

AOTCJournal

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

Vol.7, No.4

July / August 2022

In this issue:

Introduction	2
AOTC Members	6
Meetings & Events	7
Commentary	24
Articles	44
The Way We Were	63
Fiction & Poetry	76
Comedy Corner	86

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

INTRODUCTION

EEEEK!!!!!! It Moved!

Mid-2022 Reflections



Welcome to the July-August AOTC Journal. We've passed the summer solstice and the year is half over. The only certainty is that we have the rest of 2022 to experience.

This is what we have to look forward to. We will have inflation, we will have disease, and a pandemic that refuses to listen to reason and leave. We will have pestilence, we will have headlines like these:

Republicans are determined to shackle Biden and to immiserate working people

The people can't be trusted to choose liberal democracy

Opinion

A Kansas community confronts generations of trauma by marking 129-year-old lynching

[Congrats, Texas GOP! You're Officially A Seditious Cult](#)

It's the Fascism Stupids! Texas Republican platform rejects the legitimacy of Biden's election while pushing guns, hate.

Changes in the jet stream
are steering autumn rain
away from southeast
Australia

Trump allies 'aghast' that Kimberly Guilfoyle got paid \$60k for three minute 'Stop the Steal' speech

[Armed 'Stop White Replacement' Mob Descends On Juneteenth Festival](#)

The last headline refers to the picture at the headline of this intro. Such information does not lead to resolve. Depending on the size

of the font, it is a test of our resiliency. Half full and half empty are merely relative notions. The question is, “is it all going to hell ... or is it merely a distraction?

Manufactured hysteria

GOP Coup Distraction Bingo

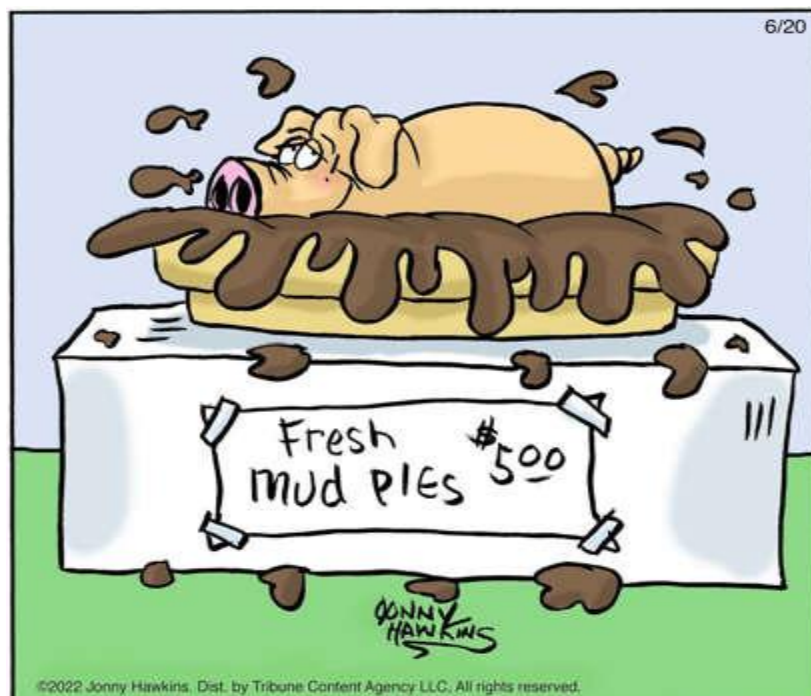
Hunter's laptop	Dangerous caravan	Gas prices	Baby formula	The riot “just happened”	Protect SCOTUS
Take all our guns	Repeal 2 nd Amendment	Dems just hate Trump	Slander conservatives	Kids' vagina inspections	China solar panels
Epstein	Russia Hoax	Trump won	Gun violence is black people's fault	Drag Queens	Biden won't visit Trump's wall
Dem voter fraud	Hollywood	Trans kids	SCOTUS leaks	See Top Gun instead of 1/6 Hearing	Cost of ...er ... fertilizer
Twitter bots	Cancel culture / CRT	Pedophiles	Apocalyptic rhetoric	Testicle Tanning	Biden goes home on weekends
Drunky Rudy did it	Public schools bad – private for-profit schools good	Inflation	Tampax in men's bathrooms	Drugs coming across border	Now is not the time to ...
Bonus Rows					
Mini tortillas (Biggs)	Bipartisan gun safety committee	Illegal 1/6 Hearings	GOP will take away Social Security & Medicare (Graham)	Obama wiretaps (Gohmert)	Have mercy on us
God has a plan (Paxton)	Hillary did it	GOP will leave Georgia (Greene)	Comic Insult Dog insurrection	Texas wants to secede (Texas GOP)	Something, something, sex, something (Boebert)
Let's just move on (Scarborough)	Biden goes home on weekends (GOP)	Congress should take over D.C. (Clyde)	Biden catching drug traffickers and terrorists (GOP)	Sriracha shortage (GOP)	RINO hunting ad (Greitens)

I could let all these things bother me. Bother me a lot. Gastric churning bothering with digestive acids ulcerating stomach lining

and heartburn. Or, I could just do what I did in Vietnam. Watch out for my ass and take a long toke on a big doobie. Made me happier than a pig in shit.

With that condition in mind, it is what I recommend for you readers to have as you peruse the wonderful stories and articles in this issue along with me. Prepare to enjoy being in the dirt.

Virgil



Ryan Boyd
@ryanaboyd

It's sure weird how depression and anxiety are huge problems for young people in a society where everything costs more every year and every single human act gets monetized, on a planet that is boiling alive, must be a coincidence

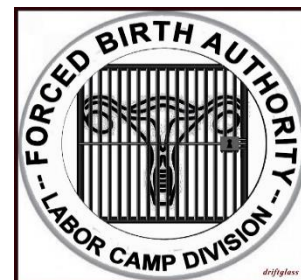
We continue the process of increasing the distribution of this Journal in the hopes of attracting new members. If you are new to the Aware Ones and would like to know more about us, please visit our website at <http://www.AwareOnesOfTheTreasureCoast.com>.

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



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 <vignaujdane@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 <vignaujdane@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

July – Anti-Boredom Month

July 1 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, Stuart 11 am.

July 3 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Disobedience Day.



July 4 – Independence Day. Sidewalk Egg Frying Day- *Hmmmm, I wonder why!?!*

July 5 – National Bikini Day. 1810 – P.T. Barnum born, Bethel, Connecticut.



July 6 – International Kissing Day & National Fried Chicken Day – *Don't know which is better?* 1937 – Ned Beatty, actor born, Louisville, Kentucky.

July 7 – ✍️ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. 1940 – Ringo Starr (*Sir Richard Starkey*), Beatles' drummer, born Liverpool, U.K.

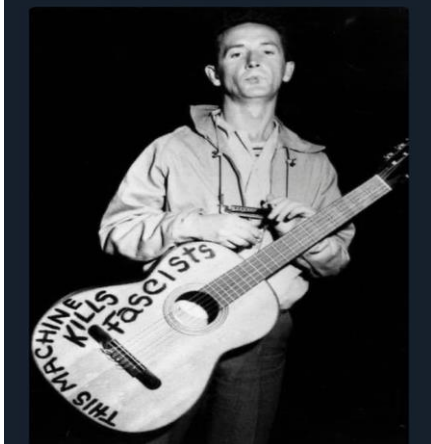
July 8 – Aware ones at Sandsprits 11 am. 1835 – Liberty Bell Cracks while being rung at the funeral of Justice John Marshall, fourth chief justice of the United States. Body Painting Day.



July 10 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Nude Recreation Week (*tilt the camera up. All week!*).

July 11 – E.B. White born, Mount Vernon, New York 1899.

Portrait of notorious antifa terrorist
Woody Guthrie, 1940



July 14 – 1912, Woody Guthrie, folk singer, songwriter, *scourger of fascists*, born Okemah, Oklahoma.

July 15 – Aware ones at Sandsprits 11 am.

July 17 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. National Ice Cream Day.

July 20 – National Hot Dog Day.

July 21 – ✂ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. 1949 – Garry Trudeau, born New York City.

July 22 – Aware ones at Sandspritz 11 am. Pied Piper of Hamelin Day.

July 23 – Vanilla Ice Cream Day.

July 24 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am.



July 29 – Aware ones at Sandspritz 11 am. National Chicken Wing Day.

July 30 – Paperback Book Day.

July 31 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. National Watermelon Day.

August – National Catfish Month

August 1 – Switzerland Founded, 1291. 1942, Jerry Garcia born, the Grateful Dead.

August 4 – ✂ Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. Barack Obama born, 1961 (44th U.S. President).



August 5 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, Stuart 11 am. Marilyn Monroe, June 1, 1926 – August 5, 1962, found dead from drug overdose, Hollywood, CA.



August 7 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Friendship Day - First Sunday in August.

August 9 – 1631 – John Dryden, poet, literary critic, translator, and playwright who was appointed England's first Poet Laureate in 1668 born, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, England. Book Lover's Day.

August 12 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. Annual Perseid Meteor Shower - Peak Night.

August 14 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. 1941 – David Crosby, Byrds, CSNY born. V-J Day.

August 15 – 1912 – Julia Child born in Pasadena, California. Relaxation Day - *now this one's for me!*



August 18 –  Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm. Bad Poetry Day!!!????!!

August 19 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. Aviation Day – Orville Wright Born in 1871.



August 20 – National Honey Bee Awareness Day.

August 21 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. 1904 – Count Basie, jazz musician, band leader, born Red Bank, New Jersey.

August 23 – First National Women's Rights Convention, 1850.

August 26 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. Women's Equality Day

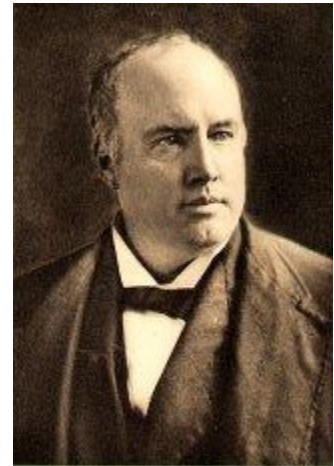


August 28 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Dream Day Martin Luther King Jr. gave the '*I Have a Dream*' speech in 1963.

Sep 1 –  Writer's Group zoom & House of Brews 6:30 pm.

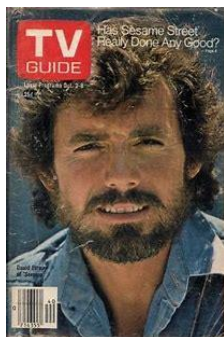
Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

Our civilization is not Christian. It does not come from the skies. It is not a result of inspiration. It is the child of invention, of discovery, of applied knowledge that is to say, of science. When man becomes great and grand enough to admit that all have equal rights; when thought is untrammelled; when worship shall consist in doing useful things; when religion means the discharge of obligations to our fellow-men, then, and not until then, will the world be civilized.



Robert Green Ingersoll, "Reply To The Indianapolis Clergy" *The Iconoclast*, Indianapolis, Indiana (1882).

LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST



April 27 -- **David Birney**, 83, American actor (*St. Elsewhere*, *Bridget Loves Bernie*, *Oh, God! Book II*) and stage director, complications from Alzheimer's disease.

April 30 -- **Ron Galella**, 91, American paparazzo, heart failure. an American photographer, known as a pioneer paparazzo. Dubbed "Paparazzo Extraordinaire" by *Newsweek* and "the Godfather of the U.S. paparazzi culture" by *Time* magazine and *Vanity Fair*, he is regarded by *Harper's Bazaar* as "arguably the most controversial paparazzo of all time". He photographed many celebrities out of the public eye and gained notice for his feuds with some of them,

including Jacqueline Onassis and Marlon Brando.





May 1 -- **Kathy Boudin**, 78, political activist (Weather Underground) and convicted murderer (1981 Brink's robbery) (b. 1943)

May 3 -- **Norman Mineta**, 90, politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives (1975–1995), secretary of commerce (2000–2001) and transportation (2001–2006), mayor of San Jose (1971–1975) (b. 1931) heart disease.



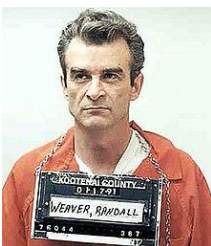
May 7 -- **Mickey Gilley**, 86, singer ("Room Full of Roses", "Don't the Girls All Get Prettier at Closing Time", "Stand by Me") (b. 1936)

May 8 -- **Fred Ward**, 79, actor (Escape from Alcatraz, The Right Stuff, Tremors) (b. 1942)

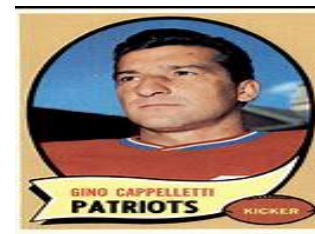


May 9 -- **John L. Canley**, 84, Marine Corp Gunnery Sergeant, Medal of Honor recipient cancer. (b. 1938)

May 11 -- **Shireen Abu Akleh**, 51, Palestinian-born journalist (Al Jazeera), shot while covering an Israeli-Palestinian firefight. (b.1971)



- **Randy Weaver**, 74, survivalist (Ruby Ridge) (b.1948)



May 12 -- **Gino Cappelletti**, 89, football player (Boston Patriots) (b.1933)



May 13 -- **Bob Ciaffone**, 81, poker player and author (b. 1940)

- **Lil Keed**, 24, **Raqhid Jevon Render** (b.1998), known professionally as **Lil Keed**, was an American rapper and songwriter. rapper (b. 1998) cause of death was liver and kidney failure.





May 14 -- **Urvashi Vaid**, 63, Indian-born LGBT activist (b. 1958) an Indian-born American LGBT rights activist, lawyer, and writer. An expert in gender and sexuality law, she was a consultant in attaining specific goals of social justice. Vaid shared homes in Manhattan and Provincetown, Massachusetts, with her partner, comedian Kate Clinton. She died at home from cancer on 14 May 2022.

May 16 -- **John Aylward**, 75, actor (*ER*, *The West Wing*, *A Million Ways to Die in the West*) best known for playing the former DNC chairman Barry Goodwin on the NBC television series *The West*

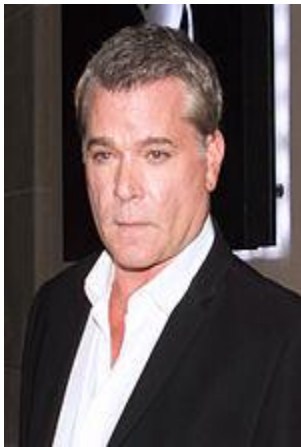


Wing and for playing Dr. Donald Anspaugh on the NBC television series *ER*. (b. 1946).

• **Hilarion**, 74, Canadian-born First Hierarch of the ROCOR (b. 1948 died in a New York City hospital, following a lengthy period of ill health.)

May 17 -- **Kristine Gebbie**, 78, academic White House

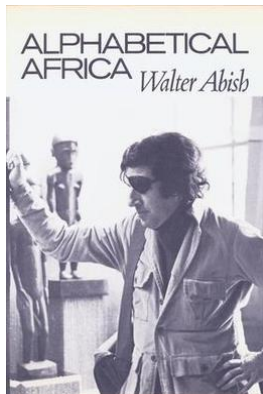
AIDS policy coordinator (1993–1994) (b. 1943)



May 26 -- **Ray Liotta**, 67, American actor (*Goodfellas*, *Something Wild*, *Field of Dreams*), Emmy winner (2005) Liotta died in his sleep on May 26, 2022, at the age of 67 in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, during the filming of *Dangerous Waters* (b. 1954)

May 27 -- **Arlene Kotil**, 88, baseball player (All-American Girls Professional Baseball League) (b.1934) Kotil is part of *Women in Baseball*, a permanent display based at the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, New York.





May 28 -- **Walter Abish**, 90, Austrian-born author (*Alphabetical Africa*, *How German Is It*) (b.1931) an Austrian-born American author of experimental novels and short stories. He was conferred the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction in 1981 and was awarded a MacArthur Fellowship six years later.

- **Bo Hopkins**, 84, actor (*The Wild Bunch*, *American Graffiti*, *Midnight Express*) (b. 1938) Hopkins died on May 28, 2022, after suffering a heart attack nineteen days before.



May 29 -- **Ronnie Hawkins**, 87, American-born Canadian rock and roll musician (b. 1935) known as "Rompin' Ronnie", "Mr. Dynamo" or "The Hawk", he was one of the key players in the 1960s rock scene in Toronto. He



performed all across North America and recorded more than 25 albums.

June 1 -- **Marion Barber III**, 38, football player (*Dallas Cowboys*, *Chicago Bears*) (b. 1983) In 2019, Barber was arrested on two counts of criminal mischief for causing damage to two cars while he was running. He pleaded no contest and was sentenced to one year of probation, 60 hours of community service, and a \$2,000 fine in April 2022. Barber was found dead in his Frisco, Texas, apartment on June 1, 2022, at the age of 38.



June 2 -- **Hal Bynum**, 87, an American songwriter associated with the Outlaw country movement in the 1970s. Bynum wrote more than 200 songs for popular country artists including Kenny Rogers ("Lucille"), Patty Loveless ("Chains"), Johnny Cash ("Papa Was a Good Man"), Cash and Waylon Jennings ("There Ain't No Good Chain Gang"), and Jim Reeves ("Nobody's Fool") (b.1934) complications from a stroke and Alzheimer's disease.



June 6 -- **Brother Jed**, 79, evangelist (b. 1943) **George Edward "Jed" Smock, Jr.** (b.1943), better known as **Brother Jed**, was an American evangelist whose open-air preaching ministry was concentrated on college campuses.

- **Jim Seals**, 80, of **Seals and Crofts**, an American soft rock duo made up of **James Eugene Seals** and **Darrell George "Dash" Crofts**. They are best known for their hits "Summer Breeze" (1972), "Diamond Girl" (1973), and "Get Closer" (1976), each of which peaked at No. 6 on the Billboard Hot 100 chart. musician (Seals and Crofts, The Champs) and songwriter ("Summer Breeze") (b. 1941) Seals had a stroke in 2017. After a long illness, he died at his home in Nashville, Tennessee





June 11 -- **Yuri Vasilyevich Mamonov** (b.1958) was a Russian politician. He served as a Deputy of the State Duma for its 3rd convocation, between 2000 and 2003. After his time in the Duma, Mamonov became a business entrepreneur. Mamonov was found dead in an apartment building on Sadovaya-Kudrinskaya Street in Moscow. He was 64 years old.



June 12 -- **Edward T. Begay** (b.1934) was a Native American politician who served as the Speaker of the Navajo Nation from 1999 to 2003. He also served as Vice-Chairman in 1983 under the Chairmanship of then Chairman Peterson Zah. Begay was a major influence in the *Churchrock/Bááh Háálí* community, and was active within Chapter Affairs.



June 16 -- **Timothy Roger Sale** (b.1956) was an American Eisner Award-winning comics artist, "best known for his work on the DC Comics characters Batman and Superman and for influencing depictions of the Caped Crusader in numerous films."

June 17 -- **Jean-Louis Xavier Trintignant** was a French actor. He made his theatrical debut in 1951, going on to be seen as one of the most gifted French dramatic actors of the post-war era, known for his starring roles in many classic films of European cinema. He worked with many prominent auteur directors, including Roger Vadim, Costa-Gavras, Claude Lelouch, Claude Chabrol, Bernardo Bertolucci, Éric Rohmer, François Truffaut, Krzysztof Kieślowski, and Michael Haneke. Diagnosed with prostate cancer the actor said he would not be seeking treatment. In November 2021, it was reported that he was gradually losing his sight and was in declining health. Trintignant died at his home at the age of 91.



June 18 -- **Adibah Noor**, was a Malaysian singer, actress and master of ceremonies. She made her start in the entertainment industry in 1995 and had gone on to star in films such as Sepet and Gubra. In 2006, Adibah released her first album entitled "*Terlalu Istimewa*". The album featured an eponymous song, a ballad written in response to the rape and gruesome murder of a 10-year-old girl that took place in Johor Bahru in January 2004. Adibah died at Gleneagles Kuala Lumpur Hospital due to her fourth-stage ovarian cancer.

Innocent Victims – Uvalde, TX

Uziyah Garcia, 8 or 9, was "the sweetest little boy that I've ever known."

Jose Flores, 10, loved baseball and “going to school. He’d received an honor-roll award hours before the shooting.

Amerie Jo Garza, 10, died trying to call the police on the gunman. She had won an honor-roll award earlier in the day.

Xavier Javier Lopez, 10, liked sports, art class, and hamming it up for the camera.

Nevaeh Bravo, 10, was a fourth-grader. Her cousin wrote. “She is flying with the angels above.”

Alithia Ramirez, 10, loved to draw and wanted to be an artist.

Tess Marie Mata, 10, had a “contagious laugh,” Tess’s sister wrote. “I’m confused because how can something like this happen to my sweet, caring, and beautiful sister.”

Alexandria Aniya Rubio, 10, was “beautiful and smart,” her mother, **Kimberly Mata-Rubio** went to her daughter’s honor-roll ceremony and watched her receive a good citizen award that day.

Layla Salazar, 10, used to sing along to “Sweet Child O’ Mine” by Guns N’ Roses on the way to school.

Makenna Lee Elrod, 10, was found dead in a classroom, her older sister confirmed on Twitter: “My sweet innocent baby sister...my heart will forever break for you my love.”

