

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.

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March / April 2022

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

INTRODUCTION

Put On a Happy Face



A person cannot complain about 2022 being dull. Dangerous, yes. But dull? Not in the least. How ironic that hardly before the last farewell from the athletes at the Winter Olympics faded away, Vladimir Putin unleashed hell on Ukraine.

Didn't we have enough issues on our plates without a land war in Eastern Europe? Okay, one more battle, one more issue. And that's what we are all about. Fighting one more battle. That's what each issue of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast Journal is all about. That's what you will find in this issue and I am certain you will find in future issues. Of course, in the heat of these battles, it is easy to begin overlooking all the wedge issues

that are no less threatening to our freedom, our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honors. From Juanita Jean's Most Dangerous Beauty Salon website comes a view of those traps that obfuscate and confound while dirty little thugs try to rob us blind.

By: El Jefe

It's time for Wedge Issue Bingo! In a desperate effort to stay in power, Republicans invent new [wedge-issues](#) lies every two years designed to piss off the base and drive them to the polls. AND, they invent these divisive issues while howling about how Democrats are being divisive. The really amazing thing is that it works like a charm election after election.

So, let's list all the wedge issues that republicans have conjured up in the last 20 years or so. Feel free to add to my list. I'll start with the Golden Oldies, then add newer issues:

God
Guns
Gays
Christian Nation
Death Tax
Wedding Cakes
School Vouchers
Welfare Queens
Deficit Spending (only when Dems are in office)
Gun Grabbers
Tort Reform
ACORN
Planned Parenthood
Abortion on Demand
Partial Birth Abortion
Gang Wars
Government is the Problem
Government Takeover of Healthcare
Death Panels
Voter ID
Vote Harvesting
Voter Fraud

Hillary's Emails
Transgender
Public Bathrooms (related to Transgender)
Boys Playing Girls' Sports
Concealed Carry of Guns
Open Carry of Guns
Unlicensed Open Carry of Guns
Rioters (Only Non-White)
Immigration
Open Borders
Taco Truck on Every Corner
Illegals Vote and get Welfare
Vote by Mail Fraud
Massive Voter Fraud
Anthony Fauci
Vaccines will Kill You
Science Isn't Real
Mandates are Equal to the Holocaust
Critical Race Theory
Critical Thinking is Bad
White Replacement Theory
Books are Actually Porn
Parental Control of Education
January 6th was "legitimate political discourse"

That's my list, but I'm sure I've missed some. Ready, Set, Go!

Thanks, El Jefe. There really isn't much difference between Putin over there and our would-be puritanical dictators over here like Greg Abbot in Texas and our own Ron DeSantis and senator Rick Scott (and his 11-point Plan to Rescue America – i.e. attack on humanity). This year, 2022, is just getting started. The war is Democracy vs hypocrisy. Wear a cup.

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 1st 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 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	Robertta 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	Carol Gillooley
Jerry Shaw	



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 <vignaujdan@aol.com> to be included with the connection codes.

TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Wednesday or Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm. For access, contact Dan <vignaujdan@aol.com> to be included with the zoom connection codes. House of Brews for those vaccinated writers feeling more intrepid.

Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

Events

Feb 24 – Russia's Vladimir Putin orders criminal invasion of the sovereign country, Ukraine.



March – National Women's History Month



Mar 1 – Mardi Gras – Fat Tuesday

Peace Corps Day

Mar 2 – Ash Wednesday

Old Stuff Day





Mar 3 – ✍️ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm.

First meeting of Congress (1789)

Hug a GI Day

Mar 4 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, Stuart 11 am.

Mar 5 – Multiple Personality Day

Mar 6 – Aware Ones Sunday
Zoom meeting 11 am.

Mar 8 – Be Nasty Day

International (Working) Women's Day

National Proofreading Day

Mar 9 – Panic Day

Mar 10 – Abolitionist Harriet Tubman Day

Popcorn Lover's Day

Norman Mailer used the F word liberally in *The Naked and the Dead*, but at his publisher's insistence he changed the spelling to "fug."

When Dorothy Parker^{*} was introduced to Mailer, she said, "So you're the man who can't spell fuck."



Mar 11 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am.

Mar 13 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am.

Daylight Savings begins at 2 am.

Smart & Sexy Day (Jen Psaki pic)

Mar 14 – National Pi Day - Why today?
Because today is 3.14, the value of Pi.

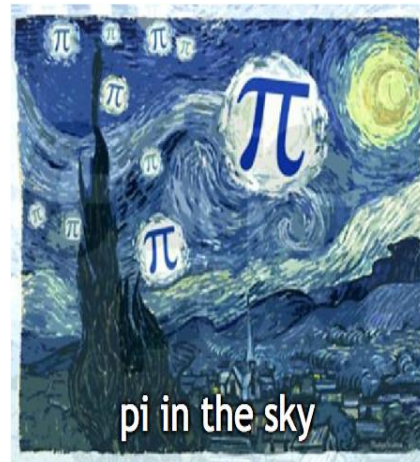
Scientist Albert Einstein born, 1879

Mar 15 – Everything You Think is Wrong Day

Ides of March

Mar 16 – Everything You Do is Right Day

Freedom of Information Day



Mar 17 –  Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm.

Purim - begins at sundown

Saint Patrick's Day

Mar 18 – Aware ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

First Walk in Space (1965)



Mar 20 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am.

International Earth Day

Spring (Vernal) Equinox

Mar 22 – National Goof Off Day

Mar 23 – National Chip and Dip Day

National Puppy Day


Mar 26 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit 11 am.

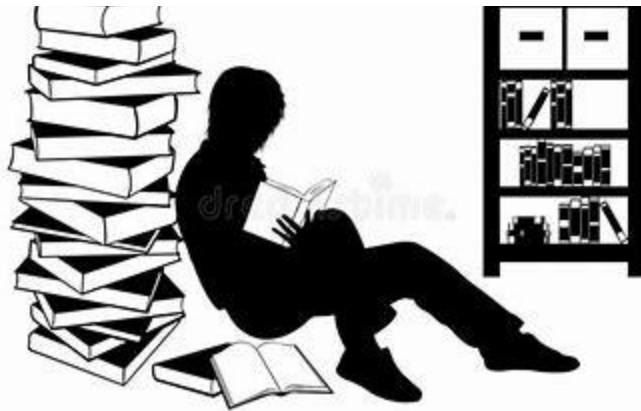
Live Long and Prosper Day

Mar 27 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am.

Mar 28 – Weed Appreciation Day

Mar 30 – Artist Vincent van Gogh born, 1853

Mar 31 –  Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm.



April – National Turn Off the TV and Read Month

Apr 1 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park 11 am.

April Fool's Day

Atheist Day

Apr 2 – Ramadan - begins at sundown

Apr 7 – Caramel Popcorn Day - Most likely created by a popcorn maker, or an Ecard company.

Apr 9 – Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant (1865)

Apr 10 – Palm Sunday

Apr 11 – President Johnson signs the Civil Rights Act, 1964

Apr 12 – Walk on Your Wild Side Day

Apr 13 – 3rd President Thomas Jefferson born, 1743





Apr 14 – ✍️ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. Titanic Struck an iceberg shortly before midnight on April 14 causing it to sink at 2:20 AM on April 15.

International Moment of Laughter Day

National Dolphin Day

Apr 15 – Good Friday

Apr 16 – National Librarian Day

Apr 17 – Easter Sunday

Apr 19 – National Garlic Day

National Hanging Out Day

Apr 20 – Scientists Marie & Pierre Curie isolate radium 1902.



Apr 22 – Earth Day (U.S.) Est. 1970

Apr 23 – William Shakespeare born, 1564

Lover's Day

Apr 25 – National DNA Day

Apr 27 – National Prime Rib Day



Apr 28 – ✍️ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. James Monroe born, 1758 (5th President)

Great Poetry Reading Day

Kiss Your Mate Day – guys, do not forget this one. Kiss her, then read her some poetry.

Apr 29 – Arbor Day

National Shrimp Scampi Day

Apr 30 – International Jazz Day

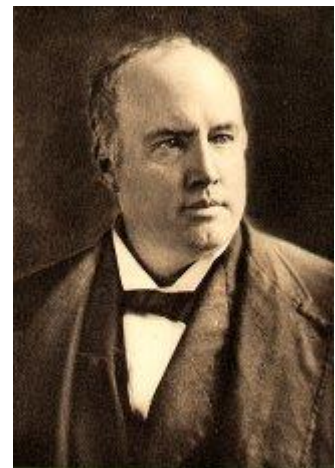


Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

It is very easy to see why colored people should hate us, but why we should hate them is beyond my comprehension. They never sold our wives. They never robbed our cradles. They never scarred our backs. They never pursued us with bloodhounds. They never branded our flesh.

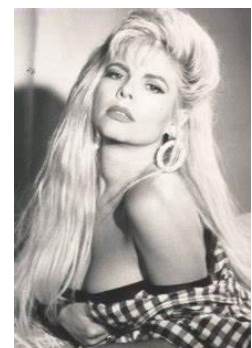
It has been said that it is hard to forgive a man to whom we have done a great injury. I can conceive of no other reason why we should hate the colored people. To us they are a standing reproach. Their history is our shame.

Robert Green Ingersoll, "Civil Rights" (1883)



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

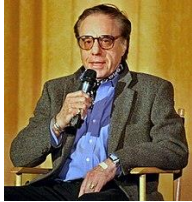
Jan 2 – Jody Gibson (known as Babydoll) was an American madam who was active in Hollywood in the late 1980s through the 1990s.



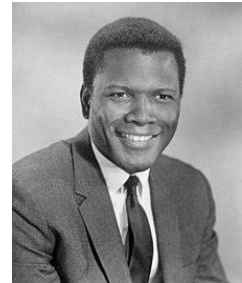
Jan 3 – Jay Wolpert, 79, American television producer (*The Price Is Right*) and screenwriter (*Pirates of the Caribbean*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*), complications from Alzheimer's disease.



Jan 5 – Lawrence Brooks, 112, American supercentenarian, nation's oldest living man and oldest WWII veteran.



Jan 6 – Peter Bogdanovich, 82, American film director (*The Last Picture Show*, *What's Up, Doc?*, *Paper Moon*), actor and writer, complications from Parkinson's disease.



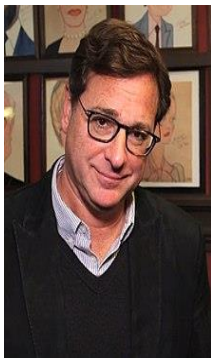
- Sidney Poitier, 94, Bahamian-American actor (*In the Heat of the Night*, *Lilies of the Field*, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*), Oscar winner (1963), heart failure.^[170]



Jan 9 – Michael Lang, 77, American concert producer, co-creator of *Woodstock*, non-Hodgkin lymphoma.



– Dwayne Hickman, 87, American actor (*The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis*, *The Bob Cummings Show*, *Cat Ballou*) and television director, complications from Parkinson's disease.



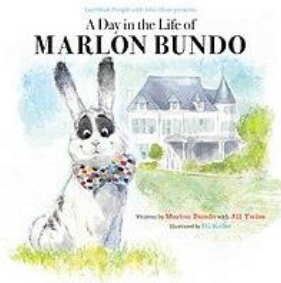
– Bob Saget, 65, American comedian, television presenter (*America's Funniest Home Videos*) and actor (*Full House*, *How I Met Your Mother*), blunt head trauma.



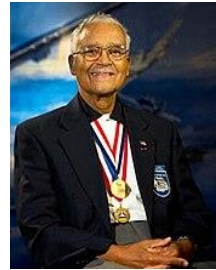
Jan 12 – Ronnie Spector, 78, American Hall of Fame singer (The Ronettes), cancer.



Jan 14 – Dallas Frazier, 82, American country musician and songwriter ("There Goes My Everything", "All I Have to Offer You (Is Me)", "Elvira").



Jan 15 – Marlon Bundo, 8–9, American rabbit and book subject (*A Day in the Life of Marlon Bundo*, *Marlon Bundo's A Day in the Life of the Vice President*).



Jan 16 – Charles McGee, 102, American fighter pilot (*Tuskegee Airmen*).



Jan 18 – Dick Halligan, 78, American musician (Blood, Sweat & Tears) and film composer (*Go Tell the Spartans*, *Fear City*), Grammy winner (1970).

Jan 19 – Hardy Krüger, 93, German actor (*Barry Lyndon*, *A Bridge Too Far*, *The Wild Geese*) and author.



– Gaspard Ulliel, 37, French actor (*Hannibal Rising*, *Saint Laurent*, *It's Only the End of the World*), César winner (2017), skiing accident.

Jan 20 – Meat Loaf, 74, American singer ("Two Out of Three Ain't Bad", "I'd Do Anything for Love") and actor (*The Rocky Horror Picture Show*), complications from COVID-19.



Jan 21 – Louie Anderson, 68, American comedian, actor (*Life with Louie*, *Baskets*), and game show host (*Family Feud*), Emmy winner (1997, 1998, 2016), large B-cell lymphoma.



Jan 25 – Ozzie, 60, African-born American western lowland gorilla, oldest male gorilla in captivity.

Jan 29 – Howard Hesseman, 81, American actor (*WKRP in Cincinnati*, *This Is Spinal Tap*, *Head of the Class*), complications from colon surgery.



– John K. Singlaub, 100, American military officer, co-founder of Western Goals Foundation.

Feb 1 – Robin Herman, 70, American writer and journalist (*The New York Times*), ovarian cancer.



Feb 2 – Monica Vitti, 90, Italian actress (*L'Avventura*, *The Girl with the Pistol*, *The Pizza Triangle*), complications from Alzheimer's disease.



Feb 6 – Lata Mangeshkar, 92, Indian playback singer (*Parichay*, *Kora Kagaz*, *Lekin...*), composer and

politician, MP (1999–2005), complications from COVID-19.



Feb 7 – Douglas Trumbull, 79, American special effects supervisor (*2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Blade Runner*) and film director (*Silent Running*), complications from mesothelioma.

Feb 8 – Luc Montagnier, 89, French virologist, Nobel Prize laureate (2008).



Feb 9 – Ian McDonald, 75, English musician (King Crimson, Foreigner, Steve Hackett).

Feb 12 – Ivan Reitman, 75, Czechoslovak-born Canadian film director (*Ghostbusters*, *Meatballs*, *Kindergarten*



Cop) and producer, founder of The Montecito Picture Company.

Feb 15 – P. J. O'Rourke, 74, American humorist (*National Lampoon*), journalist, lung cancer.



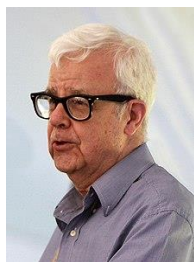
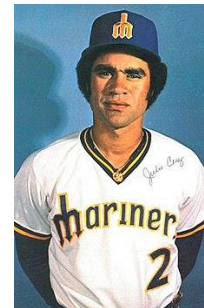
Feb 16 – Gail Halvorsen, 101, American pilot ("Operation Little Vittles"), an effort to raise morale in Berlin by dropping candy via miniature parachute to the city's residents, respiratory failure.

Feb 19 – Charley Taylor, 80, American Hall of Fame football player (Washington Redskins) and coach.



Feb 20 – Bob Beckel, 73, American political commentator (*The Five*, *USA Today*), campaign manager, and civil servant.

Feb 22 – Julio Cruz, 67, American baseball player (Seattle Mariners, Chicago White Sox).



Feb 24 – Gary North, 80, American Christian social theorist and economist and leading figure in the Christian reconstructionist movement.

– Sally Kellerman, 84, American actress (*M*A*S*H*, *Back to School*, *Brewster McCloud*), heart failure.

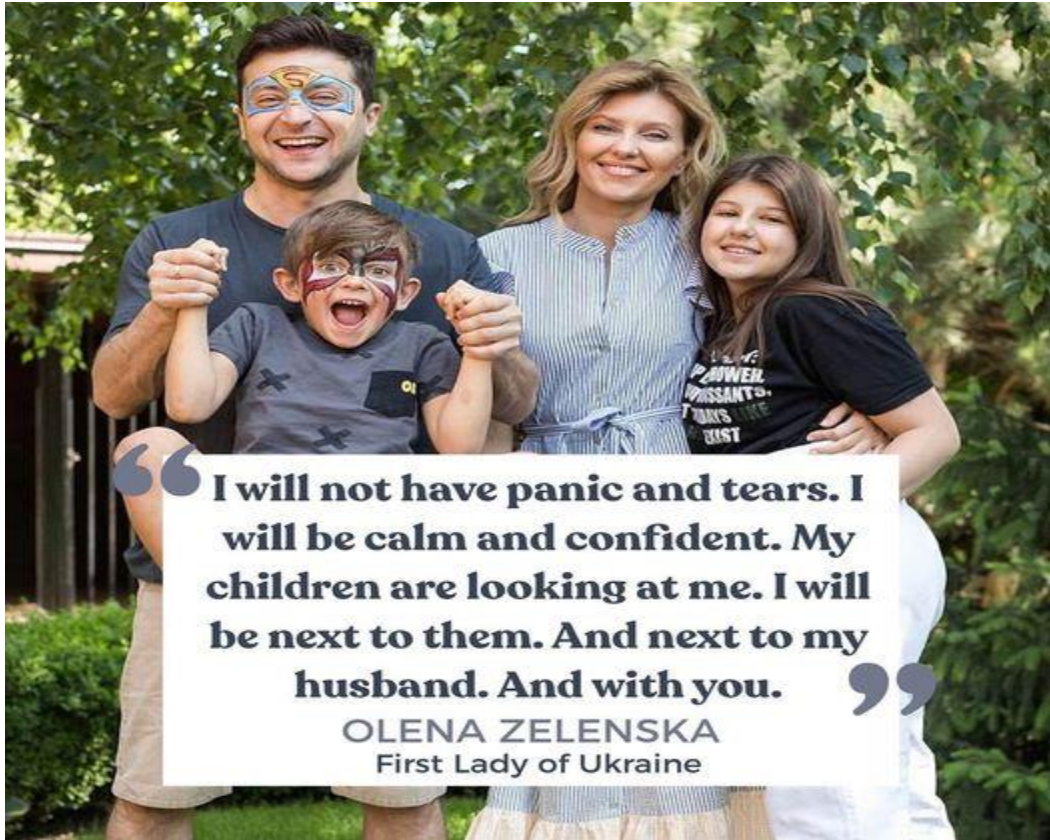


Feb 19 – Gary Brooker Gary Brooker, the singer and pianist of the early progressive rock group *Procol Harum*, who co-wrote songs including "A Whiter Shade of Pale,"

Feb 26 – Danny Ongais, 79, American Hall of Fame racing driver (NHRA, CART), heart failure.



