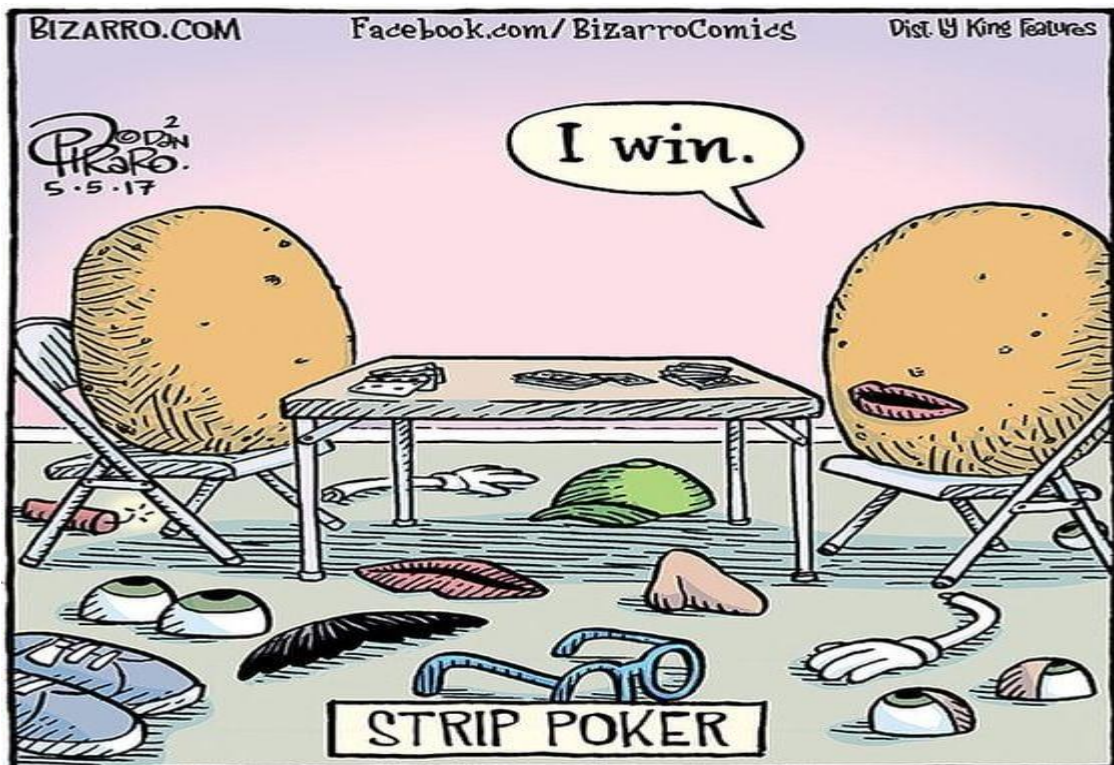


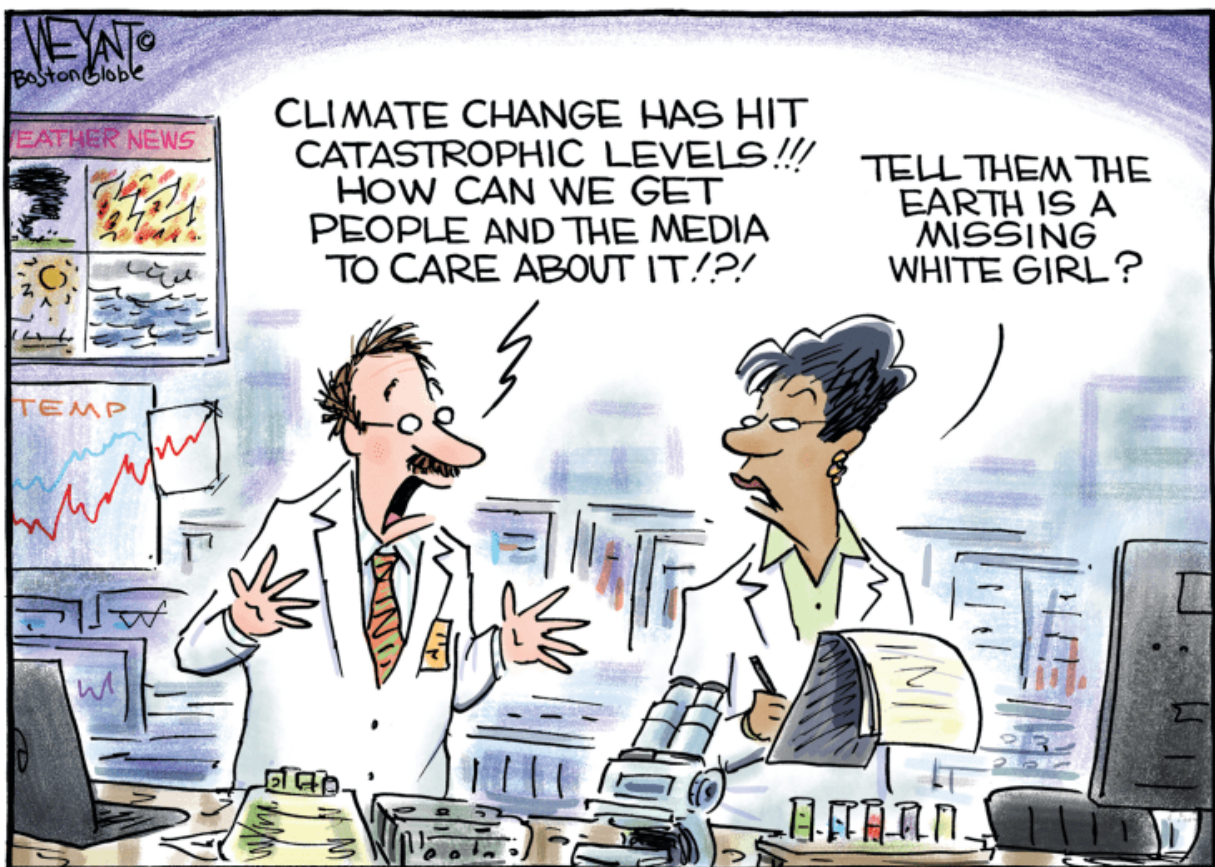
