

AOTCJournal

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

Vol.6, No.5

September / October 2021

In this issue:

Introduction	2
AOTC Members	6
Meetings & Events	7
Commentary	20
Articles	55
The Way We Were	81
Fiction	91
Poetry	96
Comedy Corner	99

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

INTRODUCTION

Turning in your neighbors for money is full-blown NAZI with a hint of JUDAS.

Hi Gang. We're 18 months into this pandemic and despite some wins, civilization is experiencing a lot of losses. To paraphrase what I have heard, "It is so difficult to wrap our heads around idiots who refuse to acknowledge reality." That is very true to most of us Aware Ones. Maga hatters refuse free (proven) vaccines while using horse de-wormer for Covid-19 symptoms. It is not our faults these persons are morons but, frankly, I will still keep a mask handy wherever I go.

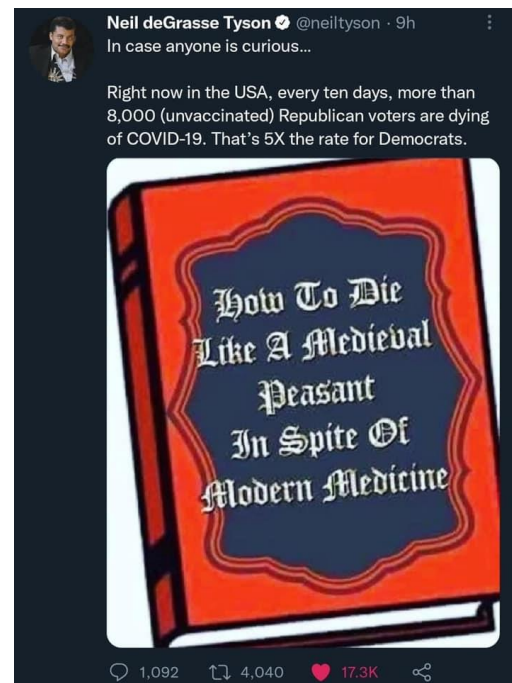
This issue, Vol. 6 No. 5, (the next to the last for 2021) is packed with our reactions to our world's conditions. The Writers' Group even attempted a "theme" (trees for some gawd-awful reason) and I for one was delighted with the results, some of which were submitted before this issue's deadline.

DARWIN IN MOTION

We are being given a gift. We are getting to see a natural phenomenon as it happens. Darwin's theory of Natural Selection is manifesting before our very eyes!

It is a mistake to label the process as "survival of the fittest" as many people do. We are seeing them, sterioded up with tattooed muscle bulging arms, weaker than kittens, intubated and gasping for breath.

Holy Hypocrisy!



Brian Mast posted a very pompous opinion on the Afghanistan evacuation on his facebook account (the one he shares with his Treasure Coast constituents). Brian reposted a recent appearance on NewsMax television condemning President Biden's (successful) evacuation – 120,000 + Afghans. Sure, there are plenty of MAGA people praising Brian and Trump, but there are many, many more disagreeing with him and shaming him for being such a dick.

Tex – ass!

There isn't much to add that everyone hasn't already heard. But, because of Texas, there will be no Halloween cartoons. So, I am adding some memes I found on the net. Enjoy!

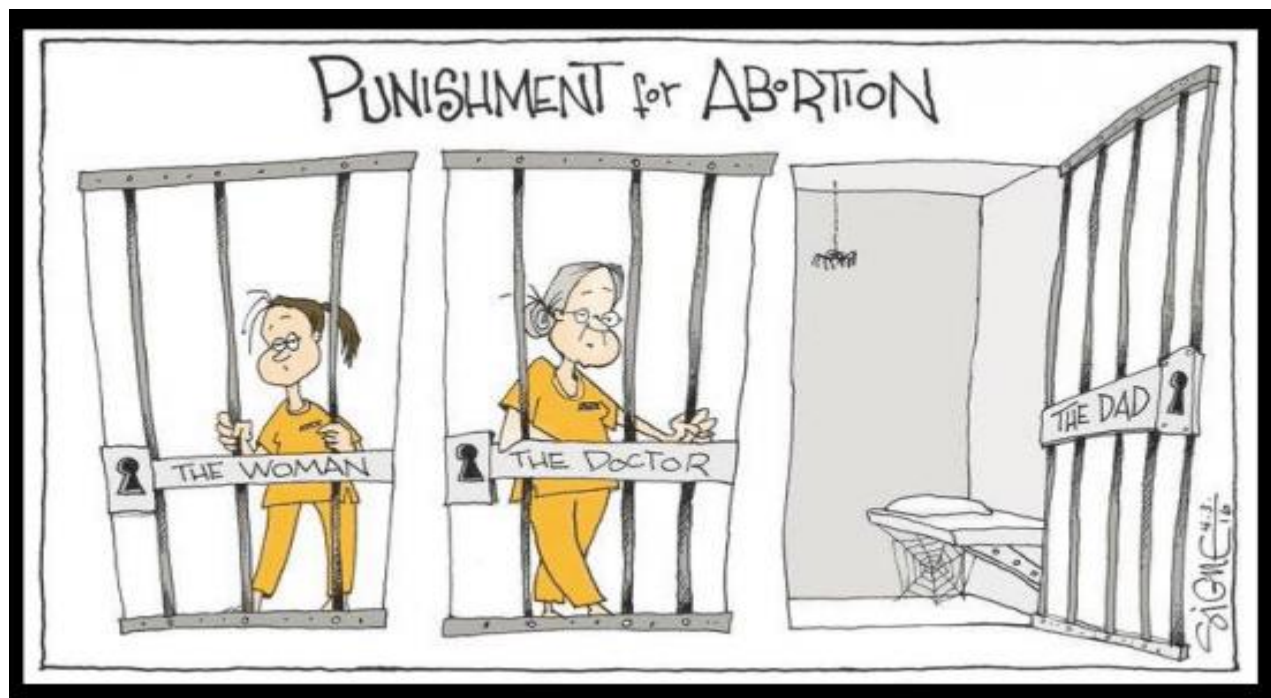
Virgil



Christian roulette



1. Open the Bible in a random page.
2. Follow exactly what is written.
3. The last one to go to jail wins.





"THE DECISION

*Whether or Not
TO BEAR A CHILD IS
central to a woman's life,
to her well-being and dignity.*

IT IS A DECISION

*she must make for herself.
WHEN GOVERNMENT CONTROLS
THAT DECISION FOR HER, SHE
is being treated less than
a fully adult human*

**RESPONSIBLE
FOR HER OWN CHOICES".**

**Ruth Bader Ginsburg*

EGAT 2019

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

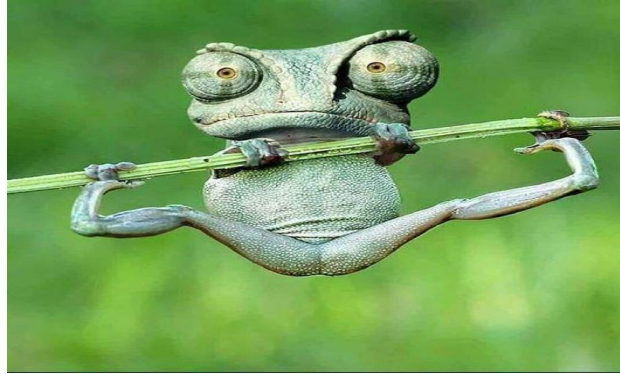
If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1st Friday of the month), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional if vaccinated. Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us on the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed, please email vmthorp@outlook.com for confirmation.

AOTC MEMBERS

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

MEETINGS & EVENTS



Meetings

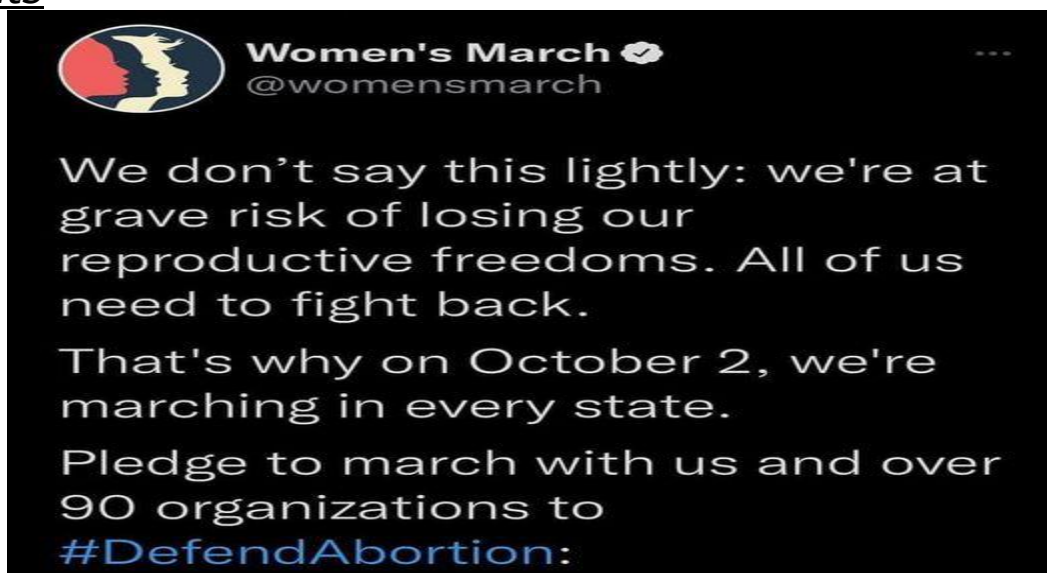
Friday gatherings: First Friday of month at Flagler Park (under the Roosevelt Bridge). All other Fridays, *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart's Sandsprit Park. BYOB

Sunday Coffee – Meeting still in limbo Zoom. 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <vignaujdan@aol.com> to be included with the connection codes.

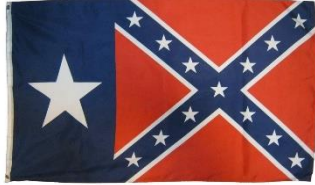
TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Wednesday or Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm. For access, contact Dan <vignaujdan@aol.com> to be included with the connection codes. Resumption of regular meetings subject to viral infections.

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

Events



September – Classical Music Month



Sep 1 – 2021, Texas Taliban takes away women's rights. *Coming to a state near you or the one you live in soon, ha, ha!*



Sep 3 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, Treaty of Paris signed, 1783. Skyscraper Day. *Look down upon the folly of man.*

Sep 6 – Labor Day. Also, Read a book day and Rosh Hashanah (*at sundown*).

Sep 9 – Teddy Bear Day.

Sep 10 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

Sep 11 – 9-11 Remembrance Day. Also, Make Your Bed Day.

Sep 13 – Defy Superstition Day.

Sep 17 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.



Sep 18 – National Cheeseburger Day. Oktoberfest begins in Germany. *Beer and Burgers and Cheese ... mmmmm!*

Sep 22 – Autumn Equinox.

The real dangers of marijuana



Sep 24 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park. National Cherries Jubilee Day. Native American Day.

Sep 27 – Crush a Can Day.

Sep 28 – Ask a Stupid Question Day.

October – Adopt a Shelter Dog, Am. Cheese, Am. Pharmacist, Apple Jack, Awareness-Awareness, Breast Cancer Awareness, Clergy Appreciation, Cookies, Domestic Violence Awareness, Eat Country Ham, International Drum, Nat. Diabetes, Nat. Pizza, Nat. Popcorn Poppin', Nat. Vegetarian, Seafood, and; Nat. Sarcasm Month.



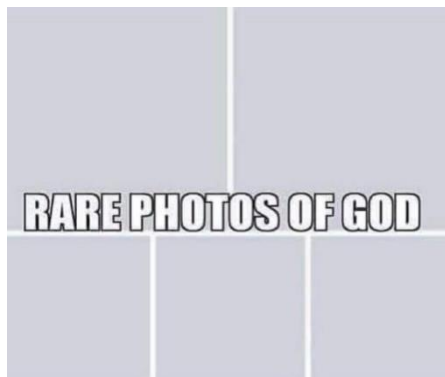
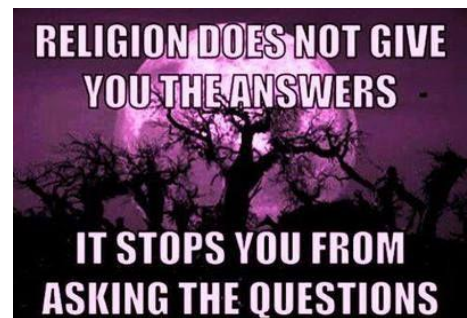
Oct. 1 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park. International Coffee Day, Nat. Homemade Cookie Day, and World Smile Day.

Oct. 2 – Name Your Car Day. (*'Lil' Bertha' has been retired*).

Oct. 5 – World Teacher's Day.

Oct. 8 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park. World Egg Day. *Omelet, anyone?*

Oct. 11 – It's My Party Day. (*Cry if you want to*)



Oct. 12 – Moment of Frustration Day. (*Threatens to be every day!*) National Gumbo Day (*A remedy for frustration!*)

Oct. 13 – International Skeptics Day. (*We have a day all our own*)

Oct. 15 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.



Oct. 17 – Wear something Gaudy Day. (*It is Florida after all*).

Oct. 22 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park.

Oct. 23 – Make a Difference Day. (*Neighbors helping neighbors*).

Oct. 25 – World Pasta Day.

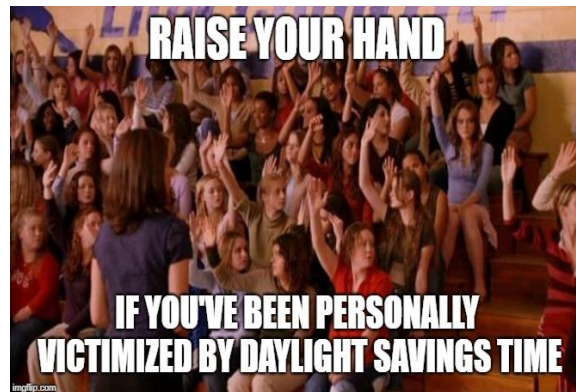
Oct. 29 – Aware ones at Sandsprit Park.
National Frankenstein Day.

Oct. 31 – Halloween.

Nov. 2 – Deviled Egg Day.

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

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



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

FREEFLO

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



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

Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments; there are consequences.

Robert Green Ingersoll



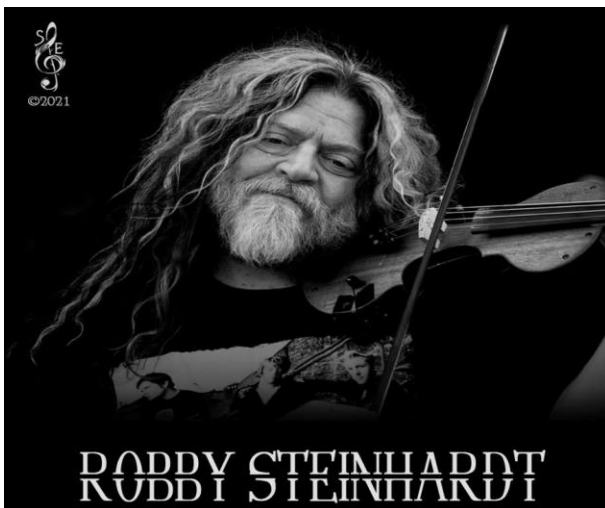
LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST



July 6 – Montgomery Meigs, 76, American general, complications from Parkinson's disease and Lewy body dementia. General Meigs was named for his great-great-great-granduncle, Quartermaster General Montgomery C. Meigs, the father of Arlington National Cemetery, and for his father Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery Meigs, a World War II tank commander who was killed in action one month before

Meigs was born.

July 10 – Esther Béjarano, 96, German singer (Women's Orchestra of Auschwitz) and Holocaust survivor, co-founder of the International Auschwitz Committee.



Robert Eugene Steinhardt, 71, was an American rock violinist and singer best known for his work with the group *Kansas*, for which he was co-lead singer/"frontman" and MC along with keyboardist Steve Walsh, from 1973 to 1982 and from 1997 to 2006. He and Steve Walsh were the only original members of the band not from Topeka.

July 24 – Jackie Mason, 93, American comedian and actor (*The Simpsons*, *The Jerk*, *Caddyshack II*), Emmy winner.



July 25 – Bob Moses, 86, American civil rights activist (SNCC), co-founder of the Mississippi

Freedom Democratic Party. An American educator and civil rights activist, known for his work as a leader of the Student Nonviolent

Coordinating Committee (SNCC) on voter education and registration in Mississippi during the Civil Rights Movement.

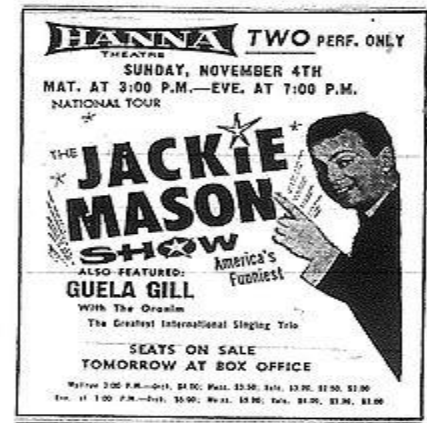
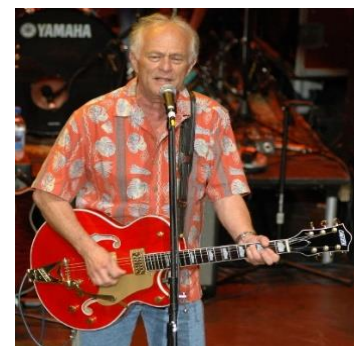
July 27 – Saginaw Grant, 85, American Sac and Fox actor. A Native American character actor, best known for *The Lone Ranger*, *The World's Fastest Indian*, *Community*, and *Breaking Bad*. He was an award-winning musician, Pow Wow dancer, motivational speaker and the Hereditary Chief of the Sac and Fox Nation.



July 28 – Joe Michael "Dusty" Hill, 72, was an American musician who was the bassist of the rock band *ZZ Top*. He also sang lead and backing vocals and played keyboards. He was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a member of *ZZ Top*.

August 1 – Norman 'Paul' Cotton, 78, was an American guitarist and singer-

songwriter. He was a member of the band *Poco* and the writer of their international hit song "Heart of the Night". Before that, he was co-guitarist for the *Illinois Speed Press*.





August 7 – Marjorie (Markie) Armstrong Post, 70, was an American actress, known for her roles as bail bondswoman Terri Michaels in *The Fall Guy* on ABC from 1982 to 1985, as public defender Christine Sullivan on the NBC sitcom *Night Court* from 1984 to 1992, and as Georgie Anne Lahti Hartman on the CBS sitcom *Hearts Afire* from 1992 to 1995.



August 8 – Bobby Bowden, 91, American Hall of Fame college football coach (Florida State, West Virginia), from pancreatic cancer.



August 15 – Paulette Goodman, 88, French-born American LGBT activist, president of PFLAG (Parents, Friends and Family of Lesbians and Gays) from 1988 to 1992. She led the campaign to get PFLAG ads displayed on DC Metro buses.

August 16 – Lucille Times, 100, American civil rights activist. Her mother died when Lucille was very young and she was raised by her father. Mr. Sharp strongly imprinted two ideas on Lucille: The first: "You are no better than anyone else" and the second: "When you're right don't back down." Lucille married her husband, Charlie Times on February 3, 1939. She and Charlie joined the [NAACP](#) shortly after marriage, and in 1950, when the NAACP was banned the couple hosted meetings in their home, despite the danger. In 1950, both Lucille and her husband became registered voters. In 1952, they opened the Times Café (a.k.a. "Sugarhill") on Holt Street, which operated continuously until 1986.

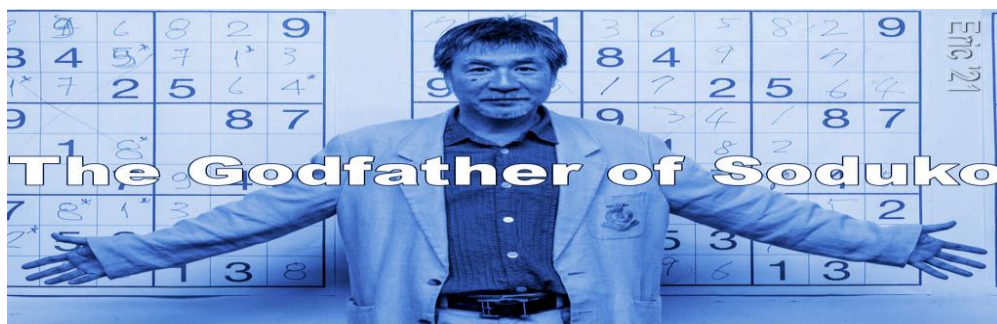


August 20 – Igor Vovkovinskiy, 38, also known as Igor Ladan, was a Ukrainian-American law student, actor and tallest person in the United States, at 7 feet 8+¹/₃ inches (234.5 cm), briefly taking the record from George Bell.



August 21 – Don Everly, 84, American Hall of Fame singer (The Everly Brothers) and songwriter ("Cathy's Clown", "So Sad (to Watch Good Love Go Bad)"). Don and Phil, both guitarists, used vocal harmony mostly based on diatonic thirds. On most recordings, Don sang the baritone part and Phil the tenor harmony. Although Don was mainly low, and Phil was mainly high, their voices overlap in a very intricate and almost subtle fashion.

August 24 – Charlie Watts, 80, English Hall of Fame drummer (*The Rolling Stones*, *Blues Incorporated*). English musician who was the drummer for the rock band *The Rolling Stones* from 1963 until his death in 2021. One of the band's core members, Watts performed on all of their studio albums, and he, Jagger and Richards are the only members to have been featured on all of the band's albums. Watts cited jazz as a major influence on his drumming style. Doubled as designer of their record sleeves and tour stages.



JAPANESE PUZZLE MAKER MAKI KAJI DIED AT AGE 69

57

21

4 12 20 7 52

83



Hero and Heroine

Letter to the editor tcpalm

DeSantis' anti-vaccination campaign is great — for Democrats

As a lifelong Democrat, I want to recognize Gov. Ron Desantis as a friend to Florida Democrats for his efforts to dissuade Republicans from getting vaccinated, wearing masks and social distancing. His "Don't Fauci my Florida" campaign is particularly brilliant and may have the most lasting effect in reducing the number of Republican voters in Florida due to COVID-19 variant deaths and illness.

