

# 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.6

November / December 2022

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

# INTRODUCTION

Can you believe it! Another year and another last issue of it. I want to thank all the other members of the writers' group who felt that I could do the job of editing this bi-monthly journal. Thanks. Like "J.P." Richardson Jr., the Big Bopper, sang in his 1958 hit, *Chantilly Lace*, "you know what I like."

At a recent Friday morning Sandsprit Park meeting, during the conversation, I had referred to another journal, a radical, counter-cultural magazine I had stumbled upon during my wild, lustful and drug fueled days of the 1970's called, *The Realist*. No one seemed to know what I was talking about. I was sad. *The Realist* was one of my greatest literary influences. It and LSD were constant companions.

Edited and published by Paul Krassner (Yippee, Hippee, Merry Prankster) *The Realist* was often regarded as a milestone in the American underground or countercultural press. It was a magazine of "social-political-religious criticism and satire". I fucking loved it!

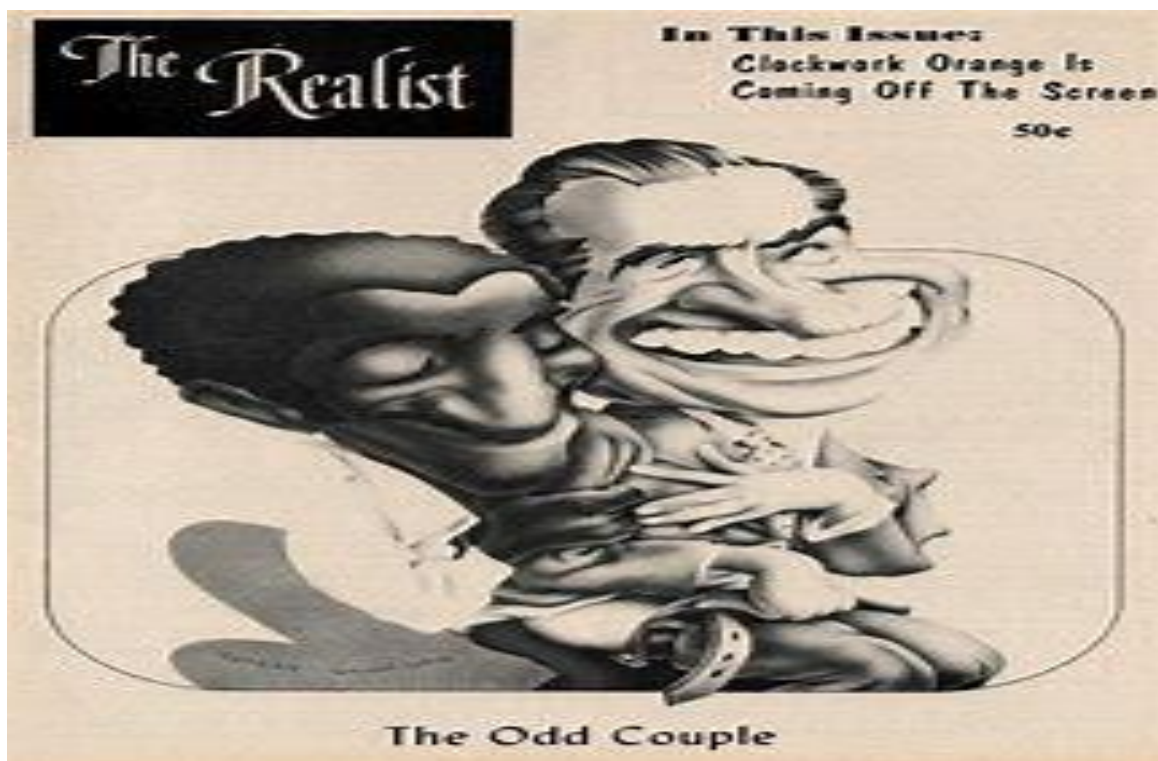
*The Realist* contributors included literary and cultural icons like: Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Terry Southern, Ken Kesey, Richard Pryor, Joseph Heller, Woody Allen, Jules Feiffer, Jean Shepherd, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Albert Ellis, Neil Postman, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Norman Mailer, Vivian McPeak, Robert Anton Wilson, Robert Crumb, Herb Gardner, besides Krassner himself.

There was so much in *The Realist* that tickled my fancy. I recall a particularly acid-induced laugh fest when I saw Wally Wood's "Disneyland Memorial Orgy" poster for the first time. Krassner had it colorized and blown up into a black light poster. Every time I stopped giggling enough to look at it closely again, I saw another depiction of debauchery of my belovedly "chaste" childhood Disney characters, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Cinderella, *et al* in all sorts of perversion and I would drop to the floor and wallow

about until I could restrain my laughter to look at the detail again and again. It took hours.

However, at our Aware Ones meeting that sunny, pleasant morning I tried to describe one of Krassner's most iconoclastic *Realist* covers. It was a cartoon of a giggly Richard Nixon being happily sodomized by a blissful Sammy Davis Jr. from behind! The implications echo in my mind to this day. *The only thing I hold sacred is irreverent humor.* It was and is my motto.

Until sometime during this last summer, back issues could be downloaded and read from PaulKrassner.com. Unfortunately that website no longer exists. My heart grieved. Until today when, as I researched this introduction, I stumbled across [www.ep.tc/realist/](http://www.ep.tc/realist/), The Realist Archives. This is my *Kristmas Present* to all of you. Krassner lives!



Merry Prankster Christmas until next year!

*Virgil*

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

If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1<sup>st</sup> Friday of the month 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](mailto: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	

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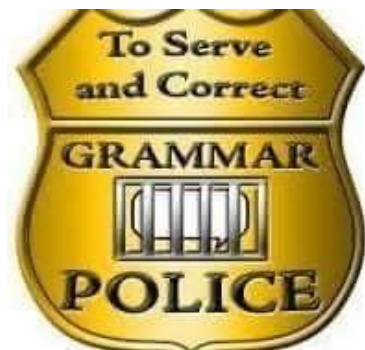
*Tony Pierce*

**They ridicule being “woke”  
because they think it sounds  
much more insulting than being  
“enlightened” or “empathetic.”  
And because they can’t spell  
enlightened or empathetic.**





## 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  
<[vignaujdane@aol.com](mailto:vignaujdane@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 <[vignaujdane@aol.com](mailto:vignaujdane@aol.com)> to be included with the zoom connection codes.

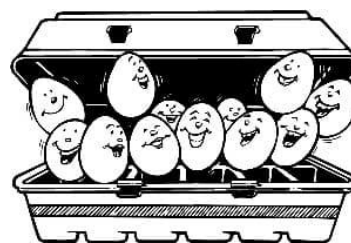
Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

### Events

**November 1** – National Author's Day.

**November 2** – Deviled Egg Day.

1944 - Keith Emerson - keyboards for Emerson, Lake and Palmer ("Lucky Man") born.



**November 3** –  **Writer's Group Zoom.**

First Wagon Train Reached California (1841).

**November 4** – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park 11 am.**

King Tut Day.

**November 6 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**



Daylight Savings Time ends.

Saxophone Day.

**November 7** –Marie Curie born in 1867.

**November 8** – U.S. General Election Day.

**November 9** – World Freedom Day.

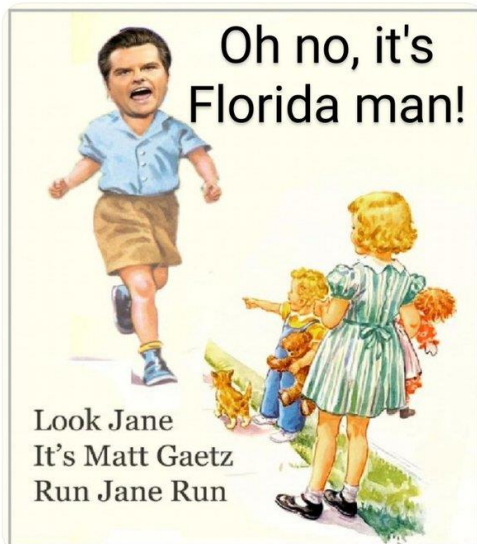
1936 - Mary Travers of Peter, Paul and Mary ("Leaving On A Jet Plane") born.



**November 11 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Veteran's Day.


**November 12** – Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Women's Rights Leader, born 1815.



**November 13 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

Sadie Hawkins Day.

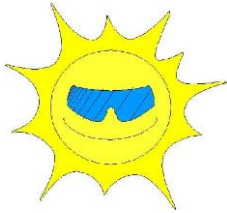
**November 16** – International Tolerance Day.

**November 17** –  **Writer's Group Zoom 6:30 pm.**

1944 - Gene Clark - vocalist for The Byrds ("Turn, Turn, Turn") born.

**November 18 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park, 11 am.**

**November 19 – Gettysburg Address Delivered** in 1863 by President Abraham Lincoln.



Have a *Bad Day Day*.

**November 24 – Thanksgiving – Eat, drink, and be thankful.**

Charles Darwin publishes 'The Origin of Species' in 1859. *Related holidays.* All Our Uncles are Monkeys Day. Evolution Day.

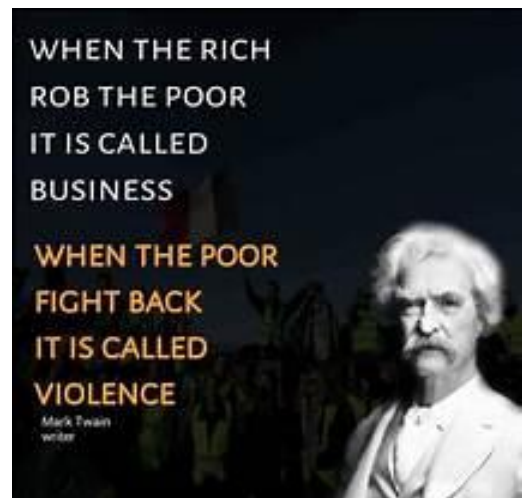
Pete Best - the Beatles' drummer before Ringo born 1941.

**November 25 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

**November 27 – Aware Ones Thanksgiving** at the Burkhardt's (rsvp).

1942 - Jimi Hendrix ("Purple Haze") born.

**November 30 – Mark Twain** born, 1835.



**December 1 –  Writer's Group Zoom 6:30 pm.**

Rosa Parks Day on this day in 1955 she refused to give up her seat.

**December 2 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park 11 am.**

**December 3 – First successful heart transplant (1967).**



**December 4** – Zappadan is from Dec. 4 - Dec. 21.

**December 5** – Repeal Day – The 21st Amendment ends Prohibition. I'll drink to that!

1932 - Little Richard ("Tutti Frutti") born.

**December 6** – 13th Amendment abolishing slavery, ratified (1865).

**December 7** – Pearl Harbor Day.

James Thurber born, 1894.

**December 9** – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

**December 10** – Human Rights Day.

Nobel Prize Day.

**December 14** – **Deadline for Aware Ones Journal 8-1 contributions.**

International Monkey Day.

**December 15** –  **Writer's Group**

**Zoom 6:30 pm.**

Bill of Rights Day.

**December 16** – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, 1770.

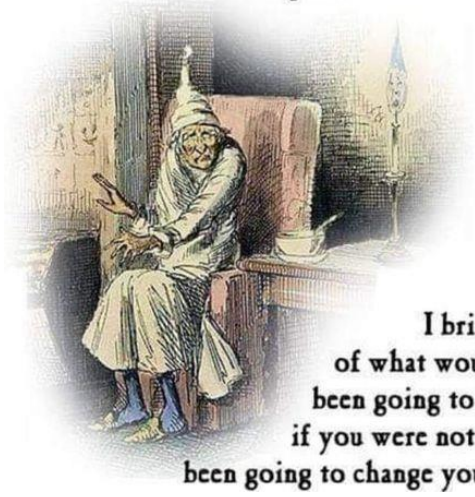
**December 18** – Wear a Plunger On Your Head Day (Zappadan?).



UNIONS ARE WHY THERE  
ARE FIRE EXITS AT YOUR  
WORK, AND WHY THE  
DOORS AREN'T  
PADLOCKED DURING  
WORK HOURS.



I am the Ghost of Christmas Future Imperfect Conditional, said the Spirit.



1943 - Keith Richards - guitarist for The Rolling Stones ("Get Off Of My Cloud") born.

**December 19** – Dickens' A Christmas Carol published in 1843.

**December 21** – Winter Solstice – the shortest day of the year. Zappadan ends.

**December 23** – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

**December 24** – National Chocolate Day.

**December 25** – Christmas Day.

**December 29** –  **Writer's Group Zoom 6:30 pm.**

1941 - Ray Thomas - flautist and vocalist for The Moody Blues ("Go Now") born.

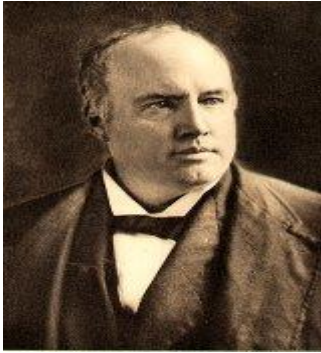
**December 30** – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Author Rudyard Kipling born, 1865.

**December 31**

New Year's Eve.





## Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

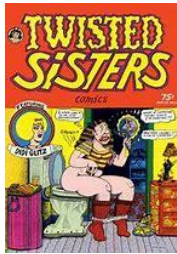
*"But," says the religionist, "you cannot explain everything; you cannot understand everything; and that which you cannot explain, that which you do not comprehend, is my God."*

*We are explaining more every day. We are understanding more every day; consequently your God is growing smaller every day.*

Robert Green Ingersoll, "The Gods" (1872)

## LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

Sept. 1 -- Barbara Ehrenreich, 81, American writer (Nickel and Dimed, Bait and Switch, Dancing in the Streets) and political activist, stroke.



- Diane Noomin, 75, American underground cartoonist and editor (Wimmen's Comix, Twisted Sisters).

Sept. 2 -- Frank Drake, 92, American astronomer and astrophysicist (Drake equation), designer of the Arecibo message and member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (since 1974).



Sept. 4 -- Peter Straub, 79, American writer (Julia, Ghost Story, The Talisman), problems caused by a broken hip.

Sept. 6 -- Herman, 90, American Orthodox prelate, Primate of the Church in America (2002–2008).

- Just Jaeckin, 82, French movie director (Emmanuelle, Story of O, Lady Chatterley's Lover), photographer and sculptor.



Sept. 7 -- Radoslav Brđanin, 74, Bosnian military officer and convicted war criminal.



- Lance Mackey, 52, American dog musher, four-time Iditarod champion (2007–2010) and Yukon Quest champion (2005–2008), throat cancer.
- Valeri Polyakov, 80, Russian cosmonaut.
- Bernard Shaw, 82, American journalist (CNN), pneumonia.



Sept. 8 -- Queen Elizabeth II, 96, British monarch and head of the Commonwealth (since 1952).

- Sonny West, 85, American rock singer-songwriter ("Oh, Boy!", "Rave On") and guitarist.







Sept 12 -- Ramsey Lewis, 87, American jazz funk pianist ("The 'In' Crowd"), composer and radio personality (WNUA), Grammy winner (1966, 1967, 1974), cardiac arrest.

- PnB Rock, 30, American rapper ("Selfish"), shot.

Sept 13 -- Jean-Luc Godard, 91, French-Swiss movie director (Breathless, Bande à part, Pierrot le Fou), screenwriter and movie critic, assisted suicide.



- Ken Starr, 76, American politician and lawyer (Whitewater controversy), Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit (1983–1989) and Solicitor General (1989–1993), problems caused by surgery.

Sept 14 -- Henry Fuhrmann, 65, American newspaper editor (Los Angeles Times).

- Irene Papas, 93, Greek actress (Zorba the Greek, The Guns of Navarone, Z) and singer, problems caused by Alzheimer's disease.



Sept 23 -- Louise Fletcher, 88, American actress (One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Star Trek: Deep Space Nine, Firestarter), Oscar winner (1976).

Sept 24 -- Kitten Natividad, 74, Mexican-American actress (Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-Vixens, Night Patrol, Takin' It All Off) and exotic dancer.

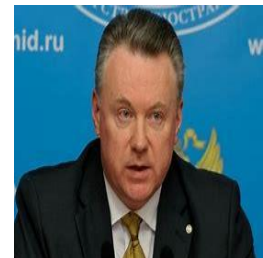


- Pharoah Sanders, 81, American jazz saxophonist.

Sept 25 -- Oleksii Zhuravko, 48, Ukrainian-Russian politician, people's deputy (2006–2012), airstrike.

Sept 28 -- Coolio, 59, American rapper ("Gangsta's Paradise", "Fantasic Voyage", "1, 2, 3, 4 (Sumpin' New)") and actor, Grammy winner (1996).

Sept 29 -- Audrey Evans, 97, British-born American oncologist and philanthropist, co-founder of Ronald McDonald House Charities.