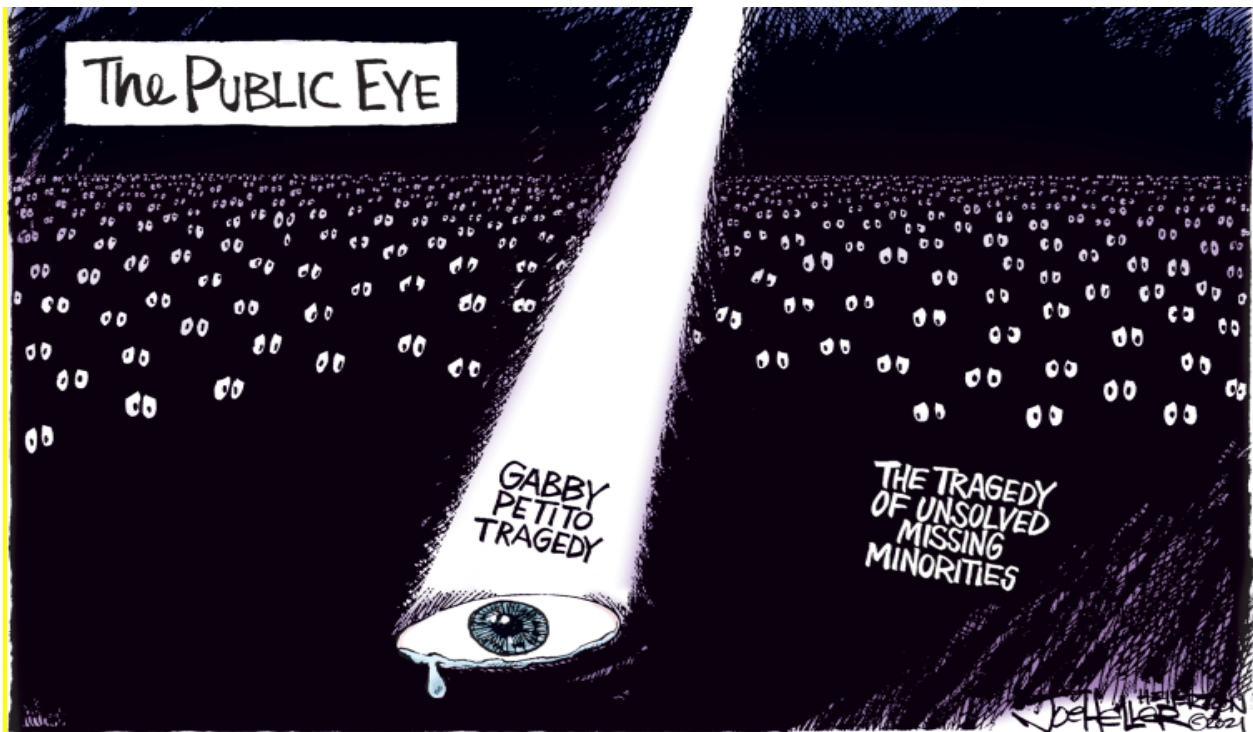