Unfortunately, his Republican followers will suffer and possibly die following his drum roll call. Currently 83% of new COVID-19 cases are unvaccinated people and the percentages are rising, particularly in Florida. Perhaps his focused messages and dedication to Trumpian mentality will increase that percentage. Keep up the good work, Ron!

Jo Anne Gillespie, Port. St. Lucie

Ron DeSantis Is Not My Governor

Karen Reeffer Bleier

I'm not pro-murdering babies.

I'm pro-Becky who found out at her 20-week anatomy scan that the infant she had been so excited to bring into this world had developed without life sustaining organs.

I'm pro-Susan who was sexually assaulted on her way home from work, only to come to the horrific realization that her assailant planted his seed in her when she got a positive pregnancy test result a month later.

I'm pro-Theresa who hemorrhaged due to a placental abruption, causing her parents, spouse, and children to have to make the impossible decision on whether to save her or her unborn child.

I'm pro-little Cathy who had her innocence ripped away from her by someone she should have been able to trust and her 11-year-old body isn't mature enough to bear the consequence of that betrayal.

I'm pro-Melissa who's working two jobs just to make ends meet and has to choose between bringing another child into poverty or feeding the children she already has because her spouse walked out on her.

I'm pro-Brittany who realizes that she is in no way financially, emotionally, or physically able to raise a child.

I'm pro-Emily who went through IVF, ending up with SIX viable implanted eggs requiring selective reduction to ensure the safety of her and a SAFE number of fetuses.

I'm pro-Jessica who is FINALLY getting the strength to get away from her physically abusive spouse only to find out that she is carrying the monster's child.

I'm pro-Vanessa who went into her confirmation appointment after YEARS of trying to conceive only to hear silence where there should be a heartbeat.

I'm pro-Lindsay who lost her virginity in her sophomore year with a broken condom and now has to choose whether to be a teenage mom or just a teenager.

I'm pro-Courtney who just found out she's already 13 weeks along, but the egg never made it out of her fallopian tube so either she terminates the pregnancy or risks dying from internal bleeding.

You can argue and say that I'm pro-choice all you want, but the truth is:

I'm pro-life.

Their lives.

Women's lives.

You don't get to pick and choose which scenarios should be accepted. It's not about which stories you don't agree with. It's about fighting for the women in the stories that you do agree with and the CHOICE that was made.

Women's rights are meant to protect ALL women, regardless of their situation!

[#roevwade](#) [#prochoice](#) [#abortion](#) [#women](#) [#womensrights](#) [#mybody](#) [#mychoice](#)
[#mybodymychoice](#)

Copied and pasted to share.

Karma is a bitch

Another Pie in the Face for Anita Bryant: Her Granddaughter Is Gay



Sarah Green, who is engaged to marry another woman, spoke about her famously homophobic grandmother on a recent podcast.

BY TRUDY RING
JULY 27 2021 2:40 PM EDT

It's most likely Anita Bryant's worst nightmare: Her granddaughter is gay and marrying a woman.

Granddaughter Sarah Green talked about her relationship with the notorious antigay crusader on a recent episode of *Slate's* podcast *One Year*, hosted by Josh Levin and focusing on 1977, a year when the nation seemed on the verge of great change.

Bryant, a beauty queen and pop singer, was a spokeswoman for Florida orange growers in the 1970s when she gained new fame with her opposition to gay rights. Miami-Dade County's government adopted an ordinance in 1977 banning employment and housing discrimination based on sexual orientation, making it one of the first municipalities to do so. Bryant, who had testified against the ordinance, was outraged at its passage and led a campaign dubbed "Save Our Children" to persuade voters to repeal it.

S[arah] had no intention of coming out to Bryant, but she was spurred to do so on her 21st birthday. Bryant sang "Happy Birthday" to her granddaughter on the phone and told her that if she had faith, the right man would come along. "And I just snapped and was like, 'I hope that he doesn't come along, because I'm gay, and I don't want a man to come along,'" Green recalls.

Bryant responded by telling Green that homosexuality is a delusion invented by the devil and that her granddaughter should focus on loving God, because that would make her realize she's straight.

"It's very hard to argue with someone who thinks that an integral part of your identity is just an evil delusion," Green says.

Sarah Green says she doesn't hate [her grandmother] but feels sorry for her. "I just kind of feel bad for her," she says. "And I think as much as she hopes that I will figure things out and come back to God, I kind of hope that she'll figure things out."

Quotation:

Whenever I write a sentence that makes me pause and wonder about what it means, I assume that other readers might react in the same way. If a sentence is not clear to me, it might not be clear to others. It's an approach that I recommend to anyone who is trying to improve his own writing. – *Steven Pinker*

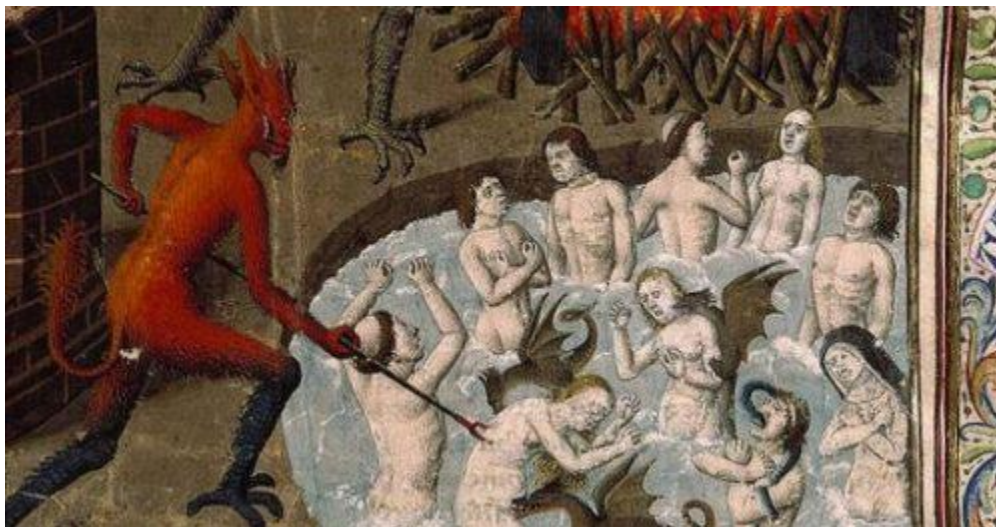


Dubious achievements

Uh-oh. We've only got a week left, atheists!

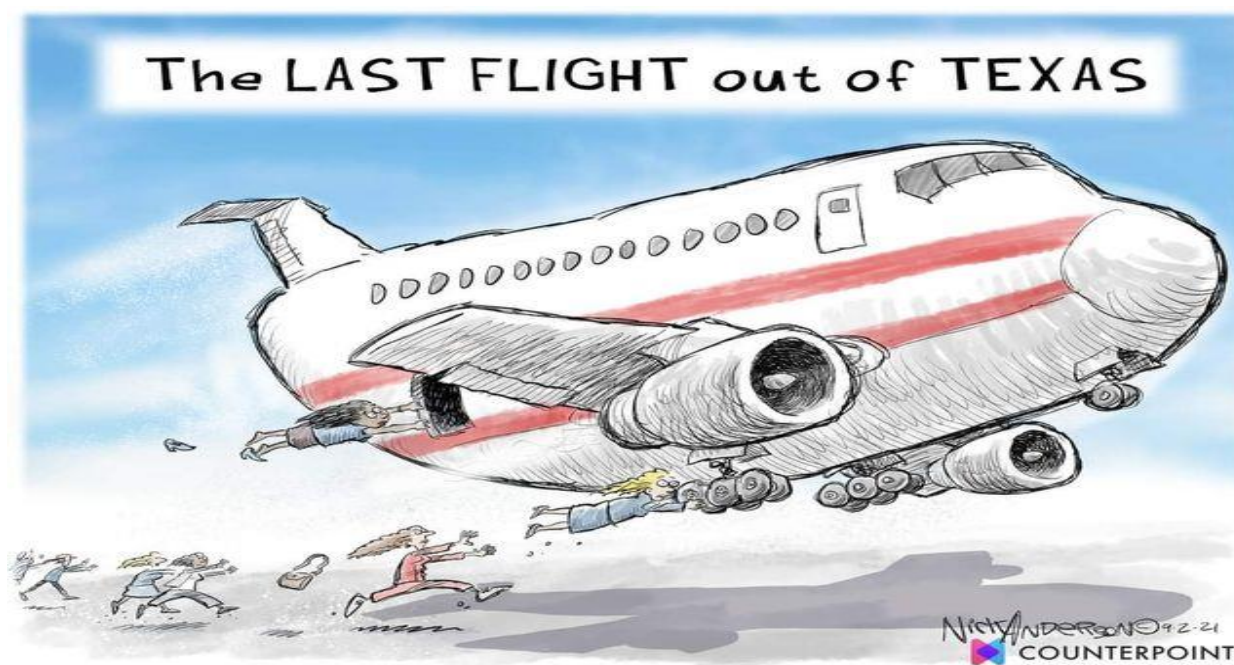


The moment we dreaded has arrived. The believers have suddenly realized that they have a fully operational super-being at their beck and call, and all they have to do is ask their Supreme Creator of the Universe to eradicate us. All they needed to do is take advantage of the organizational efficiency of Facebook to gather their hordes and tell God what to do with a global prayer to end atheism. They finally figured it out. Next Thursday, 12 August 2021, this will be us.



Yeah, every atheist has been quaking in terror, dreading that moment when Christians finally realized the unstoppable power of prayer.

What are you all planning for next Friday? I guess I don't have to worry about what to wear, since we're all scheduled to have a grand naked orgy in Hell.



COMMENTARY

BULLSHIT



By James Longo

Bullshit, grade 'A' American Bullshit, it's everywhere. It is the glue that holds our society together. It's what makes America great. It's what keeps America great, and it is what will make America great again! It's in our advertisements. It is in our media. It is in our schools. It flows from every politician's lip, every salesman's tongue. *God bless America*. It needs all the help it can get.

The American Dream, where you have the opportunity for prosperity, success and upward mobility achieved through hard work with few barriers, but we really never define what

prosperity, success and upward mobility really is. I guess like life you get to decide, or do you get to be told.

Look I'm a son of a janitor and a waitress. They had 8th and 9th grade educations respectively, and I have been incredibly successful when that is taken into consideration. But, when you consider how much sacrifice they put in to get me an education – how could I let them down?

Let's say I was a child of a crack whore and a jailed father, what would my odds be of being where I am today. A lot slimmer. What if my father was a mid-level executive at a Fortune 500 company would my success be considered a success at all?

Remember my father saying to me "I have an 8th grade education, so you must get a college education and your children must get doctorates,"

I responded, "What about the generation after that?"

"They can be artists and bring beauty to the world."

When I grew up, I wanted to fight bull – not an actual bull, just their shit.

Needless to say, I thought by not having kids I saved at least two generations from incredible suffering, the doctorate seekers and the starving artists.

Have met people who have done incredible things and they thought of themselves as abject failures, and have met people who were morally, intellectually and fiscally bankrupt who thought of themselves as God's gift to the world. Success and failure like the American dream seems to be how you look at it. If that isn't the definition of bullshit what is?

When I grew up, I wanted to fight bull, not an actual bull, just their shit. As I lift my head from the grindstone from chasing the American Dream and realize it was just something to fill my life with while I waited for inspiration to take hold. All I see is absurdity and oblivion, and only three ways to handle it – rationalization, distraction, or just accept it.

How do you recognize bullshit? Is your bullshit the same as mine? What do you do when you find yourself surrounded by bull? Is it polite to scream out in a crowded room, "bullshit!"? When being fed a line of bullshit, should you just take it all in; accepting it even if you know it is all bullshit or do you feed them some of yours? What do you do when people believe their own bullshit? Not exactly a way to win friends and influence people.

According to Theodore Sturgeon, "Ninety percent of everything is bullshit." That leaves ten percent that isn't bullshit on everything you hear. To quote Stephen King, "Money talks, bullshit walks." Or maybe the line from Woodward and Bernstein is best, "Follow the money."

Sometimes isn't just better to go along to get along. I heard you think it, Bullshit!

For those of you who understand that "alternative fact" is just another term for **bullshit:**



Maybe now you can understand what "alternative medicine" is.

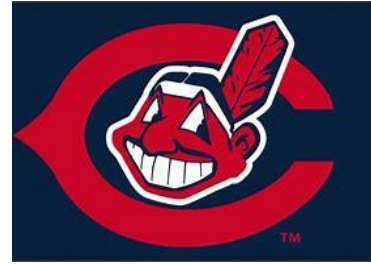
Correct Speech II



By Ed Zillioux

A few weeks ago, I wrote my first piece on correct speech which started off by recanting a few instances where I inadvertently crossed over (or fell over) the male-female or, much earlier, the boy-girl barrier that exists between strangers of opposite sexes. I then ended with a recent encounter with a 'Trumpy' at a bar that I joyfully, though calmly, goaded into having a drink with me before he discovered that, in his words, I was a "fucking liberal." The scream-fest that followed (his not mine) earned me a free bourbon from the delighted bartender.

But the topic “Correct Speech” presents many possibilities. First, what I’m really talking about is “Acceptable Speech.” The righteous among us have prevailed! Is this good? Is it bad? Should this movement be shunned or embraced? My opinion is that it’s a mix; but I guess we must have “STANDARDS.” Ugh – *oops, can’t use that word.*



The most obvious, in-your-face, some would say most absurd, application of the “acceptable” is a movement that really took hold in the 1970s: the sports teams, their names, their logos, their mascots. At my count, at least 15 university and pro teams have been pressured or forced to change one, two, or all three of these identifiers, some having been in use for over 100 years. Just a few examples: the latest of these changes, on July 23rd the Cleveland Indians announced that its name would change to the Cleveland



Guardians after the 2021 season – their former logo of Chief Wahoo had already bit the dust after the 2018 season; Arkansas State University changed its mascot from the Indians to the Red Wolves in January 2008; the Midwestern State University Indians in Wichita Falls, Texas, became the Mustangs in 2006; before becoming the Redhawks in 1997, Miami University of Ohio were known as the Redskins. Do you see a pattern? Virtually all identity changes of teams thus far have been related to real or potential affronts to American Indians. And they’re only getting started.

In my opinion the most absurd name changes along these lines was just recently announced by a scientific society. The entomological Society of America has removed the “gypsy moth” and the “gypsy ant” from its official list of common names



for insects because those terms include an ethnic slur against the Romani people. The average person, let alone the average person of Romani descent, likely doesn't even know these insects exist. (*Oops – I think I did it again.*)



Let's move on to place names. First advocated by a graduate student working on her doctorate who became obsessed by all the geological formations and place names that carry what amounts to slurs on race or gender or more. For example, among the most common are many repetitions of the words "Negro" and "Squaw." In 2015, 1,441 federally recognized places were identified as having questionable or objectionable names. These places range from national forests, streams, and wilderness areas to features within the built environment such as bridges and monuments. The student's advocacy was eventually heard by politicians, resulting in the "Reconciliation in Place Names Act," originally introduced in the House by then-Congresswoman Deb Haaland (D-NM, now Secretary of the Interior). It was reintroduced in the Senate by



Senators Edward Markey (D-Mass), Elizabeth Warren (D-Mass) and Congressman Al Green (D-Texas). This bill would address all land units and geographic features with racist and bigoted names.



What's next? It has often been said that the value or reasonableness of an idea or concept can be tested by taking it to its most extreme interpretation then see if it still makes sense. So here we go – feel free to ignore the remainder of this essay. The White race has expropriated American Indian names without consent or recompense to name their cities, states and various built environments across the USA from Seattle to Chicago to Oneida and down to Alabama and back across to Chattanooga, Mississippi, then up to Cheyenne and back down to Tucson, and Santa Fe. What if they wanted them all back?? There would be plenty of far left (i.e., way left of our most progressive) advocates joining forces with protestors from organizations within the Tribal Nations such as those that rallied behind the "Reconciliation in Place Names Act" and cheered its passage. It's coming! Think of it as a huge Jobs bill. Tens of thousands of road signs that would

have to be replaced, revisions of all existing atlases, revamping of all GPS devices, reauthorization of political districts, as well as their congressional and senatorial representatives, the recalling of license plates, even Broadway Musicals such as Oklahoma would have to



be rewritten, the Chicago Blackhawks (yes,

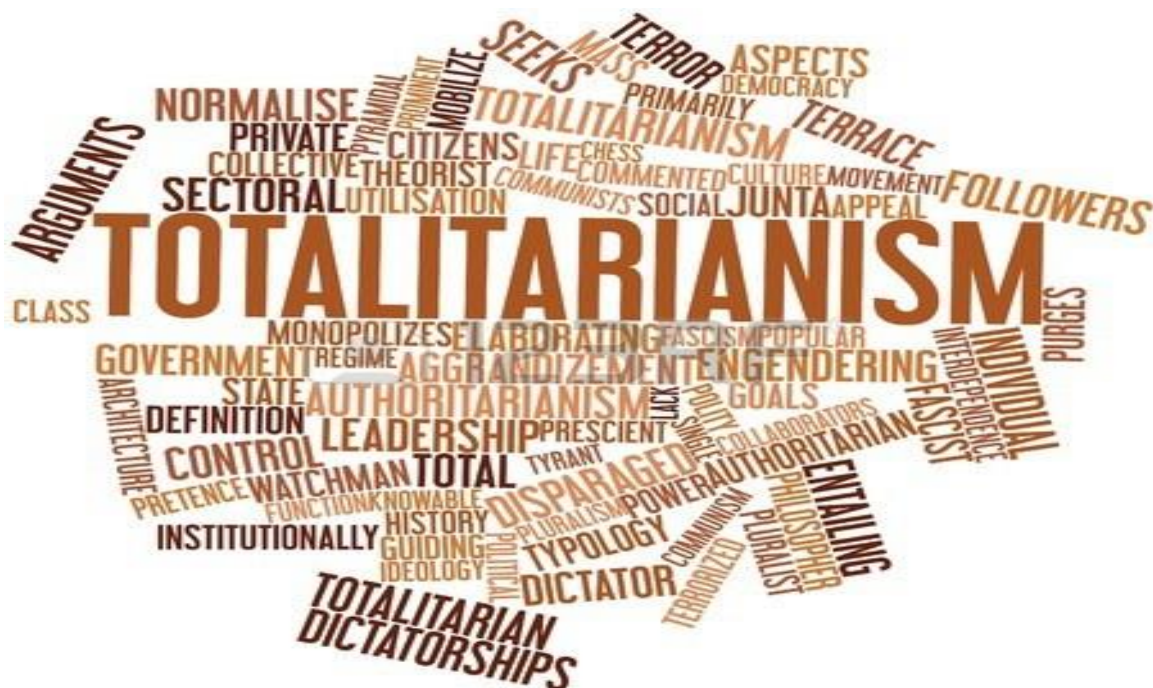
“Black Hawk” was the name of a famous

Indian chief) will be hit with a double whammy. Even the United States of

America – did anyone ever think of asking Amerigo Vespucci for permission to

bastardize his name??? (to honor the then famous Vespucci, the name “America” was

first applied to all or part of the “New World” in 1507 by the cartographer Martin Waldseemüller five years before Vespucci’s death). It’s a new day, Ya gotta think of these things!!





Hi, we had the most in the area – 8 inches of rain – a river out in the street. But I had sealed the basement long ago so we are OK. Can't say for a lot of folks around here. Let's see – fires, floods, hurricanes, 100+ degrees across the country, electric grids down... oh, and a pandemic. Well, at least there is no global warming. And then there's this...

I don't tweet or Facebook or Instagram, ETC., but I expect, with the dire situation of our freedom and democracy in peril, and the next gathering of traitors, primed to commit sedition again on September 18th. I understand they are still



led by Trump, Pence, McCarthy, McConnell, Thomas, Alito, Gorsuch, Kavanaugh, Barrett and echoes of Steven Miller, Perdue, Ross, Devos, Bernhardt, Pompeo, Chao, Meadows, Sessions and Barr. They also know that they nearly accomplished a coup – and there is still hope that all the aforementioned will “be returned to make America great again!”

Here's where we are...



1 – Supreme Court is now run by *The Vatican*. Roberts controls nothing except that at the moment, the court bears his name, and its agreement to allow treasonous violence against ALL American women. Note that [Nuremberg] Criminal War Trials revealed that it was the German Judicial System that sold out starting with ratification of the racist *Nuremberg Laws*. This time, instead of taking away rights from Jews, our ‘Court’ had widened the scope and proclaimed that it is ‘legal’ to take away medical care from ALL women in Texas (soon to be spread to FL, AZ, GA and AR...) and take control of their bodies. They have even sanctioned bounty hunting on women who try to maintain their health, reproductive systems and rid themselves of the results of rape, illness and medical threat to their very lives.

2 – The Legislative Branch of [our] Federal Government is completely non-functional and beholden to what is jokingly called Capitalism. Translation – corporations own the Fascist legislation “leaders” and the wimpy, impotent lemmings called Senators and

Representative who daily bow and grovel to hold onto their "jobs", perks, health care and pensions. Hitler and his pals got rid of the Legislative Branch of the German government overnight. They burned it down. Our Proud-Boys...Oath Keeper anti-American/anti-Constitutional, misogynist, racist, bigots, now known as "Republicans," seem to prefer slower, more openly violent methods to overthrow the government of "We the People" and Democracy.



3 – With two branches of America's federal government destroyed, THIS LEAVES ONLY THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH. SO, ON SEPTEMBER 18TH THIS IS WHAT I EXPECT WILL BE ATTEMPTED.

AN ATTACK ON THE WHITE HOUSE!!! AN ATTEMPT TO SHUT DOWN ALL AGENCIES!!!



RIGHT THING TO DO, (DONE POORLY)



The British tried and failed. Then the Russians were defeated. And as of this past Sunday, 08.21 the United States abandon hope and Afghanistan women after twenty years, 2500 lives lost, and a trillion dollars spent in suppressing terrorism/saboteurs and wishfully bringing peace and self-rule to a nation of tribes who have been fighting each other for hundreds of years.

The Pentagon's generals have been deluding themselves throughout. Never had to deal with a fanatical religious-based culture; untrustable, unreasonable, unteachable, and illiterate. Taliban commanders were not trained at West Point. The seeming fanaticism to Western eyes of the Taliban's application of Sharia/Islamist law turns back this culture a hundred years, or more. The suppression of women, so all exclusive of self-fulfillment and self-realization to be incomprehensible.

