

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.5

September / October 2022

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

INTRODUCTION



I got a very Déjà vu moment when discussing the coming November mid-term elections. "The most important election ever." Did we not hear that last election in 2020? I believe I heard it in 2018 and in the unfortunate 2016 debacle (and the subsequent hell we have all suffered from and continue to suffer!). There were warnings that things would go to hell if Trump took over and guess what.

I know, the anxiety level ramps up every election these days because I know there is evil doing its best to destroy *our* democracy. It is very much like Orwell's *Animal Farm*. I know who the pigs are and I know the sheep who are being exploited by them. Sure, the pigs (like Orwell's Napoleon) wrap themselves up in the flag and kiss the cross. But they are evilly deceiving those hard-working masses who only want to provide for their families and make a better life for them. They just can't believe the pigs will rob them blind. And the pigs exploit that anxiety.

That anxiety makes for a fertile background to let the creative juices burst forth (if that is not too much of an indecent metaphor) and this next to the last issue of 2022 is bursting with thoughts and articles from our members and other interesting writers and creators that are just so god-damned good that I had to share them. Savor!

Please take time to enjoy all the offerings this issue and please, please, please, take the time on November 8th to vote because this next article lists what happened with the results of the 2016 election. We do not wish a fucking repeat!

To anyone who “just didn’t like” Hillary let me summarize the consequences of your choice from just this week:

- 1) No need for a Miranda Warning
- 2) Insurance companies get to decide if you can have outpatient dialysis if you have end stage renal failure
- 3) Racist gerrymandering is ok
- 4) States can’t regulate who can carry a gun outside their homes
- 5) Women do not have control of their bodies
- 6) States decide if people can access infertility treatments
- 7) States decide if unmarried people can access contraception
- 8 - States decide if pregnant women can get cancer (or any other) treatment
- 9) States decide if disabled pregnant women get to live
- 10) States decide if women with ectopic or other life-threatening conditions get to live

What’s coming:

- cops can enter your bedroom and arrest you if you’re having the wrong kind of sex
- heterosexual married couples will lose contraception
- same sex marriage will go away

As you will see, many articles are about women and the battle for their equality. Let’s all enter the future, with everyone equal.

Virgil

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

If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1st Friday of the month will resume in October), 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 Burkhardt	Yashi Nozawa
Sandra Burkhardt	Roberta Synal
Paul Carlos	Lucy Thorp
Gloria Cosgrove	Virgil Thorp
Carol Gillooley	Dan Vignau
Gale Baker	Linda Webb
Bert Mautz	Betty Tewksbury
David Dorenzo	Mark Kasoff
Betty Kasoff	



MEETINGS & EVENTS



Meetings



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

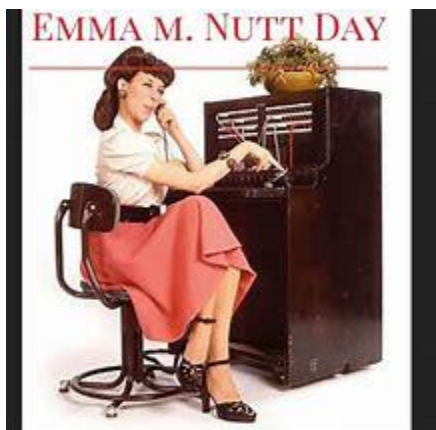
Sunday Zoom – 11 am Zoom meeting.
Contact Dan Vignau
<vignaujdna@aol.com> to be included with the connection codes.


TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm. For access, contact Dan <vignaujdna@aol.com> to be included with the zoom connection codes.

Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

Events

September – Better Breakfast Month



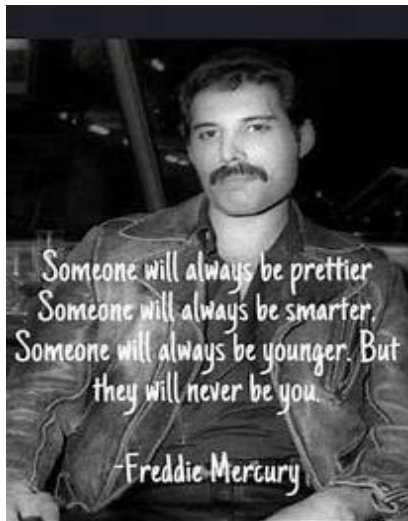
Sep 1 – 
Writer's Group
zoom 6:30 pm.
World War II
began, Hitler
invaded
Poland, 1939.
Emma M. Nutt
Day, the first

woman telephone operator.



www.keepingupwithkaci.com

Sep 2 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. VJ Day, WWII.



Sep 3 – International Bacon Day. Treaty of Paris Signed, 1783.

Sep 4 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am.

Sep 5 – Labor Day First Monday of month. Freddie Mercury born, 1946.

Sep 7 – Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders born, 1951. Grandma Moses born, 1860 (painter).

Sep 8 – International Literacy Day.

Sep 9 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. Teddy Bear Day.


Sep 11 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. 911 Remembrance. (See "Twin Death" by Patti Smith p.75)



Sep 13 – Defy Superstition Day.
"Man should think; he should use all his senses; he should examine; he should reason. The man who cannot think is less than man; the man who will not think is traitor to himself; the man who fears to think is superstition's slave. Robert Green

Ingersoll – "Superstition" (1898).

Sep 14 – International Crab Fest Day.

Sep 15 –  Writer's Group zoom, 6:30 pm.



Sep 16 – Aware ones at Sandsprit 11 am. American Legion Day.




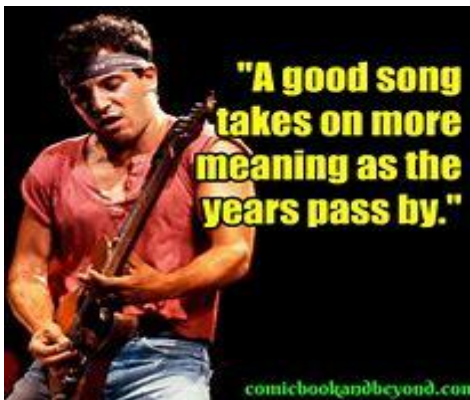
Sep 17 – Constitution Day. In 1787, the U.S. Constitution was signed. Oktoberfest begins in Germany.

Sep 18 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. The New York Times was first edition, 1851.

Sep 19 – International Talk Like A Pirate Day.

Sep 21 – H.G. Wells born, 1866. International Peace Day.

Sep 22 –  Writer's Group zoom, 6:30 pm.



Sep 23 – Bruce Springsteen (E Street Band) born 1949.

Sep 24 – International Rabbit Day – Fourth Saturday in September.

Sep 25 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. National Comic Book Day.

Sep 26 – Johnny Appleseed Day.

Sep 27 – Crush a Can Day.

Sep 28 – William the Conqueror Invaded England, 1066. Ask a Stupid Question Day (one of my favorite days).





Sep 29 – Confucius Day – Try your luck. Get a Fortune Cookie.

Sep 30 – Aware ones at Sandspruit 11 am. Safety Pin Invented (1849). National Mud Pack Day.

October

– International Drum Month.

Oct 1 – Henry Ford Introduced the Model I (1908). International Coffee Day.

Oct 2 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Name Your Car Day.

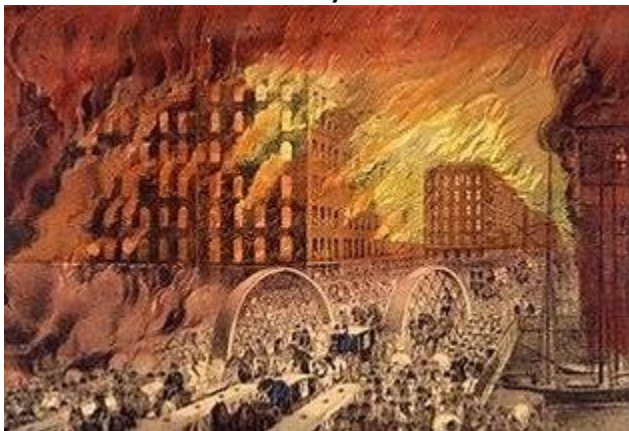


Oct 4 – Yom Kippur - begins at sunset. National Frappe Day.

Oct 5 – World Teacher's Day. Do Something Nice Day.

Oct 6 –  Writer's Group zoom, 6:30 pm. Mad Hatter Day.

Oct 7– Aware ones at Flagler Park 11 am. Bald and Free Day.



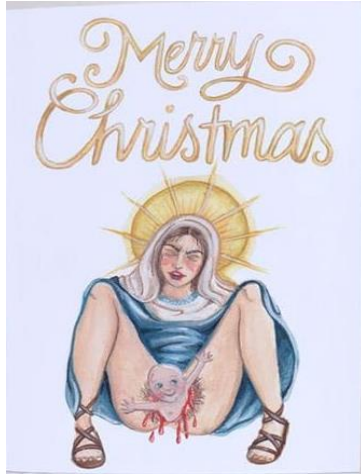
Oct 8 – The Great Chicago Fire started (1871).

Oct 9 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Curious Events Day.

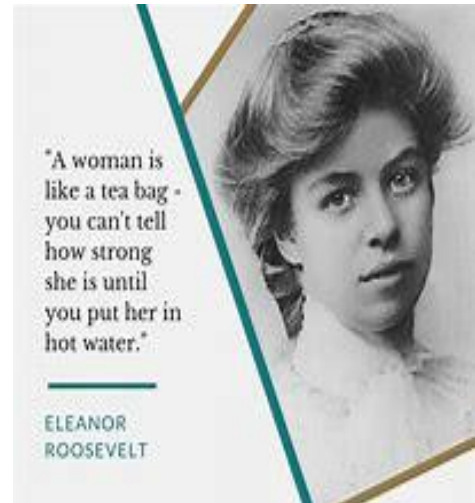


Oct 10 – Indigenous People Day - second Monday in October (replaces Columbus Day).

Oct 11 – Eleanor Roosevelt born, 1884.



Oct 12 – Deadline for AOTC Journal 7-6 (Holiday edition!). Moment of Frustration Day.



Oct 13 – International Skeptics Day.


Oct 14 – Aware ones at Sandspritz 11 am. Dwight David Eisenhower (34th President) born, 1890.

Oct 16 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. Dictionary Day.

Oct 17 – National Pasta Day. Wear Something Gaudy Day.



Oct 19 – Thomas Edison Demonstrated Electric Light Successfully in 1879.

Oct 20 –  Writer's Group zoom, 6:30 pm.

Oct 21 – Aware ones at Sandspritz 11 am. Testicle Festival Bentonville Ark. "Have a ball!" Babbling Day.

Oct 22 – Make a Difference Day fourth Saturday of the month, neighbors helping neighbors.

Oct 23 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. TV Talk Show Host Day.



Oct 24 – National Bologna Day. United Nations Day.

Oct 25 – Howl at the Moon Night.

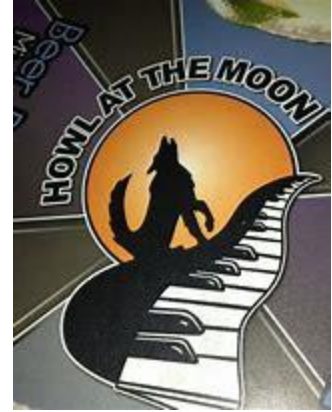
Oct 27 – Black Cat Day. National Tell a Story Day - in Scotland and the U.K.



Oct 28 – Aware ones at Sandspruit 11 am.
Statue of Liberty dedicated in 1886.

Oct 30 – Aware Ones Sunday Zoom meeting 11 am. John Adams born in 1735.
National Candy Corn Day.

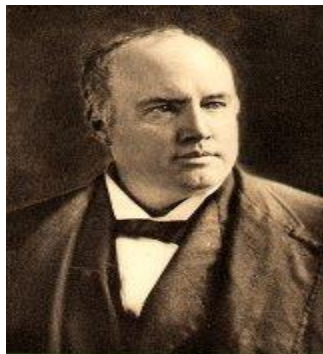
Oct 31 – Halloween.



November 8 – Election Day. Mid-terms.



Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll



Intelligence is the only light. It enables us to keep to the highway, to avoid the obstructions, and to take advantage of the forces of nature. It is the only lever capable of raising mankind. To develop the brain is to civilize the world. Intelligence reeves the heavens of winged and frightful monsters — drives ghosts and leering fiends from the darkness, and floods with light the dungeons of fear.

Robert Green Ingersoll – “Truth” (1897)

LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST (Lots of dead people in this issue!)



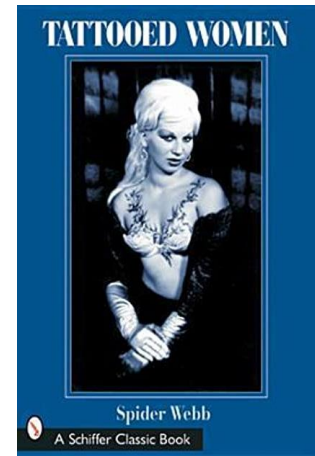
July 2 -- Ed Hindson, 77, American televangelist and academic (Liberty University)

- Spider Webb, 78, American tattoo artist. **Joseph Patrick O'Sullivan** known professionally as **Spider Webb** after the character from the 1937 serial film Tim Tyler's Luck,^[1] was an American tattoo artist



July 3 -- Clifford Alexander Jr., 88, American lawyer, secretary of the Army (1977–1981). He first served on the National Security Council during the Kennedy administration, before becoming chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in 1967. He was appointed Secretary of the Army a decade later, becoming the first African

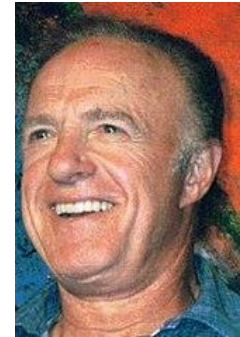
American to hold the position.



July 6 -- James Caan, 82, American actor (The Godfather, Thief, Misery), heart attack Caan died at Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles from a heart attack caused by coronary artery disease; he was 82.



- Tricia, a female Asian elephant resided at Perth Zoo in Perth, Western Australia. She was born in 1957 in Vietnam and was transported to Perth in 1963. Tricia wasn't just well-known, she was well-loved. Her stature and her grace were compelling. For many, she was a Perth icon. For six decades, she was an integral part of any visit to Perth Zoo. If you lived in Perth at some point in your life, then you probably have a memory of Tricia.



July 8 -- Shinzo Abe, 67, Japanese politician, prime minister and MP (since 1993), shot. The suspect, who was arrested at the scene, confessed to targeting the former prime minister because of Abe's ties with the Unification Church. Abe stated that there was no evidence that the Japanese military had forced women into sexual slavery during World War II, which the Japanese government had admitted and apologized for in 1992.

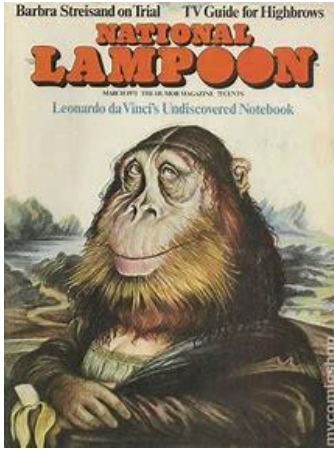


- Luis Echeverría, 100, Mexican politician, president (1970–1976) and secretary of the interior (1963–1969).

July 9 -- Barbara Gracey Thompson MBE 78 was an English jazz saxophonist, flautist and composer. She studied clarinet, flute, piano and classical composition at the Royal College of Music, but the music of Duke Ellington and John Coltrane made her shift her interests to jazz and saxophone. She was married to drummer Jon Hiseman of Colosseum from 1967 until his death in 2018. Thompson worked closely with Andrew Lloyd Webber on musicals such as Cats and Starlight Express, his Requiem, and Lloyd Webber's 1978 classical-fusion album Variations.

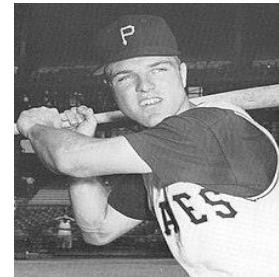


- Justus Ellis McQueen Jr. 95, known professionally as **L.Q. Jones**, was an American actor and director. He appeared in Sam Peckinpah's films Ride the High Country (1962), Major Dundee (1965), The Wild Bunch (1969), The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970), and Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid (1973). He was the writer and director of the 1975 science fiction film A Boy and His Dog, based on Harlan Ellison's novella of the same name.



July 11 -- Sean Kelly, 81, Canadian humorist and writer (National Lampoon, Heavy Metal), heart and renal failure. He worked at National Lampoon from 1971 until 1978 becoming an editor and later co-editors-in-chief in 1975. He returned to the publication as a senior editor in 1981 and until 1984 he guided its staff. In 1977 he was a founding editor of Heavy Metal, the 'adult fantasy magazine.'

- John Richard "Ducky" Schofield 87, was an American professional baseball infielder who played 19 seasons in Major League Baseball (MLB). He played for the St. Louis Cardinals, Pittsburgh Pirates, San Francisco Giants, New York Yankees, Los Angeles Dodgers, Boston Red Sox, and Milwaukee Brewers from 1953 to 1971.



July 13 -- Mark Harvey Fleischman 82, was an American businessman. He is best known for being the onetime owner of Studio 54 after buying it from its original owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager. He also opened the short-lived nightclub Gaugin at the Plaza Hotel when it was owned by future U.S. President Trump. In June 2022 he announced he had decided to die by assisted suicide in Switzerland, after living since 2016 with an undiagnosed medical condition that affected his ability to speak and left him in a wheelchair.



- Charlotte Valandrey, 53, French actress (Red Kiss, In the Shadow of the Wind, Tomorrow Is Ours) and author, complications from heart surgery.



- Spencer Webb, 22, American college football player (Oregon Ducks), cliff diving accident. Webb died after hitting his head in a cliff-diving accident near Triangle Lake, Oregon. According to a statement released by the Lane County Sheriff's Office, there is no evidence of foul play and his death appears to be accidental.

July 14 -- Ivana Maria Trump 73, a Czech-American businesswoman, media personality, socialite, fashion designer, author, and model. Ivana lived in Canada in the 1970s before relocating to the United States and marrying Donald Trump in 1977. She held key managerial positions in The Trump Organization as vice president of interior design, as CEO and president of Trump's Castle casino resort, and as manager of the Plaza Hotel. Died from injuries from a fall.





July 19 -- Ruslana Pysanka, 56, Ukrainian actress (Moskal-Charivnyk, With Fire and Sword, Rzhevsky Versus Napoleon) and cinematographer, cancer. At the beginning of the 2022 Russian invasion of Ukraine, she escaped to Germany alone, without her family.

July 20 -- Alan Grant, 73, Scottish comic book writer (Judge Dredd, Lobo, Batman).



- Peter Inge, Baron Inge, 86, British military officer, chief of the general staff (1992–1994), chief of the defence staff (1994–1997) and constable of the Tower (1996–2001). He was the Chief of the General Staff, the professional head of the British Army, from 1992 to 1994 and then served as Chief of the Defence Staff before retiring in 1997.



- Stephen G. Olmstead, 92, American lieutenant general. His last assignment was Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Drug Policy and Enforcement and the Director of the Department of Defense Task Force on Drug Enforcement.