## Sliced potatoes



Hello, my name is Idaho Montoya.  
You peeled my father. Prepare to fry.





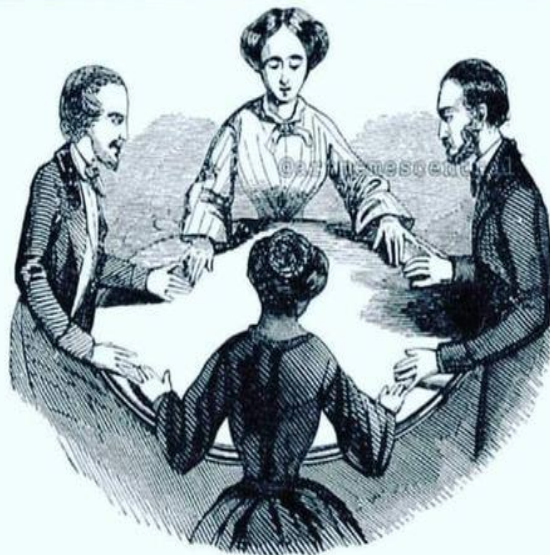




Why does fridge have a "D" in it, but refrigerator doesn't?  
Why are Zoey and Zoe pronounced the same, but Joey and Joe aren't?  
You can drink a drink but you can't food a food.