Jayce Luevanos, 10, was killed along with his cousin and classmate, Jailah Silguero.

Jailah Nicole Silguero, 11, was a “delighted, energetic, lovely little girl” who enjoyed making TikToks.

Eliana “Ellie” Garcia, 9, was the second eldest of five girls. She wanted to be a teacher, loved the film *Encanto*, and dreamed of wearing a purple dress to her quinceañera.

Eliahana Cruz Torres was also killed in the massacre.

Annabell Guadalupe Rodriguez, 10, was a third-grader. She was in the same classroom as her cousin, Jacklyn Cazares, when the shooter came in.

Jacklyn “Jackie” Cazares, 10, was in fourth grade. She was killed along with her cousin and classmate, Annabell Guadalupe Rodriguez, according to KSAT.

Maite Yuleana Rodriguez, 10, was a “sweet, smart little girl,” her family member wrote in a GoFundMe for her funeral expenses.

Rogelio Torres, 10, was among Tuesday’s victims, his relatives told a Univision 14 KDTV reporter.

Miranda Matthis, 11, attended Robb Elementary with her brother, who survived the shooting.

Eva Mireles, 44, was a fourth-grade teacher at Robb. She reportedly helped her students climb out the window before Ramos shot her.

Irma Garcia, Mireles’s co-teacher, was also killed in Tuesday’s attack, her son, Christian Garcia, told NBC. She’d taught at Robb Elementary for 23 years and had four kids. “She sacrificed herself protecting the kids in her classroom.”

VICTIMS IN THE BUFFALO SUPERMARKET SHOOTING

Celestine Chaney, 65
Roberta A. Drury, 32
Andre Mackneil, 53
Katherine Massey, 72
Margus D. Morrison, 52
Heyward Patterson, 67
Aaron Salter Jr., 55
Geraldine Talley, 62
Ruth Whitfield, 86
Pearl Young, 77

Heroes and Heroines



Dolly Parton has made another \$1 million donation to Vanderbilt University Medical Center in Nashville, this time aimed at helping pediatric infectious disease research.

The donation will aid Vanderbilt's Division of Pediatric Infectious Diseases to continue its effort in understanding how viruses and bacteria cause disease, understanding and preventing resistance to antibiotics, diagnosing and treating infections in children with cancer and more.

Heroes – Chefs for Ukraine

World Central Kitchen

This morning, [@natemook](#) & the WCK team in Kharkiv stopped by a metro station serving as a shelter. Families here walk down the train tunnel to a natural spring for fresh water. We asked what they needed & they said fruit—so



we delivered some



immediately!

[#ChefsForUkraine](#)





<https://twitter.com/chefjoseandres>

@chefjoseandres

Some thoughts from the train this Sunday... It's difficult to convey the experience of going to Irpin & Bucha... You've all seen the photos—unbelievable to think in 21st century those horrors are happening. I promise you we will not leave the Ukrainian people alone.

Heroes & Heroines National Protests For Reproductive Rights



Stuart, Florida

HEROS & HEROINES JOKE OF THE MONTH

My wife and I went into town and visited a shop. When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket.

We went up to him and I said, "come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?" He ignored us and continued writing the ticket. I called him an "asshole." He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn-out tires. So Shirley (my wife) called him a "shithead."

He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing more tickets. This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we abused him, the more tickets he wrote. He finally finished, sneered at us and walked away. Just then our bus arrived, and we got on it and went home. We always look for cars with Trump 2016 stickers. We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired. It's so important at our age!!



Raleigh, North Carolina



Dubious Achievements

Name: Jared "I hate my dad because he's gay" Boyce

Hometown: Soringville, UT

Signature Scent: Cool Ranch Doritos

Favorite Color: White, like the women who won't fuck him and he doesn't know why.

Favorite Song: *Headstrong* by Trapt

Turn-ons: Denying the holocaust and sleeping on his mom's couch

Turn offs: Being kicked out of the house by his mother after he was arrested for being a fucking nazi shitbag (Also see *Incel's on Parade* p. 96).



He actually said that.

Herschel Walker, After Disparaging Absent Dads, Now Says He Has 4 Kids

The Republican Senate nominee has called fatherless homes a “major, major problem.”

By
Nina Golgowski

Republican Senate nominee Herschel Walker, seen in May, has confirmed that he has four children. This follows him confirming that he has a 10-year-old son that he reportedly has limited contact with.



Republican Senate nominee Herschel Walker confirmed that he actually has four children, following revelations that the critic of absentee fathers has a 10-year-old son with whom he reportedly has limited contact.

In addition to the 10-year-old, the aspiring Georgia senator has a 13-year-old son as well as an adult daughter who he had when he was around 20 years old, The Daily Beast first reported Thursday. He also has a 22-year-old son who he has previously publicly disclosed.

Walker, in his statement to HuffPost, said he “chose not to use them as props to win a political campaign. What parent would want their child involved in garbage, gutter politics like this?”

Did He actually say this?

"Landing a plane on the Hudson River in 2009 and saving all 155 passengers was the highlight of my life. I learned everything I needed to know in the Air Force."

~Herschel Walker



Karma is a beautiful thing – Part 2!?

When preachers become assholes

When God calls you to be a prophet but you thought he said MAKE a profit

How to hold a gun and look fierce.



COMMENTARY

Supreme Incongruity



By Ed Zillioux

The current Supreme Court of the United States, or SCOTUS, is functioning incongruously to the majority collective will of the people of the United States. This is not new, as a review of the legal dissents of the famous Ruth Bader Ginsburg would attest to.

Today, we are faced with the likelihood that the 1973 SCOTUS opinion on *Roe v. Wade* will be overturned. The leaked draft majority opinion written by Samuel Alito that we are all painfully aware of, was supported by five conservative justices. Two of the five, Alito and Clarence Thomas, have long been vocal opponents of the *Roe* decision. They were joined by all three of the recent Trump appointees: Neil Gorsuch, Brett Kavanaugh, and Amy Coney Barrett. Trump had bragged about basing his selections of these candidates, at least in part and likely principally, on their

willingness to vote against Roe. This line-up is expected to remain unchanged when the final majority decision is published. If it is upheld, or even if one of the majority changes their vote, the final opinion would stand incongruous to major polls across the U.S. which have shown that 64 percent of U.S. adults oppose overturning Roe.



Is our Supreme Court basically flawed to the extent that it inevitably is destined to be manipulated by the political leanings of the Chief Executive to whom the nomination of SCOTUS justices is entrusted? When George Washington founded SCOTUS, did he not foresee that this would happen? But history tells us it doesn't need to be that way. If we go back before the era of Richard Nixon, we will see that the Republican president Dwight Eisenhower nominated Earl Warren to fill the seat of Chief Justice. Warren was also a Republican and emerged as a leader in the state Republican party. In 1938 he was elected Attorney General of California and later as governor, being the only governor of California to serve three consecutive terms prior to his nomination to the Court.

Despite this background, the Warren Court has been touted to be the most liberal court in the history of SCOTUS. Its landmark decisions included *Brown v. Board of Education*, which ended segregation in public schools; and others that upheld the civil rights act of 1964; expanded the Bill of Rights to apply to state and local governments; established a criminal's right to have an attorney in felony cases; established the Miranda Warning; established the constitutional right to privacy; required essentially equal population in congressional districts, thus achieving "one man, one vote" in the United States; and more.



But the liberal agenda of the Warren Court ended with the advent of the Nixon presidency. After some false starts, in part based on Warren's fear of Nixon's choice of a conservative replacement, Warren finally retired in June of 1969.

To those who may think that Trump's sycophantic nominees to the Supreme Court was a new phenomenon, they need to look deeper into the recent history of the Court. Richard Nixon started the court on a rightward course by appointing four staunchly conservative justices in just the first three years of his presidency, initiating a politically driven agenda

that has continued to the present day. The Court has veered from protecting the rights of the poor and the disadvantaged to protecting corporations and privileged Americans, who tend to be white, wealthy and powerful. The vast majority of the Court's decisions over the last fifty years has favored this privileged minority, incongruous to the majority will of the American population and particularly those of poor and ethnic minorities and constitutes the leading force behind the nation's soaring level of economic inequality.



FFRF condemns Fla. governor's fallacious smear of nonreligious



The Freedom From Religion Foundation is denouncing remarks by Florida Gov. Ron DeSantis that imply people who lack a “religious foundation” are prone to criminal violence. The state/church watchdog, which represents more than 36,000 members, including 1,800 in Florida, has asked DeSantis to retract his misleading comments and apologize to his nonreligious constituents.

DeSantis made these insulting and baseless statements at a press conference a few days ago regarding the person who allegedly attempted to assassinate U.S. Supreme Court Justice Brett Kavanaugh. DeSantis claimed so-called “lunatics” lack a “religious foundation” or any type of “relationship with God.” He continued: “I think there’s a lot of really, really crazy people out there, unfortunately, that really get consumed with ideology.... These are people that don’t really have, I think, a religious foundation or any type of relationship with God, and so they turn to radical politics as kind of what they’re going to do.”

DeSantis’ comments unjustly paint the nonreligious in a deeply unfavorable light, FFRF contends. Scientific studies have shown that societies and states with less religion have less violence, as Secular Studies Professor Phil Zuckerman has documented. Nations and states that tend to be among the most religious have the highest rates of violent crime and murder.

FFRF points this out in a letter to DeSantis protesting his observations, also noting that he was elected governor, not Florida Pastor in Chief.

“There is apparently no evidence that this particular suspect was in any way motivated by a lack of religion, or even whether he is nonreligious at all,” FFRF Co-Presidents Annie Laurie Gaylor and Dan Barker write. “It is vital that politicians, such as yourself, are aware of facts and statistics before confusing your opinions with the truth.”

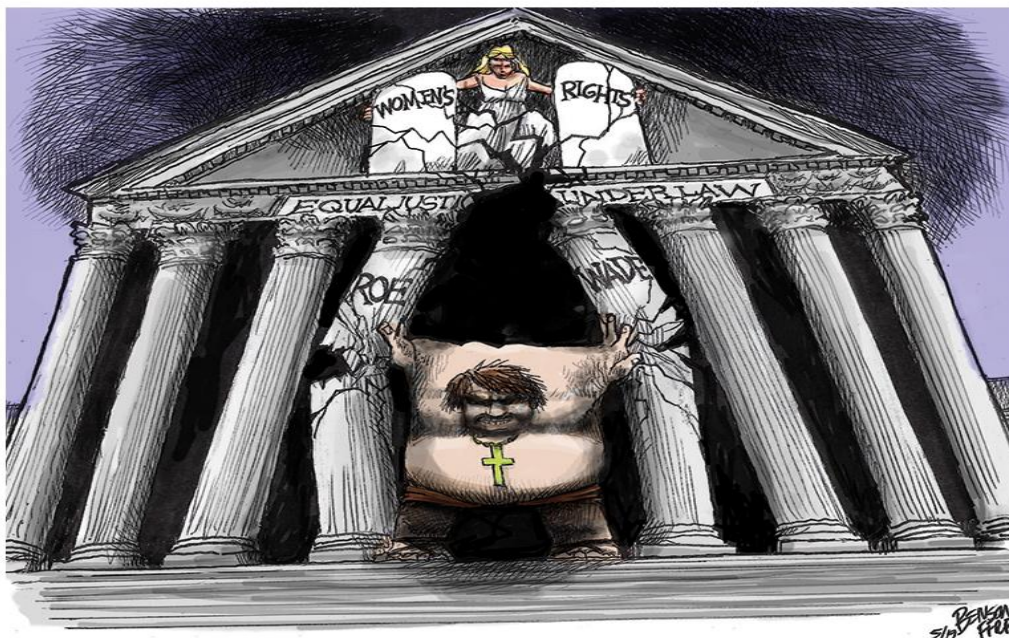
DeSantis’ statements implying that a “relationship with God” ensures

individuals will not commit violence are especially ironic in the midst of the House hearings on the Jan. 6, 2021, Capitol attack. A widely seen video clip released last week ended with a Trump 2020 sign next to the Christian flag, which was flown by many during the putsch, where Jesus signs, crosses and other religious symbols were prominent.

Nonreligious Americans are the fastest growing segment of the U.S. population by religious identification — three in 10 adults today (29 percent of the population) identify as atheists, agnostics or “nothing in particular. Overall, 35 percent of Americans are non-Christian.

DeSantis needs to withdraw his groundless comments. And he owes his nonreligious constituents an apology.

*The Freedom From Religion Foundation is a national nonprofit organization with more than 36,000 largely nonreligious members and several chapters across the country, including over 1,800 members in Florida and a chapter, the Central Florida Freethought Community, there. FFRF protects the constitutional separation between state and church and educates about nontheism. Freedom From Religion Foundation (ffrf.org) **FFRF PO Box 750 Madison, WI 53701***





"I see
nothing.
I hear
nothing.
I know
nothing."

By James Longo

The essence of modern intellectualism comes down to the phrase, *"there aren't any absolute truths"*, which the great fictional German Philosopher, Sergeant (*Feldwebel*) Schultz, (John Banner), from TV's 1960's WWII POW comedy, *Hogan's Heroes*, immortalized in that all too memorable refrain. *"I see nothing. I hear nothing. I know nothing."*

Modernity is more informative. You get to choose what you want to see. you get to choose what you want to hear. you get to choose what you want to believe. Collectively we know nothing.

But I have a brain in my pocket that goes ding-a-ling-a-ling, a smart phone(!), not that *other thing* you think I think with,

and it can answer almost any question I ask ... if I can figure out the right way to ask the question.

I asked the brain in my pocket to tell me an absolute truth, and it told me you can't handle the truth. I guess cynicism rules. Who do you trust? Did Stalin have it right? *"Trust no one. Don't even trust yourself."*

"[Paranoia], it starts when you're always afraid, step out of line, the man come and take you away." – For what it's worth 1964 – Buffalo Springfield.

We don't take you away unless you really act up. They make you leave the company. Cancel you from the organization. The social media Gods remove your post. Have too many transgressions, and they'll remove you. Conform or be cancelled. Conform or be removed. Conform or be terminated. Destroy property or person? We might be talking then, about taking you away.

According to Siri, the only absolute truth is you can't handle it. So, who is telling it to you straight? The news? the alternative news? The federal, state, or local

governments? Business, foreign powers, religion, the party, the other party, the UN, an individual you trust? None of the above? All of the above? Your guess is as good as mine.



Ralph Waldo Emerson, says you are the best arbitrator of the truth, but you can't conform, and you can't be consistent. Remember he was a man of the early 19th century, but I think he has something to say here. He didn't have information coming at

him 24/7. He didn't have commentary from so many talking heads it would have made his head spin.

But I think he got it right. Are you willing to find your truth outside of your group, your friends, algorithm, society, religion, class, color or creed? Once you take a stance, are you capable of changing it? Can you be swayed by new ideas? How about if they are different then your own or your groups?

It is hilarious to watch, if a politician changes his mind, he is considered a flip flopper. But, don't we want these decision makers to take in new information and come up with better answers? Then again, once a politician is bought, the least he could do is stay bought.

We are surrounded by our environment. It only makes sense that we are influenced by it. I know I am. Wasn't Schultz the ultimate conformist with his, *"I see nothing, I hear nothing. I know nothing."* How many blind eyes do we have to turn to stay sane? How many times do we dismiss something because it doesn't fit into the narrative we like? Thinking about changing that narrative would be what ... difficult? Shouldn't we do what is difficult?

Philosophically an agnostic – which by definition means *"I don't know"* – probably the essence of a modern intellectual, believes in cooperation over confrontation, conformity over dissent. Believes we should forgive others their opinions, as we ask them to forgive ours ... *and keep on thinking free.* – From *Threshold of a Dream*, album, 1969. *The Moody Blues*.





BY ANDREW L. SEIDEL MAY 3, 2022 RELIGIONDISPATCHES.ORG

THE END OF *ROE* AND SCHOOL PRAYER: AMERICA IS NOT READY TO BE A CHRISTIAN NATION

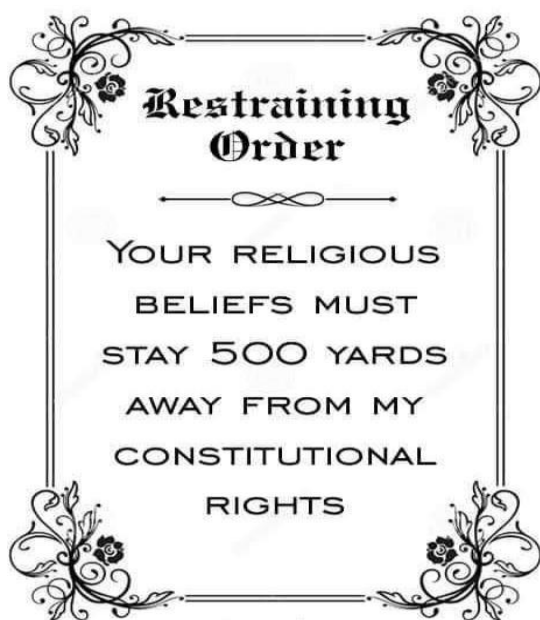
Conservative Supreme Court justices are rewriting our Constitution. The leaked draft of Justice Alito's majority opinion overturning *Roe v. Wade* radically alters American law and our understanding of constitutional rights. It isn't the first consequential reversal from this court, nor will it be the last. But Americans are unprepared to live under the regime being crafted by judicial fiat. We are not ready to live in a Christian nation.

Alito's draft opinion will become a reality sometime in the next two months. *Roe v. Wade* and reproductive freedom as a constitutional right will be dead. In thirteen states, abortion will be outlawed. As we've written here on RD and as Alito's opinion makes pretty damn clear: The end of *Roe* is just the beginning.

The Christian nationalists who put Trump into power and packed the high court won't be satisfied until abortion and contraception are outlawed across the United States. Alito's lip service in his draft opinion about returning these issues to the states and to the people is disingenuous. The court could have decided a case like this at virtually any time, but waited until after it had completely gutted the Voting Rights Act in *Shelby County* (2013) and *Brnovich* (2020) and after it had upheld partisan gerrymandering in *Rucho v. Common Cause* (2019). Those decisions protect the power of the conservative white Christian who would otherwise be subsumed in a demographic tide that would keep them out of office for good.

The measures empower the shrinking demographic that's raging against the dying of its privilege—that wants to resurrect long dead bans on contraception (*Griswold*) and gay marriage (*Obergefell v. Hodges*). That wants to criminalize being gay (*Lawrence v. Texas*). Alito's opinion reads like a hit list, with BIPOC, women, and LGBTQ people as the target. They will not stop until conservative white Christian men are a special, privileged class and everyone else sits in the second class cars. In short, they want a Christian nation.

And that's why they've also targeted the separation of church and state.



That separation prevents religious extremists from realizing their Christian nationalist dream and has been a major roadblock for opponents of reproductive rights because it forces them to talk about abortion in unfamiliar and secular terms. Yet Alito's draft opinion begins and ends with religion. Some will disagree because Alito phrases it as "morality," but that's the point: he's forced to adopt euphemisms for imposing his conservative Christianity on us all.

For a brief, clear moment during the oral argument for the very case that this draft opinion decides, *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*, Justice Sotomayor cut through all the pretense built up around this issue and asked Mississippi: "How is your interest anything but a religious view?" The state fumbled for an answer. If you want a clearer connection between church-state separation and reproductive justice, a few days ago Marjorie Taylor Greene claimed that "Satan's whispers" lead to abortions.

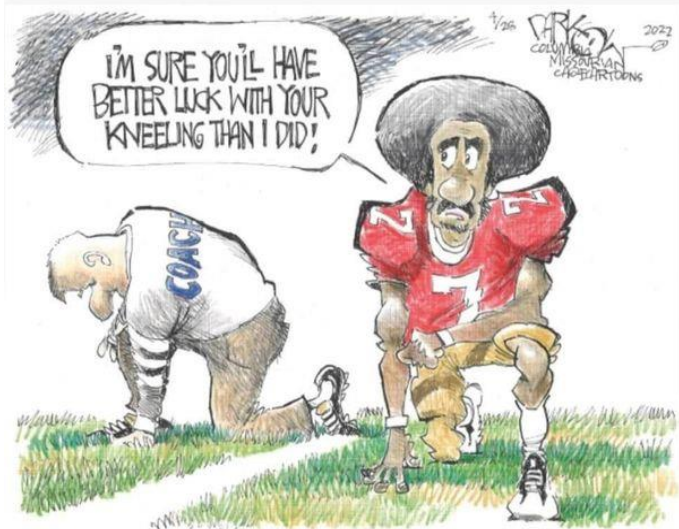
The court has three church-state cases this term. I imagine that if this opinion hadn't been leaked, they would have decided these first to soften the ground for Alito's bombshell.

In *Carson v. Makin*, the court is likely to say that states *must* fund religious education. That builds on two recent cases, *Trinity Lutheran* (2017) and *Espinoza* (2020). Our Founders understood that to wield the state's

taxing power to inculcate religion was to violate the religious freedom of every citizen. In the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, a forerunner to our First Amendment, Thomas Jefferson wrote that taxing citizens to fund religion was “sinful and tyrannical.” But this court is poised to say that *not* requiring government-enforced tithing is discrimination *against* religion, instead of one of our strongest *guarantors* of religious freedom.

