

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.8, No.2

March / April 2023

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

awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com

INTRODUCTION



It is no secret that I hate the concept of censorship. To me it is the equivalent of lying. Even more so is the disingenuous twisting of truth. The hiding of truth is like hiding water from the thirsty. It is as loathsome as the barbaric practice of castration and female genital mutilation. Call it censorship or cancel culture, it is all the same and it is hitting everyone, left, right and pornography.

Right-leaning cartoonist, Scott Adams, whose strip, *Dilbert*, has been cancelled as much as the left-leaning Wiley Miller's *Non Sequitur* was for making a point that many found "uncomfortable". Miller made a deservedly indecent comment towards president Trump and Adams simply let his blatant racism overwhelm his judgement.

David Bauder wrote in the Los Angeles Times:

Adams shocked many by his overt racism. Adams repeatedly referred to Black people as members of a "hate group" or a "racist hate group" and said he would no longer "help Black Americans." On his podcast Monday, he

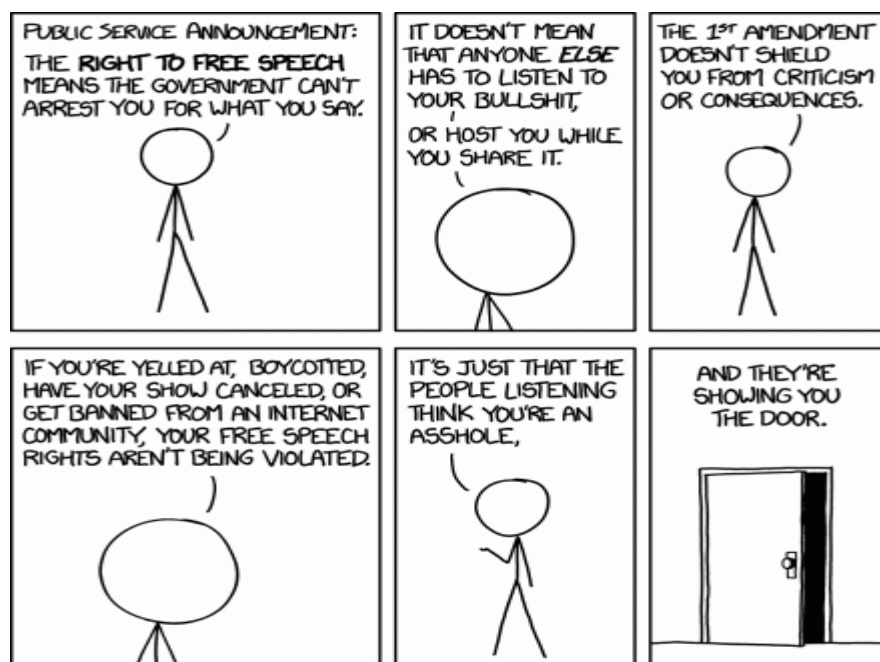
called his "hate group" remark "hyperbole," but continued to defend his advice that white people "get the hell away" from Black people.

~ Disgusting! Isn't it? Poor, deluded fellow, he is so scared of Black people ~

In announcing that "Dilbert" would be cut from the Kansas City Star, the newspaper's community engagement editor, Derek Donovan, said Adams' "antagonistic, childishly macho persona" has been a constant for years.

"It's not cancel culture," Richard Green, editor of the Santa Rosa Press Democrat, said. "It's doing the right thing."

The Sun Chronicle in Attleboro, Mass., left a blank space Monday where "Dilbert" would normally run and said it would keep it that way through March "as a reminder of the racism that pervades our society."



I went to Wikipedia for the scandal on Wiley Miller that caused him to disappear from my local newspaper:

The February 10, 2019 edition of Non Sequitur contained as an "easter egg" a hidden message disrespectful to President Donald Trump. The strip parodied the art of Leonardo da Vinci with anthropomorphic bears, and featured several mostly-illegible scribbles, one of which contained the phrase

"go fuck yourself Trump". Wiley confirmed the message and apologized, explaining that it was an oversight that he had meant to rectify. However, his Twitter post contradicted what he said in his apology. Multiple newspapers discontinued carrying the strip in response.

Okay, the owners of the platforms have the right to withdraw those strips. I do not watch right wing pseudo-news networks like Newsmax, OAN and FOX on my own television at home for the same reason. Since the recent revelation of FOX's talent and ownership knowing the truth about Donald Trump's phony "Stop the Steal" campaign which resulted in the January 6, insurrection, I wouldn't mind a nation-wide shunning. They have betrayed the nation's trust! There should be accountability for such disrespect. There should be punishment for causing such strife and anger between families and countrymen.

Boycott, that's what I will do. I have thought about asking the bars and restaurants that I go to that have their television tuned to FOX to change the channel. Truth is truth and lies are lies. You don't want to expose your other patrons to FOX's filthy lies. I would even switch to a 24/7 benefit telethon for cleft palate children than watch the faux news drivel from Rupert Murdoch's ass.

Well, in Florida it is not just the local pub, it is the mid and upscale restaurants too (Representative Brian Mast frequents many of them when he is in town) ... So much for that idea and I still want my tacos, grilled snapper and Destroyer burger with cheese. So, I do ask, ignore the glares, then I shut up.

But there are more insidious crimes afoot. An editorial in the New York Daily News, titled: *The absurd and asinine cleansing of Roald Dahl's work* said this about the effort to make Dahl's words more palatable:

Like the rest of the sane universe, we couldn't believe the gall of Puffin U.K. when word came out that the publishing house and the Roald Dahl Story Co., the entity that manages his work, had conspired to make hundreds of changes to the writers' iconic books.

But in free and democratic society, paintings are not painted over — no matter how far out of favor those artists have fallen. Mark Twain put the N-word in "Huckleberry Finn" very much on purpose; to remove it now is both to miss the point and to sanitize history.

Friday, in an attempt to quell the furor, Dahl's craven publisher said it would release the original stories as a "Classic Collection" alongside the updated

editions. We'd recommend adding a trigger warning: The pages can cause paper cuts. — New York Daily News

Even the most heinous thoughts and deeds should be able to be read and evaluated by anyone. I do not believe in cancel culture or political correctness. F-words, N-words, J-words. I do not want censored literature even though some may favor cleaner versions of art, literature, and music. What is being done to Roald Dahl makes me want to hurl. I hate the thought of the vast wasteland that awaits us.

This is what was in my mind as I put this edition together. You will find lots of blasphemous words, pictures and cartoons that may result in fidgety fingers and a reluctance to share the journal with the family ...

In a salute to the late David Crosby, I'm letting my freak flag fly. Sorry.

Virgil

ps – check p.35, Cultural Vandalism by infidel753 for more on this topic.

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>.

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

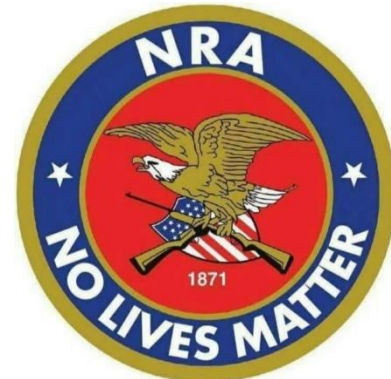
If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed, please email vmthorp@outlook.com for confirmation.

AOTC MEMBERS

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



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

TC Secular Writers – We have returned to Jensen Beach at the *House of Brews* (3311 NW Main Ave, Jensen Beach, FL 34957) on Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm.

Events

March Monthly Celebrations - Music in Our Schools Month

March 1 – Peace Corps Day

- 1927 - Harry Belafonte born ("The Banana Boat Song").
- Yellowstone National Park Established (1872).

March 3 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

- Caregiver Appreciation Day.
- Employee Appreciation Day.

March 4

- 1932 - Miriam Makeba ("Pata Pata").
- Iditarod Race Begins.
- First meeting of Congress (1789).

March 5 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

March 6

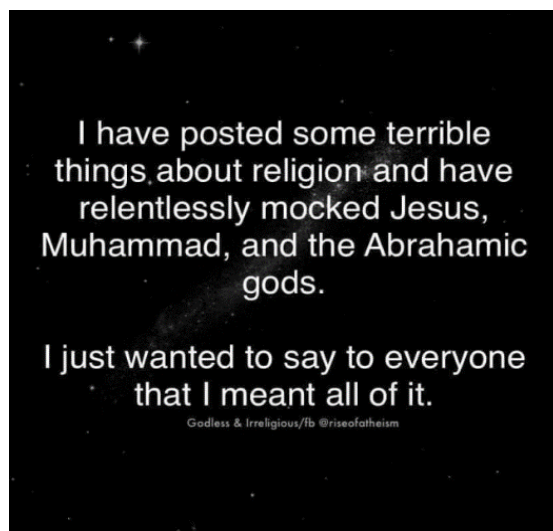
- 1939 - Domingo Samudio - lead vocalist of Sam The Sham And The Pharaohs ("Wooly Bully").
- Oreo cookies sold for the 1st time in 1912.
- Artist Michelangelo born, 1475.

March 8

- National Proofreading Day (Does Ron "Chickenshit" DeSantis resemble a meatball?).

March 9 – Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.

- Explorer Amerigo Vespucci born, 1454.
- Popcorn Lover's Day.



March 10 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

- March 10 –12 Orlando, FL FreeFlo 2023

All the details are at [FREEFLO.org](https://freeflo.org).

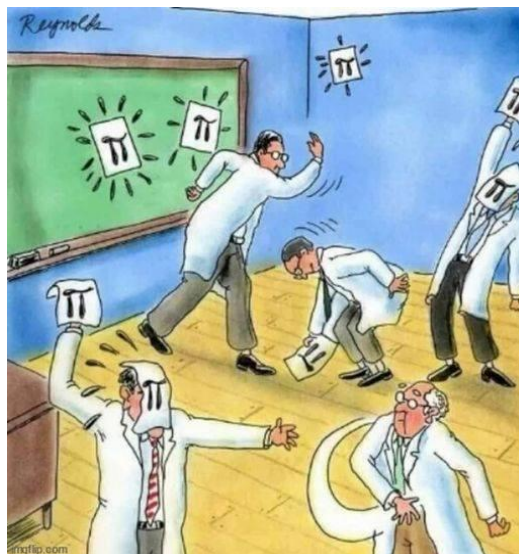


March 12 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- 1948 - James Taylor ("Fire and Rain").
- Carl Hiaasen born, 1953.
- Daylight Savings begins at 2: a.m.

March 14

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



March 16

- 1954 - Nancy Wilson - vocalist for Heart ("Magic Man").

March 17 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

- Corned Beef and Cabbage Day.
- Saint Patrick's Day.



republican.post

...

If the woman's belly was glass no one else would support abortion, because you could see the miracle that happens inside.

March 19 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- Let's Laugh Day.
- Poultry Day.

March 20 – Spring (Vernal) Equinox.

- 1950 - Carl Palmer - drummer for Emerson, Lake & Palmer ("Lucky Man").



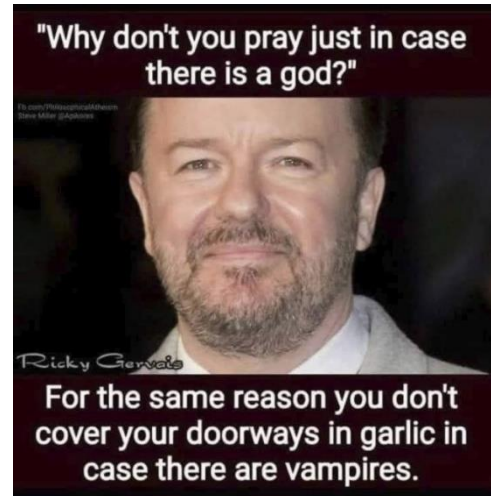
- International Earth Day.

March 22

- 1943 - Keith Relf - vocals and harmonica for The Yardbirds ("For Your Love").
- As Young As You Feel Day.

March 23 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

- National Puppy Day.
- Ramadan – begins at sundown.



March 24 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

- Harry Houdini born, 1874.
- Exxon Valdez runs aground (1989).

March 26 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

- Live Long and Prosper Day.
- Make Up Your Own Holiday Day.

March 28

- Something on a Stick Day.
- Weed Appreciation Day.
- **March 30**
- Vincent van Gogh born, 1853.
- 1942 - Graeme Edge born - drummer for The Moody Blues ("Nights In White Satin").

March 31 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

- First Map of the US Published (1784).
- Rene Descartes born, 1596.
- National Crayon Day.



April Monthly Celebrations – National Frog Month

April 1

- April Fool's Day.
- Atheist Day.

April 2 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- Children's Book Day.
- Palm Sunday .

April 3

- Don't Go to Work Unless it's Fun Day.
- Find a Rainbow Day.
- Tweed Day.
- World Party Day.

April 4

- School Librarian Day.

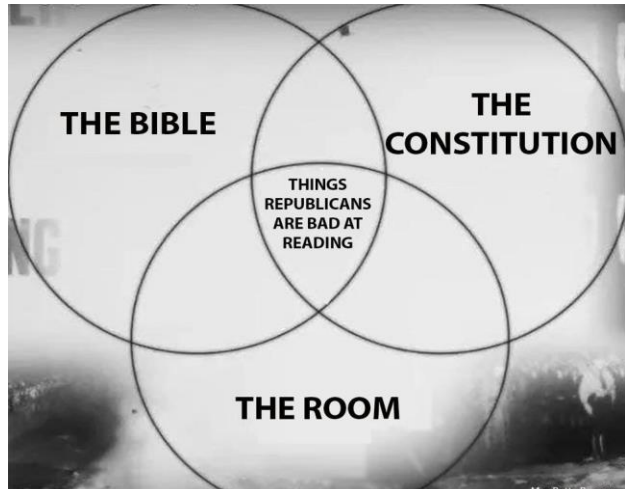
April 5

- 1944 - Crispian St. Peters ("The Pied Piper").
- Deep Dish Pizza Day.
- Passover begins at sundown.

April 6 – Writer's Group @

Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.

- American Atheists 2023 National Convention, Phoenix, AZ.



When you get it...



teammv.com

I was going to quit drinking wine for the New Year.

But then I remembered, no one likes a quitter.

PREMIER
ESTATES



April 7 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

- Caramel Popcorn Day – Most likely created by a popcorn maker or an Ecard company.
- Good Friday.
- International Beaver Day.
- National Beer Day.
- World Health Day.

April 8

- 1947 - Steve Howe - guitarist for Yes ("Owner Of A Lonely Heart").
- Zoo Lover's Day.

April 9 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- Easter Sunday.

April 10

- Dyngus Day is always the Monday after Easter.

April 11

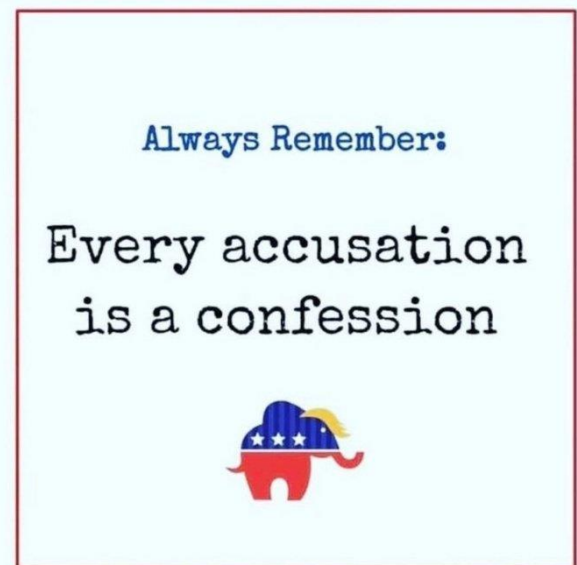
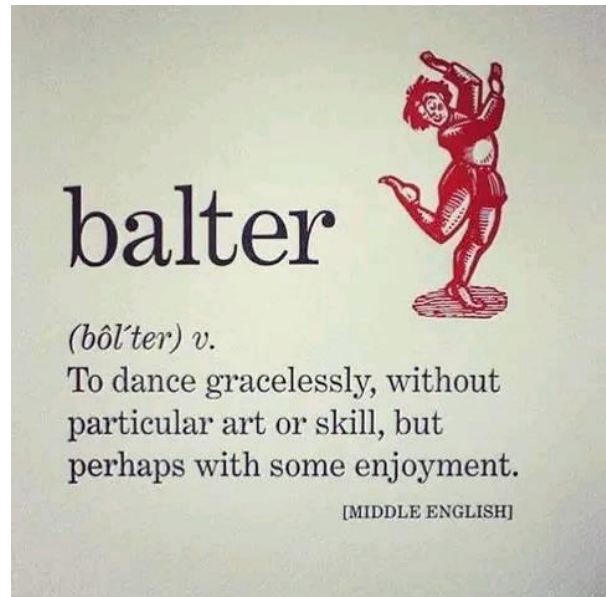
- National Pet Day.
- National Submarine Day.