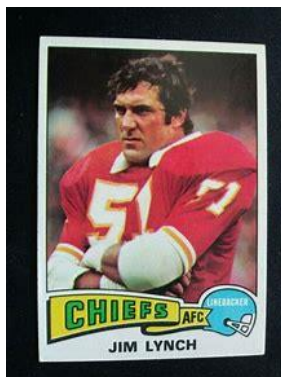


July 21 – An-An, 35, Chinese-born giant panda, euthanized. a male giant panda residing in Ocean Park Hong Kong, a gift from the Central People's Government of China to the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region in 1999. He was the longest-living male giant panda in the world under human care before his death.

- Taurean Blacque, 82, American actor (Hill Street Blues, DeepStar Six, Savannah) American television and stage actor, best known for his role as Detective Neal Washington on the series Hill Street Blues. He stated that he chose the name "Taurean" because his astrological sign was Taurus.



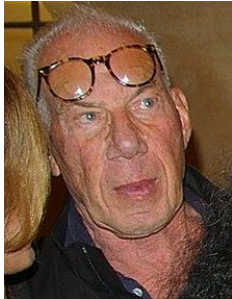
- James Robert Lynch 77, an American football linebacker. Lynch played college football for the Notre Dame Fighting Irish, where he was named an All-American and won the Maxwell Award in 1966. Lynch is a member of the College Football Hall of Fame. Lynch went on to play for the Kansas City Chiefs of the American Football League (AFL) and National Football League (NFL) for 11 seasons. He was an AFL All-Star in 1968 and a member of the Super Bowl IV championship team.



July 23 -- Diane Hegarty, 80, American satanist, co-founder of the Church of Satan. also known as Diane LaVey and Diana Hall,^{[2][4][5]} was born July 10, 1942. As well as being a self-described sorceress, Diane was co-founder with Anton LaVey of the Church of Satan and served as High Priestess for approximately 25 years.

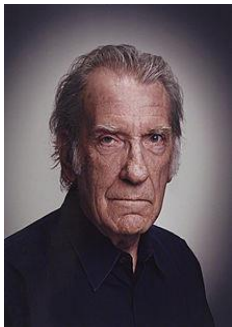


- Nguyễn Xuân Vinh, 92, Vietnamese aerospace engineer and military officer, commander of the South Vietnam Air Force (1958–1962). In 1965, Vinh was the recipient of the first PhD in Aerospace Engineering conferred by the University of Colorado at Boulder supervised by Adolf Busemann. In 1972, he was awarded a national doctorate in mathematics by the University of Paris, France.



- Bob Rafelson, 89, American film director (*Five Easy Pieces*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*) and television producer (*The Monkees*). He is regarded as one of the key figures in the founding of the New Hollywood movement of the 1970s. Rafelson married Gabrielle Taurek in 1999; the couple had two sons, E.O. and Harper. He died from lung cancer at his home in Aspen.

July 24 -- Timothy Antoine Giago Jr. 88, also known as **Nanwica Kciji**, was an American Oglala Lakota journalist and publisher. In 1981, he founded the *Lakota Times* with Doris Giago at the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, where he was born and grew up. It was the first independently owned Native American newspaper in the United States.



- David Hattersley Warner 81, an English actor who worked in film, television and theatre. Warner's lanky, often haggard appearance lent itself to a variety of villainous characters as well as more sympathetic roles across a range of media, often in science fiction or fantasy titles or period dramas, including *The Omen*, *Time After Time* (as Jack the Ripper), *A Christmas Carol* (as Bob Cratchit opposite George C. Scott's Ebenezer Scrooge), *Titanic*, the personification of Evil in *Time Bandits* and various characters in the *Star Trek* franchise.

July 25 -- **Yoko Shimada** 69, a Japanese actress, best known to Western audiences for her portrayal of Mariko in the 1980 miniseries *Shōgun*. Shimada was the only female member of *Shōgun*'s massive cast of Japanese actors shown speaking English, for which she relied on a dialogue coach, as she was not fluent in the language at the time. Shimada died at a hospital in Tokyo due to complications from colorectal cancer.



- Paul Sorvino, 83, American actor (*Goodfellas*, *The Rocketeer*, *Law & Order*). Sorvino was particularly known for his roles as Lucchese crime family caporegime Paulie Cicero (based on real life gangster Paul Vario) in Martin Scorsese's 1990 gangster film *Goodfellas* and as NYPD Sergeant Phil Cerreta on the second season of the TV series *Law & Order*.

- William David Trimble, Baron Trimble, PC 78, a British politician who was the first First Minister of Northern Ireland from 1998 to 2002, and leader of the Ulster Unionist Party (UUP) from 1995 to 2005. He was also Member of Parliament (MP) for Upper Bann from 1990 to 2005 and Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA) for Upper Bann from 1998 to 2007.



July 27 -- Mary Alice, 85, American actress (Fences, A Different World, The Matrix Revolutions), Tony winner (1987)



- Burt Metcalfe, 87, Canadian-born American actor (Father of the Bride, Gidget) and television producer (M*A*S*H). Metcalfe was nominated 13 times for Primetime Emmy Awards for his work as a writer on the series M*A*S*H between 1975 and 1983



- Anthony Lee Dow (1945 – 2022) was an American actor, film producer, director and sculptor. He portrayed Wally Cleaver in the iconic television sitcom Leave It to Beaver from 1957 to 1963. From 1983 to 1989, Dow reprised his role as Wally in a television movie and in The New Leave It to Beaver.

- Tom Springfield, 88, English musician (The Springfields) and songwriter ("I'll Never Find Another You", "Georgy Girl"). He was the older brother of singer Dusty Springfield, with whom he performed in the Springfields. He wrote several hit songs for the Springfields ("Island of Dreams", "Say I Won't Be There") and later for the Seekers ("I'll Never Find Another You", "A World of Our Own", "The Carnival Is Over", "Georgy Girl"), whose records he also produced.



July 30 -- Pat Carroll, 95, American actress (The Little Mermaid, The Danny Thomas Show, Caesar's Hour), Emmy winner (1957), complications from pneumonia.



July 31 -- William Felton Russell 88, an American professional basketball player who played as a center for the Boston Celtics of the National Basketball Association (NBA) from 1956 to 1969. A five-time NBA Most Valuable Player and a 12-time NBA All-Star, he was the centerpiece of the Celtics dynasty that won 11 NBA championships during his 13-year career. Russell is widely considered to be one of the greatest basketball players of all time.



Aug 2 -- Vin Scully, 94, American Hall of Fame sportscaster (Brooklyn/Los Angeles Dodgers). an American sportscaster. He was best known for his 67 seasons calling games for Major League Baseball's Los Angeles Dodgers, beginning in 1950 (when the franchise was located in Brooklyn) and ending in 2016.



Aug 4 -- Carl Kapat, 88, American Roman Catholic priest and anti-nuclear weapons activist best known for his eccentric, nonviolent protests against nuclear weapons. He served more than 17 years total in prison over his lifetime.

Aug 5 -- Clu Gulager, 93, American actor (The Return of the Living Dead, The Tall Man, The Last Picture Show). Gulager's final screen performance was as an unnamed book store owner in Quentin Tarantino's Once Upon a Time in Hollywood in 2019.



Aug 5 -- Judith Durham, 79. Australian folk-pop singer (The Seekers - "Georgy Girl"; "A World of Our Own"), died of lung disease.

• Diego Bertie, 54, Peruvian singer and actor (Ultra Warrior, Report on Death, Crossing a Shadow), fall.



Aug 7 -- David McCullough, 89, American historian and author (Truman, John Adams), Pulitzer Prize winner (1993, 2002). In 2006, he was given the Presidential Medal of Freedom, one of the United States' highest civilian awards.

• Anatoly Filipchenko, 94, Russian cosmonaut (Soyuz 7, Soyuz 16).



Aug 8 -- Dame Olivia Newton-John, 73, British-Australian singer ("I Honestly Love You", "Physical") and actress (Grease), Grammy winner (1974, 1975, 1982), breast cancer.



• Lamont Dozier, 81, American Hall of Fame songwriter ("You Can't Hurry Love", "Reach Out I'll Be There"), record producer (Holland-Dozier-Holland) and singer.





Aug 11 -- Manuel Ojeda (born **Manuel Salvador Ojeda Armenta**; was a Mexican actor. Ojeda was one of the most active actors of television and cinema in Mexico. He played the villain, Zolo, in the Hollywood film Romancing the Stone.



- Anne Heche, 53, American actress (Donnie Brasco, Psycho, Another World), Emmy winner (1991), injuries sustained in a traffic collision.
- Jonathan Danilowitz, 77, Israeli flight attendant and LGBT activist, pancreatic cancer.



Aug 12 -- Wolfgang Petersen 81, a German film director, producer, and screenwriter. He was nominated for two Academy Awards for the World War II submarine warfare film Das Boot (1981). His other films include The NeverEnding Story (1984), Enemy Mine (1985), In the Line of Fire (1993), Outbreak (1995), Air Force One (1997), The Perfect Storm (2000), Troy (2004), and Poseidon (2006).



- Natalia Lach-Lachowicz 85, was a Polish artist who worked with paint, photography, drawing, performance, and video art. Sean O'Hagan, writing in The Guardian in 2017, described her as "a neglected early-1970s Polish-born pioneer of feminist avant garde image making".



Aug 13 -- David A. Kay 82, an American weapons expert, political commentator, and senior fellow at the Potomac Institute for Policy Studies. He was best known for his time as United Nations Chief Weapons Inspector following the first Gulf War and for leading of the Iraq Survey Group's search for weapons of mass

destruction following the 2003 invasion of Iraq.



Aug 14 -- Freya, Norwegian walrus, euthanized. In the summer of 2022, after sunbathing on and sinking boats in the Oslofjord, she was shot after concerns about her and the public's safety. She weighed approximately 600 kilograms (1,300 lb). The decision to kill Freya was criticized by many wildlife experts.

Aug 15 -- Frederick Buechner, 96, American novelist (*A Long Day's Dying*, *Godric*) and theologian (*Secrets in the Dark*). Buechner was the recipient of the O. Henry Award, the Rosenthal Award, the Christianity and Literature Belles Lettres Prize, and was recognized by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters



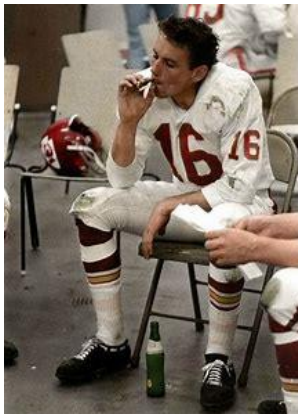
Aug 18 -- Felix Novikov, 95, Russian architect (*Krasnopresnenskaya metro station*). a Soviet and Russian architect. In 1991, he was awarded the honorary title of People's Architect of the USSR, becoming the last awardee of the title.



.Aug 20 -- Tom Weiskopf, 79, American golfer (PGA Tour), pancreatic cancer. won 16 PGA Tour titles between 1968 and 1982, including the 1973 Open Championship.

Aug 24 -- Tim Page, 78, English photographer, liver cancer. Page was captivated by the excitement and glamour of warfare, which helped contribute to the style of photographs he is acclaimed for Page had been keen to "highlight the folly of war". He

said, "the only good war photograph is an anti-war photograph". His unusual personality was part of the inspiration for the character of the journalist played by Dennis Hopper in *Apocalypse Now*.

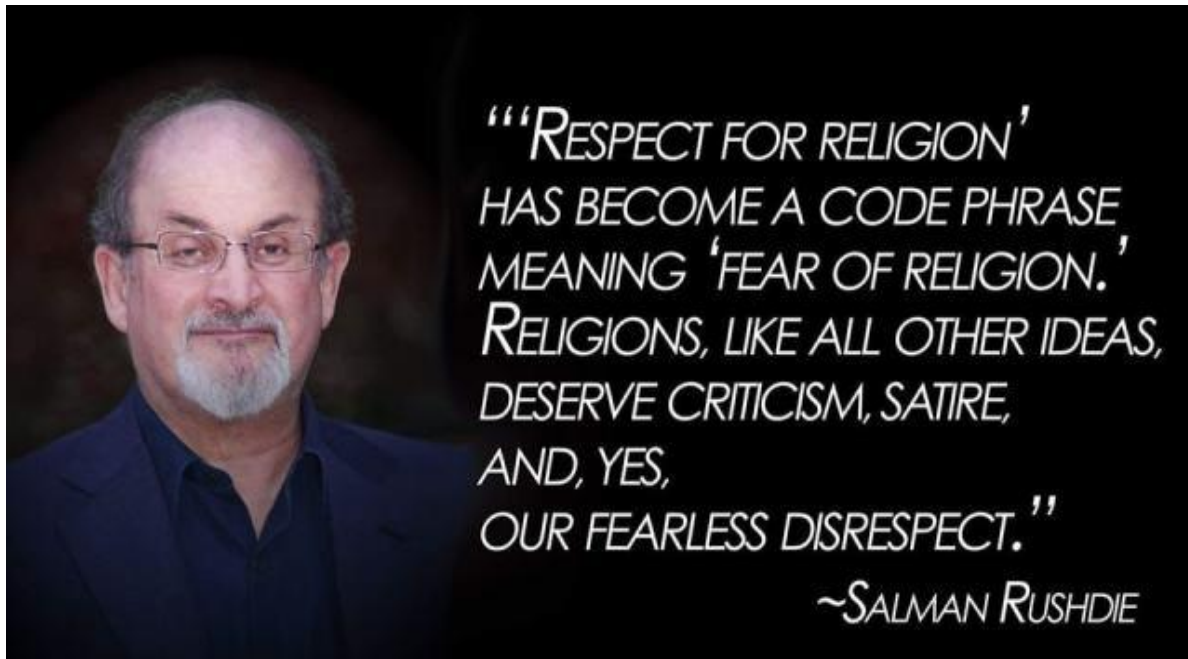


- Len Dawson, 87, American Hall of Fame football player (Pittsburgh Steelers, Dallas Texans/Kansas City Chiefs) and broadcaster (*Inside the NFL*). Dawson went on to lead the Chiefs to road playoff victories over both the defending Super Bowl champion New York Jets and the Oakland Raiders. He then capped his year with MVP accolades in Super Bowl IV, the last game ever played by an American Football League team.

Aug 26 -- Roland Mesnier, 78, French-born American chef and author, White House executive pastry chef (1980–2004), complications from cancer. His creations during his twenty-five years as Executive Pastry Chef (1979–2004) at the White House earned him the reputation of a creative genius.



Heroes



Dubious Achievements



This is the trophy presented by the Saudi Arabia backed LIV golf tournament. Why does it remind me of one of the twin towers destroyed on 9/11? It's not just me, right? Are the Saudis trolling America?

Assholes of the Month

These Republicans BLOCKED a \$35 cap on insulin:

John A. Barrasso, WY
Marsha Blackburn, TN
Roy Blunt, MO
John Boozman, AR
Mike Braun, IN
Richard Burr, NC
Shelley Moore Capito, WV
John Cornyn, TX
Tom Cotton, AR
Kevin Cramer, ND
Mike Crapo, ID
Ted Cruz, TX
Steve Daines, MT
Joni Ernst, IA
Deb Fischer, NE
Lindsey Graham, SC
Chuck Grassley, IA
Bill Hagerty, TN
John Hoeven, ND
Jim Inhofe, OK
Ron Johnson, WI
James Lankford, OK

Mike Lee, UT
Cynthia Lummis, WY
Roger Marshall, KS
Mitch McConnell, KY
Jerry Moran, KS
Rand Paul, KY
Rob Portman, OH
Jim Risch, ID
Mitt Romney, UT
Mike Rounds, SD
Marco Rubio, FL
Ben Sasse, NE
Rick Scott, FL
Tim Scott, SC
Richard Shelby, AL
John Thune, SD
Thom Tillis, NC
Patrick Toomey, PA
Tommy Tuberville, AL
Roger Wicker, MS
Todd Young, IN

COMMENTARY

WHAT THE FUNK IS FREEDOM?



By Jim Longo

What the f%[^]k (*aka* 'Funk' – *ed*) is freedom? That is the question. After all we live in the land of the free, and the home of the brave. If you ask Kris Kristofferson, freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose.

According to the definition, it is the power to act, think, and speak as one chooses. Dude, we live in a society, there will always be taboos. Has anyone heard of the criminal code? Has anyone heard of the social code? Hell, I won't even bring up

certain politician's name in certain mixed company. Never mind say what I am thinking. Look I'm trying not use the F word, in this writing even though it would be a great alliteration. God forbid, I use the N word unless I'm talking about that North African country, and believe me I will definitely soften that G.

Yes, we live in the land of the free, but everything costs money. So, who is free? Only the people who can afford to be, if you need to pay that rent, and you don't have anything socked away and you are sick. Off to work you go. Sorry you are not free to take that day off. Sorry you are less free than your wealthier fellow travelers.



Remember that old bumper sticker, "I owe, I owe, off to work I go". Ah debt, the American way. Please remember that grand question, do you own your stuff, or does it own you? But you chose what to buy? Isn't that the essence of freedom? If you turn the great Harry S. Truman line into a question, is it a want or a need? If you went into debt for a need, were you really free to avoid it.

Freedom is like love, truth, and the American Dream. They are intangibles. You can't hold them in your hand, but everyone thinks they know what it is, but is your freedom the same as mine.

Personally think freedom can be broken down to lucky freedom, and robust freedom. Lucky freedom is the freedom I have now that Roe vs Wade has been sent to the states. I'm lucky to be of the age I won't need that freedom. If I did need that I can afford to have the person who needs the procedure go to a place where they are free to have it done.

Robust freedom, is freedom for all. Minority are protected from the majority, like when it comes to civil rights. Your vote should be equal to mine, and your ability to go to the polls should not be inhibited. The majority must be protected from the minority, when I'm talking about the minority, I'm talking the wealthy elite. The wealthy should not have huge influence on the body politic due to their vast resources.

The last protection we need to have robust freedom, is the ability for the individual to contest any loss of freedom in a free and fair judiciary. At this point I feel we have that, with a few exceptions for the wealthy and connected. Could the current Supreme Court put that in jeopardy? I hope not.

When I was growing up, my mother used to quote Nietzsche, "Freedom is responsibility." Looking at United States of America today, is it the land of the free and the home of the brave, or more like the home of the luckily free and the home of possibly responsible?



WOMEN'S WORTH



"When God created woman, he was working late on the 6th day..."

An angel came by and asked, "Why spend so much time on her?" The lord answered, "Have you seen all the specifications I have to meet to shape her?"

"She must function in all kinds of situations, she must be able to embrace several kids at the same time, have a hug that can heal anything from a bruised knee to a broken heart."

She must do all this with only two hands, she cures herself when sick and can work 18 hours a day."

The Angel was impressed. "Just two hands...impossible! And this is the standard model?" The Angel came closer and touched the woman.

"But you have made her so soft, Lord."

"She is soft," said the Lord, "But I have made her strong. You can't imagine what she can endure and overcome."

"Can she think?" The Angel asked...

The Lord answered, "Not only can she think, she can reason and negotiate."

The Angel touched her cheeks..."Lord, it seems this creation is leaking! You have put too many burdens on her."

"She is not leaking...it is a tear," The Lord corrected the Angel...

"What's it for?" Asked the Angel...