Heroes and Heroines



Israeli doctors
on their way to
Ukraine.

A picture worth a thousand words!



Carl Nassib Says Coming Out Was 'Stressful, But Worth It'



"We did it for the youth, for the kids who are struggling the most," Nassib said. "That's who I'm most passionate about and to be able to say I helped them is absolutely incredible."

Dubious Achievements

I want a new drug???

During a speech to CPAC, Trump Jr. made multiple references to the scandals surrounding Hunter Biden.



"There are consequences to being on our side, right?" he told the crowd. "If there weren't, I'd become an artist and sell my crap for half a million dollars. If there weren't, I would take a billion dollars from China knowing that that's just fine."

"I'd have a laptop with all of our enemies and it won't matter," he added. "Crack's not really my thing but if it was, it would be fine if I was on that side."

Birds of a Feather



3 Republicans voted against the Emmett Till anti-lynching bill tonight in the House, which makes lynching a hate crime. + Rep. Andrew Clyde R-GA + Rep. Tom Massie R-KY + Rep. Chip Roy R-TX

When you are a national embarrassment, you embarrass nationally



Lauren Boebert provoked anger as she heckled Joe Biden as he talked about the death of his son Beau during his State of the Union address.

The Colorado congresswoman was booed as she interrupted the president as he talked about the flag-draped coffins of fallen service members, to blame him for the deaths of 13 troops in Afghanistan.

Her heckling came as Mr. Biden had emotionally recalled how his eldest son had died from cancer, which could have been caused by burn pits in Iraq.

“You put them in there, 13 of them,” she could be heard yelling, causing vice-president Kamala Harris to grimace in obvious disapproval at the Republican lawmaker’s actions.

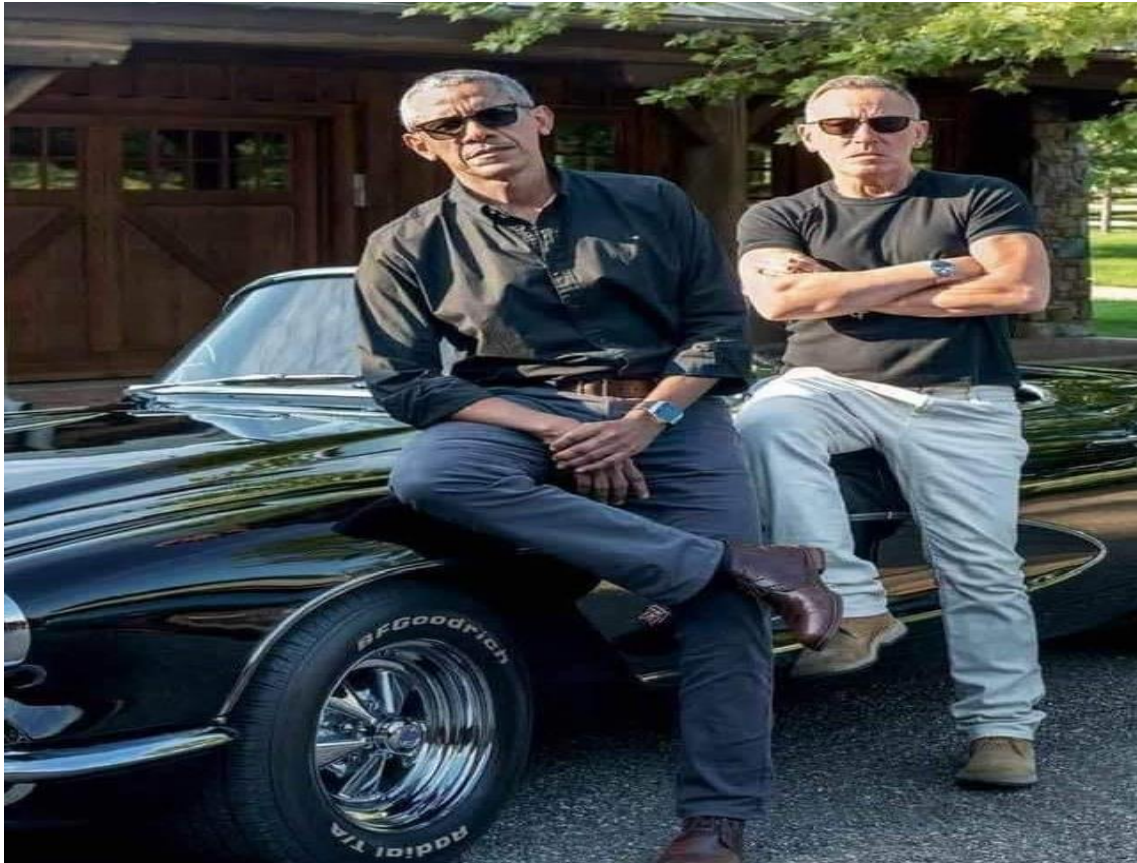
It was not the only example of poor behavior by Ms. Boebert, who along with Marjorie Taylor Greene turned her back on Mr. Biden’s cabinet as they entered for the address.



The pair also chanted “Build the wall” after Mr. Biden promised to “secure the border and fix the immigration system.”

Teddy Roosevelt spoke softly and carried a big stick. Lauren Boebert speaks loudly and is as dumb as a stick.

COMMENTARY



Obama On Ukraine

Last night, Russia launched a brazen attack on the people of Ukraine, in violation of international law and basic principles of human decency. Russia did so not because Ukraine posed a threat to Russia, but because the people of Ukraine chose a path of sovereignty, self-determination, and democracy. For exercising rights that should be available to all people and nations, Ukrainians now face a brutal onslaught that is killing innocents and displacing untold numbers of men, women, and children.

The consequences of Russia's reckless actions extend beyond Ukraine's borders. This illegal invasion in the heart of Europe also threatens the foundation of the international order and security. For some time now, we have seen the forces of division and authoritarianism make headway around the world, mounting an assault on the ideals of democracy, rule of law, equality, individual liberty, freedom of expression and worship, and self-determination. Russia's invasion of Ukraine shows where these dangerous trends can lead – and why they cannot be left unchallenged.

People of conscience around the world need to loudly and clearly condemn Russia's actions and offer support for the Ukrainian people. And every American, regardless of party, should support President Biden's efforts, in coordination with our closest allies, to impose hard-hitting sanctions on Russia – sanctions that impose a real price on Russia's autocratic elites.

There may be some economic consequences to such sanctions, given Russia's significant role in world energy markets. But that's a price we should be willing to pay to take a stand on the side of freedom. For over the long term, we all face a choice, between a world in which might makes right and autocrats are free to impose their will through force, or a world in which free people everywhere have the power to determine their own future.

Michelle and I will be praying for the courageous people of Ukraine, for Russian citizens who have bravely declared their opposition to these attacks, and for all those who will bear the cost of a senseless war.

Why Teachers Drink!

Provided by Gale Baker

The following questions were in one of last year's GED examinations. These are genuine answers (from 18-year-old 'students').

Q. Name the four seasons

A. *Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar*

Q. How is dew formed

A. *The sun shines down on the leaves and makes them perspire*

Q. What guarantees may a mortgage company insist on

A. *If you are buying a house they will insist that you are well endowed*

Q. In a democratic society, how important are elections

A. *Very important. Sex can only happen when a male gets an election*

Q. What are steroids

A. *Things for keeping carpets still on the stairs (Shoot yourself now, there is little hope)*

Q. What happens to your body as you age

A. *When you get old, so do your bowels and you get intercontinental*

Q. What happens to a boy when he reaches puberty

A. *He says goodbye to his boyhood and looks forward to his adultery (So true)*

Q. How can you delay milk turning sour

A. *Keep it in the cow (Simple, but brilliant)*

Q. How are the main 20 parts of the body categorized (e.g., the abdomen)

A. *The body is consisted into 3 parts - the brainium, the borax and the abdominal cavity. The brainium contains the brain, the borax contains the heart and lungs and the abdominal cavity contains the five bowels: A,E,I,O,U*

Q. What is the fibula

A. *A small lie*

Q. What does 'varicose' mean

A. *Nearby*

Q. What is the most common form of birth control

A. *Most people prevent contraception by wearing a condominium.*
(That would work)

Q. Give the meaning of the term 'Caesarean section'

A. *The caesarean section is a district in Rome*

Q. What is a seizure

A. *A Roman Emperor. (Julius Seizure, I came, I saw, I had a fit)*

Q What is a terminal illness

A. *When you are sick at the airport. (Irrefutable)*

Q. What does the word 'benign' mean

A. *Benign is what you will be after you be eight (brilliant)*

AND THE BEST

Q. What is a turbine

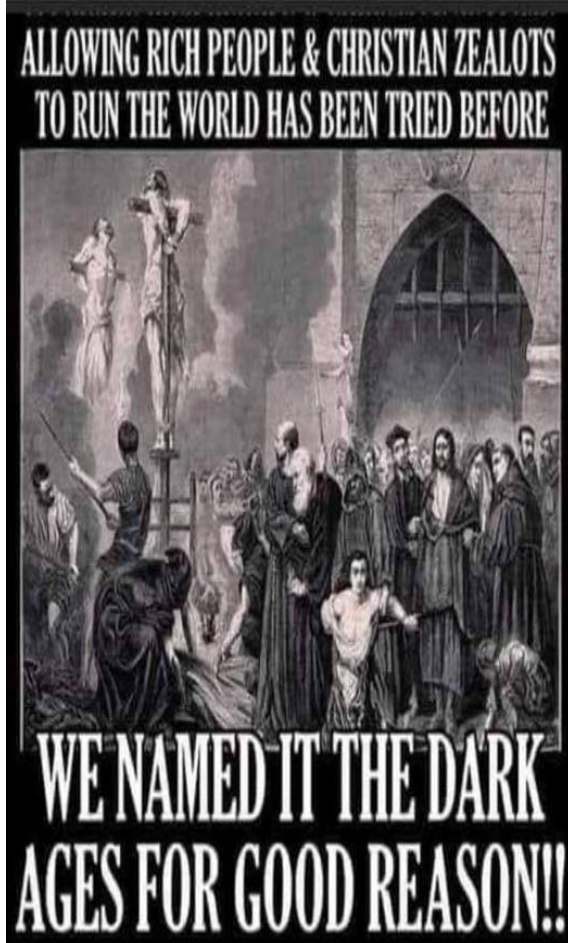
A. *Something an Arab or Shreik (sic) wears on his head. Once a Arab boy reaches puberty, he removes his diaper and wraps it around his head. (now we're getting somewhere)*

BROKEN

[Juanita Jean's | The World's Most Dangerous Beauty Salon, Inc.](#)

January 27, 2022 By: Nick Carraway

We are a citizenry that seems to live and die by our Google searches. A quick Google search on civil war demonstrates that numerous people are thinking about it. Truth be told though, those fault lines have always been there. Conflicts have always been a part of our culture. You can identify historical periods based on where those conflicts arise.



You do that because you know full well that some of the conflicts we currently have weren't major considerations before. LGBTQ+ rights have always been important, but those battles weren't fought 20 and 30 years ago when my generation came of age. People always have worried about illegal immigration and undocumented peoples, but it could hardly be called a crisis back in those days.

Sometimes things happen to make these conflicts front and center. Sometimes their rights and needs evolve to the point where a conflict is unavoidable. Sometimes whoever they are decides it is time to break out of the shadows.

Sometimes new issues arise that have to be addressed. This is a natural part of history that can't be avoided.

The usual course of these things is that those other issues that were being debated suddenly aren't anymore. The battles of the 1950s and 1960s gave way to other battles in the 1970s and 1980s. Then, new issues arose in the 1990s and 2000s. One or two issues came forward and those others naturally took a backseat. It's not that they became less important or solved necessarily, but we seemingly made enough progress to at least set it aside for a while.

If we were to characterize this age, we would say that everyone has picked sides on everything, and everything is a burgeoning crisis. Obviously, women's rights have become front and center as it pertains to the roll back of abortion rights. We still see African Americans and other minority groups still concerned deeply about policing and how suspects get treated. The LGBTQ+ community is still battling for recognition of their rights and what that looks like in different situations. Then, we have all the folks standing on one side or the other in the fight over income inequality.

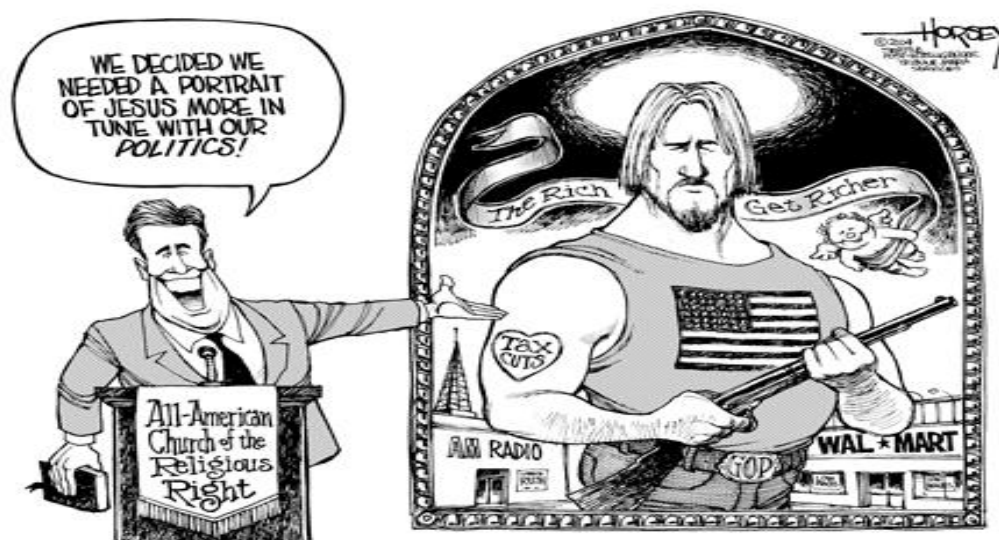
The last part is part of the change. We seemingly stand on one side or another on all of these issues. The usual course is that for most of these issues we are standing on the sidelines. It's not that we don't care, but that it doesn't directly impact us. We might consider ourselves allies to one side or another, but it really isn't our fight. Now, we seem to fight about everything.



If one of us is being held back on these fronts, then we all are being held back. If black lives matter, then all lives matter. If women get autonomy over their own bodies, then we all do. If transgender people get to feel safe in their chosen identities, then we all do. So, supporting the fight on the side you believe pushes us all forward. Either it pushes us forward or keeps us from running headlong over the cliff.

All that being said, people need a break from fighting all the time. Not everything can be a battle. Something must unite us. Something must make us come together to acknowledge our shared humanity. Perhaps the worst sign of a coming civil war is the fact that more and more of these events are simply becoming another battle.

The pandemic might be the single defining event of this generation. It has become the “where were you when” moment. It is this generation’s Kennedy assassination. It is this generation’s Challenger explosion or fall of the Berlin Wall. It is this generation’s 9/11. Yet, the defining characteristic won’t be solidarity. It won’t be people coming together to defeat a faceless enemy. It won’t be people coming together at all. It will be yet another fault line drawn by forces not our own. Those forces aren’t us, but they are us at the same time. If you understand that contradiction, then you are doing a whole lot better than me.





WHO WAS JIM CROW?

By J. Dan Vignau



Recently, on a supposed news talk show, a black lady social scientist wannabe proclaimed that only the white majority in the United States can be racist. Since it was mentioned in our Friday waterfront meetup, I must respond. This absurd idea is an amateurish attempt by a probably well-meaning person, but one who does not fully grasp this branch of Sociology known as Structural Determinism. Actual Critical Race Theorists study how the inherent structures in societies lead to outcomes that are detrimental to minority advancement and success, as well as how poverty in general breeds discontent and crime.

In these studies, discussions occur on topics such as the disparity of sentencing between whites and blacks. especially for minor drug offenses. They discuss employment opportunities, racial harassment in the workplace, and educational disadvantages. Even now, after being fined \$137,000,00 for allowing racial slurs to be carved into and left on lunch tables, and painted on walls, and always giving blacks the most menial jobs, plus the most

serious reprimands for minor discretions and zero chance of promotion, Tesla's Elon Musk told his black workers that they just need to develop tougher skin. *It is interesting that he mentioned their skin.*

Gerrymandering, voter suppression, and exclusion from jury duty



are only a few of the legal ways that minorities were (and are) kept in their place.

America has a history of racism. When Woodrow Wilson was shown the Pro KKK movie *Birth of a Nation*, he immediately began to work on his *Separate But Equal* legislation.