Oct. 2 Sacheen Littlefeather, 75, American civil rights activist and actress (Johnny Firecloud, Winterhawk, Counselor at Crime), breast cancer.

- Mary McCaslin, 75, American folk singer-songwriter, progressive supranuclear palsy.

4 Oct. 4 -- Loretta Lynn, 90, American Hall of Fame country singer-songwriter ("Coal Miner's Daughter", "You Ain't Woman Enough (To Take My Man)", "The Pill"), Grammy winner (1972, 2004, 2010).







Oct. 6 -- Judy Tenuta, 72, American comedian, actress (The Weird Al Show, Going Down in LA-LA Land, There's No Such Thing as Vampires), and musician, ovarian cancer

Oct. 10 -- Michael Callan, 86, American actor (West Side Story, Cat Ballou, Gidget Goes Hawaiian), pneumonia

five-time Tony winner.

Oct. 11 -- Dame Angela Lansbury, 96, British-American-Irish actress (The Manchurian Candidate, Sweeney Todd, Murder, She Wrote) and singer,



Oct. 13 -- Bruce Sutter, 69, American Hall of Fame baseball player (Chicago Cubs, St. Louis Cardinals, Atlanta Braves).

Oct. 14 -- Robbie Coltrane, 72, Scottish actor (Harry Potter, Cracker, GoldenEye) and comedian, multiple organ failure.

- Kay Parker, 78, British pornographic actress (Sex World, Dracula Sucks, Taboo), cancer.



Oct. 15 -- Sylvia Laughter, 63, American politician, member of the Arizona House of Representatives (1999–2005), complications from COVID-19.

- Thomas Sleeper, 66, American composer and conductor, complications from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.



Oct. 18 -- Charles Duncan Jr., 96, American businessman and politician, secretary of energy (1979–1981) and president of the Coca-Cola Company (1972–1974), complications from a fall.

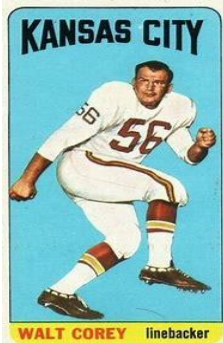
Oct. 19 -- John Jay Osborn Jr., 77, American author (The Paper Chase), squamous cell carcinoma.



- Joanna Simon, 85, American opera singer, thyroid cancer. Sister of Carly and Oct. 20 -- Lucy Simon, 82, American composer (The Secret Garden) and folk singer (The Simon Sisters), Grammy winner (1981, 1983), breast cancer.



Oct. 21 -- Rainer Schaller, 53, German entrepreneur (McFit, Gold's Gym), plane crash.



Oct. 22 -- Dietrich Mateschitz, 78, Austrian businessman, co-founder of Red Bull GmbH. He died following a long period of fighting pancreatic cancer on 22 October 2022, at age 78.

Oct. 23 -- Walt Corey, 84, American football player and coach (Kansas City Chiefs, Buffalo Bills).



Oct. 24 -- Ash Carter, 68, American politician, secretary of defense (2015–2017), heart attack..

- Gregg Philbin, 75, American rock bassist (REO Speedwagon).



Oct. 25 -- Charles Wheeler, 96, American politician, member of the Missouri Senate (2003–2007) and mayor of Kansas City, Missouri (1971–1979).







Oct. 28 -- Jerry Lee Lewis, 87, American Hall of Fame singer ("Great Balls of Fire", "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On", "High School Confidential") and pianist, pneumonia.



## Heroes

# Like if you believe in the separation of church and state.

<p>Thomas Jefferson</p>  <p>"Christianity neither is, nor ever was a part of the common law." "In every country and in every age, the priest has been hostile to liberty."</p>	<p>John Adams</p>  <p>"The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion."</p>	<p>Thomas Paine</p>  <p>"All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit."</p>	<p>James Madison</p>  <p>"Religion and government will both exist in greater purity the less they are mixed together."</p>
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### **Re: Anthony Greene**

On March 28, 2017, Anthony Greene discovered that he had written “your” instead of “you’re” in an email sent to all his colleagues. Anthony then left the office quietly, wandered into the wilderness, and never came back.

Long ago, there was a noble word, “liberal,” which derives from the word “free.” Now a strange thing happened to that word.

A man named Hitler made it a term of abuse, a matter of suspicion, because those who were not with him were against him, and liberals had no use for Hitler.

And then another man named McCarthy cast the same opprobrium on the word. Indeed, there was a time — a short but dismaying time — when many Americans began to distrust the word which derived from “free.”

One thing we must all do. We must cherish and honor the word “free” or it will cease to apply to us. And that would be an inconceivable situation. This I know. This I believe with all my heart. If we want a free and a peaceful world, if we want to make the deserts bloom and man grow to greater dignity as a human being — WE CAN DO IT!

**Eleanor Roosevelt**

*“Tomorrow is Now” (1963)*



**SHE**  
CAN

## *We can be heros just for one day.*

**By Susie Madrak** — September 24, 2022

Elton John played on a stage in front of the White House last night, as he kicked off his show with "Your Song." Via the Associated Press:

President Joe Biden and first lady Jill Biden welcomed the 75-year-old singer, talking about his activism, the power of his music and his all-around goodness.



"Seamus Heaney once wrote, and I quote, 'Once in a lifetime, the longed-for tidal wave of justice can rise up, and hope and history rhyme,' Biden said. "Throughout his incredible career, Sir Elton John has been that tidal wave, a tidal wave to help people rise up and make hope and history rhyme."

At the end of the show Biden surprised John with the National Humanities Medal, for his songbook and his long legacy of advocacy.

Tearing up, John said he was "flabbergasted and humbled."

I love a president who can make us cry – and not because he's making fun of us.



## *The heroic women of Iran.*



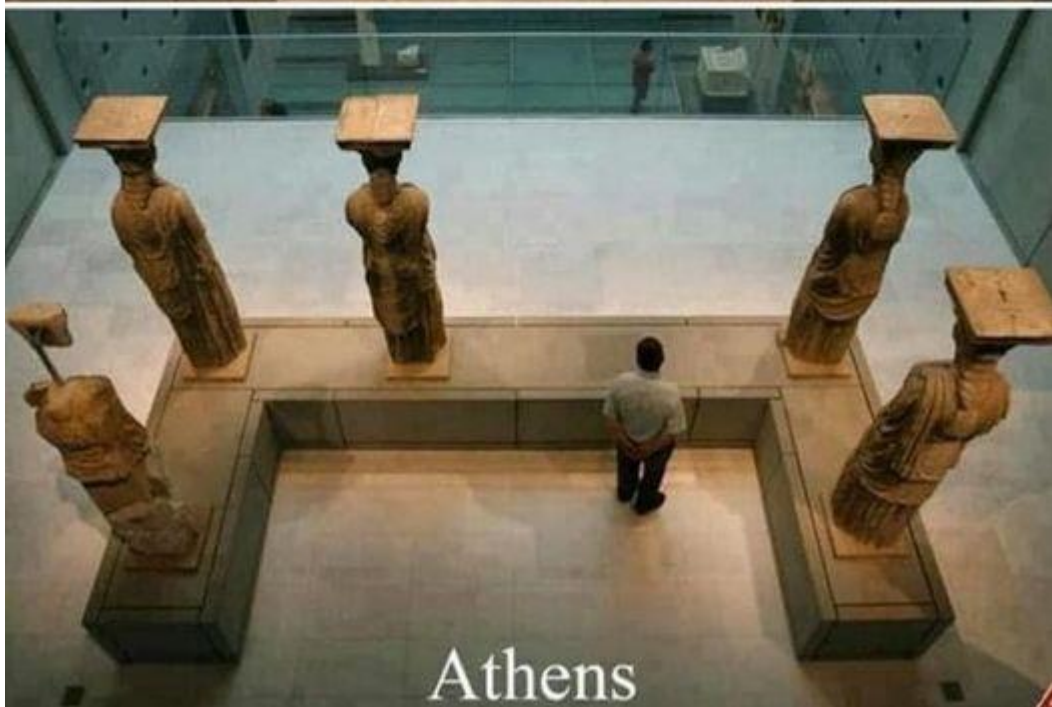
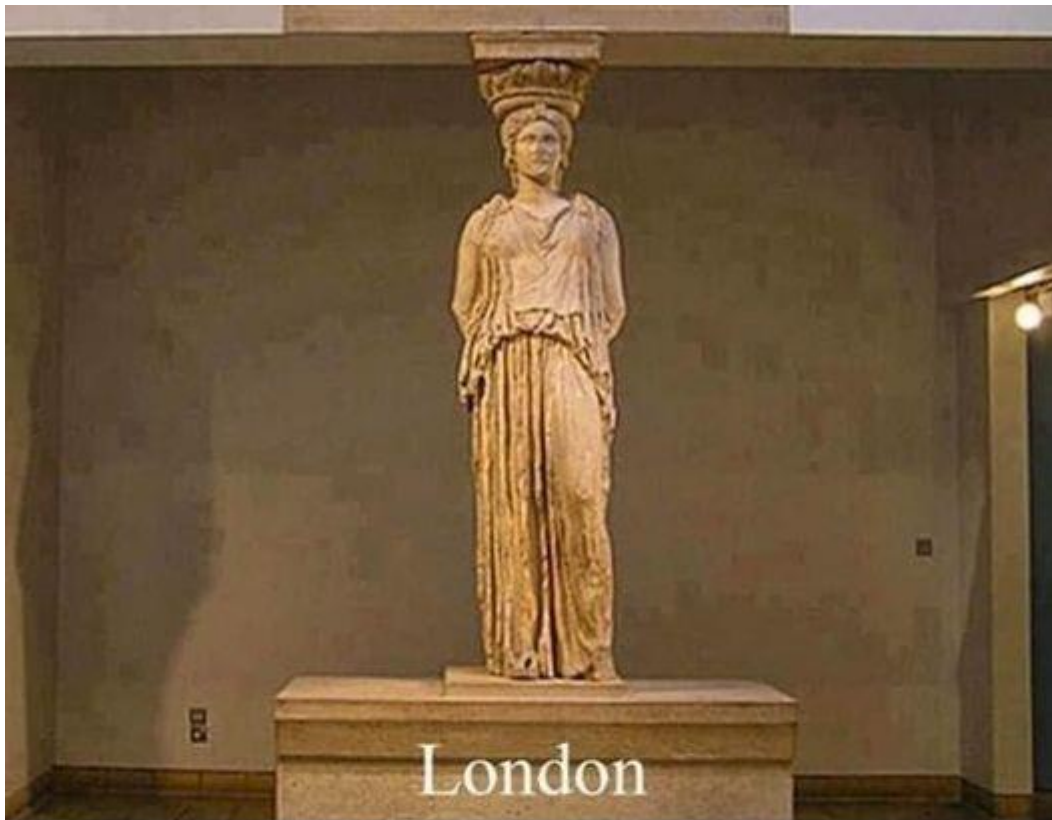
The digital protest art being created in Iran--much of it anonymously--has been absolutely brilliant.



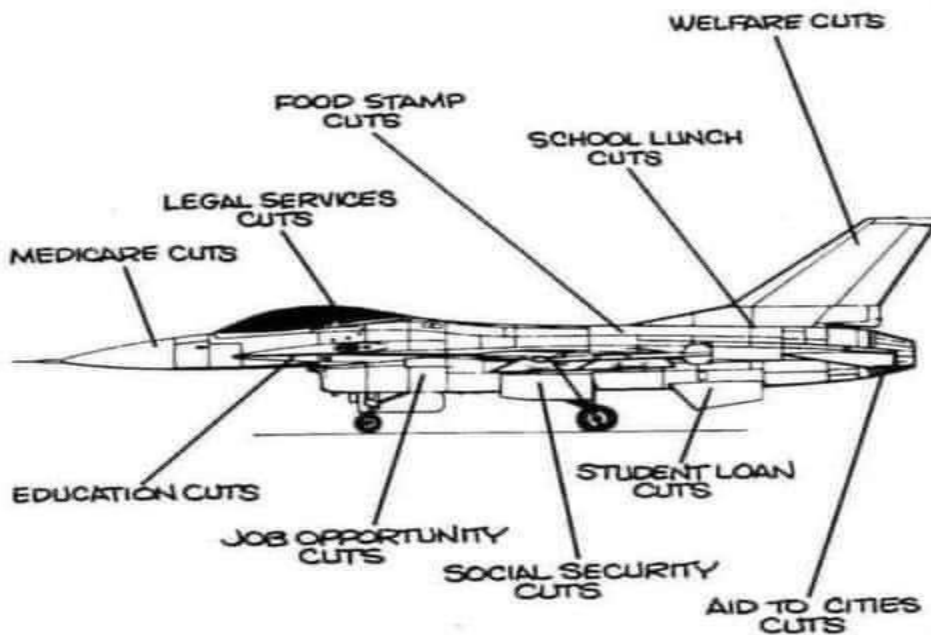
Go ahead, tell me Islam does not suck. Brutally tortured by the Iranian "Moral forces" because her head scarf was not correctly set.

*Dubious Achievements*

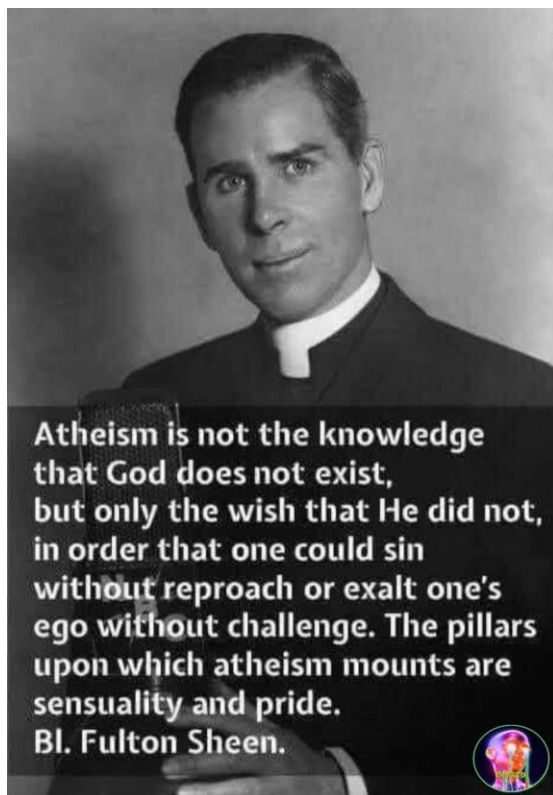
Historic dubiousity



Just in case you didn't know what different parts of fighter jet are called.



## Assholes of the Month



 **Sandra Newman**  
@sanne Newman

THE SEVEN SECRETS OF HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE

1. Private school
2. Legacy Ivy admission
3. Nepotism hire
4. Seed capital from family
5. Club memberships
6. Personal assistant, nanny, ghost writer
7. Journalists who ask, "What's your secret?" and uncritically publish the answer





cnbc.com

Billionaire Ronald Lauder gave \$1 million to the Republican State Leadership Committee, which is supporting candidates who questioned the 2020 election results.



*(Just so you will know what brands to boycott – ed.)*

## Flashback Quote of the Day

“I want you to watch Nancy Pelosi hand me that gavel. It will be hard not to hit her with it.”

— House GOP Leader Kevin McCarthy (R-CA), quoted by [MSNBC](#) on August 1, 2021.



# COMMENTARY

## IGNORE AND ACCEPT

By Jim Longo

*It is the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine.*

- REM

*Grant me courage to change the things I can, serenity to accept things I can't, and the wisdom to know the difference*

-Serenity Prayer

Madman Vladimir Putin threatens us with nuclear holocaust, after invading Ukraine in a war of imperialism, which spiked global energy and grain prices. How dare he? What can we do about it individually? Ignore it or accept it.

Tax breaks in 2017, spending by both political parties for Covid relief. The US Government spent more money in constant dollars in two years than we did in World War II in five. Who knows how many billions were defrauded in PPP loans? Oh, Paul Ryan where art thou? What did most of us do when they got those pay outs? Shrugged their shoulders, cashed the checks and just accepted it.

The Federal Reserve kept interest rates near zero for nearly a decade. Let us not forget quantitative easing. The fiscal magic, issuing and buying its own bonds or something like that. Yeah, we heard about it, we might have even though it a little insane, but what is an individual to do? Ignore and accept.



Let us not forget the supply chain issues, caused either by the pandemic, or the means of raising demand by making goods scarce thus raising prices. Remember watching the evening news last year all those ships not being able to be unloaded. What could we do about? Ignore and accept.

Now we have record inflation, caused by poor fiscal policy, poor banking policy, and international greed. The Fed raises interest rates and tightens the money supply. Seven trillion dollars disappears in the capital and bond markets in a couple of months. What's a person to do? Whatever you do, don't look at

that 401K, but if you do, do you know what you are going to do? Either sell at huge loss or just accept it.