In *Kennedy v. Bremerton School District*, the court could permit an agent of the state to use the machinery of the state to impose his personal religion on other people’s children. A football coach at a public high school gathered students at the 50-yard line for a post-game pep talk and prayer circle. The students felt pressured to join him. At every step in the litigation, the school district tried to accommodate the coach—to let him pray in a way that didn’t pressure students. But that became impossible when the Christian Nationalist legal outfit First Liberty Institute stepped in.

HAIL MARY ON THE GRIDIRON



As I write in *American Crusade: How the Supreme Court is Weaponizing Religious Freedom*, First Liberty Institute has “fought to keep evolution out of public schools; and bible classes, Jesus portraits, and school-imposed prayer in public schools.” This is an organization dedicated to Christian supremacy, which it markets as religious freedom. One judge hammered the Institute for spinning a “deceitful narrative” of the case. After the Institute got involved, the coach was not content with accommodations that protected the religious freedom of students, but instead demanded to use the power of his office, which gave him access to a captive audience of school children, to pray with those school children.

If the Court gets this case wrong, the religious freedom of every public school student in the country is in jeopardy. Instead of secular public schools, we will have public schools where teachers get to decide whether

their classrooms are secular or not—or, let’s be honest, 99% of the time, Christian or not. And if you’ve been paying attention to the “don’t say gay” and CRT bans around the country, you know which way state legislatures will push this. These are not isolated political flash points or “culture wars.” These are all part of the deliberate conservative project to undermine and ultimately kill American public schools.

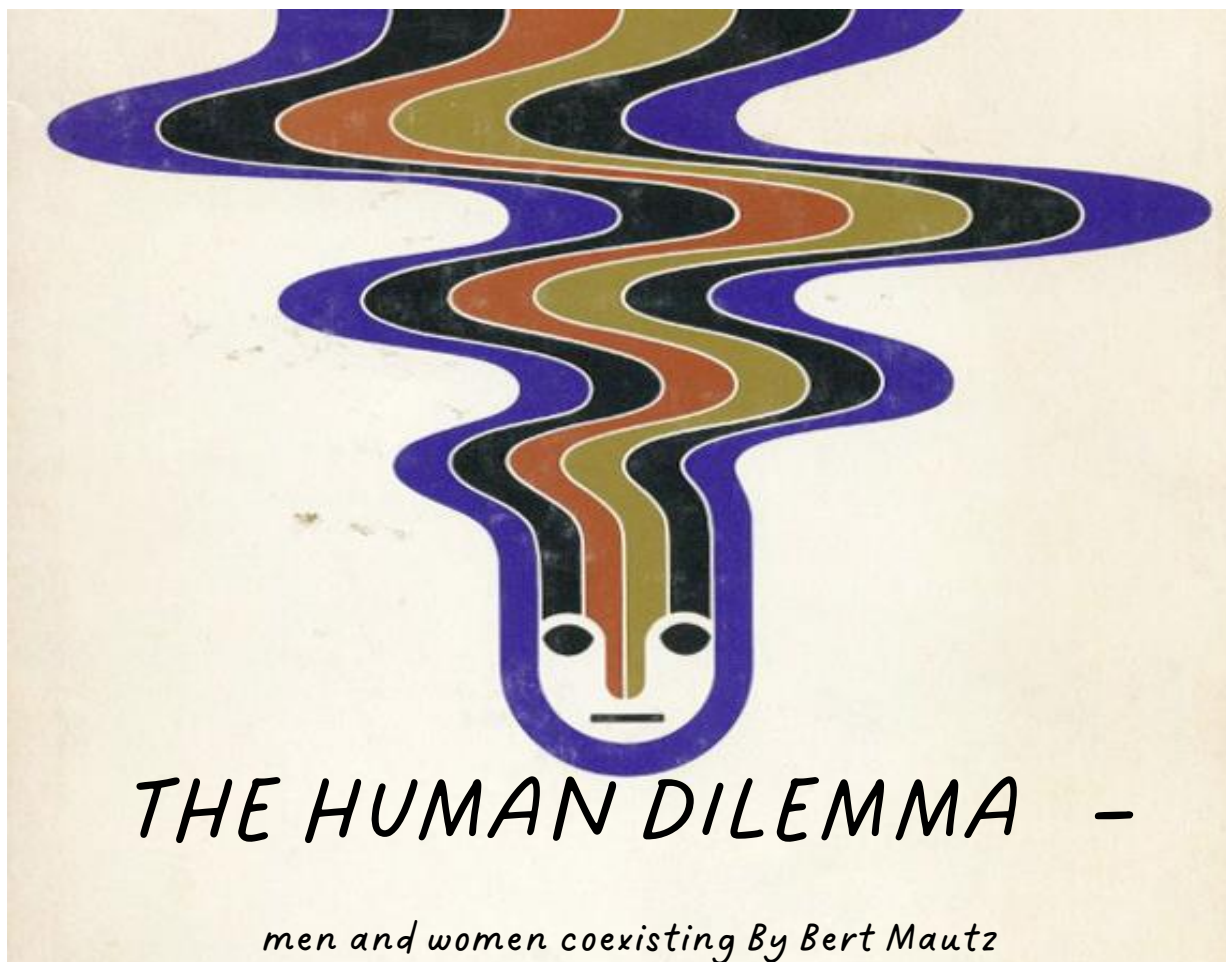
If you still doubt the crusade to turn this into a Christian nation, yesterday the Court decided that a group which is dedicated to indoctrinating “the next generation ... with the knowledge of how America was founded as a Christian nation,” has a constitutional right to fly the Christian flag over Boston City Hall. On Jan. 6, 2021, Christian Nationalists proudly flew this flag at their rallies and marches, and insurrectionists even paraded the flag on the floor of the U.S. Senate after they breached the Capitol. It marked their territory on January 6th and will do the same flying over the seat of government in one of our oldest cities.

This term’s likely decisions, along with a host of other decisions this Court has handed down over the last decade and which I detail in *American Crusade*, will likely do incalculable damage to the separation of church and state. And that is a direct threat to our democracy. Without that foundation, our pluralistic democracy will crumble, because without that separation, religious freedom becomes religious privilege. That’s where this court is taking us: to a Christian nation where conservative white Christians are a special, favored class and all others are second class citizens.

The separation of church and state is one bedrock that protects and enshrines equality in a way that too many of us do not understand, but which will be painfully obvious when it’s gone. That separation is what ensures that we all have freedom without favor, and equality without exception. That separation is America. And if the justices finally tear down the constitutional wall that ensures that separation, they will be tearing down America and erecting on its ashes a Christian nation.

Americans are not ready.

Andrew L. Seidel is a constitutional attorney and Vice President of Strategic Communications for Americans United for Separation of Church and State. His first book *The Founding Myth: Why Christian Nationalism Is Un-American* was burned by a Tennessee preacher. His second book, *American Crusade: How the Supreme Court is Weaponizing Religious Freedom*, is due out in 2022 and can be pre-ordered here. Find Andrew on social media: @AndrewLSeidel



They've perplexed and fascinated us for a lifetime...

First it was figuring out what your mother wanted you to learn or believe. Mother was the very center of your universe, of all consciousness really, at the start. Some of us breast fed late. Is lactating milk that delicious, or does nuzzling Mom's warm, soft breast a turn on? Mother in a swimsuit can give disturbing subconscious messages to the ten-year-old boy. Just sayin'.

That tender relationship changed abruptly with potty training. Then it was a sister, entirely different from your brother, but forever a puzzle. During adolescence it was to be girlfriends, their needs and wishes, to be met before any of your own.

Books are written about the infinite complexities of courtship leading to marriage. The wedding celebration for and about the

bride, the woman, to be the wife. The males; her father, the groom, the husband among the supporting cast. Marriage, your biggest commitment, for the two of you, brings countless issues involved and to be solved in making this partnership work, first for the two of you, and then in your shared role parenting and the complexities families bring.

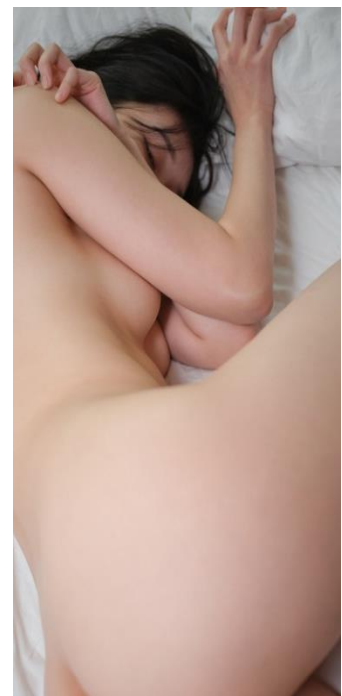
What are mothers to do? And what are fathers to do and why is it different? And one more type of gender puzzle, and that is daughters.

Senior life brings on still more aspects of gender evolution puzzle to solve, or suffer from, if you can't figure her out. Likely too obvious to mention but must be considered to understand these lifelong relationships is sexuality. At every stage, or phase of human development and our relationships occurring along the way are the manifestation of our sexual awareness, sensitivities, preferences, and how these are acted out with him, or her across the table.

As if she/they are not a lifelong mystery merely being female, the opposite of the male. there is the continually evolving sexuality we all exude and observe in the other. A favorite topic personally is whether the sexual appetite is alive and motivating action after seventy. Will she, or won't she? Can he, or can't he? Are you done with that messy business, or still sniffing around her back door?

Catholics say we must ignore all that sexy business. Make babies if we choose and go to mass on Sunday. How can Christianity deny the force, the urges driving our lives throughout our lives?

A current issue is the Supreme Court's intention to revoke Roe v. Wade and thereby women's' control of their own health. Seeming



to be an evangelical conservative motivating issue for the current mix of justices.

The foregoing assumes, for the sake of this conversation, a normalcy in gender relations throughout life. However, any discussion of the impact of our sexuality upon us is incomplete without observing the variations on this norm.

The current label for all of this at once is *LGBTQ* – lesbian, gay, bisexual, transsexual, and queer. Further complicating these variations are how they affect each, males and females uniquely. In our everyday lives we never know which orientation we are dealing with. Then some reveal themselves making it clear how they want to be related to. How we should approach them, what we can and cannot assume about their self-conscious identities? Racial variations quadruple the possible combinations and individual character and behaviors.

My first gay man awareness was prompted by my piano teacher, *Mr. Lester*. A stylish fellow. Gave lessons on his *Mason Hamlin* grand in his apartment/studio above a luncheon counter in the center of campus town. Played the organ and directed the choir of the largest student congregation, the Presbyterian church, where we were to learn he preyed upon certain young men. The church elders fired *Mr. Lester*.

The endless puzzle that women are, even considering only the immediate fellow travelers in your community, club, or business are fascinating. I am still watching you; the car you drive, the men you choose, where you live, do you push back, the totality of



your presentation of self. Why you are so interesting/absorbing is in large part the variety of the elements comprising you.

motherfuckingson
ofabitchingfucking
assholesrepublica
nsandtheirthought
sandprayers.

Who the fuck are they praying to? Cause whoever it is they aren't fucking listening. I've been crying since the first news alert. I don't think I have ever cried so hard or so



Today, this man shot and killed 10 people at a grocery store in Buffalo, New York.

He is a self-described "white supremacist anti-semite" who published a manifesto parroting racist Fox "News" propaganda. Police believe he targeted Black people, and 11 of the 13 people he shot were Black.

He's not Muslim. He's not in ISIS. He's not an immigrant. He's not BLM or Antifa.

He's just ANOTHER homegrown terrorist inspired by bigotry.

**AMERICA, WE HAVE A PROBLEM
A WALL WON'T FIX.**

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS

THE CYCLE OF VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

Brought to you by the NRA and the Republican Party.

1. A mass shooting occurs
2. Congress sends thoughts and prayers
3. Someone suggests gun control
4. Lobbyists contact congressmen
5. Congressmen say "it's too early"
6. Nobody does anything
7. **Go to 1**

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS

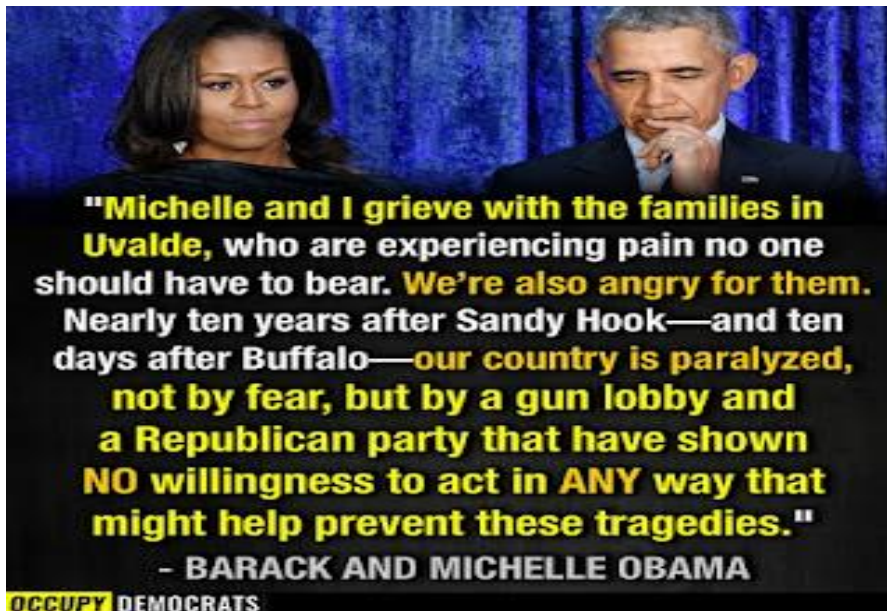
I WANT TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY
THAT LOVES ITS CHILDREN
MORE THAN IT LOVES GUNS.



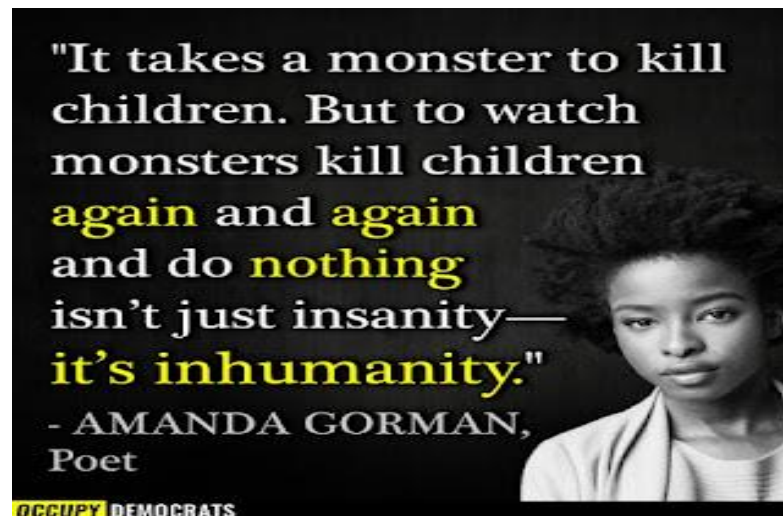
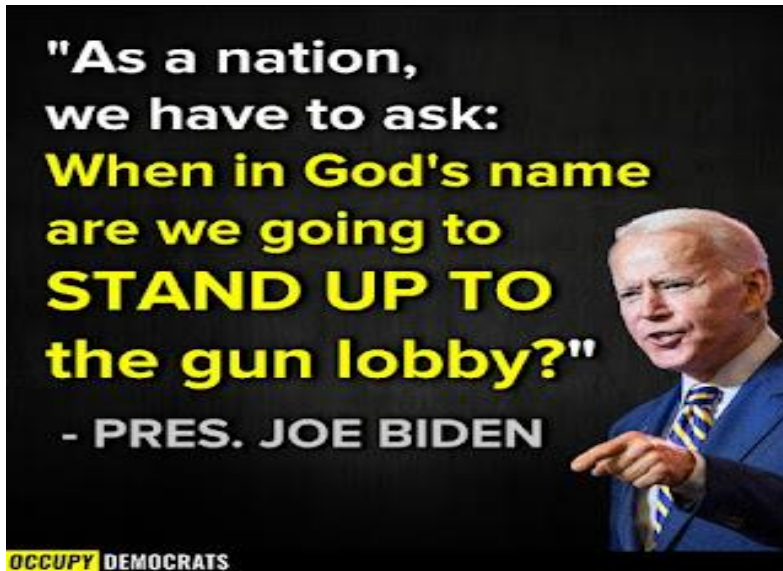
Mitch McConnell:
"100 percent of my focus is standing up to the Biden Administration... in opposition to what Biden is trying to do to this country."



Jen Psaki:
"I guess the contrast for people to consider is 100% of our focus is on delivering relief for the American people."



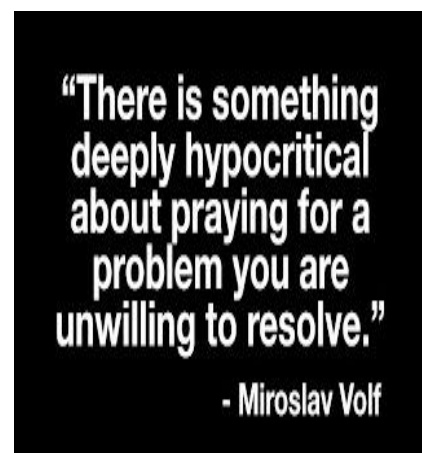
much in my life. It's almost like my body was holding on to these tears for this moment. Fuck if I know all I know is I can't quit crying. I do from extreme sadness to out of control anger. I want to hug someone and punch someone at same time. I got into (almost) civil conversation with Texas redneck mentality people here in West. Even a great niece about what we need to do is train the teachers in gun handling and have armed guards at every entrance. With what fucking money? Most schools pay their teachers like shit, are dropping music, drama and any extra classes because of money shortage. They don't have money for school lunches



how are they going to have money for guards and gun classes. How are they going to keep the guns safe that the teachers are going to be in charge of? See why I want to punch people?

I have so many memes for this. but going to do it separate from my rant. I love you fuckers and one of the reasons I love you is because I'm pretty damn sure you feel the same way. Hug your kid, grandkid and greats. Hug each other... hug somebody... we all need a fucking hug today. Tell them I sent it.

Posted
by [yellowdoggranny](#) at [5/25/2022 12:04:00 PM](#)





For Nevaeh Bravo

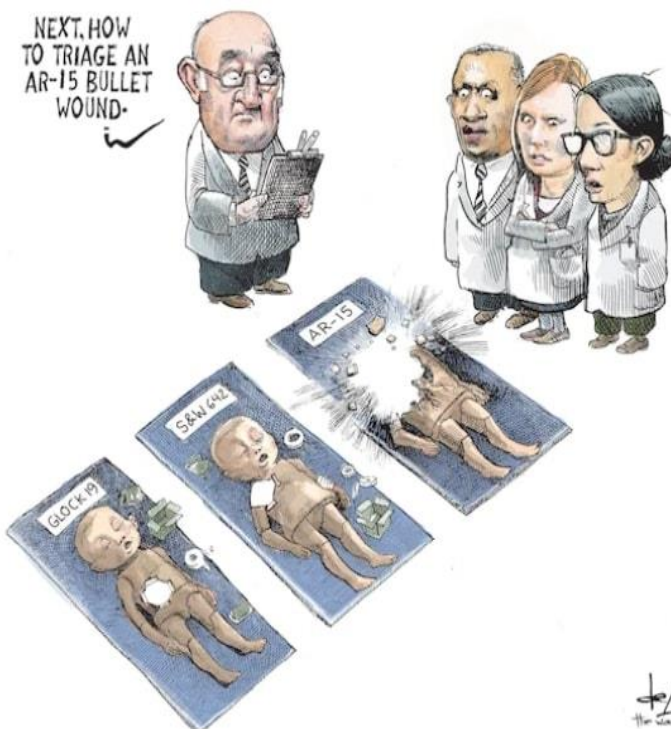
By Virgil Thorp

Why? What are we doing? How many regretful tragedies does it take? What can we do about it? Wasn't that what our AO big question was last week? And the week before?

It was only a week after the last gun massacre in a Buffalo, New York supermarket and now this. Uvalde, Texas. Another school with little grade school kids. Nine and ten years old. Innocent little kids. Barely out of being babies. Shot up so badly from an assault rifle. A 'war' gun. Shot so viciously that many of them could only be identified by their tattered, blood-stained clothing. Or their parents' mouth-swabbed DNA.

I want to scream with rage. I want to scream at a god who would allow such a thing to happen. I want to scream at each and every one of the mother-fucking politicians who are in the pocket of the gun-lobby. Why don't you do something? Why do you block gun controls? Why do you block background checks? You don't want to ban guns; you want to ban books. You want to ban women's health care. Make sense. Babies are dead and your guns did it.

Don't give me that "thoughts and prayers" bullshit ... You hypocritical assholes. Those are empty words. Impotent words. I know and you know, nothing fails like prayer. If I had a prayer, it would be my scream. I would scream, "you worthless jokers! You noxious, slick-haired assholes. Your pompous insincerity disgusts me." I would scream every vulgar word I know at your haughty, self-righteous perfidity. But if I did, that would be an empty and impotent gesture in itself. Just Fuck them all. Fuck their piety. I have no more words. Somebody please, tell me a joke so I don't start screaming, "bloody fucking murderers. It is your fault a school became a bloody battleground!"