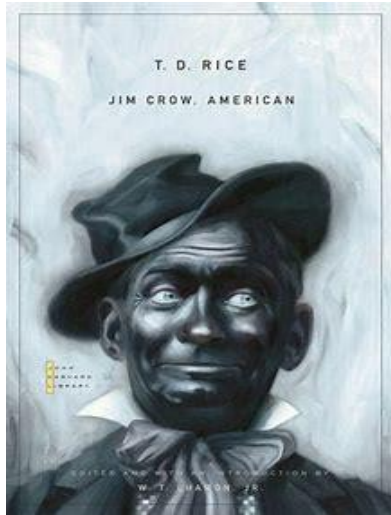
During his time in history, anti-black sentiment was totally overt. American kitchens were filled with racist stereotypes. Not just *Aunt Jemima Syrup* and Pancake Mix and *Uncle Ben's Rice*, with their grotesque caricatures compared to their more recent images, but many other products filled kitchens with items to continually remind white consumers of their superiority.

There were Cookbooks, Cereals, Detergents, Hand Towels, Salt and Pepper Shakers, Place Mats, and Wall Hangings, all with grossly exaggerated features such as huge, red lips, bulging eyes, and wild hair. Outside, there were two models of Lawn Jockeys, the stocky, hunched over *Jocko*, and the taller and thinner, *Cavalier Spirit*, both of which were manufactured and sold until 2012. These were the exception as far as their clothing was depicted. They were well outfitted with their



uniforms, whereas nearly all other racist depictions showed raggedy clothes, often with no shoes.

Jim Crow was actually the black face character portrayed by



Thomas D. Rice, who is credited popularizing, and possibly inventing this white Singer-Dancer with the charcoal painted face. Rice traveled around the country with his hugely successful revue portraying his caricature of this unkempt, idiotic reminder that whites are better than blacks. His revue filled in the spaces when Americans were not in their kitchens being reminded of such. His followers took the show to many more audiences for many decades.

Next were the cartoons and movies. Blacks were portrayed as listless, lazy, stupid, and just generally weird looking. Cartoons also depicted crows that jive-talked, lest we forget that during slavery times, blacks were called *Crows*. Then, there was the Crowbar, commonly called a *Jimmy*.

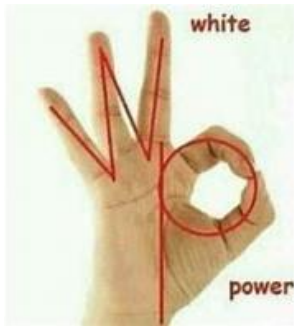
That's right folks, a Jim Crowbar. *Jim Crow* had become a total pejorative for all blacks.

Even Disney movies and Popeye Cartoons used such racist imagery. In the movie *Dumbo*, a jive talking black crow and his crow friends reminded whites of the weirdness and inferiority of blacks.

Although never mentioned in the movie script, the main crow was even called, *Jim Crow* in the credits, at least until 1950 when Disney decided to avoid any controversy, at least during the time that serious discussion of changing Woodrow Wilson's *Separate But Equal* legislation.

After all, everyone was discussing *Jim Crow Laws*.





The current GOP is trying very hard to suppress any discussion of minorities. The reason is because teaching people about any minority issues makes them think. Thinking causes empathetic feelings. Certainly, we must avoid teaching any potential racist, homophobic, war mongering voters that they just might be wrong.

They need these votes!

When people feel disenfranchised, and I am talking about white working families now, they need something that makes them feel that they belong, racism, homophobia, Islamophobia, the NRA, and anti-abortion sentiment give them this feeling of solidarity, as does their invisible man who tells them they can be complete sinners and still live forever in bliss.

So goes Donald Trump. He actually sees what the problems in the country are, as do his fans, but these followers make the mistake of blaming minorities, rather than holding accountable the perpetrators of the systematic takeover of government by industry.

As a person who was actually involved in what was then called *Radical Sociology* – until Reagan got rid of us – the reemergence of this area of study as *Critical Race Theory*, is a welcoming feature of current discourse. We need to think, not just repeat slogans and racist ideas. We cannot do this without open, honest discourse.



[illegible]

Have expressed elsewhere my slow evolving frustrations with the Aware Ones' Writers' Group. What began over six years ago as my most valued aspect of the humanist experience has not evolved with me. No one asked me to suggest changes/improvements. My impressions of the Writers' Group biweekly meetings are my own. And do not intend to impose them on my fellow writers. Yet, feel a few suggestions might make me better understood.

I propose these possible changes and directions:

Find ways to gently, but constructively, criticize each other's writings





solutions we worked on until three in the morning. Never pleasant, even if an "A" grade perspective drawing is before the professor, they will find opportunities for improvement. With this background, I

Review/summarize for the reader what you told him – i.e., Rachel Maddow style

Read from and discuss known writers with distinctive styles

For example:

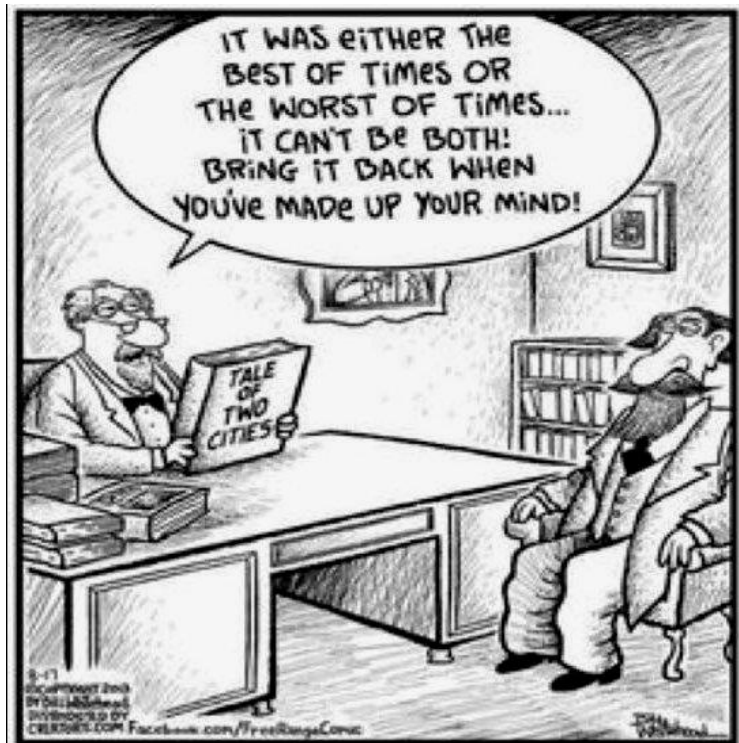
- ✓ Elmore Leonard – characters' dialogue portrays class, ethnicity, background
- ✓ Ernest Hemingway – "the iceberg theory" economical and understated style
- ✓ Maureen Dowd – sophisticated NYTimes columnist, French words

Have mentioned, but not discussed in depth with several of you the matter of criticism. Have learned the very notion of criticism concerns you. Having "grown up" in the architecture school design studio where the professor circulates among our worktables finding fault with the



learned to thrive on criticism, a challenge to do better. Many classmates transferred to engineering, unable to withstand the seeming negativity in the daily put down of their drawings. We handle criticism differently. Try not to take it personally, but a learning experience.

Would encourage a common topic for each member to write personal suggestions and preferences for Writers' Group to evolve/grow. The above is merely the beginnings of my wish for more about the writing.

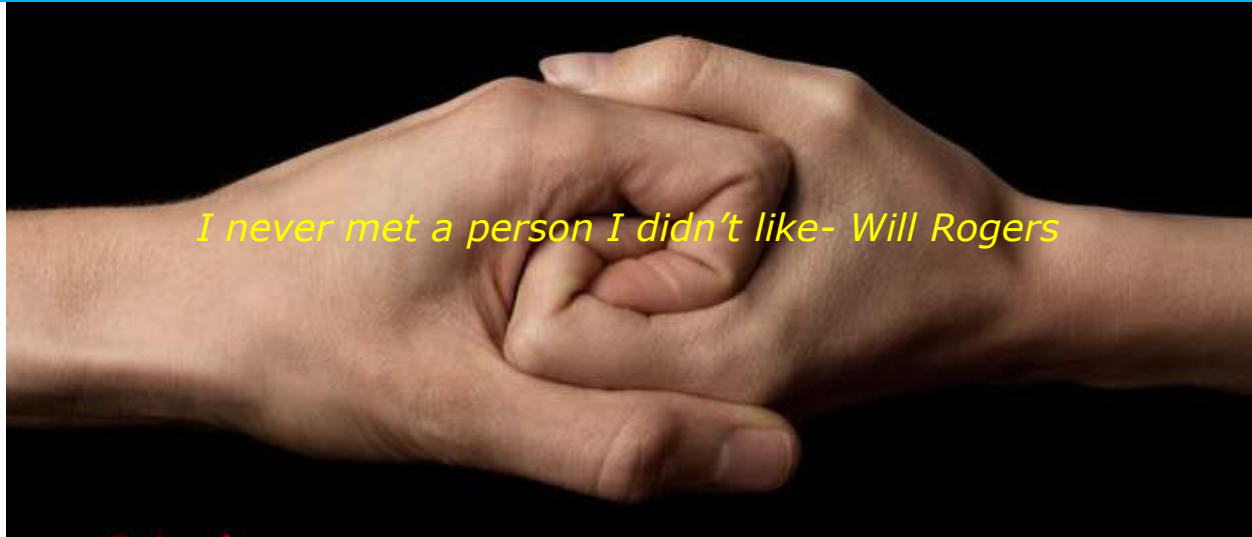


reminders for writers.

- nobody gives a crap if something is overdone in fiction. what they really care about is the execution
- having a bad day of writing does not make you a bad writer
- tropes ≠ clichés. if someone tells you it's wrong to use tropes, disregard the advice
- writing in your second or third language isn't always easy. you're doing great
- writing advice = tools. not rules. you're not meant to follow every advice you read about on the internet. learn the rules so you know which ones to break
- every writer is capable of writing a captivating story, but your story might not be everyone's cup of tea, and that's ok. there will still be people out there who'll adore it
- it's ok to not excel at every genre! you can write things because you think it's fun, doesn't always have to be a matter of writing something because you're good at it. it's ok to explore (and it helps you improve as a writer!)

ARTICLES

what is a friend?



I never met a person I didn't like- Will Rogers

By Jim Longo

Scrolling thru Netflix's offering the other day, I noticed an anime television series called, "Komi, Has Trouble Communicating." The premise, from reading the blurb, was Komi is a new girl in school and has decided to make a hundred friends.

This left me with more questions than answers, for starter what is a friend? When googled you get, a person whom one has a bond of mutual affection outside of sexual relations and family. I like most people and most people respond in kind. Maybe I'm not human being, but a I'm a bleeping Labrador Retriever caught in a man's body.

The next day, I was roaming through my news feed, and I came across an article from the "Journal of Social and Personal Relationships" written by Dr. Jeremy Hall, that said it takes fifty hours of time to move from an acquaintance to a casual friend,

and ninety hours from a casual friend to a simple friend and more than two hundred hours before you can consider someone a close friend.

Hell outside of my mate, at this moment maybe I have one close friend. Casual friends, I have the people I see over a teleconference every other week. Friends that have fallen by the wayside over the years a couple of dozen if that. By Doctor Hall's



definition I am one sad and lonely guy.

Don't feel like a sad and lonely guy, maybe in my late twenties I did. Back then Denny a friend of mine said, "Man you don't need friends, you are the type of person who make friends wherever you go." According to Doctor Hall I make acquaintances wherever I go.

Maybe friends are overrated? I remember in my early teen years, I hung out with a bunch of guys, who humiliated me, picked on me, got me into altercations. Played practical jokes on me. They nearly got me arrested a couple of times. Hell, they even robbed my house. By the time I was done with them, I used to say, "with friends like that, I don't need enemies!"

This probably is where the attitude, the whole world is my friend, but I don't have a friend in this world comes from. If I could help anyone, I would, but I never would presume anyone

would do the same for me. If you keep expectations low, it is hard to be disillusioned. If all you ask for in any relationship is that they don't do you any harm. You can't lose but do you ever win?

What about familiarity breeds contempt? It isn't so much I don't like them but once they get to know me will they like me? How often does one not hang out too often with someone because a little bit of you is pleasant, but too much might be too much?

They say that the people who live the longest, are the people with the most social connections. I guess the question arises; how significant do those interactions have to be? Will casual acquaintance do? Is time and affection the only variables? Does saying hello to the stock boy count?

As for Komi, according to Dr. Hill, fifty hours times a hundred people is five thousand hours. If Japanese school is two hundred days and eight hours a day long, it leaves her only sixteen hundred hours. Maybe she shoots for five hundred enemies? I imagine that could be done in about thousand minutes.

As for a 62-year-old deaf in one ear can't hear out of the other ear guy is there even an environment he could put himself in to spend fifty hours with a hundred people? Work, college, golf, joining every organization he doesn't detest. Why not join every organization he does detest? According to the literature your long life might depend on it.



From Juanita Jean.com

Banning Books

February 05, 2022 By: El Jefe Category: [Abbott](#), [Book Banning](#)

There is a plaza in Berlin now called the Bebelplatz. When it was constructed in the mid-1700s, it was known as the Opernplatz, because the State Opera house is on the plaza's east side, but that is not why it's famous. I visited here a few years ago, not to



see the opera, but for another important reason. In May of 1933 this was the location where ritual book burnings began in Germany, led by the German Students Association, which, along with the Hitler Youth, the SS, and the SA (Brownshirts) were groups that grew out of the National Socialist German Workers' (Nazi) Party. The ritual burning on May 10th followed an inflammatory speech by Josef Goebbels, Hitler's head of propaganda.

On the first night, 20,000 books from the library of the *Institut für*

Sexualwissenschaft (Institute of Sex Research) were burned. On other nights, thousands of other “unGerman” books, written primarily by Jewish authors, were burned on the plaza. One of those authors was Albert Einstein.

On the site of those book burnings is a memorial that sits in the plaza. Called The Empty Library, it’s a 16’ by 16’ below ground room surrounded by empty bookshelves that would hold the 20,000 books burned on that first night. The ceiling is a glass panel so you can see it from the plaza above. It is impressive.

If I could, I would charter an airliner from Texas to Berlin and put all the book banners on it, including Greg Abbott all the way down to that Little Shit Matt Krause (who briefly ran for Texas AG against a rogue’s gallery of weirdos trying to unseat Indicted for



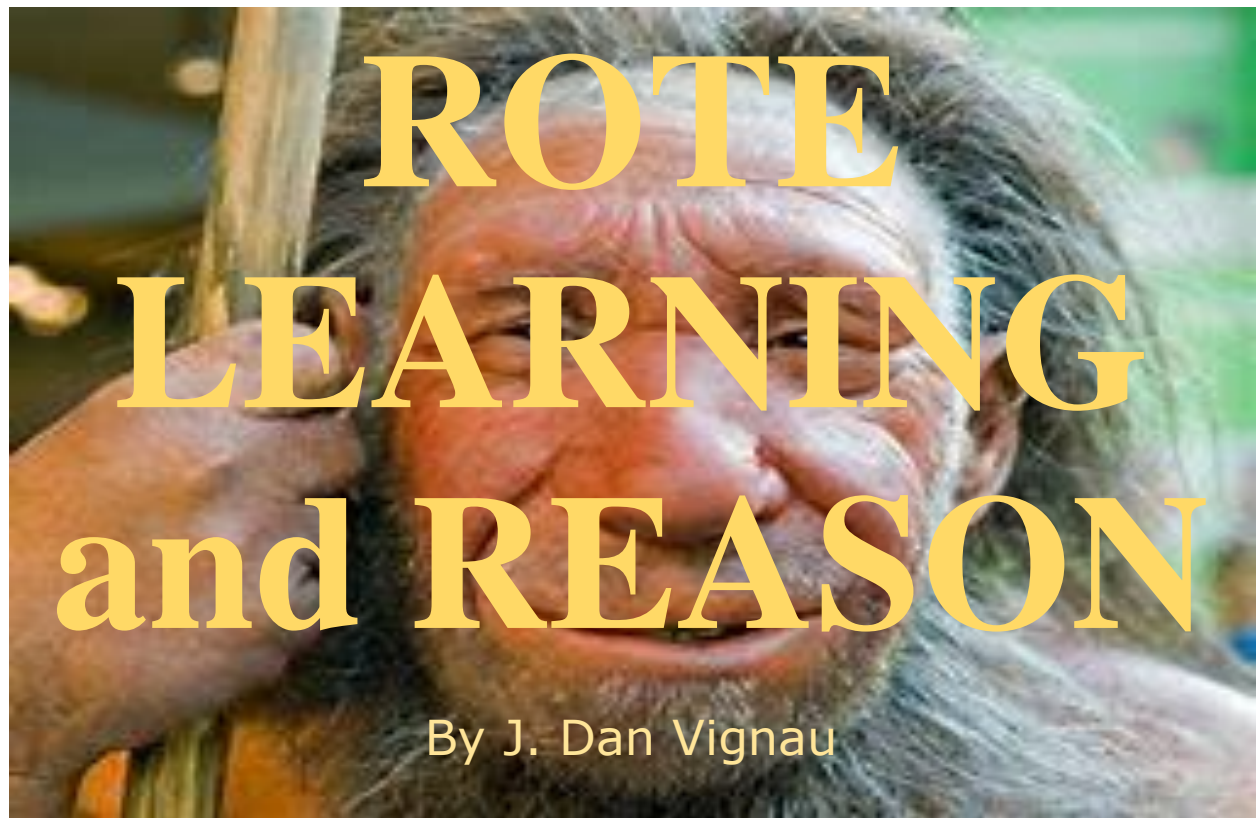
Fraud and Insurrectionist Ken Paxton). It’s Krause who compiled a list of 850 books he wants banned from Texas schools which includes books by Pulitzer Prize winners.