Hurricane Ian pretty much demolished a pretty good chunk of the state of Florida. Plenty of people don't believe that eight billion human beings could have an effect on the climate. Why should they? There is nothing they are going to do about it anyway. So, what does the average Joe on the street do? What he always does, ignore and accept.



Let us not forget the price of medication, home and health insurance, you don't so much ignore it but grit your teeth pay it and accept it.

But you can vote the bums out, and in the last forty years that has helped so much. Nixon opened up China so they could manufacture everything on the cheap. The Chamber of Commerce wanted cheap labor and got it in right to work laws,



and undocumented workers. The Fed made sure United States drowned in cheap money.

You can vote. You can vote for the party that tells you, that democracy isn't real, and your vote doesn't count. The party that is making it the law that your body isn't yours, but theirs. The party that would have rolled over and played dead for Madman Putin, if they were in the White House.

Or you can vote for the other guys who made it possible for Ukraine to have a chance. Who probably spent too much too fast on things we needed like infrastructure, the climate, and Covid relief, but not as fast as the other party seated Amy Coney Barrett to the Supreme Court.

If voting was important, we'd be voting on the guys who pull the money strings, our real rulers, the members of the Federal Reserve, but until then we will probably have to settle for what we get and do what we always do, vote, accept, and get on with our lives.





## *Ten Unpleasant Facts About The American People*

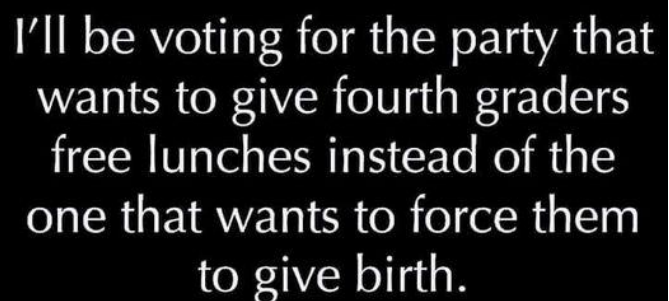
By [Driftglass@proleftpod.com](mailto:Driftglass@proleftpod.com)



1. Other than geographically, there is no such group as "The American People". It is a mirage invented by pundits to elide the stark and irreconcilable differences between various groups of Americans.
2. Republican Americans do not care about democracy. At all. They are motivated entirely by their fear of and rage over various imaginary boogiemans that the Republican media has spent 30 years implanting in their tiny lizard brains.
3. There are no "Centrists" or "Independents". Instead, there are millions and millions of mopes who want to sound smart when they talk about politics, but who are also conflict-averse cowards who would rather pull their own heads off than take sides. Over anything. Or bother to learn the details. Of anything. So they hide out in the "Both Side Do It" panic room, hoping that someone, somewhere will fix stuff and make everyone stop shouting.
4. There are plenty of Republicans-in-hiding who call themselves Independents currently hiding out in the "Both Side Do It" panic room too.
5. Issues like fascism and voter suppression and civil rights and the fate of democracy and the future of the environment rarely

penetrate the thick walls of the "Both Side Do It" panic room, but stuff that gets reported on local news or in the mainstream media (like crime or inflation) does get in. Because when the price of milk goes up, panic room denizens see it but when the price of democracy goes up they ignore it.

6. When panic room denizens are troubled, that's when 30 years of the mainstream media pushing the "Both Sides Do It" lie really pays big dividends. Since panic room denizens are lazy and cowardly and don't care to know the details about war or pandemic or OPEC or supply chains or any of that complicated stuff, they will reach for the nearest, simplest, dumbest, wrongest "Both Sides Do It"-compatible answer.

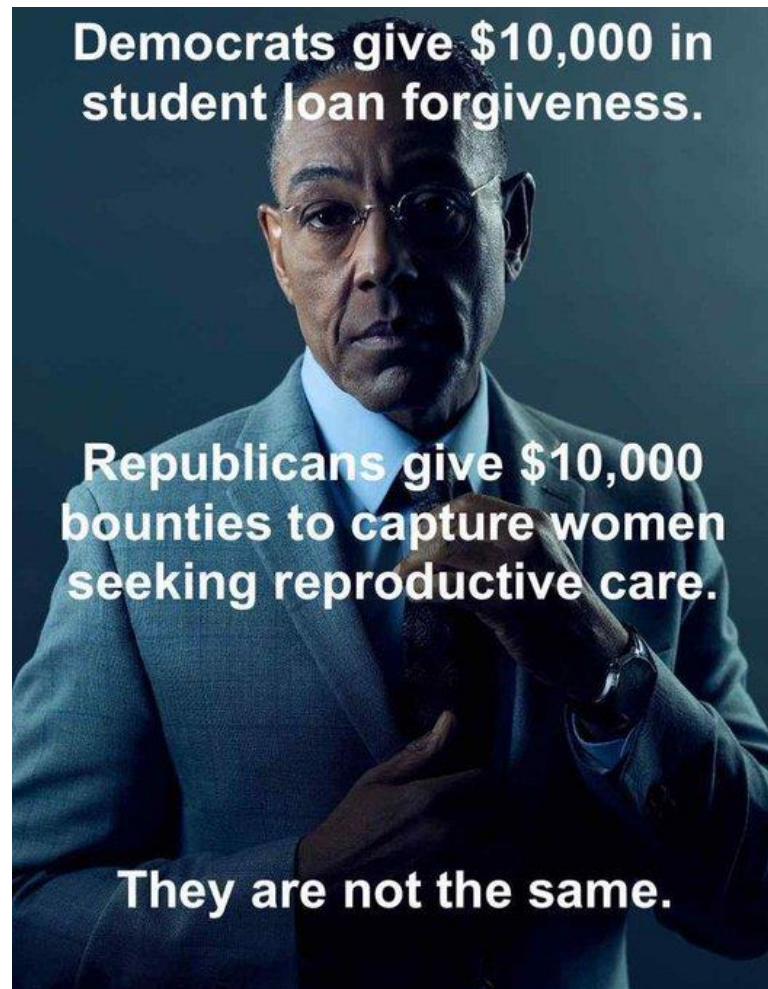


I'll be voting for the party that wants to give fourth graders free lunches instead of the one that wants to force them to give birth.

7. Republicans always have an ample supply of simple, dumb, wrong answers packaged and ready, and a massive propaganda machine which they spent +30 years building to bulldoze those simple, dumb, wrong answers into the mainstream media. The mainstream media... which will reliably never challenge the stupidity and factual wrongness of whatever the Republicans are pushing.

8. This leaves "Both Side Do It" panic room denizens with a simple, binary choice. Since they are programmed to believe simple, dumb, wrong answers to things, they believe that there must be a magic button or a silver bullet that can solve whatever problems are vexing them. And since Democrats in charge have refused to push the buttons and fire the silver bullets that would have simply and easily solved their problems, obviously they

need to be put in check by Republicans. Because "balance". Because "bipartisanship". I mean, since Both Sides are equally flawed, why not give the other team a shot?



9. Once they have grabbed any of the levers of power, Republicans will immediately begin making everything much worse. And no matter how much ground Democrats cede to Republicans in the name of "balance" and "bipartisanship", the fact that the more power Republicans grab the worse things always get is always explained away by the mainstream media and to the satisfaction of the "Both Side Do It" panic room denizens by blaming Democrats for

not compromising even more.

10. Every now and then the sheer monstrousness of the GOP kicks the denizens of the "Both Side Do It" panic room in the throat so hard that they are momentarily shocked into noticing that Both Sides Don't. This moment of semi-wakefulness is immediately counteracted by the mainstream media by reinforcing the walls of the "Both Side Do It" panic room and pointing out that some Liberal somewhere might be doing something naughty.



# Autumn Leaves 2022

A Trio of Curmudgeonly Ruminations by Bert Mautz

09.29.22

## HURRICANE IAN – TOOK HIS BEST SHOT AND RAN HIS SORRY ASS OUTA TOWN

Did you have a fun hurricane? Didn't lose my goddamn roof, but blew over the stupid mailbox. How many hours of the *Weather Channel* can you listen to without losing your fucking mind?

Gotta say this up front, Betty saved my miserable life! She has a generator. Any idea the degree of claustrophobia of getting caught in a two-foot by three-foot electric home – *god's stairway to heaven* – elevator? Do you know how serious that is? And she dealt with my special needs two mornings in a row in spite of Ian's menacing presence. Waste not, want not.



Oh, you know it's gonna suck  
when I come to town!

"This one's gonna be real bad," the *Weather Channel* hurricane chasers kept sayin'. "You can hide from the wind, but ya gotta run from the water." Where is Jim Cantore at? If I hear about another "surge" I'm gonna ... I don't know what.



At this point in the storm must say that Betty offers first class accommodations. No gripe here, and we eat good too. But television connections went to hell. Last I saw, [Aaron] Judge was sittin' on sixty [homers] for eight games. *Come on guy, stop pressing.* Then Bang! He hits sixty-one in the seventh at Toronto.

Back to *MSNBC* and then there we were on a balcony in Naples, right on the beach with Ali Velshi. (Can he see *Weather Channel's* Cantore being washed out into the Gulf from there?) We're watching cars from the hotel parking lot float to be windblown to the back of the lot, like they were fuckin kids' toys. So I guess I'll quit bitchin about surge forecasts.



All the local channels jumped on the *Weather Channel* band wagon, *Same ol', same ol'.* Gov. DeSantis took every opportunity to tell us what we already knew. Charlie Crist couldn't get a word in sideways.



Wednesday evening we're sittin' out on the balcony, enjoying the forty-mph breeze, oblivious that half of Martin County is losing its electricity. Holy crap! It'll be out until morning. Cuddling without a/c can get sticky.

This morning the power comes back on for ten minutes and then off again. Talk about a

nasty tease. Come on Florida Power, you're supposed to be good at this. What do I care? Betty has a Generac!

And there is another one, depression number eleven, out in the Atlantic and the sumbitch looks like it is headed this way.

10.13.22

## DAY DREAMIN'



At that state of semi consciousness with the afternoon nap coming on, counting the concentric rings in the ceiling air conditioning vent for the umpteenth time and it occurs; Vladimir Putin has been speaking of, "Retaliating against the West by employing

nuclear weapons." The cause? His favorite bridge from Russia to Crimea was attacked. This really hit him where it hurt.

A nuclear fear boogiemer's itself. What would it be like if a Russian – or North Korean – nuclear weapon were to strike an American city? Our cities do



not exist independently, are nowhere near being self-sufficient. Take out any major city, the horror of such disaster is scarcely imaginable, and the reverberations would penetrate every corner of the country. As a nation, the United States is incredibly vulnerable; Communications, electric power,



food production, transportation, energy distribution, toilet paper to name just a few of which only a couple day supply exists with replenishment necessary weekly. There are those who preach maintaining a one-year survival supply of food and water. I'm not doing that.

An Aware Ones' conversation recently considered whether the one hundred and ninety nations of the world are capable of any kind of united effort to mediate; rising sea levels, climate change, air pollution, natural resource consumption and exhaustion. Those assembled quickly agreed the world is doomed and there is little to be done about it or can be done about these impending

disasters. This group of seniors' only comfort was taken from *not living long enough to be affected*.



Explain the psyche, the mental rationalization of the MAGA Republican. Some degree of hostility between the liberals and

conservatives is a necessary feature of maintaining our democracy. Finding weaknesses, making policy alternatives attractive have always been part of the contest.

We're seeing/hearing "bull horn racist politics." – *Eugene Robinson@wash.post*. But since 2016 we must deal with the lies. The media hasn't been a lot of help. Day after day the networks, the major newspapers quoted Trump literally – while he lied constantly! Only the opinion columnists called 'em factually. Among these is Joe Scarborough, ranting over his guests, redundantly framing his questions. And the madman/mob boss threatens to run for president again in 2024.

Seventy Million of the MAGAs, those angry conspiracy theorists, are reminded with every Trump rally of Trump's victimhood; the FBI breaking into his Mar-a-Lago apartment and office to steal

documents that belong to him. (Or were they planted by the FBI?) *The liberals stole the 2020 election, which he won by a landslide* and on it goes. And the crowds cheer. It's not pretty folks.

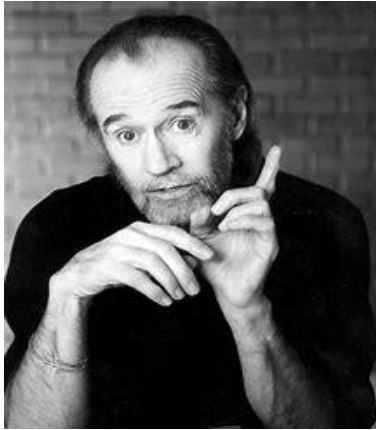


10.17.22

### *CURSING'S LIMITED VOCABULARY*

Watching and Listening to a video of Senator Chuck Schumer lashing out at the Maryland Governor, pleading for national guard to come to the capital on January 6<sup>th</sup>. Schumer was furious, shouting into his cell phone something like, "Goddammit man, why can't you get us some help over here?" ... and so forth. And the question dawned, Schumer's cursing, this great American orator, wealthy, sophisticated politician is no better, no different than my own.





George Carlin's notorious seven naughty words, first listed in 1972. We must not say; "shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, tits."

Fifty years later. Has cursing evolved, expanded, gotten better, or worse? Is cursing universal? Why is the profane vocabulary so limited and unchanging?

The ranking of movies is driven by nudity, incidence of profanity, and violence. Seeming to not want identity confusion with the American porn industry, the mainstream Hollywood movie industry seems self-conscious with its "*tits n' dicks*" exposures.

Violence is a major driving theme of movies targeting the young adult audience. And then there is cussing in the movies. "*Prolific*," is my estimation. But doesn't get beyond George Carlin's fifty-year-old listing ... just more of it.

Has cussing in America grown to be no better than Carlin's? Could it be that our anger, frustration, and unhappiness requires little more than the notorious seven? Where and when did we learn cursing function? When did each of us start expressing frustration with a spontaneous, "*fuck it?!?*"

Are our few cuss words universal? It would seem so. Trump curses prolifically in Air Force One, the Oval Office, with – and at – his staff attending. However, he practices careful

avoidance behind the podium. Trump has no new angry language to teach us. We are cursing from the same hymn book.







# Told Ya!

*They've been coming for  
your reproductive freedom.*

*By Lucinda Lugeons  
[scathingatheist.com/](http://scathingatheist.com/)*

The one, feeble little silver lining of the Dobbs decision (the one that overturned Roe versus Wade) is the way it's forced the mainstream media to reckon with a lot of the shit we've been warning you about for years. Like, we've been talking for damn near a decade on this show about the dangers of Catholic hospitals choosing religious rules over secular needs. One of the most oft-cited statistics on this show is the fact that about one hospital bed in six in this country is in a hospital that's controlled by the Catholic church.

Now, if this was just a matter of ownership, it would be kinda bigoted for me to even point that out. But it isn't. The *standard of care* is different in Catholic hospitals. They all but universally refuse to do abortions regardless of the level of medical need. Miscarriage? Ectopic pregnancy? Get fucked. They'll refer you to the next hospital over. Which, for most of the country, probably



isn't in the same town. And may very well *also* be a Catholic hospital. But it's far worse than just that. They also generally ban all contraceptive surgeries. They often won't even let their doctors give out or prescribe birth control. Hell, the Catholic Conference of Bishops — which

oversees all Catholic hospitals in the country — forbids even referring patients to another facility for contraception.

Well, the good news (to the extent that there can be good news buried in this) is that more people are starting to notice. *The Washington Post* did a recent expose about the problem and that's gained a lot more traction than pieces like this normally garner. I know, because I've

been screaming from the rooftops about this problem for years and the only other voice I've ever heard on the subject is my echo. Advocacy groups are finally starting to make their way into mainstream outlets and point out shit like how unlikely it is that a patient knows what religion their goddamn hospital is. Hell, there's even some low-level noise about passing laws

restricting their rights to stay so goddamn opaque about all this shit. Nobody's yet going as far as proposing laws that would make them just provide all the goddamn legal medical shit the doctor thinks they should provide — I mean, it's not like *men* are



being regularly denied important medical care — but it's a start.



And look, if you wanna understand the scope and depth of this problem, you really need to focus on the low regard that Catholics have for women in general. I mean, they're one of the few remaining religious hold outs that ban women from basically any role in

leadership at all, so that gives you a clue. But another stark reminder showed up in my inbox this week as well. It came in the form of a Catholic Podcaster advising women in abusive relationships to stay put so that they can do their part to bring their abuser to salvation.

Now, this story is actually meta-misogyny. It starts with a TikTok star going on some sexist-ass rant about how he'd never pay child support if his wife ran off on him with the kid. Well, Adrian Fonseca of the *Catholic Conversations* podcast took issue with that, but he took the *wrong* issue. In his mind, the real problem was that women run off in the first place. And as part of his justification, he opined (quote)



"If a wife has a husband who's a deadbeat husband, who is not making money for their family, who's even abusive... I'm just gonna say it, because it's true. And people will freak out, but it's true." (And then, because religious people can never make a direct point, even if they just said "I'm just gonna say it" as a lead in, he starts talking about saints that were abused, and points out that (quote) "they stayed and endured the abuse. They offered up those sufferings for the salvation of souls, but most primarily for the salvation of souls for their husband..." (end quote)



So there you have it: The real victim when a husband abuses his wife is the husband's soul. And the same mindset that informs that kind of demonic sexism is *a/so* making medical decisions for women against their will.