Middle Age Riot
@middleageriot

BRAIN TEASER

Does MAGA make you dumb, or does dumb make you MAGA?



ARTICLES



To understand Russia's continual invasions of sovereign nations, follow the money, or more specifically follow the oil. The Russian economy does not do well when oil prices are down, but just look at how much prices have risen the last few years, even more so during Ukraine invasion, but all is not well for Putin.

There are graphs of oil prices by months and years that show peaks. If we put the dates of Russia's invasions by the dates of the highest prices, we find that these invasions occur whenever prices have peaked. It is believed that the extra money derived from Russian oil and natural gas exports is needed to fund these wars. Due to less recent low oil prices, Russia's economy was in shambles. But prices rose, and now guess what got even more expensive during Ukraine invasion?

Interestingly, when prices fell to drastic lows, Russia left Afghanistan. Coincidence? Probably not!

After his 2015 visit to Ukraine, U.S. senator John McCain was quoted as saying that under Putin, “Russia is, more or less, a gas station pretending to be a real country.” Many pundits call Putin the CEO of this huge gas station. In fact, he does function as head of the state-owned fossil fuel industry, making decisions, possibly due to pressure from the executives who actually run these companies, but in reality, he is the boss.

Why would McCain make such a statement? Russia has vast oil reserves, second only to Saudi Arabia. They also have world’s largest natural gas reserves. Due to the immense profits from oil and gas, Putin has actually paid off all the former USSR’s national debt.

Shipping from Russia’s vast Arctic oil reserves is quite expensive, even under normal weather condition, but virtually impossible in the winter ice. So, the Soviet Union and later Russia invested many billions of dollars in pipelines to Europe. Guess what happened when the Soviet Union collapsed? The now



second largest country in Europe, Ukraine, took control of these pipelines, then began charging Russia for their use. Putin has

demanded their return to Russian control, but since the pro-Russian Ukraine president fled to Russia during the near revolution of 2014, Ukraine has rebuked these pleas for this transfer. Since then, Ukraine's pro-Western president has leaned toward joining the European Union, and even NATO.

Thirty percent of Russia's GNP is derived from its oil and gas reserves. In addition to their fossil fuel supported GNP, 40-50 percent of Russia's national budget is derived from these resources, with three quarters of all Russia's exports of natural gas going to Europe, along with at least a quarter of its oil and coal exports heading that way.

The oil and gas are going through Ukraine controlled pipelines and train tracks, so much in fact that the biggest customer, Germany, has deactivated seventeen of its nuclear reactors, with the other three temporarily on hold unless the political situation changes.

About 20 percent of Europe's total energy supply travels through Ukraine owned and controlled pipelines, which Russia periodically demands to be given to Russia.

When the Soviet Union collapsed, Russia lost 40 percent of its land, and half of its ethnically Russian population, plus the pipes, of course.

For decades, Ukraine has relied on Russian oil and gas, but now it has also discovered its own natural gas, to the tune of 1.1 trillion cubic meters to be extracted, and probably another 5.4 trillion cubic meters in shale that cannot be extracted without Western machinery and technology.

In 2011, Exxon invested billions of dollars to explore and extract natural gas in Ukraine. In 2013 Chevron invested ten billion, and later that year Chevron added their ten billion to the pot. Since the invasion, all three companies have pulled out of Ukraine.

As I mentioned, twice, during harsh winters, Russia has exercised political clout by shutting off Ukraine's oils and gas while trying to re-gain control of the pipelines. Because of this,

African Voice



Biddy Bridget Mason (1815-1891)

She was born into slavery and "given" as a wedding gift to a Mormon couple in Mississippi named Robert and Rebecca Smith. In 1847 at age 32, Biddy Mason was forced to walk from Mississippi to Utah tending to the cattle behind her master's 300-wagon caravan. She "walked" from Mississippi to Utah. That's 1,618.9 miles!

After four years in Salt Lake City, Smith took the group to a new Mormon settlement in San Bernardino, California in search of gold. Biddy Mason soon discovered that the California State Constitution made slavery illegal, and that her master's had a plan to move them all to Texas to avoid freeing them.

With the help of some freed Blacks she had befriended, she and the other Slaves attempted to run away to Los Angeles, but they were intercepted by Smith and brought back. However, when he tried to leave the state with his family and Slaves, a local posse prevented them from leaving.

Biddy had Robert Smith brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus. She, her daughters, and the ten other Slaves were held in jail for their own safety to protect them from an angry and violent pro-slavery mob until the Judge heard the case and granted their freedom.

Now free, Mason and her three daughters moved to Los Angeles where they worked and saved enough money to buy a house at 331 Spring Street in downtown Los Angeles. Biddy was employed as a Nurse, Midwife, and Domestic Servant. She was

one of the first Black women to own land in the city of Los Angeles.

She had the intelligence and boldness to use part of her land as a temporary resting place for horses and carriages, and people visiting town paid money in exchange for the space. That particular area was considered the first "parking lot" in Los Angeles.

Knowing what it meant to be oppressed and friendless, Biddy Mason immediately began a philanthropic career by opening her home to the poor, hungry, and homeless. Through hard work, saving, and investing carefully, she was able to purchase large amounts of real estate including a commercial building, which provided her with enough income to help build schools, hospitals, and churches.

Her financial fortunes continued to increase until she accumulated a fortune of almost \$300,000. In today's money, that would be \$6M. Her most noted accomplishment is the founding of the First AME Church in California. In her tireless work she was known for saying "If you hold your hand closed, nothing good can come in. The open hand gives in abundance; even as it receives."

Biddy Bridget Mason died on January 15, 1891, at the age of 76. On March 27, 1988, ninety-one years after her death, a special occasion event was given in her honor by members of the church she helped founded. Mayor Tom Bradley was among the dignitaries in attendance. Black women are legendary.

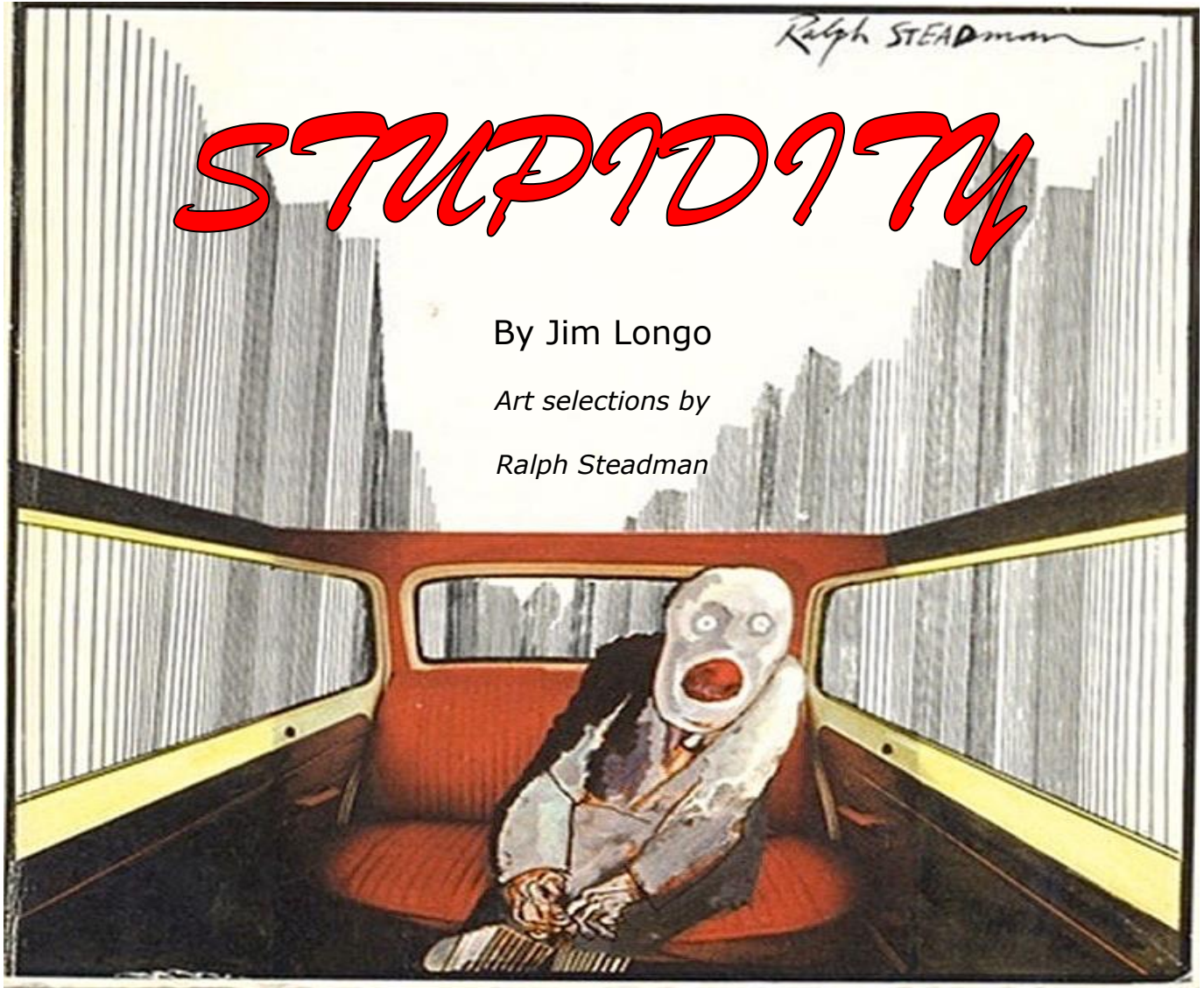
Black History is American History.



[#BecauseOfHerWeCan](#)

[#HerStoryMatters](#)

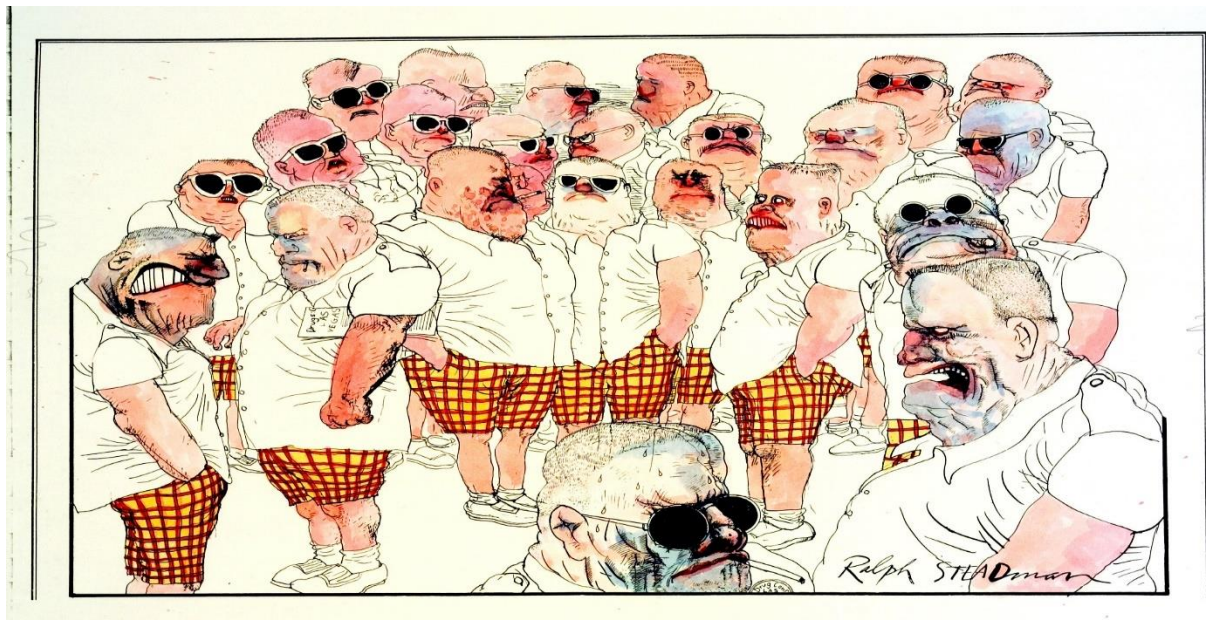
Contributed by Teddy Tatum, KCMO



Stupidity, it's not just a way of life, it's an adventure. Everywhere I go I hear; *"That's stupid."* *"He's stupid."* *"They're stupid."* *"The government is stupid."* *"Society is stupid."* Hell, you are probably considered stupid by someone. I know I am. To talk to most people, stupidity is running rampant in the world today.

To be stupid, means you lack intelligence, or good judgment. (*Bing!*) What in the world is good judgment? According to Harvard Business School, it requires; information, understanding, trusted opinions, and experience, but that doesn't define good judgment, just the elements you should use to make a good judgment.

FYI, I've tried to follow the Harvard Model even without knowing I was doing it. When I look back at my life and most of my decisions, I suck at decision making. When I say I am with stupid it is probably that voice inside my head contemplating a decision. Most of my decisions are me weighing risk of loss verse potential gain. By the way most tend to go against me.

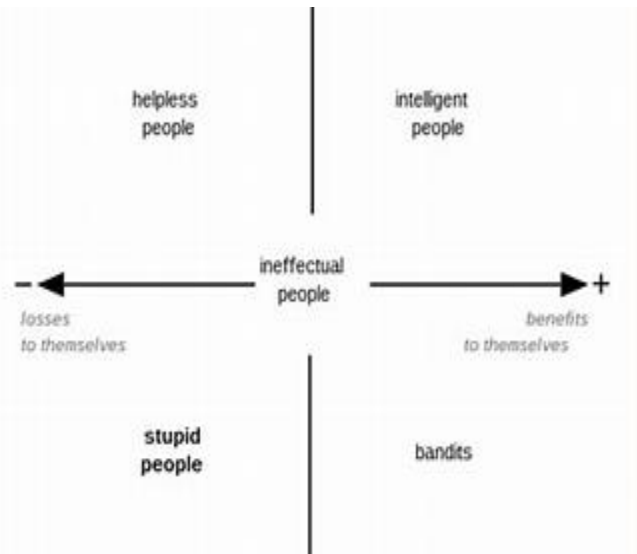


This leads us to, the five Basic Laws of Human of Stupidity by Carlo Cipolla an Italian Economist and Historian.

1. *We all underestimate the number of stupid individuals in the world.*
2. *Stupidity is independent of any other characteristics.*
3. *A stupid person causes harm to another person without at same time obtaining a benefit for himself or even damaging himself.*
4. *Non stupid people always underestimate the harmful potential of stupidity.*
5. *Stupid people are the most dangerous people that exist.*

How many bad decisions does it take to be considered Stupid, and what makes up a bad decision? Cipolla actually breaks down decision making into how your decision affect you and affect others.

A decision that is positive for you and positive for other (a win/win) is considered INTELLIGENT. A decision that affects you positively, but negative for others are considered CRIMINAL. (He uses the word bandit.) A decision that affects you negatively, but others positively is considered HAPLESS. (Probably me) Last but not least a decision that does no one any good or causes everyone harm is just plain STUPID.



I disagree with Cipolla. I don't believe there are a lot of stupid people. I do believe smart people make a lot of stupid decisions and holding a lot of stupid ideas. I do agree that stupid ideas and stupid decisions are incredibly dangerous. We all know eventually that stupid ideas and poor judgment lead to stupid actions, and by definition those actions make everyone miserable.

Cipolla makes a case that humanity will fail when unethical bandits motivate the

stupid to destroy the system. How close are we to that?

Have faith in human nature. The only thing we have more of than poor judgment is laziness. Personally, I believe my inability to get off my butt has saved me countless times from bad decisions. A motivated person willing to act with a stupid idea(s) will destroy our society. Is this the definition Congress, or are they all just bandits?

Please take great solace from Cipolla's 3rd law. Hope it makes all of us better decision makers, and better judges of other's decisions. Hope it makes us look beyond snap judgments like, "*That is stupid.*" Look closer it might be criminal, or in my case, hapless.

I asked Barb, "Don't you think stupidity should be taught in school?"

"It is Jim, it is, just not the five laws."



Perfecting the Self-Own

May 16, 2022 By: Nick Carraway

I always hesitate to write these things. You know that's what these people intend in the first place. After all, why does someone take a picture and release it onto the interwebs? So, we feed the beast but likely not in a way that they fully intended.

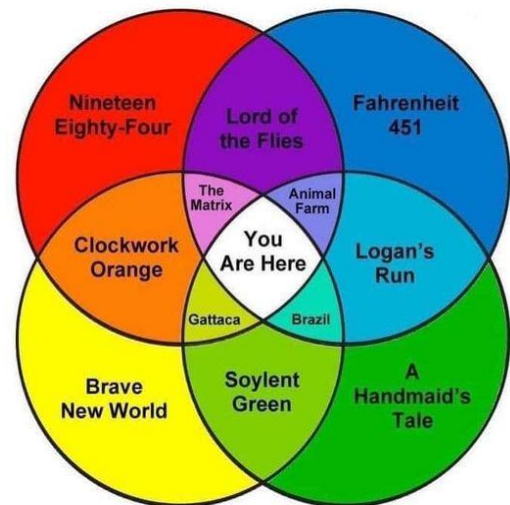
It's the same reason why they put bumper stickers on their big ass truck or fly the flags at the house. It's the same reason why they wear their t-shirts and hats to the gym or into the grocery store. It's a not-so-subtle fish symbol like the early day Christians used to identify each other. For the rest of us, it is the announcement that I am indeed an asshole and there is nothing you can do about it.



I could focus on poor Logan and the life he has in front of him. I could focus on the hatred that is obviously there. I could focus on the nearly pathological need for attention. I could certainly link it to gun culture and the tragic events that occurred in Buffalo. All of these things are things they want.

My overwhelming feeling when seeing that isn't anger or fear. Those are the emotions they want, but aren't the ones they get. The overwhelming emotion is one of pity. At the end of the day

they are closer to being a victim than they are to being a bully. They likely went out and stockpiled weapons when Joe Biden became president. They stockpiled weapons because they heard that Biden was going to take their guns. Somewhere the gun manufacturers are having a huge laugh and sharing a round of drinks at happy hour.



See, Jimmy Carter was going to take their guns. That didn't happen. Bill Clinton was going to take their guns. That didn't happen. Barack Obama was definitely going to take their guns. That didn't happen. Even three-year-olds and most dogs could pick up on the pattern. Somehow the MAGA crowd is incapable of deductive reasoning or maybe even object permanence.

Poor Logan doesn't stand a chance. He is being indoctrinated and not so much into a life of hatred, bigotry, and violence. Yes, he is being indoctrinated into those things too. More importantly, he is being indoctrinated into a life of abject stupidity. Abject stupidity allows you to be led by the nose to hate, to discriminate, and to respond in violence. Abject stupidity allows you to buy crap you don't need in order to protect your family from things that will never happen. Abject stupidity allows you to photograph your own ignorance and broadcast it on the internet for everyone to see. The self-own is the cruelest own of all.

Abject stupidity pushes you to do things to own the liberals, leftists, and progressives when you could be a lot happier just living your life. These photos never inspire the fear they think it does. It may inspire outrage, but that outrage fades pretty quickly. More than anything it inspires pity. Anger and stupidity don't mix well, and they are a horrible way to live. Yes, the self-own is the cruelest own of all.

Tags: [child abuse](#), [gun violence](#), [MAGA](#), [morons](#)

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

**STATEMENT BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. OBAMA ON
THE DRAFT SUPREME COURT DECISION TO OVERTURN ROE V. WADE**

MAY 3, 2022

Today, millions of Americans woke up fearing that their essential freedoms under the Constitution were at risk.

If the Supreme Court ultimately decides to overturn the landmark case of *Roe v. Wade*, then it will not only reverse nearly 50 years of precedent — it will relegate the most intensely personal decision someone can make to the whims of politicians and ideologues.

Few, if any, women make the decision to terminate a pregnancy casually — and people of goodwill, across the political spectrum, can hold different views on the subject. But what *Roe* recognized is that the freedom enshrined in the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution requires all of us to enjoy a sphere of our lives that isn't subject to meddling from the state — a sphere that includes personal decisions involving who we sleep with, who we marry, whether or not to use contraception, and whether or not to bear children.

As the court has previously determined, our freedoms are not unlimited — society has a compelling interest in other circumstances, for example, in protecting children from abuse or people from self-harm — and the framework constructed by *Roe* and subsequent Court decisions allowed legislatures to impose greater restrictions on abortion later in pregnancy. But this draft decision doesn't seek to balance these interests. Instead, it simply forces folks to give up any constitutionally recognized interest in what happens to their body once they get pregnant. Under the Court's logic, state legislatures could dictate that women carry every pregnancy to term, no matter how early it is and no matter what circumstances led to it — even rape or incest.

The consequences of this decision would be a blow not just to women, but to all of us who believe that in a free society, there are limits to how much the government can encroach on our personal lives. And this decision is unlikely to significantly reduce abortions, which have been steadily going down over the past several decades thanks in large part to better access to contraception and

1/2

education. Instead, as we've already begun to see in states with restrictive abortion laws, those women with means would travel to states where abortion remains legal and safe. Meanwhile, those without enough money or access to transportation or ability to take off from school or work would face the same circumstances most women faced before Roe, desperately seeking out illegal abortions that inevitably pose grave risks to their health, their future ability to bear children, and sometimes their lives.