Video of recent events at the Kabul airport are unlike anything seen before. And there are babies and small children everywhere. The fundamentalist urge to have babies, perhaps the only role women provide in these cultures is never observed or mentioned in stateside news reporting/broadcasts. The treatment of women and the propensity for conflict must be lain at the feet of religion. No loving thy neighbor, no peace on earth and good will. Only fanaticism, retribution, and hatred of the other.



The failure, or is it willful blindness to understand the power, irrefutable influence of religion upon these Islamic nations will forever stymie American influence and effectiveness in the region. Why cannot the television networks, and the strongest newspapers say out loud, religion is compelling all of this? Religion is to blame. Fundamental to Islamist thinking and motivation while impossible for western cultures to so much as mentioned. *



**Editor's note: Total of 124,334 People Were Evacuated From Afghanistan*

ON THE USE OF THE 'N-WORD' BY WHITE FOLK



By Dan Vignau

Recently, I saw a Trump T-shirted woman being interviewed about the GOP election fraud fantasy. After a bit of posturing with the newsman, she ended the conversation with, "I know it is true. I saw it on TV." Wow! Imagine being so gullible that your standard of proof is that it was "On TV"!

Could we Aware Ones be nearly so susceptible to that indoctrination? Of course we are. We have recently been discussing the usage of the N-Word, specifically, why can't we say it if blacks do? Well folks, I too have seen this derogatory term used by blacks on television, albeit mostly by comics or in cinematic dramatizations.

Here is my question: Other than the mass media – especially song lyrics, movies, and by stand-up comics – where else do you hear this term spoken? Was it by anyone you really want to look up to? To emulate? Do you really associate with anyone who uses this word? Have you even heard some stranger use it?

Well yes, in the news, but racists!

And, unfortunately, from some of us Aware Ones in our discussions.

Just, try to name a social situation where you have heard it used, but not in a quote or example of its use. Can you tell us about any Blacks using the word in public? Can you name a Black friend who used it? Name a Black friend ... period.

You have heard me use the 'N-word': I said it first in a quote from a hilarious episode of *The Dave Chappelle Show*, in which Dave plays a blind-from-birth, Black Klan leader, named, Clayton Bigsby. Clayton's blackness had been hidden from him by his teachers at his school for blind kids, because he was such a vociferous racist. This cutting-edge skit was done as a parody of the PBS investigative journal, *Frontline*, and narrated by a perfect rendition of a pompous *Frontline* commentator. When the adult Clayton is unmasked, the image of him shouting "White Power!" is both comical and wonderfully effective at making fun of bigotry. But the best part is the ending with the commentator portentously concluding Clayton's story, "When asked why Mr. Bigsby divorced his wife of 23 years, he said, 'Because she's a [pause] nigger-lover'." (I am not even comfortable when quoting it.)



I asked what might be a better term for Samuel L. Jackson's sinister character, Stephen, the plantation's head 'House N-word', in Quentin Tarantino's powerful movie of pre-civil war slavery, *Django Unchained*. Was Stephen the epitome of another denigration, specifically, an "Uncle Tom"? (Curiously, Stephen was the person actually in charge of the Candie Land plantation – rather than the

cruel land baron, Calvin Candie (Leonardo DiCaprio) – while still appearing to act like a Stepin Fetchit, shuck’n and jive’n caricature).

Both times I used the word, I felt fully humiliated from our group’s total silence. Graciously, Bert softened the blow with, “As opposed to a ‘Field N-word’?” (*Thanks Bert! I really mean that. Above, I wrote the word as a quote, which is still not a good thing to do, but it was for an illustrative purpose ... as if that really matters*).

While growing up, I dare say that most of us were never around inveterately ignorant racists, even though we were always exposed in some manner. In first grade in North Georgia, I did not realize that I was around racists, if only surreptitiously. One day, I came home from school and told my family what I can only assume was a racist joke I had heard at school. My mom summarily sat me down and told me every racist joke she had ever heard. For many decades, I did not know these were racist jokes. Instead of using the ‘n-word’, mom told them to me as ‘Little Moron’ jokes. After that, whenever anyone told a racist joke in my presence, I would chime in – of course! – with a ‘Little Moron’ joke. For some reason, people quit telling me racist jokes ... or any jokes for that matter.



My family owned a small-town movie theater, which had a balcony that had previously been segregated for Blacks. However, when we owned it, not one Black ever attended a show. In fact, I never even saw a Black person in town, except when I drove our housekeeper home. It was only then that I discovered just where all the Black people lived. That was racism in the extreme. Blacks were hidden from view, except when they were needed.

Our tiny downtown grocery store was part of a chain called, “White Stores”. This was a time when my summer job town, Scottsboro, as well as my mother’s birth town Tellico Plains, had at their city limits, billboards with a drawing of a donkey kicking a

Black person in the rear, with the message, "Don't let the sun set on your *(Drawing of the donkey kicking)* in (This town)".

There was a *Sambo's* restaurant that even had murals of Tigers chasing Black boys around a pole, aka the ditty, "Little Black Sambo", in which a tiger chased a N-word person, a toe was grabbed, and the black person churned himself into butter, including the lines, "Grab a Nigger by his toe", and "Chase a tiger Nigger 'round a pole".



When visiting my dying great-Grandmother in Tellico, we even had to hide her long-time Black helper under a blanket in the floor of the third seat in our station wagon. Racism was rampant, but I was unaware.

I always wondered why Blacks, who were watching their children become road slaves for being vagrant, i.e., loitering downtown without \$5.00 on them, or for being shown in the News being hosed down and chased by dogs, seemed to always avoid the Court House Square that was the downtown area? *(True fact: If a Black family spent \$20 at the store and were then stopped while holding less than \$5.00 in change, they could go to prison to be farmed out to local paving contractors or as plantation workers for land barons. The most noxious example of post-reconstruction Laissez Faire Capitalism.)*

One must wonder why anyone we respect would defend the right to use racist terminology, or any kind of denigrating terminology JUST BECAUSE "THEY" GET TO USE THOSE TERMS!?! Maybe most blacks would not be offended, *but why take a chance on offending even one person you do not know?*

The actual answer is the same for Whites and Blacks who get too much of their social information from mass media, that is television,

movies, and music, or what Frank Zappa sang as, "The Slime ... coming out of your TV set."

We are continually inundated with right wing propaganda. Some of it totally overt, but way too much is by omission. Serious anti-war protester and professor, Noam Chomsky, *who has at least 47 awarded degrees and has written over a hundred bestselling books*, says the answer to our free speech dilemma is quite simple. Bigotry is done by the advertisers of the corporate establishment. Our system of monopoly capitalism places the blame for our industrial and social downfall on minorities, rather than where it belongs, on the very corporations that have spent centuries destroying civilizations through extraction of their resources, the genocide of their populace and cultures, and which are now working on pocketing the last of the Earth's bounty as we lose the ability to sustain life on the planet.

Let's ask ourselves, "Is free speech a value worth keeping? If so, can privileged white people use derogatory words?"



Of the first question, Chomsky states that we have two choices: Either support free speech ... or not, even when *the ACLU totally takes a stand contrary to our beliefs; otherwise let's be content with a Stalinist/Fascist regime that determines the words and thoughts we are allowed to have*. Our corporately sponsored news programs are already the pawns of industry. Not just by what they report, but also how it is reported, and most importantly, *what they do not cover*. The role of such news programs is simply to keep us scared enough to not change the channel, so that when the sponsors can use rote learning techniques to indoctrinate us as to which of their

products to feel necessary to own. The news program. Itself, teaches us whom to hate, and what can be talked about.

Now onto the second question: Should white people be allowed to use the N-Word?

Well, here goes: HELL NO!

The question should not be whether White people should be allowed to use derogatory words, but why are Blacks not taught enough about their own history? We teach that White men built America for White men. Women's thought and votes were added later. Minorities need to understand that they are often being exploited by their oppressors, who pay for well-known Blacks to say these words in the media, and by their own people who have been indoctrinated to think that it is just fine to use these terms within their group.

But who are we to say they should not reclaim such words for their own use? Who are they to say, we cannot? Are we really ready for Q'Anon and other bigots to publicly use such terms? Because some Blacks do? If a term makes someone uncomfortable, it should *not* be used?

"Well, Spike Lee does it," you might say. Yes, he and his cohorts do this to establish a rapport with their audience. We are not his prime audience. It is his right to try to reclaim the word and ameliorate its derogatory meaning through extensive usage, as do rap artists.

Word meaning and reactions are still situational. If you really want to express your white privilege, drive through a ghetto while shouting, "Hello Niggers. I am so damned liberal that I want you to understand that my feelings of white, somewhat intellectual, supremacy allow me to call you that. But I am still cool."

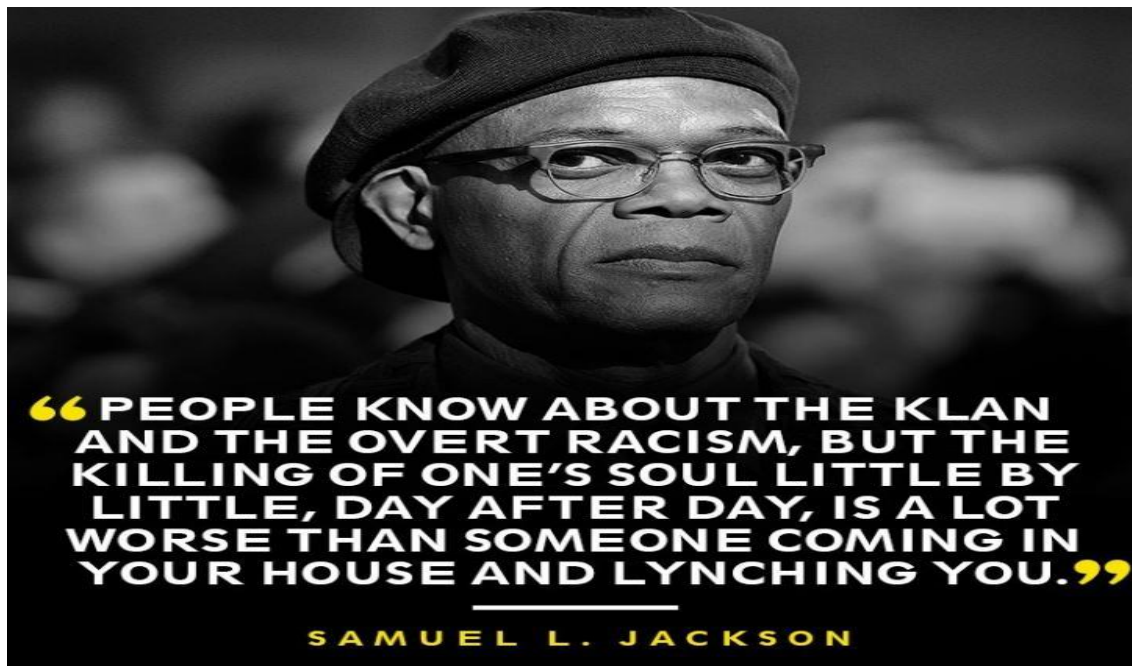
Those might be your last self-centered, hypocritically obnoxious words.

Champion boxers, Joe Louis (in the 30's and 40's) and Muhammad Ali (in the 60's and 70's), NFL quarterback Warren Moon, and yes, President Obama have all borne the burden of being black. Yet, their characters, their drive, education and dignity helped them rise above institutionalized, rampant bigotry.

When he refused to enter military service, Mohammad Ali said, "No Viet Cong ever called me a Nigger." Warren Moon said he was so distracted by worry about being a good enough representative of his race, that it was much later when he realized he could have been a better quarterback without that burden. *(I will never forget how racists used to say about Moon, "He isn't smart enough to be a good quarterback." How could he be? Tacitly: Blacks are inferior in intellect! Saying that someone is a "Credit to their race" is in itself a racist comment, coded for "Pretty good for a Spook".*

Yet still, Fox News continuously ran a daily countdown of the number of days Barack Obama had left until he would be defeated for his second term. *(I first saw it at 300 days or so. On their more racist broadcasts, this counter never left the Fox television screen during those years.)*

BECAUSE THEY USE IT! Seriously?



Our *(supposedly liberal)* media still glorify "The American Way", including our wars. *(I want to add that racist whites who think it is OK to use derogatory terms should think of themselves as terrorists of sorts, abetted by the liberalism that makes privileged white people think it is just fine for them to use the terms, too, including me, when I quoted The Chappelle show.)*

Famous Black people have been said to bear the burden of being black. When Joe Louis lost to Max Schmeling in 1936, he said that he felt the weight of the disappointment in Black America, because he had not trained seriously enough for the first bout. He was determined to rectify that issue, and it paid off. Louis thrilled the world, especially Black America.

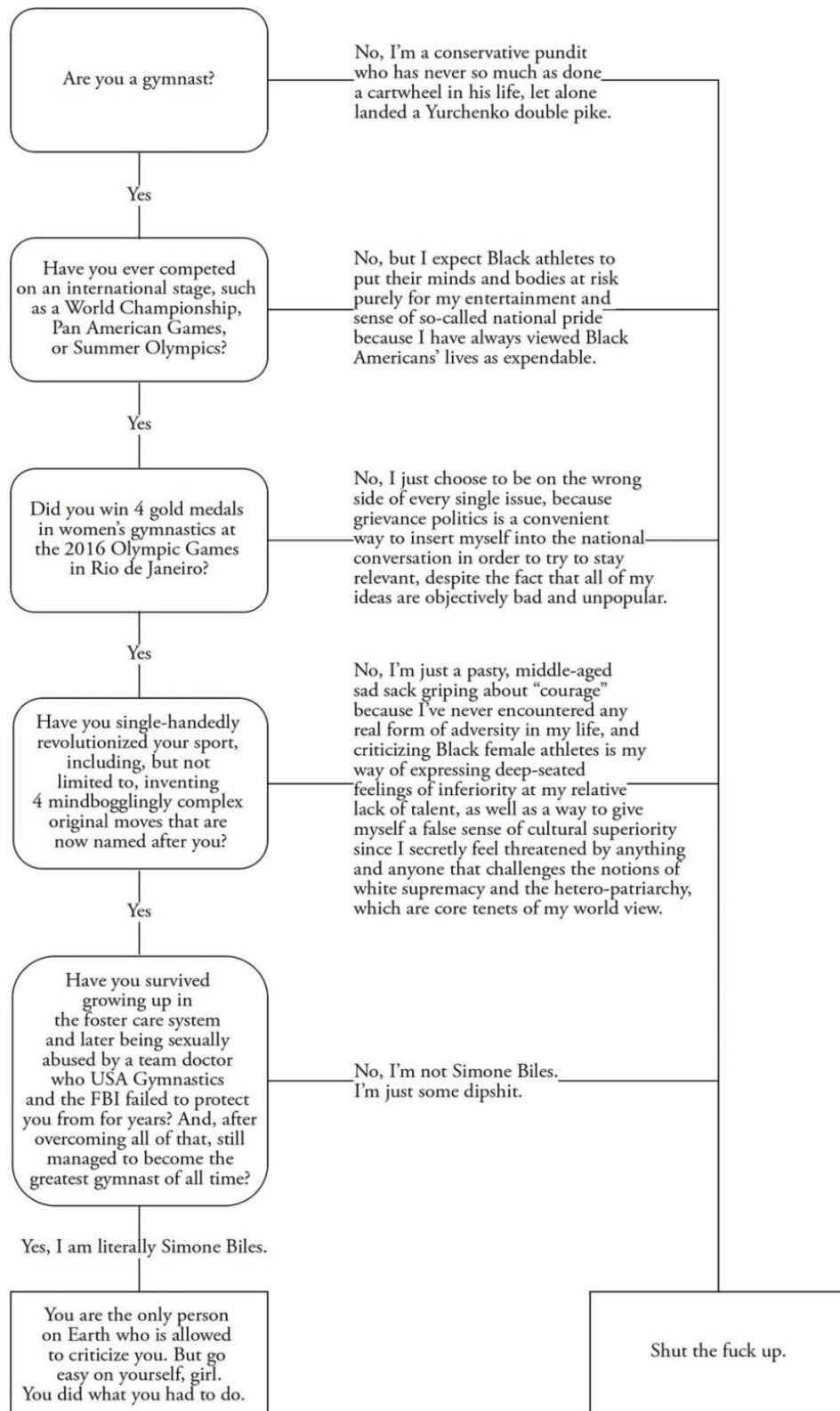
Still, the “liberal” Washington Post published this: *“Joe Louis, the lethargic, chicken-eating, young colored boy reverted to his dreaded role of “the brown bomber” tonight”*.

Many *Cancel Culture* protagonists want to delete such words from our literature, along with allowing us to teach actual Black history, not just the whitewashed versions taught now. That is plainly wrong. We should not delete the N-Word, but we should teach all Americans that the N-Word has been used to keep blacks in their place, as sub-human beings. It was used to dehumanize slaves, and later Black freedmen. We should teach what really happened in America. Howard Zinn should be required reading for all school kids, not for few grad students. Rather than fight for the freedom to possibly denigrate someone, we need to teach the historical context of the word to everyone: “Red and Yellow, Black, and White; They are precious in *His* sight” describes all precious human beings. Once more, I ask, before you use this term, try to remember the situations and circumstances in which you last heard it in real time. Don't become the Trump T-Shirt wearing lady, who “Saw it on TV!”

Let's not give the ignorant racists any fodder for their continuing effort to bring those days back. Racism is rampant in the US. It can get worse. Let's not add fuel to that biased thought.

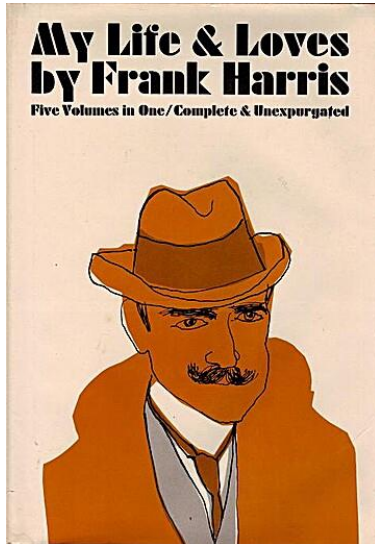


BONUS: Via McSweeney's: "Are You Allowed to Criticize Simone Biles?: A Decision Tree"



Oh, Hell Yes!

By Virgil Thorp (aka Herman Nietzsche)



There are two main traditions of English writing: the one of perfect liberty, that of Chaucer and Shakespeare, completely outspoken, with a certain liking for lascivious details and witty smut, a man's speech: the other emasculated more and more by Puritanism and since the French Revolution, gelded to tamest propriety; for that upheaval brought the illiterate middle-class to power and insured the domination of girl-readers. Under Victoria, English prose literature became half childish, as in stories of "Little Mary", or at best provincial, as anyone may see who cares to compare the influence of Dickens, Thackeray and Reade in the world with the influence of Balzac, Flaubert and Zola. From the Foreword of My life and loves by Frank Harris, 1922, Paris, France.

Preface?

Some books don't need a preface, this one does. A close friend asked me with nervous self-consciousness, "Can pornography be educational?"

"Oh, hell yes!" I replied without hesitation. And, of that, I have no doubt. As a youth, I had to find out why I woke up with a "boner" every morning. "Hard-on" and "erection" were not in my vocabulary (yet), and it was not a subject I felt I could take up with my parents. I do not know who would be more embarrassed, them or me. They had a problem with explaining sex to their children. So, through hormonal curiosity, much of my education, reading ability and vocabulary has been attained through my voracious search for and through pornography. That I was exposed to classical literature and art was a valuable secondary benefit.

There was no internet when my pursuit began and I had to rely on various tomes of obscure writers, clinical dictionary definitions

and descriptions of body parts and functions, and the poorly hidden smut stashes of my friends' parental jerk-off material. I like to say that in Jr. High School, a mimeographed manuscript of the

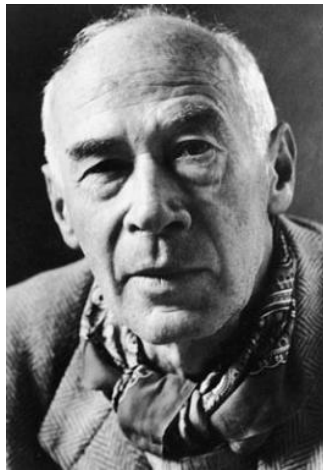


spicey short story, *Behind the Green Door* (to my delight, later turned into a sizzling triple-x movie by the porn pioneers, Artie and Jim Mitchell) circulated our afternoon study hall. In it "A beautiful woman is abducted and initiated into a live sex act on a private stage, participating in lesbianism, interracial sex and a multiple participant public orgy."

It was compellingly hot! You knew who had it by who was being excused to go to the bathroom for a little private time. When my turn came, I almost did not make it out the door and I re-read it three eye-scorching times before I was able to return to study hall without having an unsightly tenting in my trousers. I do admit that the returned manuscript to being a little more dog-eared, plus a trifle more 'dewy' than when I received it. Then, after a couple of weeks of guilt and certainty that I would spend eternity in hell, I thought, "what the fuck!" Maybe I was hooked, a porn junkie. Could hell be the place where I am happiest?*

Inspired, I scoured bookstores and magazine racks for novels by Alberto Moravia, Henry Miller, Marco Vassi, Iceberg Slim, Harold Robbins, and the Marquis de Sade among others for my fix of pornography. I may not have completely understood all of what they meant when I first read them, but I studied their literary works like *Justine*, *The Tropic of Cancer*, *The Gentle Degenerates*, *The Rosy Crucifixion*, Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* and *The Pearl*, a Victorian publication with serialized wantonness that

broached limits and taboos (maybe *The Pearl* was a response to Harris' sour observation of Victorian prose). It helped that I was tall for my age to acquire this literature and through reading it, I learned more each day. I could tell, these authors had been



“To relieve
a full bladder
is one of the
great human
joys.”

-Henry Miller

there. Their pages vibrated with salacious experience and would, for a time, satiate my lusts. But, I feared the warnings about pornography being addictive were true. I did want more, and I realized there was no return to virgin ignorance.

I had wondered as a kid; did any of my heroes, like Davy Crockett, have a sex life? The biography in the Jr. High School's library seemed oblivious to Davy's libido up to and including his demise at the Alamo. What about my mom and dad? Did they enjoy the intimate raptures of sixty-nine? (I certainly hope so!) The autobiography of Frank Harris, *My Life and Loves*, (a chapter of which was turned into the Hollywood 1958 motion picture, *Cowboy*, which featured Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon as Harris) explained sexuality, racism, and human exploitation through Harris' scandalous sexual experiences as he traveled America, Europe and Asia. I thought his idea of screwing a variety of women of all sizes, races and ethnicities around the world was a sound one that I attempted to emulate and learn from. Which I did with profound revelations and tender epiphanies.