April 12

- 1944 - John Kay - lead singer of Steppenwolf ("Magic Carpet Ride").
- Walk on Your Wild Side Day.

April 13

- International Plant Appreciation Day.



April 14 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

- 1945 - Ritchie Blackmore - lead guitarist for Deep Purple ("Smoke On The Water").
- International Moment of Laughter Day.
- National Dolphin Day.



April 15

- Income Taxes Due.
- World Art Day.
- World Circus Day – third Saturday in April.

April 16 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- 1924 - Henry Mancini ("Moon River").
- National Eggs Benedict Day.
- National Librarian Day.

April 17

- National Stress Awareness Day – the first workday after U.S. taxes are due.
- Patriot's Day – third Monday of the month.

"DUNNING-KRUGER EFFECT."

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

April 20 – Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.

- 1951 - Luther Vandross ("How Many Times Can We Say Goodbye").
- National High Five Day third Thursday.
- Volunteer Recognition Day.

April 21 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

April 23 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- 1936 - Roy Orbison ("Pretty Woman").
- Lover's Day.

April 26

- Secretary's Day.
- Richter Scale Day.

April 27

- National Prime Rib Day.

April 28 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

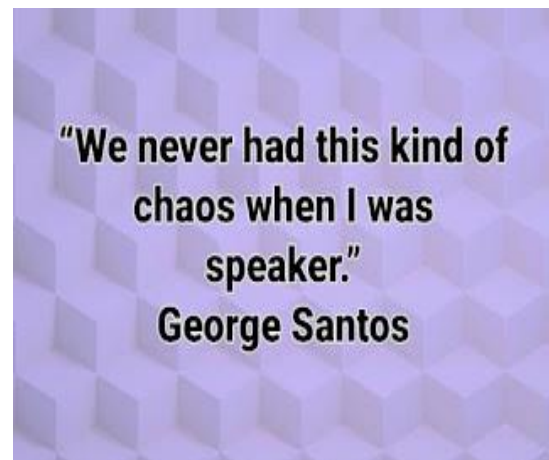
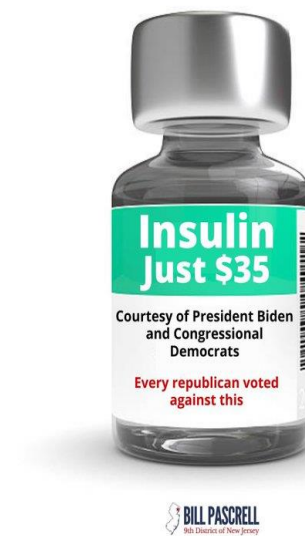
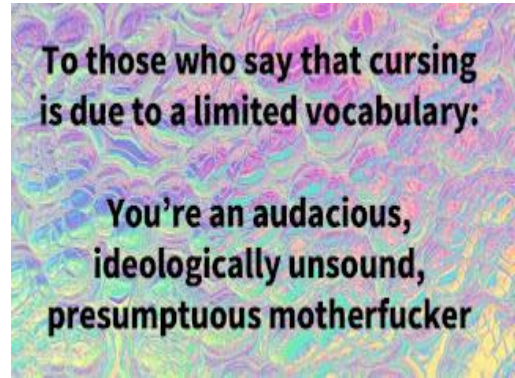
- Arbor Day.
- Great Poetry Reading Day.
- Kiss Your Mate Day – *guys, do not forget this one. Kiss her, then read her some poetry.*

April 29

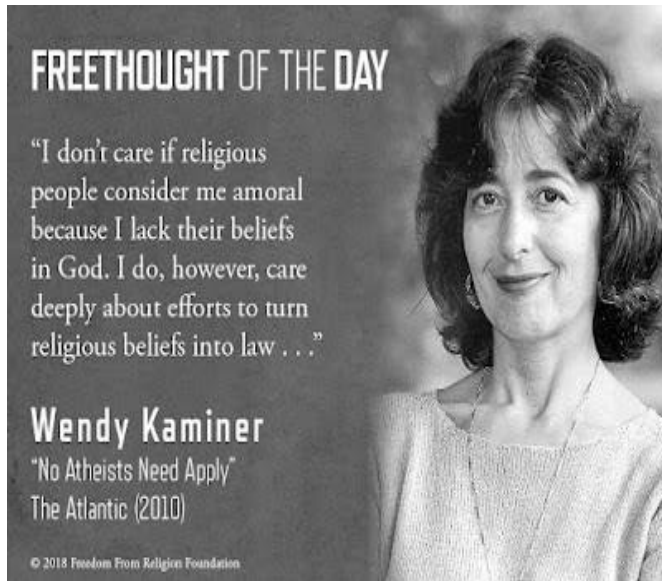
- 1947 - Tommy James ("I Think We're Alone Now").
- National Shrimp Scampi Day.

April 30 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

- 1933 - Willie Nelson ("You Were Always On My Mind").
- International Jazz Day.



Atheist Quotes



If you pray for rain long enough, it eventually does fall. If you pray for floodwaters to abate, they eventually do. The same happens in the absence of prayers.

Steve Allen



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

December 2022

29



Pelé, 82, Brazilian footballer (Santos, national team), world champion (1958, 1962, 1970), colon cancer.

- Ian Dawson Tyson CM AOE (25 September 1933 – 29 December 2022) was a Canadian singer-songwriter who wrote several folk songs, including "Four Strong Winds"

and "Someday Soon", and performed with partner Sylvia Tyson as the duo Ian & Sylvia.

30

Barbara Walters, 93, American Hall of Fame television journalist (Today, 20/20) and talk show host (The View).



31

Pope Benedict XVI, 95, German Roman Catholic prelate and theologian (Introduction to Christianity), pope (2005–2013), archbishop of Munich and Freising (1977–1982).

- Anita Pointer, 74, American singer (The Pointer Sisters), cancer.



January 2023



1

Ron Labinski, 85, American architect (Oracle Park, Raymond James Stadium, M&T Bank Stadium, Arrowhead Stadium.)

2

Ken Block, 55, American rally driver (Rally



America, Global Rallycross), co-founder of DC Shoes, snowmobile rollover.

7

Seyyed Mohammad Hosseini was a 39-year-old Iranian man who was executed by Iran's Islamic Republic for his participation in the Mahsa Amini protests. He was also known as Kian Hosseini. He was found guilty of Fisad-e-filarz (an Arabic term translating to "corruption on Earth") for his alleged involvement in the murder of a Basij militiaman during demonstrations in Karaj during the 40th-day memorial of Hadis Najafi.

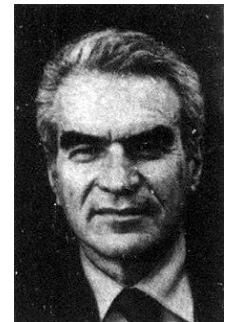
Hosseini was hanged with Mohammad Mehdi Karami, a 21-year-old sportsman who was also convicted of Fisad-e-filarz for his alleged role in the same killing. Hosseini maintained his innocence throughout his arrest and trial.



- Adam Rich, 54, American actor (*Eight Is Enough*, *Dungeons & Dragons*, *The Devil and Max Devlin*).

8

Bernard Kalb, 100, American journalist (*Reliable Sources*, *The New York Times*), assistant secretary of state for public affairs (1985–1986), complications from a fall



10



Jeff Beck, 78, British Hall of Fame guitarist (*The Yardbirds*, *The Jeff Beck Group*), six-time Grammy winner, bacterial meningitis

- Constantine II, 82, Greek monarch and sailor, king (1964–1973) and Olympic champion (1960), stroke
- Tyre Nichols, 29, American motorist, subject of Tyre Nichols protests. Following a traffic stop on



I'm just trying to go home.
—Tyre Nichols
(Jan. 7, 2023)

January 7, 2023, Tyre Nichols, a 29-year-old Black man, was allegedly assaulted and beaten by five Black officers of the Memphis Police Department (MPD) in Tennessee. He was hospitalized in critical condition where he died three days later.





- George Pell, 81, Australian Roman Catholic cardinal, archbishop of Melbourne (1996–2001) and Sydney (2001–2014), prefect of the Secretariat for the Economy (2014–2019), complications from hip surgery. In 2018, Pell was found guilty of child sexual abuse, but on appeal, the convictions were quashed in 2020 by the High Court of Australia. According to findings released by Australia's Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse in 2020, Pell knew of child sexual abuse by clergy by the 1970s but did not take adequate action to address it.



11

Harriet Hall, 77, American Air Force flight surgeon. n American family physician, U.S. Air Force flight surgeon, author, science communicator and skeptic. She wrote about alternative medicine and quackery for the magazines Skeptic and Skeptical Inquirer and was a regular contributor and founding editor of Science-Based Medicine. She wrote under her own name or used the pseudonym "The SkepDoc". After retiring as a colonel in the U.S. Air Force, Hall was a frequent speaker at science and skepticism related conventions in the US and around the world.

12



Robbie Bachman, 69, Canadian drummer (Bachman–Turner Overdrive).

- Lisa Marie Presley, 54, American singer-songwriter ("Lights Out", "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet"), cardiac arrest. She was the child of singer and actor Elvis Presley and actress Priscilla Presley, as well as the sole heir to her father's estate.



16

Gina Lollobrigida, 95, Italian actress (Bread, Love and Dreams, Come September, The Hunchback of Notre Dame)



18

David Crosby, 81, American Hall of Fame singer (The Byrds, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young) and songwriter ("Guinnevere"), complications from COVID-19. On Twitter in 2019, Crosby said that the late Peter Tork of the Monkees loaned him the money to buy the Mayan. In the decades before he sold the boat in



2014, Crosby sailed it thousands of miles in the Pacific and Caribbean. He credited the *Mayan* as being a songwriting muse; he wrote some of his best-known songs aboard the boat, including "Wooden Ships," "The Lee Shore," "Page 43," and "Carry Me."



20

Sal Bando, 78, American Hall of Fame baseball player (Arizona State Sun Devils, Kansas City/Oakland Athletics, Milwaukee Brewers), World Series champion (1972, 1973, 1974), cancer.

25

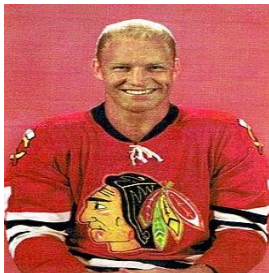
Cindy Williams, 75, American actress (Laverne & Shirley, American Graffiti, The Conversation)



28 Tom Verlaine, 73, American musician (Television), songwriter ("Marquee Moon") and producer (Sketches for My Sweetheart the Drunk). "I like thinking of myself as invisible. I find it a very advantageous way to live. Unfortunately, it's not the way the music business works."

29

Bob Born, 98, American candy manufacturer (Peeps), inventor of Hot Tamales



30

Bobby Hull, 84, Canadian Hall of Fame ice hockey player (Chicago Blackhawks, Winnipeg Jets, Hartford Whalers), Stanley Cup champion (1961).

February

3

Paco Rabanne, 88, Spanish fashion designer. Rabanne rose to prominence as an *enfant terrible* of the fashion world in the 1960s with his use of unconventional materials such as metal and plastic in his clothing, and for his incorporation of futuristic elements in his designs, gaining notoriety for his space-age style.



6



David Harris, 76, American journalist and anti-war activist. In 1967, Harris was one of those who founded The Resistance, an organization advocating civil disobedience against military conscription and against the war the conscription system fed Harris himself was ordered to report for military service in January 1968 and refused. He was indicted almost immediately and charged with felony "disobedience of a lawful order of induction" and tried in federal court in San Francisco in May 1968. He was convicted and sentenced to three years in prison, with the judge's admonition that "you may be right but you're going to be punished."

8

Burt Bacharach, 94, American Hall of Fame composer ("Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head", "Walk On By", "Arthur's Theme (Best That You Can Do)"), six-time Grammy winner



11

Odd Eriksen, 67, Norwegian politician, minister of trade and industry (2005–2006) and governor of Nordland (2006–2013). In addition to his political career he gained national fame after stopping an Algerian hijacker from crashing



a Kato Air-flight in 2004.

15

Raquel Welch, 82, American actress (One Million Years B.C., The Three Musketeers, Fantastic Voyage). In 1995, Welch was chosen by Empire magazine as one of the "100 Sexiest Stars in Film History". Playboy ranked Welch No. 3 on their "100 Sexiest Stars of the Twentieth Century" list.



- David Oreck, 99, American entrepreneur He founded Oreck Corporation, manufacturers of vacuum cleaners and air purifiers, and was known for his appearances in its television commercials.

17

Stella Stevens, 84, American actress (Girls! Girls! Girls!, The Nutty Professor, The Poseidon Adventure), complications from Alzheimer's disease.



18 Barbara Bosson (November 1, 1939 – February 18, 2023) was an American actress. Her most notable role came in the television series Hill Street Blues (1981–1987), for which she was consecutively nominated for five Primetime Emmy Awards.

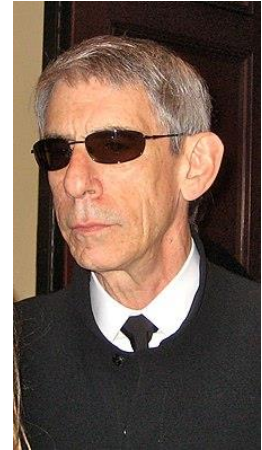


19 Richard Belzer, 78, American actor (Homicide: Life on the Street, Law & Order: Special Victims Unit, The Flash), comedian, and author.



24

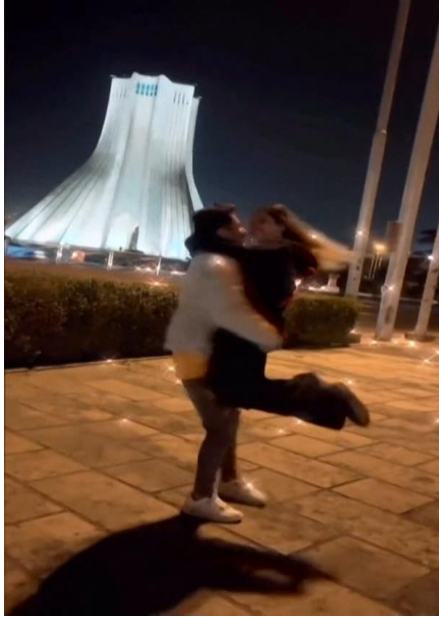
Walter Mirisch, 101, American film producer (In the Heat of the Night, Midway, The Hawaiians), The Magnificent 7. He won the Academy Award for Best Picture as producer of In the Heat of the Night (1967).



Heroes

The Brooklyn Public Library has announced that any teenager in America is now eligible for a Brooklyn Public Library card. **Teens can sign out ebooks + audiobooks from wherever they live.** The move is designed to combat censorship, with some titles listed as “always available.”





Iranian heroes

Astiyazh Haghighi and her fiancé Amir Mohammad Ahmadi, both in their early 20s, had been arrested in early November after a video went viral of them dancing romantically in front of the Azadi Tower in Tehran.

Haghighi did not wear a headscarf in defiance of the Islamic republic's strict rules for women, while women are also not allowed to dance in public in Iran, let alone with a man.

A revolutionary court in Tehran sentenced them each to 10 years and six months in prison, as well as bans on using the Internet and leaving Iran, the US-based Human Rights Activists News Agency (HRANA) said.



Artist Jonathan Harris and his painting titled "Critical Race Theory"!



When they asked me
what my religion was

I said I was
Non-Delusional

Dubious Achievements

Oh My, Poor Tennessee

February 28, 2023 By: Juanita Jean Herownself

Okay, so this is not a good time to be a Republican in Tennessee. They seem to have caught a mild case of George Santos.