## ARTICLES

# RED SHIFT, THE PAST, AND HOPI COSMOLOGISTS

*BY J. DAN VIGNAU*

Recently, an Aware One – doing as we do, always seeking knowledge and insights – questioned how our telescopes allow us to see back through time. We had been discussing the James Webb Space Telescope (JWST), and how it would gather data from further back in time. Since its sensors detect wavelengths further out of the human visible spectrum than prior telescopes, as did the Hubble to a lesser extent, JWST is expanding our knowledge by adding an even broader band of wavelengths for study.

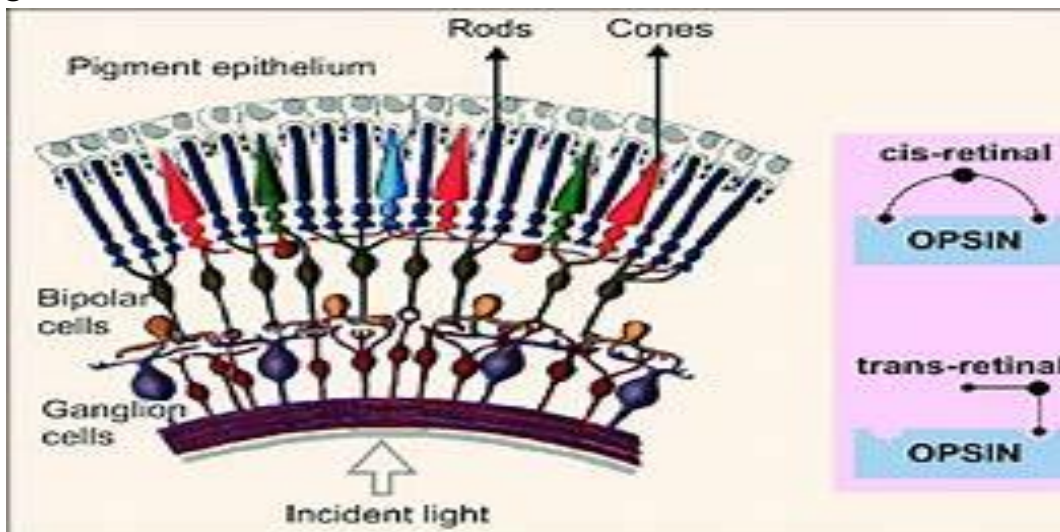
I gave a seemingly current correct answer, but upon further reflection, I realized that we are not looking back in time at all! We are not even seeing the light that left the observable edge of the universe nearly 14 billion years ago. We are detecting longer wavelengths than they were emitted 14 billion years ago.

Most of us have heard of this red shift, but being aware of what causes that shift can be fascinating, at least to some people.



Please be aware that “Red Shift” is a relative term, relating to only the tiny slice of light available to our eyes. Much more information is out there way past our infrared to ultraviolet range we gathered in the past. We can conceptualize red and blue, but the shift goes from way past either end of our spectrum of visibility.

Let’s start by explaining why BLURAY is better than regular red laser DVDs. Our eyesight works by gathering light rays from our retinal cones as they collect colors we see, and rods, which are more simply triggered for black and white versus color vision. It is simple to remember: The pipe shaped rods sense light, period. By being cone shaped, shorter wavelengths travel deeper into the cones. Light rays of different frequencies trigger this sensor at different depths, depending on the wavelength, thus giving us color vision.

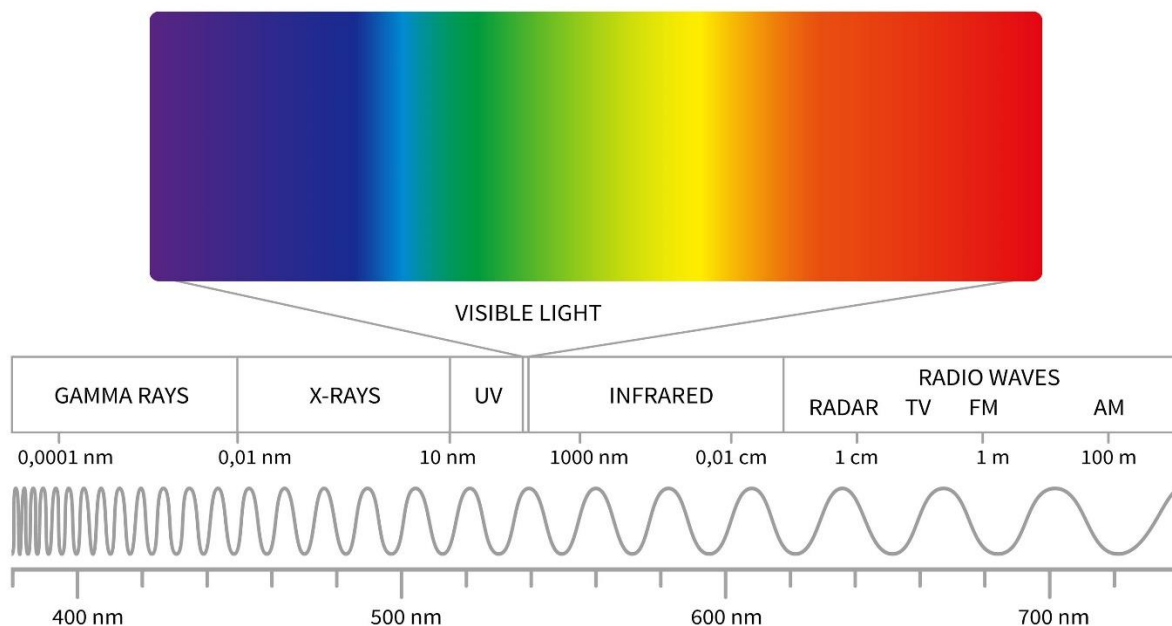


The first, simplest lasers were red, which is a longer wavelength than blue. That means that the shorter wavelength can be stored more economically, taking up less space for a given amount of space on a DVD disc. Thus, the shorter wavelength BLU RAY disc need not be huge, as were the original red laser

discs, which might use three or four 12-inch discs for a single movie.

For the record, 4G radio waves and 5G radio waves are used for our phones. Look to the far right of the chart and see 10 to the 4<sup>th</sup> and 10Hz to the fourth and 10 to the fifth. Those are 4 and 5 G frequencies. Just imagine how much information we mere humans are missing when we can only see such a tiny bit of the existing frequencies. JWST will expand the amount of information by many-fold but will be much more to learn in the future.

## VISIBLE SPECTRUM



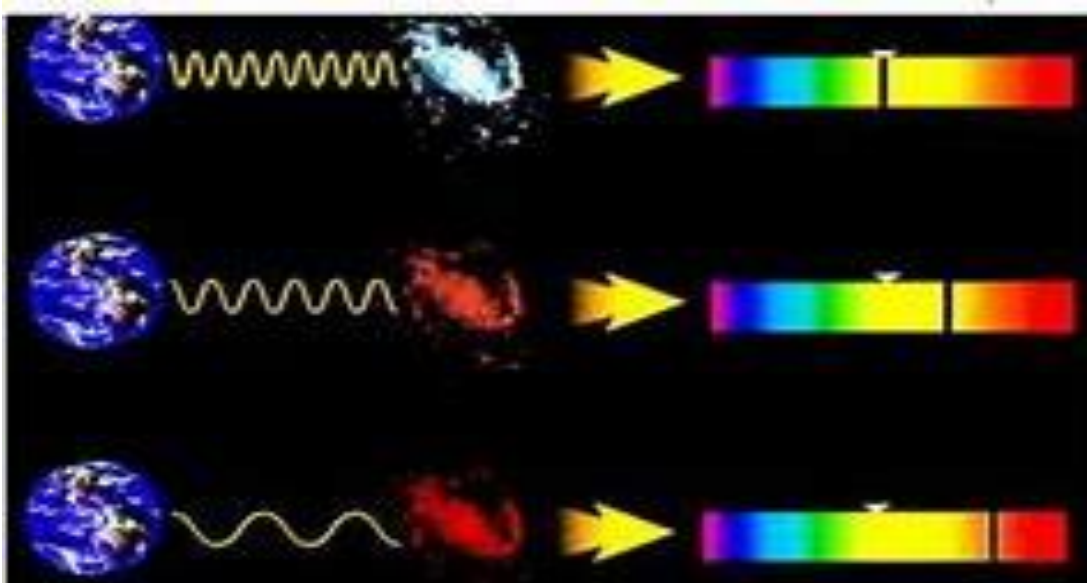
As the chart shows, visible light waves, or radiation, is only seen by most animals in a tiny part of the radioactive spectrum. Our electromagnetic radiation sensing telescopes have improved, leading to a better understanding of the various wavelengths. JWST will gather information from a much broader spectrum than did Hubble and its forerunners.

Now, let's go to red shift, the lengthening of these wave frequencies due to the expansion of the universe. We are sensing light that left faraway stars billions of years ago, when the universe was much smaller. We are not seeing into the past, but



we can deduce what it was like when it left the stars. These 14-billion-year-old “Light” Waves have expanded along with the expansion of the universe, thereby vibrating at the same frequency, but traveling much farther per Earth time unit in the continually expanding universe. These same vibrations in a larger volume of space yields a slower frequency from our perspective. What was formerly a fast blue frequency is now seen as a slower red shifted frequency, precisely because it has to travel farther in a given time period.

Of course, this also includes all of the frequencies that we cannot see with our limited frequency human vision, but not



sensed the best yet by older telescopes.

This light has expanded a lot in all these eons. In fact, the blue light that left way back then has stretched out to occupy a bigger space than it did eons ago. Red is a longer wavelength than blue. Those short blue wavelengths are now occupying more space – *Ergo* – They are now longer and appear redder to us than they were billions of years ago. We can tell how far and long they have traveled through space time by measuring the frequencies and by comparing them to what we know about the wavelengths of various stars that are nearer the to us. We see

them go through their life cycles and extrapolate back in time from further distances.

Think of molecules in a balloon that is put into an environment with less than our atmospheric pressure of around 14 pounds per square inch, say 7 pounds per. The air molecules would be farther apart as the balloon expands with less outside pressure.

Similarly, photons, including X-Rays, etc. appear to us as more toward the red side of our visible spectrum. What was blue to us 14 billion years ago is now in a bigger balloon or universe. The travel speed of the wavelength is still 186,000 miles per second, but former short wavelengths have peaks farther apart, appearing blue. The longer/farther they now travel in space time, the redder they appear to us.

### ***NOW FOR SOME FUN!***

(Imagine Twilight Zone Music theme here)



Benjamin Whorf, who was an insurance investigator for industrial fire claims, noted that so-called empty oil drums of fuel often started these fires. Since safety concerns seemed less important for an empty drum, with empty being a relative term, people manhandled them, smoked around them, and even

welded around them. In fact, a nearly empty drum is much more of a fire hazard due to the volatile vapors in it, when compared to drums full. By seeing so-called empty drums being manhandled, welded around, and generally ignored, he alerted the companies store them in a separate area from the general workforce.

Thus began Whorf's study of linguistics. He might have begun with factory fires, but quickly realized that his visits to Hopi communities had been quite serendipitous.

In his seminal book, "Language, Thought, and Reality", he discussed the Hopi culture and its unusual concept of time and distance. He proposed that their concepts were not mutually exclusive but were based on truthfulness. Legends, tales, and reports were seen as more or less one concept. They were more likely to be true if they were close in what we would call time and distance. It is a shame he did not study cosmology, because his findings of the Hopi language would have surely led him to the conjoining of space and time.



In Whorf's travels he also discovered the Hopi culture, and its unusual concept of time and space. He saw that their concept of time and distance is actually one idea, not separate entities. They were based on truthfulness, with tales reports seen as more or less likely to be true if they were close in what we would call time and distance.



It is truth or fact versus myth.

Ancient legends are far away and less likely to be probable because they are from way back in time, or maybe farther away in space. What is the difference? Truthfulness to the Hopi is based on a space-time contingency. Something that happened or was seen farther away in distance or in time has equivalent validity. In fact, Whorf claimed that the Hopi language does not actually distinguish between distance and time, but is seen as either more or less reliable, or true.

A fish tale, a conquest, or the size of a bear, for example, has more validity the closer in space or time from our non-Hopi perspective as observers. These concepts were not seen as different in the Hopi language, at least according to Whorf.

### *BACK TO REALITY*

(Twilight Zone Riff, here)



Likewise, our scientific concepts of distance and time are no longer seen as totally distinct from each other, except in a limited sense of how we use them on Earth. How far away is Paris? Well, a few hundred years ago, it was several months away by boat. Now it is only hours away by plane. That is how far.

How Far away are the stars? Light Years of space time. That is how far.

What color is the light we see coming from the outer reaches of the observable universe: Redder than it was when it left 14

billion years ago to begin its travel in what was then a much smaller universe?

How fast does a clock in space run? Well, that depends on how fast it is travelling, and how far from Earth it is. Our GPS systems must make corrections for height above the Earth's gravity, and for speed before sending us data. Einstein gave us this knowledge. In orbit, the less terrestrial gravity of Earth allows the clock to run faster. At orbital speed, the clock slows down relative to being on Earth. Computerized corrections for both the lower gravitational effect that speeds up time, and the slowing of time from relative speed makes our calculations much more accurate.

We do not see back in time, but we are beginning to understand that time and distance are far from mutually exclusive.





## Religious indoctrination is child abuse

**By Jim Curtis**

I realize how repugnant this will be to many people, but facts are facts — imposing religion on children is child abuse.

Children have been terrorized with the threat of living an eternity in a lake of fire. That's unequivocally been the source of nightmares and PTSD for millions of kids. Lesser abuses include instilling false hope of post-life justice for evildoers, teaching wishful thinking, and lying about the effectiveness of prayer.

Sadly, but accurately, religion, alcoholism, drug and domestic abuse trend in families from parents to children. Abuse victims tend to become abusers when they have their own families.

Some of the most abusive government officials in the country are Texas Gov. Greg Abbott and Florida Gov. Ron DeSantis. It's quite possible that they were victims of religious child abuse. And, now, they are abusing defenseless citizens of their states.

While victims of abuse deserve some compassion for their victimhood, at some point in the life of adults, we should all come to a realization that we were gaslighted and indoctrinated into abusive relationships and mindsets. People with integrity will do critical self-evaluations to determine if what we have been led to believe — about everything — is valid, true, and supported by evidence and/or logic.

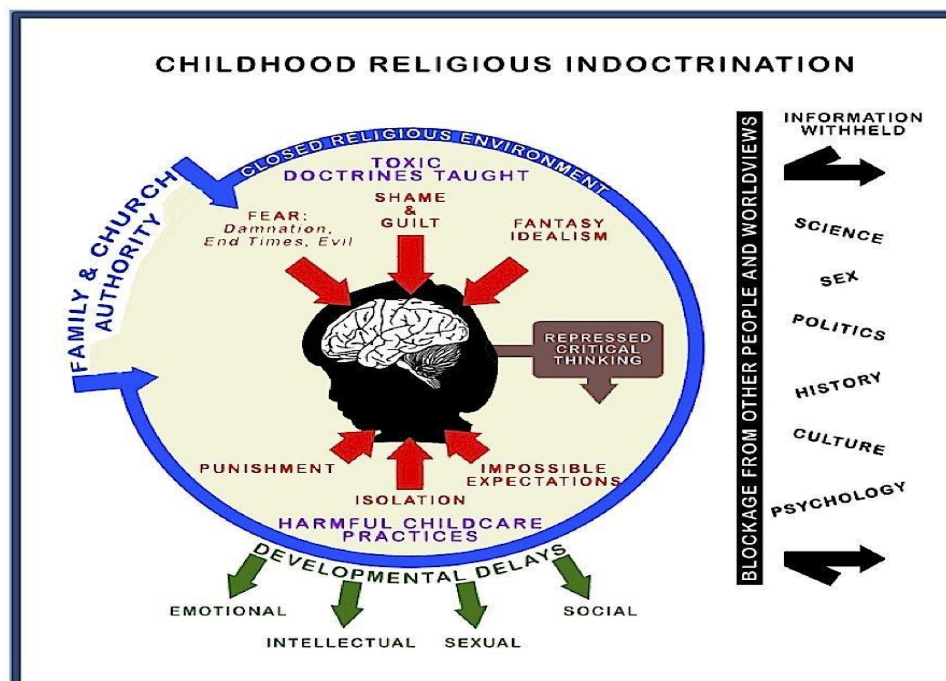
There is no widely disseminated, publicly known evidence for any purely religious claim. No evidence for any god. No evidence that



prayer works. No evidence for post-life existence. While there is plenty of testimony, we all should know how fallible testimony is as “evidence.” We should all know about conditioning, and how people routinely misinterpret personal experiences. Testimony is unreliable. Two witnesses who provide contradicting testimony of a singular event prove how unreliable testimony is.