Some critics said Harris was a liar. His erotic exploits seemed fantastic, but I read him differently. I thought he spoke truth. The sexuality made Harris a real person for me. I was happy to identify with him. Harris made me think, did those exalted historic personalities who we've elevated to near deities and demigods also have sex lives? Did they make love with

tenderness and sensitivity to bring their partner(s) pleasure? Or were they cheap? Were they selfish? Were they indifferent? Did they only take and decline to give pleasure? Did they refuse to take “no” for an answer? Did they know the subtle difference between an invitation and a command?

This is as important a character issue as whatever non-sexual, historical, or political thing they are revered and remembered for. I recall my envious disillusionment learning that Thomas Jefferson diddled his negro female slaves, probably while he penned the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson might as well have slapped me across the face. The noble phrase, “that all men are created equal” stands out in its contradiction – and so there it is. A young man’s idol falls from his pedestal. *Oh no, I’m crushed! Thomas Jefferson was human.* He had an undesirable foible. No longer virtuous. Stark, duplicitous, nonconsensual reality. The shameful thing is that it has taken a couple of centuries to admit the tawdry fact that Jefferson liked his chocolate lusciously dark.

Who else in history wasn’t naughty? How many mistresses did Henry the Eighth have? Did Russian Empress, Catherine the Great have a male harem and did she really screw her horses? Was it true? Or was it just jealous spite from her green-eyed



rivals in the 18th century Tsarist court in St. Petersburg. Should we condemn her for that? Perhaps we should study how she was able to accomplish the feat!

Pornography is a realism that, like LSD, brings the conscious face-to-face with the subconscious where the naughty thoughts lounge around waiting for trouble. The things that are sweetly pretty vs. the things that are uncomfortably yucky. Often, we do not know what ugly pornography is and what may be beautiful pornography. Nature is a Ying and yang of high and low, near and far and if they are turned on their sides, we do not know which end is up. How could such grit be so god-damned sublime?

United States' Supreme Court justice, Potter Stewart, declared in *Jacobellis vs. Ohio* that "I [would] know [pornography] when I

"Sex and art are the same thing."

— Pablo Picasso



Catherine the Great's erotic table.

see it." I agree. It is like art. And, most importantly, it is art. Some art enthralls and some disgusts. Yet, there is something vibrantly human in sexual congress, something definitively genus and species in our basic nature because, yes, we are animals. I have seen rapture in artistic sculptures that I have also witnessed on the faces of my partners during the throes of ecstatic orgasm. This is precious, this is humbling, this should be embraced, and this should be shared.

Did Da Vinci, Michelangelo, or any of the old masters' experience and study intimate humanity to be able to capture those looks so

vibrantly? I suspect they did, often. Because it isn't who is depraved as much as who denies their depravation; since we've

discovered that any notion of piety is a wretched lie. To neuter reality to make it sound piously holy, to make it flatly castrated, would be a hideously hypocritical sin, like Harris' critique of late 19th century English literature; "*gelded to tamest propriety*". And how could reality be so obscene that no one should be allowed to see it or to read it?

I found these definitions: *The test for obscenity is "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest."*

And; "A work cannot be proscribed unless it is 'utterly without redeeming social importance,' and, hence, material that deals with sex in a manner that advocates ideas, or that has literary or scientific or artistic value or any other form of social importance, may not be held obscene and denied constitutional protection." (*Roth v. United States*, 354 U. S. 476. Pp. 378 U. S. 191-195.)

Eureka! So, what you will find in this "book" is a collection of "redeeming social importance" editorials from my years as editor of Contact Advertising's stable of alternative lifestyle magazines. These titles ranged from heterosexual, self-effacing contact swinger's titles like *Update* and *Florida Swinging Moderns* to kinky sadomasochistic interest titles like *Get Kinky* and *Mistress Diamond's Passion*; and LGBTQ publications, *Cruisin!*, *BiTimes*, and *TV/TS Chronicles*.

The pertinent word is "contact" which means catering to those who, vicariously or not, want to find someone who will consent to fuck them or be fucked by them. Unfortunately, the contact magazine business – for that was what it really was – was killed by the internet which murdered practically all printed publications from newspapers to magazines. (The internet was to communication as much as compact discs were to album art and digital recordings to analog-rhythmic music. Fucking ruined it.)

It also contains – not so much a “how to” primer into alternative lifestyles such as swinging and kinky bdsm, but more as a “want to” narrative of descriptions of events, interviews, and personal degeneracy. It suggests a two-sided self-image of a sexual revolutionary and a sexual dilettante. It is that dichotomy that distresses psyches and for some people, has led some poor repressed bastards to tragedies as they attempted to deal with those nasty hormones that being a human being entails. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*

The only prescription to repressed and neglected sexuality is a ravenous desire for education and elucidation of our prurient interests (fuck Potter Stewart, fuck the supreme court, drink the wine and free the nipple). Bon Appetit.



** Fonda asked me, "why didn't you share the story with the girls in study hall?" Didn't I wish! The real shame was that at our age then, we weren't nearly sophisticated enough (yet) to share the story with the girls. A certain acculturation was necessary, but I like to think they would have found it exciting. Fonda and I did when we watched the motion picture in The Old Chelsea theater.*

It was a night of debauchery to remember.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, IN “AMERICAN”

July 4, 2021

(This translation of the original eighteenth-century document into twentieth-century American English was written by Henry Louis Mencken in 1921. It has been ever so slightly bowdlerized to avoid offending twenty-first century sensibilities.)

When things get so balled up that the people of a country got to cut loose from some other country, and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are not trying to put nothing over on nobody.



King George III

All we got to say on this proposition is this: first, me and you is as good as anybody else, and maybe a damn sight better; second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights; third, every man has got a right to live, to come and go as he pleases, and to have a good time whichever way he likes, so long as he don't interfere with nobody else. That any government that don't give a man them rights ain't worth a damn; also, people ought to choose the kind of government they want themselves, and nobody else ought to have no say in the matter. That whenever any government

don't do this, then the people have got a right to give it the bum's rush and put in one that will take care of their interests. Of course, that don't mean having a revolution every day like them South American yellow-bellies, or every time some jobholder goes to work and does something he ain't got no business to do. It is better to stand a little graft, etc., than to have revolutions all the time, and any man that wasn't a anarchist or one of them I.W.W.'s would say the same. But when things get so bad that a man ain't hardly got no rights at all no more, but you might almost call him a slave, then everybody ought to get together and throw the grafters out, and put in new ones who won't carry on so high and steal so much, and then watch them. This is the proposition the people of these Colonies is up against, and they have got tired of it, and won't stand it no more. The administration of the present King, George III, has been rotten from the start, and when anybody kicked about it he always tried to get away with it by strong-arm work. Here is some of the rough stuff he has pulled:

He vetoed bills in the Legislature that everybody was in favor of, and hardly nobody was against.

He wouldn't allow no law to be passed without it was first put up to him, and then he stuck it in his pocket and let on he forgot about it, and didn't pay no attention to no kicks.

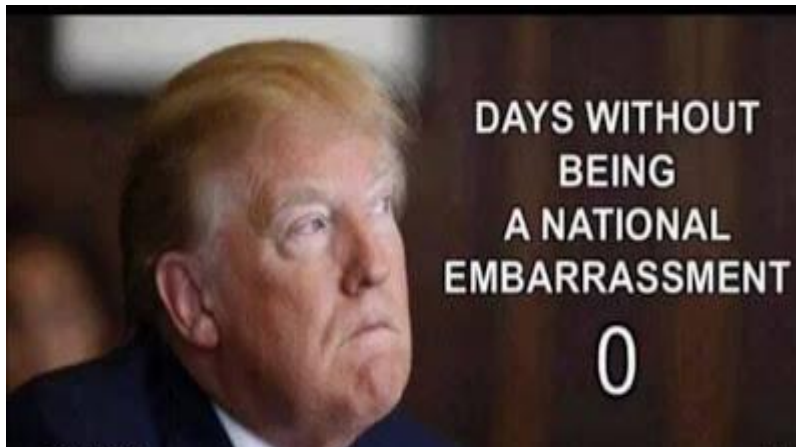
When people went to work and gone to him and asked him to put through a law about this or that, he give them their choice: either they had to shut down the Legislature and let him pass it all by himself, or they couldn't have it at all.

He made the Legislature meet at one-horse tank-towns, so that hardly nobody could get there and most of the leaders would stay home and let him go to work and do things like he wanted.

He give the Legislature the air, and sent the members home every time they stood up to him and give him a call-down or bawled him out.

When a Legislature was busted up he wouldn't allow no new one to be elected, so that there wasn't nobody left to run things, but anybody could walk in and do whatever they pleased.

He tried to scare people outen moving into these States, and made it so hard for a foreigner to get his papers that he would rather stay home and not try it, and then, when he come in, he wouldn't let him have no land, and so he either went home again or never come.



King Donald I (wannabee)?

He monkeyed with the courts, and didn't hire enough judges to do the work, and so a person had to wait so long for his case to come up that he got sick of waiting, and went home, and so never got what was

coming to him.

He got the judges under his thumb by turning them out when they done anything he didn't like, or by holding up their salaries, so that they had to knuckle down or not get no money.

He made a lot of new jobs, and give them to loafers that nobody knowed nothing about, and the poor people had to pay the bill, whether they could or not.

Without no war going on, he kept an army loafing around the country, no matter how much people kicked about it.

He let the army run things to suit theirself and never paid no attention whatsoever to nobody which didn't wear no uniform.

He let grafters run loose, from God knows where, and give them the say in everything, and let them put over such things as the following:

Making poor people board and lodge a lot of soldiers they ain't got no use for, and don't want to see loafing around.

When the soldiers kill a man, framing it up so that they would get off.

Interfering with business.

Making us pay taxes without asking us whether we thought the things we had to pay taxes for was something that was worth paying taxes for or not.

When a man was arrested and asked for a jury trial, not letting him have no jury trial.

Chasing men out of the country, without being guilty of nothing, and trying them somewheres else for what they done here.

In countries that border on us, he put in bum governments, and then tried to spread them out, so that by and by they would take in this country too, or make our own government as bum as they was.

He never paid no attention whatever to the Constitution, but he went to work and repealed laws that everybody was satisfied with and hardly nobody was against, and tried to fix the government so that he could do whatever he pleased.

He busted up the Legislatures and let on he could do all the work better by himself.

Now he washes his hands of us and even goes to work and declares war on us, so we don't owe him nothing, and whatever authority he ever had he ain't got no more.

He has burned down towns, shot down people like dogs, and raised hell against us out on the ocean.



He hired whole regiments of Dutch, etc., to fight us, and told them they could have anything they wanted if they could take it away from us, and sicked these Dutch, etc., on us.

He grabbed our own people when he found them in ships on the ocean, and shoved guns into their hands, and made them fight against us, no matter how much they didn't want to.

He stirred up the Indians, and give them arms and ammunition, and told them to go to it, and they have killed men, women and children, and don't care which.

Every time he has went to work and pulled any of these things, we have went to work and put in a kick, but every time we have went to work and put in a kick he has went to work and did it again. When a man keeps on handing out such rough stuff all the time, all you can say is that he ain't got no class and ain't fitten to have no authority over people who have got any rights, and he ought to be kicked out.

When we complained to the English we didn't get no more satisfaction. Almost every day we give them plenty of warning that the politicians over there was doing things to us that they didn't have no right to do. We kept on reminding them who we was, and what we was doing here, and how we come to come here. We asked them to get us a square deal, and told them that if this thing kept on we'd have to do something about it and maybe they wouldn't like it. But the more we talked, the more they didn't pay no attention to us. Therefore, if they ain't for us they must be agin us, and we are ready to give them the fight of their lives, or to shake hands when it is over.

Therefore be it resolved, That we, the representatives of the people of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, hereby declare as follows: That the United States, which was the United Colonies in former times, is now a free country, and ought to be; that we have throwed out the English King and don't want to have nothing to do with him no more, and are not taking no more English orders no more; and that, being as we are now a free country, we can do anything that free countries can do, especially declare war, make peace, sign treaties, go into business, etc. And we swear on the Bible on this proposition, one and all, and agree to stick to it no matter what happens, whether we win or we lose, and whether we get away with it or get the worst of it, no matter whether we lose all our property by it or even get hung for it.



Henry Louis Mencken (H.L.)

ARTICLES

People and Gods



before Genesis

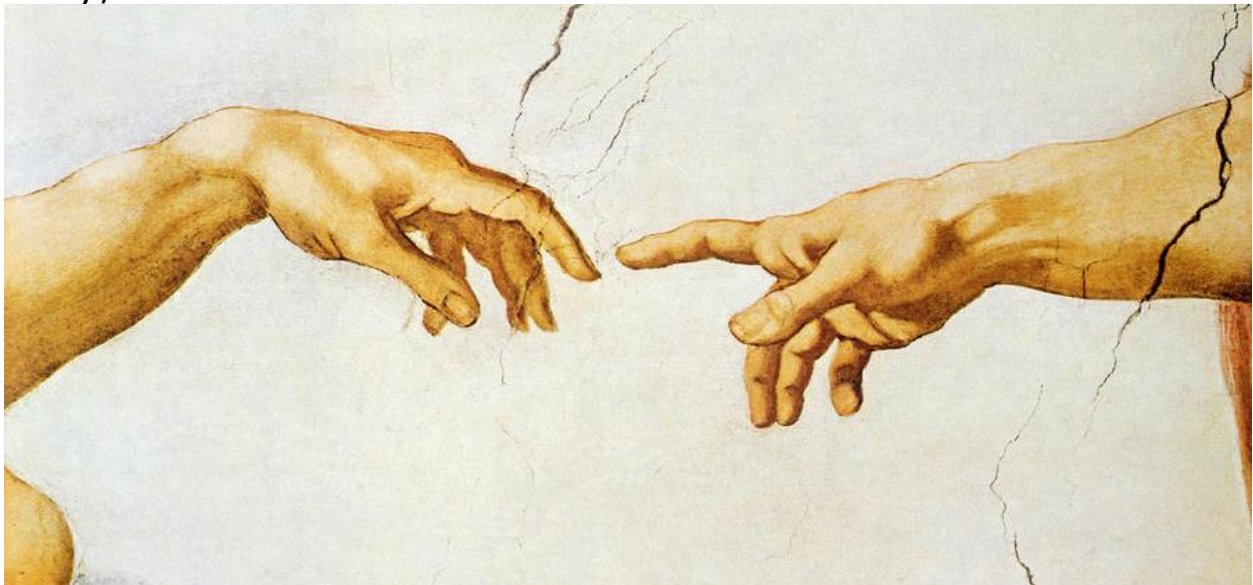
By Yashi Nozawa

Readers may wonder at the title of this article, as “genesis” means the very beginning of the universe, implying that people did not exist before the event. I took the word “Genesis” from the Old Testament of the Holy Bible. James Ussher, Anglican Archbishop of Armagh (today's Northern Ireland), published the following findings in 1650. After years of research on the Hebrew Bible, he determined the exact date of genesis, concluding that creation occurred in the night preceding October 23, 4004 BCE. This date became widely accepted. Starting about 1700 CE, the annotated version of the King James Bible included this date with

annotations and cross-references. Several other Biblical scholars calculated different dates between 6000 to 10,000 years ago.

Since the 17th century, our knowledge has increased dramatically, of course. Geologists now estimate the age of Earth (from radioactive rocks and other materials) to be about 4.55 billion years. On the other hand, astronomers, cosmologists, and scientists in related fields have determined the time of the creation of the universe to be about 14 billion years ago.

Despite our scientific advancements and expansion of educational opportunities, old ideas persist. A poll taken by Gallup in December 2010 indicated that more than 40 percent of American adults still believe that the biblical story of creation is a factual account. Some still believe that [a] god created the universe sometime between five and ten thousand years ago, as calculated by seventeenth-century Biblical scholars. Furthermore, some believers have formed organizations to promote "Young Earth Theory," the contemporary name of the biblical creation story, or "Creationism".



I am particularly interested in the puzzle of Judaism. Why and how did a protector god of a minority ethnic group, the Hebrews, become the principal deity of three of the world's major religions? As my solution-finding process, I will show you that we

have a much longer history than 10,000 years. Genesis in the Bible is only one of many different creation myths in the world.

Life on Earth appeared not very long after the Earth's formation. The first confirmed life forms are 3.3 billion-year-old fossils from Australia, in the form of cyanobacteria-like microbes. Molecular fossils from Greenland indicate the existence of life forms about 3.85 billion years ago. However, we have no idea what kind of lifeform had produced these fossils. From then on, lifeforms evolved to many different species.

Human beings – of the official biological name *Homo sapiens* – appeared between 200,000 and 120,000 years ago in Africa. The original *Homo sapiens* are often called Anatomically Modern Human (AMH) because their fossils and skeletons are identical to present-day humans. However, the behaviors and capabilities of the AMH are considerably different from modern humans. Apparent physical evolution seemed to stop, but the development of brain circuitry continued. Some of our ancestors migrated out of Africa about 60,000 years ago and eventually spread all over the globe.

Sometime between 80 and 50 thousand years ago, the brain circuitry of *Homo sapiens* evolved to a higher level. Human behavior became more inventive, adventurous, and reflective. The resemblance to modern humans became evident. They invented new tools, improved languages, developed regional cultures. They started thinking and wondered about the mysteries of nature. They learned to apply knowledge of one area to another unrelated area. For instance, body decoration and artwork emerged. People's hunting and food foraging efficiency increased. The seeds of religion appeared in this era.

But the combination of climate changes and decrease in food supply forced people to migrate and invent agriculture. Agriculture was developed in several places on Earth independently between 15,000 and 6000 years ago. Gradually people settled in one fixed location and became farmers. A tiny

number of people maintained the old-fashioned, pure hunter-gatherer lifestyle. They usually moved to areas further remote from settlements while chasing large animals and seeking wide-open spaces.

One of the characteristics of agriculture is the proportionality of yield and labor. It means that a larger labor force can yield more food. But a greater labor force also consumes more food than before. Production of more food requires more people, and so on. This cycle caused a rapid increase in population within a relatively short time. This cycle continued as long as virgin land for new fields was available,

The actual speed of population growth and accompanying social and environmental changes varied according to local climate and other environmental factors. The development of



social changes in different regions generally follows a similar pattern. The first stage of development is the formation of mega villages, which have a population of thousands. In a mega village, every family lived in similar housing in an egalitarian society. People selected their chief based on his reputation and prestige, not heredity. The base of the economy was gift-giving, i.e., village men give gifts to the chief in gratitude for allowing them to cultivate his land. The chief then returns more gifts and tokens

of his appreciation. The more donations he receives from the men of the village, the greater the chief's prestige.

Several villages coexist peacefully within a region. Heads among different villages periodically compete with each other with feasts, parties, and gifts. Each village also competes in the construction of monuments and other labor-intensive structures. More prominent and taller constructions yield higher prestige for a chief. Labor and resources required for construction are assembled based purely on the reputation and importance of the chief. These constructions were often necessary for agricultural society, such as astronomical observatories for calendar generation, storage houses, and burial places.

Different villages worshipped differently but to similar deities. Most deities were fertility gods, such as the well-known Stone Age Venus represented by a female figure with exaggerated sexual organs and a bull for male virility. Examples of the villages we have described are megalith structures spread around Europe. The most famous of these is probably Stonehenge, located near Amesbury and Salisbury in the United Kingdom. The current stone structure was erected around 2400 BCE, but the same site was used continuously as a sacred place since 8000 BCE. The original structure was wooden, later replaced many times with stone circles and other structures. The oldest known still standing stone structure in Africa is a circle used for astronomical observation in Nabta Playa, in the Nubian Desert, near the border between Egypt and Sudan.

In the Middle East, the ruin of Catal Huyuk in Anatolia, southern Turkey, is the largest and best-preserved settlement of the Neolithic period. It was occupied multiple times between 7500 and 5700 BCE. It consists entirely of residential buildings. The population varied but is estimated at 5000 to 10,000, with an average of 8000. Each house is a square shape of about 250 square feet. These standardized houses were built side-by-side, honeycomb fashion, with a total of more than 1000. There were no gaps between the houses, no streets or alleys. People used

the roofs for traffic. Each house had an opening in the ceiling for entry and ventilation. Access to the inside was by ladder. Buildings were built of mudbrick and plaster.

Most interesting is a group of larger rooms, which were used as shrines. Each was equipped with a small storeroom. They had elaborate murals on the walls, and other contents indicating their use for religious rituals. Excavators discovered many figurines carved and molded from marble, blue and brown limestones, schist, calcite, basalt, alabaster, and clay. They represented Venus, bulls, male organs, and combinations of those, which we would consider fertility deities.



The society was egalitarian with no different rank or positions, judging from housing and other objects. Male and female had equal status, and no sexual discrimination was found. People seemed skilled in agriculture and the husbandry of animals. They cultivated and stored cereals such as wheat and barley. They grew peas. They had domesticated sheep and

started to domesticate cattle also. However, the primary meat source was still wild animals procured by hunting. They collected almonds, pistachios, and fruit from the surrounding hills. They had significant industries, such as making pottery and fabric and constructing obsidian tools, which they traded with Syria and Mediterranean area merchants. The Mesopotamia region probably had similar villages, but flood and many resettlements of later civilizations in the same area completely erased their ruins.

The mega villages of the Neolithic were remarkable for their peace and prosperity. There seem to have been no wars between villages or with outside areas. There was no defensive facility or standing army. During this period, people did not develop any tools of war. However, like all other good things, this had to end eventually. The continuous increase in population and expansion of land use could not continue forever. The end of paradise on Earth around the world came relatively suddenly throughout the globe.





By Bert Mautz

Our seats were above the bullpen, down the right field line, almost over right field corner, always good for a double when the batter hits there. First pitch 1:10 pm, Saturday. We drove over to St. Pete that morning. The parking lots were filling fast over an hour before game time. Even the reserved handicapped were a

serious walk and roll from the first stage of getting into the stadium.



In these days of gun violence, you're gonna be scanned and patted down. Hid my pocketknife under my chair's seat cushion, smiling like a harmless old man to the friendly kid searching me. Skated on through.