That's a result none of us should want. But it should serve as a powerful reminder of the central role the courts play in protecting our rights — and of the fact that elections have consequences.

A clear majority of Americans support Roe. Yet we recognize that while many are angry and frustrated by this report, some of those who support Roe may feel helpless and instinctively turn back to their work, or families, or daily tasks — telling themselves that because this outcome may have been predictable, there's nothing any of us can do.

If that's you, we ask you to think about the college student waking up after her date forced her into unprotected sex. Think about the couple that tried to have children for years, who are without any options when faced with the tragic reality of an unviable pregnancy. Think of any of the hundreds of thousands of women each year who deserve the dignity and freedom of making a decision that is right for their bodies and their circumstances.

You might be one of those people. Or you might know some of them by name. If you don't, ask yourself if you know everyone's whole story.

But we're not asking you to just think about these people. We're asking you to join with the activists who've been sounding the alarm on this issue for years — and act. Stand with them at a local protest. Volunteer with them on a campaign. Join with them in urging Congress to codify Roe into law. And vote alongside them on or before November 8 and in every other election. Because in the end, if we want judges who will protect all, and not just some, of our rights, then we've got to elect officials committed to doing the same.

2/2



Prophylaxis—

measures designed to preserve health and prevent the spread of disease and subsequent disasters



By Virgil Thorp

Do you wear an N-95 when you drive in your car, all alone? Do you wear a condom when you masturbate? Why? Or, why not?

The fear of disease causes differing reactions. Often those reactions are in direct proportion to the hysteria coming from mainstream media. It is that "if it bleeds, it leads" mentality like "Godzilla is coming!"



In South Florida we can see the hysterical results at Home Depot every time the weatherman or woman starts ramping up the emotional stomach churn from May to December that something is out there, churning the waters, like Spielberg's Jaws, and it is going to eat you up. Or blow your house down like a big bad wolf.



But you have to ask yourself, "where's the wolf?" I don't see sharks attacking bathers every minute of every day, or even every week. Do you? Likewise, we do not see people collapsing in the streets and bleeding



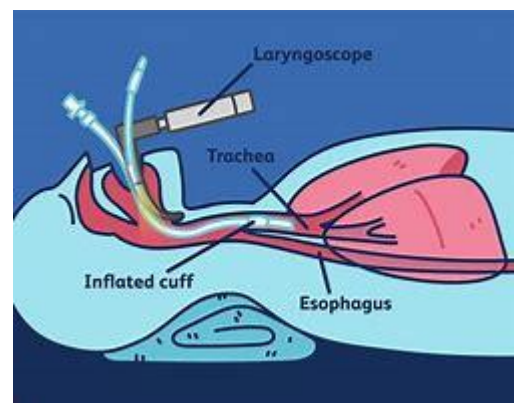
from the eyes and ears like a melting Spielberg villain who just looked a screaming banshee in the eyes. Should that make me quit boogieboarding? Likewise, Should I restrict my private sexual compulsions? Right or wrong, the covid virus is more subtle than that. Most diseases are less virulent than what we fear. In a rainstorm, an umbrella will keep you dry. The disease or the storm may not be as good, and it may not be as bad as we fear or how our fears have been stimulated.



I can almost sympathize with the anti-maskers who are simply reacting to what they see with their own eyes. No one is collapsing in the grocery store produce

aisle. They have eaten at restaurants and did not die. As an atheist, I haven't been inside a church with or without a mask, but we know that those people who are NOT vaccinated, do not wear a mask ... those people *do* collapse and die. Usually after they take their infection home and spread it amongst their family. I think we need to see the sick on television more than we have. We know people are getting sick but how many close acquaintances of yours have been intubated? If you are careful, not very many, if any.

Our media does indeed control most of what we hear and see. They are the monitor of what we hear and see. We are overwhelmed with numbers and statistics that make it seem that our number is – *will be* – called soon. They can make it bleed if they wish. "The emergency rooms are full!"



"Hospitals have covid patients in the halls." "Other emergencies are left to languish and die in the waiting rooms." And we, we have wishes too and we do not want to die. So, we react. Like we are told to. Some people say we overreact. But what can you do when someone is always saying, *BOO!* To you? Such hyperbole negatively affects my digestion, damn it and I resist.

I am reminded of the 1980's when another viral infection took many lives. Pat Robertson was using the AIDS pandemic as a cudgel to stamp out the sexual revolution. Sharing bodily fluids was a death sentence, he yelled. "God's wrath is on these sybarites. We should quarantine them all and let them die before they infect all our virgins."

I look back to when I was sexually active, that is, attempting to get laid every weekend and even on taco Tuesdays. It could be said that I was promiscuous. But I was not. I was selective in my licentiousness. A subtle but important difference to those who

indulge in blind prurience. For my fellow swingers, we took precautions. Every event, every party had bowl full of condoms for protection. Beyond that, we were always cognizant of other infections. If someone had a cold or fever, they did not attend. *What a prophylactic!* But, we knew, if the person who is sharing a moment of sexuality does not have a disease, the chances of spontaneous generation of the clap was nonsense. If we had a vaccine for HIV, there would be a line around the block to get it. The standard question would be, "are you vaccinated?"



"Yes, and I have had my booster shot."

"Me too, let's fuck!"

"Yippee!"

I do not like condoms just about as equally as I do not like masks. Sure, the tightness of the latex was pleasant, but the draw back was the reality of having a few mils of latex between flesh and flesh. Not nearly similar and a poor substitute. And take my word for it, flesh on flesh is the best. The very fact that it is another human, another woman, whose glorious, glove-like vagina is squeezing your favorite protrusion is a fantastic and unique feeling just like she feels it. The taste is better too, for that matter. I cannot imagine anything else like it. I feel grateful for the opportunity to make a harmonic sexual symphonic breathless duet. I do not want to miss it. However, if a prospective lover required me to wear a condom, I did if I wanted to do that torrid tango.

So, I do understand anti-maskers' skepticism after all these months to suspect that they do not want to be dictated to by a one-size-fits-all condition. But I still take precautions if there is a need. I do not swim in the ocean at dawn or dusk or in murky waters. I do not go to a packed auditorium where people are not masked up. I do not breath on or cough on another person if I can help it and I would certainly not do such a disgusting thing on purpose.



I do not wish to diminish the covid virus or any virus or bacteria. Like a storm or a shark, their dangerous potential must be respected. But when a pompous shit like Ron DeSantis goes around denigrating people he does not know, to take their masks off because *HE* is there and doesn't like the look, I get militant. Is that not mandating? Is that now what he thinks he is against? When DeSantis does that, it causes me to want to put a mask on. And I still don't like them. And I still won't masturbate with a condom on, thank you very much.

I am different from the anti-vaxxers and the anti-maskers. If I am asked to wear a mask, if I have had my vaccination, or, to wear a condom, I will accommodate to respect my friends, my partners and fellow citizens. But DeSantis? Fuck yourself, Ronnie-boy.



THE WAY WE WERE

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.

an ocean of heavenly vibration

By Helen Keller

Here's how she describes listening to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" over the radio, Helen Keller wrote the following letter to the New York Symphony Orchestra in March 1924.



Dear Friends:

I have the joy of being able to tell you that, though deaf and blind, I spent a glorious hour last night listening over the radio to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." I do not mean to say that I "heard" the music in the sense that other people heard it; and I do not know whether I can make you understand how it was possible for me to derive pleasure from the symphony. It was a great surprise to myself. I had been reading in my magazine for the blind of the

happiness that the radio was bringing to the sightless everywhere. I was delighted to know that the blind had gained a new source of enjoyment; but I did not dream that I could have any part in their joy. Last night, when the family was listening to your wonderful rendering of the immortal symphony someone suggested that I put my hand on the receiver and see if I could get any of the vibrations. He unscrewed the cap, and I lightly touched the sensitive diaphragm. What was my amazement to discover that I could feel, not only the vibration, but also the

impassioned rhythm, the throb and the urge of the music! The intertwined and intermingling vibrations from different instruments enchanted me. I could actually distinguish the cornets, the roil of the drums, deep-toned violas and violins singing in exquisite unison. How the lovely speech of the violins flowed and plowed over the deepest tones of the other instruments! When the human voices leaped up thrilling from the surge of harmony, I recognized them instantly as voices more ecstatic, upcurving swift and flame-like, until my heart almost stood still. The women's voices seemed an embodiment of all the angelic voices



rushing in a harmonious flood of beautiful and inspiring sound. The great chorus throbbed against my fingers with poignant pause and flow. Then all the instruments and voices together burst forth – an ocean of heavenly vibration – and died away like winds when the atom is spent, ending in a delicate shower of sweet notes.

Of course, this was not "hearing," but I do know that the tones and harmonies conveyed to me moods of great beauty and majesty. I also sense, or thought I did, the tender sounds of nature that sing into my hand-swaying reeds and winds and the murmur of streams. I have never been so enraptured before by a multitude of tone-vibrations.

As I listened, with darkness and melody, shadow and sound filling all the room, I could not help remembering that the great composer who poured forth such a flood of sweetness into the world was deaf like myself. I marveled at the power of his quenchless spirit by which out of his pain he wrought such joy for others – and there I sat, feeling with my hand the magnificent symphony which broke like a sea upon the silent shores of his soul and mine.

The Auricle, Vol. II, No. 6, March 1924. American Foundation for the Blind, Helen Keller Archives.

NEVER BEEN A PRETTY GIRL

By Bert Mautz



This life compelling force begins with the “Isn’t she cute?” object of constant attention from infancy while still a little girl, becomes obsessively schooled on the importance of their appearance.

These objectifications combined with presentation of self, aspects of appearance for the rest of their lives being a pretty girl first and subsequently a beautiful woman has no parallel in the lives of little boys and their becoming adult men. We males just shower

and are [constantly?] reminded to change our underwear.



Little girls learn, under the suffocating tutelage of their mothers, to obsess on their appearance. Watch them play with their hair, matching dress, shoes, and those ruffle-topped socks before the tikes can even talk. By junior high they have

the girls' restroom support group, preening in the mirrors together.

Conversely, Little boys have a completely different experience, "Honey you forgot to zip your pants. Have fun." We pee at the urinals, run cold water on our hands, and head back out to rough- house, no socializing, no compliments on a cute top.



For the ladies, these beginnings of self-awareness carry over into their blooming adolescence when all the now young ladies know, the other half of the human race is looking at them, hungrily, while studiously ignoring the attention. Oh, I've heard, "Sometimes, beauty is a curse." Kay is gorgeous and judging by early snap shots always has been. The downside, she confessed, is her being pursued at all times. Something about wanting to be desired/craved for her mind. But come on, the literate, curvaceous blond with electric smile, and combustible wit, and hell, you've got an irresistible package for any man to resist. I couldn't. That kind of self-perception and social ramifications is unimaginable reversed.



Confirming the female beauty mythology is the little sister, the cooed over child beauty, brought downstairs to applause of adult dinner guests. Who would become – sorrowfully -- the acne plagued BYU coed, not to be the object of a return missionary's lust? Coming home to Daddy's open arms in tears and secretarial school.

Fifty years later with some introspection, some therapy, and a guy ought to be managing the personal and social dynamics better. But just as a fellow is making peace with physical appearance deficiencies along comes the indignities and degradation of being an old man on top of the "He doesn't have money, and he's handicapped."



Today I am blessed to be surrounded by a number of contemporary women who are remarkably lovely. I didn't say "unbelievably lovely," as they are all believable, but to note how they seem to suffer nothing from the miles. These are my oft-referenced self-actualizing women of the twenty-first century. Players, every member of the "Bonefishgirls" posse, seventy-five thru eighty-six, each has an attentive beau.

Personally, simply to be found attractive would be amazing I've taken to affecting a Tommy Lee Jones – bad ass – Texas



Rangers persona with a white straw cowboy hat and green lens Ray-Bans. Flattering myself to believe it's a cool look for a man in his late sixties. Who am I kidding? There is no such animal.

No, it would be unimaginable.....

Victoria Woodhull



Born in 1838 in a rural frontier town in Ohio, Woodhull grew up in abject poverty in an abusive household. She was forcefully married off to an alcoholic womanizer when she was just 15 years old. She had two children, one of whom was born

with an intellectual disability. She often had to work outside the home to make ends meet.

After years of abuse and infidelity by her first husband, she was managed to finally get a divorce. Soon after, Woodhull began to support the idea of free love. In 1871, she gave a speech in Steinway Hall, New York City in which she declared:

"To woman, by nature, belongs the right of sexual determination. When the instinct is aroused in her, then and then only should commerce follow. When woman rises from sexual slavery to sexual freedom, into the ownership and control of her sexual organs, and man is obliged to respect this freedom, then will this instinct become pure and holy; then will woman be raised from the iniquity and morbidness in which she now wallows for existence, and the intensity and glory of her creative functions be increased a hundred-fold..."

In the early 1870s, Woodhull became the first female stockbroker and opened her own brokerage firm on Wall Street and made a fortune advising high profile clients such as the

Vanderbilt family. With the money she made from her brokerage, Woodhull founded her own newspaper which reached a national circulation of 20,000 at its peak. The newspaper generated considerable controversy by advocating for women's suffrage, sex education, birth control, licensed prostitution, vegetarianism, and short skirts.

In 1872, she became the first woman to run for the President of the United States during a time when women were not even allowed to vote. She also chose Frederick Douglass as her running mate.

She spent Election Day 1872 in Ludlow Street Jail (located on Ludlow Street and Broome Street in Manhattan, New York) after being arrested for publishing an obscene newspaper. She was imprisoned for a month.

Ulysses S. Grant went on to win the presidential election.



[History Cool Kids](#) is in [Manhattan, New York](#).



It was May 1965. We were bored, all four of us. There were myself, Schlosser, Groovy-Duvy and Fish. We called ourselves 'The Playboy Club' in honor of our patron saint, the ubiquitous, Hugh Hefner, publisher of Playboy magazine, our bible.

Our high school junior year was almost over, and a seventeen-year-old summer beckoned. It was just not coming quickly enough. And, like all young men our age, something had to give – if you remember how urgent everything seemed to be in those raucously hormonal days.

Schlosser had the answer, an adventure. A proposition we could not refuse. He had arranged us in a line on the couch in his folk's basement. The same couch many of our group had had their first petting-gropes during the nervous bi-monthly, teenaged, coed make-out parties Schlosser hosted with his parents keeping discreet chaperone in their living room up above the

subterranean passion pit. When the music turned to slow, to Johnny Mathis, the lights went low, sweaty palm was against sweaty palm. It was pet and pet, grope and grope. Learning how kissing works. A perfect place, we felt, to study seduction. The lessons learned were not lost on Schlosser but for the rest of us, we had no choice but to conceal our ignorance. We did not know he had us right where he wanted us.

"How would *you* like (he paused) to *MAKE a grand?*" he said, precociously puffing on his father's discarded briar pipe and pacing in front of the couch like Captain Horatio Hornblower striding the deck of his ship-of-the-line.

"A *cool* grand." He flashed his 'never miss smile.'

Each statement was preceded by a dramatic break in the pacing, a puff on the pipe a/la Hefner, and a piercing glance into each of our eyes. 'A *cool* grand' hung in the air like sex. The mouthpiece of the pipe was pointed at us, and every other word was punctuated with its own smokey exclamation point.

"Just think of what you could do with a grand a piece." There was no question mark here. This was money, 'a grand!' With an exclamation point like 'a grand' deserves. Back and forth. Puff and pace. Schlosser let us digest the offer. And the pacing, not just simple nervous pacing, like you do when you were trying to avoid some unpleasant consequence. Oh, no. Schlosser had poise. He had confidence in his steps. He knew we had taken his bait and we were each tallying up our future purchases, just like in an Aesop fable, counting chickens before hatching eggs ... and we didn't even have the eggs, yet. But that did not matter.

In those days a grand went much further than today. A grand meant something. A brand-new Bel-air could be purchased with cash for fifteen hundred dollars at model year change at the local Chevy dealer. You could take a girl out to dinner and a show for twenty bucks. Or less, if she'd eat drive-in. So many

opportunities to learn more about life and all we needed, was the cash to pursue them.

So, yes, we wanted to know what Schlosser had in mind. “A cool Grand” was the bait. But, was it legal? If it wasn’t, could it be pulled off?

To break a sworn pledge not to tell; a couple of months earlier we had – ingeniously I might add – pulled off a large ‘heist’ of lp record albums from the local Katz Drug Store record section. Three rows of alphabetically arranged bins in a dark corner of the store. Myself made a distraction while the others grabbed an arm full of pre-selected albums and waltzed out the

adjacent, ‘employees only’ back door to the waiting car just outside at the curb. They dumped the albums in the trunk and loaded themselves into the car. Myself met



them as they drove around to the front of the store to pick me up. Yes, it was a crime, but with no witnesses nor any security cameras. So, who’s to say that I am not making up a fantastic story?

The distraction? Try to imagine the catastrophic explosion created by a large display of nearly one hundred, glass-bottled Pepsi Cola, sixteen-ounce, eight-pack cartons, crashing onto the linoleum floor and the subsequent flood, whooshing into every adjacent aisle! Like a foaming brown, sticky tsunami. The crashing kaboom echoed into every corner and employees rushed to the sound. They found a flood surging outwardly. Crushed cartons and broken bottles, glass shards, and by some freak of nature, a pristine, inverted bottle cap floated merrily in the foamy current gushing towards the store's side door next to the old soda fountain.



I was ready to be disingenuous.

"I was just walking by, and the display collapsed. I tried to catch it, but... boom"

"Lucky I didn't get cut." "No, thank you. I am not hurt."

Every employee surrounded me in the tight knot, honestly

concerned for my welfare. They had no idea they'd been hit by a shoplifting horde. It was a crude dodge, but it worked, the statute of limitations notwithstanding.

But that May afternoon, we were just greedy enough to want to know what was being diagrammed this time.

However, for once, Schlosser's proposal was not illegal. We could do this thing without the fear of being arrested and he had secured the consent of the high school cheerleading squad to give us legitimacy. The young man we sometimes called 'the brain,' stopped and pivoted face-on to us. He took a three-second

pause. My heart kept the beat. One, two, three. What was he going to propose? He took one more deep breath.

"Fireworks." He said and leaned backwards in Mussolini-like triumph and sucked on his pipe again. Three pairs of eyes gazed at two nostrils as they allowed a devilish exhalation of lazy pipe smoke. It was a fourth of July scheme. My fingers caressed my thumbs like I had the money in my fists already. There was a crisp feel, like each note was barely used. More like a new fifty than a softly-rubbed, hand-me-down dollar bill.

Schlosser took clever observation of our reactions. He was like a professional gambler learning the other players – the amateurs' – give-a-way tells. Was it going to be that easy?

"Show me where I am wrong," he challenged. "We get the fireworks on consignment. *They* provide the tent and the tables.

We get the location and the license. And ..." he paused again for effect – What was his caveat going to be this time? He'd have one for sure. He had always had one before – "We are going to get all this by ..." another poignant pause.

"By sponsoring the Raytown South High School 1966 cheerleading squad."



Wow! That ploy would grease any skid. Schlosser was a genius. He received the grunts of approval with well-deserved glee. I thought I saw a blush of pride. We were going to be philanthropists. Our greed would be noble-ized.

Questions remained in the background. Were we prevaricators? Were we working our way to being grasping, hypocritical, covetous capitalists? Ravenously materialistic,

young Republicans? You bet we were! The juicy cheerleaders would be out front, doing their cheer routines and high-kicking in their culottes. We would be in the tent, raking in the money.

We didn't care if we had ulterior motives, we would be a thousand dollars richer, or more, and we would also be heroes. The cheerleaders would love us! They could avoid the degrading carwash fundraisers with the nasty buckets and hoses.

Fireworks and nubile young women! We'd pack them in. The demand would be great! There would be twenty-deep lines leering at the cheerleaders while waiting to buy our pyrotechnics. How could we lose? There would be nothing illegal we'd have to do this time. And, once the word spread, about the cheerleader cheesecake on display, we might even get a regular clientele every afternoon.

Myself smiled at Schlosser, Schlosser smiled at Fish and Fish smiled at Groovy-Duvy who just grinned, ear-to-ear. We bit hard.

Coming in Chapter two – How the best laid plans go awry. Groovy-Duvy gets arrested for smoking in the fireworks stand. Fish gets seduced by the horny, half-breed Cherokee wife of the guy who let us plug into his electrical system, trading two weeks of his electricity for four bags of cheap, consignment fireworks. We would wonder, later, who plugged who?



FICTION & POETRY

Angel and Me

By Ed Zillioux



She came to me like out of a dream. A pretty girl with a crooked smile. I was vulnerable. I just broke up with Kim and felt my life was coming apart.

"Hi," she said. I didn't answer. "I've seen you here before ... are you alright?"

Christ, I thought, I guess I must look the way I feel. I shook my head, trying for some semblance of normalcy. "Yeah," I answered. "I'm OK – I'm fine." My voice ended in something like a squeak, hardly convincing.

We were in one of those small parks scattered through the city, this one a short distance west of the apartment I had just moved into. I had a habit of coming here for an early morning jog, and, occasionally, I would sit here on days I was alone, watching the day come to a close. Today, however, it was midafternoon and I wasn't looking for company.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't mean to..." she stammered. "...to interrupt your thoughts. I'll be on my way."

"Good," I said and then immediately regretted it. "No, no, I'm sorry, I'm just going through a bad time, I have no right to take it out on you. What's your name?"