The Lord said, "Tears are her way of expressing her grief, her doubts, her love, her loneliness, her suffering and her pride."...

This made a big impression on the Angel, "Lord, you are a genius. You thought of everything. A woman is indeed marvelous"

Lord said, "Indeed she is. She has strength that amazes a man. She can handle trouble and carry heavy burdens. She holds happiness, love and opinions. She smiles when she feels like screaming. She sings when she feels like crying, cries when happy and laughs when afraid. She fights for what she believes in.

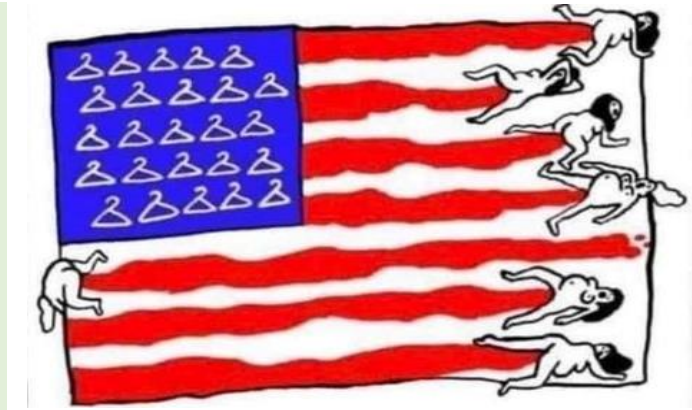
Her love is unconditional. Her heart is broken when a next-of-kin or a friend dies but she finds strength to get on with life."

The Angel asked, "So she is a perfect being?"

The lord replied: "No. She has just one drawback, she often forgets what she is worth."

Author: Devina Nund
Photo: Vince Hemingson
Provided by Teddy Tatum KCMO

Read this and
remember
every word.



If you think that the Christian Right would hesitate to put their boot on your kid's neck and force them to kneel in pantomime prayer, then you don't know them. If you think they wouldn't use the law to persecute people of other faiths, then you haven't been listening to them for the last fifty years. The ONLY thing that is keeping them from "Taking this country back for Jesus" is the last, fraying scraps of the Constitutional structure that this disgraceful "Supreme" Court is running through a shredder.

Call them what they are - Theo fascist traitors, disloyal to our country, cruel, vicious, and above all, hypocritical. Their disgusting pieties about "loving the sinner but hating the sin" are not even a rotting fig leaf over their hatred and fear of anyone who doesn't look, sound and act like them. They do not believe in democracy, civil rights or the rule of law, for all their flag groping and patriotic speeches. Their heretical, unbiblical doctrine is nothing but a justification for their hatred.

They have ALWAYS been what they are today. We see them more clearly now because they feel emboldened. They sense that their victory is almost complete; that they need no longer pretend to be tolerant or accepting.

"Wrapped in a flag and carrying a cross" is how several writers have prophesied the likely coming of Fascism to America. In the Christian Right, you have both.

~Advocatus Peregrini



6/26/2022

A Rant by Gale Baker

1. A man who so easily cheats at golf is equally capable of easily breaking the laws of the land.
2. Money corrupts, yes. Power corrupts, yes. Use of money as an incentive corrupts exponentially.
3. Any egotistical maniac will believe he can control others with a narrative repeated out loud and so believes he can get by with anything.
4. Men who are unhappy with themselves more readily follow

the lead of any con man who polishes their ego, telling them they are victims and worth more than they are recognized to be, thereby elevating their self- worth; leaving them prone to violent acts.

5. Those who want violence will find any excuse to cause violence.

OUTLAWED AND OUTLIVED!!

The old white men sitting on a bench that has long since calloused their behinds and their minds against justice; those Roe V. Wade women haters, and gun totin' supremacist lovers do not have reasonable term limits. This can be changed with democratic presidents and congresses who last long enough to make that change. Nine years is long enough [making it easier to not be in an election cycle]. To those who

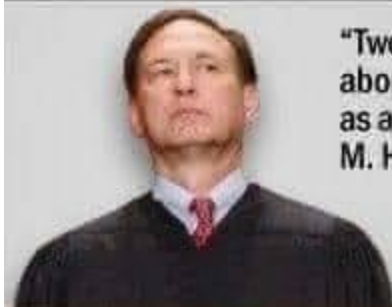




voted to change the laws and take away a woman's right; why do you hate us so much? And Barrett, you are a sad comment on Justice. Do you hate yourself so much for having to produce six children and want to punish the rest of us by disallowing a choice?

Since it appears that the Supreme Court wants to remove the freedoms mentioned in the constitution, they need to be reminded that we are not cattle for breeding. We are not slaves put on earth to bare and support the unwanted children that you generated and abandoned. We are intelligent (often much more so than our male counterparts whose intellect and understanding are often less than the level of an ape). We are providers with 56 percent in the workforce, often supporting a deadbeat husband and children that we did not ask for. These justices also need to be reminded that they will overburden

A Bit Of Background On Samuel Alito's Supreme Court Opinion That Would Overturn Roe v. Wade



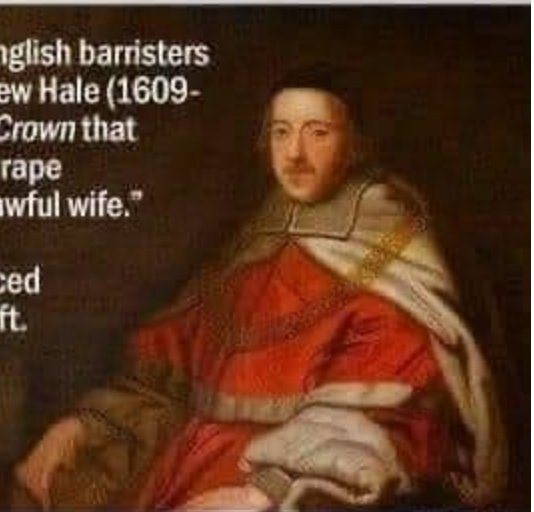
"Two treatises by Sir Matthew Hale described abortion of a quick child who died in the womb as a 'great crime' and a 'great misprision.' See M. Hale, *Pleas of the Crown*."

— a citation by Samuel Alito in his leaked SCOTUS opinion

In case you're not familiar with English barristers from the 17th Century, Sir Matthew Hale (1609-1676) also wrote in *Pleas of the Crown* that a "husband cannot be guilty of a rape committed by himself upon his lawful wife."

And during his career, he sentenced two women to death for witchcraft.

That's who Samuel Alito is citing in his opinion overturning Roe v. Wade.



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the taxpayers of this country who will contribute to the welfare checks of those who cannot provide for an unwanted child. There are not enough adoptive parents in the world to solve this problem. And there will likely be less if SCOTUS chooses to persecute gays and same sex marriage.

Alito says that abortion is not mentioned in the constitution as a right. Neither is driving a car. Neither is the right to health care or the ability to inoculate oneself against disease. Neither is the right to wear glasses if needed.

Someone should pass a law that any male who has not procreated by the age of thirty must receive a vasectomy; and any male found guilty of rape must be castrated. Perhaps that would keep them off the streets.

With that – I guess I'm through ranting for the day.



Will bloodletting
and Leech
therapies make a
comeback in the
21st century?



Or, Practicing medicine without a license



By Virgil Thorp

Malachi Love-Robinson, Frank Abagnale, Rick Scott. Three men, three names, three similar crimes. What crimes? Impersonating a doctor and practicing medicine without a license. Why is that bad? For nearly every activity we have found that a certain amount of education is necessary, a certain amount of skill must be developed, a certain amount of wisdom must be employed for an individual to be qualified to operate a vehicle, fly a plane, sell a house ... or practice medicine.

One man is merely a charming youth who absorbed the images and personalities he viewed from the television and the internet into what he wanted to be – a compassionate physician. All he needed was a mere couple of medical sounding phrases, a stethoscope, a lab coat and with his charming smile, he was the new Doogie Howser. What with all the Non-medical strip-mall therapy dispensers why couldn't he get away with it? Well, medicine is a little more than bedside manner.



Frank Abagnale, the great imposter, took outrageousness to new highs. “If you act like you belong, then you do” was Frank’s motto. Frank was able to be who he had to be to escape the FBI and the Treasury department because, Frank was also a master forger and check kiter.

On the other hand, Rick Scott, (like his successor, Ron DeSantis) as the governor of a large state affected the most people with his strange Hippocratic notion of health care which is defined as; if you have the money, you have the health care ... if not, you are on your government-teat-sucking own. Or rely on the Great white church.

For the first two charlatans, it amounts to an adolescent attitude and a little larceny. For Scott, DeSantis and the rest of the despicables, it amounts to being weirdly twisted by unfortunate circumstances; mainly being indoctrinated by outdated notions of morality and belief.

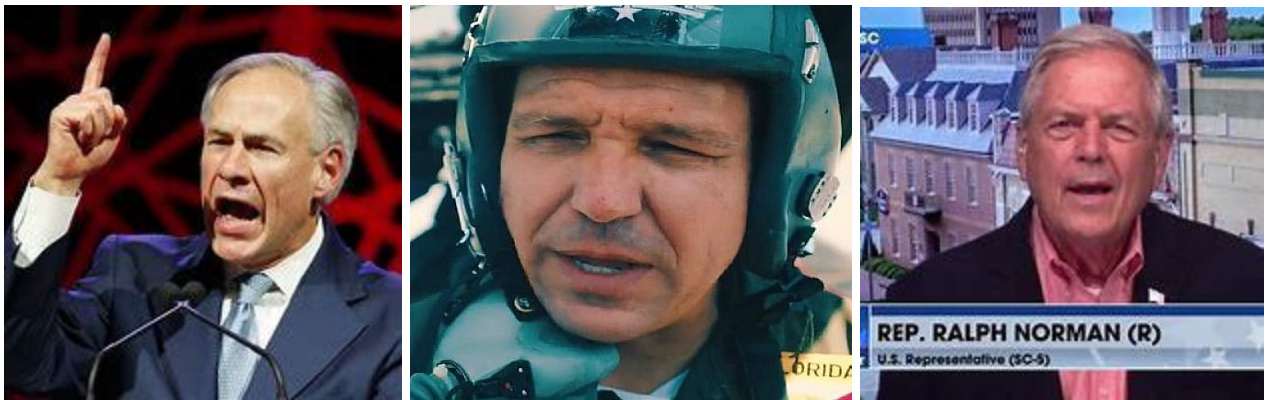
Who, besides justice Samuel Alito and five other antiquated thinkers, wants to live in the past? That's a question that seems to be shouted by politicians daily. The good old days when things were cut in stone tablets, doctrines administrated by a stern and angry supreme being. That's the past. I want the future.



I don't know what our former governor and now junior senator believes. He appears to be an educated man. He also appears to be totally ambitious. Is he selling that ambition for political gain?

Right to the point, if an 18-year-old kid is posing as a doctor, is arrested, and confined, shouldn't we make sure that the troglodytes in the state legislatures, judicial courts and governor's thrones are dealt with similarly since they are now fraudulently posing as gynecologists? Are they not interfering between a woman and her doctor. To make modern medicine adhere to their own outdated bronze age superstitions? The indignation of it leaves me and thousands of others shaking with righteous rage. How dare they! How fucking dare they.

I demand that the head of each state's police force take whoever it is who is practicing unlicensed medicine; whether it be Rick Scott who wants to tax low-income wage earners and to end the social security system; Texas' Greg Abbott who wants vigilante justice for women who leave the state for health care; Florida's Ron DeSantis who fervently believes in banning books and college curriculums; South Carolina's Ralph Norman who believes infanticidal women want abort their *born* babies; Liberty University grad, and proud America First Patriot, Representative Troy Nehls (R-TX) who denigrates President Biden's bike riding; every conservative Supreme Court justice and every conservative state legislator and the 96 percent of Republicans in the House who just voted against keeping birth control legal in America – for these latest travesties in women's health issues; send them to a cold, dark, cell and throw away the key!



Oh yes, devout Christians all. Belief in an ancient book may give a person solace and comfort but it is no substitute for real science and medicine. Their god is petulant and vindictive. Their Jesus is a mean bully – just like them. These people are not physicians. They have no right to attempt to act like one.

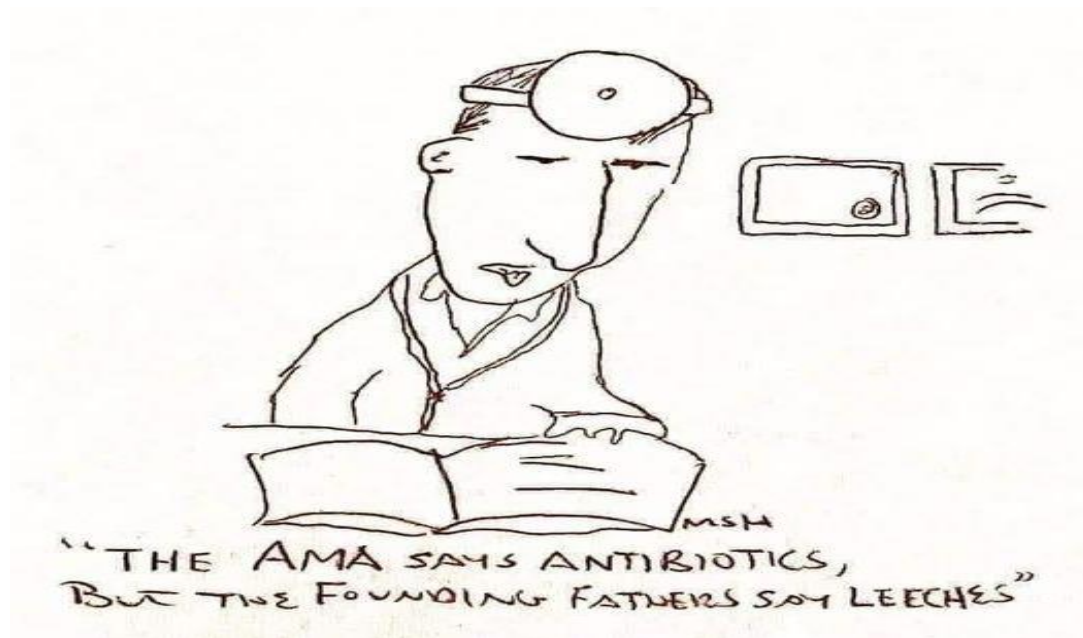
What it comes down to is that essential general welfare guaranteed in the constitution, is something that democrats want, and republicans hate. There is no polite way to put it; deep down, these people are racists.

If you're white, you might not like the idea of so-called "welfare queens" benefiting their mis-perceived sluttiness by disposing of the unwanted result of their weekend disgusting fornications – their bigotry is barely concealed.

Disgusting as racism is, who practices medicine isn't about that. It's about someone unqualified making policy about how your healthcare is applied. This is about Women's Health Care. Really ladies, this is all about your right to your bodies. What I do not like is ... taking away personal rights. What I fear, is a republican Mengele in our future deciding who is treated and who is not. Who will live and who will die ... because their bible tells them so.

The biblical reasoning behind these decisions and laws stink. However, by the smell of these frauds, aromatherapy is an alternative to a religious lawmaker deciding that blood transfusions are against their sincerely held beliefs and therefore – must be banned.

The good thing about Malachi and Frank is, they never tried treating patients with leeches.



ARTICLES



“The Only Moral Abortion is My Abortion”

When the Anti-Choice Choose

By Joyce Arthur

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Abortion is a highly personal decision that many women are sure they'll never have to think about until they're suddenly faced with an unexpected pregnancy. But this can happen to anyone,

including women who are strongly anti-choice. So what does an anti-choice woman do when she experiences an unwanted pregnancy herself? Often, she will grin and bear it, so to speak, but frequently, she opts for the solution she would deny to other women — abortion.

In the spring of 2000, I collected the following anecdotes directly from abortion doctors and other clinic staff in North America, Australia, and Europe. The stories are presented in the providers' own words, with minor editing for grammar, clarity, and brevity. Names have been omitted to protect privacy.

"I have done several abortions on women who have regularly picketed my clinics, including a 16-year-old schoolgirl who came back to picket the day after her abortion, about three years ago. During her whole stay at the clinic, we felt that she was not quite right, but there were no real warning bells. She insisted that the abortion was her idea and assured us that all was OK. She went through the procedure very smoothly and was discharged with no problems. A quite routine operation. Next morning she was with her mother and several school mates in front of the clinic with the usual anti posters and chants. It appears that she got the abortion she needed and still displayed the appropriate anti views expected of her by her parents, teachers, and peers." (*Physician, Australia*)

"I've had several cases over the years in which the anti-abortion patient had rationalized in one way or another that *her* case was the only exception, but the one that really made an impression was the college senior who was the president of her campus Right-to-Life organization, meaning that she had worked very hard in that organization for several years. As I was completing her procedure, I asked what she planned to do about her high office in the RTL organization. Her response was a wide-eyed, 'You're not going to tell them, are you!?' When assured that I was not, she breathed a sigh of relief, explaining how important that

position was to her and how she wouldn't want this to interfere with it." (*Physician, Texas*)



"In 1990, in the Boston area, Operation Rescue and other groups were regularly blockading the clinics, and many of us went every Saturday morning for months to help women and staff get in. As a result, we knew many of the 'antis' by face. One morning, a woman who had been

a regular 'sidewalk counselor' went into the clinic with a young woman who looked like she was 16-17, and obviously her daughter. When the mother came out about an hour later, I had to go up and ask her if her daughter's situation had caused her to change her mind. 'I don't expect you to understand my daughter's situation!' she angrily replied. The following Saturday, she was back, pleading with women entering the clinic not to 'murder their babies.'" (*Clinic escort, Massachusetts*)

"We too have seen our share of anti-choice women, ones the counselors usually grit their teeth over. Just last week a woman announced loudly enough for all to hear in the recovery room, that she thought abortion should be illegal. Amazingly, this was her second abortion within the last few months, having gotten pregnant again within a month of the first abortion. The nurse handled it by talking about all the carnage that went on before abortion was legalized and how fortunate she was to be receiving safe, professional care. However, this young woman continued to insist it was wrong and should be made illegal. Finally the nurse said, 'Well, I guess we won't be seeing you here again, not that you're not welcome.' Later on, another patient who had overheard this exchange thanked the nurse for her remarks." (*Clinic Administrator, Alberta*)

"We saw a woman recently who after four attempts and many hours of counseling both at the hospital and our clinic, finally, calmly and uneventfully, had her abortion. Four months later, she called me on Christmas Eve to tell me that she was not and never was pro-choice and that we failed to recognize that she was clinically depressed at the time of her abortion. The purpose of her call was to chastise me for not sending her off to the psych unit instead of the procedure room." (*Clinic Administrator, Alberta*)

"Recently, we had a patient who had given a history of being a 'pro-life' activist, but who had decided to have an abortion. She was pleasant to me and our initial discussion was mutually respectful. Later, she told someone on my staff that she thought abortion is murder, that she is a murderer, and that she is murdering her baby. So before doing her procedure, I asked her if she thought abortion is murder — the answer was yes. I asked her if she thought I am a murderer, and if she thought I would be murdering her baby, and she said yes. But murder is a crime, and murderers are executed. Is this a crime? Well, it should be, she said. At that point, she became angry and hostile, and the summary of the conversation was that she regarded me as an abortion-dispensing machine, and how dare I ask her what she thinks. After explaining to her that I do not perform abortions for people who think I am a murderer or people who are angry at me, I declined to provide her with medical care. I do not know whether she found someone else to do her abortion." (*Physician, Colorado*)