These clowns need to see where their politics is going.

Texas has been under the control of Republicans since 1997 and the results are exactly what one would expect of a system rotten to the core like ours. Wedge issues designed to keep the base stirred up are now fed in a continuous stream including the normal guns, God, gays, school vouchers, abortion, non-existent voter fraud, immigration, and all people not white. The latest is now CRT, mandates, science, and books. If you listen closely, you can hear the voice of Josef Goebbels and Adolf Hitler in the words of book banners. The language of these wedge issues eerily echoes their language as they took over the German

government and started killing what would end up being millions of innocents they deemed to be "unGerman" and unacceptable.



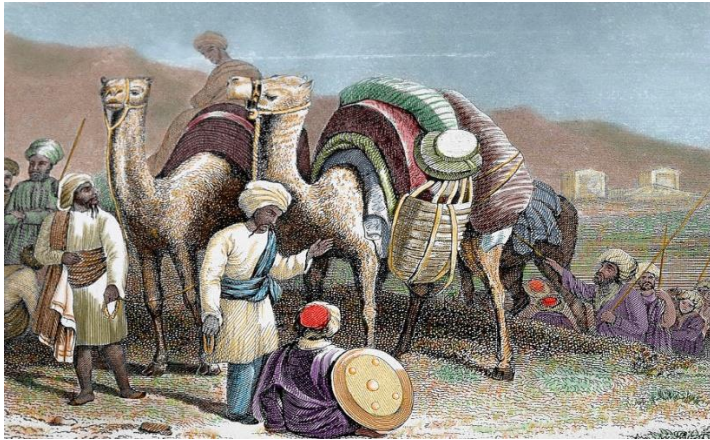


There are a lot of science deniers in the world, but they do not all deny the same things. Some deny vaccines, some our moon landing, or the Warren Report. Many deny the Holocaust. Evolution is probably denied by the most brainwashed of the Western World.

These Evangelical/Jihadist/Fundamentalist cults of Abrahamic Goat Herding, Stone Age fairy tale believers know the least and cause the most damage; however, not all science deniers deny everything humans have discovered since we started thinking about our origins. Through thought and reasoning, as well as rote learning, we have kept learning easier ways to survive, such as by finding medicinal herbs, or learning how to grow crops and animals for consumption, or to build shelter.



Many people believe that the religious texts from the Middle East are from the Bronze Age, but they are clearly not. All of the stories were passed from generation to generation and place to place by families and within cultures, for certain, but caravans and ships made the mingling of cultural myths possible. In fact, these tales arose from the initial questions about the stars, long before the Bronze age allowed stories to be written and saved.



Just imagine: A caravan was seen in the distance. As the village prepared for its arrival, people built fires and cooked. Women dressed up, and feasts were prepared. Musical instruments were gathered and tuned. Women who wished to make an easy

living prepared for the arrival of the weary travelers to their oasis.

"Welcome my friends. What do you have to trade today?"

"We are on our way back home and have very little. We are very hungry but have some great news and stories."

"What kind of stories?"

"We have a story about the son of god who will allow you to live forever."

"Hey everyone, these people want to tell us about another god."

There is laughter around the fire.



"But this savior was born of a virgin."

"Hey folks, yet another virgin birth story!"

Following the muted laughter, a stringed instrument might begin to play. People would dance around the fire.

"But this man can cure the blind and the lame!"

"Sit by the fire my friends. We will feed you if your stories are good enough to keep our attention."

Ages before this, as is pointed out in PBS's *Cosmos II*, at night there was not a lot to do during the Stone Age, but there were a lot of heavenly bodies to contemplate. Many tales tried to explain



the sun, moon, and stars. Fabled about comets and constellations arose.

The elderly had the most tales, some of them true; others, passed down and elaborated for

centuries. All were continually elaborated and sent across the deserts and seas where more tales and elaborations might be worth exchanging for a good meal.

Besides, knowledge begat food. Knowledge begat tools for killing animals to eat and make clothing. Knowledge begat horticulture, which begat more food and clothing, then more available medicinal plants. Knowledge begat goat herding, with even more reliable sources of food and clothing. Knowledge begat shelter, and transportation. Transportation begat the intermingling of tall tales and the accumulation of even more knowledge. Planting crops made it necessary to remain more steeled in certain places.

Of course, Pure fiction became what was at the time science and philosophy. Wonderment of the nighttime study of the stars was about all there was to do, at least when the wolves were not attempting to eat the goats and babies.

"What is that big one called, Daddy?"

"What are those little ones called, Mommy?"

"Where did they all come from, Uncle Ahmet?"

"Where did Granma go when the wolf killed her?"

"Will I die?"

Thus, were born the ideas behind philosophy and science. Many era's philosophers were each time period's scientists.

Once these tales could be recorded, they became dogma, and resistant to change. Some became religions, religions that took over science by destroying it. These followers of gods began to conquer much of the world.



Many engineers still doubt the evolution of man. I shall belabor the point: There are two types of learning, rote and reason. Philosophy and Science are based on reason; religion on rote. Unfortunately, rote learning is hard to overcome. When you go

to schools for a decade or more, then are told Pluto is no longer a planet, and you might refuse to believe it. You might become a prime candidate for a proselytizer for the denial of other scientific knowledge. If your income depends on the fossil fuel industry,

you might not want to deal with the cognitive dissonance of your contribution to the ensuing demise of our planet.

This is especially true when that industry totally inundates you with propaganda that explains away the actual science, while paying some lesser underpaid scientists to publish in dubious journals, including non-peer reviewed research, and outright lies.

All corporate capitalism, as well as other largely extant economic systems, rely on their propaganda, and its rote learning acquisition, in order to do one thing: Accumulate more capital than anyone really needs.

We could easily solve many of the world's problems by using this capital for great societal changes. Unfortunately, our lawmakers have one goal: Stay in power no matter who pays for it.

In the Western World, Governments and industry have found its savior in Jesus Christ. As Goebbels taught, "Say it often enough and people will believe it."



This is how the Nazi Party succeeded. George Orwell wrote a book based on this phenomenon. This is why The Heritage foundation, American

Family Council, Fox News and worse, plus The Tea Party, and yes, religions exist, to further their power, to Hell with the fate of the human race and the planet. Watch Netflix' *The Family* to try to grasp just religion controls politics.

Recently a search of eBay for "Trump" and "Biden" showed just how hard the GOP, using corporate supplied propaganda, is trying to keep people brainwashed. A few pro-Biden items are for sale, along with thousands of pro-Trump and/or anti-Biden items.

Remember, brainwashing works, even when we call it education. BF Skinner made a career by teaching us how this learning system works. Unfortunately, after moralists had dismissed Skinner's paradigm as unfit for human consumption, the advertising agencies took it over.

Education should be about the teaching of people to think through reason. Instead, it is quickly returning us to the dark ages, where reason and science were not allowed. Books are once again being banned from our schools. The Christian god is being returned to our government, but why?

There is a simple explanation:

A - Propaganda works less well on people who reason. Indoctrination takes complete control of one's mind through repetition, especially the minds of people who think education is learning facts, and that facts cannot be changed through the garnering of further knowledge, such as through science.

B - Even people who reason just fine can be persuaded through repetition. It is difficult to not succumb, when we are inundated with false knowledge about specific issues, especially if a change in beliefs might cause a bit of guilt, for example, by making one feel responsible for destroying all humans, along with the extinction of most life on Earth.



C - Cohesion through hate: If a group totally denies actual facts, it must have a reason for membership. It has been proposed that that far too many groups, especially religious or political ones, depend on instilling hatred for outsiders in order to have unity for their beliefs. They cannot see themselves as relevant unless they have another group to look down on.

D - Religion offers all of this to its followers: Immutable facts, Cohesion through guilt/hate, and especially by turning against the science that denies the alternative facts of ever-evolving knowledge.



It was easy to capture this religious audience. Most citizens of the US, and even the world, know what the problems are, but they have not reasoned out the causes. Science does just this. The Social Sciences were

usurped decades ago. People who are brainwashing the masses have inundated our media with dark tales of Communist takeover, witches and demon cults. good versus bad people, welfare mothers, urban crime (*i.e.*, *Black crime*), the necessity of the current socio-economic systems through continual aspersion of words such as, "Socialism", "Union", "Woke", and phrases such as, "Remember Benghazi", "Lock her up". These phrases foment hatred of their out-group. This is done for propaganda purposes, but also in order to give non-reasoning minds something to say when asked for explanations for their beliefs. Even people with no reasoning skill can proclaim, "Let's go Brandon".

Unreasoning people have no interest in garnering knowledge or explanations. They have their slogans. They have their right-wing YouTube algorithms to direct them to like-minded people, or at least to web sites created for the spread of acrimony and hate.

Trump was in the news (*DUH!*) when reporters discovered the psychological construct, The Dunning-Kruger effect. Trump was portrayed as a grave sufferer of this inability to imagine that he knows much less about a subject than he believes. But we all have this syndrome.



Not too long ago, I was skeptical about dark matter, and the utility of knowledge about subatomic matter. After all, I started out as a physics major, and for years I knew what I was talking about. After specializing in the social sciences, it had not occurred to me to read anything past *A Brief History of Time*.

Well guess what campers, a lot has been learned since that book. In fact, a lot of knowledge was accumulated before it.

I thank our group's real scientist, Ed Zillioux, for pointing me toward some newer material, even if one of his favorite authors, Richard Feynman, died decades ago.

"DUNNING-KRUGER EFFECT."

... a type of cognitive bias, where people with little expertise or ability assume they have superior expertise or ability. This overestimation occurs as a result of the fact that they don't have enough knowledge to know they don't have enough knowledge.

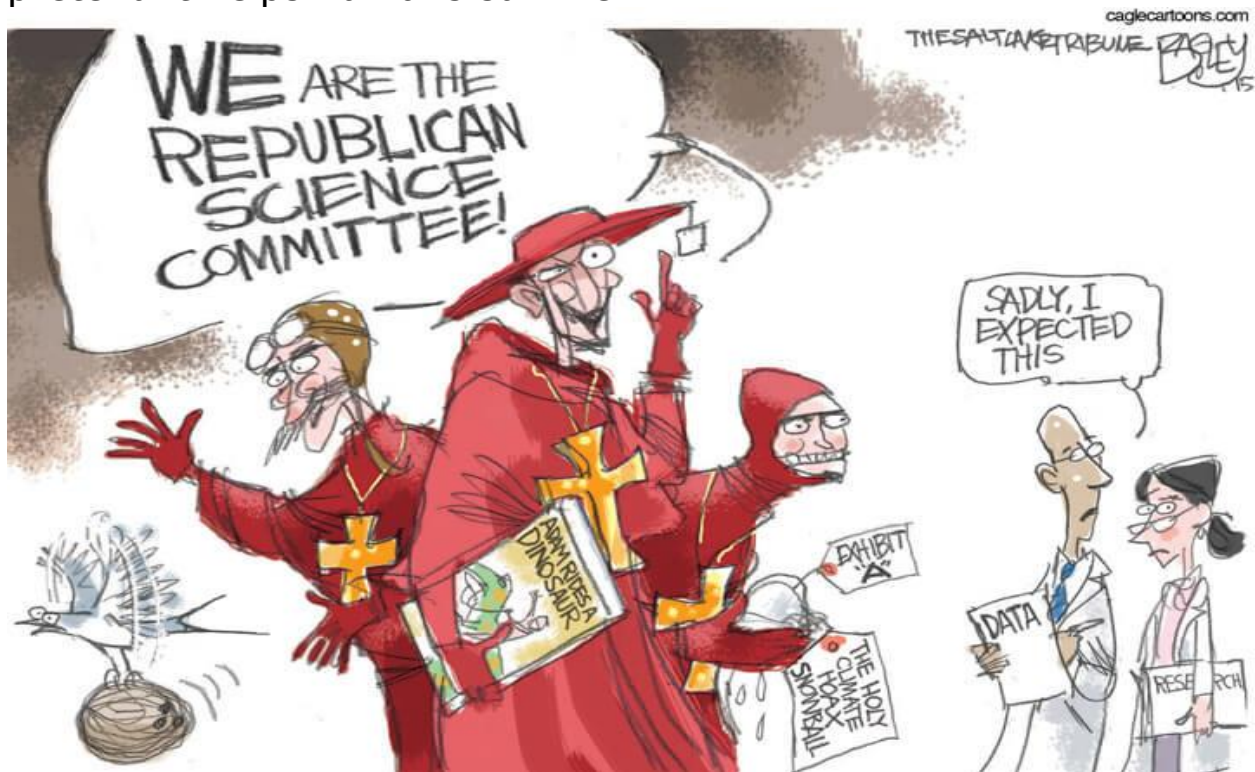
I was so far behind in my knowledge of physics that I sounded like an idiot. It wasn't that I disagreed that dark matter existed, I just do not like the term. It should be called undiscovered matter; however, if they want to call it Dark Matter, so be it.

The social sciences were my specialty. I really know a lot about the subject, but our widespread mental illness called the

Dunning-Kreger effect preclude discussions. Due to near extermination of progressive Sociological research, along with the inundation of mass falsehoods through the media, most people just see me as an old sixties whatever. Everyone thinks he knows all about how humans operate.

We all display behaviors of Dunning-Kruger. Everyone does. Almost no one knows as much about anything as anyone thinks. We persist with our slogans and beliefs, separate our cans, paper, and plastic, all the while pretending to ourselves we are helping to combat climate destruction, while industry and politicians work relentlessly to convince us that all we need is such things as our petty attempts at recycling, and of course, electric cars, because industry has finally discovered how to make a buck from that.

Well, I have to now. I need to carry many dozens of plastic bags to the Animal Shelter Thrift Store. They can use them, and I can pretend it helps humans survive.





CAN'T USE THAT WORD

By Bert Mautz



Spike Lee, critically acclaimed movie director, has characters in his films utter, and say flagrantly, the "N" word, "*nigger*," referencing fellow characters. The resulting dramatization is stunning. Seldom, if ever, is Lee criticized for the occurrence in the dialogue his characters speak.

My youngest son had a summer job aboard a sixty-foot, twin masted yacht in Chicago where his title was "Boat *****" (*that N-word*). Actually, the word is an archaic nautical term and is meant to be said with affection. No harm was felt, nor intended.

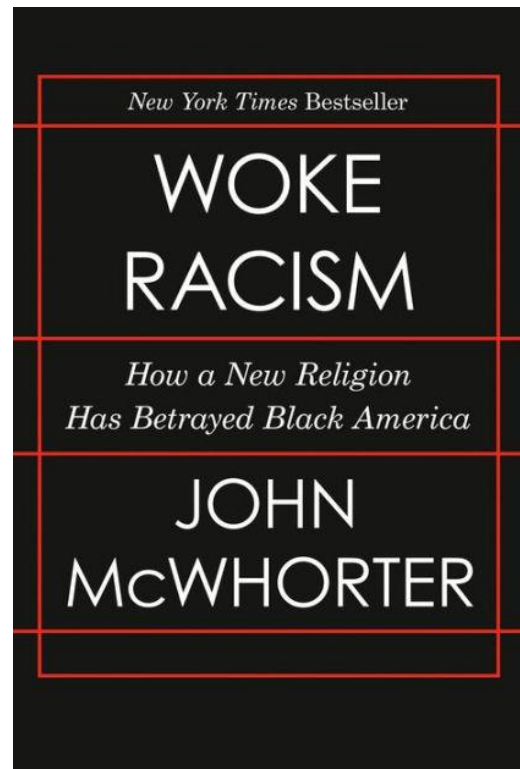
We are to understand that recently some resentment for "negro," is occurring. Believed by those insulted to be an antiquated and pejorative label unworthy of further use.

Author and professor of Linguistics at Columbia University, John McWhorter V wrote:

Opinions will continue to differ about the N-word — does pronunciation that ends in a soft "a" versus a hard "r" make a difference? And so on. But the notion of extending its generally strict proscription to "Negro" seems more calisthenic than progressive.

Among other things, its usage persists in hallowed names such as the United Negro College Fund and the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum. The precursor organization to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (note the outdated "Colored" even there) was the National Negro Committee.

Are we going to decide that only Black people, or Black institutions, can say "Negro"? Whenever non-Black people read from or refer to the wide-ranging, crucial and noble historiography of Black America, within which people — Black, white and otherwise — used the word constantly, will they have to euphemize because of some blanket prohibition? "Negro" was, for example, a default expression in the writings and speeches of Martin Luther King Jr. Must we place it out of bounds any time a non-Black person recites or refers to King's words?



So here is even the affront at the use of "colored people." It is not my part to decide what labels are or are not insulting. My point is objection to the notion of taking words out of everyday



usage, because of a groups' hurt feelings.

Yes, hurtful words are to be avoided, freedom of speech notwithstanding. So, if unpleasant names, or labels are restricted, what about cursing? Epithets hurt my feelings. Can thin-skinned, like me, ask that cursing be banned too? Or can there be instances, where say, one has been wronged, or victimized that justify addressing the perpetrator as "you dumb muthafucka"? See where limits, however hurtful is defined are difficult, if not impossible.



Ought we think of the labels we use for people as being descriptors which can vary depending on situation, circumstances, relationships? Further these common labels often portray favoritism, or negativism, whether, or not we appreciate the suggestion. Are "the N word", negro, colored people degrees of this labeling? Some more hurtful than others, but entirely similar in object.