## Virtue signaling

We all should know what tribal virtue signaling is. It’s a way to signal membership in a tribe, whether that’s a nation, state, community or any other grouping of people. Virtue signaling doesn’t necessarily prove belief or adherence to tribal rules or norms. What much virtue signaling does is appeal to other members of the tribe for inclusion. Claiming to believe the tenets



of a religious sect or belonging to a church tribe is often a form of virtue signaling.

I can regale you with stories from mostly male friends who don’t believe much of the Christian dogma, but they find membership in a church tribe useful for social and business purposes, and to keep peace in the family. I’m not sure how one could calculate

# Faith is child abuse.

Teaching a child to uncritically accept your religious lies is teaching them not to think. You are teaching them that belief, without evidence, is acceptable. This damages the child's ability to reason. Add to that teaching the child that normal behavior is sinful, and that the sinful are hell bound, and you get a clear pattern of psychological abuse.

how prevalent this is, but based on my observations of self-described Christians, very few of them act very Christ-like. I surmise the prevalence of insincere virtue signaling is significant.

There are logical arguments which attempt to prove that the cosmos has a creator, or had to have a creator, using the logic that the cosmos couldn't have created itself or

popped into existence without external stimulus or causation. These arguments are promulgated in numerous websites, debates, lectures, books, etc. Most of them fail on faulty premises. The most common fallacy I've observed is what's called "presuppositionalism." This methodology presupposes that a creator exists (or existed) and then uses syllogisms to come to the conclusion that a creator exists (or existed). That's circular, invalid, fallacious reasoning.

Here's their biggest weakness: One cannot prove any claim by logic alone. Only evidence counts as proof, and there's no evidence for any purely religious claims. If you doubt that, please produce the evidence and claim your Nobel Prize in science and the admiration of half the planet's population. If there was evidence for any religious claim, there would be no reason for doubters to doubt, just as nobody doubts the existence of diamonds and gold.



So, when are we going to acknowledge that religious beliefs are delusional? When are we going to break the cycle of abuse?

Please consider this: The perpetuation of religious beliefs is a thousands-of-years-old conspiracy that's had millions of conspirators working to make people believe purely religious claims. The evidence for this is monumental, overwhelming and convincing. Churches are institutions devoted to the perpetuation of religious beliefs. Families and communities have been both victims and victimizers who conspire to maintain purely religious beliefs.

In what we call the Dark Ages, the Roman Catholic Church held power over the state, and enshrined purely religious offenses into secular legal code. Blasphemy and heresy were statutory crimes. Who's the victim in these crimes? A fictional character called "God."



### **Religious grifters**

In the secular world, if we put grifters out of business, does anybody cry crocodile tears over their loss of livelihoods? No, we consider that a good thing — justice.

In the same vein, I have no concern for the loss of livelihood that would be inflicted on modern-day religious professionals. They are not only abusing their victims and engaging in fraud, they are profiting from it. They are selling an invisible product, for which the evidence could only be confirmed should their claims about afterlives turn out to be true. If it turns out they're lying about an afterlife, which is almost certain, none of their victims will ever know. They'll be dead. Their consciousnesses die with them. It's quite a genius scam. And, it's 100 percent legal over most of the planet.



And, to make matters worse, most of these grifters are held to be respected members of their communities. Who tells you to respect religious professionals? Their victims.

It's a popular conception that before intrepid sailors departed Europe to seek new riches and trade routes, the majority of Europeans likely believed the Earth was flat. The primary guidebook to Christian religious misinformation, a collection of Bronze Age fantasy fiction called "the bible," describes a flat Earth with "four corners." Galileo was put under house arrest for claiming, contrary to the bible, that the Earth wasn't the center of what's come to be known as our solar system. The bible proposes a demon theory of diseases and the existence of witches. We know better now.

Billions of people can have incorrect beliefs. Popularity has never been and never will be a determiner of what is true. It doesn't matter how many billions of people have been defrauded by religious claims. They have still been defrauded.

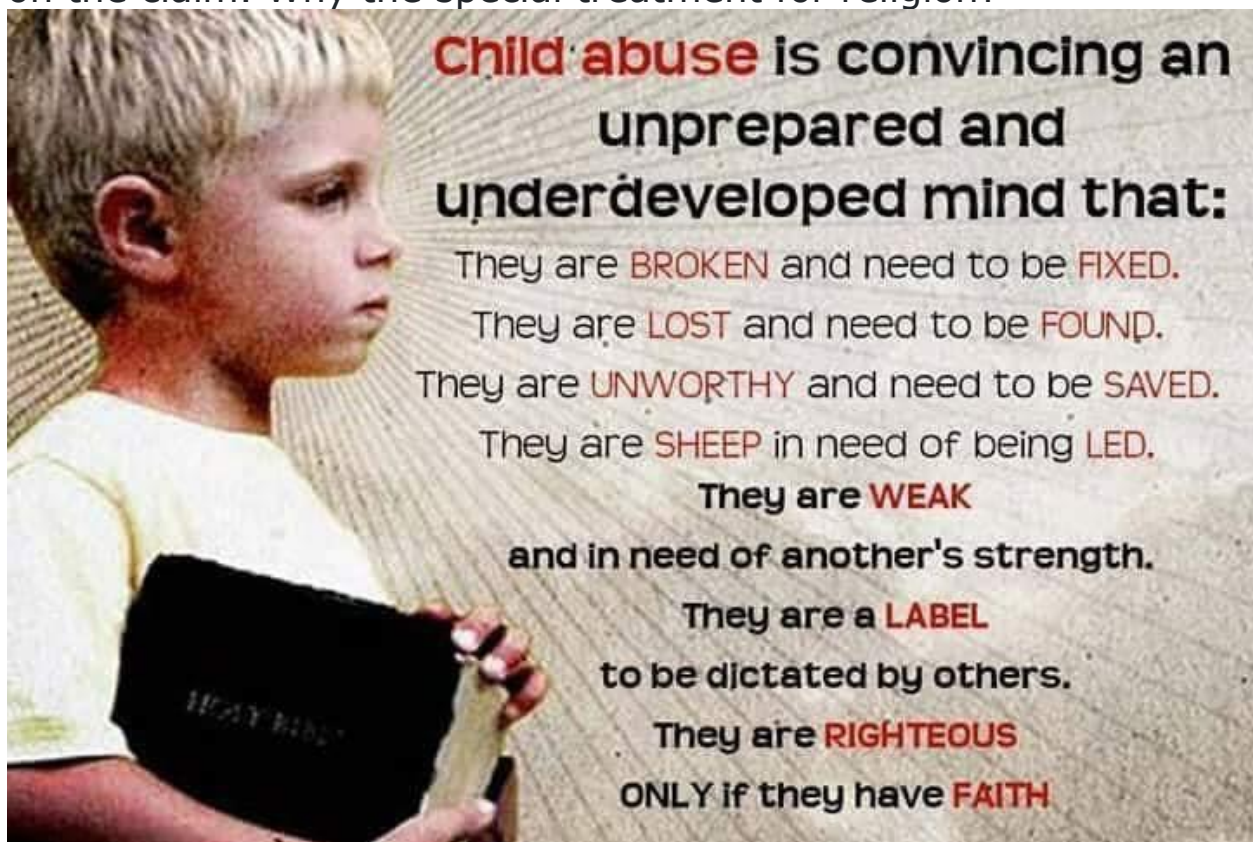
No amount of past abuse, even a strong tradition of abuse, can justify continued abuse. No matter what you call it, imposing religion on children is abusive. Tricking gullible adults into believing fantasies is abusive. Billions of us need to acknowledge that we are or were victims of abuse, and end this cycle, end our participation in this vast conspiracy. We need to destroy institutions of lies and fraud called "churches."

I'm sure that at least some religious professionals have good intentions and are in the business to help people. But they should be able to utilize their humanitarian talents in secular humanitarian organizations, such as Doctors Without Borders. There should be no place in an ethical society for preachers with mansions, yachts, private jets, deluxe wardrobes, trophy wives (or boytoys), fame, and other rewards from their swindling.

There should be no exemptions from laws for "sincerely held religious beliefs." Do we give exemptions for sincerely held racist

beliefs? If your neighbor sincerely believes that Blacks and Hispanics are inferior to Whites, should he or she be able to deny employment to Blacks and Hispanics? Our laws and courts don't reward delusional racist beliefs. Nor should they. Nor should our courts recognize and reward delusional religious beliefs.

The hatred against transsexuals being demonstrated in Texas, Florida and other states is entirely based on religious delusions. Our courts are granting special treatment to people who claim to have religious delusions. The courts aren't even asking for evidence of sincerity as they did for conscientious objectors to the draft in the 1960s and '70s. They are accepting sincerity purely on the claim. Why the special treatment for religion?



Increasingly, victims of religious indoctrination like Abbott and DeSantis are proposing and signing into law persecution of transsexual teenagers — *teenagers!* — based on their abusive indoctrination. We must not let this stand. Where will this end? What other laws can we expect them to enact based on their religious delusions? What other group of children or minorities

can we expect them to bully and persecute based on their religious delusions?

We must vote out these degenerate victimizers. We must reject their religious fantasies. We should value honesty and truth over wishful thinking and religious delusion-inspired bigotry. Yes, we should declare war on religion, which will certainly provoke Fox "News" and other broadcasters. But, we have the evidence of a longstanding conspiracy and tradition of abuse that they cannot honestly defend.

*Jim Curtis is an FFRF member who lives in Texas.*

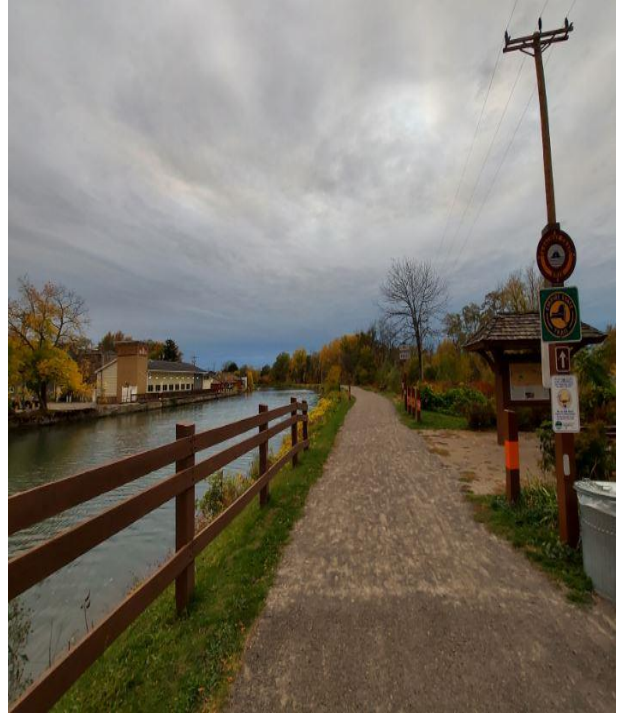




# JOY VERSUS EFFORT

By James Longo

*Best sign I saw in my recent travels was, Amigone Funerals. I am sure it is pronounced 'Amy Joanie', but I think it should be stated as a question, "Am-I-Gone Funerals?" (And if you are seeing us, the answer is ... yes?).*



The plan was to bicycle from Buffalo to Montreal and back via the Erie Canal trail. We did shorten it only going to Cornwall Ontario, about seventy miles southwest of Montreal because three days from Cornwall was Saturday of Labor Day weekend, the only room available was over three hundred dollars a night in Ticonderoga New York. This made sense due to the start of colleges in the Northeast, also the first Saturday of College football.

This left us a few choices, which were taking a day off in Plattsburgh or Montreal. Buy a tent in Plattsburgh at a Walmart and return it a couple of days later after sleeping in it, or changing course. We chose to change course.

We took the bridge back to the United States, and headed Southwest to Ogdensburg, New York. We stayed in a Bed and Breakfast in an 1880's schoolhouse that was remodeled in the 1940's. Each classroom was a room. The rooms were all named

after presidents who had visited Ogdensburg over the years. We stayed in the Teddy Roosevelt room. Who knew Ogdensburg, New York was ever a happening place.



I did fall off the bike in the rain, at the end of a different day in the motel parking lot.

They had resurfaced it with that black stuff which made it slippery and I took a flier making the turn around the corner of the motel. The night after this happened, I woke up in the middle of the night thinking what hurts and the answer was – everything, but we soldiered on.

This brings me to what I really want to talk about, effort versus joy. On these bike trips, I eventually rate them. I use a qualitative ratio. I call it joy per pedal pushed. FYI, this trip was probably around 10<sup>th</sup> best. But I think you can extrapolate this into our daily life. I think you can call it joy per effort given.



There is joy with very little effort; Art, music, theater, cinema, literature, nature, social interactions. Those delightful moments of serendipity, are joys that just pops into your life out of nowhere or with very little effort.

Joy occurs where you are having a dismal time, but afterwards – when it is over – you can find joy in surviving that fine hell you were in. If it doesn't kill you it, it will make you stronger afterglow.



Joy can come from the effort looking back as a job well done. You could call it *effort satisfaction*. i.e. I just dug out four post holes. The work didn't make me happy but looking at it afterward gave me a touch of joy.

Joy in making someone else less miserable or happy. You put in the effort and they get the joy, and you receive rebound joy from their new found positivity -- like cooking someone a meal or solving someone's problem.

The inverse can occur where someone does you a good turn and it brings you joy. Where someone put in the effort and you received the joy. Maybe that is what love is, two people willing to find joy in each other from reciprocal good turns leading to even greater good turns and intimacy.

The thing is, most joy comes from an effort, and without that effort, most times we can't feel the joy. This came to me years ago when I hiked a mountain, refusing to take the funicular, and found myself enjoying the view greater than funicular riders. I concluded this by the amount of time at the top I spent versus the riders. The effort made the view more spectacular.





This is why drug abuse and credit card debt is so dangerous. It has it backwards. You get the joy/euphoria without any great effort, and that can be very addicting. Moments of joy without great effort, are okay when they are few and far between, but when you know that euphoria and it is all you want, they got you. Out-of-control credit card debt; you get the joy of having the stuff, while putting off the pain of paying until later. Stuff now, pain later, you can see how that could be very seductive.

I don't know about your life, but mine seems to be effort, effort, effort, small joy, sort of how Barb bicycles -- pedal, pedal, pedal, coast. Maybe we should find joy in the effort along with the result. Maybe we do we just don't realize it.



Hopefully this small effort brings someone a small joy.

# THE WAY WE WERE

**TOP SECRET**

**FOR YOUR EYES ONLY**

**CONFIDENTIAL**

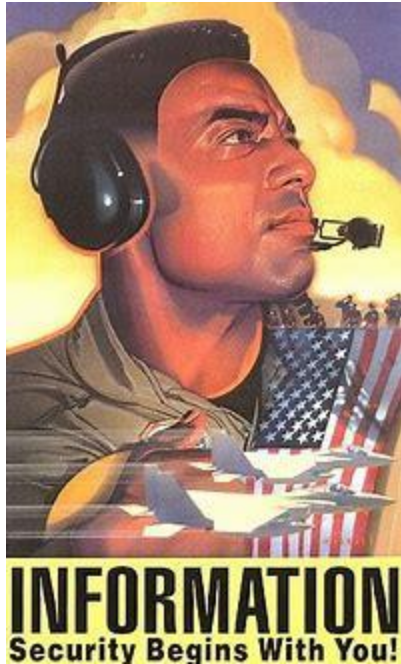
**CLASSIFIED**

**TOP SECRET**

By Ed Zillioux

In previous writings, I mentioned that, during my time in the U.S. Navy, I had attended a top-secret course that resulted in a tour of duty in Puerto Rico. Today, we live at a time when it is impossible to pick up a newspaper or tune into any news channel without encountering, almost ad nauseum, news about the security classification status of the many documents that Donald J. Trump stole and took to Mar-a-Lago, then fought to keep in blatant opposition to the illegality of these actions. Why? Perhaps as mementos of a failed presidency?

This piece is not intended to waste any more of your time dissecting the Trump debacle. It is simply a brief comment on my own experience of how a suspected threat to the integrity of a top-secret operation should be handled in which I was the suspected threat. I should first make clear, that the entire top-secret operation that I will refer to was declassified a decade or more after I received my honorable discharge from the Navy.



Be that as it may, every aspect of my work at the navy base in Puerto Rico from the 1940s on was classified as top secret. Thus I was given top-secret clearance, but only with regard to that which I had a "need-to-know" in order to perform my duties. In the same building where I interpreted cavitation signals from the array of hydrophone traces, there was a room that I was not cleared to enter. This required "top secret crypto" clearance where cryptographic communications were sent to other stations in the grid and to headquarters.