"In 1973, after Roe v. Wade, abortion became legal but had to be performed in a hospital. That of course was changed later. For the first 'legal abortion day' I had scheduled five procedures. While scrubbing between cases, I was accosted by the Chief of the OB/Gyn service. He asked me, 'How many children are you going to kill today?' My response, out of anger, was a familiar vulgar retort. About three months later, this born-again Christian called me to explain that he was against abortion but his

daughter was only a junior in high school and was too young to have a baby and he was also afraid that if she did have a baby she would not want to put it up for adoption. I told him he did not need to explain the situation to me. 'All I need to know', I said, 'is that SHE wants an abortion.' Two years later I performed a second abortion on her during her college break. She thanked me and pleaded, 'Please don't tell my dad, he is still anti-abortion.'" (*Physician, Washington State*)

"The sister of a Dutch bishop in Limburg once visited the abortion clinic in Beek where I used to work in the seventies. After entering the full waiting room, she said to me, 'My dear Lord, what are all those young girls doing here?' 'Same as you', I replied. 'Dirty little dames,' she said." (*Physician, The Netherlands*)

"I had a patient about ten years ago who traveled up to New York City from South Carolina for an abortion. I asked her why she went such a long way to get the procedure. Her answer was that she was a member of a church group that didn't



believe in abortion and she didn't want anyone to know she was having one. She planned to return to the group when she went back to South Carolina." (*Physician, New York*)

"I once had a German client who greatly thanked me at the door, leaving after a difficult 22-week abortion. With a gleaming smile, she added: 'Und doch sind Sie ein Mörder.' ('And you're still a murderer.')" (*Physician, The Netherlands*)

"My first encounter with this phenomenon came when I was doing a 2-week follow-up at a family planning clinic. The woman's anti-choice values spoke indirectly through her expression and body

language. She told me that she had been offended by the other women in the abortion clinic waiting room because they were using abortion as a form of birth control, but her condom had broken so she had no choice! I had real difficulty not pointing out that she *did* have a choice, and she had made it! Just like the other women in the waiting room.” (*Physician, Ontario*)



“A 21-year-old woman and her mother drove three hours to come to their appointment for an abortion. They were surprised to find the clinic a ‘nice’ place with friendly, personable staff. While going over contraceptive options, they shared that they were Pro-Life and disagreed with abortion, but that the patient could not afford to raise a child right now. Also, she wouldn’t need contraception since she wasn’t going to have sex until she got married, because of her religious beliefs. Rather than argue with them, I saw this as an opportunity for dialogue, and in the end, my hope was that I had planted a ‘healing seed’ to help resolve the conflict between their beliefs and their realities.” (*Physician, Washington State*)

“I had a 37-year-old woman just yesterday who was 13 weeks. She said she and her husband had been discussing this pregnancy for 2-3 months. She was strongly opposed to abortion, ‘but my husband is forcing me to do it.’ Naturally, I told her that no one could force her into an abortion, and that she had to

choose whether the pregnancy or her husband were more important. I told her I only wanted what was best *for her*, and I would not do the abortion unless she agreed that it was in her best interest. Once she was faced with actually having to voice her own choice, she said 'Well, I made the appointment and I came here, so go ahead and do it. It's what's best.' At last I think she came to grips with the fact that it really was her decision after all." (*Physician, Nevada*)

"We have anti-choice women in for abortions all the time. Many of them are just naive and ignorant until they find themselves with an unwanted pregnancy. Many of them are not malicious. They just haven't given it the proper amount of thought until it completely affects them. They can be judgmental about their friends, family, and other women. Then suddenly they become pregnant. Suddenly they see the truth. That it should only be their own choice. Unfortunately, many also think that somehow, they are different than everyone else and they deserve to have an abortion, while no one else does." (*Physician, Washington State*)

Although few studies have been made of this phenomenon, a study done in 1981 (1) found that 24% of women who had abortions considered the procedure morally wrong, and 7% of women who'd had abortions disagreed with the statement, "Any woman who wants an abortion should be permitted to obtain it legally." A 1994/95 survey (2,3) of nearly 10,000 abortion patients showed 18% of women having abortions are born-again or Evangelical Christians. Many of these women are likely anti-choice. The survey also showed that Catholic women have an abortion rate 29% higher than Protestant women. A Planned Parenthood handbook on abortion notes that nearly half of all abortions are for women who describe themselves as born-again Christian, Evangelical Christian, or Catholic. (4)

According to a 1987 article, *Abortion Clinics' Toughest Cases*, (5) "Physicians and clinics frequently terminate pregnancies for

women who believe abortion is 'murder' and 'a sin' but who are not anti-abortion activists. Demonstrators, organizers, and leaders in the [anti-abortion] movement are seen less frequently, ranging from perhaps once or twice a month to a few times in the course of a professional career." The article contained the following anecdotes:

An administrator at a Missouri clinic recalled a woman blurting out in the recovery room, "It should be illegal." The other women's mouths fell open, said the administrator. "They couldn't believe it."



The medical director of an Indianapolis clinic recalled one prospective patient who phoned to ask whether the clinic had a back door. He said no. How, she asked, could she get inside without being seen by fellow picketers outside? Pointing out that two orthopedists practiced with him, the doctor told the woman "she could limp and say she was coming to see the orthopods."

The medical director at a Dallas abortion clinic told this story: A white woman from an affluent north Dallas neighborhood brought her black maid in for an abortion and paid for it. While the maid was in a counseling session, a commotion was heard in the waiting room outside. The maid's employer was handing out anti-abortion leaflets to other women waiting for abortions.

From a clinic director in a mid-western state: "One of the most remarkable cases was a woman who came [from another part of the state] and said she was the Right-to-Life president in her

county. 'But,' she said, she 'had become pregnant and had to have an abortion.'"

From a counselor in Virginia: "[The patient] was disturbed and upset and insisted she couldn't carry the pregnancy to term. She opposed abortion — and in fact had picketed this very clinic — [but] felt the abortion was something she had to do."

Many anti-choice women are convinced that their need for abortion is unique — not like those "other" women — even though they have abortions for the same sorts of reasons. Anti-choice women often expect special treatment from clinic staff. Some demand an abortion immediately, wanting to skip important preliminaries such as taking a history or waiting for blood test results. Frequently, anti-abortion women will refuse counseling. Some women insist on sneaking in the back door and hiding in a room away from other patients. Others refuse to sit in the waiting room with women they call "sluts" and "trash." Or if they do, they get angry when other patients in the waiting room talk or laugh, because it proves to them that women get abortions casually, for "convenience".

A few behave in a very hostile manner, such as calling clinic staff "murderers." Years ago, a clinic counselor in British Columbia told me that one of her patients went into the procedure room apparently fine with her decision to have an abortion. During the abortion, at a stage when it was too late to stop the procedure, the woman started screaming "You murderers!" and other invectives at everyone in the room.

A few doctors actually refuse to provide abortions to anti-choice women for liability reasons. In the words of a Kansas physician:

"Early in my career, I thought I was obligated to provide an abortion for every woman who arrived at my doorstep requesting an abortion. My experience in general medicine, surgery, and

In fact, an anti-abortion organization called Life Dynamics Inc., of Denton Texas, specializes in malpractice suits against abortion providers. They advertise for and exploit women who regret their abortion decision or who had complications, and try and persuade them to file suit against the doctor or clinic. Many of these women are vulnerable and suffer from emotional problems, but others are anti-abortion, or at least very ambivalent about their decision to have an abortion. The message that abortion is murder has had a profound influence on them, and it may leave them with a legacy of guilt and shame after their abortion, too often borne alone and in silence. When these women find themselves unable to cope with their abortions, they may look for somebody else to blame, and doctors become a convenient scapegoat.

At times, clinic staff understandably become frustrated and angry when they have to deal with abusive, hostile, or hypocritical patients. And it is rare for anti-choice women to express appreciation for the service they've received. But most clinics perform abortions on anti-abortion women because they feel it's their obligation to help all women. They provide more thorough and specialized counseling to these women to ensure they take ownership of their decision, as far as possible. Here's a couple of examples of counseling techniques:

"When a patient comes in with my 'favorite' sentiment: 'The only moral abortion is my abortion,' I try to expand her understanding that a few more of us have had and deserve a 'moral' abortion. When a woman expands her need for care beyond herself, you no longer have an 'anti'." (*Clinic Administrator, Louisiana*)

"Sometimes I say to patients who have that 'I have no choice, I know I'll regret it, just do me' attitude: 'You may not care, but we do. We only do abortions on women who want our services. We will not knowingly contribute to any possible trauma of any woman.' They seem surprised that we care how we do our work, but they also accept it." (*Counselor, New York*)

Some anti-choice women who have abortions do make peace with their decision and even become pro-choice, or at least more forgiving of other women seeking abortions. A Louisiana patient who was anti-choice before her abortion, wrote a warm and grateful thank-you letter to the clinic, admitting that she had been a hypocrite:

"I never dreamed, in my wildest nightmares, that there would ever be a situation where I personally would choose such an act. Of course, we would each like to think that our reasons for a termination are the exception to the rule. But the bottom line is that you people spend your lives, reputations, careers and energy fighting for, maintaining, and providing an option that I needed, while I spent my energy lambasting you. Yet you still allowed me to make use of your services even though I had been one of your enemies. You treated us as kindly and warmly as you did all of your patients and never once pointed an 'I told you so' finger in



our direction. I got the impression that you cared equally about each woman in the facility and what each woman was going through, regardless of her reasons for choosing the procedure. I have never met a group of purely non-judgmental people like yourselves."

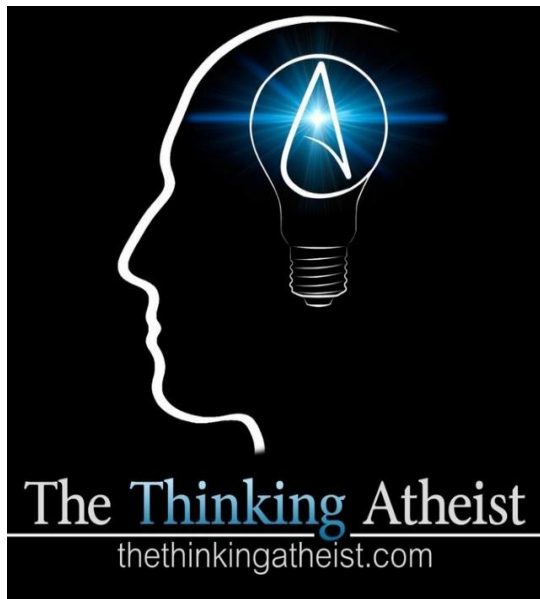
On occasion, an abortion turns out to be a momentous, life-affirming experience for an anti-choice woman. A doctor from a north-western state shared the following personal story with me:

"I was born into a very Catholic family, and was politically pro-life during college. After dating my first real boyfriend for three

years, we broke up, and the day my boyfriend moved out, I discovered I was pregnant. It was an agonizing decision, and something I *never* thought I would do, but I decided an abortion was the only realistic option. Thanks to Planned Parenthood counseling, I worked through some very tough conflicts within myself. I had to learn that my decision was a loving one. That 'my god' was actually a loving and supportive god. And that men don't have to make this decision, only women do. That it is a very personal, individual decision. I had to own it. I became much more compassionate towards myself and others as a result of my experience. Two years later I began medical school. When it came time to choose a practice, an abortion clinic opportunity came up. In working there, I began to feel that this was my calling. Having been in my patients' shoes, and coming from an unforgiving background, I could honestly say to patients, 'I know how you feel.' Deciding to have an abortion was THE hardest decision I've ever made in my life. Yet it has brought me the greatest transformation, fulfillment, and now joy. I am a more loving person because of it, and a better doctor for having experienced it. I love the work that I do, and the opportunity to support women seeking to end an unwanted pregnancy. My patients and my work are life's gifts to me, and I think my compassion and support are my gifts in return."

1. Henshaw, S.K. and G. Martire. 1982. Abortion and the Public Opinion Polls: 1. Morality and Legality. *Family Planning Perspectives*. 14:2, pp 53-60, March/April.
2. The Alan Guttmacher Institute. 1996. *Abortion Common Among All Women, Even Those Thought to Oppose Abortion*. <http://www.agi-usa.org/pubs/archives/prabort2.html>
3. Henshaw, S.K. and K. Kost. 1996. Abortion Patients in 1994-1995: Characteristics and Contraceptive Use. *Family Planning Perspectives*. 28:4, July/August. <http://www.agi-usa.org/pubs/journals/2814096.html>
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5. Medical World News. 1987. *Abortion Clinic's Toughest Cases*. pp 55-61. March 9.

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Christianity Made Me Talk Like An Idiot by Seth Andrews

Book Review by Lucy Thorp

In the fall of 2015, I found myself at the Florida Free Thought Convention (FreeFlo) in Orlando Florida. Being a “diaper atheist”, most of my Sundays were spent sleeping in or, since I moved to Florida, walking the beach at Sunrise. All of a sudden, at FreeFlo, I was surrounded by people who thought like me! No need to stay in the closet. No need to keep my mouth shut. No need to stay silent. Liberation!

Seth Andrews and his “The Thinking Atheist” podcast was a big reason for my being at Free Flo and I hoped I wouldn’t be too much fangirl when I met him. I failed. Fan-girled all over him. I asked him how he, an intelligent, articulate, well-read man could believe all that “*stuff*” (I confess, I may have said “bullshit”). Seth replied that he was never stupid; his IQ didn’t go up 20 points after he de-converted. He was just fed some really stupid ideas at a very young age.

At the 2017 FreeFlo Convention Seth gave an address called “Christianity Made Me Talk Like an Idiot!”. Seth is a born storyteller and talented orator. His Christian Radio roots shone brilliant as he told about the silliness that is called Christianity. It was fun watching people who used to believe the silliness laugh

at themselves when Seth so deftly let them know how stupid they all sounded.

Eventually, in 2022, Seth expounded on his orations and put them into the book! I

knew we would be seeing him at FreeFlo 2022 so I didn't buy the book until then. He got all the profit; I got the autograph. Win – win. The first fourteen chapters of the book explain the complete theological stupidity and therefore the absolute hilarity of the Bible! He not only lays out the stupidity, but he also helps us understand *WHY* people believe such stupidity.

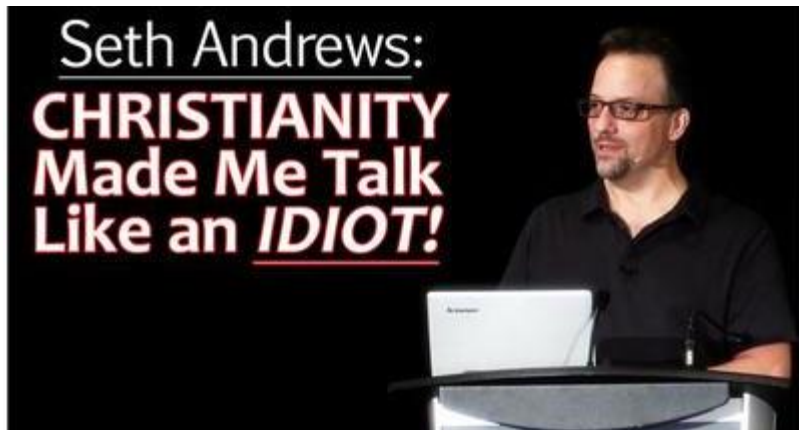
Consider this, if a grown man runs around naked praising Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny as our saviors, he is on his way to being Baker acted. Seth says, *[Force] a bunch of children to reenact the gore fest called "The Passion Play" portraying the torture and crucifixion of Christ, the adults in the room cheer.*

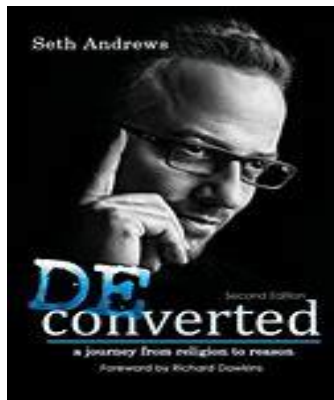
I shall share here a bit of one of my favorite chapters just to give you a flavor. Chapter Five: *Look to the East – Thoughts on the Second Coming of Christ*. Seth's grandmother died in 2004 when he was still a believer. It turns out there is a right and a wrong way to bury someone. And Seth means "way". Here is his hilarious account of the funeral:

"As the service began, I noticed that my mother looked agitated. Twitchy. And she wasn't the only one.

I whispered to my sister, "What's the problem?"

Beth responded, "Grandma is facing the wrong way."

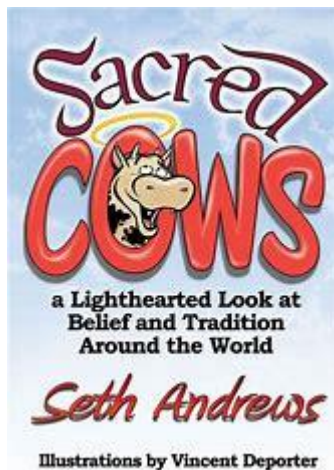




I took a moment to digest this, and then I decided to question Mom directly. Distressed, she pointed to the casket. "She's facing west."

My face went blank. I wasn't processing. My eyes blinked up toward Grandma.

"She's supposed to be facing east." Mom protested. "They're not going to bury her facing west, are they? Someone needs to tell the funeral people not to bury her facing west!"



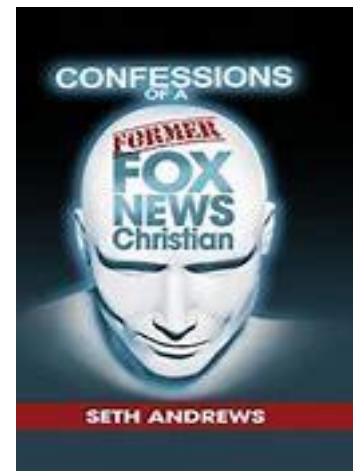
An awkward moment passed. I said nothing and walked back to my chair. My head was spinning, which was perhaps why I wasn't connecting my family's alarm to the famous Bible passage of Matthew 24:27: "For as lightning that comes from the east is visible even in the west, so will be the coming of the Son of Man."

Seth goes on to explain the rapture and the second coming of Christ and how it all weaves together... And then it falls apart.

My curiosity got the better of me and one day I stopped at a cemetery I pass on my way to the beach. I looked at the direction of the headstones. Not ALL were facing east, but the MAJORITY were.

The fifteenth chapter, "Reflection – Pointing the Finger Back at Myself", is a recap of how he came out of talking like an idiot.

"I am not immune from sounding like an idiot – I am human, after all, - but I am convinced that my departure from the religious bubble has helped me to develop a personal relationship with reality."



Seth is honest. Seth is humble. *Seth is brilliant!*

This is a must read. Whether you believed the idiocy and got better, whether you never believed it in the first place or whether you never heard any of it before you're in for an out-and-out belly laugh plus a surprisingly accurate education.

I also highly recommend the following Seth Andrews' books: *De-converted*; *Sacred Cows*; and *Confessions of a Former Fox News Christian*.