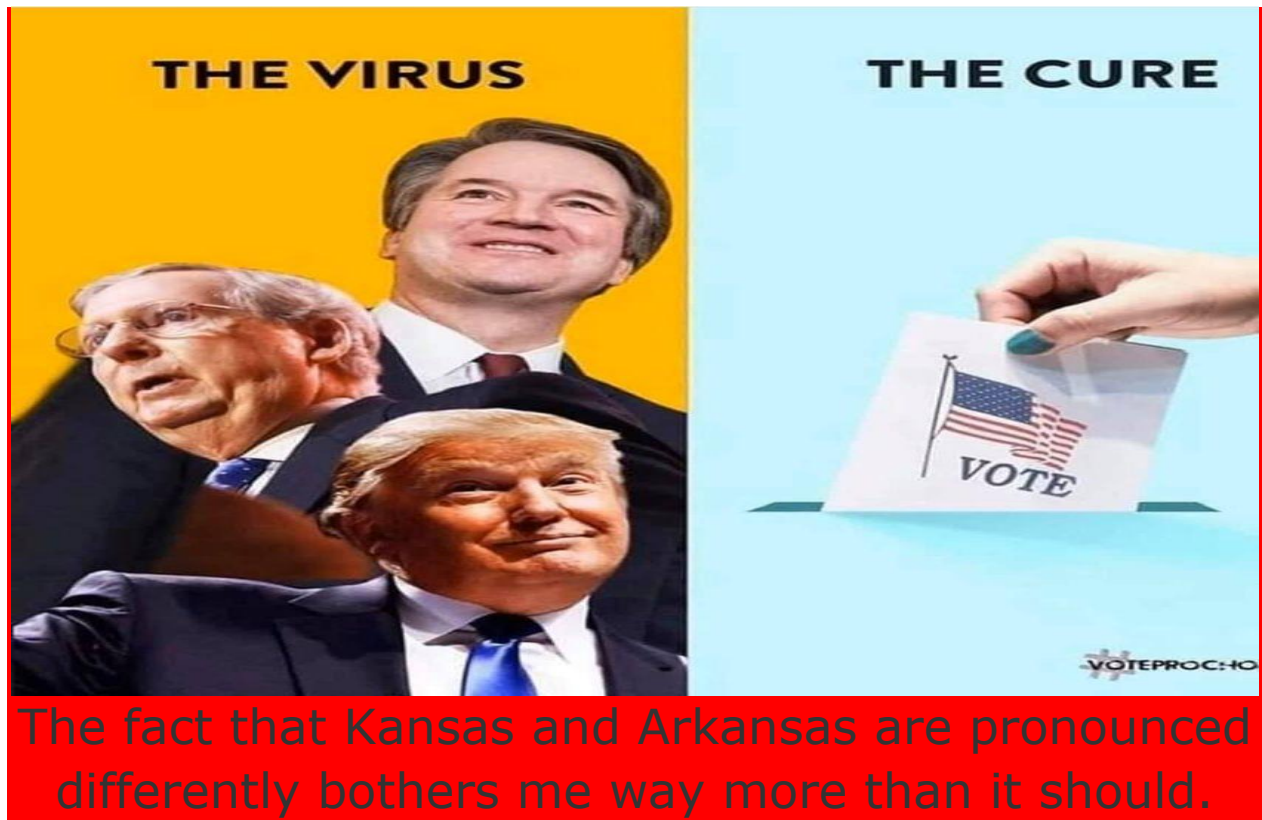


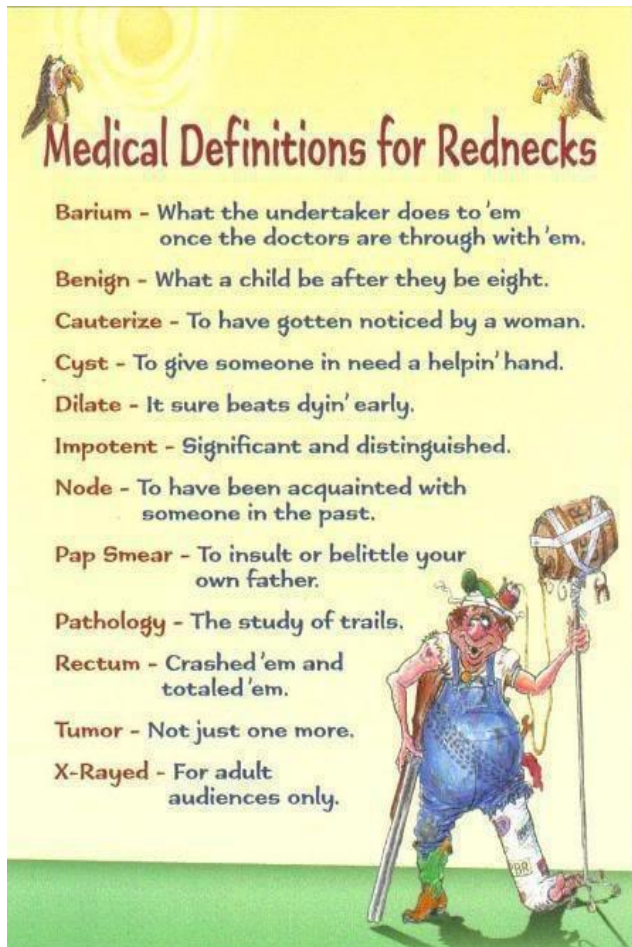
Zoom meetings are just modern seances



"There's someone who wants to join us."  
"Elizabeth, are you there?"  
"We can't hear you."  
"Can you hear us?"