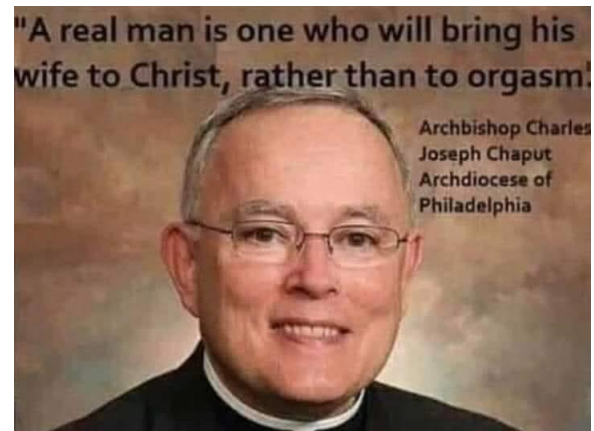
Let's start with Governor Bill Lee, a major supporter of shaky masculinity.

On February 23, with Governor Lee's strong support, The Tennessee House passed "a bill [that] criminalizes the act of taking part in an "adult cabaret performance" or a drag show on public property, particularly in the presence of minors."



"Hard Luck Woman"

And that would just be silly. However Lee's high school yearbook elevates it to having it floored in neutral. Wanna see? Of course you do. Yep, that's Bill Lee in drag. Nice legs, though.



TERMINALLY ONLINE

MTG, a Member of Congress, Blames 'the Internet' For Her Past QAnon Beliefs

"Like a lot of people today, I had easily gotten sucked into some things I had seen on the internet," she said on Fox News

MAGA Republicans have made a commitment to:

CAP
ACTION

- ✓ Banning abortion
- ✓ Repealing the Affordable Care Act
- ✓ Overturning the Inflation Reduction Act
- ✓ Gutting education funding
- ✓ Tax breaks for the wealthy & corporations
- ✓ Ending Social Security & Medicare as we know it

✓ **Extremism**

But to "America?" **Nope!**

LOTTERY WINNER SHOWS UP NAKED FOR HIS WORK SHIFT AT WALMART STORE WITH BOSS'S FACE TATTOOED ON HIS ASS

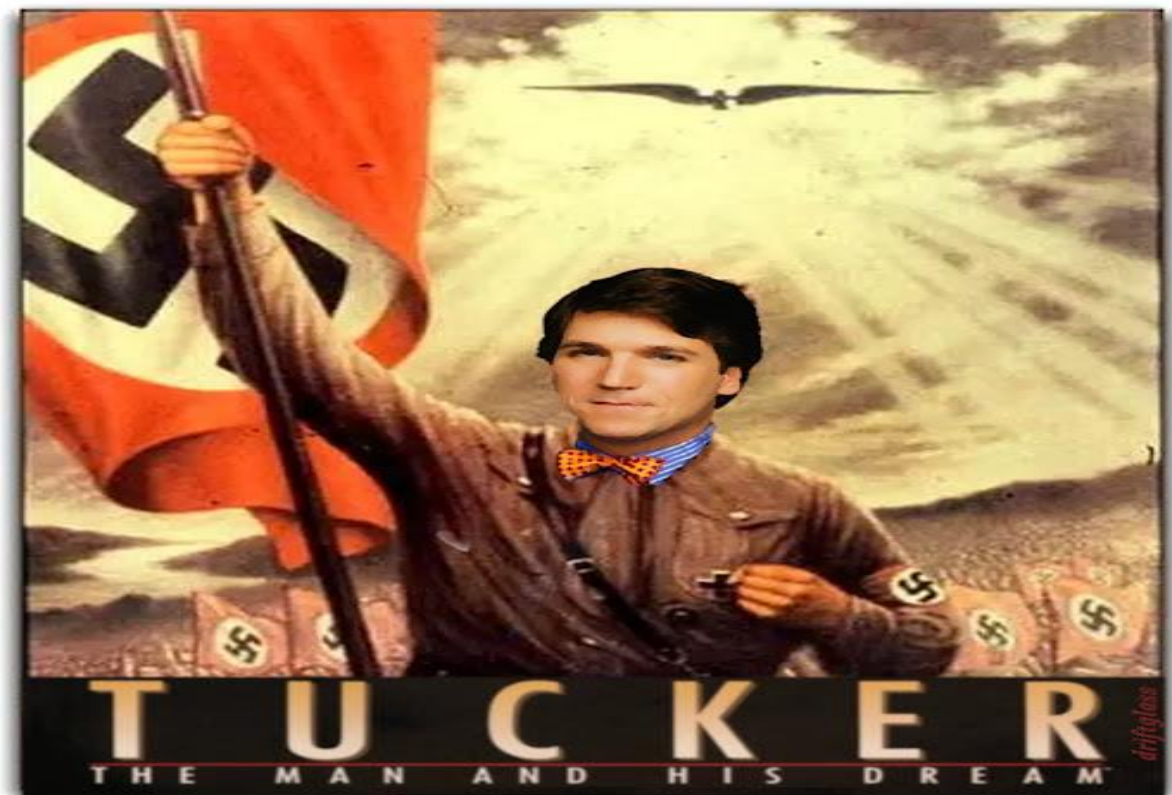


Comedy and memes

1d · 🌐

A Walmart employee from Cincinnati found a fairly unusual way to leave his job after winning \$13.2 million at the lottery, showing up entirely naked for work with the store manager's face tattooed on his butt.

Assholes of the Month

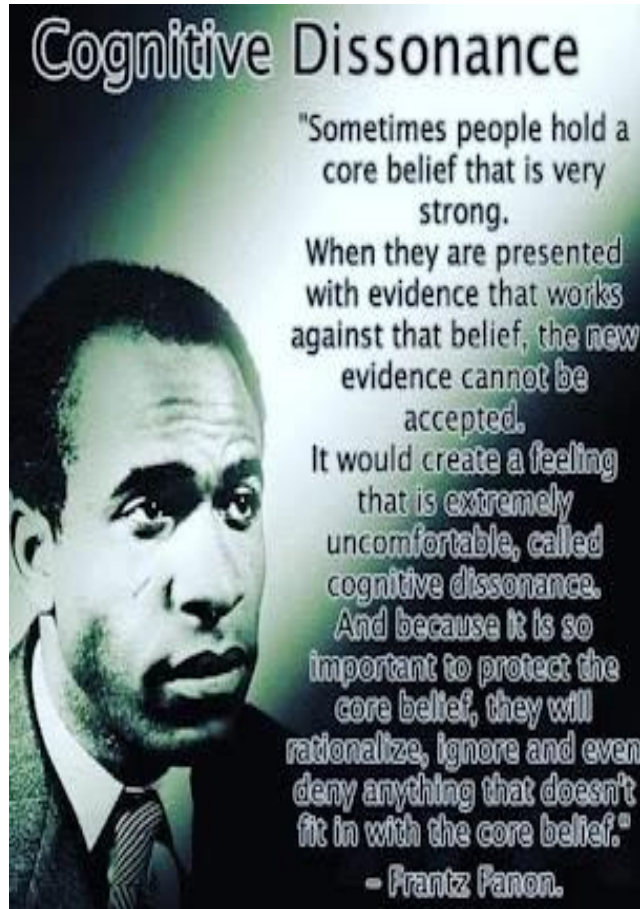


“I swear on any one of my mother’s many graves that I am telling the truth.”





COMMENTARY



Can you say
Cognitive
Dissonance?

By James Longo

Ever believe one thing and do the opposite? I hate the word believe. how about value one thing and do the opposite, and that action bothered you. Or, new information

comes to light that threatens old beliefs, and you look at past actions or statements and think, *what a fool I was?*

Maybe Bertrand Russell says it best:

"Most people have two kinds of morals, the one we preach but don't practice and the one we practice but rarely preach."

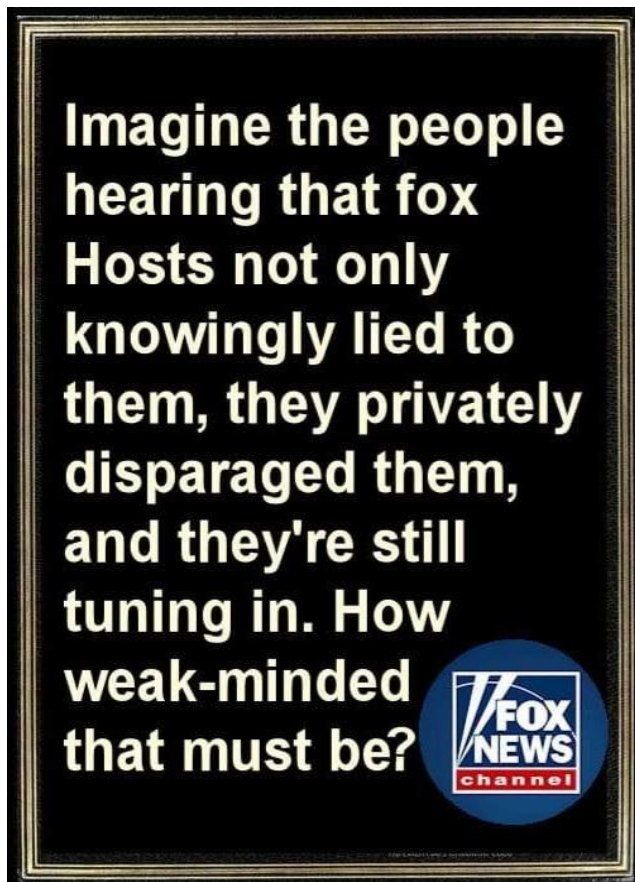
The term in psychology is called *Cognitive Dissonance*. It sounds so bland. It should be bigger. How about, *Cosmologic Dissonance*, because changing a value or modifying a belief can rock your universe.

Changing how you think about something and getting it in tune with your actions, or getting your actions in tune with your values are really the only path to personal growth.

I see *Cog Dis*, every time I turn around. Someone said my writing has improved. I worry that my writing doesn't meet my standards. Holy Comedy all of sudden I have standards. I have modified my values. *Oh, the pain!*

Or the use of the word "belief", is *Cognitive Dissonance* to me. In a society where beliefs are treated like facts, when they are really just an individual's best guess, and here I am using the word in this piece. *Oh, the pain!*

Part of me hates fishing, I think it is incredibly cruel to the fish. Taking a beast of the deep and bringing him up only to suffocate him in the air. Never mind the hook in the mouth, but I do it and love the mortal combat between me and the fish. Mortal combat for the fish, all I'm risking is time and tackle, and yes I do love a nice fresh fillet. Can you say *Cognitive Dissonance*?



Let's take two of my favorite quotes of Bertrand Russell and Miguel Cervantes, "*To understand the world as it is, and not as we wish it to be, is the beginning of wisdom*". And, "... *maddest of all, is to see life as it is, and not as it [ought] to be*".

I value both statements as true. Aren't the statements juxtapositions? How can both be true? Maybe maddest of all is to seek wisdom.

Or maybe, *Cognitive Dissonance* rules?

Cutting my lawn. Why do it? I am doing it for the neighbors, but I believe I shouldn't care what people think.

Can you say, "so much sweat for my *Cognitive Dissonance*?"

Can you say, "so much sweat for

Not getting a customer the best price yet believing in doing unto others as you would like done unto you. Can you say, "sorry don't have the time" and yes, "*Cognitive Dissonance*?"

Driving an internal combustion engine, yet realizing it is contributing to global warming.

Can you say *Cognitive Dissonance*?

Eating sugary sweets, when I know in the long run, probably isn't good for me.

Can you say *Cognitive Dissonance*?

Society itself is contradictory. We must be cooperative. Hey, help a brother out, and at the same time they tell you that you need to be competitive. Hey man help a brother out, as you strive to get that brother's job. How is that supposed to work?

Can you say *Cognitive Dissonance*?

The hypocrisy of our values versus our actions, how do most of us deal with it? Ignore it? Wrestle with it? Change our beliefs to fit our desires? Decrease the importance of our beliefs?

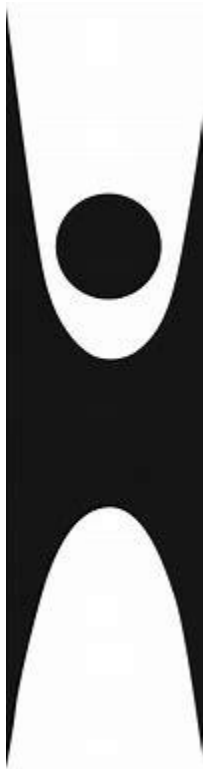
Or just say, it is what it is.

It is what it is, seems to be the go-to saying of our age, but isn't the question everyone wants addressed. How does that make you feel?



Can you say *Cognitive Dissonance*?

Comments to the City of Stuart Commissioners made 1/23/2023



My name is Jo Anne Gillespie and I am President of Humanists of the Treasure Coast. I am here to speak against resolution 07-2023.

Our communities on the Treasure Coast are becoming more diverse in many ways – racially, economically, politically, and religiously. We each enjoy the freedom of religion guaranteed to us by the First Amendment of the Constitution, or to have no religion as we so choose. The religious are free to worship in their temples, churches, synagogues and certainly within their homes among their loved ones. But that freedom does not extend to the spreading of religion in our secular government where we conduct the business of all the people. There is no need to force anyone's religion in the public domain.

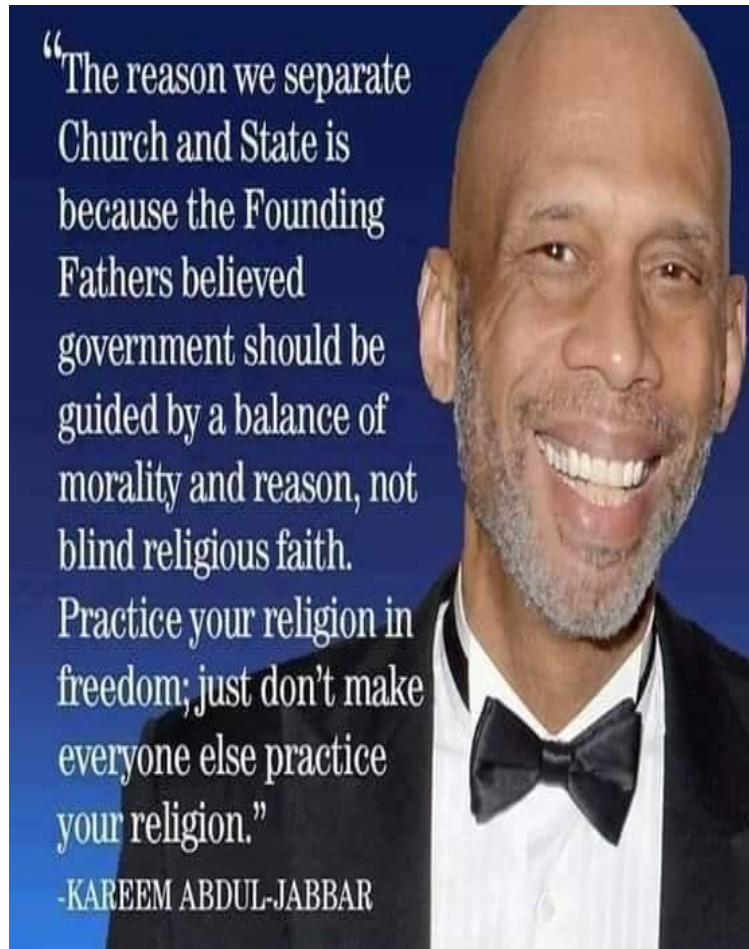
The concept presented in the resolution states that all religions will be invited to provide invocations which seems to be included to mollify any opposition so the more vocal Christian sector in this chamber can wield its influence on the public whether the public wants it or not.

Right now, according to the Pew Research centers most recent report, 10% of adults on the Treasure Coast identify as atheist, a part of the 25% who overall identify as non-religious, and that number has been growing no matter what study you quote. As members of the community, how do they fit into this religiosity you propose? Should they have to leave the room because they are not religious? Now that is discrimination!

The legal references made in the preamble attempting to spell out the arguments for why this is all constitutional – making its case – gives no thought of how best this Commission can serve the larger community.

And woe it will be when members of the Satanic Temple establish themselves and demand equal time and equal treatment which they would have every right to based on the legalities presented in this preamble.