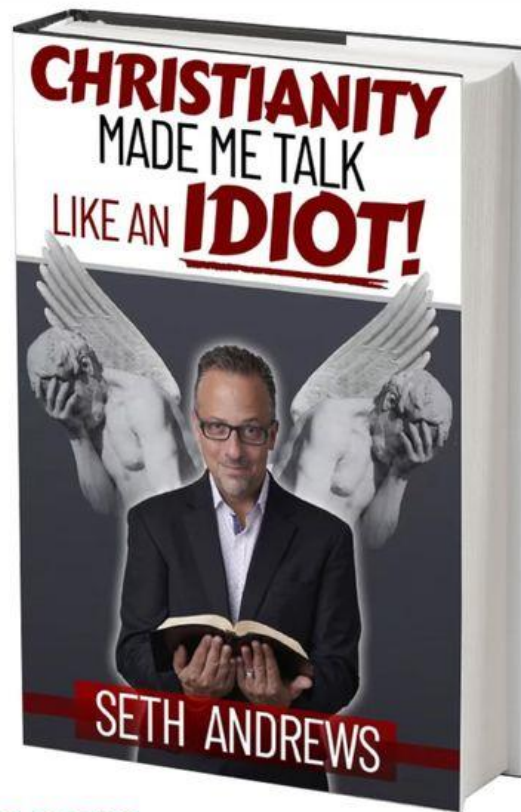
THE REVIEWS ARE POURING IN!



"The book itself
was only OK."

– K. White

Amazon verified review



sethandrews.com



Life has surprises and I was never so surprised as I was last Friday after breakfast. I was in the car waiting for Lucy to make her pit-stop before we headed down Indian River Drive to Stuart's Sandsprit park for our weekly Aware Ones gathering.

The Captain's Galley restaurant has two side-by-side handicap parking spots. I had parked in the west side spot and as I sat there in the bright sun, waiting for Lucy, another white SUV pulled into the east side spot. I hoped it was a favorite couple I had not seen for a while, Sandy and Elizabeth, who also drove a white SUV. I wanted to say hello to them, but I was disappointed. The owner of the SUV wasn't them.

I squinted from the glare off the freshly shaved, bullet-shaped head as the driver exited the car. Damn, that guy looks a lot like Brian Mast, the far-right republican congressman from the 18th district. My district. My congressman, unfortunately.

Bald headed and hatless, he had a chubby-cheek, chipmunk-like smile. His dark brownish eyes looked into mine and there was an I-see-him-and-he-sees-me-see-him-see-me moment of appraisal. Side-to-side and up-and-down. Like our ancestors did. Our nostrils flared to test for foreign aromas of identification.

My car does not have many political stickers on it, only a modest "Both Sides Don't" declaration on the rear window. I am pretty sure Brian noticed there were no pro-Trump, "Stop the Steal" or pro-Mast bumper signs. There are no "I kiss deputy sheriff's asses, so please don't ticket me" stickers or NRA decals so ubiquitous on the vehicles in this latitude of the Treasure Coast.

I could sense a hesitancy as we shared a 'how ya' doin' nod – surely a 'guy' thing – as we measured each other. I saw the khaki shorts and peaked over the passenger door window as the prothesis came into view. I could not help but acknowledge his sacrifice. He smiled again – he knew I saw them.

Yeah, it was Brian Mast. The man who speaks disingenuous things like this; "Speaker Pelosi and her allies pushed through a bill that would allow abortions up until the moment of birth. They touted this bill as a critical defense of 'freedom,' but you cannot claim to be promoting freedom when you are robbing millions of the right to life."

My primary greeting of "Brian, how the fuck are you, you lyin' piece of shit ..." was bit off as one of his sons came around the car to help him. There was love and devotion in that little boy's eyes. He clearly idolizes his dad.

Civility must be built in with me. (I think my mother soldered it firmly into my conscience!) I could not summon the vulgar words I wanted to chastise the man with. What came out of my mouth had nothing to do with Brian's cruel and loathsome voting record.

"You eaten here before?" I asked with as much awkward pleasantries as I could to a man I have such animosity towards.

He flashed that smarmy grin once more. "Only about a hundred times."

Then he put his arm around his boy's shoulder. It was like a multiwatt light coming on. The kid's smile kicked up from 60 to 150 watts. We were only six feet apart and I could not miss it. Brian's a family man even though he had just voted with 195 other reactionary steaming turds to block the public's access to contraceptives the night before. Will his boy regret his father's vote sometime in his future?

"Mmmm, I'm sure you will enjoy your breakfasts." I was glad I was not still inside, at a table, finishing my coffee. I would have been crushed if the restaurant had exploded in cheers and applause at his entrance.

"Looking forward to some Huevos Rancheros." (God that chipmunk grin needs wiping off his face). I think he sincerely cherishes his beliefs, obnoxious trash that they are.



Lucy was coming.

"Have a great day." Brian said like he was soliciting a voter.

"You too."

Civility.

"Was that *Who* I think it is," Lucy asked as she swung into her seat.

"Who."

"Brian Mast."

"Oh," I replied, "you mean, *The* congressman?"

She turned around in her seat to watch him and his kids walk together towards the ramp that leads into the restaurant.

"For a Nazi he looks very human."

"Goebbels doted over his children too. Right up to the moment he poisoned them."

I waited for the Mast family to start up the Captain's Galley ramp before I would put the car in reverse. Wouldn't want to save the world from this fascist, would I? Not if it meant crushing his innocent kids, no.



But, but think for a moment. This is a man who made that vote the night before to pigheadedly deny his children the right to reproductive freedom and bodily autonomy. He is not a good man. Doting father, maybe, but his politics twist his love for his children. He is a treacherous, vindictive, lying, seditious prick.

Earlier in the week I had gotten a fundraising email from him lamenting the fact of obligatory vaccinations for military personnel. Like the recruits have some sort of mandate to refuse a direct order. Brian is supposed to be military. Those vaccinations he got and I got were not frivolous orders. They were necessary to insure the health of our troops. No, my friend, that is not heroic, that is a mutinous snowflake babbling.

I exhaled my disgust – at the terrible things he has voted for and the good things he has voted against. As I watch him disappear through the restaurant door, herding his children before him, my inner psyche ached for not only his children, but also for all the other children he has damaged through his bigoted shortsightedness. I do not respect Brian Mast's feelings; however, I do respect his children's.

As I wondered if my fellow Aware Ones will be surprised when I describe this 23-second encounter with Brian Mast a disturbing thought occurred to me – will that blazing adoration and love his children have now, remain after they grow up and realize what he has done to them?



TECHNOLOGY

NEVER RESTS

By Bert Mautz



Do you remember that progression from long play, to hi-fi, to stereo, to 8-tracks, to discs, to now no physical music collection, but a subscription to "YouTube Music?" In our lifetime there have



been countless transformations ranging from communications to computation to capitalization. Electric cars, the exotic super-sonic planes, to the mundane thermostats in your home. Telecommunications where everything that gets to your home came off an orbiting satellite. And we take it all for granted. Just the way things are. And then you're

brought up short.

Recently I was informed that my everyday home computer running on Microsoft Windows was about to get way more complicated and there was nothing I could do about it. Remember when you bought a home computer, at the same time you had



to purchase the software. It came on a five-inch “floppy” discs. You loaded it to stare in awe at the new screen saver and proceeded to explore how the system functioned and figure out how you would do your work on this “new and improved software.”



It is about to be very different. The latest Windows is being dictated to us users. Play along, or don't play at all. Any applications we may choose to load and use will have to be approved and be accommodated by the

new and proscribed Windows. *Apple* is just as manipulative, dictating software to be operated on their hardware.

It is a similar situation with car parts. A Tesla owner cannot buy parts at an *AutoZone*. Tesla dealers only have Tesla parts. Tesla car systems are controlled by Tesla software running on Tesla operating systems made out of Tesla-only chips. (Remember vacuum tubes?) Not a likely scenario, however, Tesla parts salvage for subsequent installation won't work, or is that, *won't compute*. The company approves all parts changes or updates. Tesla Incorporated controls your car.



Chips (made in Taiwan only) are the brains of your car's non-skid brakes, heated seats, thermostats, transmission, fuel delivery, (remember carburetors?) all the sub-systems of your car or pickup truck. The chips are not only vitally important, but totally

controlled by their manufacturer, to be installed exclusively by their dealerships. They've got us.



One quirky example; Porsche has a high-end car with a geo-navigation system to keep track of the bumps in your roadways and the slope of your drive, to automatically jack up the front-end avoiding

scraping off the wind diffuser. Can't leave home without it.

A number of high-end *hyper*-performances cars; Lamborghini, McLaren, Ferrari, Bugatti, Koenigsegg, Daimler Benz and Porsche won't even let you have the "keys to the full performance potential" of the car you bought and paid for. Track only, with factory mechanics in attendance. You own it, but you can't drive it full throttle without supervision.



Another insistent reminder of corporate intrusion and control occurs regularly on our phones. Don't try to ignore such mandates. Your phone company holds all the cards. Use your phone how the company tells you to use it, or not at all. Plug in for the mandatory overnight updates.

Likely these operating systems will continue to grow in their pervasiveness. Trends all point to automation; our tools and toys will operate themselves, expanding their independence and conversely, our dependence. As Huxley predicted, 'brave new world.'

THE WAY WE WERE



African Voices

Antiracist Education Now

July 4 at 8:37 AM ·

Reposting [@zinneducationproject](#) Anna Murray Douglass (1813 - 1882) was an abolitionist and member of the Underground Railroad. She was the first wife of Frederick Douglass, married from 1838 until her death in 1882.

This time of year, many people share Frederick Douglass's famous speech, "What to the Slave is the Fourth of July?" Frederick Douglass often overshadows Anna, despite her own abolitionist work and her active role in freeing her husband from enslavement.

Anna Murray was born with free status in Denton, Maryland in 1813. As a young woman, Anna acquired official Certificates of Freedom, enabling her to travel freely in the state, and established herself as a laundress and domestic worker, saving money from her work.

From the moment she met Frederick Douglass, Anna supported him, making his freedom and his subsequent abolitionist work possible. Frederick escaped to New York City wearing the disguise of a sailor that Anna has sewn for him, likely also using her money to buy his train ticket north. Once Anna joined him, she

used her resources to provide for the couple's new life together, setting up their home with a feather bed, pillows, and linen; dishes and cutlery; and a trunk of clothing.

Anna cared for their five children and the household while Frederick traveled for his abolitionist work. Left alone to support the family, Anna saved everything that Frederick sent home and used only her own income from mending shoes to survive.

When the family moved to Rochester, they hosted countless guests and hid runaways as a stop on the Underground Railroad. Now, Anna additionally provided for her guests and worked on the Underground all while raising her children and maintaining the household — and being scrutinized by some of Frederick's white guests.

As Anna and Frederick's daughter Rosetta said in a speech in 1900, "The story of Frederick Douglass' hopes and aspirations and longing desire for freedom has been told—you all know it. It was a story made possible by the unswerving loyalty of Anna Murray."

Black History is American History.



Death, Strangeness, Type 2 fun and the Power of Will, Angelica Longo 1926-2022



A recollection by James Longo

Thursday got out of work, to find a text from my sister from 9 in the morning and it was 8:30PM, "Mom has given up it won't be long now." I might be a cold and callous person, but my thought was, what else is new.

Over the years my sister has proclaimed my parents' demise multiple times. As a matter of fact, if I had a dollar for every time she proclaimed the end, I might be able get a half of tank of gas. Worked Friday and decided after getting the crap beat out of me all day, that I'd decide tomorrow, when to travel to Colorado to see her.

Saturday wrestled with going tomorrow, or waiting to July first. Talked to my sister. Talked to the charge nurse at the home. Hemmed and hawed. Decided to flip a coin. Heads I go on the July first, tails I go as soon as possible. Bleep if it wasn't tails. I made a reservation for a one-way ticket getting into Colorado Springs noon Sunday. As you can tell my decision-making process is world class. Decided to go for a bike ride.

The cyclometer on Speedy the bicycle, was broke, but I knew the twenty-mile route I wanted to take. I went straight out Bridge Road. They just paved that bad boy and nothing says pleasure like ten miles of smooth road. Made the turn at ten miles, and started heading east, at about twelve miles I got a call from Becca, the charge nurse. She stated, *"it is pretty obvious that*



your mother doesn't have long and that you should come as soon as possible." I told her I'd see her tomorrow afternoon.

As I was turning into the development, I thought there was a light behind me, and I went off the road looking over my shoulder. A couple of tenths of a mile down the road. I got a call from my sister telling me mom was dead. Some would give this a spiritual meaning, I am more inclined to a Twilight Zone moment, All I do know it was definitely a Type 2 moment.

My mother was the essence of Type 2 fun. Maybe I should explain the meaning of Type 2 fun. Type 1 fun is just fun. Type 2 fun is frightening, painful, bizarre and only fun after the fact when you tell the tale...

An example of Type 2 fun; My family drove across the Mohave Desert in an avocado green 1972 Dodge Dart Swinger with no air conditioning, in August 1974. My mother insisted we roll up the windows because the hot air blowing in the car was dehydrating us. An argument ensued and my mother got her way. We rolled up the windows and suffered. I brought this up the other day to my sister and we had a good laugh.

Remember traveling to Iguazu Falls on the border of Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay with my mother. I ate the house special at a pizzeria, which was sitting in the window of the restaurant, and received food poison for this indulgence. FYI ham olives and corn on or a pizza sitting in the window is a definite no-no.

If that wasn't bad enough, we took an old local bus with the motor next to the driver to the Falls. Every time the driver changed gears it spewed toxic black smoke into the passenger compartment. I got off the bus with a splitting headache, nausea and diarrhea. I spent most of the day either holding my head, or my bottom or both. The only moving water I wanted to look at was a flush toilet, which I don't think I ever found.

My mother insisted we trudge on even with my food poisoning and carbon monoxide poisoning. I can still remember her refrain. Come look we will never be here again, and through her pure force of will I saw Iguazu Falls, and yes, I have never been back. Ah the type 2 fun we had.

Looking into the eyes of her obituary picture, I saw the person she once was. Dementia and time destroyed that woman long ago, but for me she was the essence of will power. It didn't matter what anyone thought. It didn't matter even what the facts were. Once she decided something. It was going to happen. I am a pharmacist today because she decided it. She lived in a house I owned for twenty years because she decided it. She became a Chef, even though she couldn't boil water when she got married because she decided it.

I know my sister sent me a text saying mother had given up on Thursday, but I knew my mother and she never gave quarter. She never gave up. No one was going to tell her what to do. She just changed her mind, about her life. That is all.



Bibi au restaurant de l'Éden roc, autochrome by *Jacques-Henri Lartigue* (c.1920)



Do you remember the West Indies calypso song "Jamaican Farewell"? The opening verses went like this:

*"Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop*

*But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town."*

I first heard the song from a 1956 Harry Belafonte recording after my service-related periods in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The last line, "I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town," has long troubled me. Was the "little girl" a diminutive reference to a lover, or maybe to a child that he had fathered in some passionate tryst? If the latter, what kind of a bastard would abandon his child?

What kind? Look in the mirror. I might have been that bastard.



Her name was Paquita. In Spanish it means *an independent, a free spirit*. I was only 18 years old. She was about the same.

I had joined the Navy right after High School when I was 17. My rationale was simple: I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. I received no guidance from my parents, but I figured after four years in the Navy I would have my life all figured out. I was wrong, but that's another story.

After basic training, I was given a bunch of tests, and because my hearing was excellent with an ability to discern the slightest differences in Doppler changes, I was advised to go to the SONAR school in Key West, Florida. After bootcamp in dingy Bainbridge, Maryland, anything would sound great, but Key West was over the moon.

As I was finishing Sonar school, the Navy posted a notice asking for graduate volunteers for a top-secret, two-month course at a facility in Puerto Rico. I jumped on it and was immediately accepted.

I was flown over the beautiful mountains of Hispaniola and western Puerto Rico to the Navy Air Station in San Juan. From there, we were bused to Ramey Air Force base at the Northwestern tip of the island where the Navy had a new facility at the base of a 300-foot cliff where we were to do the final hook-

up to an array of hydrophones that would soon be set up to scan submarine traffic over the entire North Atlantic Ocean.

My interests, however, were soon diverted to the joys to be found freely available off base, principally, in the wide-open town of Aquadilla, located just a short 6 km south of the base on the shores of Mona Passage. There were fiestas, bars, and GIRLS!



I was able to buy a car on a good deal from an Air Force officer who was being transferred to another base off the island. Whenever I was off duty, I would drive it to town, usually to Raul's, my favorite bar. There was always music and dancing upstairs, and often a poker game that could sometimes last all night. I really liked one girl there and it appeared to be mutual. I was still somewhat of a shy youth at the time, so all I did was hang out with her, enjoying her company. Although there were prostitutes in all the bars, Paquita was definitely not one of them.



The time came when she made the first move. She called me into another room and said, somewhat hesitatingly, "Would you like to spend the night with me?"

I said, "I think you know I would."

Nearby was a small, but decent hotel, owned by Raul's brother Max. He charged \$5 a night, or any portion thereof, and I was broke. I knew one of my drinking buddies regularly loaned money at 20 percent, so I got my \$5, and Paquita and I were off for Max's place.

I told her I wouldn't be able to stay all night because I had to be back to the base for early muster the next morning. She said, with a promising smile, "That will give us plenty of time."

We entered our room and in less than a minute our clothes were scattered across the floor, and we were frolicking together in bed. Paquita was wonderful in every way and every position. We made love for it seemed about an eternity before we sank exhausted in each other's arms.



We played and talked and played some more and talked some more. I said, "It's getting late, I better start back to the base."

"Oh, stay a little longer," Paquita said, pleading, "I want to go to sleep with you inside me. Just for a little while."

How could I refuse? I hugged her from behind and entered her gently and it was so good. So comfortable. Just for a little while, and, of course, I fell asleep.

It was 0700 when I woke with a start. "Oh shit!" I called out to no one in particular. "It's time for muster! *I'm AWOL!*"

Paquita didn't understand the gravity of the moment and I had no time to explain. I pulled on my clothes, kissed her quickly and ran down to my car. I need not have rushed but at the moment I felt if I was just a little late it wouldn't be as bad. I was wrong, of course.

I was immediately placed on restriction and summoned to a Captain's Mast two days later. Luckily, I got off with a "restriction to base" for one month – not the brig, thank goodness – plus a mark against my conduct record. A month's restriction to base was a long time when you are a young vigorous man.

My friends, of course, continued their regular visits to Raul's and soon came back with an unsettling report. The girls, of course, recognized them as soon as they made their next visit.

Paquita noticed I was not with them. She rushed over to ask, "Where's Eddie?" They told her that I was restricted to base for a month, a punishment for missing muster on that fateful morning. She burst into tears and was inconsolable by her friends. We had no personal phones in those days, so I had no way to get back to her.

Restrictions don't last forever, and, at the end of the month I was back at Raul's looking for Paquita. I did not see her. I asked her friends where she was and was greeted mainly with shrugs. One girl came forward and whispered that Paquita had moved back in with her mother in Mayaguez, a small city about 20 km to the southeast.

For another several weeks, I heard nothing more until one evening, at a time when I typically landed at Raul's, a phone call was received and was brought over to me by one of the barmaids. Nothing clicked. I had no idea who it could be, but feared I was being called back to base for some unknown reason.... It was Paquita.