"Angel."

"Wow. That's just what I need," I blurted out, almost subliminally and to no one in particular.

But she heard me. "What? What do you mean? Are you making fun of my name?"

"Oh, no. No, no, no. I'm sorry, it was just a thought. I didn't even mean to say it out loud."

"But you did, and now you owe me an explanation. What did you mean?"

She stood there, with her hands on her hips, glaring at me. A stance that made her look even more pretty than before, although her crooked smile was now paired with a frown. There was something about her that was irresistible. I could not, not tell her and soon found myself spilling my guts to this perfect stranger that was somehow not a stranger.



about when I
Kim in bed with some
she said. "Larry, why don't you just leave ..."

I didn't say anything else, just sat there, oblivious of her presence. In silence, she put her arm around me, kissed me quickly and left.

"It was your name. I was in a deep funk over a fucked-up relationship thinking that I needed something – or someone? – to pull me out of it. Like an angel – figuratively, just figuratively – and then you...." I choked up and couldn't continue.

Her frown had disappeared. She put her hand on my shoulder, and then sat down beside me. "It's okay," she said, "You can tell me about it, sometimes it helps."

So that's how it began. Although I thought at the moment, this is how it ends, it didn't turn out that way. She was easy to talk to and she was right; it did help. And what did it matter, after all, she was only a stranger. I told her about Kim. I told her about the commitment. I told her about the love, well, sort of. And I told her about the cheating. And then I told her I came home early and found a guy. And when Kim saw me,

I didn't see Angel for a long time, nor did I expect to. But I did think about her, occasionally. I resumed my habit of taking an early morning jog through the park, my head had cleared up and whole days began to go by when I didn't even think of Kim. Then the time came when I felt comfortable enough to go to the park in the evening to watch the day go by as I once used to. And I saw her. She was walking hand in hand with a tall guy with a thin moustache. She saw me and, dropping his hand, quickly turned away, obviously embarrassed.

Four evenings later I went again to the park to sit on my favorite bench. I saw that it was occupied, and I was about to pass by when I heard a familiar voice say, "Hello Larry."

"Angel! What a coincidence."

"Coincidence hell! I've been waiting for you to come back ever since I saw you four days ago. I was with a friend from work that I just shared a movie with. I should have spoken up then, but I knew it sent the wrong message."

"What do you mean?"

"I was the last one to ask that of you. Oh Larry, I just can't get you out of my mind ever since that day we first met here. How are you doing?"

"I am all healed. I've put all that behind me. And gee, it's good to see you."

And so, dear reader, if you think this was the beginning of a love affair, you would not be disappointed. We made a pact to meet every Wednesday and spend the night making love in my apartment. It was wonderful, it looked like nothing could ever go wrong. We both felt that we had found the love of our life – not felt, knew.

It was over a month later that my boss asked me to work late on a Wednesday night in order to get a presentation together for a

client. I was to deliver it on the following day at a meeting of his Board of Directors. It was to be an all-nighter. I called Angel and we agreed to shift our Wednesday tryst to Saturday at noon and spend the rest of the weekend together.



When Saturday came, we both arrived at the park at the same time and fell into each other's arms in a passionate hug. Then looking over Angel's shoulder, I saw Kim. And she had seen me.

"What's wrong?" exclaimed Angel, feeling my stiffing up at the sight of Kim.

"Angel, my dear, when you first asked me what was wrong, I didn't tell you everything. I thought I had lost them forever."

"What are you talking about?"

"When Kim kicked me out, I not only lost her. We had two children together."

All she could say was, "Oh my God."

Kim was pushing a baby stroller towards us. "Larry, I am so sorry," she said. "I was such a fool. Can you possibly forgive me? I need you back."

At that moment, a lovely four-year-old girl came around the other side of the stroller and saw me. She ran to me, excitedly calling, "Daddy! Daddy!"

I scooped her up in a tight hug. I had never thought I would see her again. I was nearly blinded with tears, and I didn't know for whom or for what.

Holding my child tightly, I turned back to Angel, and ... then I knew. She was backing up, holding her hand over her mouth, a crooked smile no more.





What is it about men?

By Amy Winehouse

I'm nurturing, I just wanna
do my thing

And I'll take the wrong
man as naturally as I sing

I'll save my tears for
uncovering my fears

Our behavioral past is
thick over the years

It's bricked up in my head,
it's shoved under my bed

And I question myself
again- what is it about
men?

My destructive side has
grown a mile wide

And I question myself
again: what is it about
men?

PERFECTION

By Bert Mautz

Is there anything more perfect
than lovers joined; penis in vagina?
On a good night; not too tired, not over fed,
the extra incentive of days apart.

When all that we are for each other,
and all that we can be is in that union.

We know, because we express the joy,
the ecstasy we each feel.

We know how to give
those moan inducing sensations.

We know how to find
and take our pleasure in the others body.

She gives herself without constraint.

She's all mine. I get mine.

I know how her body will react, what she will say,

when the cumin' is coming.

likewise;

I will do whatever pleases her, wherever,
however, for as long as we both can enjoy it.

Some nights we barely sleep,
cause it just feels too good to stop.



Emportes jusqu' aux constellations by E. Matisse

A WIFE'S POEM

He didn't like the casserole,
and he didn't like my cake.
He said my biscuits were too hard,
not like his mother used to make.
I didn't perk the coffee right,
he didn't like the stew,
I didn't mend his socks
the way his mother used to do,
pondered for an answer.
I was looking for a clue.
Then I turned around
and smacked the sh*t out of him.
Like his mother used to do.

COMEDY CORNER



Rifles



& Raccoons

By James Longo

I don't know what made me decide to buy that pellet gun. All right yes, I do, in one word, raccoons.

Look, fifteen years ago, I remember leaving home early one morning, in the dark, and a mother and six baby raccoons



waddled across the street heading for the state park one block over from us. I remember thinking, *isn't that cute*, and *don't I live in a wonderful place*, or some positive thought like that.

My only other experience with a raccoon was maybe around the same time. We had a couple of left-over cases of soda from a

party and at some point, a few cans started to leak, so we threw them in the bottom of a trash barrel. A couple of days later I went to take the trash out to the curb and a raccoon had gotten stuck in the barrel because the soda was too heavy for him to tip over the trash can.

I brought the can out to the curb, figuring I'd let the trash man deal with it. Maybe they'd just throw him in not noticing, and that raccoon would go to raccoon heaven. Either he'd be crushed by the trash truck and go to raccoon heaven or end up at the dump which had to be considered raccoon heaven ... at least by raccoon standards.



When I came in and told my wife. She said, "You can't do that to the poor garbage man! You need to call animal control."

Seven o'clock on a Monday morning I'm calling animal control. A sheriff deputy answers the call and immediately dumps over the barrel and lets the raccoon go.



I said, "I could have done that."

That night we were watching the local evening news, and a story comes on about rabid raccoons in our area. I thought. *They are not rabid; they just drank too much bad soda.*

But that was then, and this is now. Up north you rarely saw a raccoon in the daytime, and if you did, they were probably rabid. Not so in Florida, or not so in my back yard.

I've seen a raccoon six feet from my house tipping and balancing on my bird bath in broad daylight to get a drink of water, while three of his brethren waited five feet off the ground in nearby oak trees. I yelled at them. I threw rocks at them. I swear the little shit gave me the finger ... and laughed. I didn't buy a gun then.



I've seen six raccoons in one of my mango trees munching away on my mangos one May like they owned the fricking tree. I didn't buy a gun then.



My wife spent hours making a peace garden with plants to attract butterflies. She planted bromeliads and colorful flowers properly mulched, and those little shits used it nightly as their personal latrine. You can flip me the bird. You can eat my fruit. But don't you dare take a crap on my wife's peace garden!! I bought the pellet gun.

A few days later, my new pellet gun safely secured in the closet, I'm pouring water for my morning coffee. I look out my kitchen window. I see one of the masked clans climb my most pregnant of mango trees. I grab my pellet gun, load it, and I'm pissed. I run out under my mango tree. I can't see that little vermin but I know he is up there.



Did I mention, I'm sort of one of those guys who really never understood the concept of ready, aim, fire? I'm more of a fire, aim, ready type of guy.



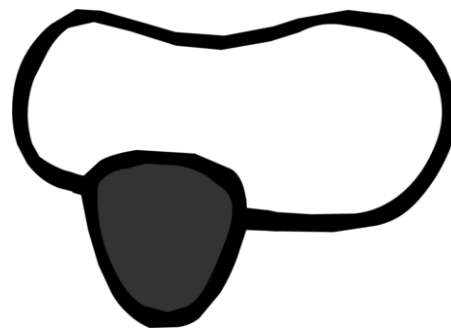
I started firing indiscriminately up into the tree. Yeah, I understood the concept of gravity, especially that whole thing about *what comes up must come down*. And yeah, I remember my mother saying, *stop that or you'll take someone's eye out*.

Well, I did. I guess some people shouldn't own guns. I guess I'm one of them.

I don't know, I looked sort of jaunty with that new eye patch; a little like a pirate or maybe Moshe Dayan, that old, one-eyed Israeli general. All I do know is, I'd rather have an eye than a mango, and that gun control is a good thing especially when it comes to your gun.



I warn you, don't be like me (*stupid?*), remember guns can do great harm ... most likely to the owner.

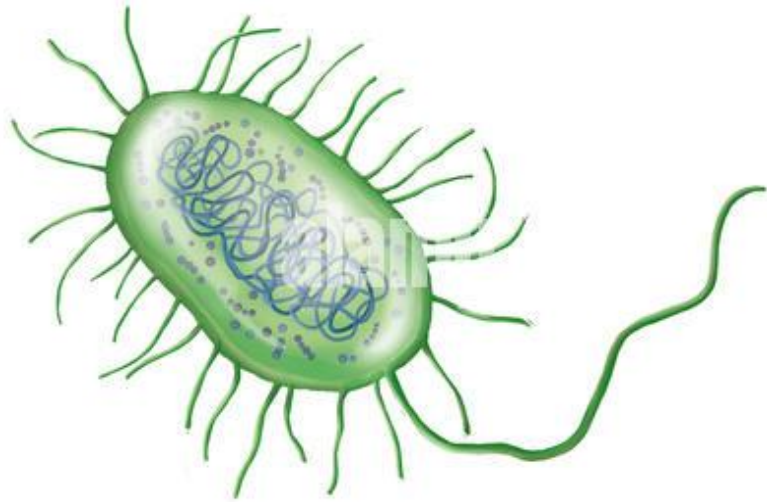


My Story

By Chance¹

**(a different perspective
on evolution)**

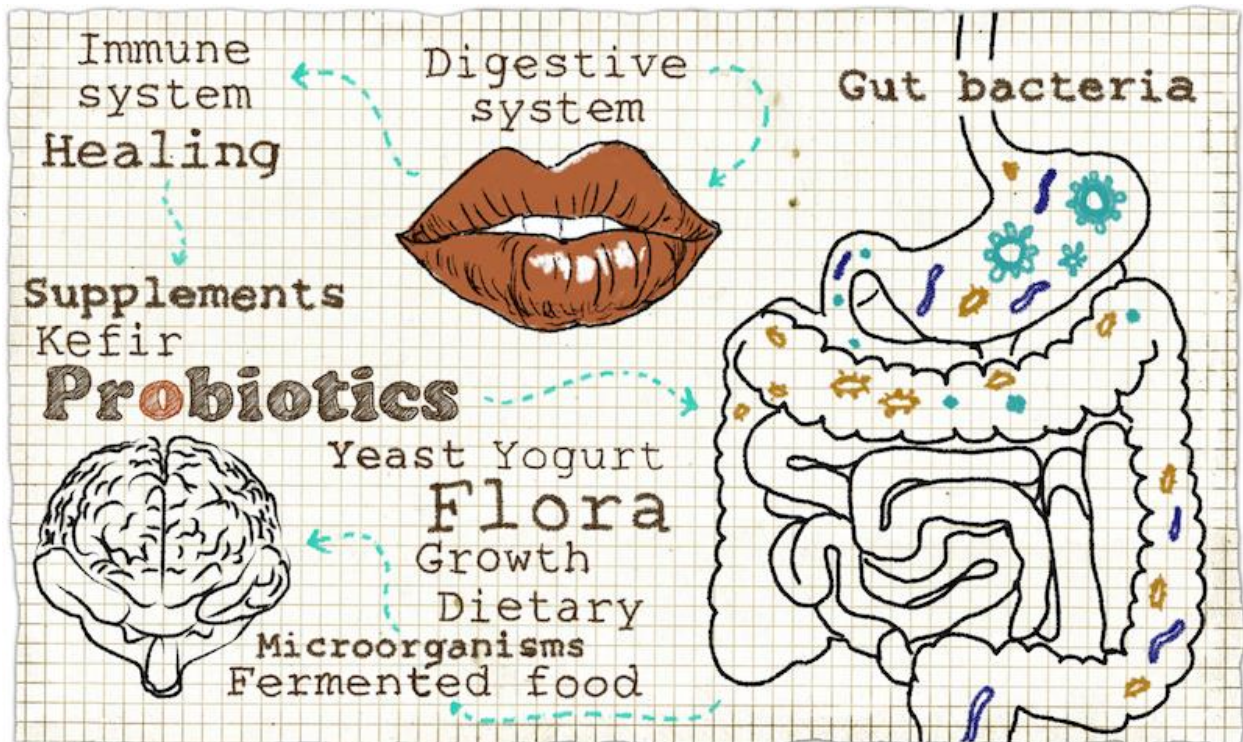
**¹ as dictated to Ed
Zillioux**



I've never told my story before although many have written about me. I've been around for a long time, and will almost certainly outlive all those Johnny-come-latelies who think they're so superior, when the fact is, they wouldn't be alive at all if it wasn't for me. But the real reason I haven't told my story before is that I don't have a mouth. You see, I am a bacterium. I know, I know, but you really should stop laughing. You see, all the while you waste your precious little time cackling, I'm busy evolving. I can even change who I am faster than you can describe what I am. But, I'll still be me, and you? Well, we'll see.

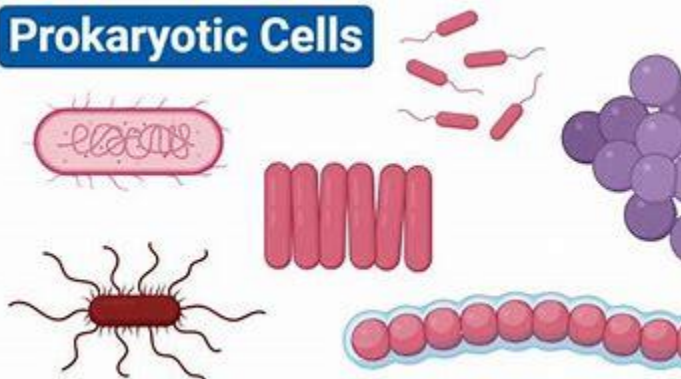
I guess I should begin by telling you how I am able tell my story, being without a "normal" mouth and all. The short explanation is that I tricked one of those *Homo sapiens* (or *saps* for short) to do it for me with the help of their newly invented computer and internet technologies. It was really quite straight forward once I invaded their blood stream and figured out how to outwit their blood-brain barrier. There's a lot of wow-stuff up here, and now it's all mine! But more of that later – this is supposed to be about me.

Solipsistically we roll along, roll along, roll al-la-la... Oh, sorry, there's a lot of garbage up here and pop music lyrics are particularly hard to avoid. But please bear with me.



To put things in perspective, I have been who I am for approximately the last 3.8 billion years. Since we bacteria, as you *saps* call us, reproduce by simple division, my progeny, if you can call them that, are as much me as I am me. Now I don't claim to be the oldest of the original cellular life on this planet, or of the Prokaryotes as you call us, but I'm right up there with the rest of the lot. I have a few cousins that are definitely not me but all that most so-called authorities distinguish us by is a difference in our

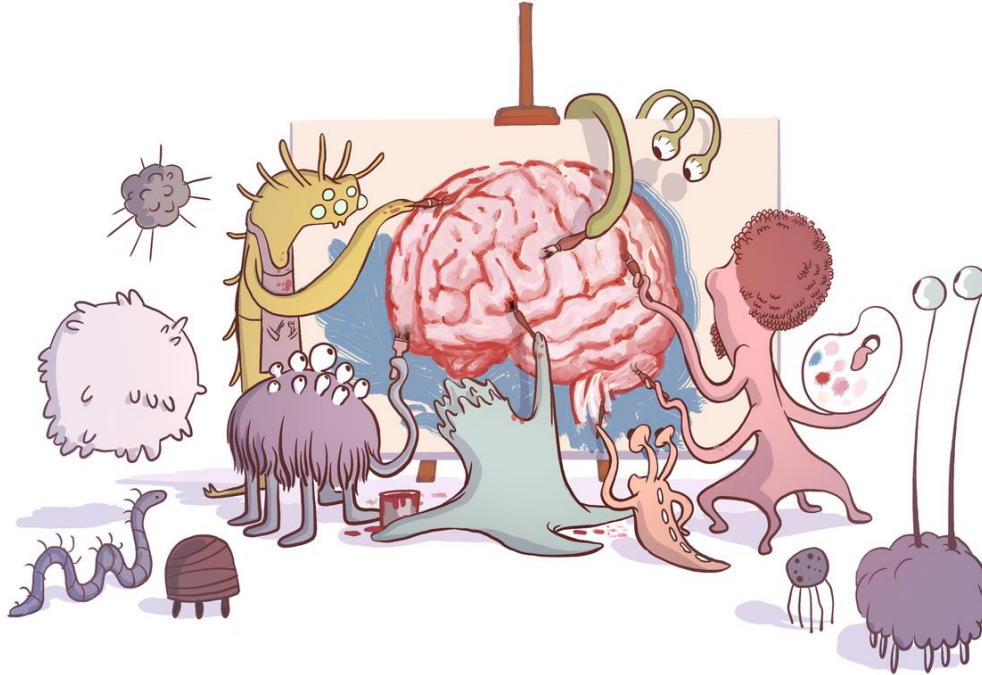
Prokaryotic Cells



basic shapes. That's it. Do I look like a ball, or a rod, or a twisty spiral? That's about all. I say it's what's inside that matters. And that's not all that different, although to be fair, we have figured out some

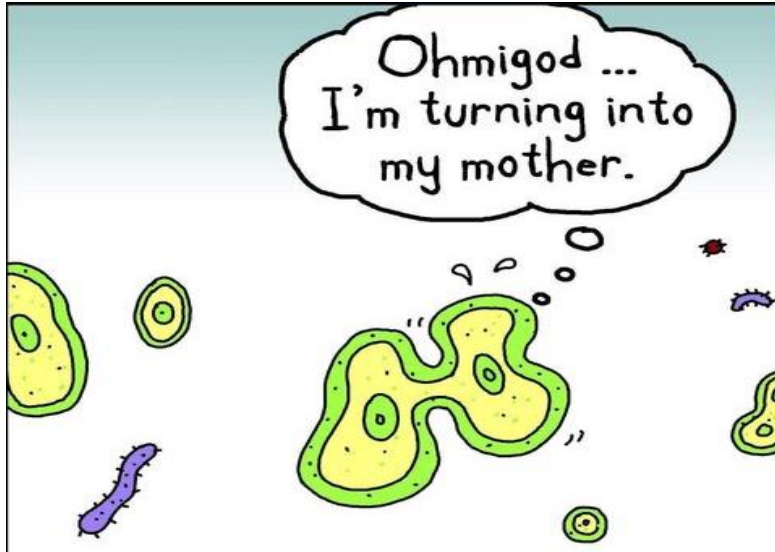
ingeniously different ways to give you *saps* a bad day.

But other than those cousins I just mentioned, we bacteria are pretty much the leader of the field. In terms of total mass, that is. Oh I'm aware of those single-celled organisms that infest the oceans, like the algal microflagellates, dinoflagellates, and other



creatures like paramecium, but they can't compete with us on land, where we and the *saps* mostly live. Actually, I shouldn't denigrate the saps, since they provide one of the best places for us (the bacteria of course – pay attention) to live. Think of this, there's about eight billion individual saps currently living on Earth, and each has about 17 feet of intestine that makes a whole lot of miles of cozy places for us to live (that's not counting all the other animals on Earth, but, if we did, the *saps* would still remain the largest single source of gut habitat on the planet). Wow, there's a whole lot of information up here. Too bad the *saps* don't know how to use all of it.

But there are some things I can't figure out from my cruising through the *sap's* brain. For example, why does the *sap* waste so much time and energy doing the simple functions of life that we bacteria don't even have to think about? Take reproduction, for



example. Why I just have to do a little cellular squeeze and, POP! There's a new ME! But nooooo, with *saps*, it's incredibly hard and bloody complicated. First, they had to invent two different sexes. Then, although they both contribute, normally, only a single cell to make the new

sap, all of the hard work associated with producing the final product is assigned to just one of the sexes. The biggest and strongest you ask? NO! Typically, it's the smallest and weakest! But often they're the brightest, which also doesn't make much sense ... why do they put up with it?!!

But wait! There's some other stuff up here that might be relevant. It seems that the bigger and stronger *saps* have a disproportional amount of another attribute called power. I don't know what that is, but it is often paired with another attribute they call political. Now this whole reproductive game gets really complicated. Through the use of their political power (whatever that is), the bigger and stronger *saps* manage to control how their smaller partners carry out the work of reproduction, or even if they do. I told you it's complicated; I don't understand it myself even though I'm sitting in this well (or cesspool) of data.