So, here I find myself, perplexed, unjustifiably restrained, strongly suggested that I not say the very words, Spike Lee's actors say with glee, or rage, anytime they choose.





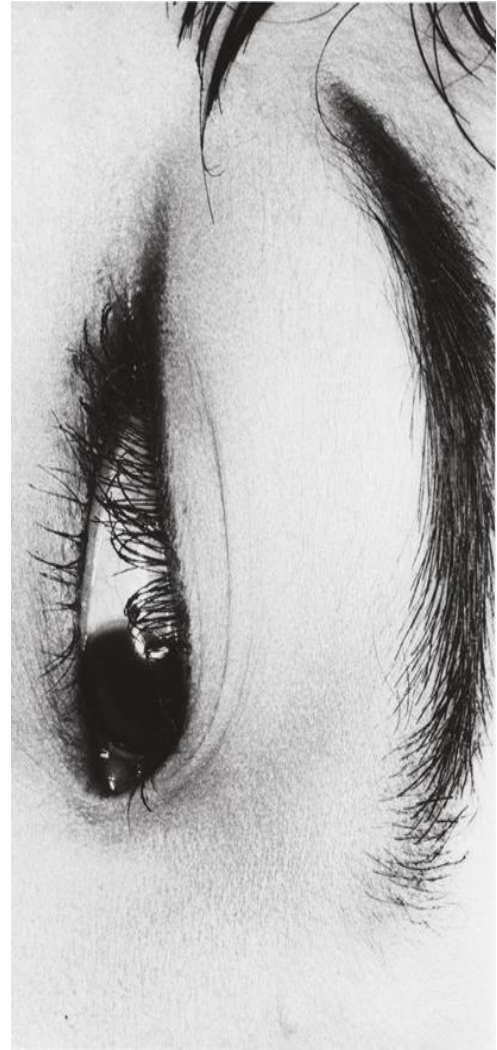
By Ed Zillioux

What is time? In this essay, I will try to answer this, borrowing input from the writings of two physicists, Stephen Hawking and Carlo Rovelli, and merging ideas from both classical physics and quantum mechanics. I also want to acknowledge my friend, Sara Morsani, whose comments on an earlier draft have improved the final.

Can time be considered apart from anything else? No, time is relational. We can only speak of time in relation to something else. Time is not a thing. It is neither a solid, a liquid, nor a gas. Things change only in relation to other things, and it is in this sense that we experience the passage of time. Or, more correctly, the notion of time passing.

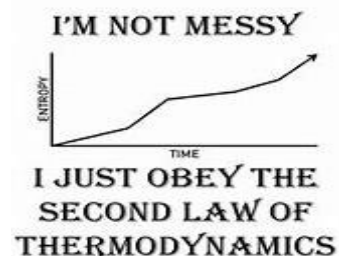
This is only possible at the macro scale of everyday experience. We look at our watch and we “see” that time is passing. Obviously, this is important to track our everyday activities. But we do not “see” time. At the micro scale, that is at the level of quantum theory, time does not exist. Time is not a factor in any of the equations that define quantum mechanics. But we don’t dwell in the micro scale so why, you might ask, is this important? My answer would be, it is important if you want to understand the world. We don’t exist separate from the quantum level, the micro

level of quanta and fields, we are a part of it all. We and everything around us in this macro world are averages of innumerable variables of microscopic particles and fields which, collectively, make up the underpinnings of the world we experience. From all of this, time emerges. Time is an emergent phenomenon that does not exist at the quantum level, yet is an essential part of our everyday life. We dwell in time and rely on it to pace the activities and the goals of our lives.



Common time, or the time of our experience, is directional and irreversible. This is the “arrow of time,” or, more definitively, the “thermodynamic arrow of time” that always moves forward, never backward. And, as it moves, it produces or dissipates heat. It is this heat and only this heat that distinguishes the passage of time, that distinguishes the past from the future. In accordance with the second law of thermodynamics, entropy increases as heat is produced. The quantity of heat that dissipates with the passage of time, or the amount of increase in entropy, is information that we do not have. Time is information that we do not have. Time is our ignorance.

$$\Delta S \geq 0$$



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Tcpalm 01-28-22

Ask yourself: Is it censorship or simply common sense and decency?

I was reading through some news feeds recently and came across an article with a link to the National Coalition Against Censorship. The title piqued my curiosity, so I clicked on the link and read their statement they posted in December 2021. Among other things, the NCAC claims that "an organized political attack on books in schools threatens the education of America's children."



So, I asked myself what kind of education are they claiming is being threatened? Based on what I've physically looked at and read, I'm not sure we have the same definition of "education." Books that include inappropriate content, pornography, divisive rhetoric, and agenda driven theories doesn't fall under my definition. Also, the books being challenged do contain all of the above and are conditioning our children to become prey to those with evil intent.

I am a firm believer in First Amendment rights and want to protect all our freedoms. However, the majority of these books in question cross the line. Schools have been usurping the authority of parents for decades and are allowing any and all subjects to be accessible to all children — regardless of age or grade.

It should be no surprise to anyone when you look at the organizations, publishers and agencies, bookstores, and individuals supporting the position of the NCAC. I am pleased to see our local bookstore isn't on the list.

The irony is the NCAC wants to "censor" the parents while they claim books should not be "censored" from children in our public schools.

Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive.

Karen Hiltz, Sebastian

Rep. Overdorf proposes 15-week ban on abortion adopted by Mississippi

State Rep. Toby Overdorf is all in on the new anti-abortion law before the Florida House of Representatives. In a race to the bottom, the Florida legislator is considering a law based on the proposed Mississippi law banning abortions after 15 weeks with no exceptions for rape or incest. That Florida lawmakers would consider copying a law from the state of Mississippi which is 50th in the country in infant mortality and proclaim that they want to protect the unborn is ridiculous.

Rep. Overdorf's district aide Joey Planz said, "Toby's constituents want to protect the unborn." If Toby really wanted to protect the unborn he would improve health care in the state of Florida. He could make sure Planned Parenthood gets funding so low-income women could get reproductive health care. He could promote Medicaid expansion which would provide healthcare to over 400,000 Floridians including children. But no. He wants to follow Mississippi's lead in a race to the bottom.

To the people who voted for Toby Overdorf on the premise that he would protect the unborn, wake up! Protecting the unborn is not banning abortion — it is providing quality health care and prescription drug coverage for all Floridians, the poor included.

Rosemary Westling, Jensen Beach

to: Letters to the Editor, Stuart News

email: treasurecoastnewspapers@gannett.com

February 7, 2022

Good Times on Colorado Ave.

Clay Kanzler, curator/owner of the RCK Gallery, 614 s. Colorado, Stuart Fl 34994 has gifted the community and more specifically our Colorado Ave. neighborhood with several musical events celebrating show openings in his gallery.

This recent Friday evening beneath a bright white tent in front of the gallery tables and chairs were set up and a really good trio of keyboard, drums, and Frank Sinatra impersonator entertained gallery guests. The generosity of Clay Kanzler goes further to offer his guests complimentary champagne and hors d'oeuvres. The gathering was boisterously enjoying the total event.

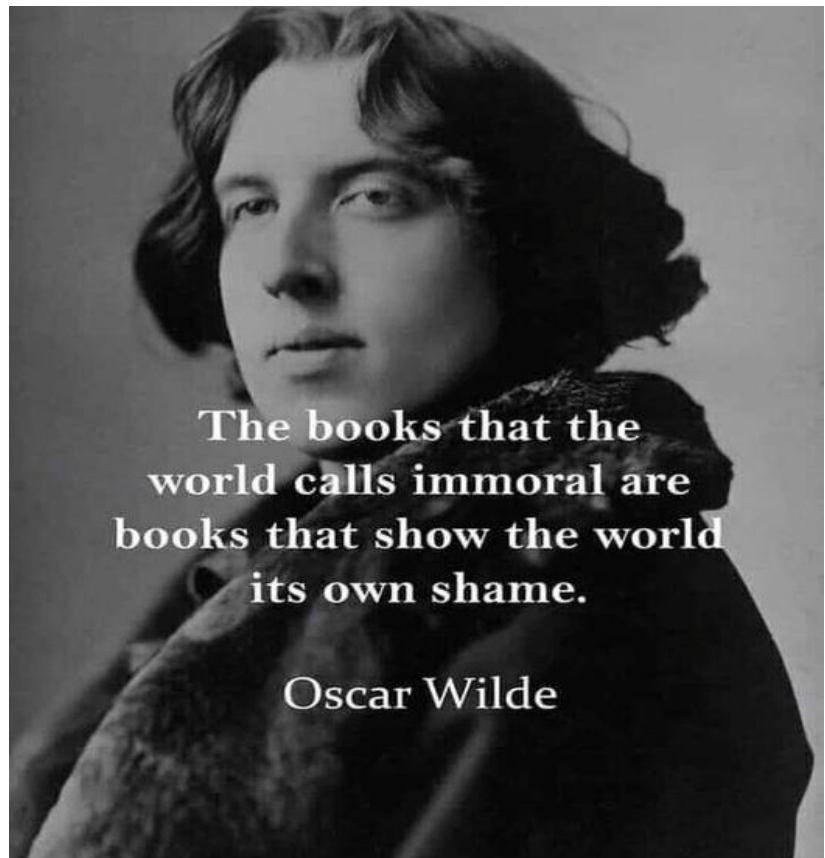
Coincidentally, just up the street, Roasted Record was featuring its' own musical event. Exotic dancers on five-foot stilts strode by contributing to, not intending to exaggerate, a veritable festival on Colorado.

For his immeasurable generosity Clay Kanzler was fined by the Stuart Zoning Board \$250 for his tent over the sidewalk. Please, City of Stuart, can we find better means to support activities such as this and the good times it brings to our fair city?

Robert Mautz

year-round resident

within walking distance of the event



THE WAY WE WERE

Martin County Marches ...

MLK Day &









"Don't Say 'Gay' Rapid Response" Protest.







SPELUNKAHOLIC

By Ed Zillioux

PART ONE

It all started when I took a month-long course radio isotopes and research at Oak Ridge Associated Universities. A friend at my National Science Foundation funding source had told me I should check out the spelunking group at the Oak Ridge Biology and Environmental Lab, and I might be able to join one of their caving trips. I was already scheduled for a meeting with the Chief Scientist at the biology branch near the end of my first week, so getting a proper introduction was easy.

The leader of the cavers was a geologist named Gene who had long been studying the geological formations beneath the Oak Ridge area. Based on the flow of underground rock strata shown on seismological charts, he had been convinced that there should be a breakthrough from a cave system to the surface in a hilly pasture area ten to twenty miles to the west.



Acting on his hunches, he had recently driven out with Charlie, one of his caving buddies from the lab, and found the main area of interest was virtually covered by pasture belonging to a large dairy farm. He asked the farmer who greeted him if there were any sink holes on his property. The old man said there was and gave him permission to have a look at it, as long as he replaced the logs and brush that prevented his cows from stumbling into it.

Gene dropped a chain ladder he had brought along into the sink hole, and he and Charlie soon found themselves in a large, nearly circular room with an airflow traced to a small opening beneath a ridge of rock about a foot above the floor. It offered a crawl space at best. Determined to see if this might provide access to a larger cave system, the two lit their carbide lamps attached to their hardhats and squeezed into the opening. They crawled on their bellies for about thirty feet and were rewarded when their crawl space opened up into a huge chamber. Having found what he had hoped for, Gene turned back to plan a proper push into what he

thought was a virgin cave. Before leaving the property, he stopped at the main house and talked to the old farmer to get his permission to return. The conversation was cordial and he learned that he was talking to the farmer who originally homesteaded the property many years back. So, the deal was made that he would return on the following Saturday.



Back at the lab, Gene was showing me the seismological chart, tracing the flow of the rock layers and explaining how he determined where the access to the cave should be. He had already invited me to join his spelunking group for the next day's push of the new cave. To say I was excited would be a wild understatement. I had never been in a proper cave before, and my first time was to be in one never before explored!

The next day, Gene, Carl, and Charlie picked me up at my hotel and we headed out into the Appalachian foothills. Nearly an hour later we were climbing up a steep dirt road when Gene announced we were almost there. A short distance earlier we noticed a dead chicken hanging from a tree bordering the road. There were some strange people living around here. I half expected to hear the sound of a banjo.

Nevertheless, the excitement of the moment was all about the cave, which blotted out everything else. Soon we had made our presence known, cleared access to the sinkhole and were at the



bottom of the entrance pit igniting our carbide lamps and adjusting our other gear. It was then that we noticed a writing on the wall, possibly scratched in with a lump of coal: *HENRY MILLER 1914*. Carl remarked that at that time they were still using oil-wick lamps.

The crawl space was tighter than I had imagined from Gene's earlier description of it. I had to turn my hardhat sideways to avoid getting stuck. When we emerged from the entrance, we were standing on a ledge that separated upper and lower sections of the cave with a small stream of water flowing in the lower section beneath us. We followed the ledge for about 100 feet where the lower stream was diverted and the ridge, we were walking on ended in a huge room that required our rappelling down to explore the bottom. Hearing a dripping of water ahead, I went around a large ceiling-to-floor structure which had an opening to a small circular chamber that held water like bowl, allowing the barest of space to walk around the bowl, right in the middle of which was a constant dripping of water. It was mesmerizing! I have never before nor since seen such a beautiful, contemplative sight. I felt I could stay crouched on the rim of that bowl forever. But it was soon (far too soon) announced that it was time to move on.

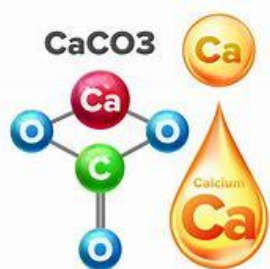


The main cave took a right-angle curve, continuing on in a much narrower passage.

I should take time to point out that there is an ethical protocol that all responsible cavers follow. First, never leave anything behind. For example, all cavers carry a small plastic bag to carry



out the ash from the spent calcium carbide used to fuel their carbide lamps. Second, never disturb any cave formation. Stalactites and stalagmites are structures that grow over thousands of years. When they ultimately reach and fuse, they are called stalagnates. Stalactites begin as fine tubes called appropriately soda straws. They are very brittle and should not be touched. They typically have a drop of water at their tip which carries the calcium carbonate, the precipitation of which



constructs the larger formations. Some cavers are so adamant about not changing anything that they will not even disturb that drop of water. And, of course, no writing on cave walls – we'll have to forgive that chap from 1914 who probably just didn't know any better.

In order to continue through the right turn taken by the cave, we had to climb back up using the line we rappelled down on. That done, we came to the entrance of the narrow passage and found another scratched message, *HENRY MILLER 1914*.

we started single-file through the passage that continued for perhaps miles on a repetitive zig-zag course. I say perhaps because we never finished it. Finally, Gene said that, as much as we might want to continue indefinitely, we should set a time limit

at which we agree to turn around. So, it was agreed that when we reach the end of the first hour when we embarked on the zig-zag passage, we turn back. All agreed, and at that hour, we were met with one last message: *HENRY MILLER 1914*. Quite obviously, he had continued on with only an oil wick lamp to guide him.

On the way back, just before climbing back into that crawl space, Gene reached across a shelf and retrieved a small stalagmite that had long ago been broken from its base (by Henry Miller?). He handed it to me and said, "Here, you can keep this as a memento of your first caving trip. Since it was already broken, it's fair game." I was of course delighted, and today, over fifty years later, I still have it.

When we finally left the cave, we made one last stop at the farmer's house to pay our respects and to keep on good terms with the old man so Gene would be welcomed back for future caving trips. We told the farmer about finding the messages left in 1914 and to our surprise, he started talking, as though it just happened yesterday. "Oh yeah, that was my cousin Henry. He sure had a good time. Couldn't stop him from talking about it. We thought he was never going to come out."





"race" is a loose classification of physical characteristics

From "*Dust Tracks on a Road*" (1942) by Zora Neale Hurston:

There could be something wrong with me because I see Negroes neither better nor worse than any other race. Race pride is a luxury I cannot afford. There are too many implications

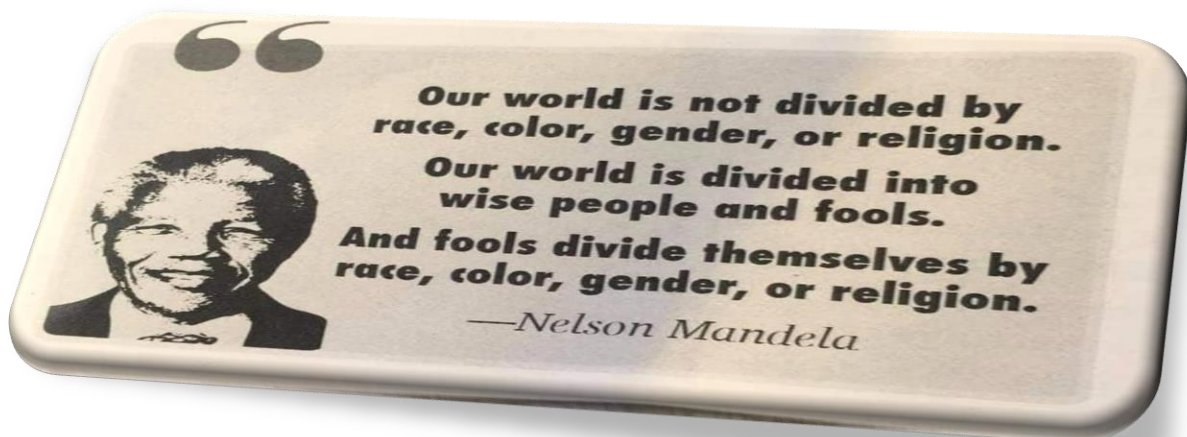
behind the term. Now, suppose a Negro does something really magnificent, and I glory, not in the benefit to mankind, but in the fact that the doer was a Negro. Must I not also go hang my head in shame when a member of my race does something execrable? If I glory, then the obligation is laid upon me to blush also. I do glory when a Negro does something fine, I gloat because he or she has done a fine thing, but not because he was a Negro. That is incidental and accidental. It is the human achievement which I honor. I execrate a foul act of a Negro but again not on the grounds that the doer was a Negro, but because it was foul. A member of my race just happened to be the fouler of humanity. In other words, I know that I cannot accept responsibility for thirteen million people. Every tub must sit on its own bottom regardless.