"Eddie," she began. For some reason the tone of her voice frightened me, at the same time it excited me.

"Paquita, where are you?" I responded.

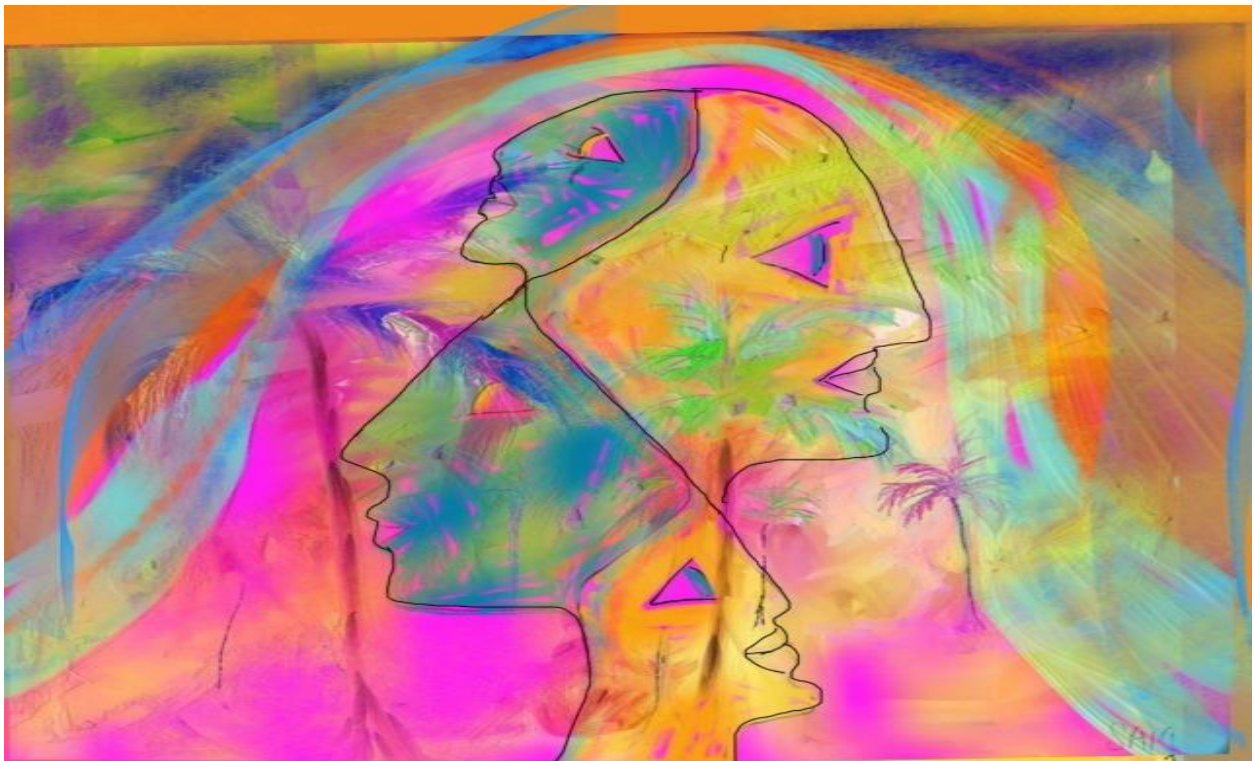
And then, the bombshell. "Eddie, I'm pregnant. It is yours, Eddie," There was something near to joy in her voice, but I just felt a cold fear running up my spine.

I lashed out in response: "No! it couldn't be mine. It couldn't be!"

I stood there, shaking, waiting for her response ... waiting. Finally, the phone went dead. Silence.

I never heard from Paquita again. Girls who knew her would not answer my queries. Just cold silence.

.... What kind of bastard was I?



Remember When?

Franklin Joins Peanuts



Diversity in pop culture is an issue that is a hell of a lot more important than it sounds on paper. Why should it matter who appears in a story if it's just escapist entertainment?

One reason is that entertainment tends to unintentionally carry subtext about normalcy in the society's entertainment portrays. What kind of people can be heroes or leaders? What kind of people are scummy or evil? Who can fall in love with whom? And what descriptive traits do we use to describe someone as "normal"?

We don't mean to, but we tend to look to entertainment for these answers. Children especially, who tend to live in very controlled environments, look for role models and learn all kinds of things about our world through the entertainment they enjoy.

I talk about all this as background for the three *Peanuts* strips above. These strips were published in the summer of 1968, and introduced Franklin, the first black character to appear in Charles Schultz's newspaper cartoon. The story behind Franklin's inception didn't happen naturally, and actually began just two weeks after Martin Luther King was assassinated.



A schoolteacher named Harriet Glickman, moved by Dr. King's life and the shock of his assassination, wrote a letter to Schultz, requesting he add more black characters to *Peanuts*.

Mr. Charles Schulz
United Features Syndicate
[Redacted Address]

April 15, 1968

Dear Mr. Schulz,

Since the death of Martin Luther King, I've been asking myself what I can do to help change those conditions in our society which led to the assassination and which contribute to the vast sea of misunderstanding, fear, hate and violence.

As a suburban housewife; the mother of three children and a deeply concerned and active citizen, I am well aware of the very long and tortuous road ahead. I believe that it will be another generation before the kind of open friendship, trust and mobility will be an accepted part of our lives.

In thinking over the areas of the mass media which are of tremendous importance in shaping the unconscious attitudes of our kids, I felt that something could be done through our comic strips and even in that violent jungle of horrors known as Children's Television.

You need no reassurances from me that *Peanuts* is one of the most adored, well-read and quoted parts of our literate society. In our family, teen-age Kathy has posters and sweat shirts... pencil holders and autograph books. Paul, who's ten and our Charlie Brown Little Leaguer...has memorized every paper back book...has stationery, calendars, wall hangings and a Snoopy pillow. Three and a half year old Simon has his own Snoopy which lives, loves, eats, paints, digs, bathes and sleeps with him. My husband and I keep pertinent *Peanuts* cartoons on desks and bulletin boards as guards against pomposity. You see...we are a totally *Peanuts*-oriented family.

It occurred to me today that the introduction of Negro children into the group of Schulz characters could happen with a minimum of impact. The gentleness of the kids...even Lucy, is a perfect setting. The baseball games, kite-flying...yes, even the Psychiatric Service cum Lemonade Stand would accommodate the idea smoothly.

Sitting alone in California suburbia makes it all seem so easy and logical. I'm sure one doesn't make radical changes in so important an institution without a lot of shock waves from syndicates, clients, etc. You have, however, a stature and reputation which can withstand a great deal.

Lastly; should you consider this suggestion, I hope that the result will be more than one black child....Let them be as adorable as the others...but please...allow them a Lucy!

Sincerely,

Schultz was at first reluctant to fulfill Glickman's request, not because of prejudice, but rather a fear of being patronizing and condescending. But he was eventually convinced by further letters from Glickman and some of her African American friends, and so Schultz created Franklin.





The inclusion of Franklin brought controversy and uproar from readers and editors alike to Schultz door for inviting a black character to befriend Charlie Brown and attend a desegregated school with him. But Schultz stood by his word to Glickman, and Franklin became a regular character in *Peanuts* from then on out. He never became a major character anywhere near the status Charlie, Snoopy, or Lucy, but he was important as one of the few black characters in mid-century American comic strips to be portrayed as a child no different from the rest of the *Peanuts* cast.



TWIN DEATH



Text and painting Copyright Patti Smith

9.11 awoke to the sound of a passenger plane singing its end. awoke to the sensation of spirits - a purgatory of souls ascending the billowing smoke and ash filling the sky at the base of my street.

they are gone. the twin posts that anchored our city. an hour before waved goodbye to my daughter heading for school. i sat on my stoop gazing at them sleepily, disinterested, then returned to my slumber, in the arms of my love.

9.12 awoke to the sound of f-15's and helicopters circling above, drawing me from bed into the street. the towers are gone and the skin of our sky is wounded.

they are gone. what form of intelligence has committed this deed? what portrait could i paint? what lines might i draw? from what human memory can i draw from? i can no longer picture them. on my wall are sheets of drawings, abstracting the cross and the motion of resurrection. remove them and set them away,



taping up fresh sheets, returning to the street to think.

yellow streamers snake through the streets, wrapping my ankles. as i reach to free myself, i notice the light is different. the way it falls on the buildings and on the back of my hand. momentarily inspired, i pocket some streamers and head back.

taping the yellow strip across the white sheets of paper, i find i am unable to draw one line. it should be so simple, child's play to trace their dual silhouette.

but i can't. i'm afraid that i won't do it right. i'm afraid that art is useless.

they are gone. and all those people. i keep sitting on my stoop looking towards the right, to where they were, thinking they will reappear. a dazed businessman impeccably dressed, save for the white dust covering his shoes, passes. he doesn't seem to know where he is going, but his shoes tell where he has been. i think of picasso and how he reacted to the bombing of guernica. how he translated his pain and horror into a monumental work that moves and teaches us to this day. i return to my wall.

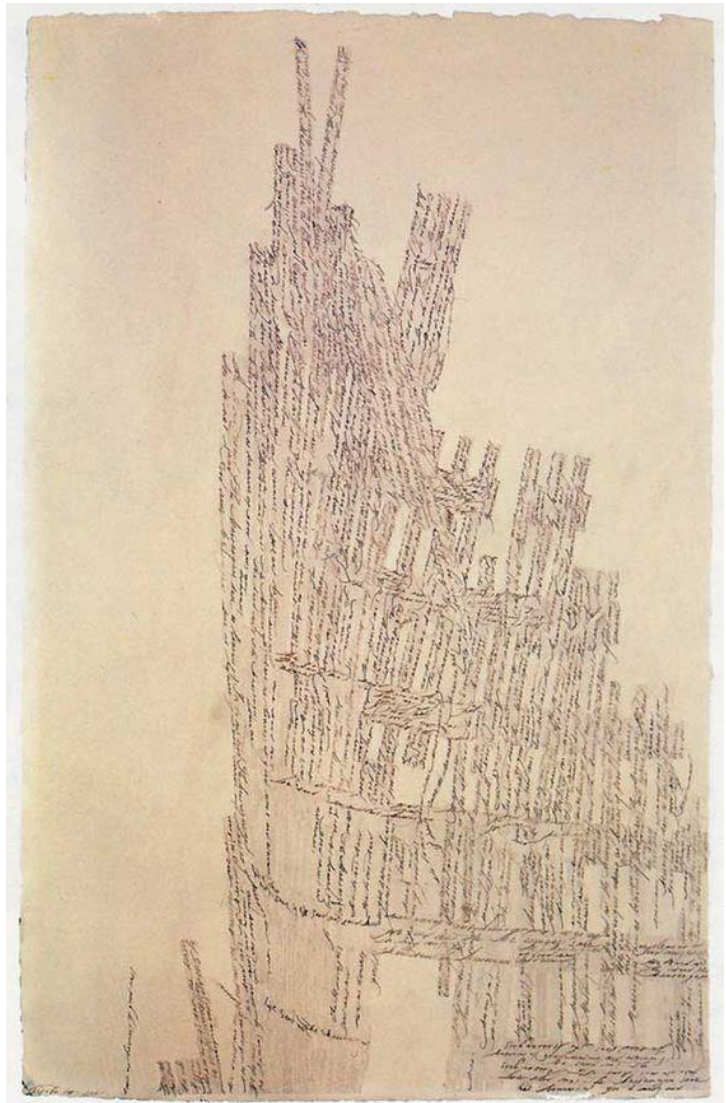
if you look at the dust, one can see towers where there are no towers. like the amputee feeling the pain of phantom limbs.

i never really liked them. i protested their construction. i was empire loyal, resenting anything that might eclipse her. but through the years, i not only accepted, but also came to love them. it seemed wonderful because there were two.

9.13 awoke to the cries of "usa! usa!" nationalism is brewing. flags are flying. the sight of them fills me with conflict, for ours is a global concern. we are on human time. we are new york. a thoroughly human city. diversity is our pride. humanity is our duty - to offer one's hand, one's bread, one's prayer, and one's human love, with no distinction of faith, party, or nationality.

dawn has yet to break and i awoke to sirens and thunder and the rain against the skylight. volunteers' voices carry through the stage set of our streets. driven to be among them, i rise, dress quickly, gather up my required identification and enter into another world.

lines of emergency vehicles are exiting, moving south. irrationally attached to our checkpoint, now unmanned, i touch the discarded barricade, draped in rain-soaked streamers. the same yellow streamers that stretch across the white sheets adorning my wall. a face mask hangs on the edge of a long sawhorse that has restricted our street. the still life of the hour. lights cease



flashing. the rain dissipates. houston street re-opens. the citizens reclaim sixth avenue.

only blocks away, workers mobilize, rescuers continue through the night. men cry out not to other men. i know nothing of the pain of their labors, what their eyes have seen, what their hands have clawed through. jean genet would have known how to glorify those callused hands. cannot even offer to shake them. i feel conspicuously invisible, dressed so poorly in the pre-dawn of national mourning. when the sun rises i shall dress in white, with respect for the ash veiling our city. the ash of our cremated towers.

9.14 a day of national mourning it is a morning for mourning. we, the people of the city, awaken to the rain. the god of abraham is weeping. allah is weeping. the feet of jesus, and mohammed are wet with tears and the people bow and grasp the damp earth.

a day of mourning, and for what shall we mourn? the humanity and the humanity invested in its architecture? the fate of the innocent afghan peoples? shall we mourn our inability as a people to communicate?



we are still the children of babel. speaking in divided tongues, unable to comprehend one another. the cries amongst the rubble of that colossal wreck are our own. babel's tower possessed the collective imagination of man. but they unlawfully penetrated the dreams of god. their ability to communicate was

confounded to punish them for a lack of humility. perhaps when we humble ourselves as a people, will we communicate again.

9.15 once, in another century, i penned with arrogance, "i am an american artist, and i have no guilt." now i feel compelled to utter, "i am an american artist, and i feel guilty about everything." in spite of this i will not turn away: i will keep working. this i perceive as duty. as i pray to god that in days to come, i will not awake and rise with the blood of the afghan people dripping from my american hands.

9.16 may we ask for wisdom and, in possessing it, the moral courage to exercise it. may we ask to be emptied of hate so to attain harmony. may we strive to comprehend one another.

9.17 for the first time since the attack, i enter a subway. i go as far as broadway & nassau and a walk to liberty street. i have my first view of ground zero. i come here with some reservation, as i do not wish to trespass. but i want some answer to a question vaguely formed. like a child i want to see them, or what is left of them, and say goodbye. i also believe they will tell me something of why i care for them so much, why i miss them, and how they should be remembered. in this pursuit i am ranted this vision: from liberty street i see their skeletal remains, resembling brueghel's portrait of babel. atop them two twisted fingers reach heavenward in the perfect shape of a v. the simple sign for peace.

we return to work. our mayor has wisely counseled us to engage in our daily human tasks. i know now why i mourn our towers. because they were young, and symbolized the optimistic strength of our young nation. my wall has twin sheets of paper. there is no image. i have decided that is my portrait. not what we see, but what we don't see and will never see again. two pure white sheets empty as the sky to the right of my stoop at the base of my street.

Artwork:

P. 76: *South Tower WTC Sept 13, 2001 – Frank Schwere*

P. 77: *South Tower, Surah XVIII, 57 Quran – Patti Smith*

P. 78: *The Tower of Babel – Peter Bruegal the Elder 1563*

POETRY

And we pray to our Lord
Who we know is American
He reigns from on high
He speaks to us through middlemen
And he shepherds his flock
We sing out and we praise His name
He supports us in war
He presides over football games
And the right will prevail
All our troubles shall be resolved
We have faith in the Lord
Unless there's money or sex involved
~Don Henley



*July 4, 2022.
Highland Park, IL.*

"PITY THE NATION"(After Khalil Gibran)

By Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Pity the nation whose people are sheep
And whose shepherds mislead them
Pity the nation whose leaders are liars
Whose sages are silenced
And whose bigots haunt the airwaves
Pity the nation that raises not its voice
Except to praise conquerers
And acclaim the bully as hero
And aims to rule the world
By force and by torture
Pity the nation that knows
No other language but its own
And no other culture but its own
Pity the nation whose breath is money
And sleeps the sleep of the too well fed
Pity the nation oh pity the people
who allow their rights to erode
and their freedoms to be washed away
My country, tears of thee
Sweet land of liberty!

Hymn For The Hurting

by Amanda Gorman

Everything hurts,
Our hearts shadowed and strange,
Minds made muddled and mute.
We carry tragedy, terrifying and true.
And yet none of it is new;
We knew it as home,
As horror,
As heritage.
Even our children
Cannot be children,
Cannot be.
Everything hurts.
It's a hard time to be alive,
And even harder to stay that way.
We're burdened to live out these days,
While at the same time, blessed to outlive them.
This alarm is how we know
We must be altered —
That we must differ or die,
That we must triumph or try.
Thus while hate cannot be terminated,
It can be transformed
Into a love that lets us live.
May we not just grieve, but give:
May we not just ache, but act;
May our signed right to bear arms
Never blind our sight from shared harm;
May we choose our children over chaos.
May another innocent never be lost.
Maybe everything hurts,
Our hearts shadowed & strange.
But only when everything hurts
May everything change.



They have come for us
We who are female
We who bleed
They are trying to pull us backwards
To a time where their hatred of us was open
Where they controlled all of what we said and did
Their patriarchy perpetuates itself through their churches

WAKE UP WOMEN

Step out of your complacency
Step out of your father's house
Step out of your husband's house
Step out and lift your voice
Embrace your freedom
Embrace your sisters
Embrace your sovereignty
We women are sacred and whole unto ourselves
Shed the males who oppress you
Shed the beliefs that limit you
Shed anything that you wish
YOU are in charge of yourself
YOU are in charge of your body
YOU should be running the world
YOU are spiritual power embodied
REMEMBER WHO YOU REALLY ARE AND RISE

- Tizzy Hyatt

Image: Joey Spadaro





Grrrrrrrrrr

By Gale Baker

I AM LIVING IN A STATE I HATE
ALTHOUGH I ADMIT THE WEATHER'S GREAT –
MOSTLY
BUT THAT DOESN'T COMPENSATE
FOR LEADERS WHO WILL NOT BE STRAIGHT –
GROSSLY
WHILE TOUTING LIES THAT EXACERBATE
OUR FEARS THAT TYRANNY WILL BE OUR FATE –
MOROSELY
WHILE THE GUV THREATENS TO CASTRATE
OUR FREEDOM, AND WANTS TO DICTATE –
GRANDIOSELY

BUT THEN AGAIN, WHERE WILL I GO
WHERE I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE WITH SNOW
AND WHERE DEMOCRACY CAN GROW
AM I DREAMING? I DON'T KNOW.
BUT THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY.

DON'T EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER
EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER



EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER
ALLOW THIS DIABOLICAL JACKASS
TO BECOME PRESIDENT OF THE USA

COMEDY CORNER



King Kong's Keto Kookie and Kupcake Kompany, the KKKKKKK, or maybe KKK squared is the type of things I think about on my bicycle rides.