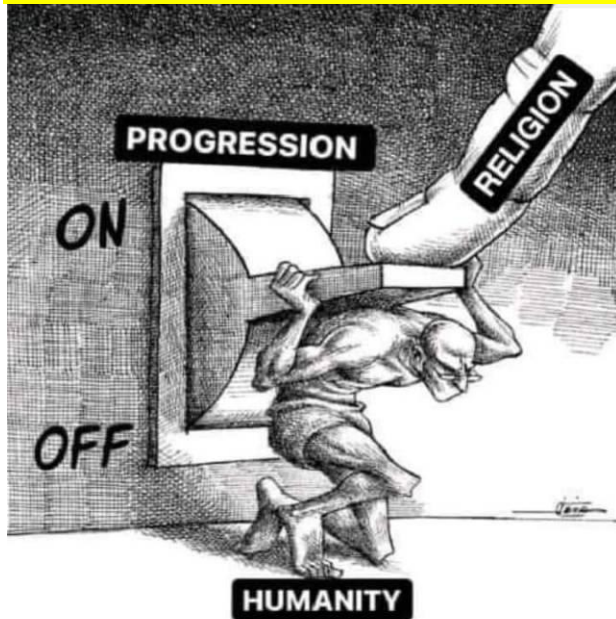
I recommend no invocation at all, particularly with any specific religiosity allowed. It's a slippery slope to ensure inclusivity of all. Rather continue with a moment of silence or perhaps revamp the policy to include non-religious inspirational readings of great leaders of past and present, from poets, from those who have earned the Nobel Peace Prize for example. Be inspired and uplifted by the best humanity has to offer. I would be happy to provide you with brief non-religious inspirational readings from noted personages for every meeting in the coming year to be read by your clerk before each meeting.



But keep your religion out of our government and in your homes, synagogues, and churches. It does not belong here.

Jo Anne Gillespie, President HUMTC
Joannegillespie2@gmail.com

First Amendment provides freedom from religion



In reference to a letter of February 5th, I have a few thoughts.

It's true, the United States was the First Nation in history to build its society on the concept of separation of church and state.

Still, the writer seems to have skewed the founding fathers' words and concepts. The suggestion our country was founded on the concept of "freedom of religion," not "freedom from religion," missed the whole idea of what freedom actually means.

It does not mean that our government, be it local, state or national, has the right to force certain religious habits or practices onto those who would prefer not to participate in such a display or hear such words at a public meeting or forum.

Does mean that we as U S citizens, can expect our freedom quote from" certain coercions, be they religiously orientated or otherwise will be respected.

In this current absolute control and right wing based government of DeSantis Florida, one might expect this sort of theory, but just because one wishes something to be true does not make it a valid argument viable argument.

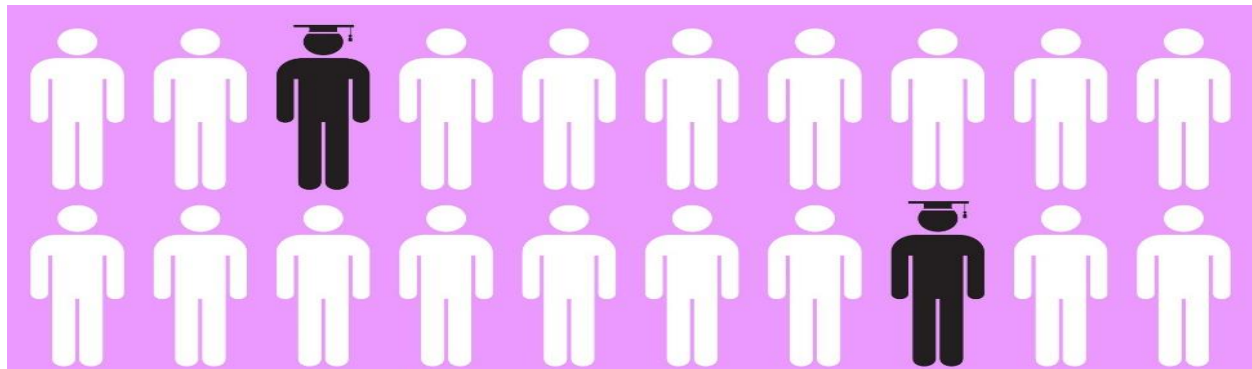
I enjoy my "freedom from religion" and don't want to see that freedom eroded by religious fanatics who want to foist their own religious views onto the rest of us. The recent behavior of certain citizens at the Stuart city Commission is just another example of the coercive spirit of today's right wing religious zealots who require "my way or the highway," just like their "hero," the disgraced former president, who, by the way, took advantage of these folks who were snookered and used by him. His lifelong behaviors certainly indicate he is different and definitely not a Christian.

Sharon E. Garland, Hobe Sound

Thursday February 16, 2023, in the St. Lucie News Tribune letter to the editor

Is Affirmative Action

Unfair?



By J. Dan Vignau

Sometimes, I feel I must respond to a contentious premise raised at our Sandspruit park meetings, especially when they have been presented by members who may have been mesmerized by too many right-wing propaganda news channels.¹ Of course, that is my own slanted opinion and if I am mistaken, I apologize.

Currently, the US Supreme Court is mulling affirmative action programs, mostly relating to college admissions. The position touted is of perceived inequality of the fate of middle-class white men, (largely due to affirmative

¹(see: reason.com/2023/02/17/rupert-murdoch-called-trumps-stolen-election-fantasy-really-crazy-stuff-fox-news-promoted-it-anyway/)

action programs that are prejudicial to all but minorities). It is a major talking point for rote learners who cannot reason but must rely on the repetitive nature of our reactionary, conservative, propagandistic media machine. You know, *SLOGANISM!*

Yes, such programs should be continually evaluated, but not just by the corporate controlled news stations.

In addition to the little discussion about far right's outrage about affirmative action, and its discriminatory effects on white, working-class men. It was mentioned that we should not show such a preference toward children of college donors who buy their children's way into our elite universities.

But is this really true? Isn't there other rampant discrimination that can lead to better or worse lives and earnings?

Well, my fellow Aware Human Critters, yes there are!



We have all heard that many universities are dropping exam scores, and even good grade requirements for admission. At first, I reasoned that since the government guarantees loans, as well as doling out such niceties as Pell Grants, scholarships, and their ilk. That maybe the money grabbing schools were ready to grab even more funds by allowing total morons acceptance into school, if not to learn, at least to party and avoid working for a living. After all, we have now educated generations of total slackers.

Quite a timely article in the current issue of the independently funded Mother Jones magazine has the data. 2 in 3 Harvard students come from the richest 20 percent of all households.

Well, don't we desire students who can afford to finish school?

The typical acceptance rate to Ivy League schools is 5.5 percent.

I take that means the median for all applicants.

34 percent of the relatives of alumni who apply are accepted into Harvard. Nepotism rates high, with that 5 percent rising to 34 percent of relatives of alumni. Other pathways for admission include playing sports, like competitive water polo. Or, by financing a new stadium.



Hmmm. I guess that must again be those great genes. Even more children of big donors are accepted; again, those great genes! It must be the genes. Why would we ever subsidize bad genes from poorer classes?

47 percent of the children of faculty and staff are accepted.

Wow! They must have inherited their smart parents' genetic genius!

But smart genes are not the only ones allowed to show their competence! 86 percent of recruited athletes are accepted to Harvard.

That must be athletic genes at work, but sometimes jocks are just plain dumb. It doesn't matter their color, just their ability.

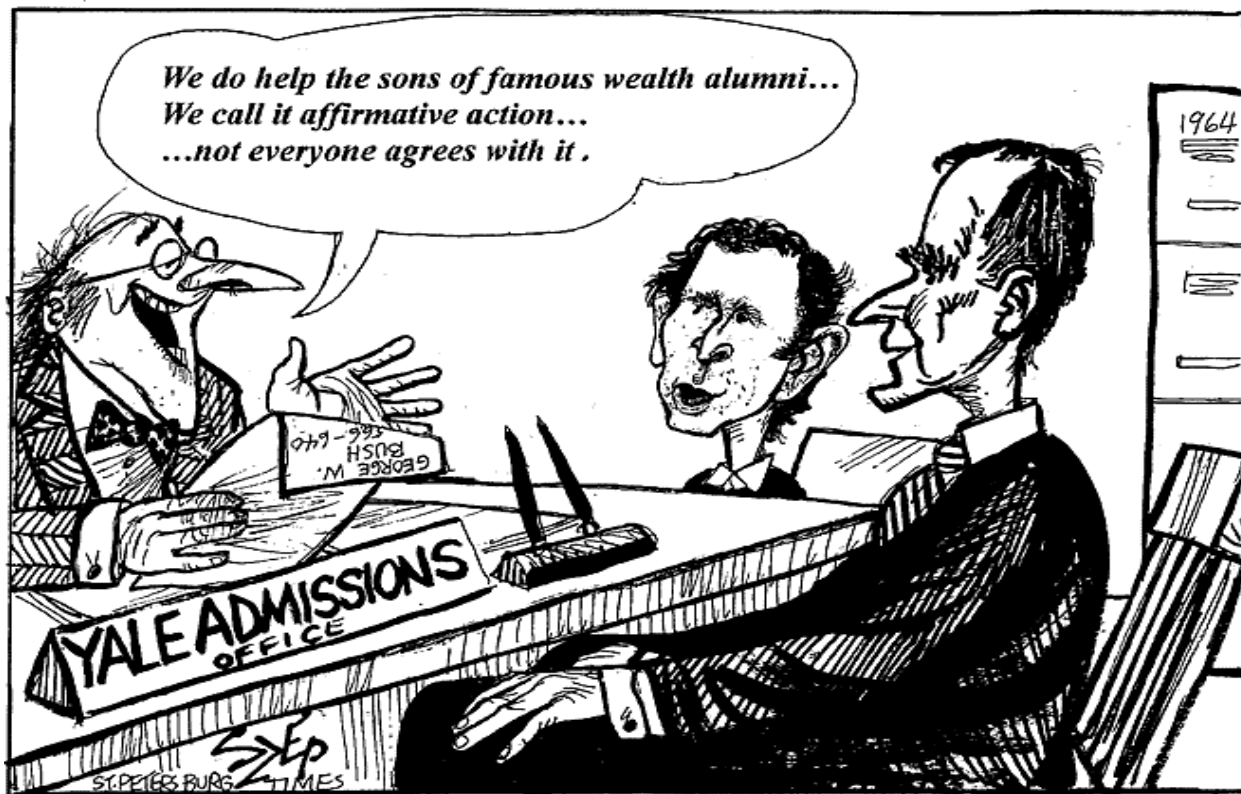
It is no wonder that schools are dropping their educational standards. Somebody had to bring the crowds to that stadium the dumb kids' doner parents built.

What about other elite colleges? When considering admission rates for our elite schools; the Ivy League plus Chicago, Stanford, Duke, and MIT, I see a trend.

Yes, they all give preferential treatment to rich white kids. That is affirmative action at its finest!

5.2 percent of all applicants are admitted, and 14.5 percent of these all-Ivy plus students come from families in the top one percent of income. 92 percent have gone the test optional route, and 20 percent of living billionaires attended just 10 elite colleges.

Yes, let's discuss affirmative action much deeper. The American Dream of meritocracy has been falling further and further down the corporate ladder. We are letting way too many rich kids take up way too much turf from the elite schools.



From the 'net

Cultural vandalism



As soon as all the corrections which happened to be necessary in any particular number of 'The Times' had been assembled and collated, that number would be reprinted, the original copy destroyed, and the corrected copy placed on the files in its stead. This process of continuous alteration was applied not only to newspapers, but to books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, leaflets, films, sound-tracks, cartoons, photographs — to every kind of literature or documentation which might conceivably hold any political or ideological significance. Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date.

Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And the process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right.

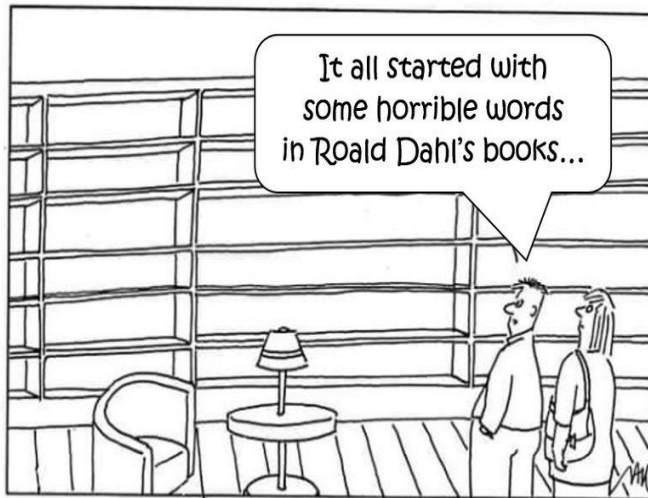
— George Orwell, **1984**

This week the story broke that the publisher of Roald Dahl's books is editing them to remove words and phrases deemed "offensive", and even to add wording Dahl never wrote, to bring other passages into line with the what the "sensitivity readers" (yes, that's what they're calling the people hired to do this) consider appropriate.

**There is an example of 'Sensitivity Editing' at the end of the article—ed.*

There scarcely exist adequate words to express how absurd and stupid and alarming this is. But those best positioned to understand, authors, have been speaking out — notably Salman Rushdie, who knows a thing or two about intolerant ideologies' penchant for trying to suppress the expression of ideas they deem wrong or offensive. Only an intact, unmodified, original novel or film truly represents the vision and intent of its creator. Vandalizing it to accommodate the feelings or ideology of somebody else is a kind of forgery, cheating both creator and audience. If it contains words or ideas that give offense in the eyes of some, that serves as a valuable reminder that the values and beliefs of other people and earlier times are not the same as ours — and that those of the future will continue to evolve, perhaps eventually finding our own time's dearest certainties outdated and repugnant. And for scholars of literature, only authentic original texts have any value for the study and understanding of the era and minds that

produced them — updated fake versions are worthless.



Other commenters have noted that almost all substantive literature, film, TV, etc. contains elements that someone might find offensive, especially works produced more than a generation or so in the past, when popular attitudes and values were different. By the standards applied to Dahl's books, everything from Shakespeare to

Conrad to the original **Star Trek** would have to be censored and watered down by tremulous little modern fainting-couch pearl-clutchers to be brought into line with every contemporary sensibility and fad.

But that is, in fact, already happening, at least in the realm of popular culture. It's just that the effort has been undertaken with such abject clumsiness and incompetence that most of us don't see it for what it is.

Many bemoan the fact that present-day film and TV is so bereft of truly new and original works, being dominated by endless remakes, reboots, sequels, prequels, "franchises", etc. that piggyback on the enduring original works of past decades. In some cases, the changes made by the newer imitations are merely inane, and that's bad enough, but in many cases, the perpetrators are quite explicit that they're trying to "update" classic works to reflect the "real world" of today, in the name of "diversity", "inclusion", "sensitivity", and the like. The race or sex of characters is changed, dialog and thinking

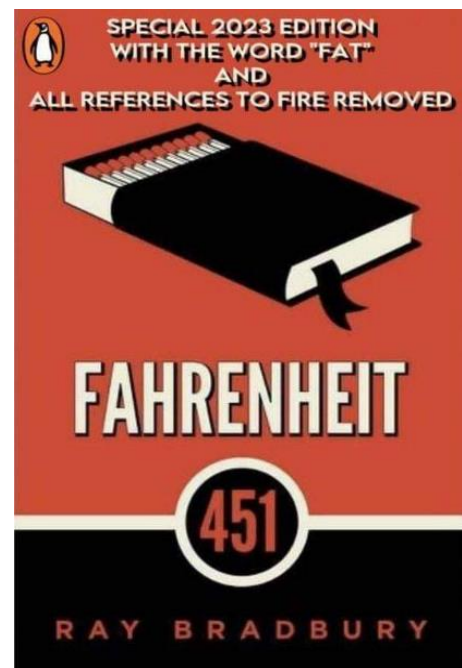
reflect current ideas and concerns that feel jarringly out of place in the ancient era or fantasy world in which the story is set, and of course every word and phrase is chosen to fit the sensibilities of the present moment rather than those of the world of the original story — much as is now being done to Dahl's works.

There was a time when this was not the practice. When Peter Jackson made his monumental film adaptation of Tolkien's **Lord of the Rings**, barely over twenty years ago, he famously affirmed that he and his crew were being careful to *avoid* injecting their own beliefs and ideas into the story. What mattered was *Tolkien's* vision and intent, not theirs. The result was an enduring epic which, while not totally faithful to the novels (no film adaptation ever is, nor can be), remains generally recognized as a masterpiece.