The second entry step is the original stadium gates where they take your ticket. The immediately convenient elevator was halfway around the concourse level walkway encircling the

field, a great orientation to a stadium I've watched games played within countless times, but never experienced for real. The proponents of the ever so traditional parks like Wrigley, mock the tensile stressed skin of the Tampa Bay Rays', but I found it to be lovely, even without the artistic geometry of lawn mower tracks.



This was game two of a three game set with the White Sox, leading their division, in town to rough up the Rays, coincidentally enough, also leading their division. The Friday match up went Chicago's way but was close and competitive until the end. Our Saturday matinee, saw the Rays homer and score two in the bottom of the first and never trailed, winning eight to four. The fans' reaction to that early score was thunderous. Never hear this enthusiasm from the broadcast booth. Thrilling to hear it reverberate all around one.



Attendance was relatively high, a likely reflection of the Rays being competitive, best win/loss record so far this year, and a worthy opponent. Oh, the people watching was fascinating.

We were enmeshed among Florida's middle class; seniors, kids, couples with babies in arm, and not to be ignored young women, in a land where there is no body shaming, certain to make sure their tattoos

were displayed, seemingly wearing as little as possible. Missed a few plays, distracted by a bouncing beauty bounding up the stairs, likely headed to the restrooms after her first beer.



Sure, have experienced several ball parks before. Could take the train from my Wilmette home to Wrigley, the ultimate convenience, however this was my first with a roof, as to become a very large room. Replays were visible on a video screen over the outfield. Double plays happened so fast, never caught it in real time, but needed replay to see what happened.



The place was loud; incessant music soundtrack, a lady's voice selling stuff during the all-too-frequent breaks, when television at home is pitching the same things over and over again. And, best of all, the stadium's crowd noise. Nothing like it in person. *Take me out to the ball game!*

Behavioral Evolution



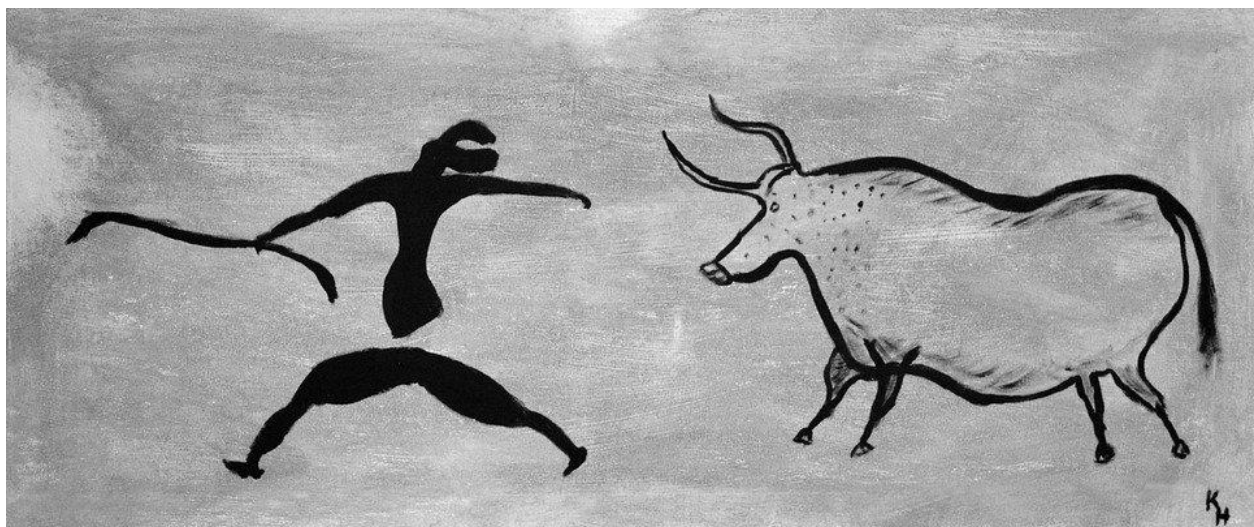
By Ed Zillioux

I have wondered how behavior in the human species evolved. What is the natural selection advantage incurred by both good behavior and bad behavior? If one gives a survival advantage over the other, why do both persist in concert with each other? The world today appears suffused with the latter, even though there are greater numbers of individual humans in every society that are more good than bad.

E.O. Wilson makes the case, in his recent book *The Meaning of Human Existence*, that "National wars may have subsided... But insurgencies, civil wars, and terrorism have not. The principal driving force for mass murders committed during them is tribalism, and the central rationale for lethal tribalism is sectarian religion."

But good and bad behaviors both exist among non-theists as well as theists. From the evolutionary perspective, therefore, there are two separate questions concerning the drivers of natural selection of human behavior in this case: that for good vs. bad behavior, and that for religion itself.

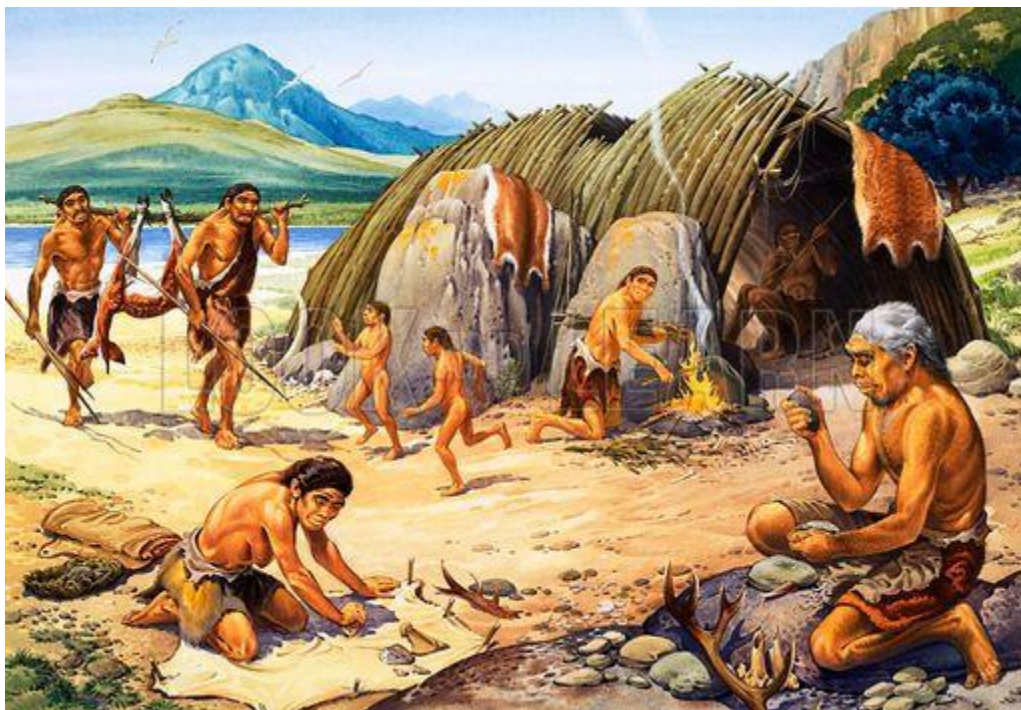
Through all human history, religion has been the glue that held the tribes together. In the early Roman Empire, the philosopher Seneca the Younger realized that "religion is regarded by the common people as true, by the wise as false, and by rulers as useful." Today, as in all centuries past, there are many more common people than wise, as well as rulers, or successful politicians always ready to play to that commonality. When Abraham Lincoln in the Gettysburg Address characterized democracy as "government of the people, by the people, for the people," he probably realized he was lifting this phrase essentially verbatim from the first English translation of the Bible by John Wycliffe in 1384. A contrary perspective on the "tragedy of the



commons" was expressed by H.L. Mencken, journalist and social critic in the first half of the 20th century: "Democracy is a pathetic belief in the collective wisdom of individual ignorance.... On some great and glorious day, the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last, and the White House will be adorned by a downright moron." And who said we didn't see this coming?

But back to the role of natural selection in getting us to where we are today. First, religion:

By studying brain mapping, neuroscientists claim that evolution and religion are closely intertwined. This is not surprising, since as the brain develops through the life of an individual, brain mapping would be likely to find similar intertwining with any strongly held predilection. But neuroscience, in my limited reading, tells us nothing about the survival advantage that selected for the precursors of religiosity in the first place.



The so-called God gene, hypothesized by geneticist Dean Hamer in the 2004 book called *The God Gene: How Faith is Hardwired into our Genes*, doesn't cut it. The God gene, or VMAT2, produces the sensations associated, specifically, with spirituality as a state of mind. A lot, probably too much, has been read into that, but spirituality could include a belief in God, or gods, or not; it doesn't tell us anything about origins of organized religions, and furthermore, *spirituality as a state of mind* is probably as prevalent in non-theists as it is in theists. Maybe more so, since spirituality in theists is tainted by dogma, which could arguably be the antithesis of natural spirituality.

The formation of tribes in early Homo groups had an obvious survival advantage, since the lone individual would soon be dead meat. It has been pointed out that a religious-type structure would have served a survival function in holding the tribe together. Well, yes, but wouldn't not being eaten if caught out alone on the savanna also tend to hold the tribe together? There are almost as many examples of banding together in groups to limit predation as there are animal species, e.g., schools of fish, herds of zebras, antelopes, etc.

Let's move on to the second question: Is there selection advantage related to good and bad behavior?



This seems to be easier. Competing levels of natural selection works like this: Selfish activity within a group provides a competitive advantage for the individual and this translates into a selective advantage for this bad behavior. On the other hand, being cooperative and altruistic reduces an individual's advantage in competition with other members but increases the survival and reproduction rate of the group. So the two behaviors, though opposite, are both conserved by natural selection and, indeed, must have been for the species to have survived. That is, bad behavior favors individual survival, while good behavior favors group or tribal survival. According to E.O. Wilson, "individual

selection favors what we call sin and group selection favors virtue." The result is the "internal conflict of conscience that afflicts all but psychopaths (sic)..." (E.O. Wilson, 2014). Now who comes to mind when you consider a someone completely devoid of an "internal conflict of conscience"?

Yeah, we had a narcissistic sociopath in the White House and despite his defeat by Biden, it seems we're not finished with him yet.



Genetic research



on Schizophrenia

By J. Dan Vignau

A good while back, (so long that most few of you might not remember it) I wrote about how language is used to define different types of mental illness. After recounting a story about a Stanford study, *On Being Sane in Insane Places*, I delved into my main area of study from what was once called *Radical Sociology's Labeling Theory*, finally stating that all too often, schizophrenia is diagnosed, i.e., given such a label, and how that Scarlet Letter is used by therapists who really do not understand that diseases have treatments and cures, while the label schizophrenia, once administered, keeps living forever. I was damning the users of the term, not the existence of schizophrenia. Most likely, it was seen otherwise because I said, "No one is ever cured of

schizophrenia, but is only seen as going into remission, rather than having a cure like a physical disease.”

Ed properly pointed out that cancer is a physical disease that is generally not seen as cured, but is only said to be “in remission.”

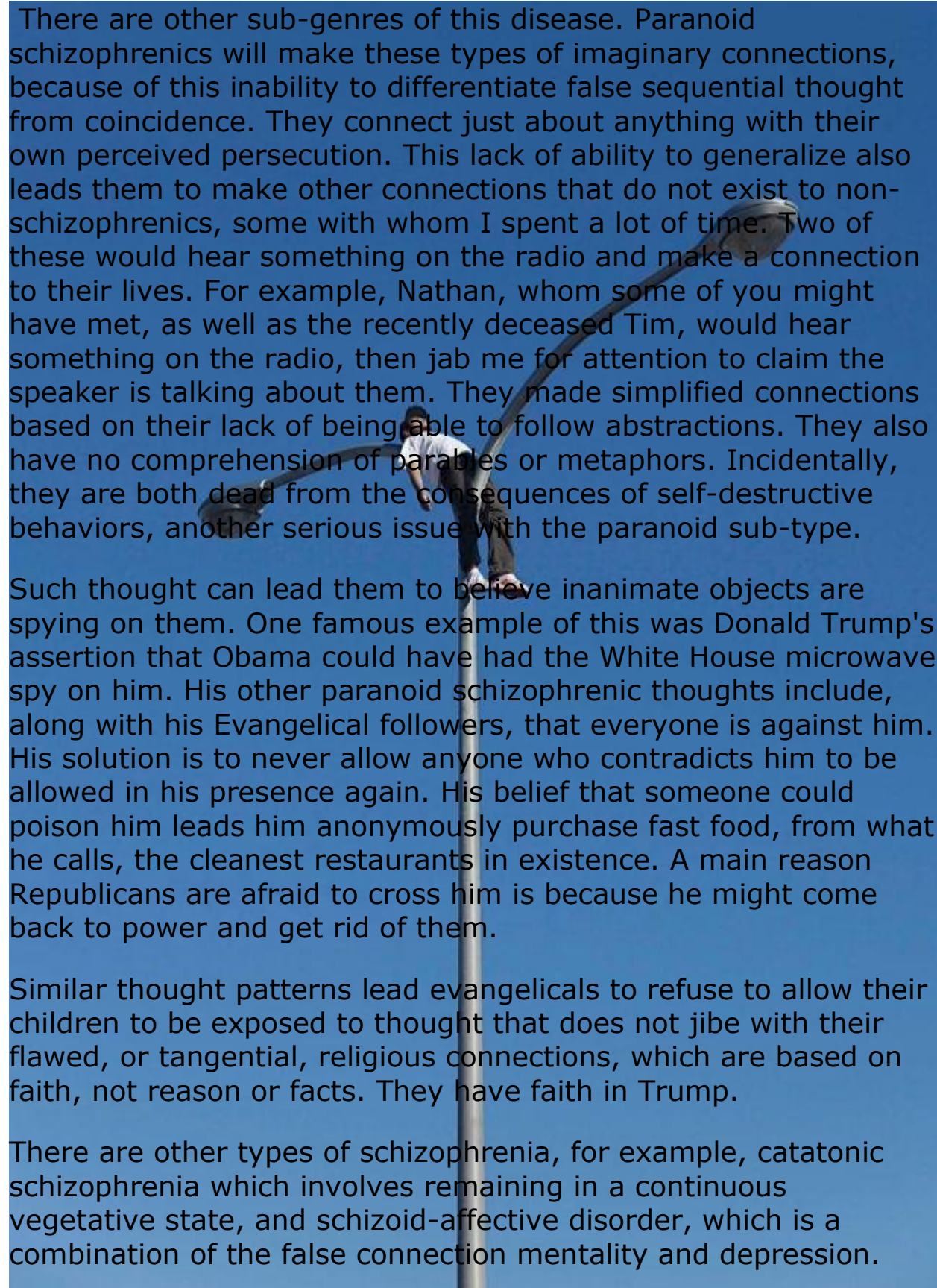
Of course, he is right.

The purpose of this response is to explain why schizophrenia is a true disease, with definite genetic markers, that indicate a general acceptance as the cause.

Due to the length of this study, I have split it into two sections. The first, a primer on schizophrenia, followed by a treatise on language development as an improvement of the sequential use of tools. The third section, (which I will eventually get to) goes deeper into the genetic markers for schizophrenia, as well as a mini treatise as to how such gene splicing and substitution, and possible gene manipulation might be useful to at least preclude, if not rid people of this horrible mental scourge.

First, schizophrenia is a failure to be able to make the basic abstract connections commonly experienced in daily life. As an improvement of the ability to learn how to use tools, and learning the steps used to do such, language is an ability to not only understand each other, but a way to archive our knowledge. Ancient man could then recall that information whenever he needed to know what to do following a catastrophe such as a flood or famine, and later how and when to plant crops.

Schizophrenics have a variety of cognitive impairments, mostly arising from a lack of ability to use proper sequence, or reason in language. For example, when a person hears, “Loose lips sinks ships”, it is not normal thought to visualize giant lips pushing ships into the sea, but due to their concreteness of binary thought, schizophrenics tend to make such connections. They do not generalize or follow prescribed paths of logical, sequential thought.

A person is seen climbing a tall, dark metal pole against a clear blue sky. The person is positioned about halfway up the pole, with their legs and arms visible as they grip the structure. The pole is slightly curved and has some horizontal rungs or supports. The background is a solid, bright blue sky.

There are other sub-genres of this disease. Paranoid schizophrenics will make these types of imaginary connections, because of this inability to differentiate false sequential thought from coincidence. They connect just about anything with their own perceived persecution. This lack of ability to generalize also leads them to make other connections that do not exist to non-schizophrenics, some with whom I spent a lot of time. Two of these would hear something on the radio and make a connection to their lives. For example, Nathan, whom some of you might have met, as well as the recently deceased Tim, would hear something on the radio, then jab me for attention to claim the speaker is talking about them. They made simplified connections based on their lack of being able to follow abstractions. They also have no comprehension of parables or metaphors. Incidentally, they are both dead from the consequences of self-destructive behaviors, another serious issue with the paranoid sub-type.

Such thought can lead them to believe inanimate objects are spying on them. One famous example of this was Donald Trump's assertion that Obama could have had the White House microwave spy on him. His other paranoid schizophrenic thoughts include, along with his Evangelical followers, that everyone is against him. His solution is to never allow anyone who contradicts him to be allowed in his presence again. His belief that someone could poison him leads him anonymously purchase fast food, from what he calls, the cleanest restaurants in existence. A main reason Republicans are afraid to cross him is because he might come back to power and get rid of them.

Similar thought patterns lead evangelicals to refuse to allow their children to be exposed to thought that does not jibe with their flawed, or tangential, religious connections, which are based on faith, not reason or facts. They have faith in Trump.

There are other types of schizophrenia, for example, catatonic schizophrenia which involves remaining in a continuous vegetative state, and schizoid-affective disorder, which is a combination of the false connection mentality and depression.

Certain behavioral symptoms are more prevalent in various subtypes. In all forms of schizophrenia, abstract, logical sequential thinking is greatly impaired. What are called loose or tangential associations are seen. Their associations bounce around all over the place, with no apparent relationship seen by the casual



observer. Oh, the hurricane was sent by God. He is not happy that we allow our society to have visible homos, or commies, or women's libbers.

In his Stanford lectures, neuro-scientist Robert Salkowski uses the following examples. When told a story about boxers, even if they are a fan of boxing, schizophrenics might discuss fighters, and then add how a human boxer might perform against a dog in the ring. They continue to flit back and forth between this false connection.

They can confuse a story about a caddy, flitting back and forth from a story about

a golf caddy and a Cadillac. Their main confusion is with abstract reasoning, and they are quite terrible at it. They have a concreteness of thought that keeps them from understanding the simplest associations.

Ask them how an apple, orange, or banana are related. They might say, "They are both multi syllabic words", or that they are the words are formed with closed loops. "What's on your mind?" "My hair". "May I take your picture?" "I don't have a picture." Ask

them to write *a sentence for you*. They may write, "A sentence for you." Explain that you want them to think of a sentence, and when they do to write *it down*. They write "It down". This quick grasp of absolute reasoning skills truly works on an IQ test of associations between geometric figures. I believe this could be why many professionals believe schizophrenics are very smart, not because they can reason, but because they are not; after all, they are seen as scoring well on these totally literal tests.

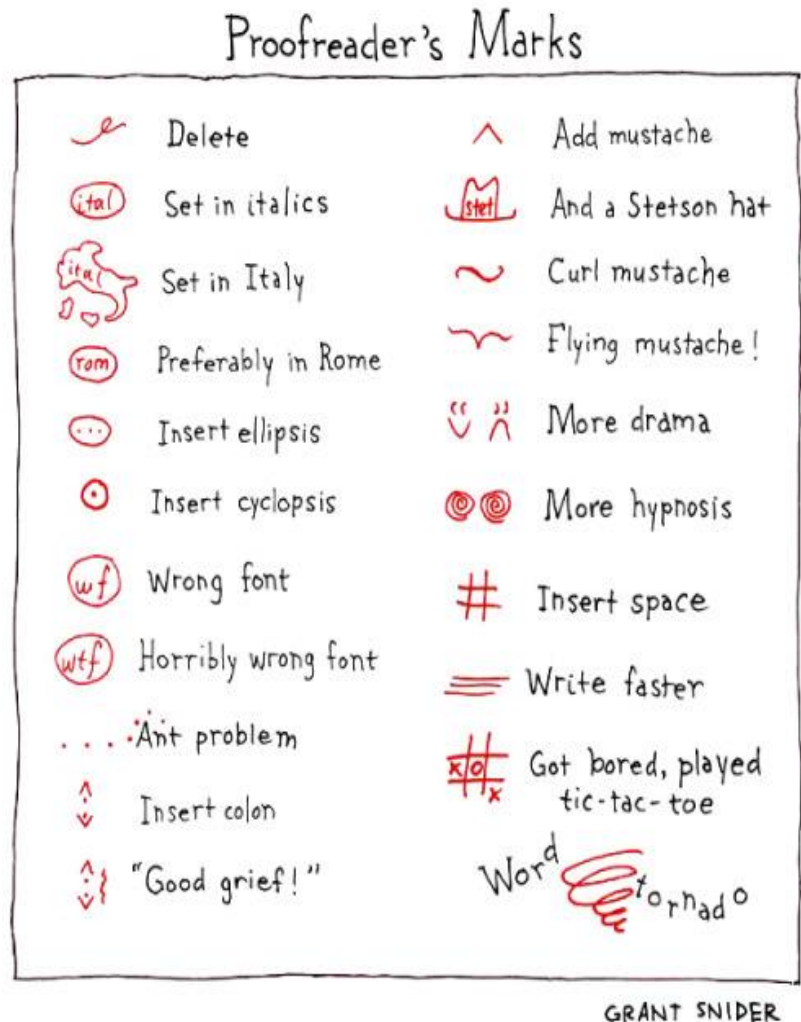
Just how did humans develop language, thought, a sense of reality? Why do we determine that some associations are real, while schizophrenics generally do not?

Over a half century ago, Noam Chomsky turned the trending academic religion du jour, behaviorism, on its head, by positing that humans have evolved a generational grammar that we pass on through our genes. This major improvement of sequential tool using behaviors, already seen in many animals, was the absolute worst thing that could have happened to Rousseau's theory of Tabula Rasa, the Blank Slate of an individual that Skinner and his disciples had thrust into all American philosophy and psychology. I was a proponent A serious proponent with an amoral lab experience in which I showed how children could be turned into psychotic acting crybabies, simply by manipulating the reward sequences for candy and toys, from an unattended dispenser less in a lab setting. I was never again allowed to use the college faculty childcare facility for research. I have no doubt that is a good thing, at least for the children.