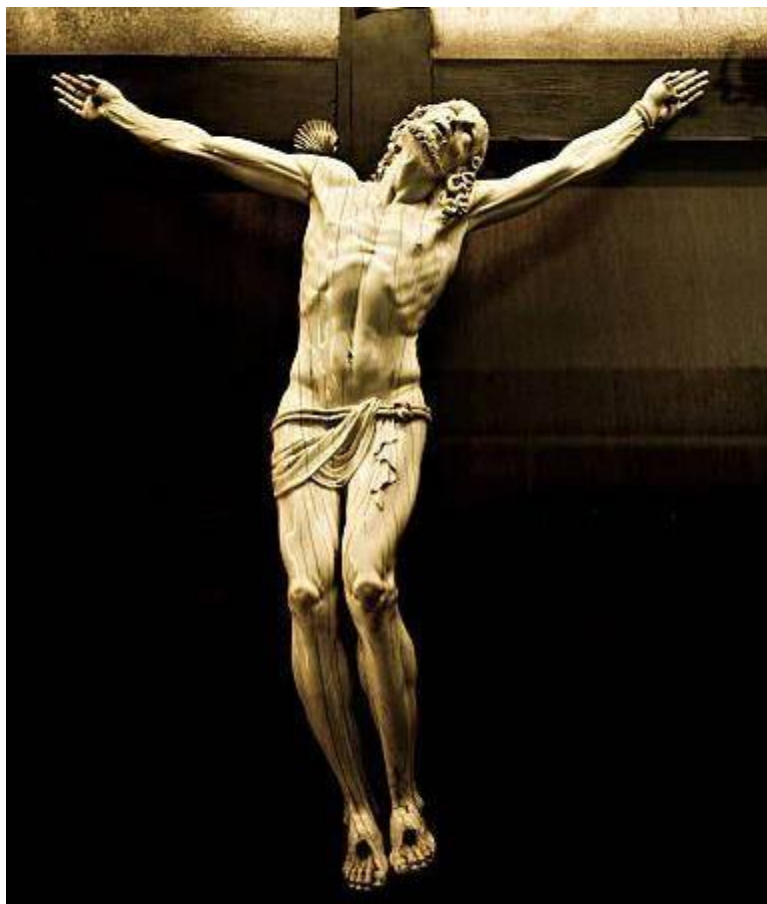
I know this company would never exist at least not as me as owner. I wouldn't know how to start a business that actually produced food stuffs. What would the licensing for such an enterprise look like? What would my liability be? I imagine I could figure out cost of materials. What's an appropriate profit margin? Accounting, sales tax, God forbid I have employees. Can you say healthcare and workman's comp? What would marketing look like? Wouldn't even have a clue how to get product to consumers? How much money would it take just to open the doors? And of course, the most important question, what is the difference between a cupcake and a muffin?

Twenty miles a day of physical meditation, leaves you plenty of time to ask all kinds of dumb questions. Like why would you want to start a *Keto Kookie Kompany* in the first place? And

the original answer was? Bleep if I know! Other answers came out as entertainment, adventure, to see if I could do it. What are you not suffering enough of in your life that you need more? Then there is my optimistic side, oh it would be fun, and the realistic side thinks, yeah, "type 2 fun" (i.e., Only fun after it is finished, and then you can look back at it fondly ... or not so fondly).

By this point in the ride, I've made my turn for home and now the wind is at my back, and the questions come hard and fast. What do you do? Everything, or is it nothing? Sometimes it is hard to tell the difference. I laughed.

Who do you do it for? Everyone or is it no one, or just my mate and me or is it anyone who asks. It's probably anyone who asks, but who asks?



What do people want and need from me? Absolutely nothing, a good laugh, a different perspective, a neighborly hello?

Hell, if I know. How about a bite to eat, an extra pair of hands and my two cents worth? Okay four cents – you have to take into account inflation.

By now I'm over the bridge and going through the woods, or in this case the Zeus Park neighborhood. It's time to bring it home. How does the things I do change the people I interact with? Hopefully it makes them less miserable. I used to hope it made them happy, but that's asking way too much in this day and age, or for that matter in any day and age. Crap, if I can bring someone a positive moment. It would give me one too. See it is all about me in the long run.

Got home and turned on you-tube and a speaker from Yale, said eighty percent of alums need to ask themselves these four questions, because most don't know what they are doing and why. What do you do? Who do you do it for? What do people need from you? And how does it affect their lives?

I don't know about you, but I thought my answers were pretty piss poor. *King Kong's Kosmic Keto Kookie and KupKake Kompany* could be a cool concept. Maybe it needs a "Christmas" in its name? Yeah, definitely a Christmas but with a "K".



eBay Before Electricity: The IP



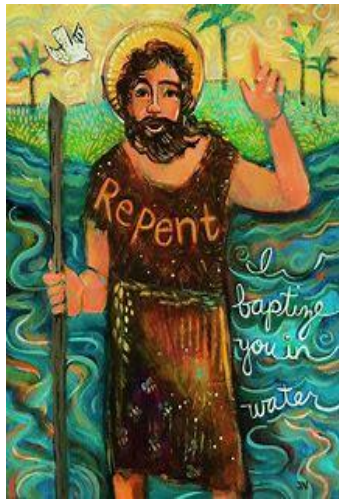
By J. Dan Vignau

What if eBay and advertising agencies existed during the ancient times of the desert caravans? Let's pick the nomadic time of the fabled Jesus. Could memorabilia [i.e., *merch*] have ever been immensely popular as it is now?

The dust from the caravan could be seen for days before the arrival in the towns and villages. There would be plenty of time for sprucing up the oasis, time for the harlots to get cleaned and primped, time to tune the lyres and practice songs of praise, as well as time to prepare a feast for the travelers.



When trading ships came into village harbors, and caravans laden with goods on camelback arrived in various cities and villages, every merchant, and yes, every huckster would prepare their spiels for the big day. Auctions would be held, not only in the bays and inlets, but also in desert communities with no major bodies of water at all.



There were astounding amounts of goods to trade and services to render. Men, who posed as the Abrahamic savior and his disciples stayed overnight, or longer when they could tell enough tales to continue the free meals. Many tales were sagas of great floods, murder by gods, virgin births, and other horrible disasters. On the trip, the sages would follow him around and collect his *Immaculate Deposits*, fertilizer guaranteed to grow about anything in the harsh desert climate. It was touted as *ID*.

The eBay and eOasis auctions would have been packed with sellers and buyers. Local ad writers would have had scant experience to compete with the stories of the ones who traveled the known world on the ships and camels.

Judas might have been one of these barkers: "Here Ye, Here Ye. Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and Girls. Right here in Sodom, we have the absolute most divine fertilizer (*ID*) known to man. In fact, I personally followed Jesus Our Lord to collect and preserve his *ID*. I even cleaned his bum to make certain I never missed a single plant's chance to survive and to grow into the most divine sustenance to ever be offered in this part of our desert. Indeed, His *ID* nourishes and creates the most Sacred Manna known to man."





Of course, there would always have been charlatans who hawked *BOGUS ID*, and not authentic *Immaculate Jesus Merde*.

As big-time investors would have undoubtedly joined the fray, more fraudulent spiels would have arisen. There might be *BP*, or *Buddha Poop*,

MP, *Mohamed Poop*, and if real world travelers visited Greece, some *ZP*, *Zeus Poop*. The possibilities are endless. There have been a lot of gods invented through the centuries. *Thor Poop (TP)*, *Ares Poop (AP)*, and of course *Odin Poop (OP)* would have brought really good money.



Rare collectibles would have also been auctioned: Jewelry from various gods, and goddesses, crowns and tiaras, sundials, saddles and about anything one might imagine. In fact, the desert caravans, to set off their sites from the sailors' auctions, might have called their site *eOasis*, rather than *eBay*.

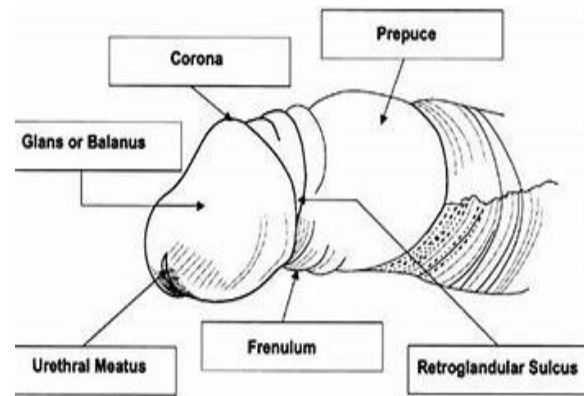


Of course, what we now know as a *Heinleinian Fair Witness* would be a required necessity because someone would need to be trusted to collect the feedback and reviews from other places and sellers.

I can't imagine that any collectible item would be rarer than what we are about to present. To the many emirates and kings, we offer you the *IF*!

"Here Ye, Here Ye. Today, for the highest bidder, we have the rarest, most collectible item that will never be surpassed: The *IF*,

or *Immaculate Foreskin*. However, we expect future scholars, or so say the Sages and Oracles, to call it *IP*, because eventually, all recording devices, for both calculating numbers and saving will encompass all human knowledge. Local storage facilities are called Pyramids. The size of

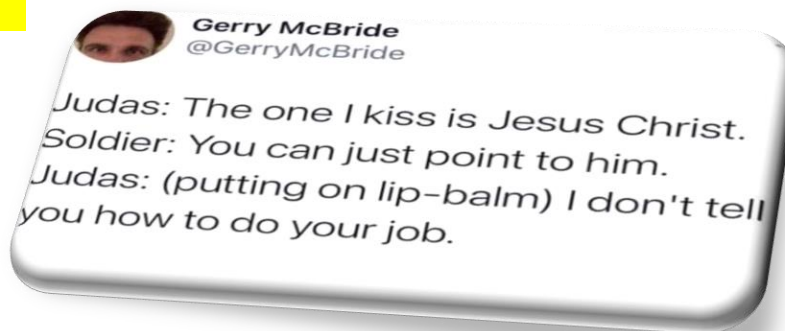


pyramids to store all information and knowledge will require vastly larger structures than pyramids.

The location of all this knowledge will be gigantic pyramids, large enough to store all human writings and treasures. The Oracles future term is *IP* address, named because the rarest collectable of all Jesus memorabilia should be

stored there with all the knowledge of mankind, *His Holy Foreskin* (HHF), or *IP*. (*Immaculate Prepuce*.)"

"There will never be another Immaculate Foreskin. May I have your bids, please?"



Exam day

Posted by [Gordon Bonnet](#) [skeptophilia.com](#)



Overprotected Atheist

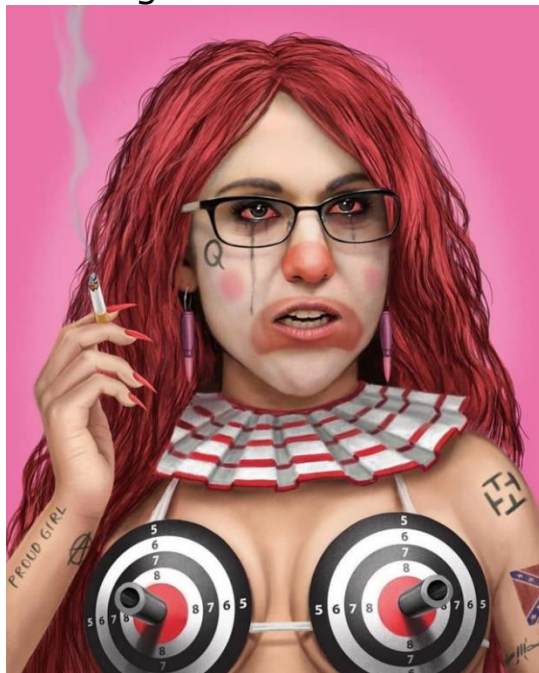
@op_atheist

...

Lauren Boebert wants a bible literacy test to be a citizen of the US. So, what happens when all the atheists pass, and the Christians fail?

12:44 PM · Aug 8, 2022 · Twitter Web App

You might have seen the most recent lunatic pronouncement



coming from the Christofascist right wing here in the United States, this time from noted wingnut Representative Lauren Boebert of Colorado. Boebert appeared on the show *Flash Point*, and in response to a question about what we should do to improve our country, she said, "Maybe we need to have some sort of legislation that requires Constitution Alive! and biblical citizenship training in our schools, and that's how we get things turned around."

It hardly bears pointing out that *Constitution Alive!* is a Christian ultra-nationalist approach to interpreting the Constitution, and says right on its website that its goal is "restoring America's Biblical and Constitutional foundations of freedom."

I'm more interested, though, in Boebert's "biblical citizenship"

Lauren Boebert deleting her texts from January 6th.



There's a fine line between
a numerator and a denominator.

Only a fraction of people
will find this funny.

KOSI 101.1

test idea. So, in the interest of seeing if she's qualified herself, I submit a short quiz I put together to test her understanding of the Bible (along with biblical references, in case you want to check my sources). See how you score, Representative Boebert.

1. Which of the following should be sufficient to prohibit you from entering a church?
 - a) Having a flat nose.
 - b) Having a broken hand.
 - c) Being blind.
 - d) All of the above.

Answer: (d). Oh, and guys? You better have intact balls, too. Leviticus 21:18-21 says, "For whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish, he shall not approach: a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose, or anything superfluous, Or a man that is brokenfooted, or brokenhanded, Or crookbackt, or a dwarf, or that hath a blemish in his eye, or be scurvy, or scabbed, or hath his stones broken. No man that hath a blemish of the seed of Aaron the

priest shall come nigh to offer the offerings of the Lord made by

fire: he hath a blemish; he shall not come nigh to offer the bread of his God."

2. A guy and his wife are walking home one evening, and he's attacked by a guy with a knife. It looks like the attacker's going to kill him, but his wife saves the day by grabbing the attacker by the nuts and giving a good squeeze. What should he do to reward her for her valor?

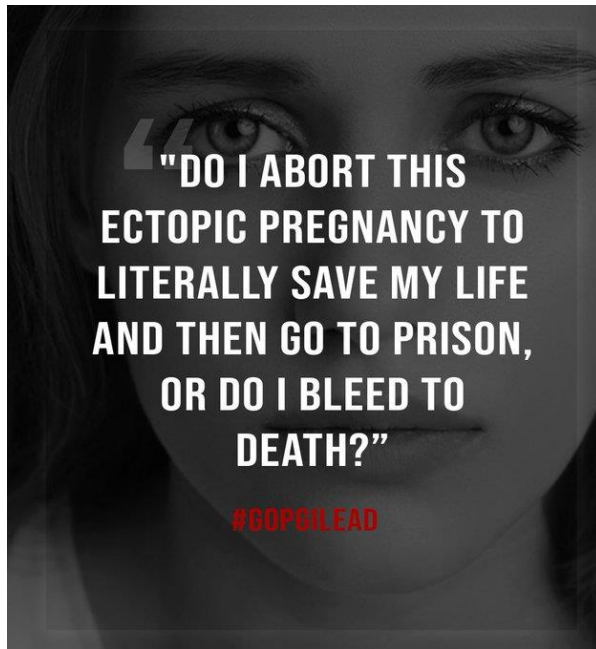
- a) Give her a great big kiss.
- b) Buy her a nice gift.
- c) Tell all his friends about how brave his wife is.
- d) Cut off her hand.

Answer: (d). Deuteronomy 25:11-12. "When men strive together one with another, and the wife of the one draweth near for to deliver her husband out of the hand of him that smiteth him, and putteth forth her hand, and taketh him by the secrets: Then thou shalt cut off her hand, thine eye shall not pity her."

3. Some people move in next door. They seem nice, but upon inquiry, you find out that they aren't Christians. What is the appropriate response?

- a) Treat them with kindness and compassion, because that's what the Bible says to do.
- b) Try to convert them to Christianity.
- c) Stone them to death.

Answer: (c). Deuteronomy 17:2-5. "If there be found among you, within any of thy gates which the Lord thy God giveth thee, man or woman, that hath wrought wickedness in the sight of the Lord thy God, in transgressing his covenant, and hath gone and served other gods, and worshipped them, either the sun, or moon, or any of the host of heaven, which I have not commanded; and it be told thee, and thou hast heard of it, and enquired diligently, and, behold, it be true, and the thing certain, that such abomination is wrought in Israel: Then shalt thou bring forth that



ARE YOU REGISTERED AND
READY TO VOTE

THIS IS NOT A DRESS
REHEARSAL YOU DON'T GET
TO SIT THIS OUT



inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly."

man or that woman, which have committed that wicked thing, unto thy gates, even that man or that woman, and shalt stone them with stones, till they die."

4. Well, suppose there's an entire *town* where people aren't Christian. What should you do about them?

a) Let them be – as long as they're not hurting anyone, they have the right to believe what they want.

b) Try to convert them to Christianity.

c) Kill them all.

Answer: (c). Deuteronomy 13:12-14. "If thou shalt hear say in one of thy cities, which the Lord thy God hath given thee to dwell there, saying, Certain men... are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which ye have not known; Then shalt thou enquire, and make search, and ask diligently; and, behold, if it be truth, and the thing certain, that such abomination is wrought among you; Thou shalt surely smite the

5. Okay, we killed all the people in the non-Christian town. What should we do about their cattle?

- a) What kind of stupid fucking question *is* this? Why should you do anything about the cattle?
- b) Kill them all.

Answer: (b). Deuteronomy 13:15 goes on to say, "Destroy all that is therein, and the cattle thereof, with the edge of the sword."

6. You ask your kid to load the dishwasher, and he rolls his eyes and tells you to go to hell. What should you do?

- a) Ground him.
- b) Withhold his allowance for the week.
- c) Stone him to death.

Answer: (c). Leviticus 20:9. "For every one that curseth his father or his mother shall be surely put to death: he hath cursed his father or his mother; his blood shall be upon him."

7. Someone treats you badly. How should you respond?

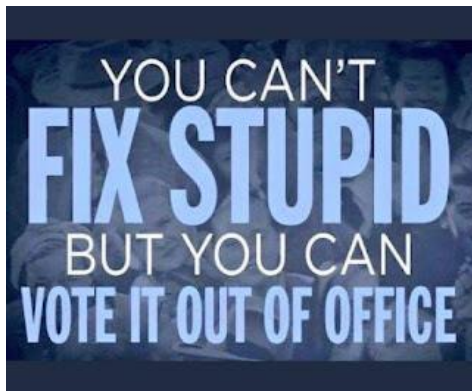
- a) Forgive him.
- b) Turn the other cheek and let him hit that one, too.
- c) Laugh as you're smashing his children on a big rock.
- d) All of the above.

Answer: (d), even if that's hard to imagine. Matthew 6:14, Matthew 5:39, and Psalm 137:8-9, respectively, if you don't believe me.

8. What should the punishment be for kids who make fun of a priest's bald head?

- a) Nothing. Ignore it. Kids do that sort of stuff sometimes.
- b) Tell their parents and let them deal with it.
- c) Get some vicious bears to eat the children.
- d) Stone them to death.

Answer: (c). Ha! I bet you thought it was (d), but no. 2 Kings 2:23-24. "And he [the prophet Elisha] went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, 'Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head.' And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare [ripped apart] forty and two children of them."



9. As a good Christian American, can I own slaves?

- a) What? Are you kidding? Owning slaves is inherently immoral! I don't care what your religion is!
- b) Yes, as long as they're Canadian.

Answer: (b) Leviticus 25:44. "Both thy male and female slaves, which thou

shalt have, shall be from the countries that are around you; of them shall you buy your male and female slaves."