Last year's Amazon-spawned atrocity **The Rings of Power**, by contrast, exemplifies the kind of cultural vandalism I'm discussing here. Characters and events were changed beyond recognition from Tolkien's originals, the intricate mythos he had crafted was casually trashed at every turn, the show was laced with present-day attitudes and tropes, and in every way it evoked 2022 America rather than Middle-earth.

Other recent examples included **Lightyear**, **The Witcher**, **Velma**, **Willow**, **She-Hulk**, **Ghostbusters**, **Dr Who** — the list goes on. **Star Trek** and **Star Wars** have been succeeded by an endless series of increasingly desperate sequels and reboots, trying to squeeze a last few drops of milk out of cows that were squeezed to death long ago.

Even when such works don't make a point of shoehorning present-day ideology in where it doesn't fit, the results are generally tepid and pointless. Contrast **Alien** (1979) and **Aliens** (1986) with their recent spinoffs. The originals are recognized classics of their genre, **Aliens** being one of the very few sequels truly worthy of its predecessor. The newer films, if taken as canonical, would completely ruin the meaning of the originals. The dead "space jockey" skeletal creature of **Alien** is revealed as literally an ordinary (if oversized) man in a suit, in what must be one of the biggest letdown moments in the history of movies. The eponymous alien species discovered by the Nostromo centuries in the



future was actually present in Antarctica in 1904. Those who appreciate the originals have to just ignore this stuff.

Promisingly, though, that's exactly what people have been doing. Most of the vandalized reboots/sequels/whatever listed above flopped with audiences. People don't like being preached at, and recoil from jarring contemporary elements in what's supposed to be escapist fantasy. Hundreds of millions of dollars, perhaps billions, have been lost by the media companies pushing this stuff. Eventually they'll get the message.

In the meantime, unlike in the world of **1984**, they can't really *destroy* our culture. We still have Tolkien's original novels, and not all of Jeff Bezos's money and arrogance can change a word of them as they sit on my shelf. We still have the original **Alien** movies, the original 1984 **Ghostbusters**, the original 1973 **Wicker Man**, the original 1995 **Toy Story**, the original 1982 **Blade Runner**, the old classic **Star Trek** and **Dr Who** shows, and on and on. Dahl's books, in their original authentic editions as *he* wrote them, still exist in countless libraries and personal collections, though they may become expensive in the future if the publisher no longer puts them out.

The vandalized Dahl stories, **The Rings of Power**, and their ilk, being so bound to the fads and shibboleths of the present moment, will be dated almost immediately, while timeless classics like Tolkien's novels will go on, as they have for decades already, to be discovered anew by each future generation.

POSTED BY INFIDEL753 AT [4:02 AM](#) [12 COMMENTS](#)

ABOUT ME



[INFIDEL753](#)

PORTLAND, OREGON, UNITED STATES

Individualist, pro-technology, pro-democracy, anti-religion. It has been my great good fortune to live my whole life free of "spirituality" of any kind. I believe that evidence and reason are the keys to understanding reality; that technology rather than ideology or politics has been the great liberator of humanity; and that in the long run, human intelligence is the most powerful force in the universe.

*A selection of changes to The Witches by sensitivity readers

Even if she is working as a cashier in a supermarket or typing letters for a businessman	Even if she is working as a top scientist or running a business
I do not wish to speak badly about women. Most women are lovely	Removed
We could round them all up and put them in the meat-grinder	Removed
There was something indecent about a bald woman	Removed
"How horrid!" "Disgusting," my grandmother said	Removed
You can't go round pulling the hair of every lady you meet, even if she is wearing gloves. Just you try it and see what happens	Besides, there are plenty of other reasons why women might wear wigs and there is certainly nothing wrong with that
When an actress wears a wig, or if you or I were to wear a wig, we would be putting it on over our own hair, but a witch has to put it straight on to her naked scalp	Removed
Witches have slightly larger nose-holes than ordinary people	Witches have slightly larger nose-holes
Queer	Strange
Perhaps he had been forced to jam her thumb down the spout of a boiling kettle until it was steamed away	Removed
The gums were like raw meat	Removed
Fat and jolly	Jolly lady
Chambermaid	Cleaner
Great flock of ladies	Great group of ladies
Adorable dress	Lovely dress
It nearly killed Ashton as well. Half the skin came away from his scalp	It didn't do Ashton much good
The sheer horror of this woman's features	Removed

Maegan Hall's husband is a lucky man

Sometimes being naughty...
is actually really nice ;)

By Virgil Thorp

Have you been introduced to Maegan Hall? Her pictures have flooded Facebook, Tik Tok and Instagram.

Maegan lives and works in a Mid-Tennessee suburb as a deputy sheriff. In everyday mufti, she is kinda plain, kinda mousy. However, *SHE* is all over the net right now because Maegan likes to fuck. Maegan is the latest reluctant person to be exposed as a slut.

The deadly sins of lust, envy, gluttony, wrath, ganged up and drove a sane person to betrayal. It seems that a former sex partner (I can't say, "lover"), tainted by religion, and overcome with shame, guilt and for some twisted reason, resentment, appears to have tattled on Maegan. She's been screwing other people in the sheriff's department; male and female, white and black. Deviant minds want to know what you are up to when the lights are low. And, everywhere you go, nowadays, there is a camera or device invading your privacy, recording your sins and tracking your bowel movements. With the



internet as it is, a perfect storm of sin, gossip and morbid curiosity developed and Maegan became the *gutterslut de jour*.

Maegan is married to a man who works for the state parks department. He is not the jealous one who snitched to Maegan's chief. The Halls are, I assume, swingers. That is, they have an open marriage. They do not cleave exclusively unto each other. It is a consensually arrived at situation between two consenting adults. As a former swinger myself, I must include the additional mention of other consenting adults and their friends. Lots of friends and if they are a particularly pleasant couple, the Halls will have wanna-be friends on a waiting list eager to party with them or, more to the point of vulgarity, to fuck.

Yes, they fuck their friends and their friends, friends and probably someone's aunt or uncle, and their friends, and a son or daughter of friends, and their friends, and without any unplanned confrontations, it works out just dandy as long as everyone is above the age of consent. Total decadence. Lots of friends.



So true of the lifestyle, once you start fucking other people, where do you stop? You don't. Oh, you may drop out for a while. Catch your breath. But fucking is the name of the game. And, most chances are, you will be back because, fucking is a lot of fun when you are not hampered with a ton of guilt about sexual matters.

The Halls have accomplished this. They have reached the age of majority and whether they feel any guilt about sexual desires or not, they employ those genitalia that are associated with fornication without much thought of sin or of shame. It is truly liberating. To the reluctant, It seems harder

than it really is. All it takes is breaking out of the inhibitions a person has been indoctrinated with to become a truly spontaneous person.

So what is it about Maegan that has made her the object of such derision and postulation of sexual preferences and gangbangs? What is *that* which has precipitated such exposure or popularity? Is it something more provocative? Is her pussy shaved? Does she have nipple studs? Maybe an exotically artistic anal tattoo? On duty, in her cop uniform, she is not what

any horny stud would call alluring; stunningly bewitching or ravishingly beautiful. Very little make-up. No eyeshadow. Hair pulled back into a tight bun. She does have an attractive symmetry of her face, eyes, nose and mouth in pleasant symmetry and proportion. Unless you have, of course, a fetish for a woman in a cop uniform, she doesn't act the part of a seductress. She hardly looks the part at all. Perhaps that is the key to this perversion?

Like many young women, Maegan was shy and somewhat intimidated with her pending sexuality. Brought up to be ashamed of the reality of her womanhood; afraid to let go. A bleeding mystery of inferiority. But somehow, she had an epiphany. Maybe it coincided with her first orgasm. She could accept her sexuality. Sex felt good and she switched that all around with that discovery. She became proud and positive, a female warrior with an active vagina. Inhibitions and shame were discarded. She found men she could trust to be herself with, often shocking them to blush with the eccentricities she would suggest herself! Maegan is one of the lucky women. She has acquired the deed to her inner-slut. That is liberation! That is empowerment! Plus, a boon to all mankind!



Meagan's critics have complained; "How can she have a normal sex life with being a cop every day? Why can't she just have normal, everyday, boring monogamous, man-on-top-woman-on-bottom, get-it-over-with-quick sex like everyone else?" Isn't that enough? What about waitresses, schoolteachers, librarians, grocery checkout ladies, motor vehicle clerks? The corner florist? Don't all bureaucrats need love, affection and orgasmic relief? Is that what was meant by pursuit of happiness?

Sure, someone is going to say, "what's a matter buddy, my sex life may be dull and boring, but my sex life is normal and it is just fine with me and my honey."

"Right honey? Honey, say it is fine and normal. Honey? You aren't thinking about a larger penis than me are you? Honey? Different color than me, are you? Other guys or combinations thereof? How fucking sick are you? Don't tell me. I don't want to hear it. A baby-oil party? I said, don't tell me. That's sick! That's perverted. He tied you to what? He was a nazi stormtrooper and

you were Poland?² How many times did he do you? More than one? Both of them?!?! And the daughter too? With a strap-on? On a trampoline? Dressed like a nun and a priest? They both fit in *there*. *At the same time?*"

Husband Hall looks down at his penis. It is frightfully erect. He wants to grip and squeeze it. Jerk it. He accuses the turgid member of unleashed hedonism and Satan worship, "you traitor! You pervert! You hear the good parts and the next thing I know I am immersed, neck deep in depraved, sinful thoughts and hard as a rock."

The dowdy wife turned slut speaks again. "It was like this," she began, in a sing-song elaboration of how normal it had all started. "This cute guy wanted to suck my toes. You know how I get when my toes are sucked."

The buildup, on the bed. Right toe sucked, left toe sucked. Panties whipped off and then. More and more. There is no gate keeper. There is nothing but dire face-to-face communication. A confession of sluttiness. So wet, so ready, so longing.

That sounds so icky! Gross-out! It is almost as off-putting as imagining your mother giving your father a blowjob. You're listening between paper thin walls of your cheap bath-and-a-half bungalow. Was that kissing or was that some sucking sounds? Oh mama. Spit or swallow? Then what? How degrading can it get? Bed springs? For shame, for shame. I am not sure how much more elaboration I can take. Etc. etc. etc. and a raunchy frenzy takes over. Self-control has fled and furious turmoil rules the mattress.

Sometime later, in repose, the question is asked. "Are you okay?" Husbandly tenderness kicks in. "They didn't displace any organs, did they? All back to normal?"

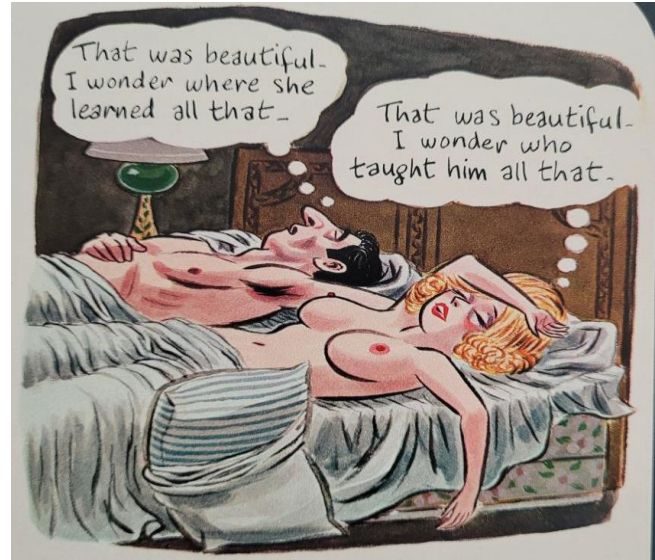
Why? Well, you have made me horny now. Very horny. Yes, talk to me. Let me know just how it felt and how you were left struggling for breath. The wetness, the slickness, the goo. Details dammit, details!"

And the next thing you know, the orgy has recommenced. She's hot for telling and you are hot for listening. A pornographic *pas de deux* of feverish rut. You look deeply into one another's eyes, panting and quivering and start laughing at how good your sex life has become. How close you are. How fortunate it is that you stumbled upon each other.

² Nod to Neil Simon, *The Cheap Detective*.

Former fundamentalist Christian and Christian radio host, now atheist podcaster, Seth Andrews, in his book, *Christianity Made Me Talk Like An Idiot* said this about religion's role in sexuality, shame and control:

"I think understanding the destructive power of sexual shame is imperative. High control religions (and cults) want us to feel accountable to them instead of thinking for ourselves, and they often claim the moral authority of God, guilting us for normal thoughts and natural behaviors. They want to regulate what we think, what we wear, who we desire, and how we express that desire. They don't have the right to do this, and we don't owe them permission, no matter how often they assure us that they are acting 'in the love of Christ' for our physical and spiritual well-being.



"Love needs no religion, and sexual expression needs no clerical stamp of approval. In this light, beginning in youth and throughout our lives, we can embrace the sexual self as not just healthy and wonderful but also as the defiant rebuke of meddling moralists demanding the keys to our private spaces."

Maegan Hall is not a caricature of a cartoon. She is not Playboy's Little Annie Fannie. She is a real person. She is warm and eager. Exciting to be with. She does not own huge American breasts. She has a little pudge around her middle. She does know she is a woman with woman parts that fuck in their own way. There is strength there. She has fun. She likes it. She rarely says, "no."

When asked, "anybody?"

She replies with democratic cordiality, "everybody!"

That is a woman worthy of a ransom!³ Maegan shares fulfillment. She brings joy to her partners. Aren't they lucky? Isn't Maegan's husband lucky! Fuck those tight, judgmental assholes on Facebook, Tik Tok and Instagram.

³ Nod to Richard Brooks, *The Professionals*.

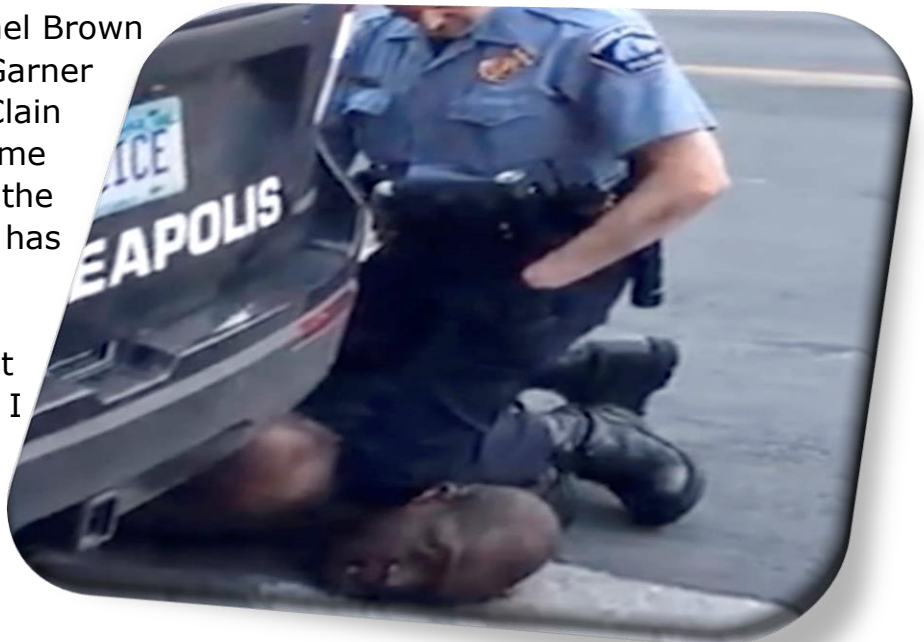
ARTICLES

Dreams deterred Are about to eXplode

By Ed Zilloux

The civil rights movement was never brought to completion. It just lost its steam. But the endemic inequality in America never went away.

You might think that Michael Brown or Trayvon Martin or Eric Garner or Tamir Rice or Elijah McClain has, each in his turn, become the latest “poster child” of the protest driving unrest that has long been simmering just below the threshold of the national consciousness. But I think it's more than that. I think we may have reached the tipping point, the moment of critical



mass that triggers the explosion.



Initiatives intended to educate police, to track injustices and to enforce compliance with race conscious, common sense rules to stem the appearance – as well as the too frequent reality – of police brutality will help.