So "Race Pride" in me had to go. And anyway, why should I be proud to be a Negro? Why should anybody be proud to be white? Or yellow? Or red? After all, the word "race" is a loose classification of physical characteristics. It tells nothing about the insides of people. Pointing at achievements tells nothing either. Races have never done anything. What seems race achievement

is the work of individuals. The white race did not go into a laboratory and invent incandescent light. That was Edison. The Jews did not work out Relativity. That was Einstein. The Negroes did not find out the inner secrets of peanuts and sweet potatoes, nor the secret of the development of the egg. That was Carver and Just. If you are under the impression that every white man is an Edison, just look around a bit. If you have the idea that every Negro is a Carver, you had better take off plenty of time to do your searching.

No, instead of Race Pride being a virtue, it is a sapping vice. It has caused more suffering in the world than religious opinion, and that is saying a lot.

"Race Conscious" is about the same as Race Pride in meaning. But, granting the shade of difference, all you say for it is, "Be continually conscious of what race you belong to so you can be proud." That is the effect of the thing. But what use is that? I don't care which race you belong to. If you are only one quarter honest in your judgment, you can seldom be proud. Why waste time keeping conscious of your physical aspects? What the world is crying and dying for at this moment is less race consciousness. The human race would blot itself out entirely if it had any more. It is a deadly explosive on the tongues of men. I choose to forget it.

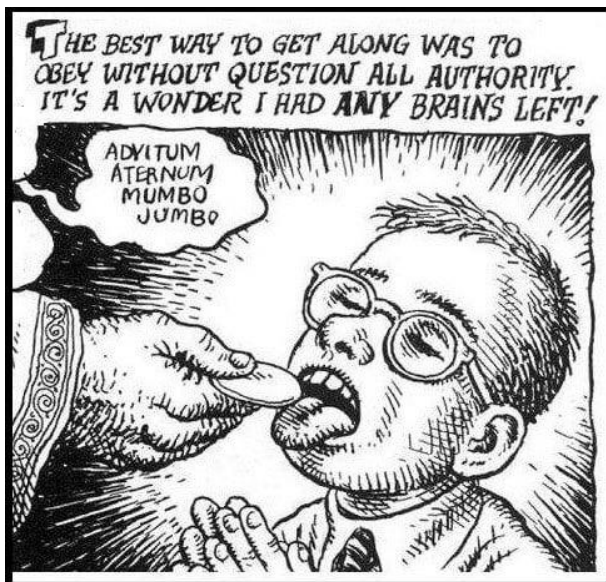


An Epiphany of Heresy

Or, Stick Pascal's Wager up your skinny, pious ass

By Virgil Thorp

I do not recall actually, officially, irredeemably, Horatio-at-the-bridgedly, declaring for all to hearedly, that I no longer worshipped the family superstition. A proclamation that I had left the tribe and crossed over to a dark side. That I, like Adam and his bitch Eve, had eaten the sinfully sweet, taboo apple from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and found my dick felt good when I stroked it. Conversely, I have no doubt, that if I were female, I would also enjoy mellow manipulation of those delightfully welcoming genitals. The so-called origin of sin.



Declaring that a fear of eternal damnation in a fiery pit was my reward for sin was beyond ludicrous. The perpetual bonus for becoming what I found I had become, a fucking heretic. I stopped believing those quaint notions about a sky demon watching and lurking about to see me pee, shit, masturbate or peek through the crack of the bathroom door while my sister sat nakedly in her bath.

There was not a clear delineation from saved to Satan worshiper because the notion of Satan was just as silly as the Zeus, Baal,

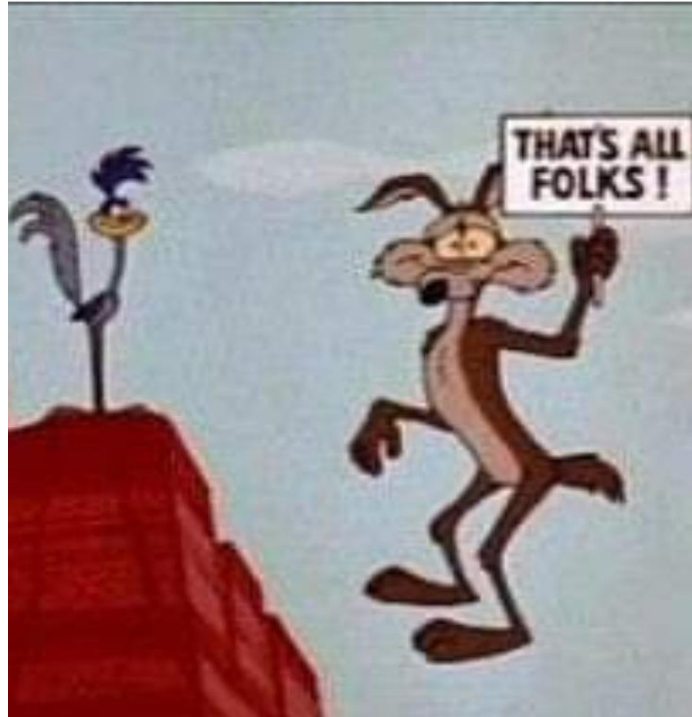
Odin, Jehovah, Yahweh, Zarathustra, Jupiter, Quetzalcoatl and all the other behavioral proctors to make sure I kept my hands to myself and only touched the naughty parts when I washed them.

The indoctrinated shame and resultant guilt almost turned my brain into mush as it had with so many others of my generation. We had received an education written by Norman Vincent Peale, Yoda and Edgar Cayce. Their belief in the power of prayer and positive thinking was like a Looney Tunes feature.

Something to long for, but for me, to laugh at like I do when Wile E. Coyote falls through the canyon walls and sploges, auger-like, into the stony ground.

The Pandora fable explaining mankind's ailments was much easier to comprehend than the reality of uterine cancer as it hungrily selected a favorite female relative to painfully murder each year. This year Aunty Em, last year Grandma Kate, the year before, Sister June. The screaming question is; if *all* is from – or by – god, why did the son-of-a-bitch give metastatic uterine cancer to Aunty Em? I visited her. I held her hand. We fucking prayed together for a benevolent, miracle physician to touch her, to cure her. To use his finger to mystically cleanse her from the pain and agony that was not a gift, that was not a blessing, but was a malicious growth, her body turning upon itself, slowly taking her life and her joy.

Was it a punishment? What had she done to deserve the dismal result of this malignant pap smear? Surely her metaphysical God would hear her prayer and respond. He had said he would often



enough. The priests all agreed that he would. Indeed, there was a brief glimpse of hope and relief but that only lasted as long as the morphine did.

It was cruelly suggested by Aunty Em's pastor that the illness was a test of her faith. How unjust. How immoral. And just how sick do you have to fucking be to conclude that Aunty Em's god had a holy reason for everything. It made me want to kick him in his holy nuts ... and her god too.

I was 6 years old when I was terrified into subliminally accepting Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior.

For the next 15 years I was taught to detest anyone who wasn't just like me. To embrace arrogance and bigotry. To hate atheists, scientists, homosexuals, and even other Christians. I was constantly reminded that I was worthless and full of sin and that I deserved to burn. I was always groveling and asking forgiveness.

The greatest choice I ever made in this life was to lift that horrible burden off of me and set myself free.

This I know for sure: Evil is real ... and its name is Christianity.

What is our reality? It does not, in any way, seem like a "Bells of St. Mary's" feel good story, does it. Does any magic reside in your precious saint Christopher medal? Because, really, it is only an impotent talisman that is destined to miserably fail no matter how fervently you declare your trust and conviction. Our lives are like a werewolf horror movie. Even when your family shrieks and prays that the horrors of life can be overcome by

faith, you can feel the ripping and tearing of your virginity. Your prepuce trimmed for the whim of a capricious, cranky supreme being. To be ravished with the enigmatic concept of psychotic purity.

There is a curious impulse that individuals can be programmed like robots or trained like lab rats and Pavlovian dogs. We human

beings are neither, but we are susceptible to the same conditioning. In a way it is like Abe Lincoln's maxim of; fool all the people some of the time, fool some of the people all the time, but not able to fool *all* the people *all* the time. Maybe that is because the world is real and not a fairytale of stars and the constellations that prehistoric man thought look like objects, which are not on a flat geometric plane, but appeared to be just beyond reach. It is a breathtaking revelation, very much like a Stanley Kubrick Simian ancestor discovering the pleasure of harmonic sounds.

This is not a rejection of B.F. Skinner. This is not a repudiation of Lovelace and Babbage. This is not a homage to Timothy Leary or to Albert Hofmann (although I do hold Hofmann's name in a reverence that may or may not have once been occupied by Jesus and the rest of his multi-schizophrenic personalities). It may be a tip of the hat to revolutionary philosopher and the man the governor of South Dakota once called "the most dangerous man in the state!" I speak of one Donald J. St. Clair, ostensibly my mentor, and certainly an erstwhile figure. My personal professor Pangloss for comparison – more Satan than saint – but one of a cast of characters who aided my confrontation with the false reality presented by organized religion and supported by bourgeois Babbittry.

It was through those revolutionary aids that I learned what it was that made no sense. It was A long journey into many nights of discovery. An attempt to deal with the visceral pain reality served despite a parent's ill-advised – and ultimately forlorn – intent and desire to shield their children from the harshness of a life. A life that the logical positivism of existence condemns we human beings to wallow in.

I was ready to learn what I was feeling. I was ready to explore the conditions that were there all along, waiting for me to see, feel and hear. Yes, I did take off the old glasses, the tinted glasses that cast a warm glow obscuring suppression and inequality. I saw that all was contrived, all was merely illusion to confuse a person. And, when I figured that out, I realized I did not have to slaughter every obnoxious kid and snooty cheerleader who had crushed my delicate ego in high school. The epiphany was explosive. Quickly, a furious shudder. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* (i.e., Latin: 'after this, therefore because of this'). A definitive causation through correlation. And, quickly, like an orgasm, the paroxysm passed.

Breath is exhaled and the brain experiences a momentary calm. I was able to savor what it was that I despised about piety. It was the stark epiphany that being a redeemed believer was no different than being a poor unrefined native who had been persuaded to sacrifice virgins to an angry volcano god in joyful ignorance.

In an afterglow of fulfillment, I realized that coming out as a converted atheist to a devoutly Christian family was as equal as a Christianized heathen coming out to a spiritually pagan family. Sort of like Algebra, an equation. Disappointment equals disappointment. So, I did not tell them. They did not ask and I

Dad: Son, would you like to offer a prayer before our meal?

Son: Gosh, sure dad!

Son:

Son: Persephone, maiden of spring, queen of hades, mistress of the pomegranate, bring unto me a lover whose loins are fruitful like the ripened oranges of Valencia, and whose phallus could shame the boastful centaur. Amen.

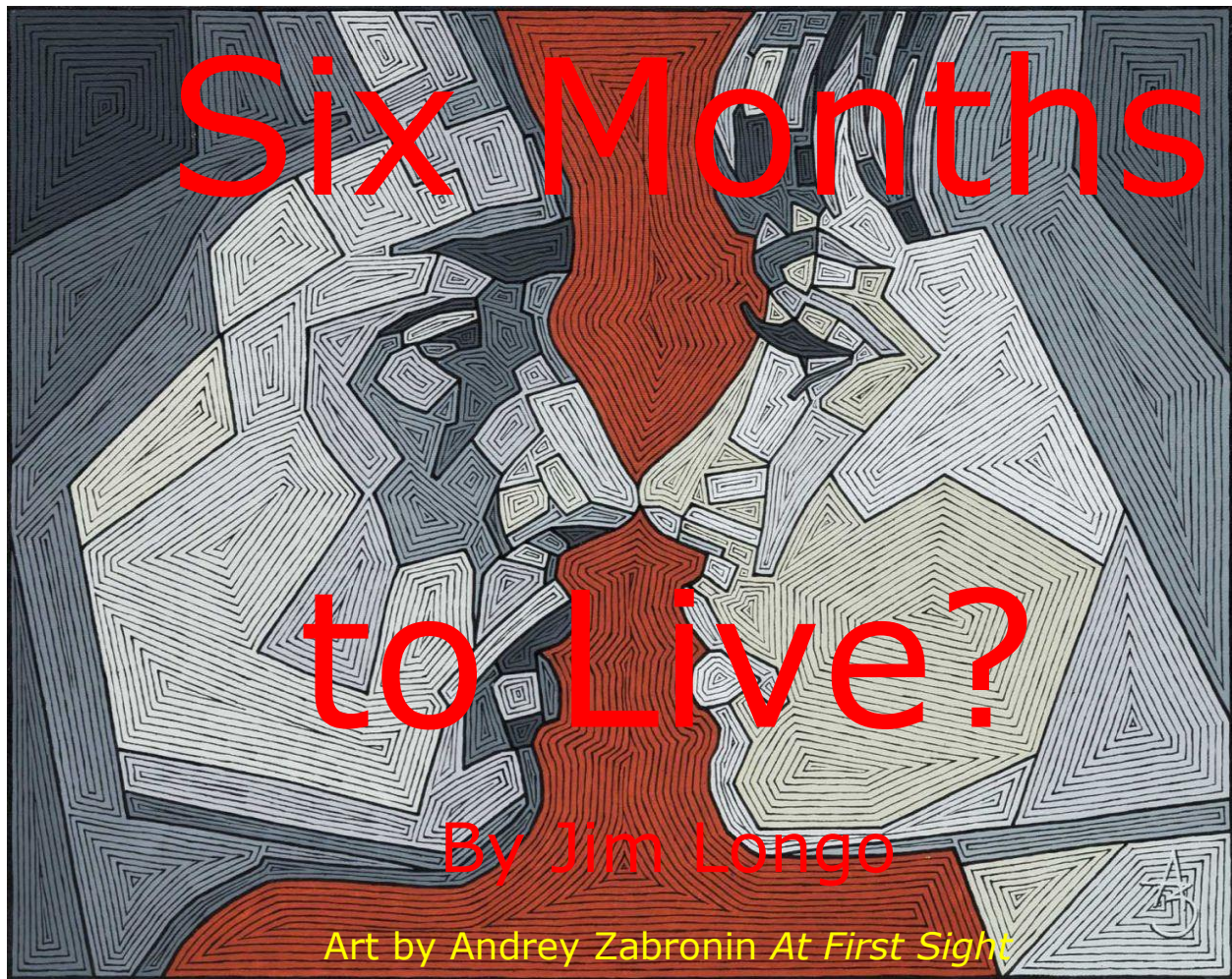


truly believe they were scared of what would come out of my mouth if they asked me to say grace at thanksgiving.

The epiphany is, does it really matter? Do you know what I am talking about? If that accomplishment escapes you, you just need to strike yourself in the forehead with a ballpeen hammer a trifle bit more sharply. And please, as a favor to me and my dead female relatives, refrain from drinking your own urine.



PROSE



"Your life can change in a moment," Jack said, sitting on the back porch staring at the woods.

"What are you talking about now, my little enigma?" Jill said joining him on the porch.

"Words, sentences, actions, you never see them coming, maybe in hindsight you should, but we are all caught up in the tediousness of our daily life. We rarely realize that a life changing moment is on the way."

"You usually have me out in left field when we start these conversations, but this morning I think I'm sitting in the bleachers facing the wrong way staring at the parking lot."

"The other day, I was talking to Stanley he came home from working late as usual, and Judith told him, "I'm leaving and want a divorce."

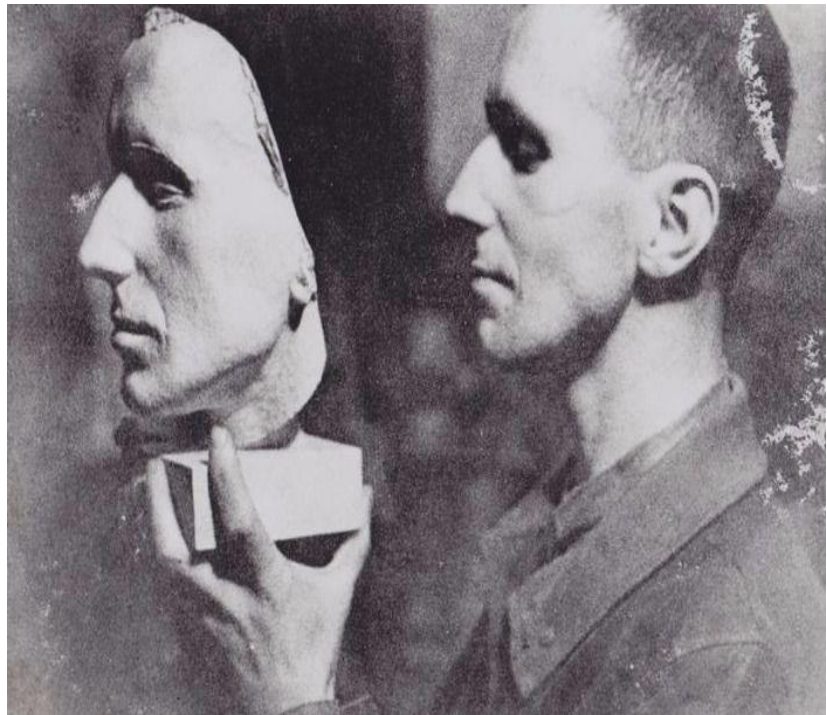
"So what's the point? They are not my favorite people anyway."