10. How much authority does Lauren Boebert have to talk about the Bible, religion, and such matters?

- a) Zero, because she has the IQ of a Pop-Tart.
- b) Zero, because someone as clearly sociopathic as she is has no standing to preach morality and ethics to anyone.
- c) Zero, because she's female.

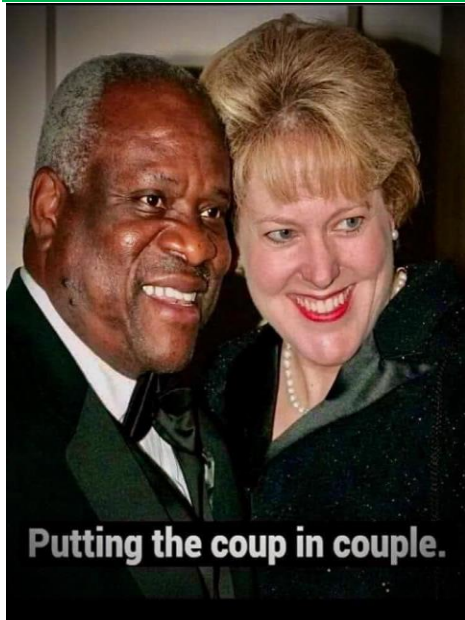


Answer: Well, they're all correct, honestly, but the biblically-supported one is (c). 1 Timothy 2:12. "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

So in telling you to sit down and shut the fuck up, Representative Boebert, please don't take it personally. I'm just trying to make sure that I'm living up to my "biblical citizenship training."

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

-- "Ballad Of A Thin Man", Bob Dylan

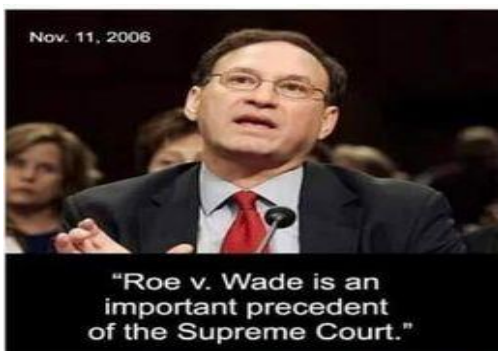


*"What is
happening
here?"*

A medley of Dylan, Dowd & Mautz

— "What is happening here?" a distraught Nancy Pelosi said on Friday.....

It's a good question and I can answer it, because I was there at the start of the corrosive chain of events that led to women losing control of their own bodies. I saw how America went from a beacon of modernity to a benighted outlier....



You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you, you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you will say
When you get home

Over the last three decades, I have witnessed a dismal saga of opportunism, fanaticism, mendacity, concupiscence, hypocrisy and cowardice. This is a story about men gaining power by trading away something that meant little to them compared with their own stature: the rights of women....

You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Well what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"



Three months later, Anita Hill told her story to Congress about her boss, Thomas, tormenting her with unwanted attention and dirty talk about the pornographic films he liked to watch. Joe Biden was the chairman of those Senate hearings....



You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

He let Hill be viciously ripped apart by Republicans and then abruptly ended the hearings, canceling the appearance of her two corroborating witnesses. Many senators on the committee — *composed entirely of white men* — privately thought it was an office romance gone wrong. Poor guy, they said among themselves, no point in letting his life be ruined by someone they thought, with absolutely no evidence, was a vengeful ex. Hill was smeared as a perjuring erotomaniac, and Biden, wasting a Democratic Senate majority, allowed a liar, a pervert and a

sexual harasser to be elevated to a to be elevated to a lifetime seat on the court.....

You've been with the professors
And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known



Women's rights had to take a back seat to Trump's ego and ambition and McConnell's desire for a conservative court that would pull back the reach of the government, denying protections to Americans who need or value them. They pushed through three conservative justices — one had to defend himself against sexual assault charges and one was in a weird "Handmaid's Tale" — style sect — and that was checkmate for Roe....



Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

While his wife ran around helping Trump with his coup, Thomas was the senior firebrand in a coup of extremists on the court. They yanked power away from John Roberts and are defying the majority will in this country in ways that are terrifying....

Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground



There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones

The court is out of control. We feel powerless to do anything about it. Clarence Thomas, of all people, has helped lead us to where we are, with unaccountable extremists dictating how we live. And that is revolting.

'Cause something is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?



**“Republican senators and
staffers STORMED OUT IN ANGER
as the **first Black woman** was
confirmed to the highest
court in America.
**Don't EVER FORGET
what we all just saw.”****

- BRIAN TYLER COHEN

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS



Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell being personally blessed by the Pope



17.1k



15

1.0k



Single comment thread

See full discussion



manic_eye 7h

...

Well great. Now people are going to associate the Catholic Church with pedophiles.

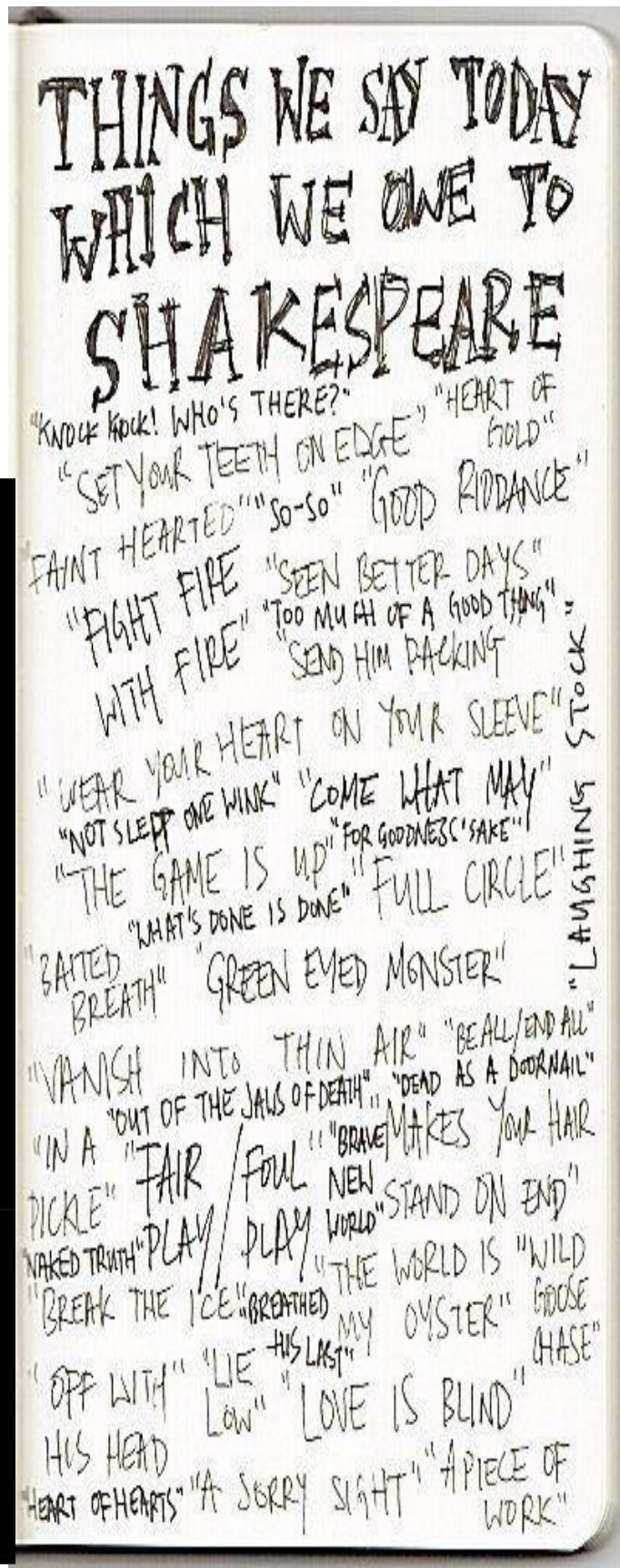
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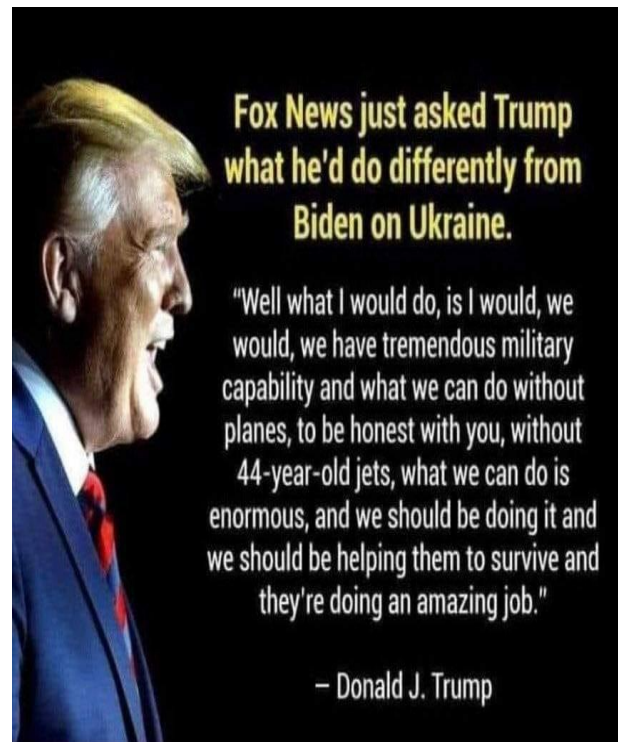
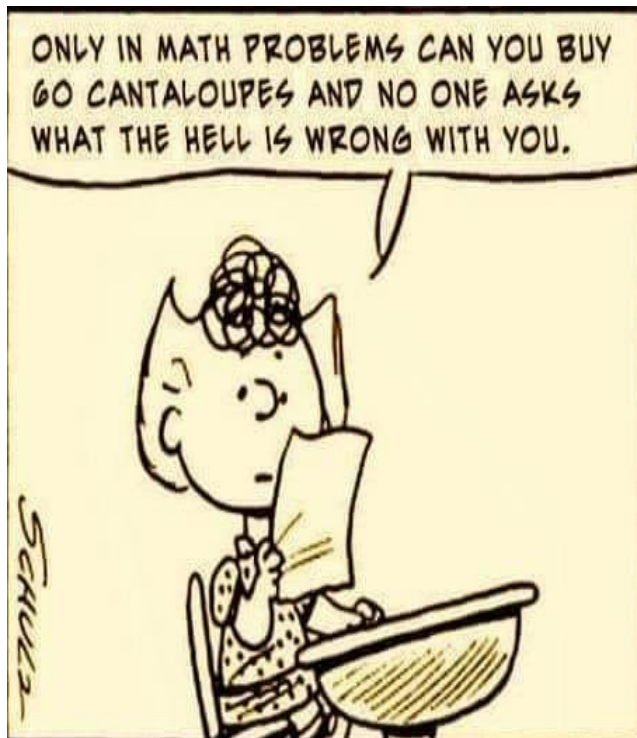
Reply



50

"Gods are fragile things; they may be killed by a whiff of science or a dose of common sense"- Chapman Cohen.





CLUNK! CLICK! EVERY MASS
+++++

**Altarboy
Chastity
Pants**

**NEW from
Cath-o-Lock**

**Stops diddling
priests IN THEIR
TRACKS!!**

**-You can never 'altar' a
priest's behaviour, but
now you can keep his
'Roamin' Catholic' hands
off YOUR son's genitals**

Prevents:-

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- inappropriate fondling
- feeling-up

**Keep your
kiddies' bits
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& key for just**

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-per pair (inc 2 spare keys)

• Steel-reinforced
waist and leg bands
give flexibility whilst
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locks on all 4 finger
entry points give total
security and parental
peace of mind.

"I must confess, it would
be a sin if Junior got felt
up for want of a pair of
Chastity Pants. I holy
recommend them."
Cardinal B., Essex

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THEM CLEARLY! GOD ALSO THINKS "YOU REALLY
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Enchanting
Heart-warming
Moving
Heart-rending
Thoughtful
Haunting
Exotic
Audacious
Award-winning
Perceptive
Provocative
Epic

From the pen of a master
In the tradition of
Spare and taut
Richly detailed
Disturbing
Stellar
Classic
Vintage

there's a dog in it
a dog and a child
child dies
dog dies
mind-numbingly tedious
set in the past
set abroad
set in the future
set in India
set in north London
infuriating
editor cowed by author's
reputation
same old same old
shamelessly derivative
under researched
over-researched
author bonkers
author young and photoge
author hanging in there
author past it



**3 CHRISTIAN JUDGES LIED,
AFTER SWEARING THEIR OATH ON A BIBLE**



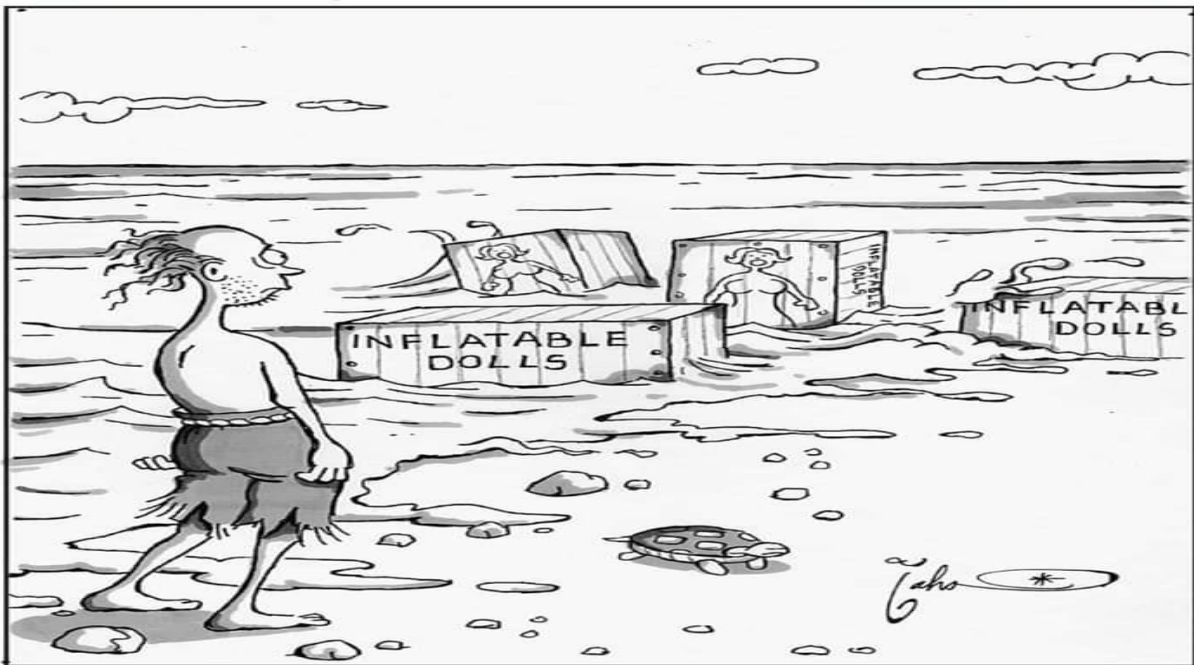
**THAT'S THE MOST ACCURATE "WHAT
IS A CHRISTIAN" STORY EVER TOLD.**



George Takei ✓
@GeorgeTakei

Fool me once, shame on you.
Fool me twice, shame on me.
Fool me three times, who am I,
Susan F-ing Collins?





Stranded on a deserted island for twelve years, Doug senses that things are about to get weird.

If you've been injured while throwing things at Jimmy "JJ" Walker or Joe Namath during Medicare open enrollment, you may be entitled to compensation.



NOVEMBER



**WOMEN, THIS NOVEMBER,
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO**

**There is a term for
living creatures
who are not
permitted to control
their own
reproduction. That
term is "livestock."**

I hate spelling errors...

You mix up two letters,
and suddenly, your
whole post is urined.

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Safely train your children to keep their hands off their dangerous sin zones

Papoose Cross and Arm Immobilizer work together to safely
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www.StopMasturbationNow.org



Ken Ham @aigkenham · 4d

Atheists can determine 'right' 'wrong' 'immoral' subjectively, but ultimately they've no absolute basis of morality
phys.org/news/2017-08-a...

109

34

122



ThirdWay

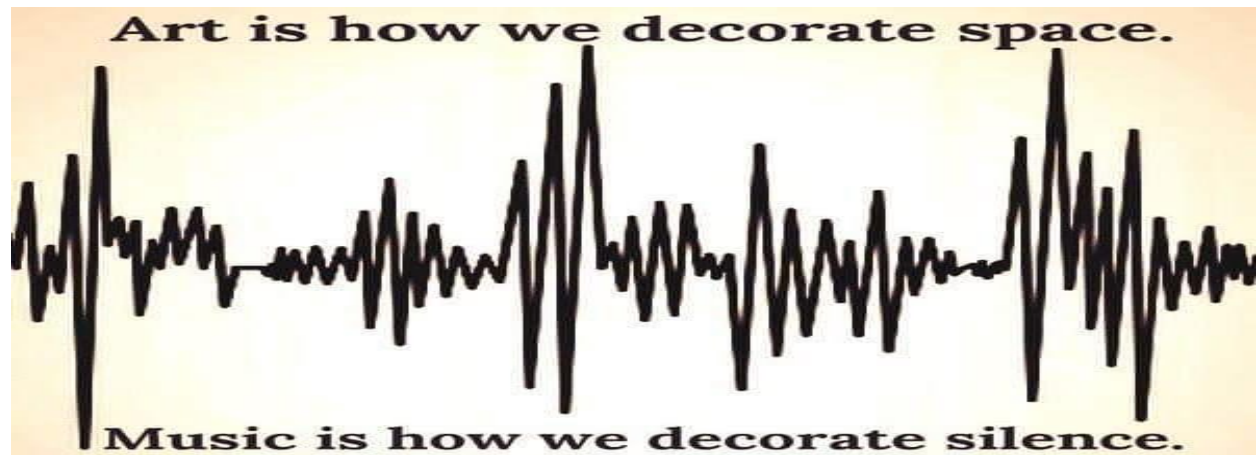
@opt_way

Replying to @aigkenham

Until I read the Bible I had no idea how to
treat my slaves and which children to
murder.

Luckily the Bible makes it all clear to me.

8/11/17, 6:00 AM



YOU STILL HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE





"It's simple: Democrats want to **STRENGTHEN Social Security, Disability Insurance, Medicare and Medicaid — **REPUBLICANS PLAN TO END THEM.** Vote for your earned benefits; vote for **DEMOCRATS!**"**

- NANCY PELOSI

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS

After being in the United States for only one year, Ronald Reagan made this Australian a citizen. Then he had his FCC Chairman scrap the Fairness Doctrine which kept newspapers and television programs from lying to the American people. Every since, Rupert Murdoch has been brainwashing Americans into believing our legitimate press is lying like he lies. Fox News is not news, it is propaganda that the oligarchs use to poison the minds of Americans. It is time we treated it as such.

imgflip.com

Illusion Of Choice

There Are:

- 1,500 Newspapers
- 1,100 Magazines
- 9,000 Radio Stations
- 1,500 TV Stations
- 2,400 Publishers

Owned by 6 Corporations & 272 Executives

That control 90 % of what 277 million Americans SEE, HEAR & READ

MINTPRESS NEWS