I asked before: Why do they put up with it? Well, digging deeper, I'm seeing that this may be changing. It seems the smaller, weakest, and brightest are beginning to fight back. But it's terribly muddled and I find no clue as to how it will be resolved.

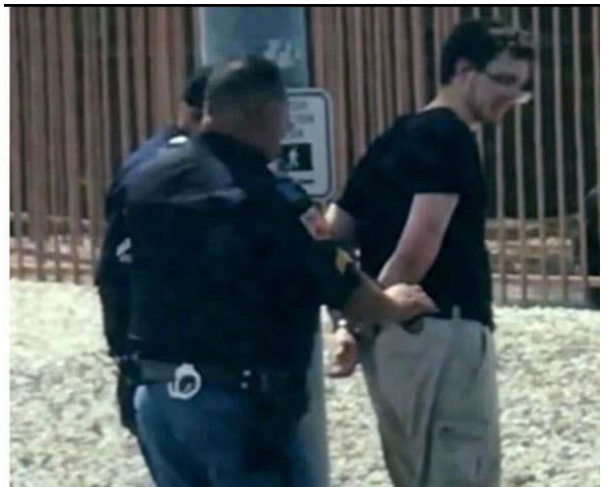
Whew! I'm glad I'm just a bacterium where life is so much simpler and, for that matter, forever. Trying to tell my story to *saps* in a way they can understand is exhausting!! I trust you will

forgive me if I just find my way back through the blood-brain barrier and sluice through the veins down to where I can just squeeze through the microvilli into my intestinal home, home... [Readers, please sing along here] Home on the range, where the hook worms and the round worms will play, where seldom is heard an encouraging word, 'cause the sun never shines up your bum.

And our intrepid traveler's favorite: Solipsistically we roll along, roll along, roll along, Solipsistically we roll along, roll along all day ...YEAH!



Incels on Parade



Payton Gendron: murders 10—calmly arrested

Nikolas Cruz: murders 17—calmly arrested

Dylan Roof: murders 9—calmly arrested

Patrick Crusius: murders 23—calmly arrested

Tamir Rice, Aiyana Jones, Breonna Taylor, George Floyd, Eric Garner—all unarmed & innocent—killed immediately

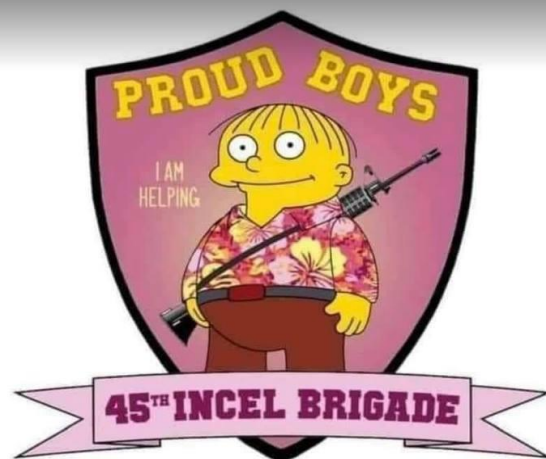


More than two dozen men linked to the far-right extremist group Patriot Front were arrested Saturday in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, for allegedly planning a violent riot at a local Pride event.



Anita Ward's Bell
@Danez_Smif

It is safer to be a white man who just killed multiple people than it is to be a Black person in a traffic stop and if that doesn't tell you everything you need to know about how abundant, unflinching, and grounded racism is in this awful country, I don't know what to tell you.



THE FEW. THE INVOLUNTARILY CELIBATE.

***ONCE UPON A TIME
ON A BAD APPLE
DIMENSION, VERY,
VERY FAR AWAY***

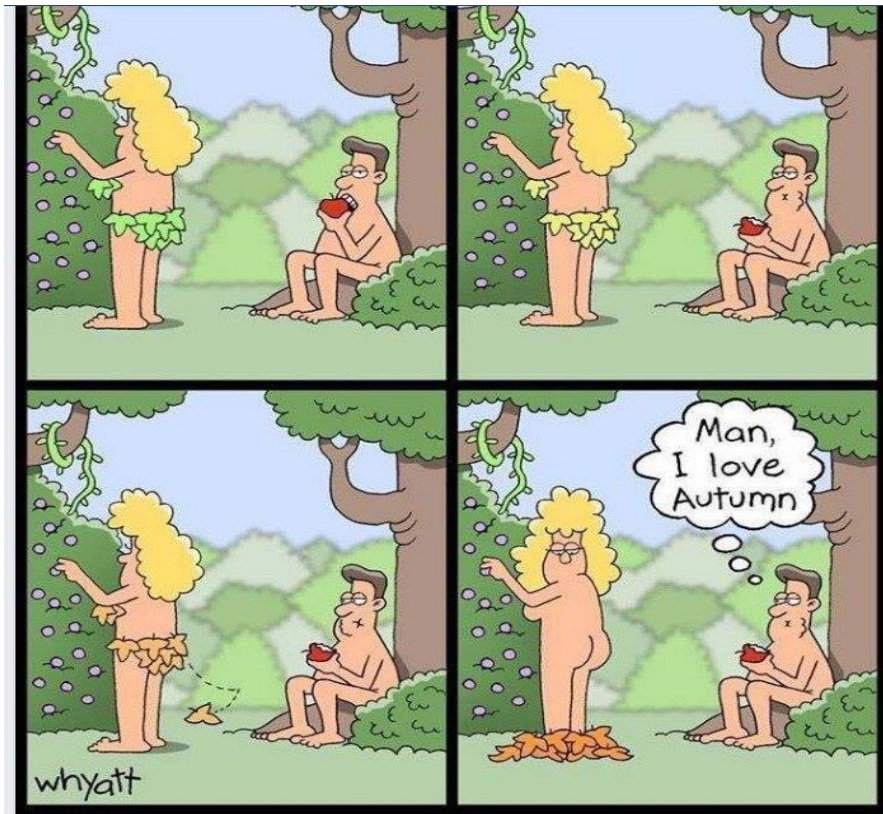
*A disjointed fantasy of the more than very high and
the less than very mighty – or just read the damn book:*

The fable of Adam & Eve

by Dan Vignau

The Bible is all true, especially the parts about a man in the sky who made a man from dirt and a woman from a man's rib, with no explanation how she got female DNA.



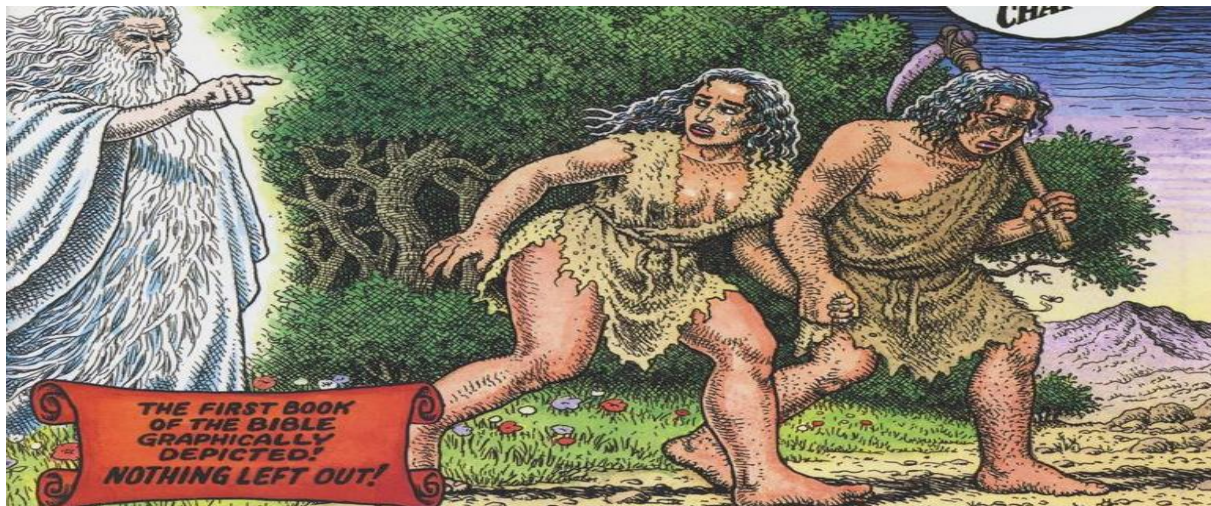


Then put them in the most idyllic place ever imagined, plants a tree of knowledge, but forbids these uneducated creations of his to learn from it, then allows a talking snake to convince them to eat a magic apple from this tree.

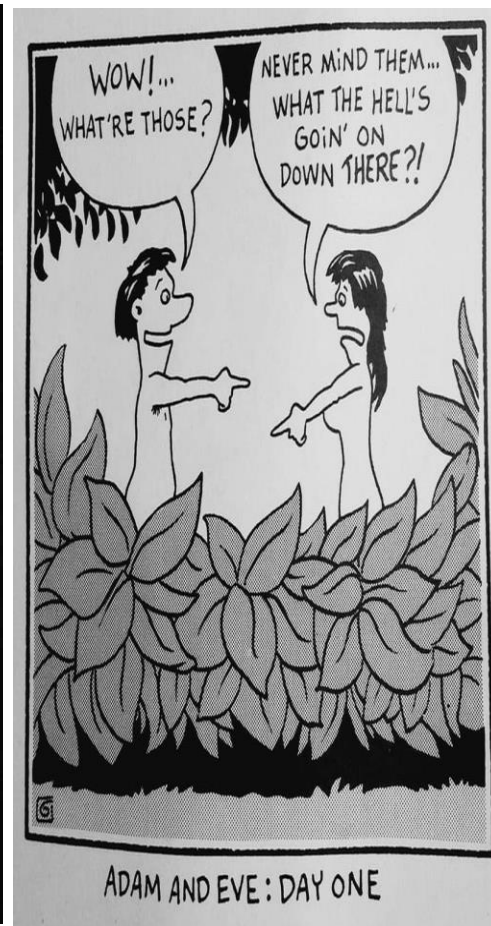
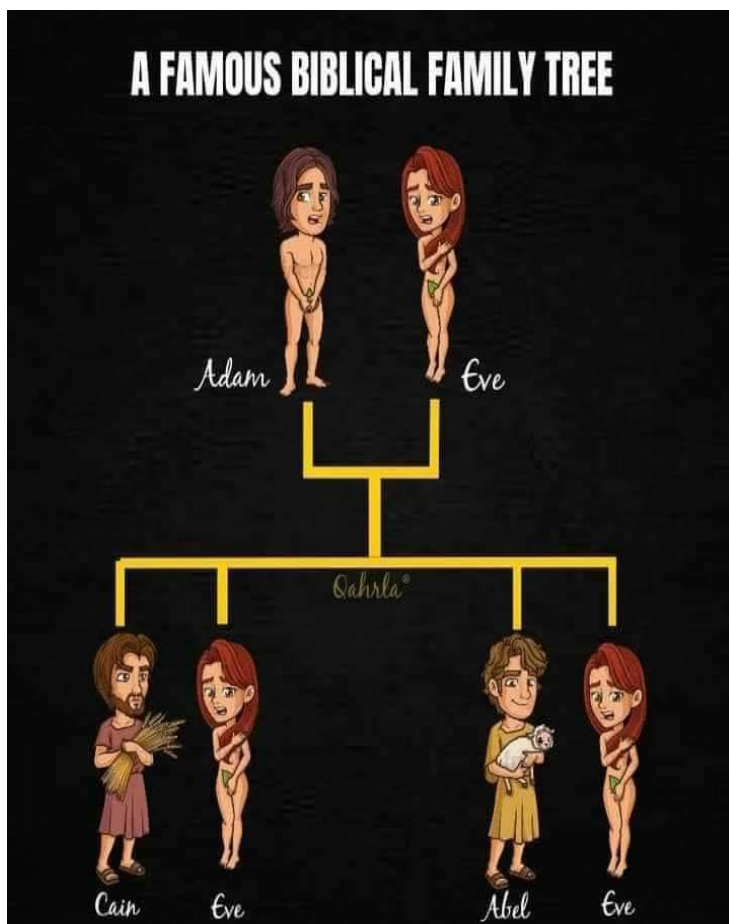


THOU SHALT NOT

This prick in the sky then totally alters his creatures' position in



society, for the reason of trying to learn something. He is so mad that he kicks them out of this heavenly place, allows them to fornicate and create other inbred people, only to condemn them to a fiery hell for eternity, unless they wait 4,000 years.

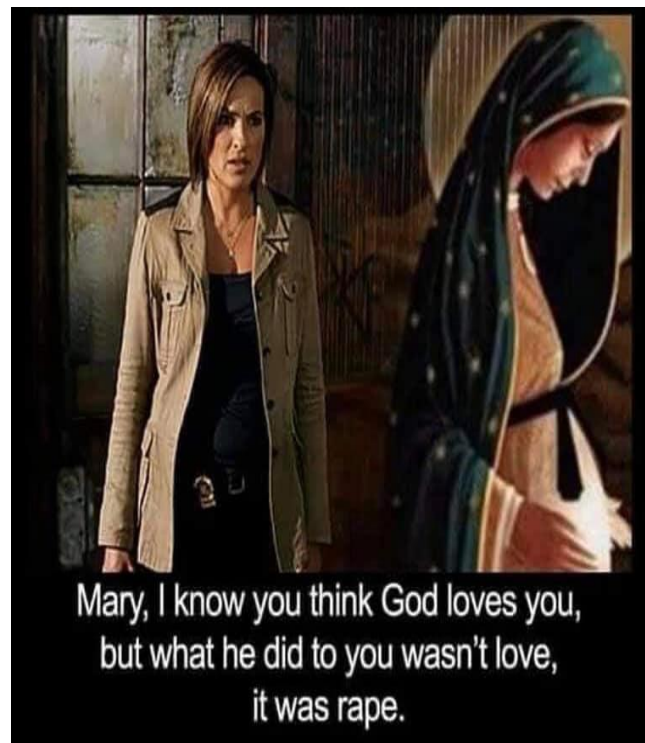




Then they must believe that a pregnant woman, who was only trying to keep from being stoned to death when she told her husband for whom she apparently never put out, that she is a virgin.

THE JESUS DIAPER

A cloth recently discovered in a cave by archeologists is thought to be a linen diaper worn by the infant Jesus. The fabric, which bears the imprint of a child's buttocks, has Christians around the world excitedly celebrating the amazing discovery.



Then, the man in the sky, who supposedly can create a man from dirt, had to personally impregnate her instead of just create another being from dirt, to make a savior one must believe in or go live an eternity in the fiery place. *Jeez!*

In the meantime, a leader emerged, got lost and walked across arid desserts for *40 years* while the faithful followed for lack of anything else to do.



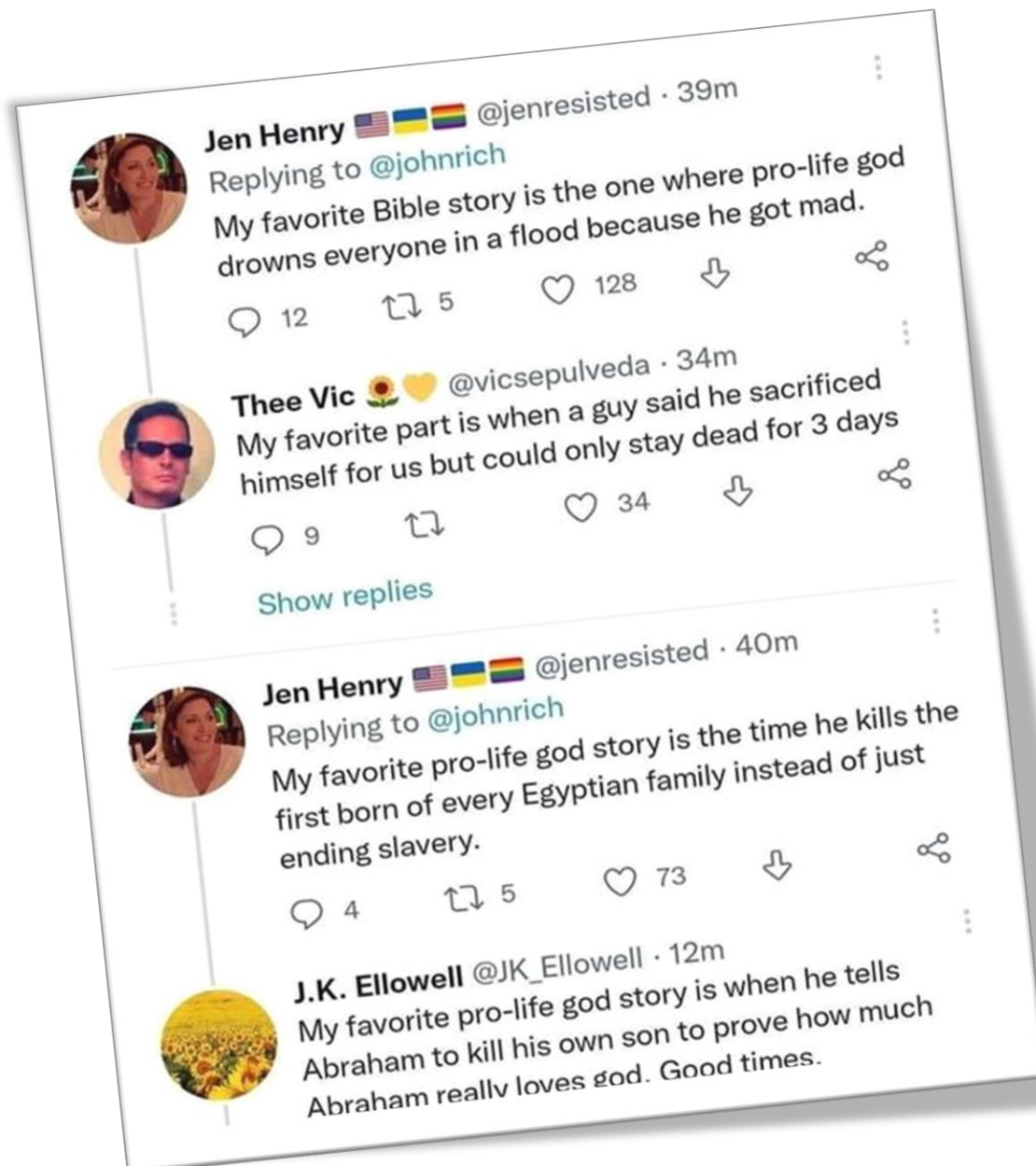
WORST NAVIGATOR EVER

Next, this god killed every land-based creature with a flood, except for the ones he puts on his boat, a ship that is designed by desert nomads to be bigger and better than all the ships built by centuries of seafarers.

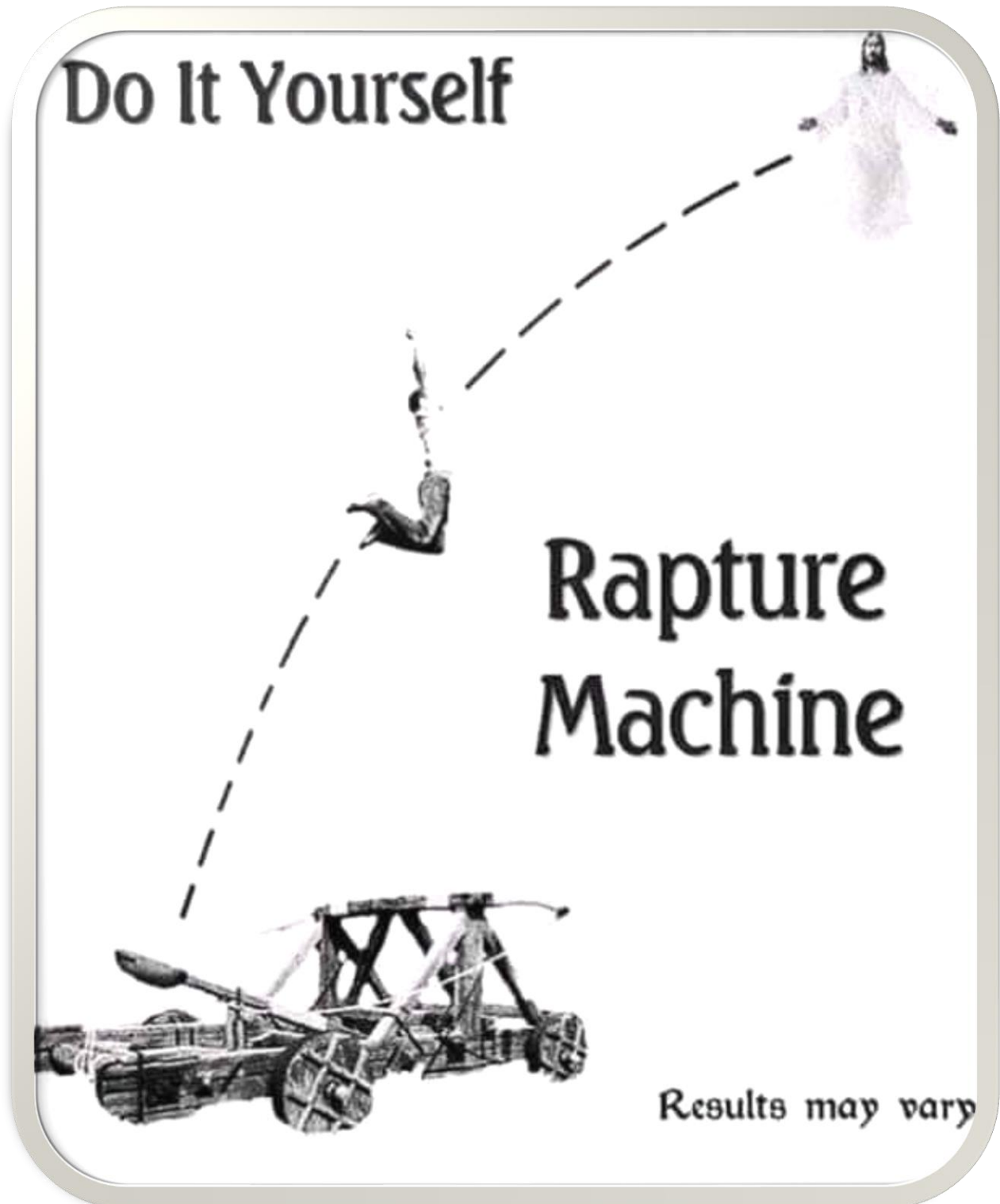


This supposed god gets penguins, kangaroos, lions and tigers and bears, etc. to trek across the tundra, the deserts, and the mountains, not to mention that many had to swim thousands of miles across the major oceans to get to the boat in the middle of the desert to be saved.