During the early months of our operation there were two plain-clothes agents who were there as observers. I understood their role better when I became their target. It seemed that my habit of heavy drinking, spending most of my liberty time in various bars, mostly in the village of Aquadilla, and my more or less intimate relationships with several of the local girls, labeled me as a security risk. It all became clear to me when I went into town one evening after my duty was completed and I had changed into my civies, to meet up with the group of pretty girls whose primary function seemed to be to entertain the service men.

As soon as I walked into my favorite bar, I knew that something was different. All the girls were off in a corner buzzing excitedly until they saw me, at which point they all ran up to me, all talking at once so that I understood nothing.

"Whoa!" I exclaimed. "One at a time, what's happened?"

I was given an account of their being corralled by the two men who I quickly realized were the







"observers" I have already mentioned. The girls were questioned at length about what I did at my work. They were drilled to the point of tears, being asked over and over about my every action: what I did, who I worked with, what I talked about

with them and with my buddies. In short, they were well-trained inquisitors. But I, too, was well trained, as were all of my classmates at the top-secret course in Key West which readied us for this work. The inquisitors, to their satisfaction, learned nothing.

That's the way it should work. Too bad that similar training is not mandatory for politicians, especially at the highest levels, who may have access to classified materials and are able to flaunt such materials for personal aggrandizement or enrichment.





Before moving back to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, I had only dealt with bullies one time previously. It was barely in Georgia, just outside the Chattanooga suburb of East Ridge. The twin bullies, Mike and Steve, were in my second-grade class. They liked to bully smaller students, stray dogs, frogs and other creatures. They had been picking on my much smaller sister. I think they wanted to beat me up if I had tried to jump to her defense. I knew I could not fight them, so I put together a plan to punish them for their bullying.

Bumblebees were still prevalent back then, so I decided to tell them how to tell the females from the males. I told them, this would allow them to catch them and tear off their wings, as they did to butterflies. I explained that only catching males would keep them from getting stung.

Since everyone thought I was smart they listened: "You see that one Mike? Look at its stripes. It is a male. Most bumblebees



are. If it has any orange at all in its stripes, it is a girl, and can sting you. It will hurt baaaad."

One of them (I don't remember which) asked, "You mean like black widows and praying mantises??"

"Exactly! Only the females are dangerous!"

I eagerly anticipated the next sunny day, the day they could simply be Mike and Steve, bullies, ripping the wings off of flies, butterflies and ... bees.

A few days later, it was beautiful outside. Suddenly, my parents heard a scream from our yard. Gloriously holding back my grin, I ran behind them toward the boys who were writhing on their backs. Shortly, their parents, also hearing the shrieks of pain, ran into our yard.

Their mother screamed, "What's the matter, Stevie?"

"Danny told me the *boy* bumblebees wouldn't sting me!"

My parents, who were fully aware that the boys had been traumatizing my sister, glared at me as I raised my eyebrows. Shrugging my shoulders, I smirked a curt, "I showed them how to tell the difference."



The boys' parents – who let these ruffians run amok all the time – glared at me, then at my parents, and then back at me.



"Well, I can show them again if you want me to, Mrs. Watson."

Simultaneously, my parents yelled, "Get in the house, Danny!"

Back inside, Mom asked, "Why did you do that?"

"I told you they had been picking on Teresa."

Mom looked at Dad for support.

"Good job son!"


Mom just shook her down-turned head, then, she grinned at me.

But I must be storing some guilt. I probably should not have done it. Today, I call anyone who is a bully, a Mike or a Steve. I can never remember which of those boys' names match their features. But when I think really hard, I can still picture their tears of pain running down those puffy, shocked faces! And then, like Nancy Pelosi punching Donald Trump, I smile.



## POETRY & PROSE

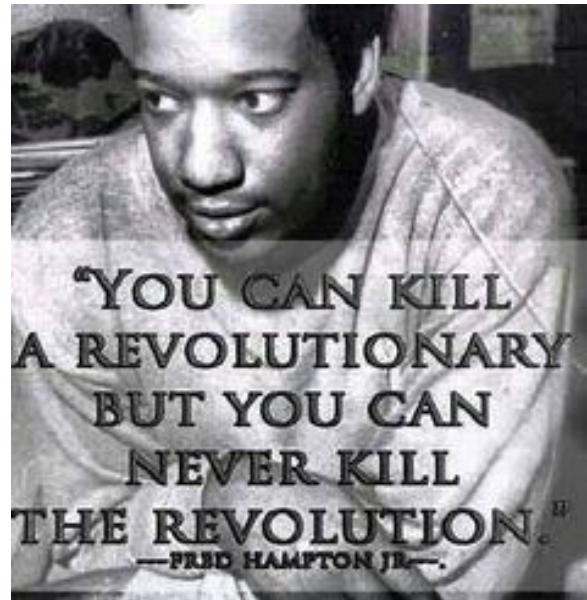
# Ukraine



It is five o'clock  
What do i tell the old dog  
All skin and bones  
Hunkered down in a cold dark corner  
Of the basement  
Too weak and hungry to bark for his  
dinner  
Even to muster up a yipe  
Only an occasional whine  
And a shudder at each blast,  
each siren  
How will i tell the old dog  
That there will be  
no dinner tonight  
By Betty Lee

# African Voices

*Fred Hampton, Black Panther Party deputy chairman, murdered by the FBI and Chicago Police in 1969:*



They have black people and white poor people and red poor people  
And Puerto Rican poor people and Latin American poor people  
Poor people of all descents.  
They had them caught up in their movements based on racism.

We don't think you fight fire with fire.  
We think you fight fire with water.  
We gonna fight racism, not with racism  
but we gonna fight it with solidarity  
We said we not gonna fight capitalism with black capitalism,  
but we're going to fight it with Socialism.

We stood up and said we're not going to fight reactionary pigs  
and reactionary state's attorneys  
like Hanrahan with any other  
reactions on our part.  
We're going to fight their  
reactions with all us people to  
get together  
And have an international  
proletarian revolution.







# Walking away

**“You have a right to experiment with your life. You will make mistakes, and they are right too. You came out of an education and are supposed to know your vocation. Your vocation is fixed, and maybe ten years later you find you are not a teacher anymore or you’re not a painter anymore. It may happen. It has happened. I mean Gauguin decided at a certain point he wasn’t a banker anymore; he was a painter. And so he walked away from banking. I think we have a right to change course. But society is the one that keeps demanding that we fit in and not disturb things. They would like you to fit in right away so that things work now. “**



*“Love never dies a natural death. It dies because we don’t know how to replenish its source.”*

~ Anaïs Nin

# I Coulda Done Worst



I coulda done a lot worst than sit In Skid Row drinkin wine To  
know that nothing really matters after all To know there's no real  
difference Between the rich and the poor To know that eternity is  
neither drunk nor sober, to know it young and to be a poet  
Coulda gone into business and ranted And believed that God was  
concerned Instead I squatted in lonesome alleys And nobody saw  
me, just my bottle And what they saw of it was empty And I did it  
in cornfields & graveyards To know that the dead don't make  
noise To know that the cornstalks talk (among One another with  
raspy old arms) Sitting in alleys diggin the neons And watching  
cathedral custodians Wring out their rags neath the church steps  
Sitting and drinking wine And in railyards being divine To be a  
millionaire & yet prefer Curlin up with a poorboy of tokay In a  
warehouse door, facing long sunsets On railroad fields of grass To  
know that the sleepers in the river Are dreaming vain dreams, to  
squat In the night and know it well To be dark solitary eye-nerve  
watcher Of the world's whirling diamond

~ Jack Kerouac



**E**velyn Daniels looked up at the hot-eyed face above her. She saw passion and desire. She felt longing and tenderness. They kissed, tongues licking, lips sucking, coital ache growing. Their fingers had felt each other's readiness.

"Don't worry Evie," the man softly whispered, sensing a nervous hesitation. "It will be just like doing it with a white man ... only better. Much better, I promise."

She felt him, his erection that is, slipping between her juicing labia and she longed for penetration. She was going to do it.



White-white Evelyn Daniels was going to cross the taboo color line and have sexual relations with a different race man. A Negro man. A black man.

No, that is not quite true. Evie was going to *fuck* a black man. She was going to do it willingly. She wanted that penis now. She was going to enjoy every inch of his mahogany skin. She was certain he was anxious for her sex too.



"Please," she groaned, "please, I want you now." She was too inhibited to say "fuck". Or more vulgarly, "fuck me now!" To call out for and to challenge pruriently; to fill those deep female needs. That would probably come later, of course, but not too much later.

There was just that moment before penetration that Evie's hesitancy caused her pelvis to flinch upward. But the movement (much like the way water moves – seeking the path of least resistance) combined with the relentless warmth pressing her genital nerve endings, seemed to nudge the male member, to slide into

and through her lips; to be admitted into her admittedly throbbing depth.

Her eyelids fluttered as in a greeting. The contact of flesh on flesh was like an electric pulse. His flesh, her flesh. Contact, touching and friction. They savored the differences of their bodies. She—soft and warm. He—warm and firm. The penetration sensation was even more so. The couple mutually groaned in the sensuality of thrust and reception. Pulsating together really, almost harmonically vibrating.

“Oh god,” she said and pressed her face into his beefy chest. The pleasure was intense.

“Good, huh?”

“Yes, yes.” She looked over to the mirror facing the bed and what she saw caused her genitals to surge feminine lubrication even more. The picture of her white-white body against his dark-dark physique in animal copulation was beautiful in its erotic primacy. A vivid contrast of pigmentations.

“Do you see us, Evie?” He was gasping at the visceral thrill of cock and cunt. “Do you see how beautiful you are?” He was so considerate of her needs.

“As we are,” she gasped back. She felt a rising affection for this dark, black man as her pelvic floor muscles, the coccygeus, clamped his organ to pull it inward and upward to both lover’s delight.

The next few minutes were filled with the occupation of pure mammalian lust. A performance art of cries and grunts, of innate brutal rut with bodies slapping together, with thumping and sloppy thrusting and the occasional vaginal fart.

The colors of their bodies did not matter now; with their eyes closed. Just man, just woman. Physically completing their base reproductive functions and for the next few minutes they enjoyed

their fever dance of black and white which, to an observer, looked like an animated, pushing and pulling, living and breathing, ying and yang symbol.

How could a white woman do such a dreadful thing? Why? Would not the act be a betrayal of her race? The vanilla-white woman and the tar-baby black man in unthinkable sexual congress. It was a lurid image so frightening that it had provoked Nathan Bedford Forrest to create the Ku Klux Klan in 1865. The added spice of the forbidden, of sin, was not sour but turned out to be sweet rather than distasteful.

The reasons the two people were in the bed together were nonconsequential, really. They were there, naked. Entwined. Were they ashamed? Not in the slightest at that moment! It was the twenty-first century for heaven's sake.

They were two human beings who had developed a relationship for whatever reason. Cautious friendship first, followed by trusting acquaintance and advancing to the reality of the prurience of absolute now. Carnal. Wanting, craving. The yearning for





amicable intimacy. Each participant was more than ready for the most dearly reciprocated communication two people could have.

Readers, we know the who, the what and the where. We must ask, what are the questions for us to still consider? The how and the why? The disgustingly explicit how and naughtily licentious why of this irresistible appalling display of specie carnality is a story in itself! Who knows? Maybe the foreplay will be the best part. Guaranteed to be more pornographic!

The one thing Evelyn Danials did know; Her lover was right, it was just like with a white man, only ... much, much better!



## COMEDY CORNER

# Margaret Atwood's cease-and-desist letter to the United States for plagiarizing the plot of *The Handmaid's Tale*

By Paul Razzell & Lisa Pertoso



Dear United States of America:

You are currently using my 1985 novel *The Handmaid's Tale* as the template for your own dystopia and are doing so without my authorization, thereby violating U.S. copyright law.

Adopting one or two aspects of *The Handmaid's Tale* to rebrand the American Dream would be considered “fair use,” but all of them? Honestly, America, I get a Google alert every time you rip off one of my ideas. My condo strata filed a noise complaint, and Hulu producers banned me from *The Handmaid's Tale* season 5 set due to my phone's incessant pinging. It took me 18 months to write this book and to develop the nightmare world of Gilead, so you'll understand my dismay at seeing you plagiarize the following key scenarios.

### Restricting reproductive rights

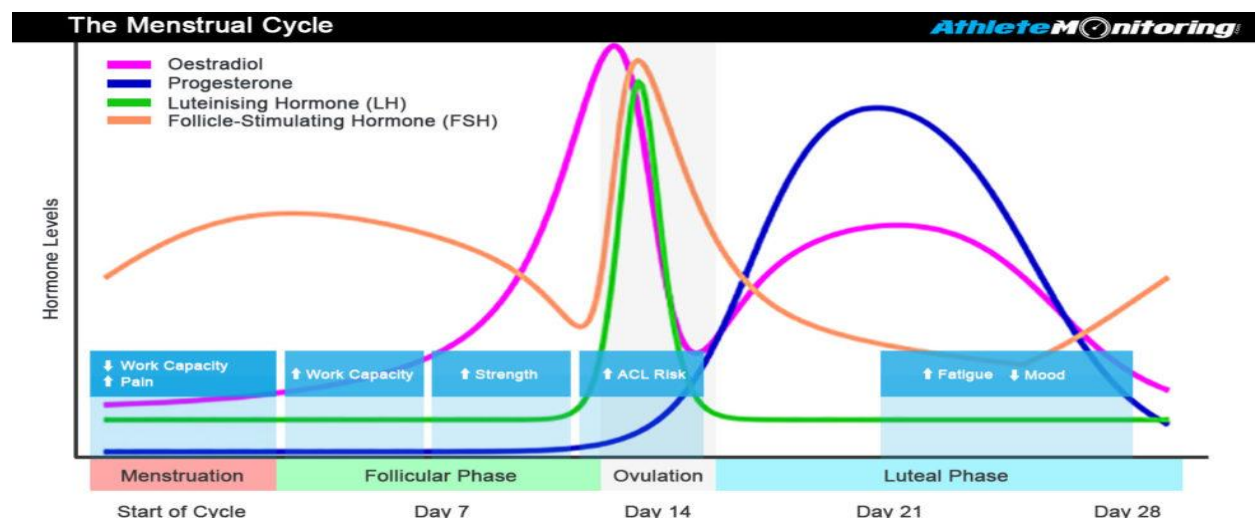
By overturning *Roe v. Wade*, you have adopted the central dystopian feature of *The Handmaid's Tale*, namely, restricting the reproductive rights of women. Did you think I wouldn't get wind of this? Fox News, Papa John's app, and even Hobby Lobby's newsletter all reported the ruling as though it was the brainchild of your Founding Fathers. America, I demand you acknowledge credit by renaming "reverse-vasectomies" as "Atwood-ectomies."

## Jan. 6, 2021 coup attempt

In *The Handmaid's Tale*, the Sons of Jacob instigated a coup d'état against the U.S. government; and on Jan. 6, 2021, your president did the same. Initially, I was flattered that the mob's red MAGA hats replicated the red of my handmaid's habits. But when my lawyers informed me that "MAGA" doesn't mean "Make America Gilead Again," I felt duped. America, you need to acknowledge credit! At the very least I would have appreciated an invitation to shoot 18 at Mar-a-Lago or a suite at the Trump Hotel in New York City.

## Culture of surveillance

I was sure that Gilead's surveillance-as-a-form-of-control motif would scare the bejesus out of you. Yet in the past decade, your elected officials and tech-bros have monitored phone and internet records, personal credit histories, and period-tracking apps — and I've yet to receive one handwritten thank-you card. When China dialed up their national surveillance efforts, they had the courtesy to acknowledge my work as their inspiration: every Christmas, President Xi Jinping sends me a gift basket of 1,000 steamed dumplings with an open invitation to join him on an electric scooter trip along the Great Wall. He's probably trying to get in my pants, but at least he's doing the work.





## Censorship

This may sound catty for mentioning censorship here, as you've banned *The Handmaid's Tale* in libraries and schools nearly as often as any other book, but censorship is yet another aspect of totalitarian Gilead you've purloined as your own. This parallel between your nation and my novel is there for anyone to see (assuming they attend a school whose library allows access to my book). Maybe just once, you could come up with your own f--ked-up strategies for social control. Until then, I demand a national bank holiday named in my honour, but don't be cheeky and shove my day on Feb. 29. I want Thanksgiving replaced with National Margaret Atwood Gratitude Day.



## Breakdown of barriers between church and state

In the Gilead of my novel, church and state are one, and that's clearly a model you're adopting for yourselves. In fact, your Supreme Court is going full-throttle and allowing Christians to fly flags with crosses at Boston City Hall, taxpayers in Maine to fund religious schools, and football coaches in Washington to lead Christian prayers on the field. Had I missed an email request, a Facebook message, or a Snapchat from you to adopt this theme? Even Saudi Arabia and Iran slid into my DMs with their copyright renewal requests. But from you? Nada!