"He's totally devoted to her."

"Something's wrong there. I don't know what it is, but something is wrong," Jill said.

"But you miss the key point, six lousy words and a night relaxing at home becomes a life changing event."

"Crap happens," Jill said, sounding a little callous.



"The other day at work a guy comes in and he is a little broken up."

"So I ask him what's wrong, and he tells me he went in for his yearly physical, two weeks and hundred tests later they tell him he has six months to live."

"That's the way the cookie crumbles," Jill said.

"But think about it, this guy's life is motoring along and bam out of nowhere it is pretty much over, and all it took was six lousy words, "You have six months to live."

"No it didn't, the news took six lousy words, the change had already happened. He just didn't know it."

"Look at my own life, "You're fired," I wrestled with that for three weeks and all it was, was two lousy words,"

"And a life changing event," Jill said watching the squirrel attack the bird feeder.

"Or was it just a moment and everything else was my psyche dealing with that moment."

"So what's your point?"

"All it takes is one sentence to throw our short-term mental health into a canyon, anything from, 'I want a divorce', to 'you only have six months to live', to 'you are fired'."

"There are sentences that can raise your psyche to new heights also," Jill said.

"Like what?"

"I don't know telling someone you love them for the first time. Asking someone to marry you? Getting hired for job you really want,"

"Okay, so do you want to get married?" Jack said to Jill with a sly smirk.

"Okay, let's do it, who are we going to invite, how we going to do this, who can we get to do the ceremony, who is going to stand up for us?" Jill said sounding excited.

"I thought we would just creep down to the courthouse and do it."

"Okay," Jill said sounding suspicious, "What's really up?"

Jack went to get up and as he passed Jill and said, "FYI they only gave me six months to live," and he smiled a sad smile with a tear in his eye and hugged her.

She pushed him away, "You bastard, I want a divorce."

"We're not even married,"

She grabbed him and hugged him tight, and they both laughed through their tears



POETRY

She

She was one of those languid women, made of dark honey, smooth and sweet, and terribly sticky, who take control of a room with a syrupy gesture, a toss of the hair, a single slow whiplash of the eyes and all the while remain as still as the centre of a hurricane, apparently unaware of the force of gravity by which they irresistibly attract themselves the yearnings and the souls of both men and women."

Patrick Süskind, "das Parfum" (1985)

Lisa Fonssagrives

fashion by Bergdorf Goodman, NY
(1939)

Ph: **Horst P. Horst**



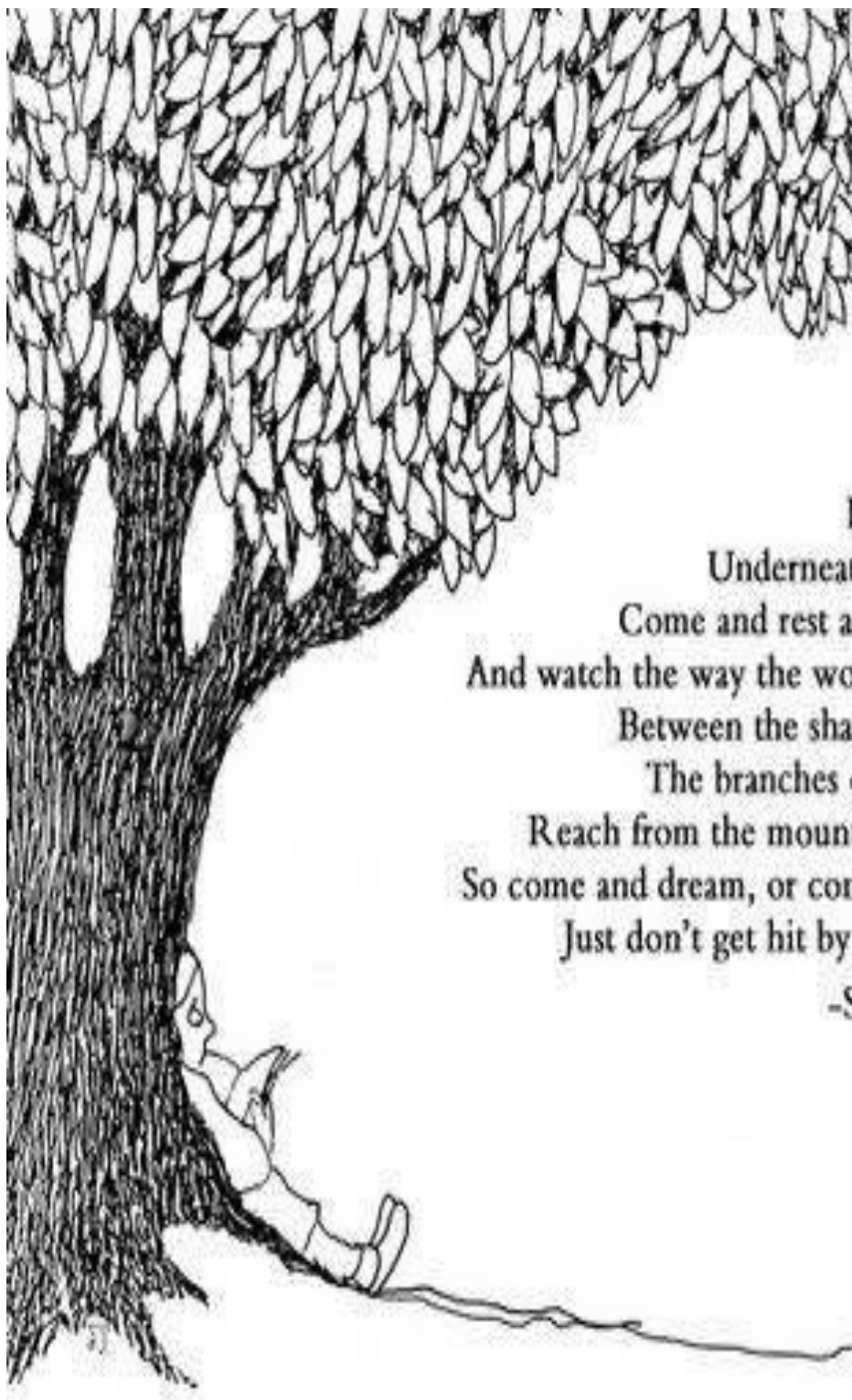
Blueprint

In the attics
of my life
Full of
cloudy dreams;
unreal
Full of tastes
no tongue
can know
And lights
no eye can see
When there was
no ear to hear
You sang to me ...

Studies for *Persephone* (1939)

By Thomas Hart Benton





POET'S TREE

Underneath the poet tree
Come and rest awhile with me,
And watch the way the word-web weaves
Between the shady story leaves.
The branches of the poet tree
Reach from the mountains to the sea.
So come and dream, or come and climb—
Just don't get hit by falling rhymes.

-Shel Silverstein

COMEDY CORNER

How do you start a blog?

By Jim Longo



Avoided starting a Blog mainly because it rhymed with blob, and everybody and their brother had one. Am hoping these writings stimulate me to follow my curiosities, which run through my monkey mind faster than water down an unclogged drain. Am sure my curiosity will lead to many guffawed moments, enlightenment and entertainment which hopefully will make you want to keep coming back and tell your friends.

It was incredibly simple to make a blog. Just Googled best free platform. Hit Wix which came up the best of the bunch. Followed the prompts. Skipped most of them. God only knows what the bleep I did. And before you could say what the bleep did I just do? I have a blog.



What does this blog look like? Haven't a clue. How do I tell people how to find it? I don't even know if I can find it. How do I promote it? Hell, when I find it. I'll let you know. Do I need a domain name? Am sure someone will enlighten me what to do. They say you can make money doing this stuff. Let's be honest, if money can be made, this will somehow cost me more money than I make.

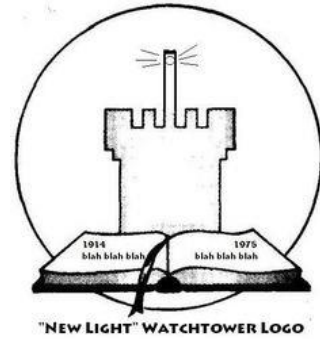
Chose the name, "Things I Want to Know, and Hope You Do Too" because that's the plan. Other titles for the blog were "10,000 Ideas Looking for a Home" and "Thoughts Questions and Ideas from a Dizzy mind."

Guess my next Blog post will be. "Where is my Blog? How do I Find it? What the devil does it look like, and how can I change that?"

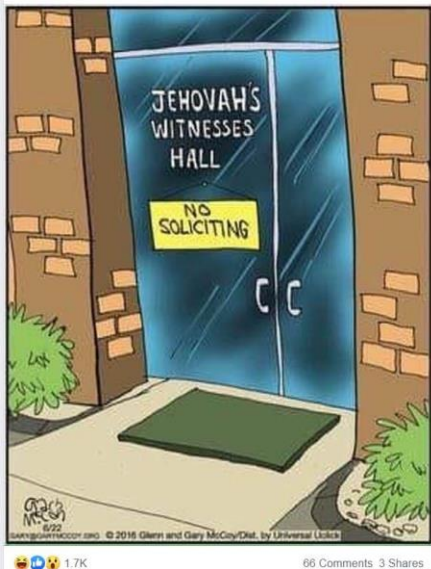


Dear neighbor,

Hello, my name is Lydia and I'm one of your local neighbors. I'm writing to you with some practical good news that we can all use during these stressful times.



It's undeniable that life is challenging, and the scriptures describe it as the last days critical times hard to deal with second Timothy



3: 1-5. Psalm 37:10, 11 provides hope; "just a little while longer and the wicked will be no more... But the meek will possess the earth and they will find exquisite delight in the abundance of peace."

Are you among the many today who have wondered:

"Where can I find hope?"

"Is a fair economic system possible?"

"Should religion be involved in politics?"

Please go to jw.org and scroll down to find satisfying answers to these questions – and much more! No registration, no fees – and excellent videos.

Sincerely,

Lydia

Dear Lydia,

Thank you for your kind letter.
It is nice to know that people care.

Fortunately, as an Odinist –
First Order of the Valkyries, I
do not have a problem with
what you call “stressful” times.
Odin, Ruler of the Gods for all

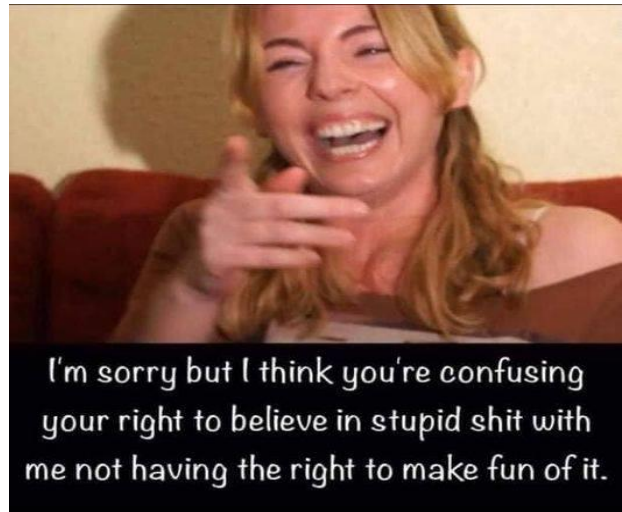
Times, is in charge of Wisdom, Healing, Death, Royalty,
Knowledge, War, Battle, Victory, Sorcery and Poetry amongst his
many Profound Letters. I am able to channel Odin when life gets
hard. I am also the keeper of the Dragons; I have two in my
garage. They keep me too busy to fret about mundane life.

Odin is immortal as are many Gods. However, at one time to
prove how much he loved his disciples, he sacrificed himself for
nine days. Because he is the Ruler of Gods, he spent the time in
Valhalla. There he met and fell deeply in love with Frigg, Queen of
the Valkyries, the deciders of who lives and dies in battle, and the
Keeper of the Dragons. She is also Goddess of Prophecy,
Clairvoyance and Motherhood. Frigg is the most beautiful woman
he had ever laid eyes on. Her flaxen hair, emerald, green eyes
and voluptuous figure were the envy of all. Likewise, Frigg is
smitten with Odin; his muscular arms, golden eyes and long
white beard infatuated her.

lift for
Thor,
learn for
Odin,
love for
Freya,
laugh for
Loki.



Odin and Frigg’s first born is Thor whom
Odin proclaimed to be the God of
Lightning, Thunder, Storms, Sacred
Groves and Trees. They had many more
children (including the dangerous imp
Loki, but that’s another story) but Thor is
their favorite. He grew to be a handsome



I'm sorry but I think you're confusing
your right to believe in stupid shit with
me not having the right to make fun of it.

man with arms strong enough to throw lightning bolts far and wide. His black beard and full mane of hair made him look menacing, but those who know him say that his blazing black eyes always have a twinkle about them (*wink!*).

Thor reached manhood and Odin declared that he be married.

The Dragon in My Garage

Carl Sagan

"A fire-breathing dragon lives in my garage."

"Show me," you say. I lead you to my garage. You look inside and see a ladder, empty paint cans, an old tricycle — but no dragon.

"Where's the dragon?" you ask.

"Oh, she's right here," I reply, waving vaguely. "I neglected to mention that she's an invisible dragon."

You propose spreading flour on the floor of the garage to capture the dragon's footprints.

"Good idea," I say, "but this dragon floats in the air."

Then you'll use an infrared sensor to detect the invisible fire.

"Good idea, but the invisible fire is also heatless."

You'll spray-paint the dragon and make her visible.

"Good idea, but she's an incorporeal dragon and the paint won't stick."

And so on. I counter every physical test you propose with a special explanation of why it won't work.

Now, what's the difference between an invisible, incorporeal, floating dragon who spits heatless fire and no dragon at all?

www.ThinkingIsPower.com

Frigg introduced him to Sif, a Valkyrian Daughter. Thor fell immediately in love with Sif as she with him. Before long they had a daughter, Bruor. She is the most beautiful child in all of the Worlds. She has her mother's golden hair and fair complexion but her father's blazing black eyes. Frigg is so smitten with her first-born grandchild that she declares that she is the Keeper Of The

Dragons and that her female descendants would thereby be designated as such throughout all of time.

Long story short; I am a direct descendant of Bruor. I inherited the two Dragons when I came of age at 18, 50 years ago. They

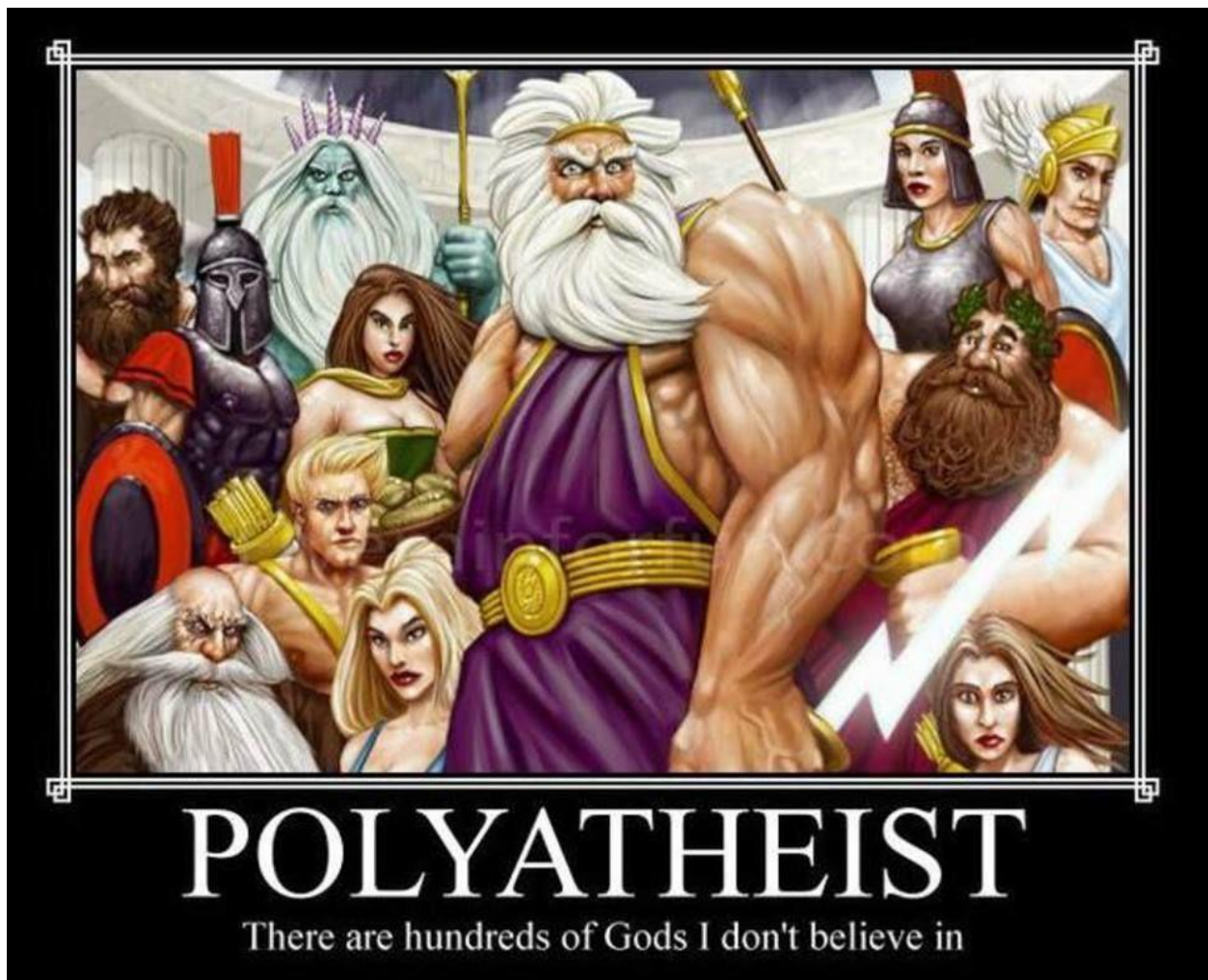
are in my garage, but you cannot see them. Only Valkyrian daughters can.