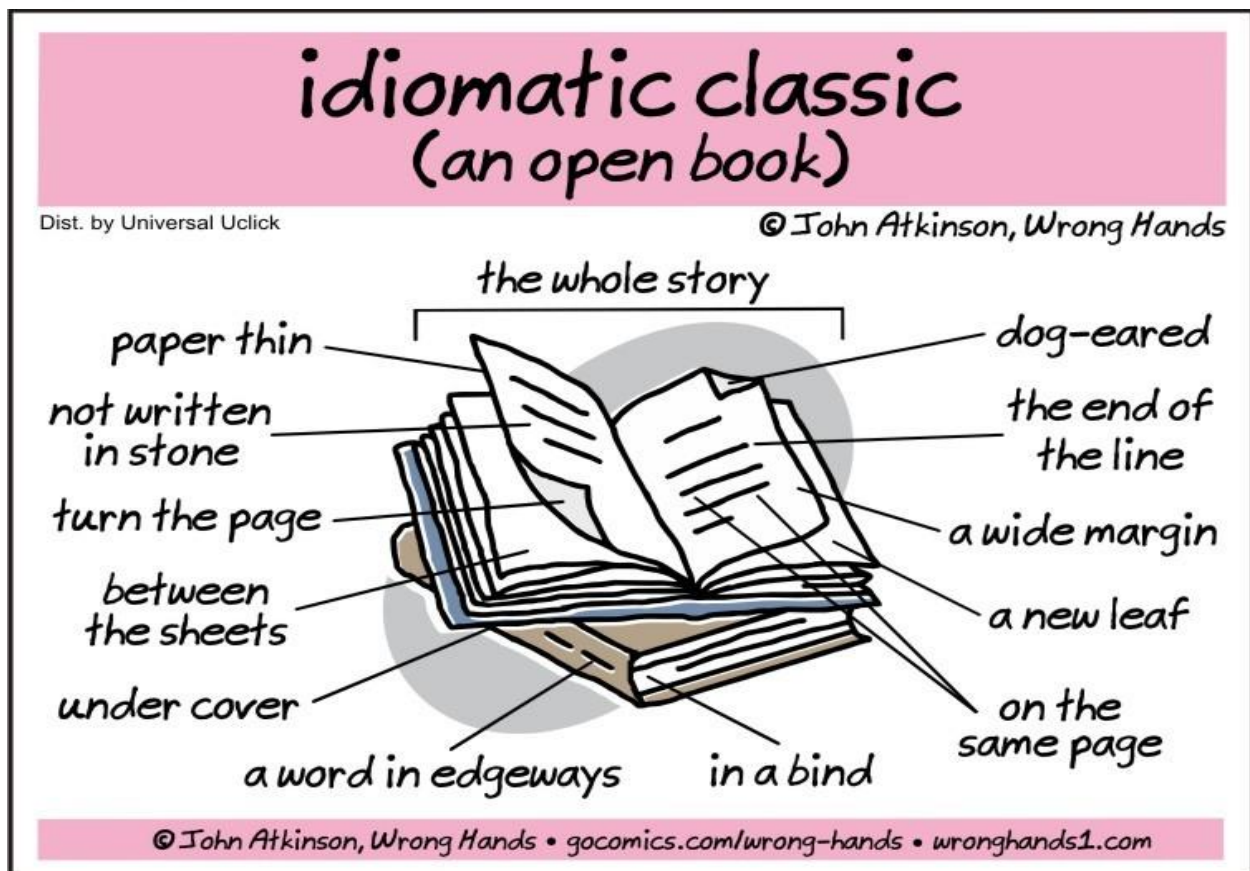
COFFEE IN HAND, SUPPLIES AT THE READY,  
ALICE SETTLES IN, WAITING FOR THE  
FIRST TELEMARKETER TO GALL.