Stay tuned kiddies. Same time. Same day in two weeks (*editor's note—probably 8 weeks in Vol 6, No.6*). This discussion will continue with just how inherited patterns of tool usage led to language development, beginning with the hunter-gatherer click languages, through pigeon languages, then the various creole types, followed by Chomsky's *Generational Grammar*, and finally with the disastrous and continual extinction of indigenous languages and cultures. Third: I will discuss some recent research on the locations and influences of recently discovered genetic markers, and how they are related to the advent of schizophrenia, often following a trauma that allows these markers (to us, anyway) to exert their influence on genetic predispositions.





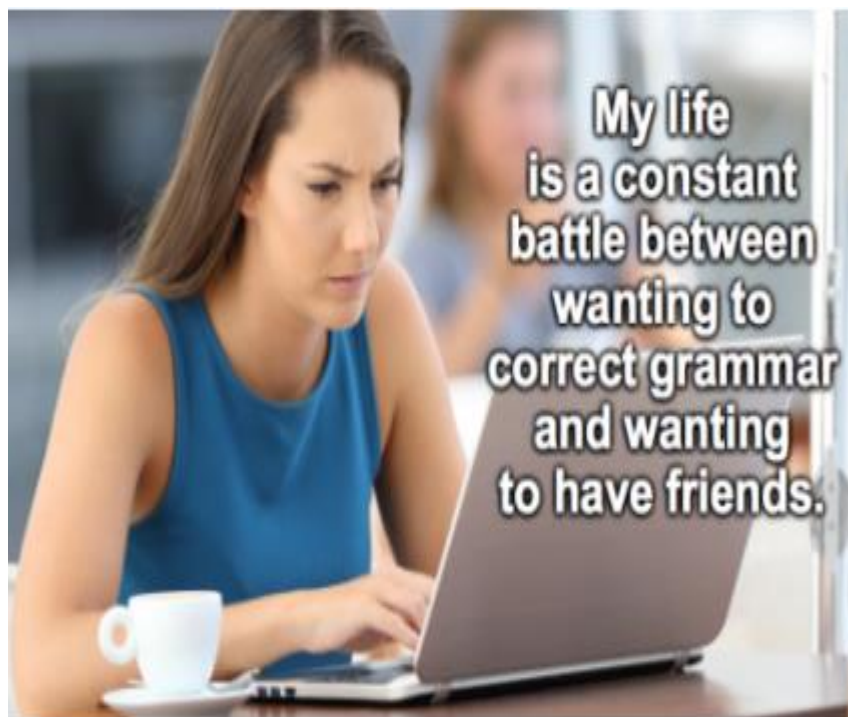
Have you ever tried to write a song? I've heard blues musicians make up songs on the spot. Sometimes they make sense, sometimes they don't. Sometimes they are precious jewels of language and precision, insight and drama, pity and passion. Just as often as there is a jewel, there is a dud. A real, boring, fucking somnambulant dud.

The response to it is usually tepid, depending on the audience. If it goes on too long the audience, no matter if it is a group of close friends, will start to cough and fidget, start praying for the last phrase or concluding lyric and if it goes on too long, maybe start throwing things. And, they want the last 30 minutes of their lives back!

And tradition dictates that the objects hurled should be rotten and messy. This negative response to artistic expression has been the case since Shakespeare and even before him. I would not be surprised if a caveman watched another caveman drawing on the walls of the cave and conclude that the drawings were shit. Of course, it may be that the medium employed was shit. They used what they had.

Where did the writer, the creator, go wrong? Maybe the dud opening presaged the dud content?

How many times have you asked yourself, "what will I write about this week?" I'll select a topic, that's what I'll do. Lessee, here. I know how to start it, "I'm pissed off!" Great opening. Why? Who? How? Where? Oh shit, I've mixed up the message so badly that even I, the writer is confused.



Now, I begin to wonder if I should even read it to myself instead of torturing my colleagues in the writers' group. What if I make a fool of myself? What if someone says something that hurts my feelings? I poured my heart, my very being into this story and I

know it sucks badly ... but damn it, I'm trying.

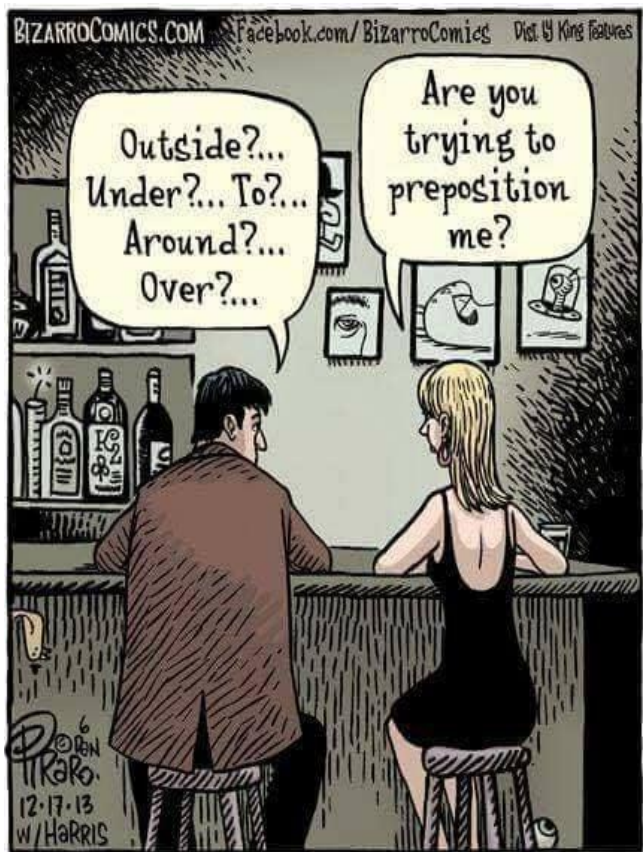
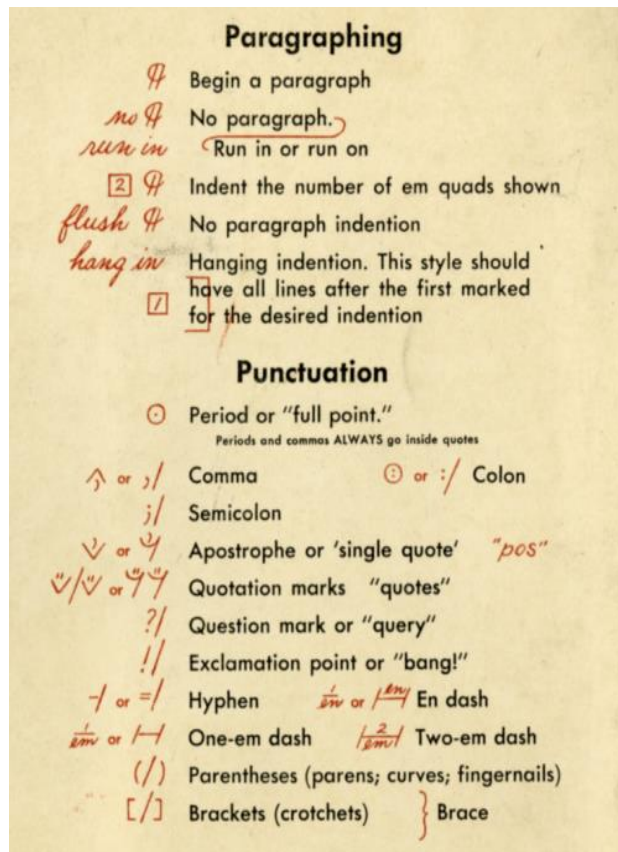
All I say is, trying is good for you. Keep trying, keep writing. Make the effort and if it sucks don't worry. It is no sin. Tear it up and begin again.

I was not sure of what to expect when Dan first invited me to read at the writers' group. How would it be conducted? Would there be a critique session? Would there be challenges? I have been to enough readings and editorial conferences to know that some people feel a personal affront at my drivel. Would things devolve into a pissing contest? What would the competition be? I had experienced that before while in college. Lines had been drawn and there was me and there were them. They were silly, barely out of their parents' upstairs bedroom. I on the other hand was salty, a lot older and a lot more experienced. If I could make them puke, wouldn't I be the winner?

I'd love to go back in time and read "Jo-bob's Bullsac" to them now. Would it empty the room? I know the story was long. One of my longest but a good reading with all the proper dramatic enunciations would take at least 20 minutes. Is that too long? After all, it was nearly 3500 words. But how could I have told the story in less words? Mozart replied to the tone-deaf Austrian Emperor's criticism that his opera had too many notes by saying it had just the right number of notes. Not too many, not too few. Hell, it was Mozart and once, while Salieri was weeping with envy, Wolfgang humiliated him further by criticizing his welcoming march, "how charming, the second part is just like the first!" and then added



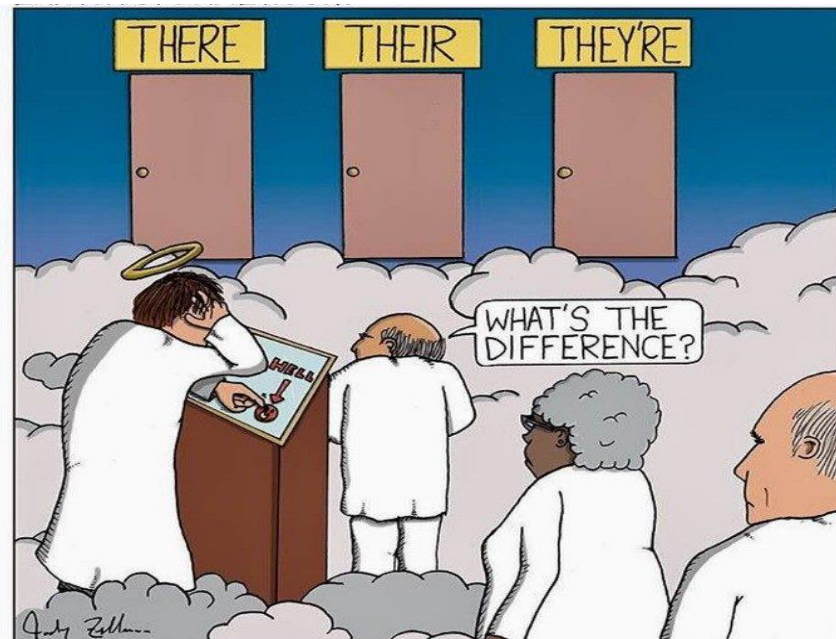
some obviously improvised flourishes to the composition Salieri had spent days on (improving it immensely!). How unthoughtful, how punishing, yet how true.



As editor of the *AOTC Journal*, I don't try to pass judgement on a colleague's literary contribution. I say contribution in lieu of submission because I want participation. When I edit, I try to use subtlety rather than overt criticism. I want your stories to be yours, in your voice, not mine. If I can help a writer make their story more readable, more pointed, more relevant, then I suggest a change. I don't fuck with styles. e.e. cummings had his and if a writer wants to challenge the rules, why the fuck not! Does it communicate? If it does, then that is fine. Rules are meant to be broken.

I firmly believe we are here to improve upon our ability to communicate important issues that affect all of us. Voices crying

in the wilderness that is Stuart, Florida. Whether we bleat like sheep or growl like lions from effort and practice.



Four hundred words, a thousand, two or even three thousand isn't too many if the story piques my interest. Much more than that? Maybe an excerpt would suffice for this group. If the subject matter is too dry, oh god yes. Take pity on your listeners.

Keeping that in mind, I may just preface my next opus with a request to throw pizza if I am boring. That would do it. If someone, anyone says out loud as I am reading, "pepperoni", I will know I have gone too long. Just aim for the mouth, please. My feelings will not be hurt if my mouth is full.

CHANCES I WON'T USE THE WORD
FUCK IN A SENTENCE TODAY.



■ NONE

■ ALSO NONE, BUT IN YELLOW

THE WAY WE WERE

White Birch Trees

By Betty Tewksbury

The majestic White Birch grows prolific in the woods of Maine. Unlike the Gray Birch, its bright white color stands boldly, out against the many rich shades of green in the forests of Maine.

This tree has been harvested for hundreds of years, the Penobscot Indians was an Indigenous tribe that inhabited, what is now Maine for thousands of years. During the 1800's they made a



Treaty with Maine, and now reside on a reservation located on the Penobscot River in Oldtown Maine.

These tidbits of history begin with the harvesting saga of the White Birch

tree. I feel quite confident that most of you have heard of the "Old Town Canoe". The original ones were made from White Birch, as some still are today. Yes, they are manufactured on the Penobscot Indian Reservation in Oldtown Maine.

I am almost embarrassed to admit; that the number of trees harvested by the Indians pales in comparison to the Millions and Millions and Millions of White birch trees that were used from 1936 to 2000 in the Mills of the Solon Manufacturing Company.

The Tewksbury's did not harvest the trees but made it lucrative enough for the woodsmen of Maine to supply what was needed to run their mills three shifts a day for over 60 years.

There were three manufacturers in Maine, all had a Medical and Ice Cream Product

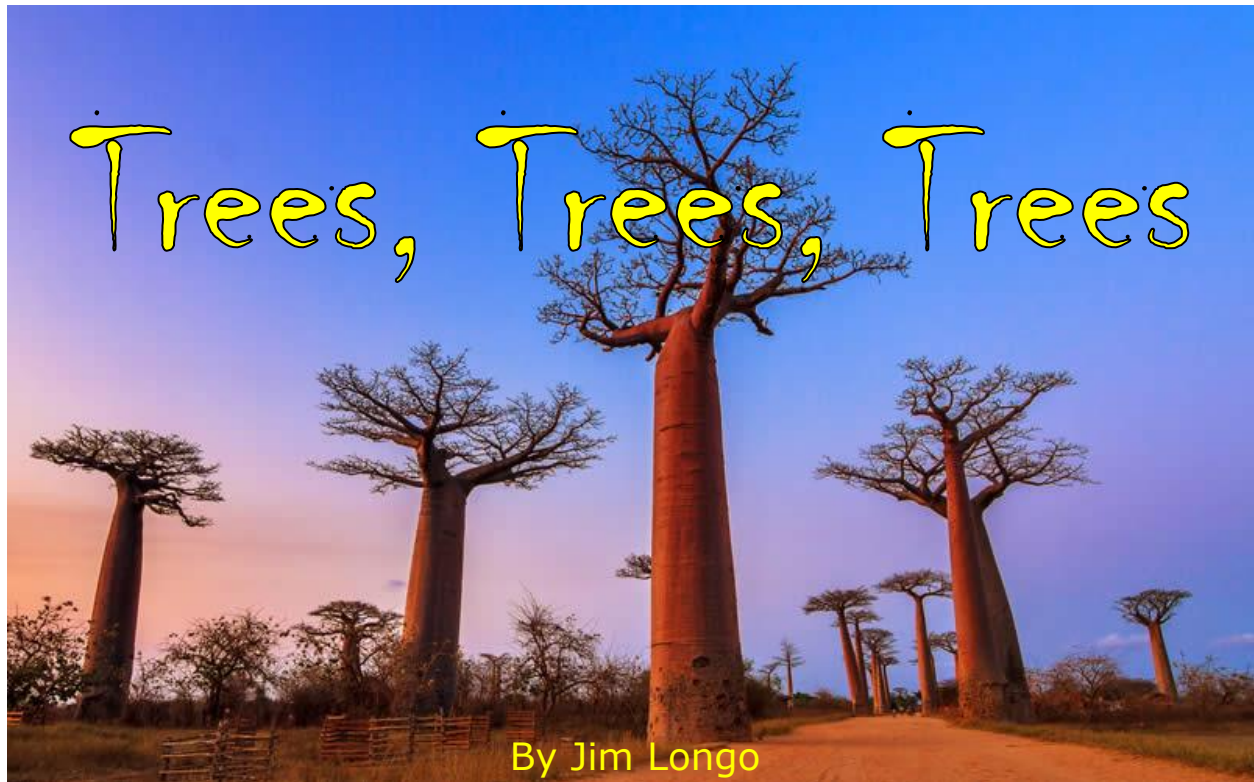


Lines. Solon Manufacturing was sold in 2000 to the Mossberg Gun Company. Forester Mfg. left Maine, leaving Hardwood Products the last plant standing.

Why white birch? Because it has no odor or taste and it is strong enough to hold up to the Ice Cream Industries processes.

Harold and I retired to Florida permanently in 2000 and up until 2014 we made annual trips to Maine; visiting the remaining Factory, that was operated by the original owner's family. They knew Harold and took the time to show him thru their mill. It really made his day. I to this day believe there was surely a little sawdust in his blood.





Trees, trees, trees, what has become of me? Spent my childhood walking among them. I spent my adolescence trying to fondle and fornicate under them, and my last forty years of adulthood pretty much ignoring them.

Maybe ignoring them is too strong a word. My second business was named *Mango Tree Management*, after the big, beautiful mango tree that I stared at everyday while I tried my hand in the financial management business. The tree got creamed in the hurricanes of 2004, and my new next-door neighbors chopped it down and took it out not long after. It turned out my financial business went the way of its namesake by 2008.



There was a time in my life I thought about giving my life to

trees. After moving to Florida and not really liking the legalized drug pushing business. I thought about growing citrus trees and selling them door to door. Only one



big problem all citrus trees are grafted from sourwood trees, which meant I would have to grow two trees to get one citrus trees. Yes, I wanted to be Jimmy Orange Seed but the logistics turned out to be too daunting. Add to that the three citrus trees I planted died within a year of planting, thanks to some funky disease. I think was Canker. So much for the great plans of mediocre minds and fallen empires.

You know some people have green thumbs, mine are brown. If I touch a tree, it turns brown. Ten years

ago, a woman gave me ten queen palm saplings, within a year eight were dead the last two died last year, drowning in the makeshift lake that dwelled behind my house for 6 months. I had thought I broke the curse. Fat chance.

Yes, there are new trees growing in my yard. I didn't plant them I buried them. A couple of years ago we were about to have a hurricane. So, I cut all the coconuts off the tree in the front yard to keep them from becoming projectiles and buried them behind the shed. Out of twenty coconuts I planted four have become small trees.

We compost. I don't know why; I think I only put in a garden maybe two times in 30 years. See paragraph above about brown thumbs if you want to





know why. Well out of the compost three mango trees are growing or are they avocados. We ate and thus buried both.

Now here is the rub. If I touch them. They will die. If it is a plant, and it can be killed, it might as well already be dead if I touch them. If I don't touch these seven trees. They will grow up and eventually only one of the strongest two will survive, but if I try to transplant them, I could hit the jackpot or snake-eyes. I see seven brown trees in my future.

My father could grow anything. He would say, "All you have to do give it cow manure and water and give it some tender loving care." I understand that in principle. I guess TLC is beyond me.

There is an old saying the best time to plant a tree was twenty-five years ago. The second-best time to plant a tree is today. I wish I was that guy who could plant a tree, but I'm that guy who must go to the store and just buy the fruit.



Trees:

The Good, The Bad, The Ugly
(and, The One That Really Got Me in a Lot of Trouble!)

By Lucy Thorp

The Pine Tree

We lived in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains just outside of Golden, Colorado. On the week before Christmas, our neighbor, Mr. Saiki would gather the 3 Saiki kids and me in his Bronco and head for the hills to find the perfect Christmas Tree. Mr. Saiki, unlike my father, was an

outdoorsman and would rather die than buy a tree from the lot. The trip usually took about an hour to get to the Big 'Uns, as he liked to say.



MacGyver-like, He first cut a bunch of low boughs and lashed them together for makeshift sleds. We kids gleefully slid down the hill and climbed our way back up while he was working.

After finding the perfect tree he got out the climbing tools and worked his way to the top. He hollered, "Get ready for it!" We

gathered around the tall pine he had selected and waited until he “topped it off”. His Zen-like philosophy was that the tree wouldn’t miss its top that much and it would grow back, just like a bad haircut. The “perfect tree” crashed to the snow-covered ground. We kids job was to not get hit.

Mr. Saiki trimmed the top and always found enough “mini trees” for each of us kids to play with. The cold December outing took the whole day, and we kids were fast asleep when we finally arrived home.

-----*The Good*



The Willow Tree

The willow has grown much since I was 8 years old. Then, it was just a few feet tall, but swayed mightily in the breeze. A streetlight

shone directly on it at night and projected its ominous shadow. If I forgot to close the bedroom drapes the willow’s shadow loomed on the wall in front of my bed. Its branches swayed and swooped and looked just like the *Danse Macabre* rejoicing my death. Scared the be-Jesus out of me.

-----*The Bad.*

The Fake Tree

One Christmas Dad decided he didn't want to fool with all the trappings of a real tree. The trimming, the watering, the pine needles, the tinsel everywhere, dicking with ornaments. All that annoyed him, and He had Had Enough.

In typical Eugene Coulter fashion, He came home with a white plastic "tree" about 5 foot tall. He placed a color wheel in front of it. The wheel would turn so the "tree" would reflect red, then yellow, then blue. He only got the primary colors. It was plastic, it was cold, and it didn't even smell. After that year, we never saw the "tree" again.

-----*The Ugly*



The Apple Tree

Our house near Golden was in the middle of an apple

orchard. We also had a St Bernard kennel. The dogs were far more valuable than the apples, so no pesticides were used. That meant a lot of rotten apples.

The big apple tree in the front yard overlooked Highway 40, a two laned road from Denver to Golden. It was late spring; everything was thawed and the apples not quite ripe but kind of mushy.

Friends of Dad were visiting and Danny, the son, was cute but full of trouble. He convinced me (it wasn't hard...he WAS cute) to throw apples from our perches high in the tree at cars driving by on the highway. Since we lived in the isolated Colorado outback there weren't that many. Unfortunately, the first one I threw hit a Golden city Police Cruiser. *Oh no!* The Policeman turned around and drove up the steep driveway to our house. Terrified, I couldn't move and clung to the tree with my eyes tightly shut. We hid in the tree hoping no one would see us. Dad answered the Policeman's knock at the door. On the porch the two conferred a bit and the Policeman left. Now I was *poop-in-the-pants* terrified. Dad walked to the tree and called us out. He told us to stand in front of the garage door. He then gathered a bunch of rotten apples from the ground and started throwing them at us. He didn't hit anyone because he didn't need to. I learned my lesson and I never threw another apple.

-----*The One That Really Got Me in a Lot of Trouble*



FICTION

Is There an App for That?