## Baseline anxiety about everything

You nailed this. To show goodwill, I'm giving you this one as a freebie.

## Conclusion

With your \$6-trillion annual production budget, you've produced a more faithful adaptation of my work than Hulu ever could. Hulu, however, had the decency to ask me to be a consulting producer on *The Handmaid's Tale* TV series, and they gave me a cameo in the pilot. You didn't even offer me a seat on the Supreme Court, a chair on the Senate Ethics Committee, or a spot on Forbes' "80 Over 80 Favourite Canadians" list. America: what the f--k?

Therefore, in addition to the above-mentioned demands, I insist you update the Latin motto on all your coins from *E pluribus unum* to *E atwood unum*, and replace the eagle on the Great Seal of the United States with an image of me (please use my 1978 headshot; that was my best hair year).

If I do not hear from you within 10 days, I reserve the right to pursue all legal claims that I may have against the U.S., including punitive damages, compensatory damages, and withholding all of Canada's exports of maple syrup for your pancakes.

— Margaret Atwood

*Paul Razzell is a humour writer based in Victoria, B.C. He works in communications and student recruitment at the University of Victoria.*

*Lisa Pertoso is a humour writer, learning designer and facilitator based in NYC. Her work has appeared in Glamour, Insider, The Belladonna Comedy, and more.*



# CREATIVE CONSTIPA- TION

By **Virgil Thorp**



*BROUGHT ON BY THE COMBINATION OF IMPENDING DEADLINE AND IMMINENT STORM: Or Waiting for HURRICANE IAN (or a bowel movement — whichever comes first)*

Creative Constipation. What a thought! A friend of mine wrote that in an email and I found myself in sing-song alliteration.

*"Creative Constipation. Creative Constipation. Holding something back to let it build up and burst out. Creative Constipation."*

I had heard that eating cheese could result in constipation. So, I proceeded to eat a half pound each of White Sharp Cheddar and Smokey Gouda cheese. I also had some Havarti and a little Monterey Jack with some slices of apple and pear. Mm-mm good. If anything could block me up, that combination should do the trick.

It did not help that I had spent the last 24 hours away from my home toilet. We visited our new little grandniece, the ultra-



adorable Violet and booked a room at the Gainesville Drury Inn for the overnight stay. I don't know if you are like me, but unfamiliar toilets always tend to clinch me up. So, guess who has not been so regular.

Inspiration did not have time to shake my hand. I wanted to evacuate myself before I took a shower. No movement. It was 'you better get out of the house by 11. Get out of the hotel by 10. Any later would not work. At least, there wasn't the knock-knock "are you okay in there?" check-up that is guaranteed to destroy the intensity of my urgent concentration.

But the thought of 'Creative Constipation' was the only thing that felt inspiring on this particular weekend. There was just no time. 24 hours flowed to 36 and so on. Hopefully I would experience something creative. Something has to move and soon.

But Ian came. There is no power. No power, no water pump. No water pump, no flush. No flush, well, I trust you know what that means.

I know I am probably giving you too much information, but since my wife has retired, I no longer have the unlimited bowel movement interval I once cherished and often required for a thorough departure from my bashful and reluctant colon.



It is a real stinky shame, not having the solitude often needed for total sphincter relaxation. What an unfortunate dilemma for a couple to be presented with this so late in life and in our normally harmonic relationship. The irregularity is not easy to live with. And that is not from my point of view.



Is there anything so pleasant as retiring to a warm bathroom with either the morning paper or an interesting book along with a loosening cup of steamy hot joe? Contemporary or classical. Columbian or French Roast. Literature or trashy magazine. You know, I have had equally good results with Tennyson and Tolstoy as I have had with the unfortunately defunct, *Mad* magazine. To just be able to sit on that throne and let all the smelly gases and fecal matter tumble away like incendiary bombs over Dresden.

Hell, I'll tell you a secret, the cats don't mind! Even the thundering farts don't startle them. And the scents! I secretly feel they would be very happy to share their litter boxes with me. And I would — but of course, my wife would complain, and no doubt put me on permanent litter box duty for the duration of our lives.

Let me take a deep breath. I am trying to create here, and I am having a difficult time concentrating on giving 'birth' so to speak to something I feel I need to create.



I wonder; Is it the concentration factor? I know it was a much easier achievement when I was not being hustled and bustled according to someone else's schedule. Back then I enjoyed regularity. Every morning. But not now. Now I have to share the facilities. Now I have to be attentive. Now I



have to realize that I may affect others. Febreze helps so much but it does not alleviate the strain and disappointment of having nothing — not even a small pebble turd to show for it.

Is it wrong for me to scapegoat my beloved? How much pressure does it take? Is it like the struggle of giving birth? Is there a similarity in length, breadth and weight? A harsh comparison I know. I have heard about the current upscale, toney trend of 'natural childbirth'. It is similar in that takes place in a so-called warm 'birthing pool'. Kind of like the fetus in its happy gestational amniotic fluid. Soothing music is piped in, soft lighting dims the harshness of the typical sterile maternity hospital room with its spotlights and stirrups. Regardless of the yuppie affectations, there will still be poo in the pool after the fetus has burst forth.

After all, the pelvic floor muscles must work together to achieve the same results. And this is not an involuntary ... Oh my god. Could it be? The light is on in the bathroom! *WE* have power! I don't think this is just passing a little gas. Creative constipation away! Sorry everyone. It is not digital, it is analog.

Gotta go be creative!





# PSYCHO- SCATOLOGY

By James Longo

Tidbits of thoughts keep running around my brain. Since I'm such a scatter brain, there should be a science

for people like me. Psychology is way too deep, maybe psycho-scatology, the study of shitty thoughts. I know you were thinking we should study people who have shit for brains. I think that would be much harder, first you would have to define shit and second brains.



When hiking and coming upon pooh on the trail, a common phrase arises, "Whose scat is that?" In psycho-scatology, I want to suggest we try to answer the same question. Where the F&\*# did that thought come from, and where should we take it.

Sometimes my brain scat comes from my subconscious, that's right dreams. I dreamt I was at drive-in synagogue. I am not religious, not Jewish, never been to a synagogue. It seemed like a one act-play, then again doesn't every religious service? Remember the voice of the cantor, a deep baritone coming from a Smart Car, and how that didn't match.

Guess the drive-in religious service was a hold-over from Covid times. I knew it was a synagogue because of the yarmulkes and the Torah on the back of a pick-up truck. As for the Cantor in the in Smart Car, guess my brain was reminding me you can't always judge a book by its cover. Why a synagogue; Yom Kippur? Well, *that's-that-for-that-fat-scat*.

From there I ended up in a conversation about the difference between morals, ethics and the law with the Rabbi which I waxed poignantly about morality governing private personal interactions,



ethics governing professional interactions, and the law governing society as whole, and the dealings of strangers.

Whose scat is that? Was it something I read? Was it something I was taught, and why did I have to tell it to a Rabbi? I don't even know a Rabbi.

From there I ended up at retail outlet. I now was in a rush, late for God knows what. There were two lines for one register, eventually we got it sorted out making it one line, one incredibly

long queue. The cashier called for help no one came. The patrons started chanting. "Shorten the line, or pay me for my time." Eventually the District Manager came out, explained that there was no one else to ring the register. Someone asked, "why not you?" He hemmed and hawed eventually leaving. He came back with bottled waters to give to everyone. No one was placated but I guess it made my dream District Manager feel better.

This piece of psycho-scat probably comes from my retail experience of long lines, no help and no help from management. That's it for dreams.

Heard a commentator say, CNN actually stood for, Continuous Negative News, and that if we wanted to be psychologically better off we would avoid the Mainstream Media. His point was that the News never changes, just the names and the locations. His second point was that time could be used better by not being voyeurs of other people's misery.

Tried it and failed. I am addicted to the News like heroin. I can't stop. I tried. I am addicted to the worst kind of News, my

news feed and You-Tube. I am addicted to the crack cocaine of the Mainstream Media. I am like the rubber-necker at the car accident that is our world. I need a twelve-step program. I need support. I need to quit cold turkey. I can see myself now sitting in a dingy basement drinking bad coffee surrounded by others of my ilk. "Hi my name is Jim and I'm a news junkie."

I can see it now. I'd be good for a while, not look at the news for a few months, and then a friend, a co-worker would say have you heard about this, or seen that, and before you know it, I'd be locked in my house twelve hours a day drooling on myself as I watch every tidbit of inappropriate news garbage.

I need to stop running with my psycho-scat, but sometimes I can't help, it is fun. I know I can hear the rest of brain now. "Sir, drop the scat and slowly turn away."



**A friend suggested  
putting horse manure  
on my strawberries...  
I'm never doing that  
again, I'm going back  
to whipped cream.**

Thoughts are like an Easter egg hunt in a minefield. The trouble is; the eggs and the mines look alike. Hell, they are alike!

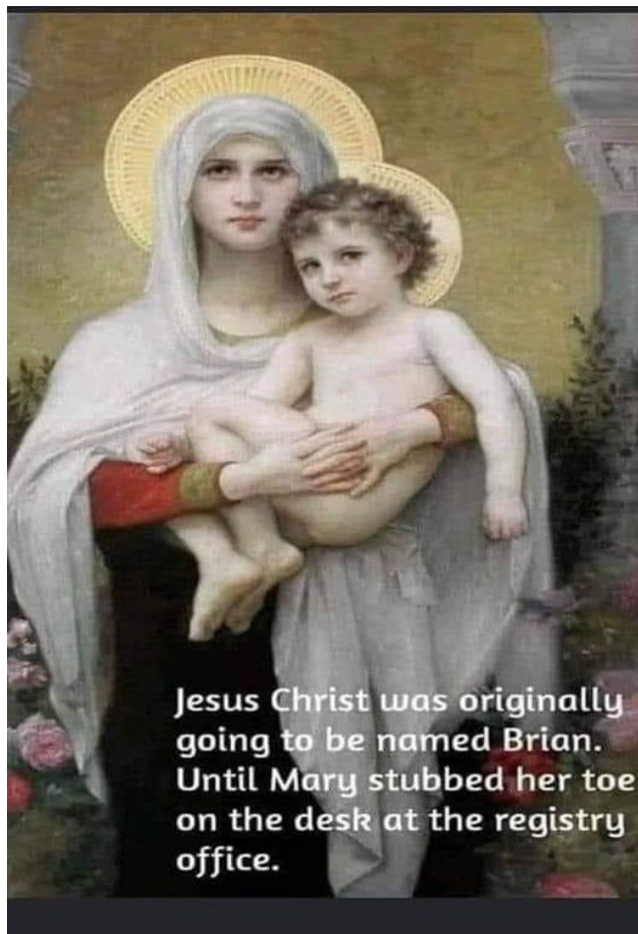
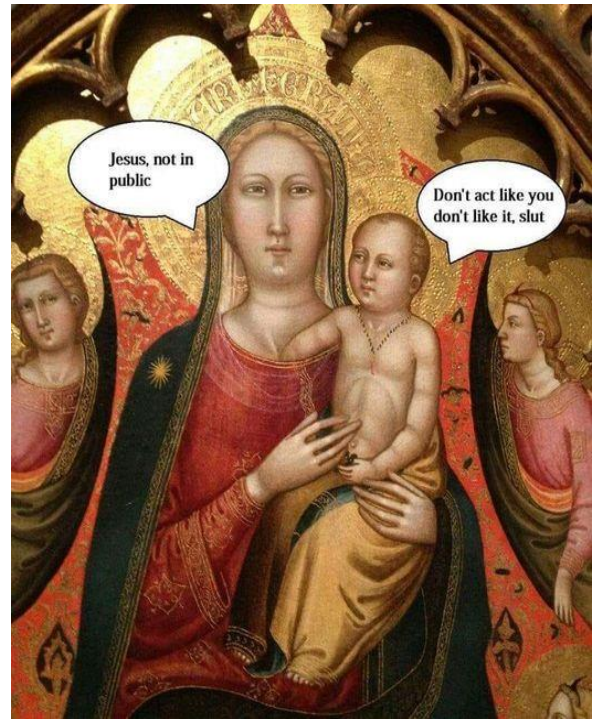
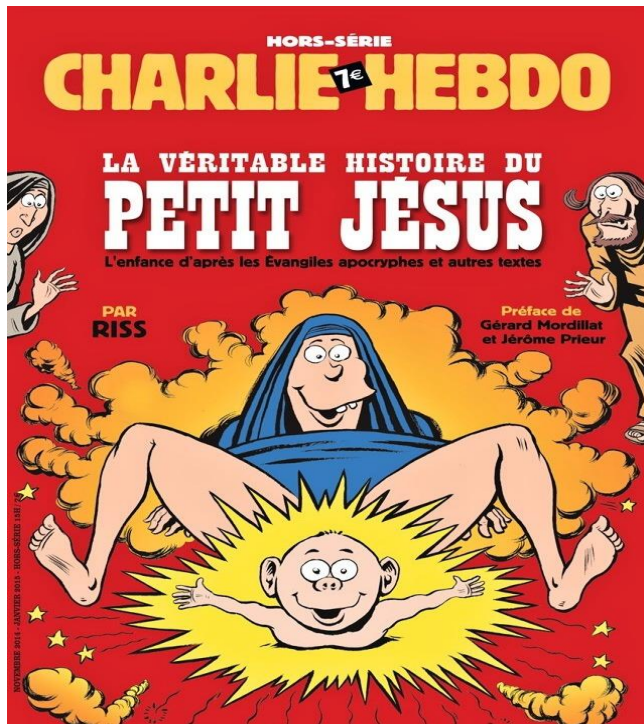
Thoughts can either blow you up, upset you, harm you, or you can take the psycho-scat and fertilize your imagination. I recommend the latter.



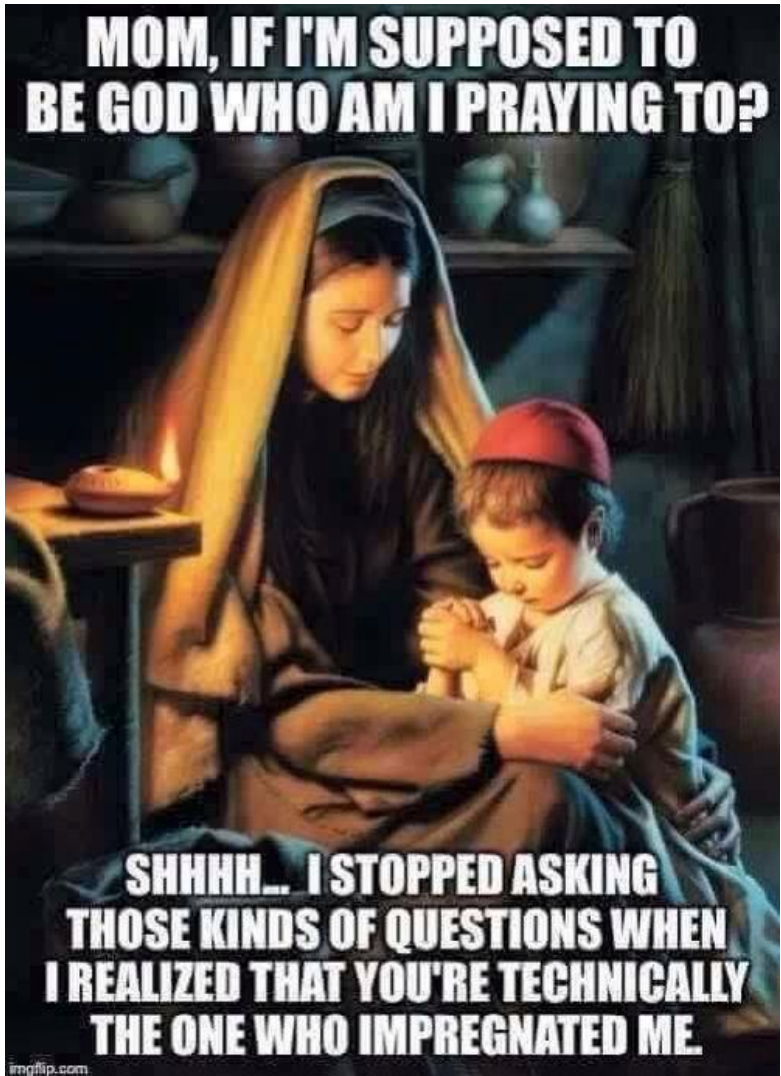
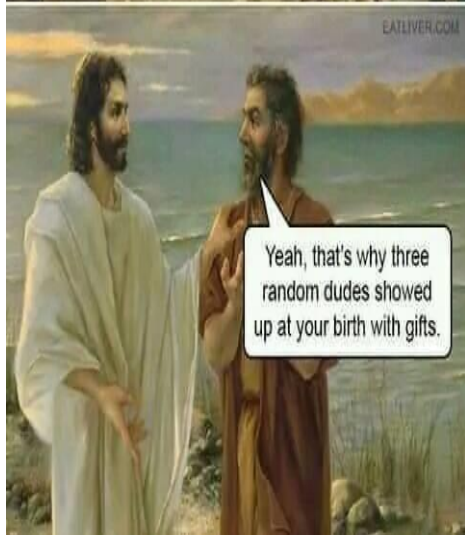
*A Little Blasphemy  
For Your Christmas*