"A truck loaded with thousands of  
copies of Roget's Thesaurus crashed  
yesterday losing its entire load.  
Witnesses were stunned, startled,  
aghast, taken aback, stupefied,  
confused, shocked, rattled,  
paralyzed, dazed, bewildered, mixed  
up, surprised, awed, dumbfounded,  
nonplussed, flabbergasted,  
astounded, amazed, confounded,  
astonished, overwhelmed, horrified,  
numbed, speechless, and  
perplexed."



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.

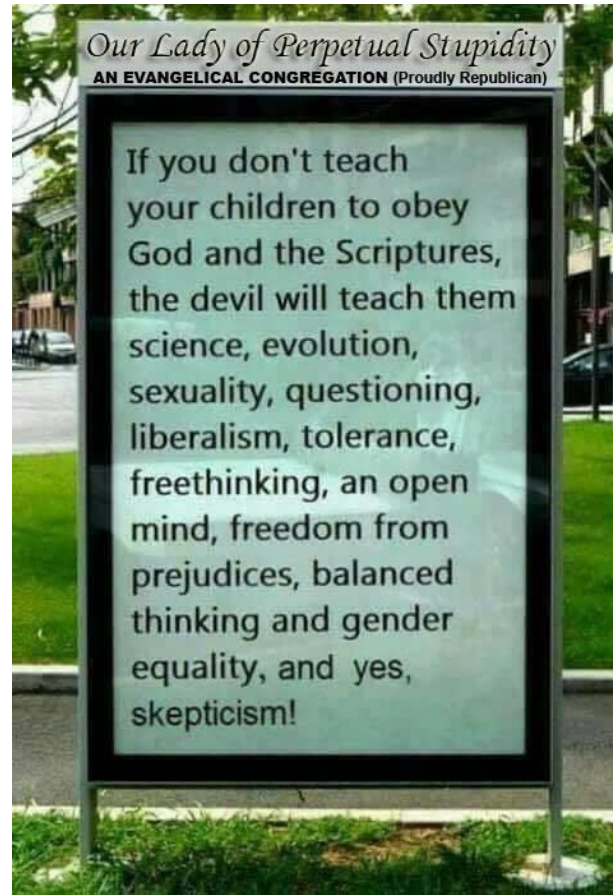
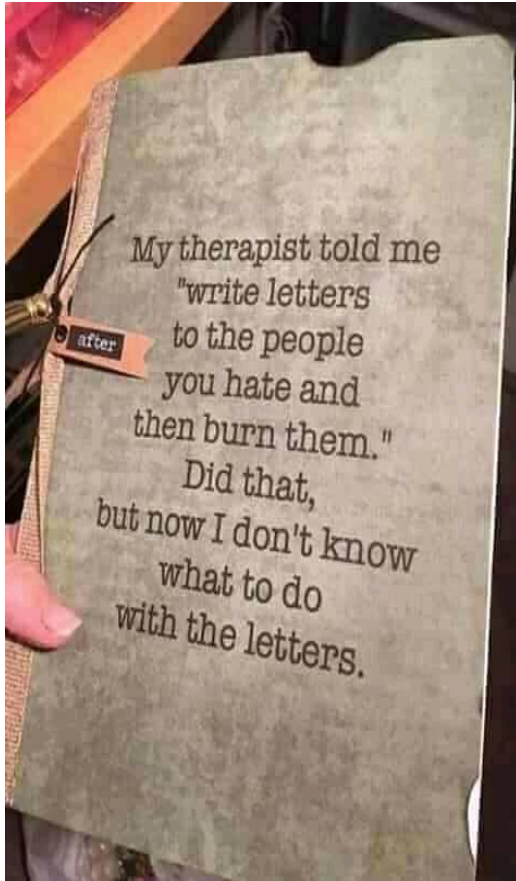




**corri**  
@okiecorri

i personally think cinderella should have lived a happy life with all her animal friends rather than settle for a man who had her try on a shoe because he didn't recognize her without makeup