By Jim Longo



"What the people of the world really need is to learn how to think," Jack said, as he poured a cup of coffee from the containers on the counter.

"What the hell are you talking about now?" Jill said as she mixed a little bit of each of the three-coffee thermos into her cup.

"Look at the Covid-19 vaccinations," Jack said, turning away from the coffee pots and toward the dining room.

"What about it?"

"What percentage of people did simple risk reward analysis?"

"The elderly maybe, but what is your point?" As Jill picked a booth on the far end of the room away from everybody else and Jack followed.

"Yeah, that was probably a no brainer, get inoculated or get deathly ill and possibly die," As they both sat down.

"Before you get to pro and con analysis, you must ask the question do you do what you want, or do what you should? I don't think people even ask that question."

Their number was called out and Jack went to the pick-up station and got their breakfast and came back to the booth.

"Don't they teach this crap in school? They are debating if they should teach Critical Race Theory, maybe they should be teaching Critical Decision Theory instead?"

"Maybe they should debate whether to teach Critical Race Theory using Critical Decision Theory, that way they could kill two birds with one stone," Jill said taking a bite.

Jack laughed, "I don't mean to paraphrase George Carlin, but our education system only teaches well enough so graduates can follow orders and fill out the paperwork."

They both looked down at their breakfasts, took a bite, and then Jill looked up and



said, "Everything is about apps these days, maybe we could develop an app."

"Why not develop an app that teaches school children, and we can do away with that also?"

"They probably have one," Jill said, taking a sip of her coffee.

Jack picked up his phone hit the app store and whispered, "Pro con decision maker," and half dozen apps popped up to download into the phone. He showed Jill.

"If we are going come up with an app it has to be better than these," Jack said.

"How about one that compares past analyst by others compared to your personal analyst?"

"There is nothing people love to see more than their important decisions being trivialized by others making the same decision."

"Maybe we could use past decisions made and how people feel about the results later."

"You know would be even more awesome, if we could get advertisers to pay us to tweak the results in their desired directions."

"Jack you cynical bastard."

"What I always wondered when it comes to risk reward analysis, why doesn't one of the major parties run a supercomputer to make the best decision for us. Sort of IBM Watson for president."

"Then it would come down to who gets to program the computer, and could they be trusted."

"To quote Reagan, 'Trust but verify,'" Jack said.

"Could you trust the verifiers?"

"There is the rub' to quote Shakespeare."

"Why isn't there at least a television show that does pro-con analysis on every issue?"



"Because in this country, we wouldn't be able to decide what was pro and what was con."

"I guess we need a more advanced app, one that not only determines pros and cons, but one that determines the pros and cons in the short, medium and long term."

"Of course, you'd have determined what short, medium and long-time frame is."

"Of course," Jack said, and they both got quiet and chewed on their bagels and drank their coffee.

Jack lifted his head up from his breakfast and looked at her.



Jill said, "What?"

"I was just thinking about getting a refill of my coffee. Should I, or shouldn't I?"

"If you had one of those pro-con analysis apps, it could help you with that."

"I think a flip of a coin would work just as well," Jack said.

"There is probably

an app for that."

"Probably a half dozen," Jack said.

Jack got up to get the coffee.

Jill asked, "Well what decision method did you use to decide?"

"I used the American method."

"What that? Jill asked.

"I'm doing what I damn well please," Jack said as strutted off to the coffee pots.

"And Jill said under her breath "and to hell with your heart condition and my mental health," and then she got up and followed him to the coffee pots.

POETRY N' PROSE

IN THE FLOWERY MEADS THE SPORTIVE SIRENS PLAY,
TOUCH THE SOFT LYRE, AND TUNE THE VOCAL LAY;
ME, ME ALONE, WITH FETTERS FIRMLY BOUND, ... ~ HOMER (C. 8TH CENT BCE)

PAINTING BY **WILLIAM ETTY** (1837)





This Shit Never Changes -

masks are back, even for vaccinated

delta variant is way more highly infectious

vaccines resisters are mostly; white, republican, seniors, southerners, evangelicals/christian, just plain stupid

republicans lie constantly

trump continues his maniacal behavior; the big lie, republican control

white supremacist storming the capital 01/06 never happened

ninety degrees every day – s.fl.summers

six weeks 'til Open Tennis Tournament

infrastructure bill debating; Nancy Pelosi vs Kevin McCarthy

still more states restricting voting rights

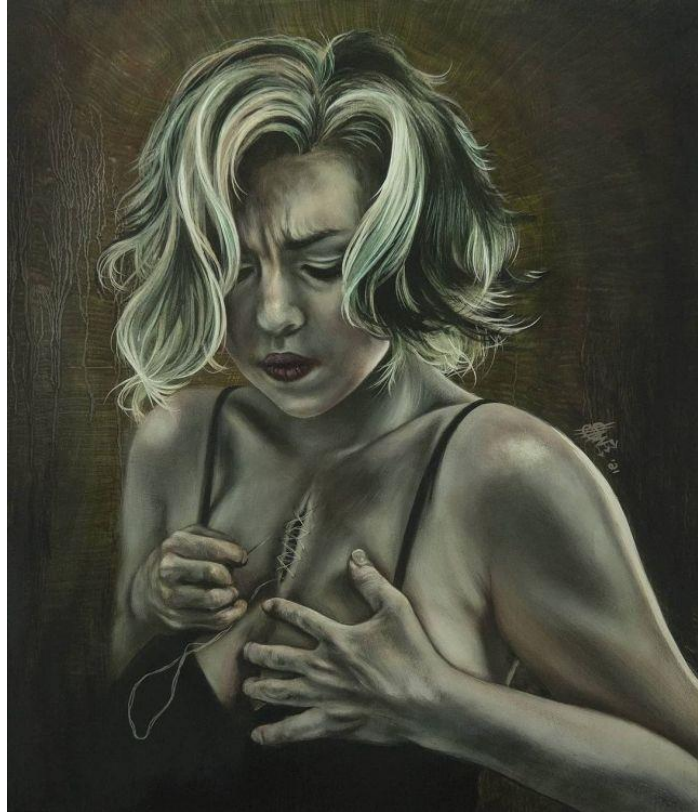
DeSantis has Florida among leaders in infection rates

old Florida coastal condos are falling down – re-bars rotted by salt ...

how ya'll doin?

Mock Orange

It is not the moon, I tell you.
It is these flowers
lighting the yard.
I hate them.
I hate them as I hate sex,
the man's mouth
sealing my mouth, the man's
paralyzing body—
and the cry that always escapes,
the low, humiliating
premise of union—
In my mind tonight
I hear the question and pursuing
answer
fused in one sound
that mounts and mounts and then
is split into the old selves,
the tired antagonisms. Do you see?
We were made fools of.
And the scent of mock orange
drifts through the window.
How can I rest?
How can I be content
when there is still
that odor in the world?



By Louise Glück (nobel laureate for literature 2020)

COMEDY CORNER



By Virgil Thorp

It was life or death and whose death would it be? Me or the pepper tree?

I had noticed the pepper tree (*Schinus terebinthifolius*) in 1999. A lone branch waved its way from the heavily jungled vacant lot next to my property line and the pepper tree, being a sort of creeper (as any botanist knows) decided the sun and grass was greener on the other side of the fence and trespassed into my yard.

I know, I let it get away with the intrusion and I would merely push the invading tendril aside as I mowed the grass in the late afternoons. It did not seem to be too aggressive – yet – although touching it did give me an itch, but eventually it became noticeable that my yard was losing square footage. At the time, in the dog days of August, all that meant was that I had fewer

square feet to mow. Which, as many of you who live in Florida know, is welcome when the comfort index tips 101+ in the shade.

"I've done my part; my yard is no longer the pox if the neighborhood." I said to myself after mowing. And the pepper tree hid the parts I could no longer get to mow, so I was also grateful. What a dichotomy!

10 years passed quickly – more quickly than I had wished but my nose was trying to wear down a grindstone at Winn Dixie and I wanted success and benefit from my labors. The tree continued to invade, slowly, bit-by-bit, an inch here, some silly millimeters there. Inexorably expanding.

The tree had been blown down by hurricane Wilma but had not died. It indefatigably began to grow more shoots upward. A couple of weeks passed. Inexplicably I noticed that the single tree had now become 10! All along its nearly horizontal trunk, each new shoot grew exponentially in its quest for more sunlight and more and more of my yard disappeared. The ground was bare under the overhanging foliage and some branches were brushing my roof. As I looked it over that summer day, I had finally had enough. I dragged out my axe, my pruner, my bucksaw and faced off with the tree.

A neighbor saw me looking for a place to start hacking at the density. He leaned out the window of his Dodge Ram, stopped in the middle of the street, and yelled, "y'all gonna to cut back on that thar pepper tree?"

I had never spoken to him before. We were of different worlds. He was old Florida. I was carpetbagger from Missouri (a Yankee). Of course, in my paranoid state, I wondered if he was taunting me.



"Yeah," I said, attempting a confident grin. "I've got my bucksaw." Something most Missourians had

stashed in their garages.

He laughed and pulled the bill of his ball cap around, so it was sitting backwards on his head. I felt sure he was taunting me. It was like he knew I had my own battle, a Quixotic-like struggle between nature and my own windmill, the pepper tree and I was going to lose. Badly.

"Whale (sic)," he gaped-toothily grinned at me, "good luck to ya," and he drove off, eyerolling and giggling – at me and my bucksaw – the fish out of water that I appeared to be. He did not add, "y'all gone need it."

Hours and hours I attacked the growth. I got inside the foliage, wiggled underneath the branches and started sawing away. I found out early that I needed a long-sleeved shirt to protect my



skin from the poison that irritated my arms and shoulders if I rubbed against it. I would pull long, long branches that I had shorn off and stacked them up along the street. It was hard work. The hours turned into days. The days turned into weeks and after the first month, I had established quite a long and large pile of branches of various sizes that appeared more like a barricade than a fence.

I had hoped the county would pick up my refuse. Twice I had missed them as they hurriedly turned the corner before I could attract their attention and signal them to return. But they kept ignoring me even when I place a "please pick this up" sign in the middle of the pile. I determined that the next Wednesday pickup they would not pass me by again.

That Wednesday they had picked up my neighbor's arborial refuse and were getting into their truck to drive away when I ran in front of them.

"Hey, how about picking up my stuff?!?!" I demanded.

"That's not from your property," the driver said. "We can only pick up the refuse that comes from your property."

"Do you see that bare spot on my lawn?"

He leaned out the window like the cracker had when I had started hacking at the jungle.

"Yeah, I sees it."



"That spot that goes from this line to half-way in front of my house is bare because of all this crap stacked along the road here grew over it and killed the grass. It was on my property, and I cut it and I killed it and I want it picked up today. Not next week, not next year. Now!"

"Well, okay then, but that's all we'll take. Anymore and you'll have to pay someone to do it."

Of course, there were plenty of leftover branches left behind.

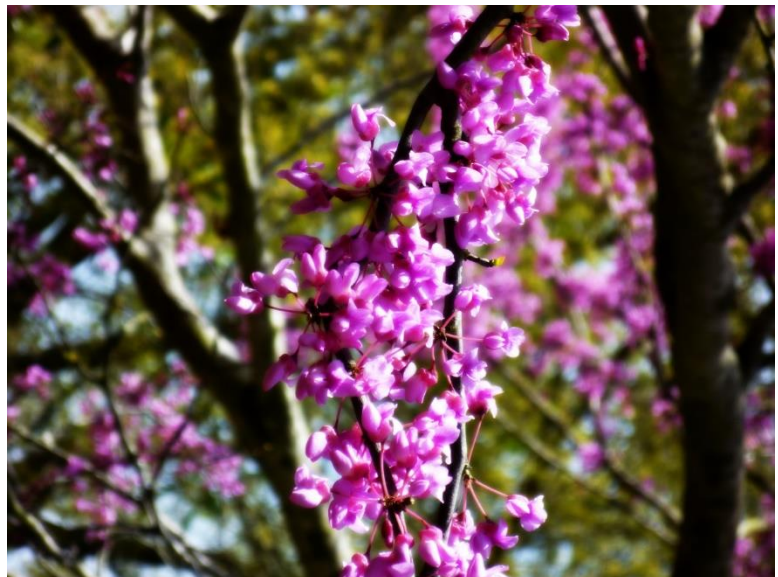
After that I cut and stacked on the vacant lot. Any time a branch strayed over my property, it got mutilated. And thrown. Then, one day, a miracle happened. Someone bought the lot and brought in professionals and after one magical afternoon, the pepper tree was gone. It was dead and I was alive.

Yippee!



The Mautz family's first house in Champaign, Illinois, that was 917 West Hill Street, had a sprawling red bud in the far reaches of the back yard. Two main trunks of the tree, reaching in opposite directions emerged from the ground at about 45° angles so to be virtually walk-up comfortable for a barefoot boy of seven.

Cannot recall how, or from whence the ropes came, but that boy had lots of rope, the clothesline variety, and somehow found a number of two-by planks of discarded lumber. The red bud was so amenable to climbing that getting to ten feet off the ground



was readily possible. First, we strung planks between the two halves of the tree, bridges with ropes to balance with when crossing the bridge.

It would be a while before the notion of a treehouse, or in this case a tree-fort would cross the mind of an attention deficit youngster (don't most all seven-year-old boys experience attention issues?) would surface. There were few back yard fences in 1950's homes in my neighborhood. Would discover and then scavenge discarded lumber from behind the garages of many neighbors. Tree-forts need lots of lumber.

Any notions of carpentry would be years later emerging. None of those dirt-covered planks were going to be cut-to-fit. The improvisational creativity was to use wha'cha got. It wasn't until sailing skills were learned that anything having to do with marlin spike seamanship would provide a vocabulary of knots and rigging. The resulting constructions resulting from a precocious seven-year-old mind would be primitive at best. The lesson of adjusting the ropes and knots to achieve level spans was at best, instinctive, but bridges and bunks all got to be horizontal ... eventually.



Recalling the tree-fort building, the improvising with found boards and clothesline, all the wonderful occupations occurred before television, that horrible, invincible, energy numbing plague of the late fifties at 917 West Hill St.

Ten years later would try to seduce an older woman among the tree limbs. Have mentioned Heidi previously, that sophisticated, beautiful, maybe four years older Swiss woman, the *au pair*



caring for the kids next door one summer. Heidi was available to my attentions mostly after the children's bedtime, hence the piano dates over at Dot and Stan Baird's place. Back to trees in my life. Had previously noticed a climbable tree way out back at the dunes edge behind the Belfus place across the lake. Heidi got an afternoon reprieve. I invited her for a nature walk to see my tree. We climbed my tree. I was then to learn how difficult it is to make a move on a mature lady with one hand holding on to a branch to avoid falling.



MONK WHO CLAIMS

HE SAW FACE OF
JESUS IN HIS
MARGARINE TUB

**Said: "I can't
believe it's
not Buddha"**

Diamond PiX

How Do You Know When You're Middle-Aged?

Those ten tell-tale signs...

- 1** You don't understand what young peasants are talking about.
- 2** You struggle to read Chaucer in weak candlelight.
- 3** You hate rowdy taverns.
- 4** You constantly worry that you might have the Black Death.
- 5** You don't know or care who Blondel is sleeping with.
- 6** You tell your wife that Crusaders seem to look younger every year.
- 7** You struggle with new technology such as the heavy plough and the longbow.
- 8** You find Gothic architecture too modern.
- 9** You keep forgetting who the King is.
- 10** You dream of buying a second hovel in France

(That's enough Middle Ages, Ed.)



GENETICS

This is how it works.

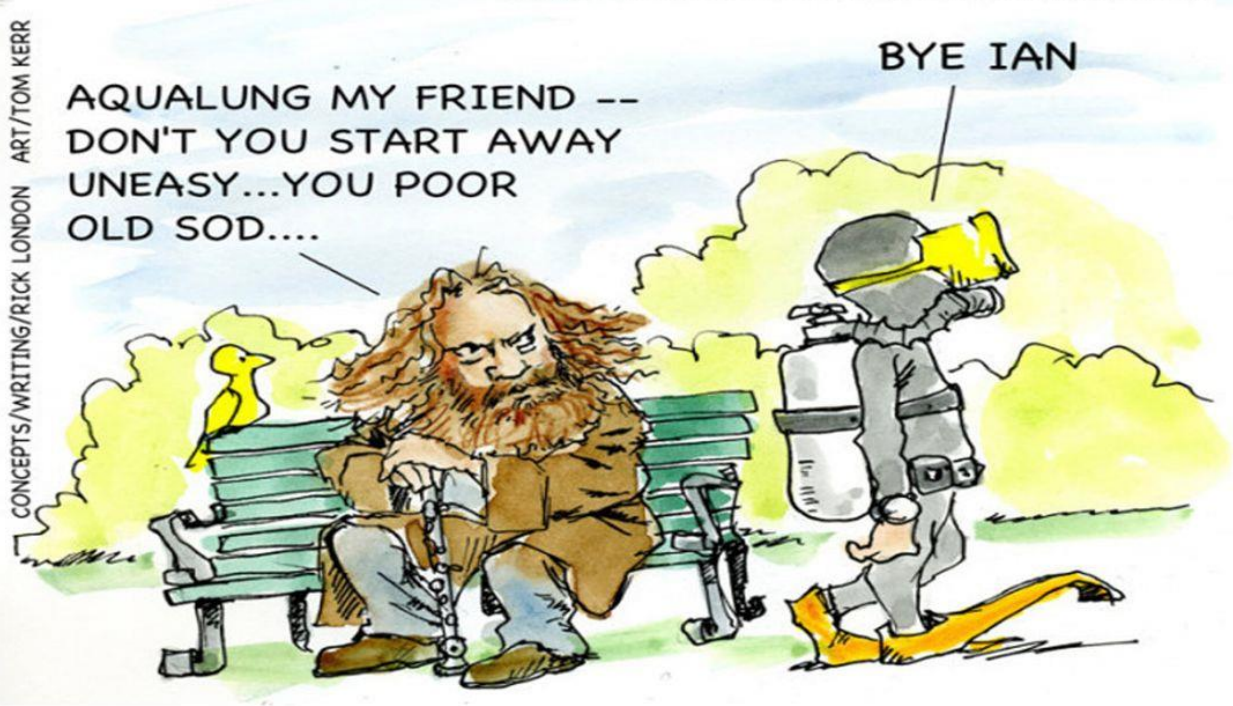
fakeposters.com

**My mom said that if I
don't get off my
computer and do my
homework she'll slam my
head on the
keyboard, but I think
she's
jokin
fjreoiwjrtwe4to8rklj
reun8f4ny84c8y4t58lym4
wthylmhawt4mylt4amlat
hnatyn**

CONCEPTS/WRITING/RICK LONDON ART/TOM KERR

AQUALUNG MY FRIEND --
DON'T YOU START AWAY
UNEASY...YOU POOR
OLD SOD....

BYE IAN



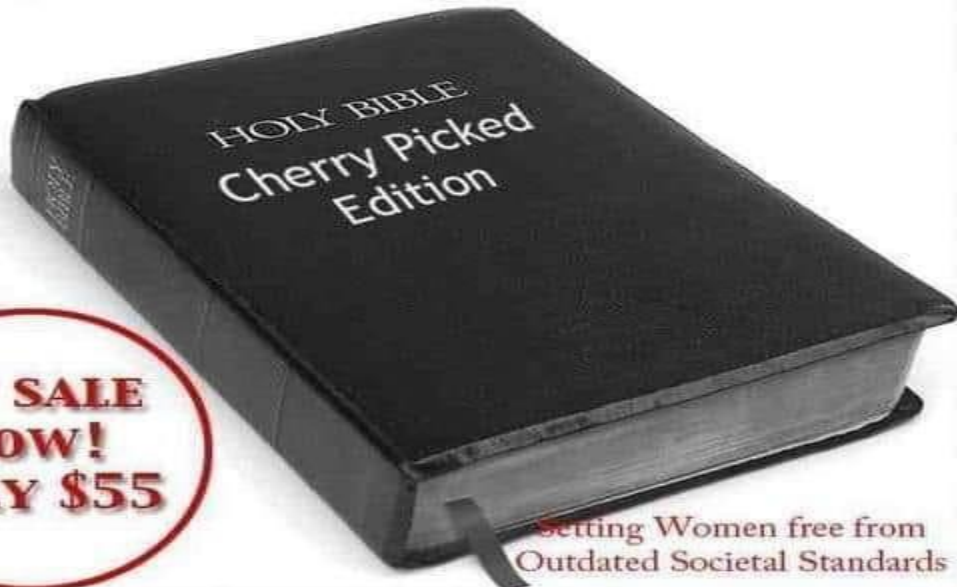
At the time Ian's break with his best friend seemed like the end of the world. Ironically it would change the entire course of rock and roll history.

WWW.LONDONSTIMES.US

**Being a little older, I'm
very fortunate to have
someone call and
check on me every day.
He is from India and is
very concerned about
my car warranty.**

CHERRY-PICKED BIBLE

All verses Christians do not want to follow have been omitted. Get yours today so you can eat shellfish, get tattoos, control women, and as a bonus, we've added anti-gay verses Jesus never said!