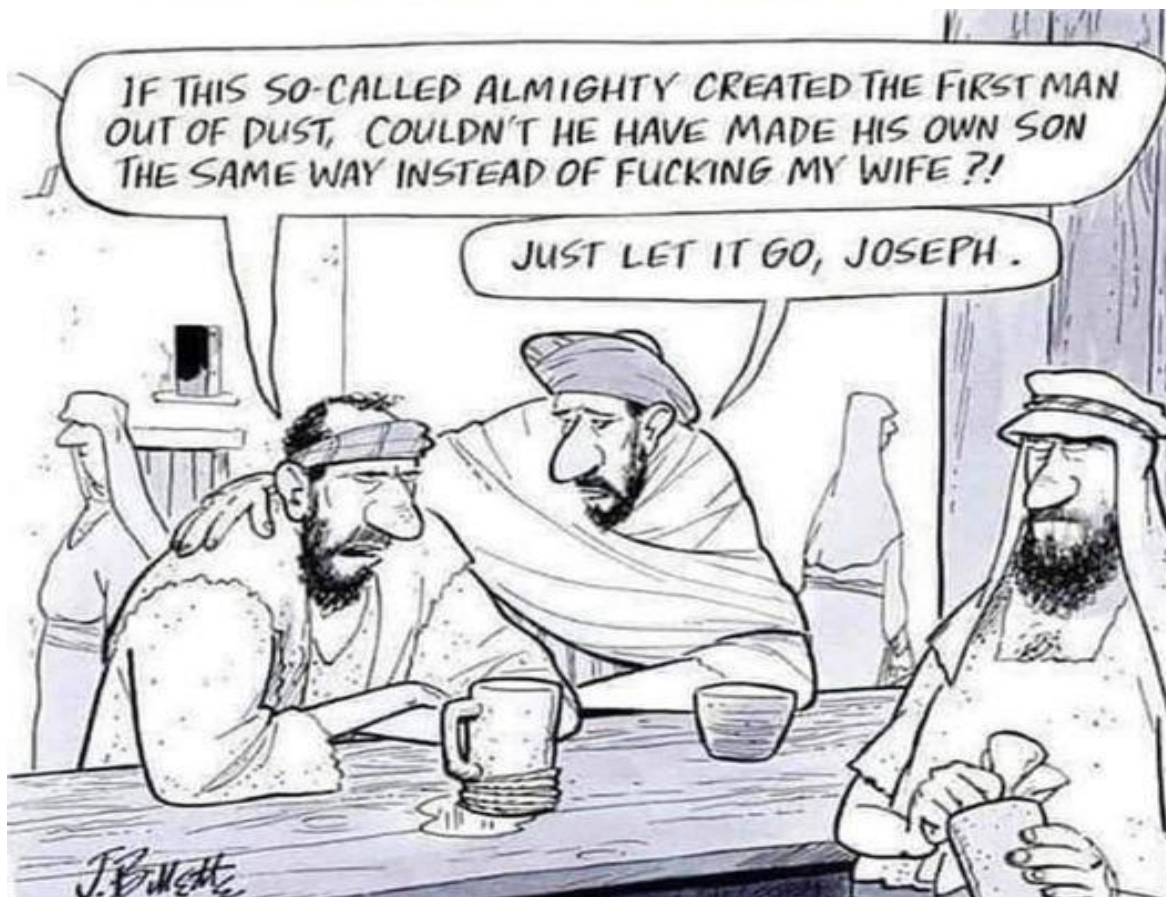




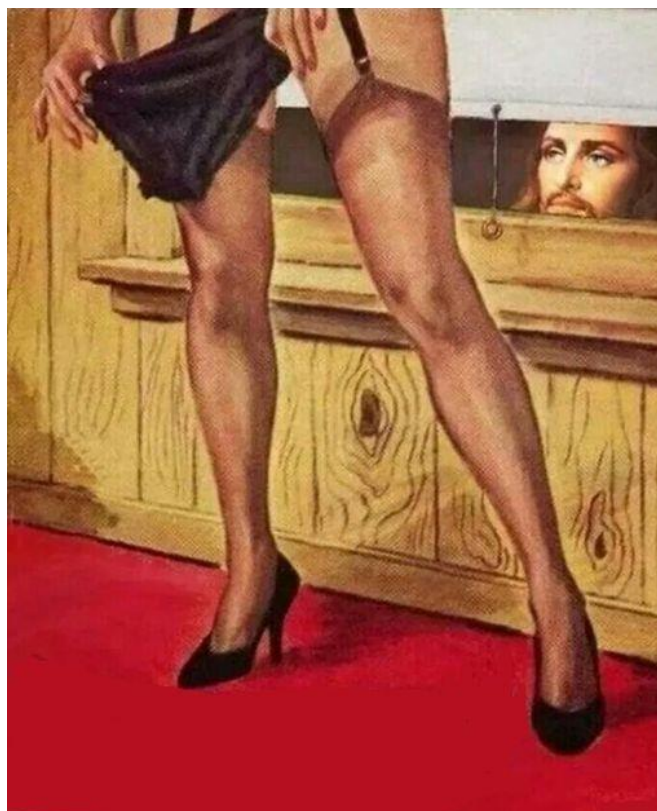
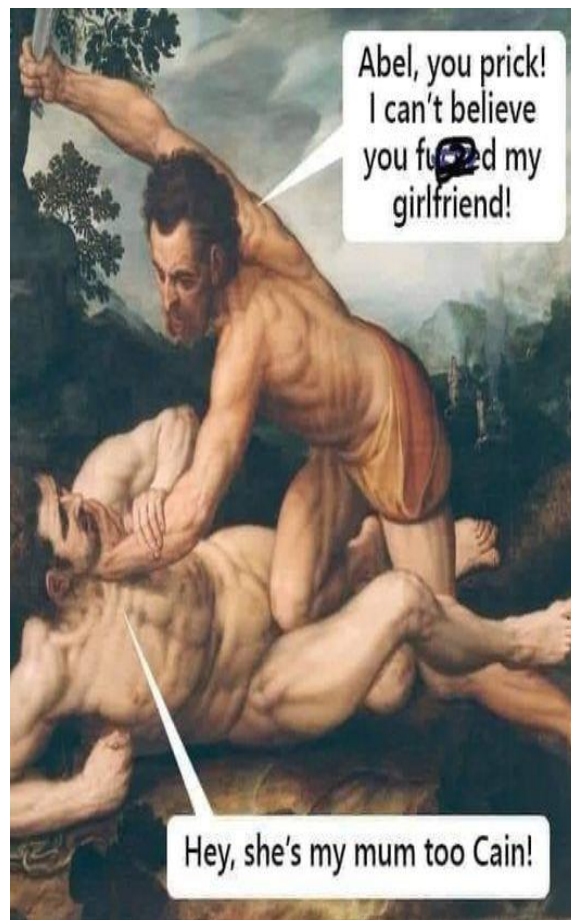
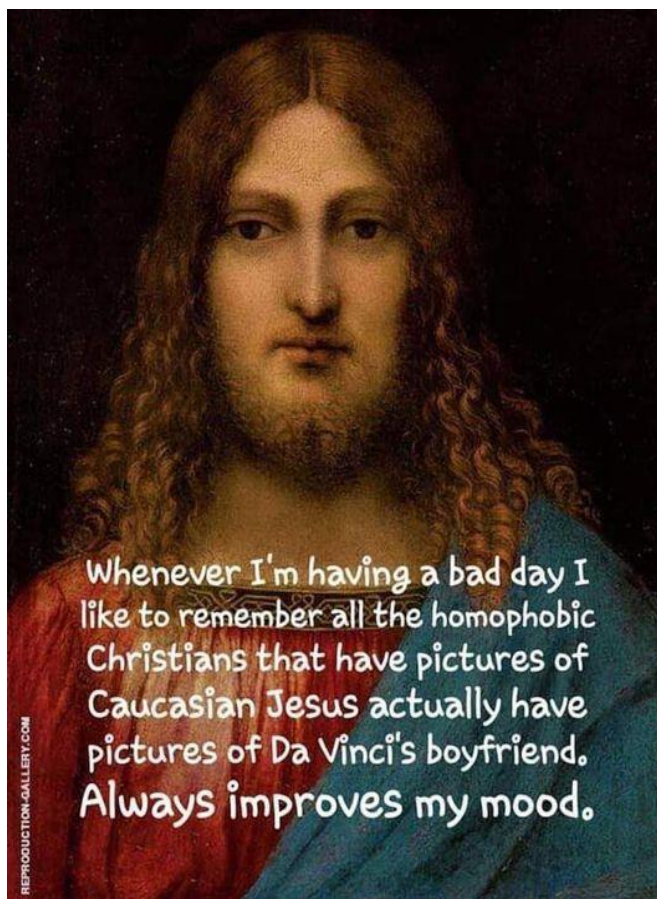




God: You shall not covet  
your neighbor's wife  
also God with Joseph's wife







### Christian Mothers Against Masturbation

5 mins •

Message is always clear with Christ; put your hand in faith and not in your pants.

"Are you addicted to masturbation? Reach out to me, and we can beat it together."

-Jesus





I keep sending them hurricanes but they keep masturbating



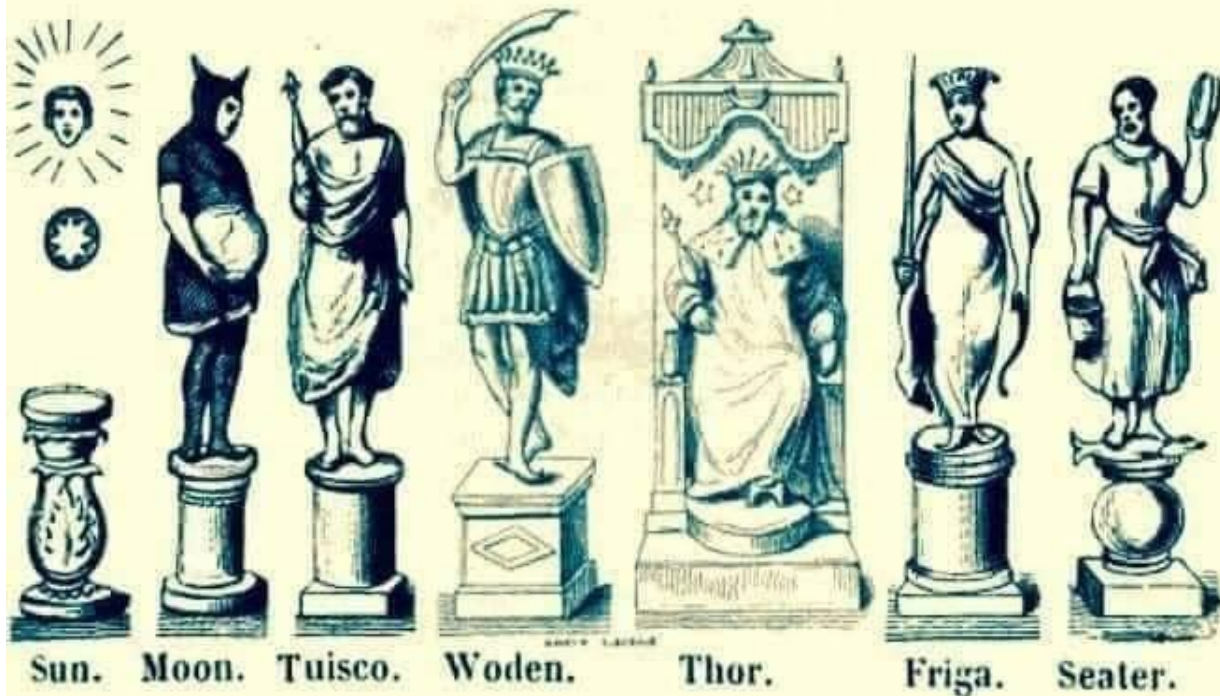
So, just a thought...If God wanted to perform a miracle...why did he get a WOMAN pregnant? Surely the miracle would have been Joseph

I don't keep what I catch. I just stick a hook in its face, yank it gasping from the water, rip the hook out, & then throw it back in, leaving it to wonder what kind of god would allow such a thing.



giving birth 🤪





**"That's weird that God made seven days and then named them after other gods."**

**- Prof. Hollingsworth (@Hi\_Professor)**

I thank this group for bringing Jesus into my life...err vocabulary. Three or four times a day I now say Jesus Fucking Christ, which replaced my old exclamation of "what the frigging crap?"

**ONE DAY, GOD DECIDED THAT HE NO LONGER LIKED MOSES, AND WANTED TO KILL HIM...**







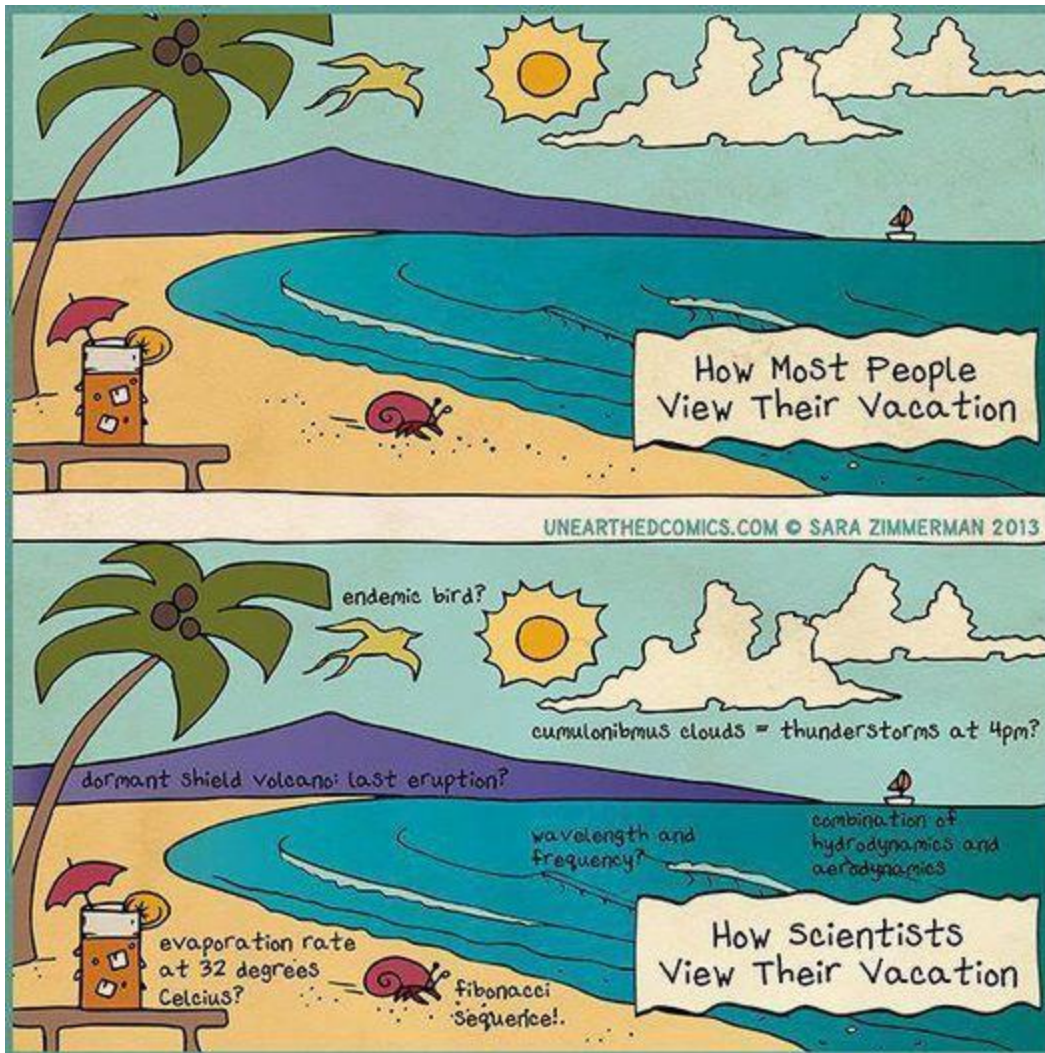
Me writing about men like bad male authors write about women:

'He charged into the room, pert testicles bouncing gaily. I saw a scar & wondered if he'd had a vasectomy. He opened his plump lips, full of promise but annoying words came out...something about a football match' @tiffstevenson

Memes of Art & Existential Dread









## Leonardo da Vinci's The Last Subpoena



**A COURTROOM ARTIST'S SKETCH OF STEVE BANNON'S APPEARANCE IN COURT.**