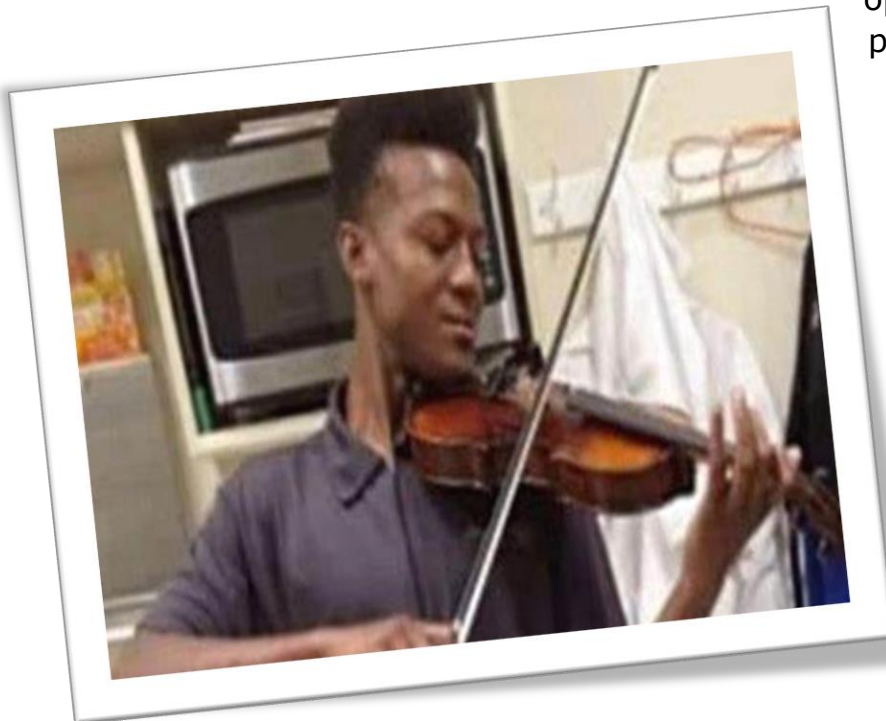
Real progress, however, will be achieved only when society deals effectively with the root causes of inequality.

Blaming the police won't help; They often must deal with people who are trapped in an inequality that can boil over with little provocation, and police are only human.

A root cause approach is longer term, requires a greater commitment, is often politically unpopular, is expensive – many would say too expensive – and must be sustainable across



opposing political platforms.



We need a national commitment. Unfortunately, solving the problem just might take an epidemic of protest and riots such as we have been seeing in Ferguson, Missouri, Kenosha, Wisconsin,

Washington D.C., New York City and other municipalities.

I may be wrong in calling this current unrest a “tipping point”. But if it is not, it is surely coming unless we have the will to recognize it and to address inequality in all its systemic guises.



Think of the relationships between unwanted children, poverty and crime. Think of reforming our public education system with meaningful increases in teacher pay – as well as qualification requirements – and using independent review boards to replace the tenure system.

Think of programs to provide equal access to cultural and educational opportunities – now only minimally available to lower and indeed, the lowest income families. Think of higher education opportunities and access to financial grants, based solely on merit.

What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up



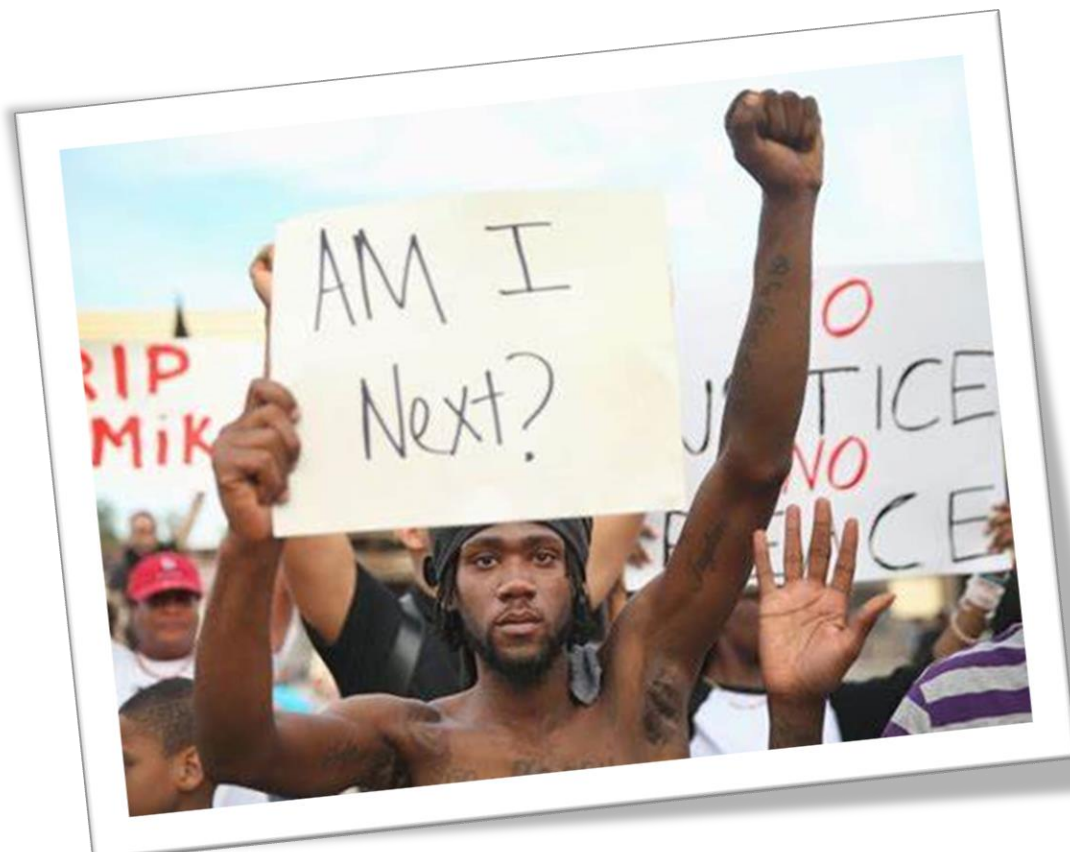
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore —
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over —
like a syrupy sweet? Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load. Or does it explode?

(Langston Hughes)

izquotes.com



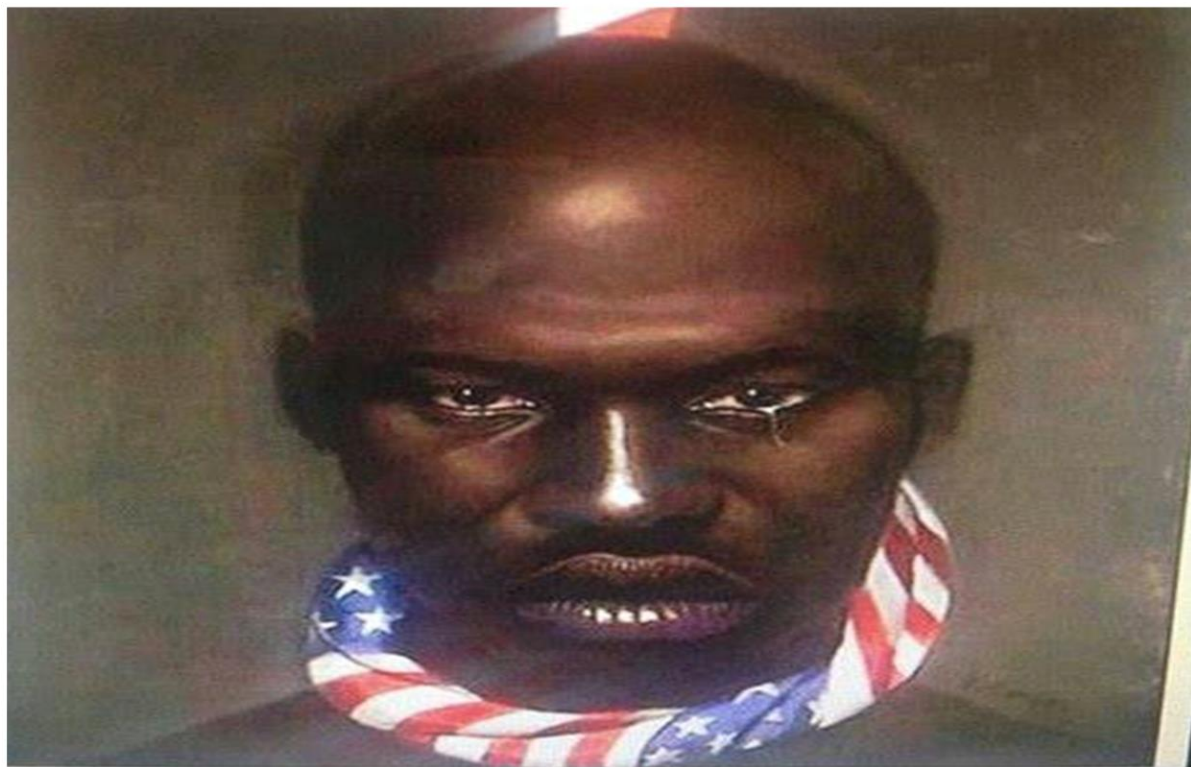
Think of establishing an equitable justice system that treats minor crimes the same for the poor as for the rich, and where the specter of incarceration depends upon the severity of the crime rather than on one's ability to pay for top legal advocacy.





Think of a system devoid of privatized jails – which link profits to the maintenance of high rates of incarceration for minor offenses.

We must address these and other root causes that sustain inequality before we have a chance of reducing the social ills that burden, oppress and, too often, kill the youth of our minority populations.



He Was Just Trying to Get Home

By Vixen Strangely



I have no interest in sharing the video that some of us had to watch to take in, once again, the brutality human beings can inflict on one another, and that some of us had to avoid, unable to see another violent, avoidable death. So, I choose this image from a video of a skater, full of life, arms stretched out in the light, in motion as he should still be.

Tyre Nichols should be alive. We don't even have a good answer as to why he was stopped. But what I saw was disproportionate force on a compliant individual undertaken with what looked like enthusiasm. This video of police brutality was twice as long as the Rodney King video I saw so many years ago—and which then felt to me like watching an eternity of a human suffering—he lived. This is watching Black officers of the law behave unlawfully, keepers of order being without order. This feels like watching something primal and ritualistic.

I am not better for having seen it. It leaves me wondering what trapdoor in the human soul drops open in the midst of serving one's job that reveals a monster below—not for one depraved individual, but for a collective.

And what also breaks me is that he called for his mother--and yeah, I've heard that before too, and I, without kids by choice, hear that and I am suffering for that human, so close the last of his life calling out for she who was there for the first part of it. If I am so moved, what is it like for one who carried a child under their heart, and lived with a child in it, concerned for their every breath under the sun, until the time that breath was stolen?

I cannot imagine.

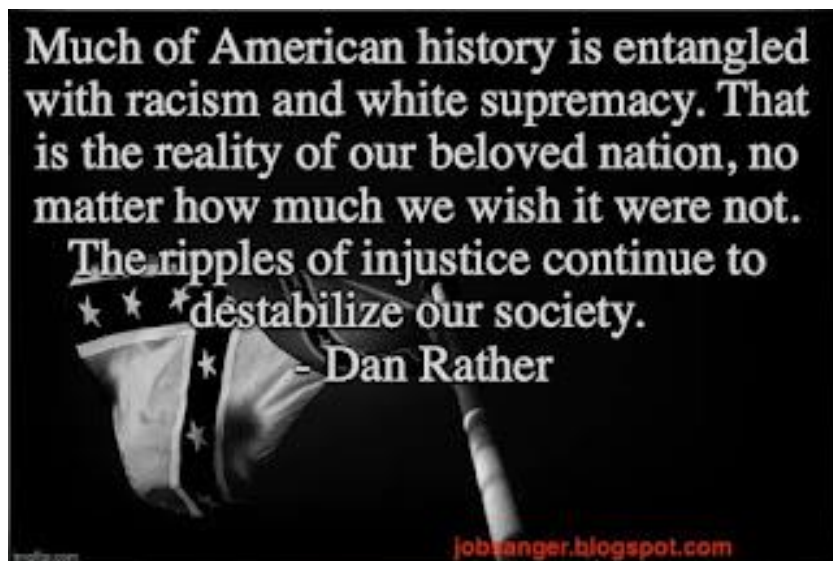


I can avoid, for now, the racist chorus who try to say there was nothing wrong, here, who saw the shooting of Mike Brown or the choking of Eric Garner or the nine-minute death of George Floyd as only police doing their job. People who would see the death of Tamir Rice as reasonable. But I know they exist and are justifying to themselves what happened, because they believe the ritualistic murder of Black bodies is a magic that preserves the peace—and it most certainly cannot and will not do that. It is not an example to anyone of the power of law and order when officers of the law are not lawful or orderly. It is a lie. And against a murderous lie, what else is there but survival?

And I know they condemn the protests too, as if they don't understand why people march or show up—it's because human lives matter. Black Lives Matter. They will look for little fires and altercations and ignore big discrepancies in the fairness and decency with which people who come into conflict with the law can be treated—and how that unfairness poisons everything else they try to do. How confronting tragedies like this honestly

could make such a difference. They will not understand why humans are moved by a human death that didn't need to be. And I don't know how to teach decency to them.

Tyre Nichols just wanted to get home. I just want to drive a lesson home, but I don't know where home is to the people who need to understand it. Do they need him to be White? Do they care about unjust deaths and obvious brutality at all? Or do they root for torture and death to expiate some notion of sin that exists like a taint, like some prehistoric people who can't be reached by an appeal to reason, let alone compassion, at all and need to see a scapegoat fallen, and the killers as priests rendering an unquestionable act?



To me, this was just a man trying to get home who was stricken by horror, human horror. I am sickened by it. And by whatever transformed those officers of the law into murder-minded monsters.

POSTSCRIPT: Thinking about slender, chronically ill Tyre Nichols and the ease with which he was thrown about reminds me of Elijah McClain and his sensitive, different self, and how he was tranquilized to death needlessly and am also reminded that cops don't understand disability, either. Why are the people charged with protecting and defending people so unaware of the variety, the frailty, of people?

vixenstrangelymakesuncommonsense.blogspot.com/

FFRF disappointed in Jan. 6 report's Christian nationalist omissions



The Freedom From Religion Foundation regrets that the recently released Jan. 6 House select committee report fails to pinpoint the Christian nationalist motivations behind the Capitol attack.

The committee's official findings do not adequately illustrate the true nature of the insurrection and its participants, asserts the national state/church watchdog. The rioters, white supremacist Nick Fuentes primary among them, frequently engaged in Christian rituals before and during the assault. The "Jericho Marches," in which rioters walked around the Capitol in the days prior praying for the results of the election to be overturned and calling for "spiritual warfare," the chanting of "Christ is king," banners containing biblical messages and crosses carried by the insurrectionists show strong evidence of Christian nationalism. More prayers at the "Save America" rally organized by Trump before the putsch, prayers and even exorcisms inside the Capitol during the insurrection, as well as the strong Christian nationalist ties by public officials associated with the "Stop the Steal" movement likewise demonstrate its pervasiveness.

Unfortunately, the report only discusses Christianity twice, and Christian nationalism just once. The report touches on how co-founders of the Jericho Marches were quick to latch onto then-President Trump's Twitter account to motivate their Christian followers. It also details Fuentes' supporters, identified as "Gyropers," engaging in white supremacist inside jokes, memes and puns, accurately identifying them as Christian nationalists.



Rep. Jamie Raskin, D-Md., and Rep. Adam Kinzinger, R-Ill., have both gone on record stating that the attack was motivated by Christian nationalism. In an interview with the [Christianity Today podcast](#), Kinzinger stated: "Had there not been some of these errant prophecies, this idea that God has ordained it to be Trump, I'm not sure January 6 would have happened like it did."

FFRF lauds the fact that Raskin, as chair of the House Oversight Committee's Subcommittee on Civil Rights and Civil Liberties, invited Amanda Tyler to testify about Christian nationalism at one of its hearings. Tyler, executive director of Baptist Joint Committee for Religious Liberty and founder of Christians Against Christian Nationalism, stated in her testimony, "Christian nationalism helped fuel the attack on the U.S. Capitol on January 6, uniting disparate actors and infusing their political cause with religious fervor." Her

organization and FFRF issued a blockbuster joint report early this year detailing the extensive role of Christian nationalism in the strike on the Capitol.