Again, thank you for your kind words, but you would be so much better off if you just read the Book of Odin.

Bruor's great-great-great-great-great ... great-great-great-great granddaughter,

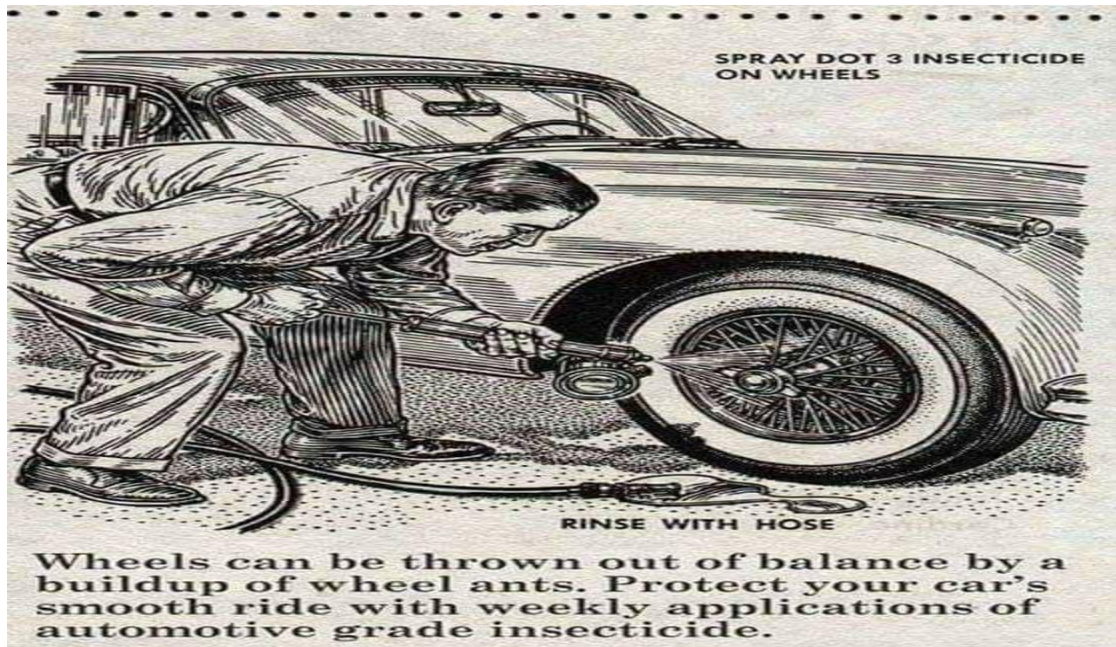
Your neighbor

((**))

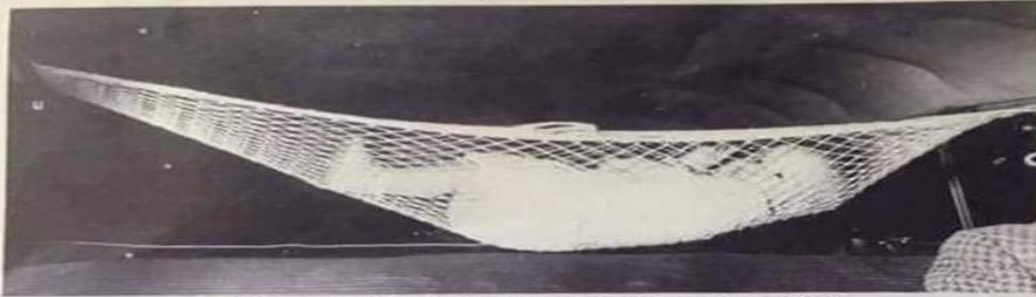


It's a wonder we survived!

A collection of images and ads on a par with the old "cigarettes are good for you" ads! from the past collected by Gale Baker



Keep Baby SAFE with a "Lull-A-Baby" Car Hammock



* Baby constantly visible; rear view vision not impaired.

**SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE CAR BED
EVER MADE**

**FITS ANY HARDTOP CAR
ONE-MINUTE INSTALLATION**

YOU CAN PURCHASE A "LULL-A-BABY" CAR HAM-
MOCK FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR PURCHASE
IT AT 518 Lighthouse Avenue, Monterey, California.

RETAILS FOR ONLY

\$ 6⁹⁵

on the Monterey Peninsula.



Disposing of used engine oil can be a problem. Solution: Dig a hole in the ground with a posthole digger and fill it with fine gravel. Then pour in the oil. It will be absorbed into the ground before your next change. Cover the spot with soil.

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oil-are-go.blogspot.com



FLARE-O-FLAME
Reg. Trademark
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"CUSTOMIZE" YOUR EXHAUST
for only **\$2.**

FITS ANY TAIL PIPE EASY TO INSTALL

THE NEW TAIL PIPE ATTACHMENT THAT GIVES YOUR CAR THAT JET LOOK!

- FIERY RED BY DAY
- FLUORESCENT BY NIGHT FOR ADDED SAFETY
- GIVES YOUR CAR LONGER APPEARANCE
- FLARES OUT ONLY WHILE IN MOTION
- FLEXIBLE, DURABLE NON-INFLAMMABLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FLARE-O-FLAME P. O. Box 1776 Colma, California HR-8

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ Flare-O-Flame tailpipe attachments.
Send cash, check or money order.
(The cost for each is \$2.00 postpaid or \$4.00 per pr.)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone _____ State: _____

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USE CAR'S EXHAUST TO CLEAN CUSHIONS



Using the exhaust gas of the automobile to clean the upholstery is the accomplishment of a recently invented device. An aluminum attachment is fastened to the exhaust pipe and the engine is allowed to idle. As the exhaust gas passes through this device suction is created at the inlet hole. Collected by a nozzle, the dust and dirt are drawn through the hose and expelled into the air at the rear of the car. It is made in three models, for cars of different size.

With the car's engine idling, gas from the exhaust creates a vacuum that cleans the cushions



He'll be in kindergarten

WHEN HER RAMBLER NEEDS ITS FIRST CHASSIS LUBRICATION

He's two. The Rambler's brand-new. He'll be five, most likely, and riding to kindergarten, when the Rambler Classic needs its first lube job*. Meanwhile, it will travel twice as far between engine oil changes as any previous model.

In high school, if he drives this Rambler, it will still have the same Ceramic-Armored muffler and tailpipe. (Should

either rust out, collision damage excepted, free replacement for the original owner will be made by a Rambler dealer. That's guaranteed.)

Sound like the car of a lifetime? It is. The starter and generator are lubricated for life. Rambler Single-Unit construction, with its hundreds of extra welds, stays remarkably free from squeaks and rattles.

And Deep-Dip rustproofing, right up to the roof, makes Rambler the world's most rustproofed car.

Someday there may be a completely service-free car that lasts forever. Today Rambler comes closest. Come get the full story from your Rambler dealer.

*Chassis lubrication lasts 3 years or 33,000 miles, whichever occurs first.

RAMBLER

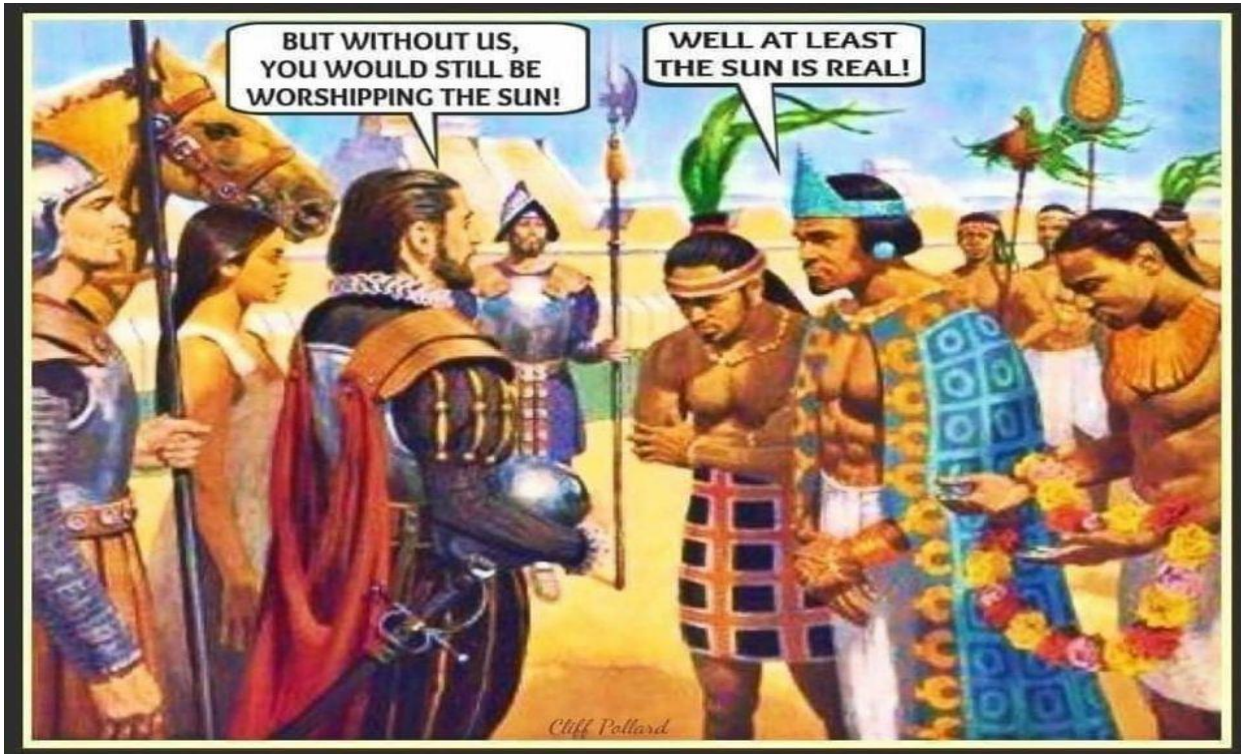
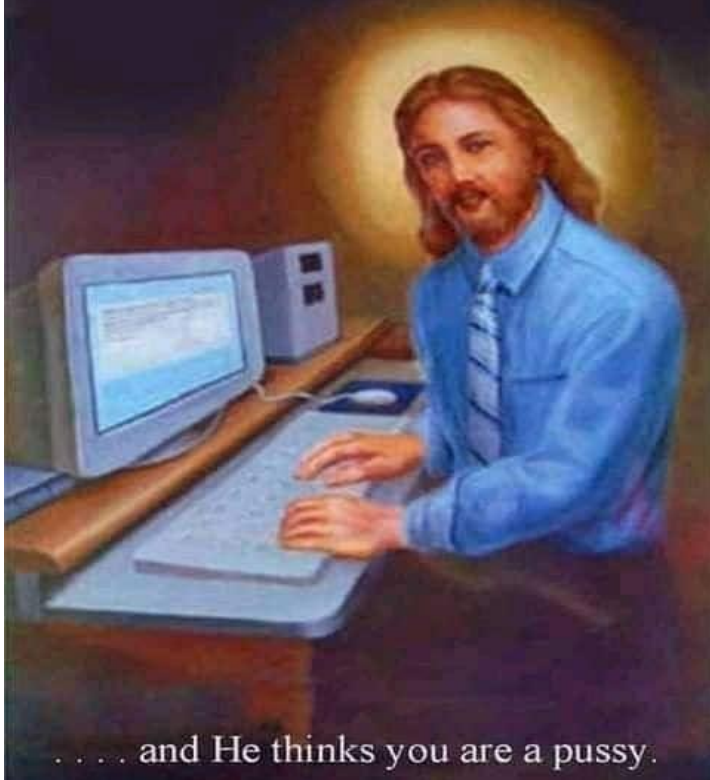
American Motors Means More For Americans

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**YET WE SURVIVED.
MAYBE THERE WERE BETTER
DRIVERS BACK THEN?**

When you write “f*ck” instead of “fuck”,
Jesus knows what you really mean . . .





The next time you hate your life remember, it's all about perspective. I have a friend who has sex 2-3 times a day, exercises twice a day, reads 2 books a week and yet complains about how much he hates prison.

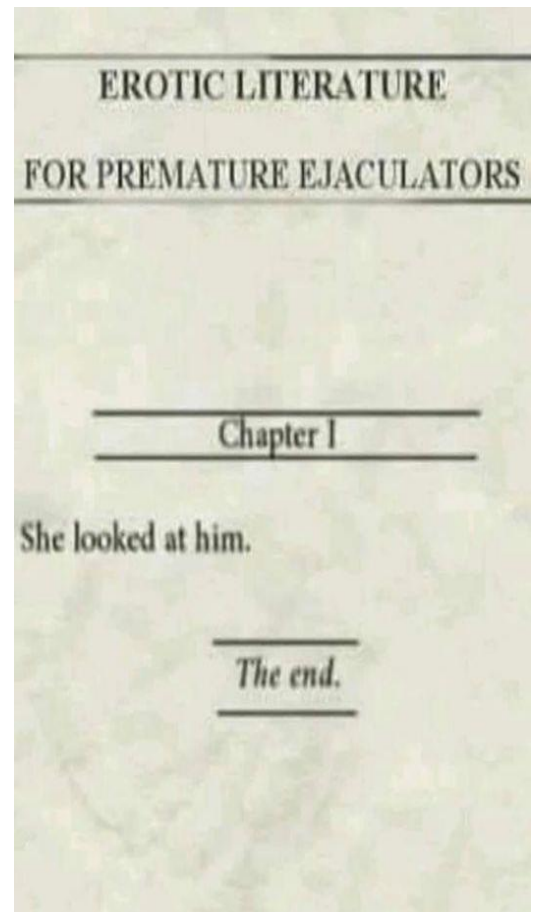
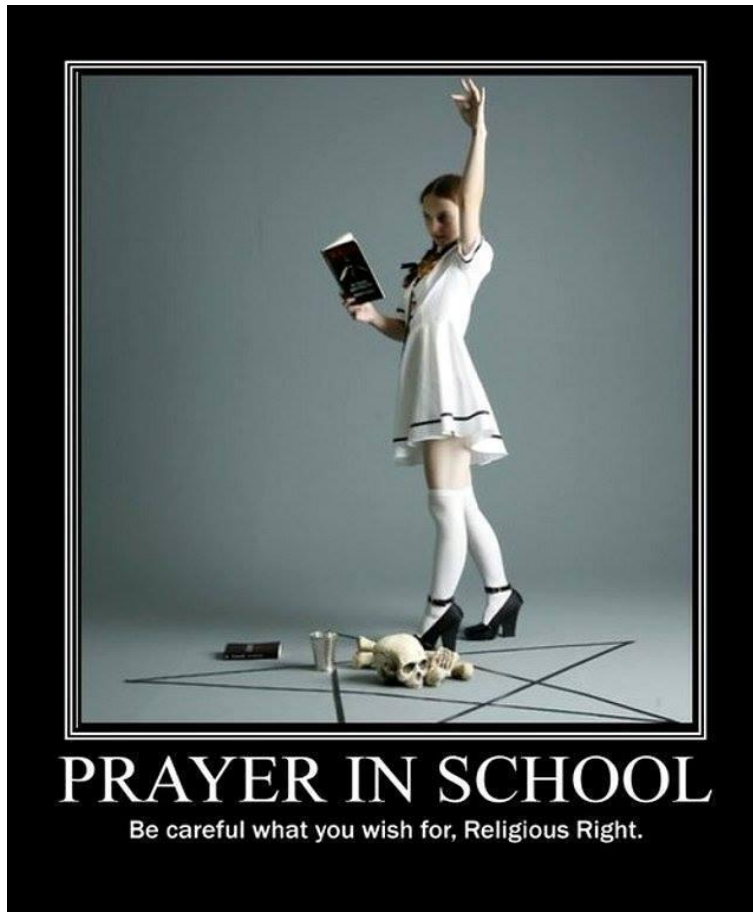
Missionary positions



TOM GAULD

NewScientist





That's Kinky

Posted on [January 11, 2022](#) by [tengrain](#)

Peter Doocy seems to think he is in some sort of Sub-Dom relationship with Jenn Psaki, it's the only explanation for this lowly worm's bottomless thirst to be publicly humiliated by a strong woman:



Fox News' Doocy: "I'm triple-vaxed ... You're triple-vaxed, still got COVID. Why is the president still referring to this as a pandemic of the unvaccinated?" WH Press Sec. Psaki: "You are 17x more likely to go to the hospital if you're unvaccinated, 20x more likely to die."

"Hurt me some more, Mistress Psaki!" he didn't moan.

Beatles White Album 50th Anniversary T Shirts

\$99.99 plus \$5.95 Shipping & Handling



The bible has a problem with one of the following:

Genocide



Rape



Lobster



Slavery



Can you guess which one?

@TheGodless-Nord



'Inspiring sermon. I've never heard bigotry sound so virtuous.'



When someone tells me they're a Christian, I ask:

Classic Jesus or Republican Jesus?