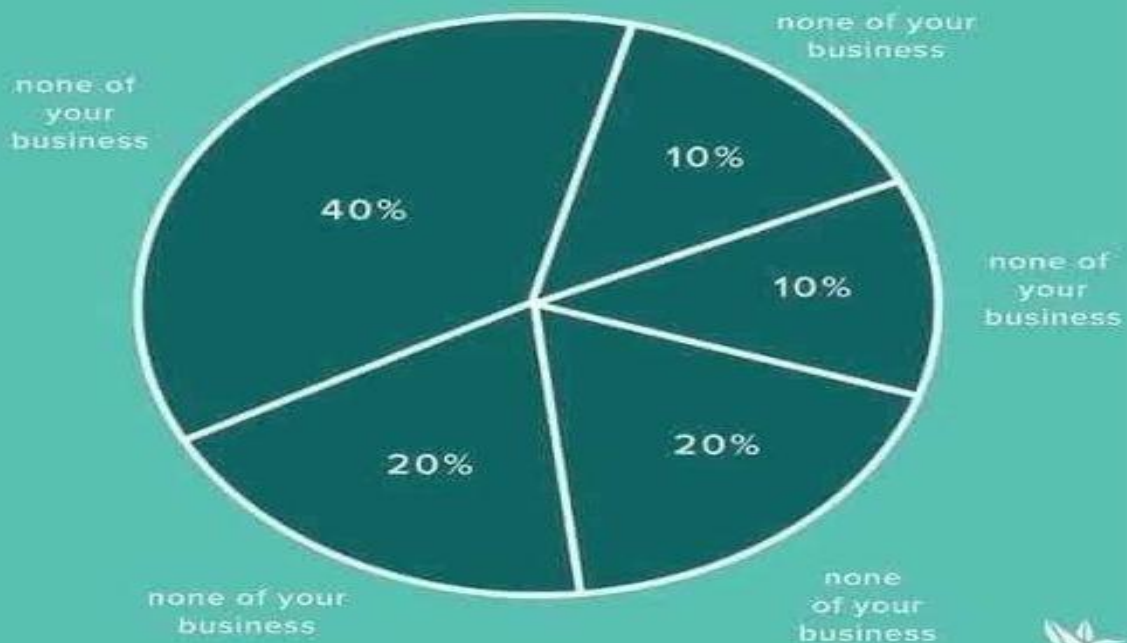
Of course, this god fed the dinosaurs to the other animals and used FedEx to return them to their native environs. Farfetched, you say about FedEx. Is that really the problem you have with this story?



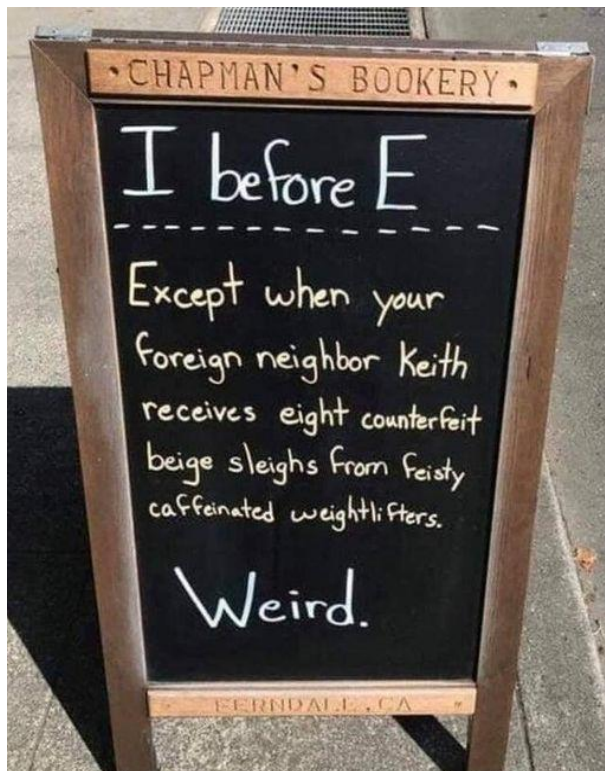
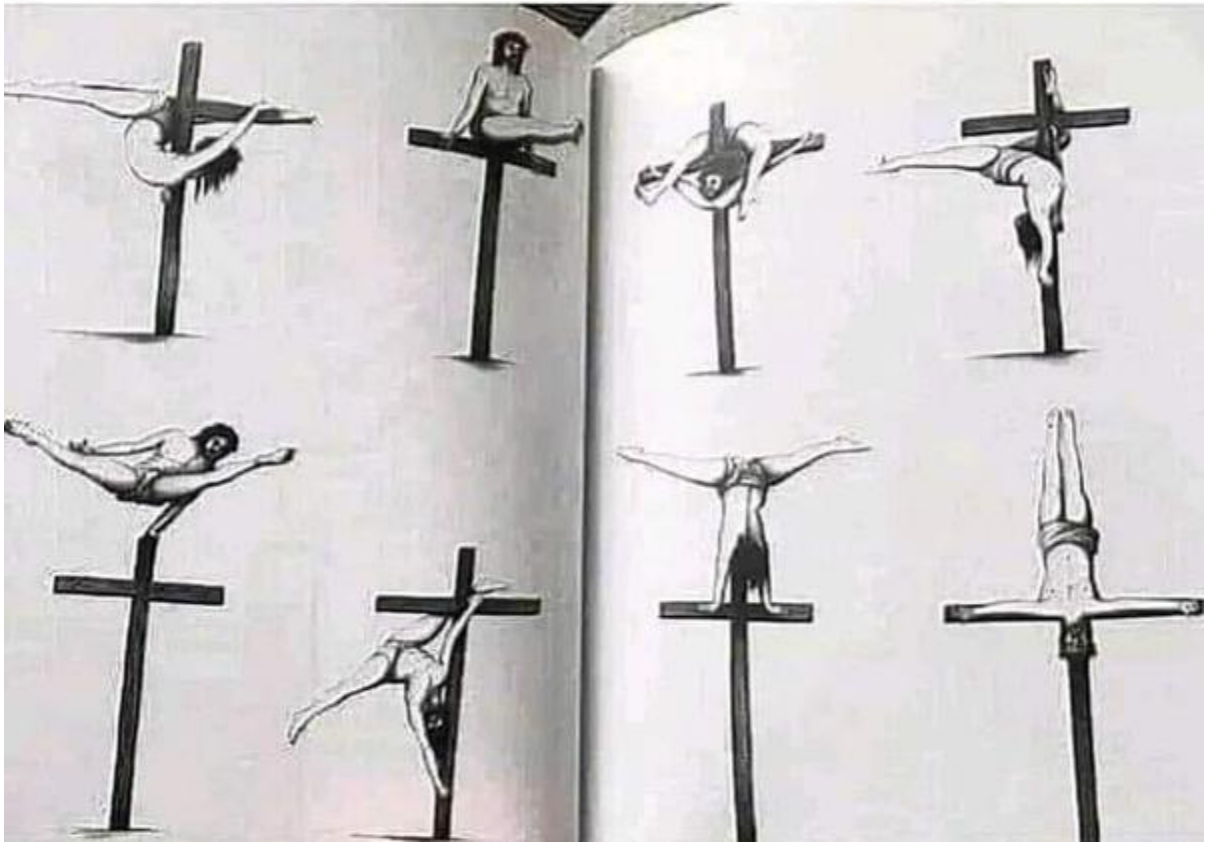
Apparently, giving all of the evil people heart attacks was beyond god's pay grade.



REASONS WHY WOMEN HAVE ABORTIONS



I think I picked up the wrong bible



Most people could care less that people say irregardless. This misuse should of been nipped in the butt long ago. Maybe they are just escape goats for the broader problems of the decline of education, but even though I have been biting my time here, cringing at the next foe par while they get off scotch free, it's truly a mute point these days. Face it: it's a doggie dog world. I think I'll just go curl up in a feeble position. Ex cetera, ex cetera, ex cetera...

Later that day
Sally taught herself
how to ride her
own bike



I would bet my last dollar
that SOMEWHERE in
Florida there is a drag
queen now going by the
name of Rhonda Santis



The New Pain Scale



Level 1

Nothing hurts
"It's all good."



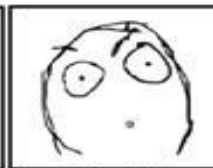
Level 2

A little pain
"Oooh harder."



Level 3

Some pain
"Walk it off."



Level 4

Hurts
"This smarts."



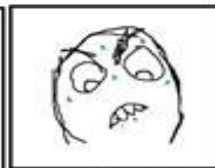
Level 5

Hurts pretty bad
"Ohhh, hey, owwww!"



Level 6

Too much pain
"Not so hard, plz"



Level 7

Barely tolerable
"Crying is for sissies!"



Level 8

HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
"I am going to die."



Level 9

FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
"FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUU"

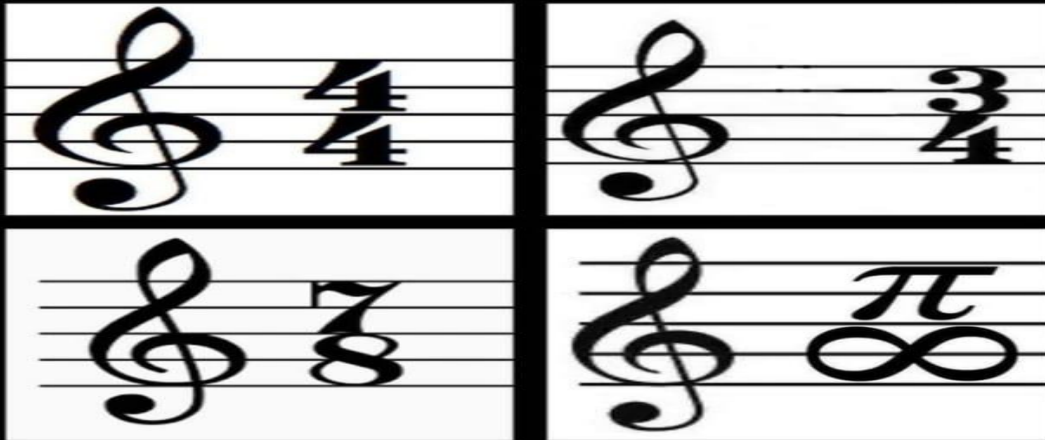


Level 10

BRRAAAWWRRRRR
"MAKE IT STOP. CUT IT OFF
IF YOU HAVE TO, JUST PLEASE
MAKE IT STOP!!"

MEMEBASE.COM

Time signatures in order of increasing difficulty



Patriotic American Alpha Sauce
@toket · 1d

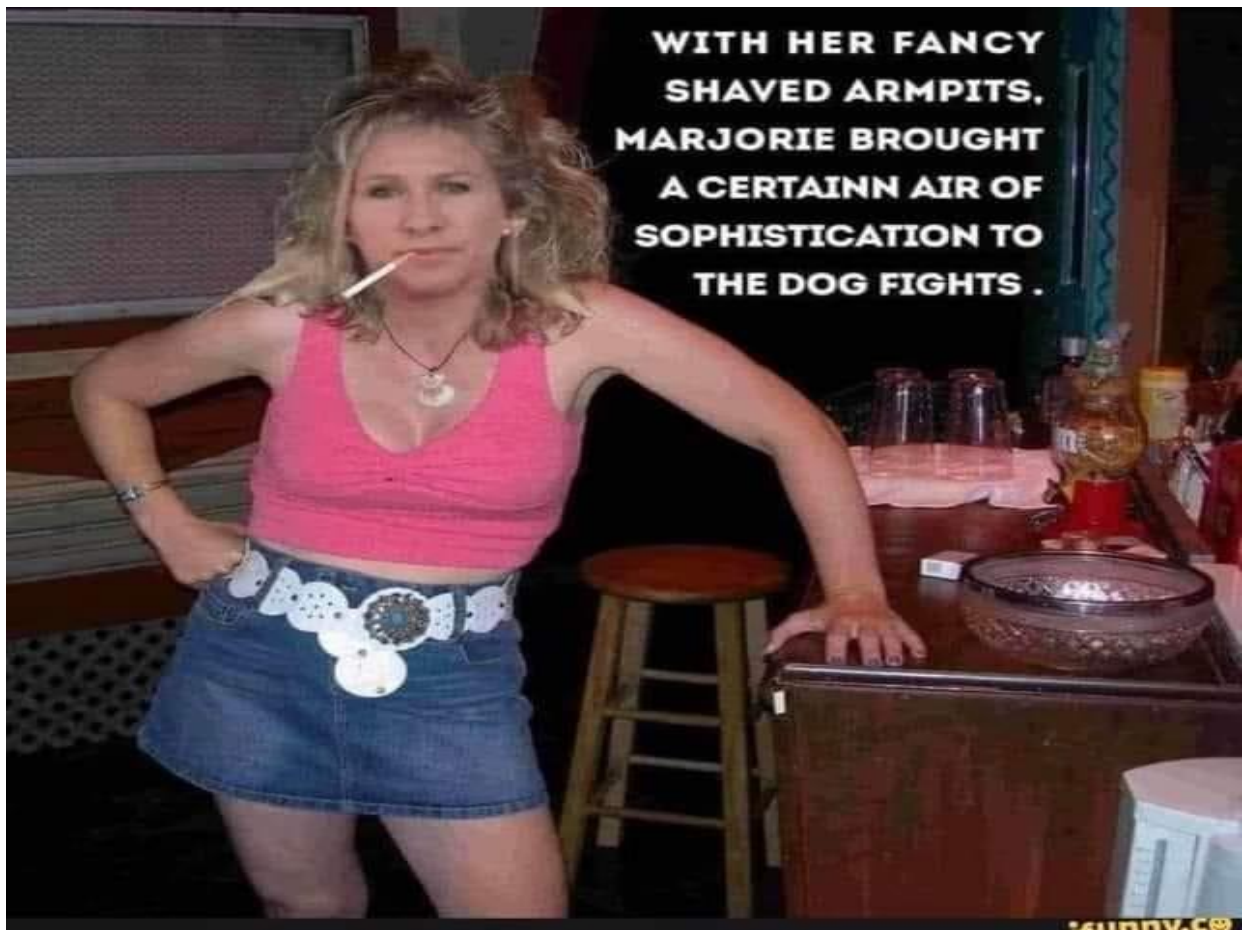
Donald J. Trump ReTruthed

Replying to @SonOfJmkWalkow, @clambe1, and 7 more



these are difficult times







Robert J. Lowe
@nimorapi

The best way to find typos in your work is to carefully and meticulously proofread it, publish it for public consumption, and then casually glance at a random page two weeks later.

7:36 AM · Jun 6, 2021



michellewolf You know, in high school if you didn't believe in science it was just called failing.



ZUBY: ✓
@ZubyMusic

You can be in favour of something, but opposed to it being mandatory.

You can be against something, but not in favour of it being banned.

Smart people understand this.

3:04 PM · 10 Aug 21 · [Twitter Web App](#)

5,274 Retweets **231** Quote Tweets

25.8K Likes



Ally Maynard ✓
@missmayn

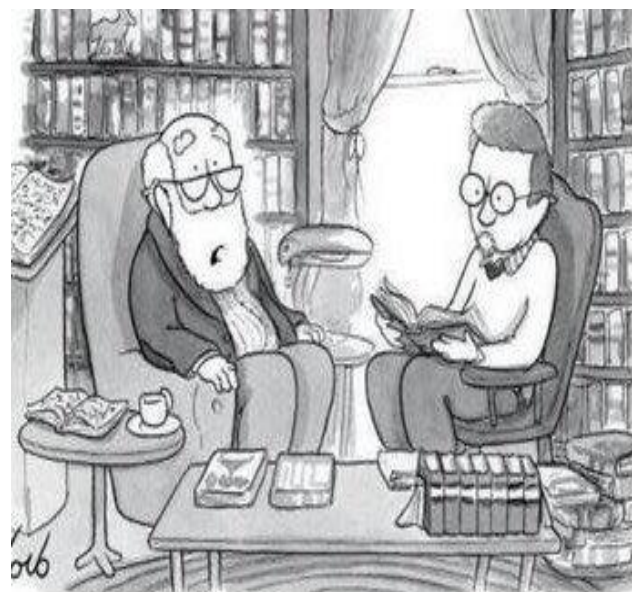
I'm going to start addressing evangelical Christians like they talk at gay people:

"Yeah, I just don't agree with your lifestyle."

"Your beliefs are simply a phase."

"I respect you, just not how you live your life."

"You shouldn't be allowed to get married."

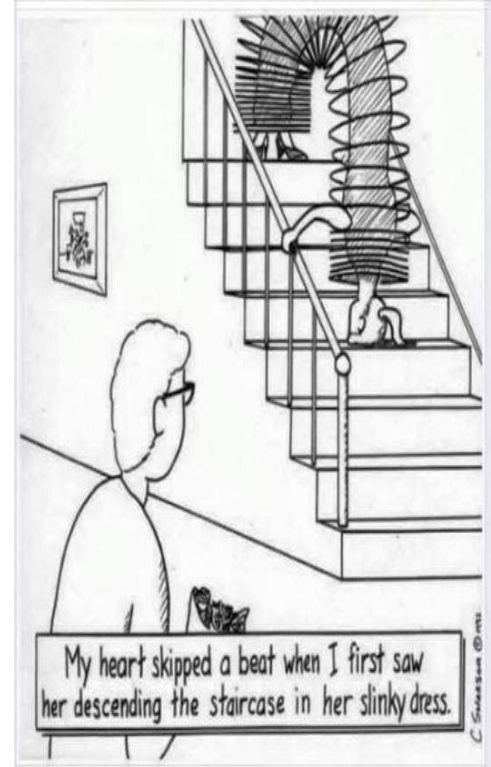
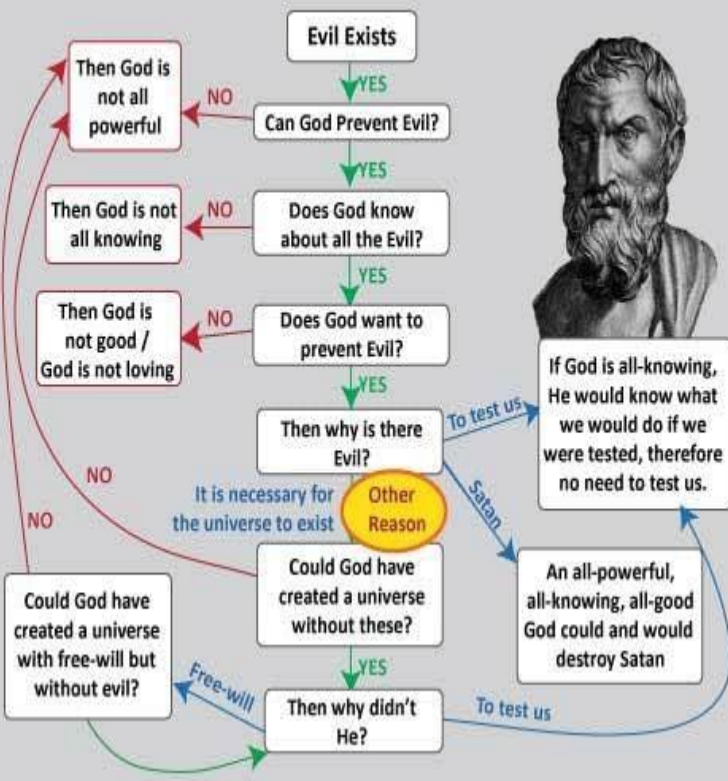


"Those who don't study history are doomed to repeat it. Yet those who *do* study history are doomed to stand by helplessly while everyone else repeats it."



Me	@jesusshaves	God
✗	has condoned slavery	✓
✗	has killed innocent people	✓
✗	tortures those who don't believe in me	✓
✗	is okay with some rape	✓
✓	is visible	✗

EPICUREAN PARADOX



I am Lady Ruby!