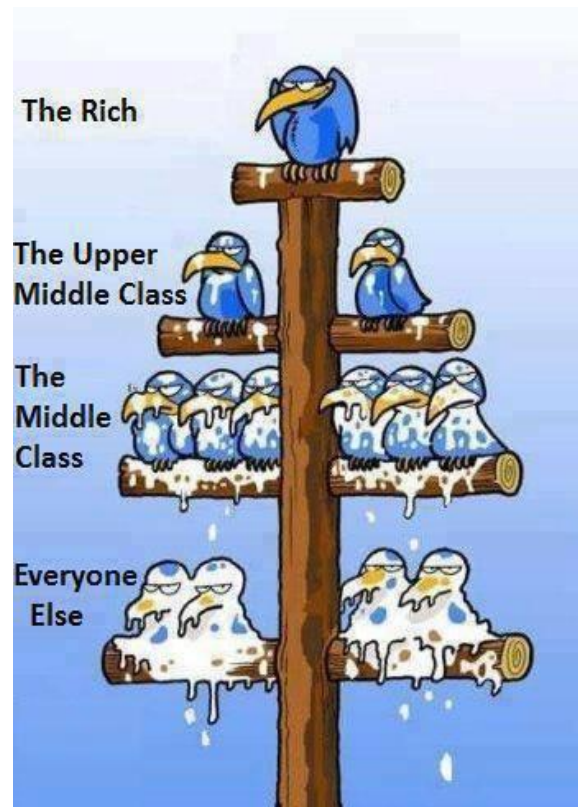
**Stephen King: DeSantis Is Evil Enough To Be A Villain In My Novels – But He's Too Stupid**

By Andrew Bradford

August 12, 2021 [No Comments](#)



**#DumbSantis**





## THE PLAN

In the beginning was the Plan.  
And then came the Assumptions.  
And the Assumptions were without Form.  
And the Plan was completely without Substance.

And the darkness was upon the Face of the workers.  
And they spoke amongst themselves, saying:  
"It is a crock of Shit, and it stinketh."

And the workers went unto their Supervisors and sayeth:  
"It is a pail of dung and none may abide by the odor thereof."

The Supervisors went unto their Managers and sayeth unto them:  
"It is a container of excrement and it is very strong,  
Such that none may abide by it."

And the Managers went unto their Directors and sayeth:  
"It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide by its strength."

And the Directors spoke amongst themselves, saying to one another:  
"It contains that which aids plant growth, and is very strong."

The directors went unto the Vice-Presidents to sayeth unto them:  
It promotes growth and is very powerful."

The Vice-Presidents went unto the President and sayeth to him:  
"This new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency  
of the company, and these areas in the particular."

The President looked upon the Plan and saw that it was good.  
And the Plan became Policy.

**"MOM, I NEED A COSTUME FOR A RELIGIOUS PARTY AT SCHOOL."**

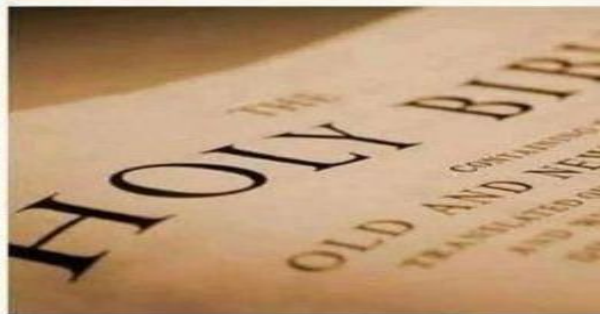
**"SAY NO MORE."**



**THIS IS  
LAW.**



**THIS IS  
NOT.**







I'm not a robot



Select all images where if you were to add a decrescendo it would add to the musicality of the piece without being interpreted as an overly heavy-handed metaphor within the context of the thematic material.