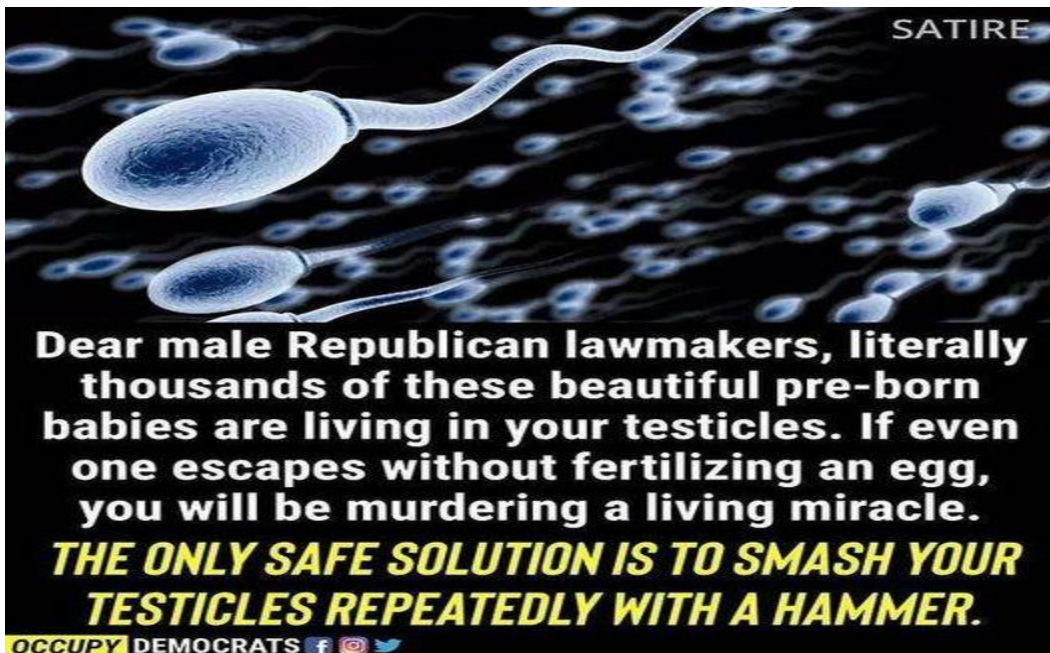


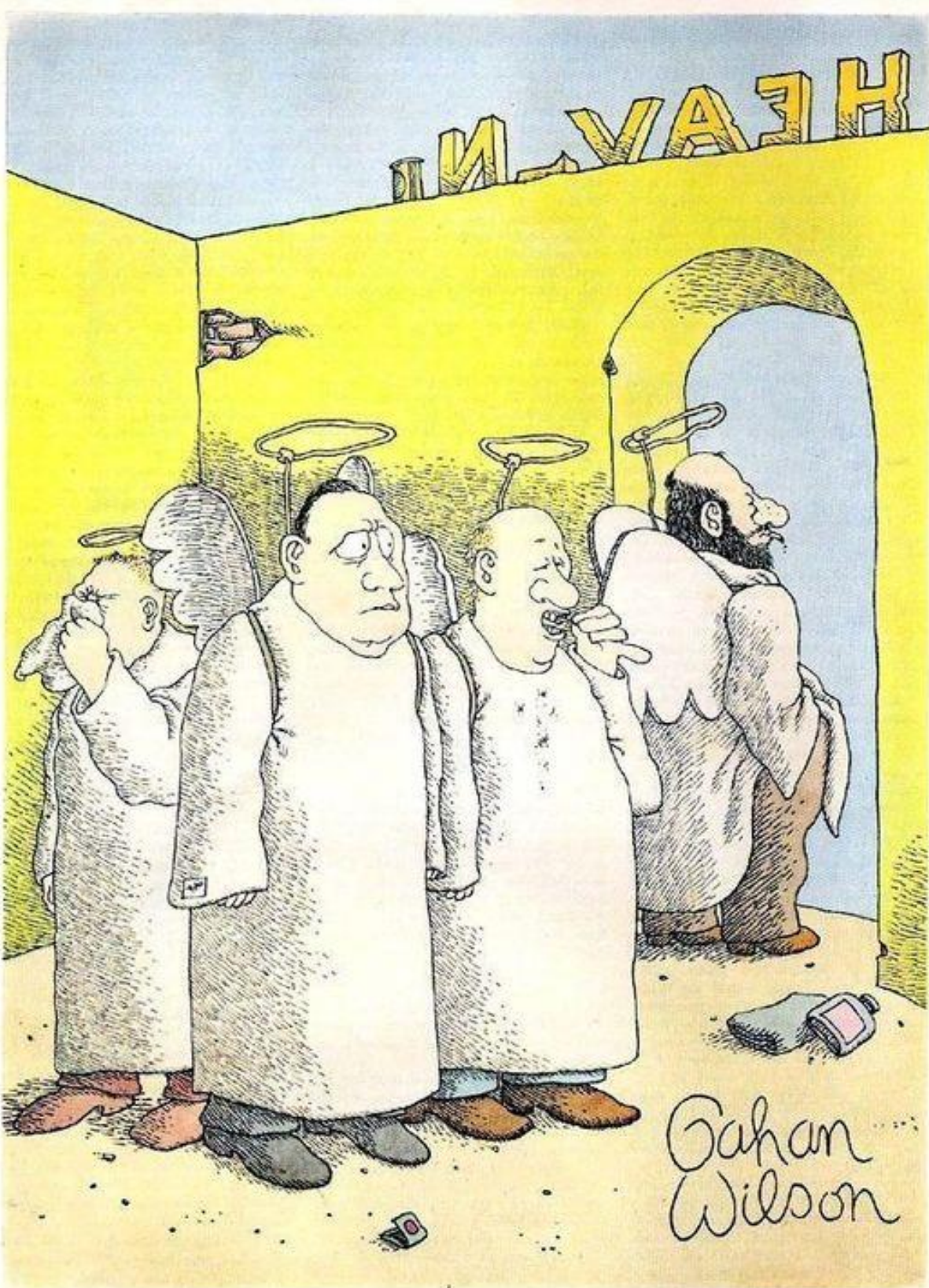
**ON SALE
NOW!
ONLY \$55**

Setting Women free from
Outdated Societal Standards

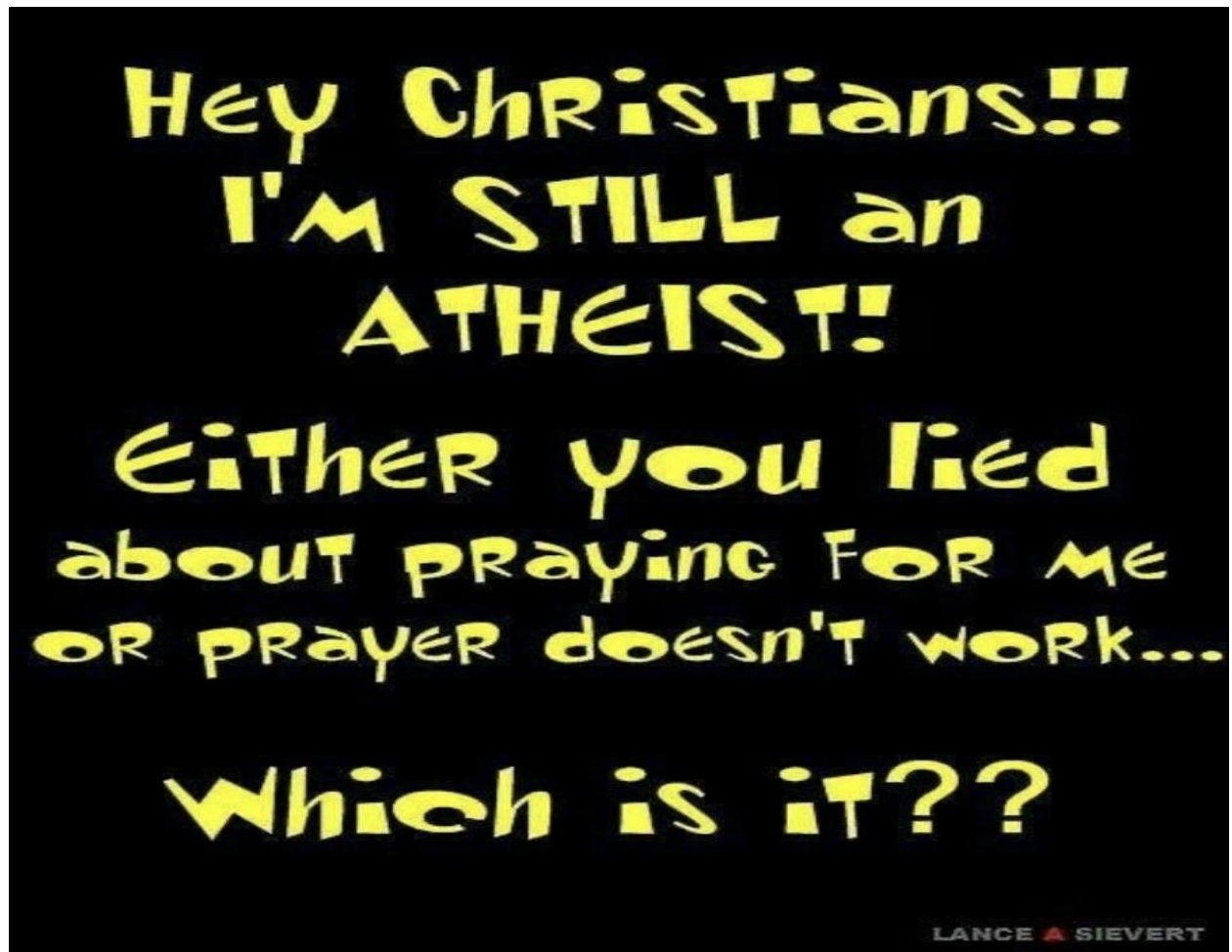


My wife is such a crazy space nerd
that she bought a replica Bezos
rocket!





"Somehow I thought the whole thing would be a lot classier!"



Reference to page 18

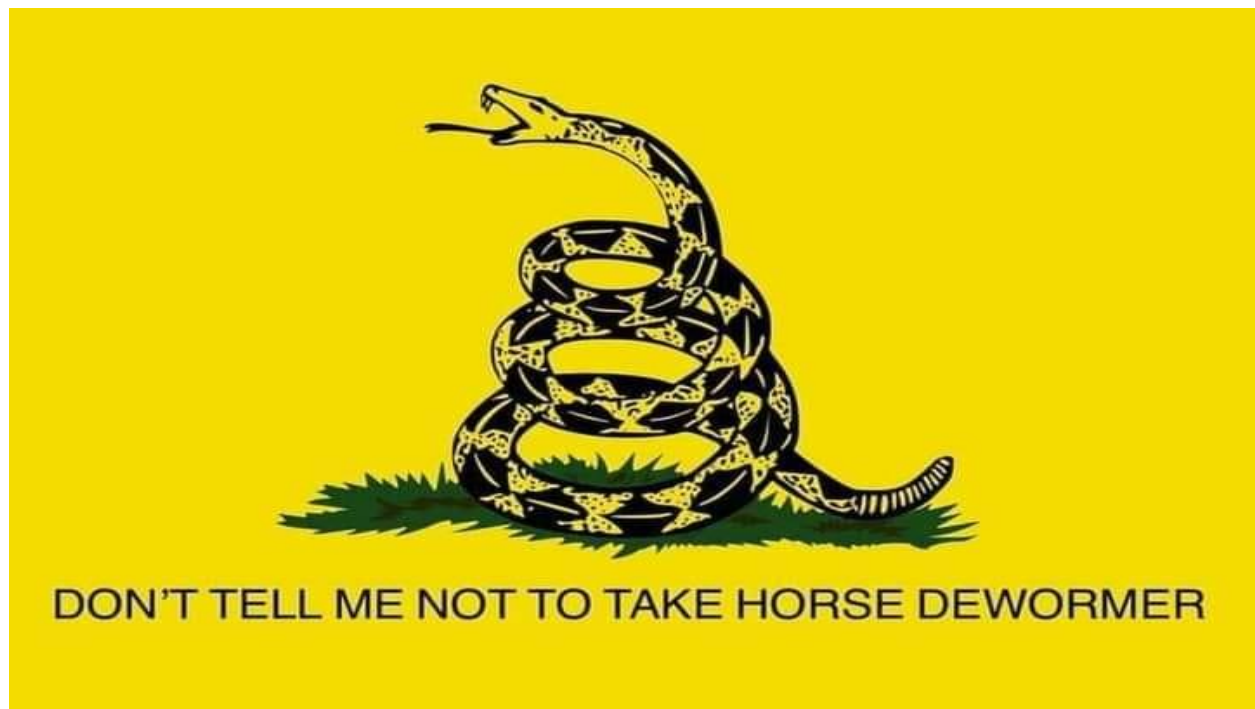
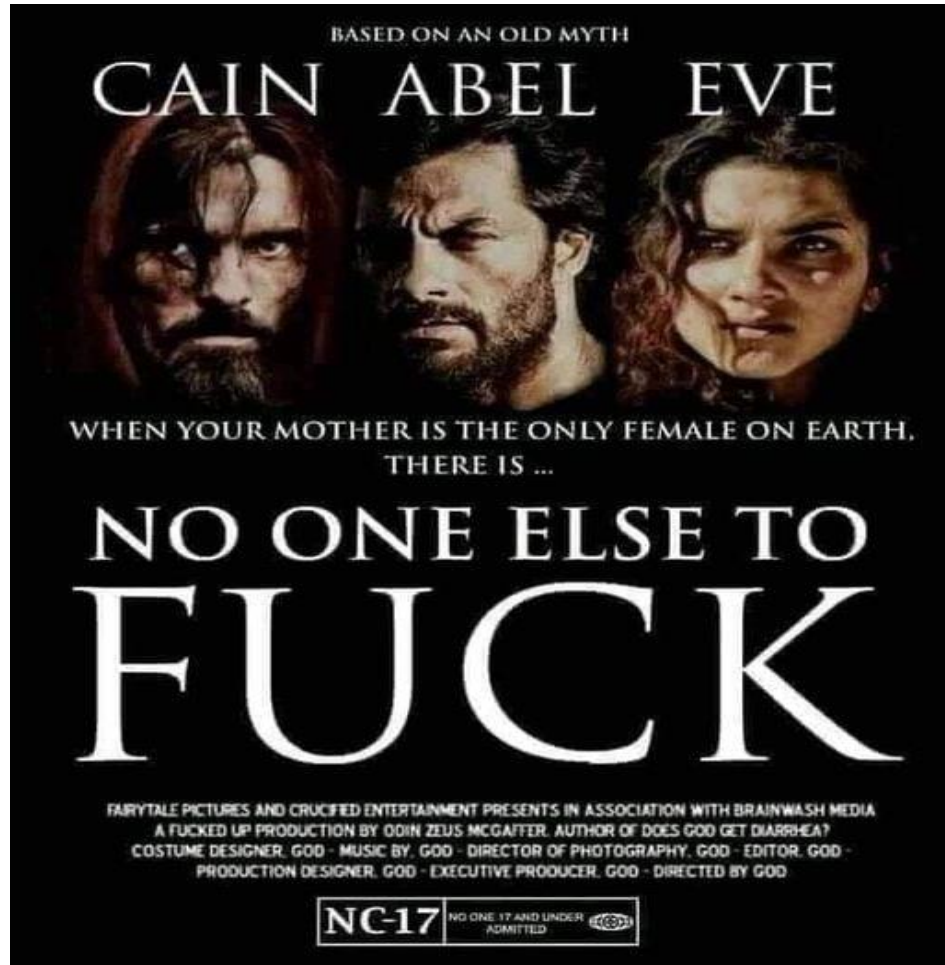


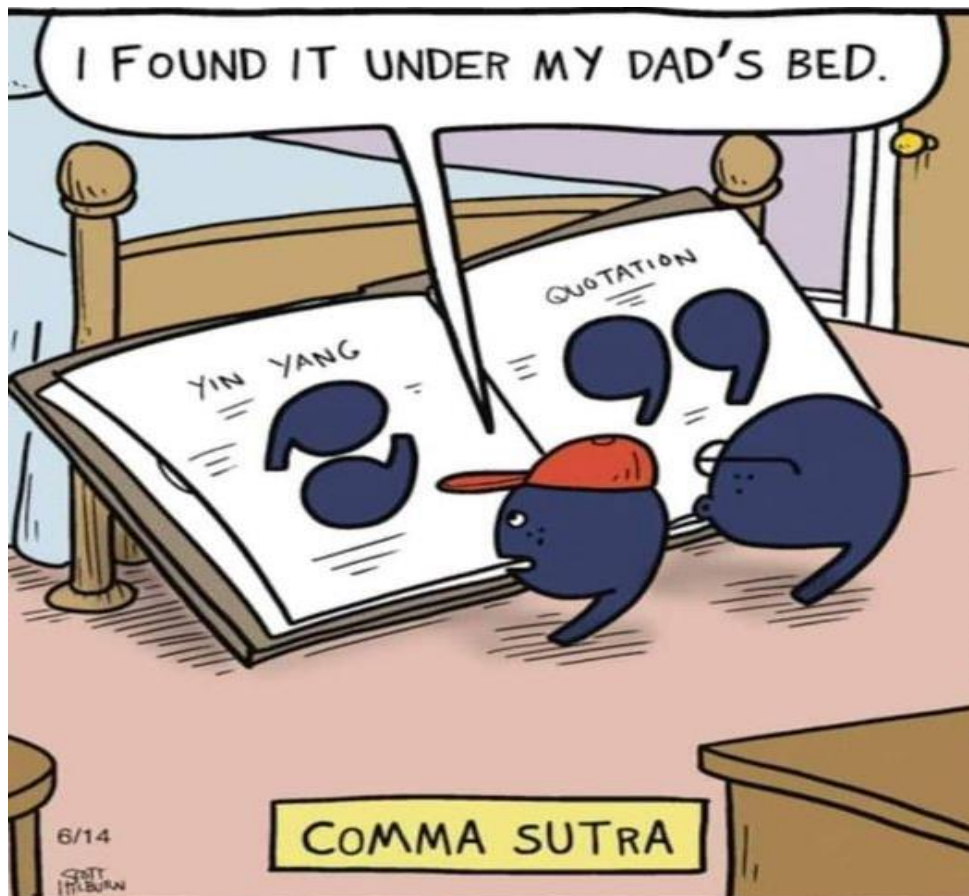
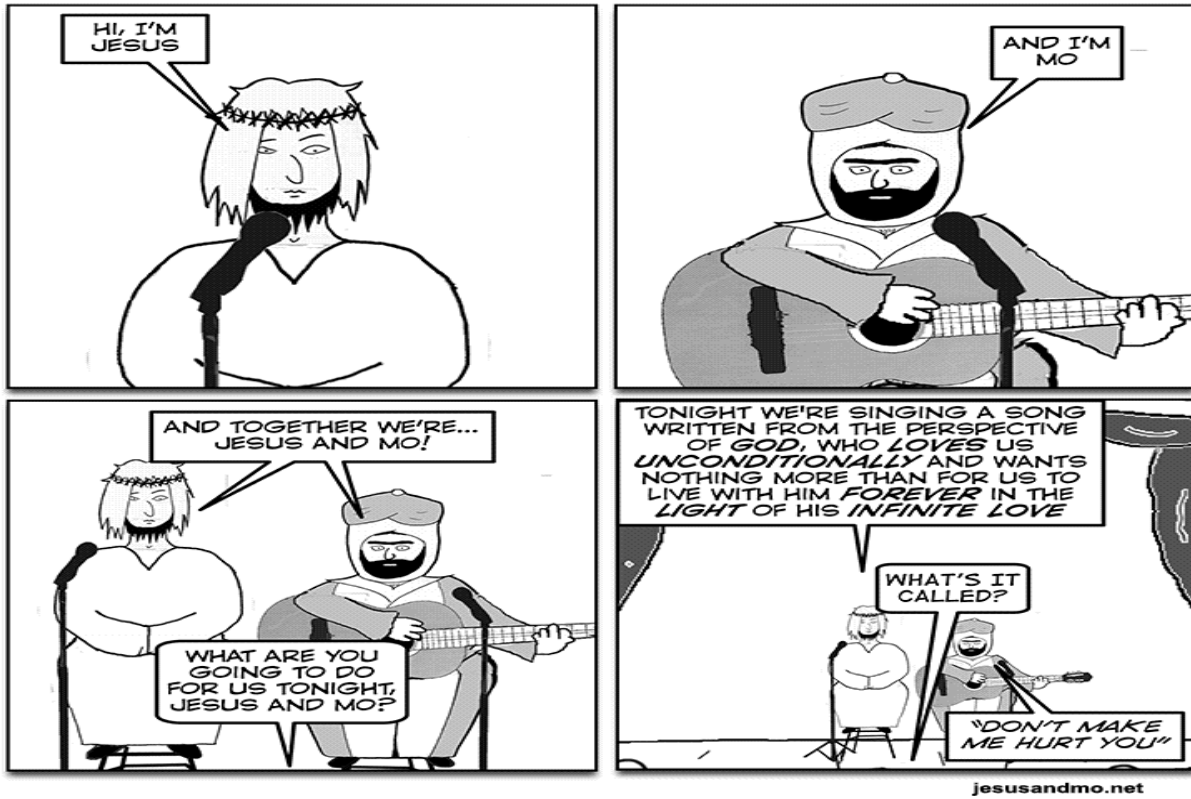
How to improve your Mental Health in 5 easy steps:

1. Turn
2. Off
3. The
4. Fucking
5. News

Friendship Paradox







American History Quiz

1. Brought to America in chains at the bottom of ships
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
2. Enslaved in America for over 400 years
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
3. Were counted as 3/5 human in America
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
4. Prevented from attending school with whites in America until 1954
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
5. Were lynched or killed in America for speaking to white women
A. Black Lives B. All Lives

WHEN ATHEIST COUPLES



ATTEND CHURCH WEDDINGS

"Money doesn't matter"
– Rich People



**I've just watched a
documentary on marijuana.**

**I think all documentaries
should be watched this way.**

"Looks don't matter"
– Attractive People



**"All matter is merely energy
condensed to a slow vibration"**

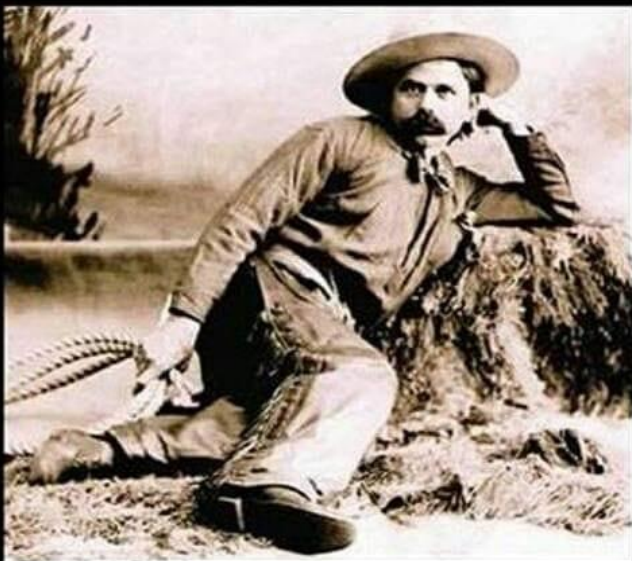
– a young man on acid



**If you write F*CK
Instead of FUCK**

**We all know what you're
trying to say.
We just think you're
a pussy.**

**Sleep well middle
finger.
You have got a big
day ahead of you
tomorrow.**



**There's a fine line between
"I'm tough yet relaxed" and
"hey there, cowboy."**



BE SEEING YOU