The failure of the January 6th committee's report to link Christian nationalism with the greatest threat to our democracy in recent memory is baffling and greatly disappointing. Ample evidence, including the detailed report by FFRF and BJC, exists to delineate this fully, yet the report fails to illustrate the full picture. Tyler's testimony and the joint report stated emphatically that Christian nationalism, a political ideology tied to the conviction that only certain Christian believers should be considered true citizens, is not the same thing as Christianity.

In an article by Religious News Service reporter Jack Jenkins, "Despite ample evidence, Christian nationalism absent from Jan. 6 report," Jenkins quotes the Rev. Nathan Empsall, head of the group Faithful America and signer of a letter by Christian leaders urging the committee to investigate Christian nationalism: "The January 6 committee only giving only passing mention to the pivotal role of Christian nationalism in its final report is a missed opportunity to fully understand what led to violence at the Capitol — and to prevent future political violence."

“While it’s not surprising in our religion-deferential country that the Christian nationalist underpinnings of the Jan. 6 insurrection were considered too hot to handle by the committee, it’s very disappointing,” says FFRF Co-President Annie Laurie Gaylor. “Only mentioning Christian nationalism once, and not addressing the problem directly opens the door for further violence to come.”

**Atheism is a conclusion,
not a belief. Science is a
method, not a faith.
Skepticism is critical
thinking, not blasphemy.**

The Freedom From Religion Foundation is a national nonprofit organization with more than 38,000 members across the country. Our purposes are to protect the constitutional principle of separation between state and church, and to educate the public on matters relating to nontheism.



THE WAY WE WERE

David Crosby!



It was 1970. I was a mere lad, barely a teen, but I had to have the Woodstock movie soundtrack (\$9.99 at Walgreens). I wasn't old enough to see the movie as they said fuck and there were blurry naked people in ponds and shit and it was rated R. But I heard the music on late night FM radio. I bought the double album because I needed to hear Hendrix play the anthem and The Airplane play Volunteers and The Who play See Me Feel Me. But what I heard on that album changed my musical life. It was a band of 4 dudes I'd never heard of. And the first rap "3 days man" and "49 65 Hike" and then came the opening chords of [Suite Judy Blue Eyes](#) and then the banter "this is only the 2nd time we've played in front of people man" and "We're scared shitless". The harmonies that blew my mind. I was freakin' hooked forever. The sweet, sweet harmonies have never been matched and now never will be heard again except on vinyl and in my memories.

David Crosby died way beyond his years yesterday. He made it to 81 despite the drugs and the booze and the paranoia and the prison time which he took like a stand-up guy. But David Crosby, though true to himself, never realized how to be true to others. He was a cantankerous old man even at age 25. His way or the highway and most of the time it was the highway. Others couldn't stomach his ego and his disdain for how others chose to live. Crosby was about the music and that's about it. Relating to others was not in his

wheelhouse and he didn't even try to change. His band mates, Stills, Nash, Young hated him. His other band mates in the *Byrds* hated him. Most of the time that is. But when they buried the hatchet, the music flowed and it was wonderful.

I heard Crosby on a local radio show once, in town with his son to play a local venue and he was not a nice man. He condescended to the host so badly I couldn't bring myself to go though he was one of my heroes.

Later during a time of reconciliation, I did manage to see CS&N in Lincoln with Max. He knew how much I loved them and how happy I was during that concert. We left to beat traffic and Max almost insisted we go back in because *Teach Your Children* was being played. We stopped and listened to the whole thing in the parking lot.

Look these people keep fucking dying on us. They live forever on records and streaming but it's not the same. I want them alive even if they can't sing. CS&N could always sing and I will miss David sorely. His sweet voice and his unique look. His *Almost Cut My Hair* let the freak flag fly. Keep flying David.

(PS speaking of that Woodstock album, I once came home and found my mother listening to it and being "disgusted" by the Hendrix anthem. LOL...it made me love it even more!)

MAX'S DAD

<http://maxdad.blogspot.com/>



DEHYDRATION CAN GETCHA

By Bert Mautz



Have achieved that point where life is more convenient when one manages fluids to in turn predict and influence bathroom usage. Facilities in city parks leave much to be desired. Peeing into a trench in the floor while seated is nigh impossible without peeing mostly on your shoes. So you figure out avoiding highly diuretic morning coffee on those mornings when we gather to socialize at the park can minimize having to use those damnable trenches.

Friday at the park with our dear Aware Ones prompted avoiding coffee. It was a lite breakfast. After our gathering, it being high noon, she suggests, "I'm kinda hungry. Can I take you somewhere?"

"How about Sailors' Return, we're just a couple blocks away?"

Seated comfortably at our favorite corner of the bar, sun sparkling off the water, uniformly white yachts all freshly scrubbed, a lovely lunch time at the harbor. Reflexively ordered my happy hour beverage of choice to begin lunch with a Manhattan. Enjoyed sharing a club sandwich. She drove me home after and was down for my prescribed elevated feet nap time.

Back together in the late afternoon for chips n dip, cheese, and grapes complimented by a new bottle of pinot noir. Later added a box of nachos take out. The Colorado venue was busy on a Friday evening. Drinking more pinot through recordings of Steven Colbert's monologues. Nine-ish got up to move to the bedroom and, what the fuck is this? My world is spinning. Falling would be an unacceptable disaster. Never experienced this before. Concentrate. Made is safely to under the blankets. Closed my eyes and the spinning stopped, or maybe I could just no longer see it.

Slept soundly. Awoke to bladder imperatives with bedroom spinning around me. Whoa, dummy, ya gotta figure this out. And it dawns, am I dehydrated? She's constantly reminding me to drink more water, keeps a bottle at my elbow at all times. A Google search on the topic left little doubt. No morning coffee, or juice, a what was I thinking Manhattan for lunch, no afternoon rehydrating, to dive immediately into red wine, so now I'm disorientingly dizzy.



Chugged the bedside bottle and started another. Saturday morning cable isn't our favorite, but the dizzy old fool is staying right here, horizontal, hoping the water does its job, rebalances the fluid levels, and settles down my visual clues.



By nine thirty could dress and walk to the kitchen. Not perfect yet, however able to navigate.

Little doubt the entire dehydration experience was self-inflicted. Departing astronauts plan for and take advantage of "the last toilet on earth," before liftoff. Managing one's cycles isn't so unusual, just remember to restore the balance, after self-denial.





Yes, I went to church camp, twice, and even three times if you count the one day I went to Vacation Bible School in the summer before I began First Grade.

I was born in upper East Tennessee, outside of Knoxville. When I was three my family moved to Chattanooga, near the top of Hill Street, a beautiful – now bulldozed – mountain that was used for interstate dirt.



Our building, called *Count's Apartments*, was on the side of this hill. The only other building on the hill was a beautiful red brick mansion at the summit. Our lowest floor was a basement from the street, with about 6 floors above that. In the front of the apartments, there was a small courtyard with stairs going down into the basement area. There was no railing to keep day dreamers from falling a floor down onto the concrete, a fact that caused me to

have countless nightmares. Behind the building was an even lower level than the basement apartments, with the three sided building facing the a beautiful view of the Tennessee River below.

There was a big sandbox that I populated with my toy construction equipment, a Bulldozer, a cable operated crane, plus my dump truck to haul the sand between them and my sand bucket for my construction projects. Mom would lower my lunch with a rope that held a tray, usually a sandwich and soup, from our kitchen window three floors above. I suppose we had moved there because my dad needed to be nearer the Union Hall of IBEW 175 (International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers). His mother, sister, and nephews also lived nearby.

I only knew one other Count's Apartment Resident, Mrs. Crow. One day on the stairs. she said, "Hello."

Always a polite little boy, I responded, then told her that I really liked her apartment building. She asked where I had heard that, to which I replied, "Mommy, wasn't it Mrs. Crow the lady you said who acted like she owned the building?"



Well, to go back to the church story, I must mention my pedal car. It was way cool, and I rode the wheels off of it. By spring, my legs had become strong enough to pedal around the building, and up the two floor rise to the sidewalk on the hill. Carefully avoiding the ten-foot drop-off into the pit of the basement apartment entrances, I stayed on the concrete sidewalk. It looked like a lot of fun to pedal the little car to the bottom, a half mile or so down this very steep hill.

Of course, the car had no brakes, so as I gathered speed, my little feet came off of the pedals, and I had no way of stopping. Looking back now, I am surprised that I do not remember a big, tank slapping wobble, as my bikers friends would call it, but I was absolutely not going to be able to stop my forward motion. Then, rapidly approaching the traffic light on the main street in Chattanooga, I had my first life-saving decision to make: *Do I risk going across six lanes of traffic, or do I deliberately smash into a telephone pole to stop my progress?* I chose the latter, thereby totaling my first car by the age of four. I awoke in my mom's lap.

Obviously, an accident like this was not acceptable to my mother. She had campaigned all year to move to the suburbs. She was tired of using the 1942 Pontiac's clutch pedal on the steep hill, plus she feared that I might fall into the dangerous pit, which was entrance to the lower floors of the apartment building. We also had noisy Jesus Freak neighbors, always singing and ranting about their god.

East Ridge was a burgeoning community of Chattanooga. There was a lot of development there, and a grammar school was within bicycling distance, even for a first grader. To replace the totaled pedal car after we moved, I got a pedal wagon tricycle for Christmas! It was a combination Red Ryder wagon and tricycle (with a bicycle replacing that the next year). These conveyances allowed me to run around to the creek in the woods in the suburban neighborhood with my big white furry dog.



Much to my parents' dismay, the neighbors were also religious nuts. The summer before first grade, they goaded my parents into letting me go to Vacation Bible School (VBS). The first day I came home in tears. Mommy looked at me and asked, "What is wrong Danny?"

To which I asked, "Why am I going to burn in Hell forever, mommy?"

"You are safe from that, Danny. Who told you that?"

"The teacher at the bible school."

"Why would she say that?"

"Because I don't believe that Jesus is my savior," I sobbed.

"Well Danny, do you remember going to church with your grandmother, and how we all laughed about how strange everyone there was?"

"Yes, Mommy, they were all screaming and hollering like crazy people."

"Well, John Henry (as she sometimes called me to calm me from my inner turmoil) "those are the same kinds of people as your dad's relatives."

"What kind is that Mommy?"

"You know, Danny, *Nut Cases!*"

"Do I have to go back tomorrow?"

"Of course, not dear."

That was the extent of my religious upbringing, at least until we later moved from Oak Ridge to Loudon County, Tennessee, several years later. At this time, we actually joined a church, not so much for a religious experience, but to meet and socialize with the locals as my parents re-opened a prewar movie theater, along with a pinball and jukebox business.

It was the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a white, wood frame building, complete with a pedal pipe organ powered by the strongest looking female legs I had ever seen. This was as liberal as it got in Loudon.

America might have somewhat liberal churches – well relatively liberal for the time. Our preacher did not seem to be crazy. Reverend Walter Chestnut came to our house several times before convincing us (*finally*) to come to church, using the argument that *children need morals* (and we needed to meet the locals if we expected to have a successful business).

He and my mom, who was now a full-time college student, had some interesting discussions concerning prejudice and hate. Since there were no educated people to teach Sunday School, Reverend Chestnut let my mother do this, because she convinced him that the real reason people should go to



church was to learn morality and ethics – *with or without* a belief in Jesus.

This experience led to my second and third camps, although several years after my previous Bible school day experience. The location was the then seemingly rustic, Cumberland

Presbyterian Church Camp. It was an all-day bus ride outside of the then, seemingly exotic, West Memphis Arkansas.

There were supposed to be hundreds of high schoolers, all over East Tennessee fighting to get accepted, and for most of us, it could be our first time away from home without our parents. Yes, my local church sent our Cumberland Presbyterian Youth Fellowship group which I led. And yes, I was such a responsible and perfect student, that I was in charge. Little did our parents, much less the church elders, know that we were just a bunch of near vandals.



We were seen as quite successful by the townspeople, so much so that we even had a few Methodist and Baptist kids meeting with us in the church basement, after dinner every Wednesday. Since no one else in East Tennessee had applied for the camp in Arkansas, Reverend Chestnut put all of our names in the pot, with

glowing recommendations.

Somehow, my best friend, and fellow trumpet player, the Methodist David, and the Baptist preacher's (gay) son and trumpet player, Earl, were chosen, as were my crush Randy and his one-year older, sexual co-experimenter, Mickey.

The camp was quite an experience for us petty vandals. Despite having no indoor plumbing, pool, nor indoor toilet, we got by. There was a six-seat outhouse, but I could not wipe in front of anyone, making me constantly late for breakfast.

Well, we survived camp the first summer, and endured it the second year, but I certainly learned my lesson the first time. At the end of the camp week, we had a real church service in a covered bleacher area surrounding a basketball court sized concrete area. At the end of the service, we were

asked to come down to the center of the shed to embrace, and to give our lives to Jesus.

"What a crock," I thought. "I'm doing no such thing." But, before I had time to think, everyone but me, and a trumpet player from another state, were hugging each other and praying. Randy and David were hugging each



other, along with another cute guy I practically had an affair with, and would have, had I not been so innocent that I did not know such a thing existed.

I was totally conflicted, with only one other person in the bleachers with

me. Thinking, *I really don't want to stand out, and it would be nice to hug the only three boys I had ever had crushes on, but I just don't buy it. Why would anyone believe that crap?*

But I was also going to stand out if the other guy in the bleachers went first. Randy and David had nice muscles, and the third crush-worthy guy was just beautiful, so I succumbed to the peer pressure, not to mention the sweet hugs of three crushes, and all at once. Pure ecstasy!

As I joined my pals, I looked back to watch the lone dissenter in the bleachers, thinking, *At least I am not the last one.* Of course, he never came down, which really made me feel stupid.



Alas, that was the true end of my religious training, with one exception. We joined the Oak Ridge Unitarian church to get me out of the draft. Why was I not exempt? Well, my near vandalism earned me a break from school. It seems that the other students, and the staff, were not too thrilled when I tapped into the dorm intercom system from my room to play the fanfare from Rossini's *William Tell Overture* at 4 am on the first day of finals. I thought that it was a wonderful idea to have *The Lone Ranger* awaken us early to get ready for exams.

Noble Lies?

By Virgil Thorp

“How did the world’s greatest love story in Jesus become known as a hate group?” At what age did I realize this?



I entered the world as a quasi-unadulterated being. Meaning that whatever my mother had consumed, I had consumed. My recollection is, of course, foggy. My eyes had not yet opened and inside the warm, dark place there was no need for me to read anything. My mother’s womb not only gave me shelter, but it also provided all sorts of protections like antibodies to shield me from all sorts of nasty things like diseases, wolves and, possibly, candy corn. It was, doubtlessly, my favorite room.

I really did not wish to leave such amiable and comfortable accommodations. I had gestated at a regular rate for a human being (although I thought everything was going a little too quickly) I would swim around, dance a little bit. Before I was really aware of anything, I was poking the bag holding my amniotic fluid and splash, the soothing liquid gushed out and a whole bunch of people in masks soon began urging me to relocate.

I did not want to go. There was shouting! There was pressing. There was pushing. There were



instruments of torture that grabbed and pulled. I resisted valiantly. What can a helpless little baby do? Soon, before I could find my vocal cords to protest, I felt an emphatic squeeze and, plop, I was ejected.

Father said, "looky here, mom. We have a little boy.

There is no God in this newborn brain, it's an atheist ...until it's infected with lies



Mom's tired, anesthetized eyes tried to focus on the squirming, bullet-headed shaped mass laying across her chest. Her legs were still elevated in the stirrups. "I went through all that, for this?" She moaned with obvious dissatisfaction and discharged a goodly chunk of afterbirth that slipped through the assisting intern's fingers and splashed onto the floor, splattering everyone

standing nearby. Hardly a more inauspicious entry onto the great stage of life.

Some hateful being in a mask, stuck a bottle with a nipple on it into my eagerly sucking mouth. It was warm and sweet. I made a decision not to shriek and instead, sucked. I would not realize the disappointment that I was not getting the real thing for nearly two decades. I was barely minutes old and undoubtedly experienced my first lifetime disillusionment. I often thought of asking my surviving parent why no titty on that propitious afternoon, but too much time had indeed passed and dad probably had nothing to do with it.