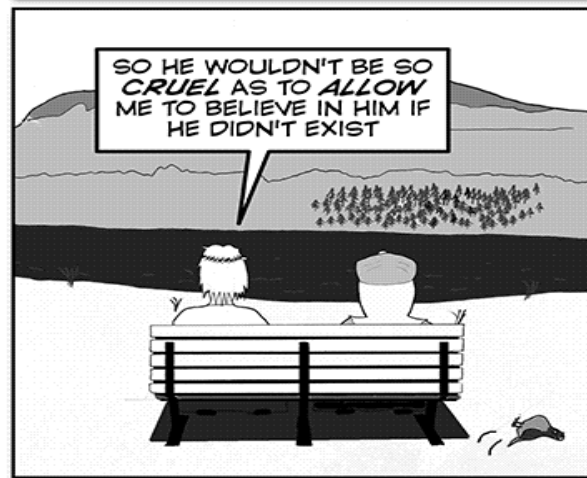
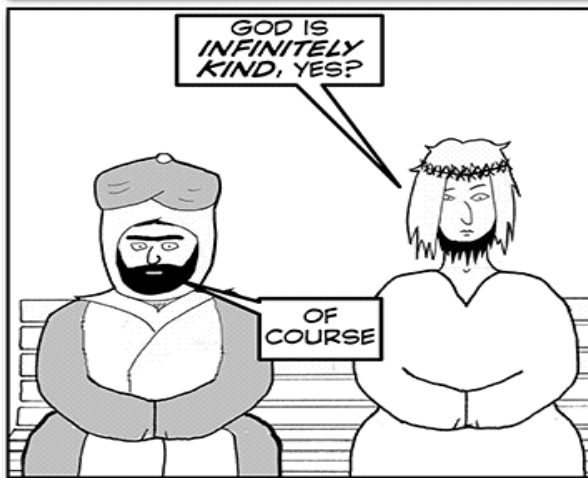
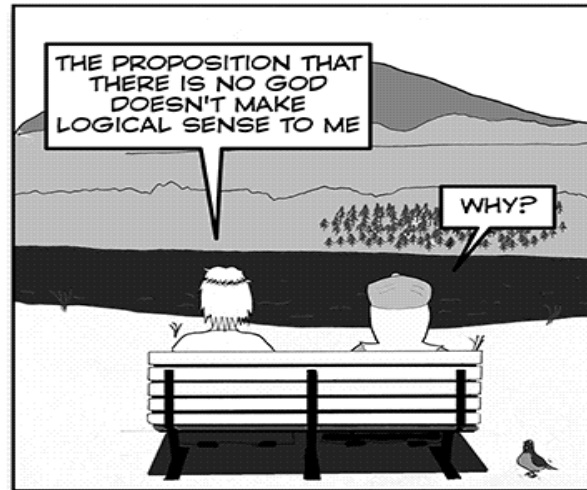
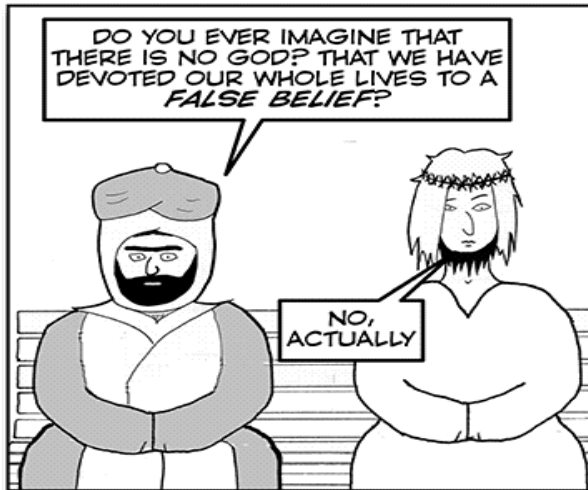
## THE POWER OF MAKEUP

BEFORE

AFTER







jesusandmo.net





# THE POWER OF MAKEUP

BEFORE

AFTER



## HOW LIBERALS ARE “DESTROYING” AMERICA:

- ▶ Believing in science
- ▶ Allowing people to marry who they want
- ▶ Don't want to kick out hardworking immigrants
- ▶ Let women control their own bodies
- ▶ Want to prevent mass shootings
- ▶ Don't want people to die because they can't afford healthcare