The trauma of birth, instruments of torture and all, left my pliable skull in a misshapened condition. Such is the make-up of nature because a baby's head is much too large to pass through the human birth canal and must, therefore, be somewhat pliable to permit passage while distending and tearing tissues as it creaks

through boney structures. (So much for the concept of a flawless creator and learning the hard way that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time – well, not comfortably.)

During those early days, as mom would work at reshaping my skull, she would sing to me as she toiled to form the pointed promontory into a blunt peak. Kind of like a dum-dum bullet with a fontenele.

"Jesus loves me this I know, for the bible tells me so, Little ones to Him belong; They are weak, but He is strong."

The idea of love was vague but the song sounded like it had a lot of promise and I made a vow that it would be my life's mission to find out more about love. There were years of this kind of education. Mom's sweet voice was soothing with convincing repetition:

"yes, Jesus loves me, yes, Jesus loves me, the bible tells me so."

Which was a dandy little song. Over and over she would sing and tell me, *"Smile baby, smile. Jesus loves you. Smile."*

Jesus was love, love is good, therefore Jesus is good. All is well.

Yes, as I was being taught and molded, I would smile back at her and sometimes drool and giggle. I was being shaped. Just like she had done when she sculpted my head into a fine convex profile. Trained like some lower species of animal. I felt I was

**Even if the honeybee could
explain to the fly why
pollen is better than shit,
the fly wouldn't understand.**



turning into a fine little Christian.

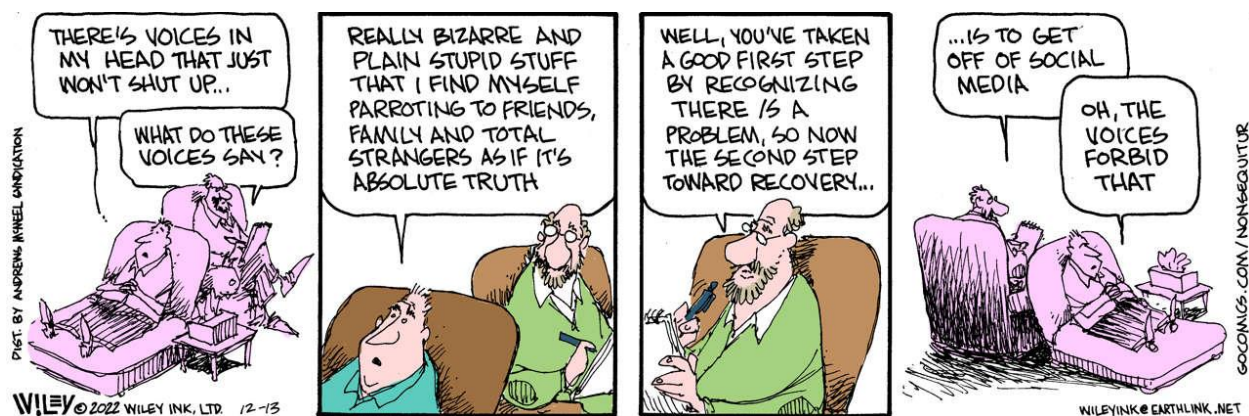
Mom and I would sing hymns together whenever we would travel around town in the family car. The glorious hymns were written by first-rate composers; Bach, Mendelsohn, Brahms, Mozart. There was the muscular Christianity in the tempo of Thomas Ken's music that I found appealing in a militant way.

"Praise god from whom all blessssings flow, praise him all creatures here belowwww."

Each song another brick in the wall of stirring protestant indoctrination.

"Praise Him above, ye heav'nly hooooost; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghoooooosssst!"

I recall uplifting melodies with the church's pipe organ at full volume and an off-key congregation blaring out disharmonious sonorous and raspy or screechy and scratchy lyrics. It could tingle your toes with the discordant vibrations from the multitudes. While I winced, the cacaphony suited my parents just fine.



I did not realize it at the time that I was being brainwashed. It was a good feeling to think that what you did was holy. There was a nobility in piety and the pious were God's favorites, weren't they? Fervent prayers fulfilled a need to to be special. Noble lies.

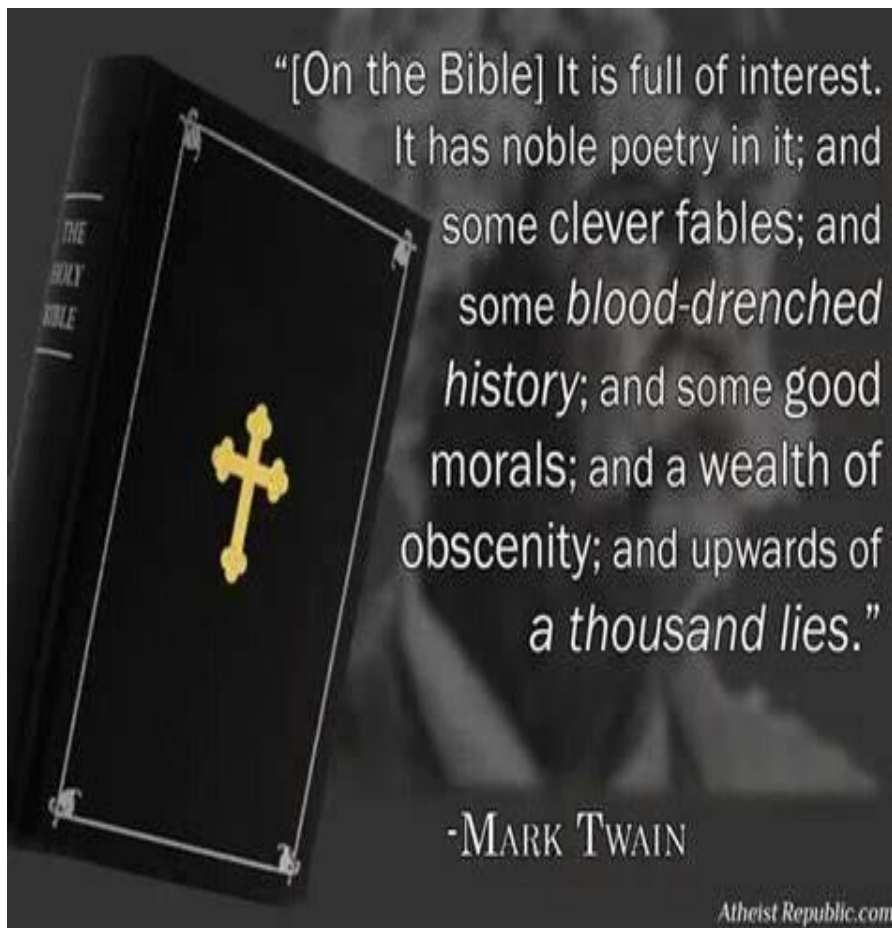
And the prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the lord my soul to keep."

What's a soul? Why should I be concerned about it. There was a part about dying *"before I wake."* The idea of death in my bed I found particularly disturbing. I was plagued by murder fantasies throughout childhood. It was an anxiety no child should face every night. Would I survive until the morning? Was there a boogieman under my bed? Was there a devil in my closet? Was god waiting to sacrifice me? Despite the harmonies, I had formed doubts. Mom and dad loved me, wanted me to have a happy life, wanted me to go to heaven but something just did not fit.

The earth wasn't the center of the universe, bad things happened to good people, fairy tales weren't real. Injustice was real, hunger was real,

I wasn't allowed to sleep until I could recite this mendacity.



Tyrant's dungeons and nazi concentration camps did such things to people. Torture. This was indoctrination. This was brain-washing. This was diabolical injury – like a whipping – all done in the name of love.

Bless you mother and father. Thank you for giving me such Noble lies.

POETRY



Bohemia

Authors and actors and artists and such
Never know nothing, and never know much.
Sculptors and singers and those of their kidney
Tell their affairs from Seattle to Sydney.
Playwrights and poets and such horses' necks
Start off from anywhere, end up at sex.
Diarists, critics, and similar roe
Never say nothing, and never say no.
People Who Do Things exceed my endurance;
God, for a man that solicits insurance!

DOROTHY PARKER

The Women's March

The raindrops they are falling
as the marchers make their way
Full of fury, full of fear
They celebrate the day

With unity in protest
An endless human flow
In one voice they sing and chant
They feel their power grow

I know their voices all too well
The march is nothing new
It's how the weak show discontent
For what else can they do

I joined the throngs to protest
wars, corruption, human rights,
Money hungry billionaires,
Environmental blights

And after years of protest
I wait with patience waning
For more than fancy speeches
That are little more than feigning

And finally I understand
The change I want to see
Begins with how I live my life
The change begins with me

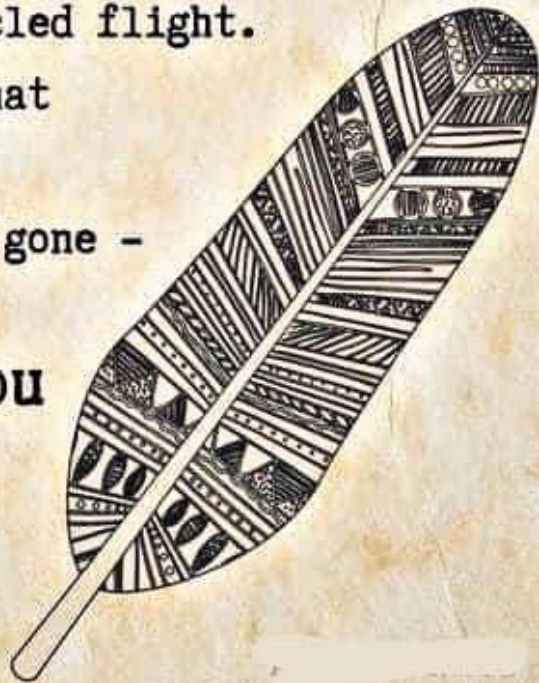
B. Lee



NATIVE AMERICAN PRAYER

I give you this, one thought to keep.
I am with you still, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush...
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that
shine at night.
Do not think of me as gone -

I am with you
still, in each
new dawn.



Up There

Down There

by Patti Smith

Up there
There's a ball of fire
Some call it the spirit
Some call it the sun
Its energies are not
for hire
It serves man
It serves everyone
Down there where
Jonah wails
In the healing water
In the ready depths
Twisting like silver
swans
No line of death no
boundaries
Up there
The eye is hollow
The eye is winking
The winds ablaze
Angels howling
The sphinx awakens



Photo by Annie Leibovitz of Patti Smith at the Café de Flore in Paris

COMEDY CORNER



KAREN AND THE CONSTR = UCTION POLICE

By James Longo

Mrs. Karen Sapp called the Construction Police. A week later she heard a knock on the door. She answered the door and there stood two men. A dark-haired stout man with a blank look. Behind him and to his left stood a thin elfin looking man.

The dark-haired man spoke first, "Good afternoon ma'am, did you call the Construction Police?"

"Yes, I did, but that was a week ago?"

"We came as soon as we could ma'am. My name Saturday and this is my partner, Cannon. What seems to be the problem?"

She welcomed them in and moved them into the living room to a pair of parallel couches. The police sat on one couch and the homeowner on the other.

"I want to report a construction crime. As a matter of fact, I want to report a bunch of construction crimes."

"Okay, let's start at the beginning," Saturday said checking his phone, "Mrs. Sapp."

"Oh, you can call me Karen."

Saturday ignored the informality and asked, "Mrs. Sapp what happened?"

"About a year ago, my husband got misdiagnosed with Lung Cancer, but it turned out *not* to be Lung Cancer."



"And what does this have to do with construction?" Cannon asked, his mouth formed an elfin smirk.

"I am coming to that. They had the darnedest time figuring out what was wrong, and in their search for a diagnosis they found mold in his blood, thus in our house." Mrs. Sapp retorted to the man's rude nature.

Cannon declared in his nicest, yet patronizing voice, "Mold is not a crime ma'am."

"Yes, but the guy who did the mold remediation might be a criminal."

"How is that Ma'am?" Saturday asked, his voice steady in his standard, facts-only monotone.

"For starter's they lied to me, they told me it would take three days and it took almost three weeks!"

"And what was the reason they gave for that ma'am?"

"They couldn't pass the mold tester's tests and had to keep doing it over and over."

"Incompetency is not a crime ma'am," Cannon said with his little condescending smirk.

"I know that, but in the end, he wouldn't pay for the tests he couldn't pass."

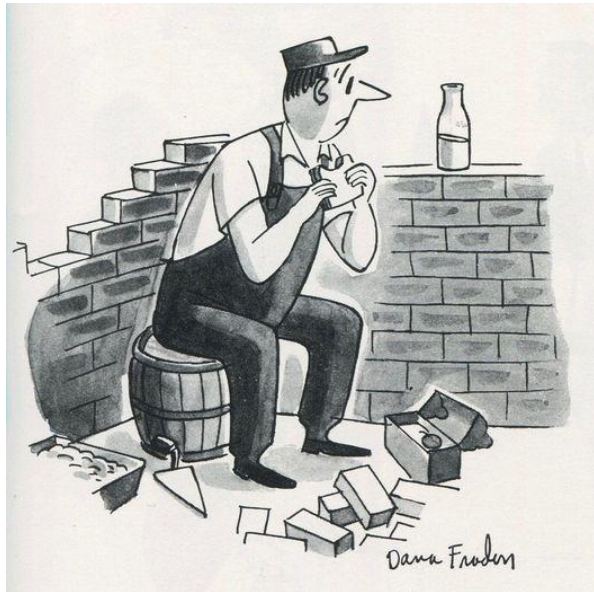
Saturday and Cannon exchanged superior silent nods.

"Eventually he passed, and I was happy just to pay him to just go away."

"Is *that* your only complaint ma'am?" Cannon asked coarsely.

"Who demanded the retests?" Saturday broke in.

"I did."



"Did he tell you upfront he wouldn't pay?"

"He did but I wanted to make sure the job was done right, and that was the only way to make sure."

"Ma'am that is not a crime."

"It should be."

Both policemen nodded in doubtful understanding.

"All the mold was under six windows I bought and had installed from the

Habitat Despot store ten years ago!"

"And what was wrong with the windows, ma'am."

"They leaked. For ten years they leaked. causing rot and mold, floods and destruction."

"And what do you think caused these windows to leak?" Saturday asked.

"I know what caused all the leaking. Habitat Despot sold me the wrong windows for my upstairs. The windows were of poor design, and they were put in incorrectly."

"Did they stand behind their product and installation?" Saturday asked.

"Yes, they did, but it took them 300 days for them to give me those windows."

"What reason did they give for taking so long?"

"It took them 150 days to decide to stand behind their warranty. I guess Habitat Despot stands for *Hard-time Deciding*. My understanding is it went

up and down the corporate ladder a couple of times. They should change their name to *Family Garage Door!*"

"Just the facts Ma'am." Saturday replied in his deadpan manner.

"100 of those days were due to supply chain problems, followed by 50 days due to manufacturing delays due to a hurricane. Who knew HD stood for *hurricane delays*."

"But they did give you *new* windows at no charge?" Cannon asked.



"I could have had a baby by the time they got me those windows."

"Tardiness is not a crime, Ma'am," Cannon said with a little wider condescending smirk.

"But when they came to put them in, they weren't the right windows for my wood frame upstairs, and

after they put them in, they still leaked."



"Did they come back and fix them, ma'am."

"Yeah, after I told them how to make them work. Sir, I am a schoolteacher. I don't know anything about leaks and windows, and the idea that they listened to me ... what does that say about their knowledge base."

"Mrs. Sapp, ignorance is not a crime?" Saturday and Cannon chimed in unison.



"Do you have any other complaints?" Cannon asked somewhat impatiently.

"Yeah, the framers I hired to fix the rotten wood. They couldn't frame their way out of a paper bag. I hired them because they could do it quickly, but I thought they would have minimal competency.

Every time I turned around, I had to explain how to do their job, and still, I believe I still have a

hole in my house. Add to that I don't think they care if they do it right or wrong but they sure the hell want to be paid."

"Apathy and greed is not a crime, Ma'am," Cannon said sounding even more condescending.

"With this bunch you can add incompetence and ignorance,"

"Are they still working on solving the problem, Ma'am?" Saturday asked.

"Yes, they are."

"If they don't solve your problem, call us back and then we can do something about it."

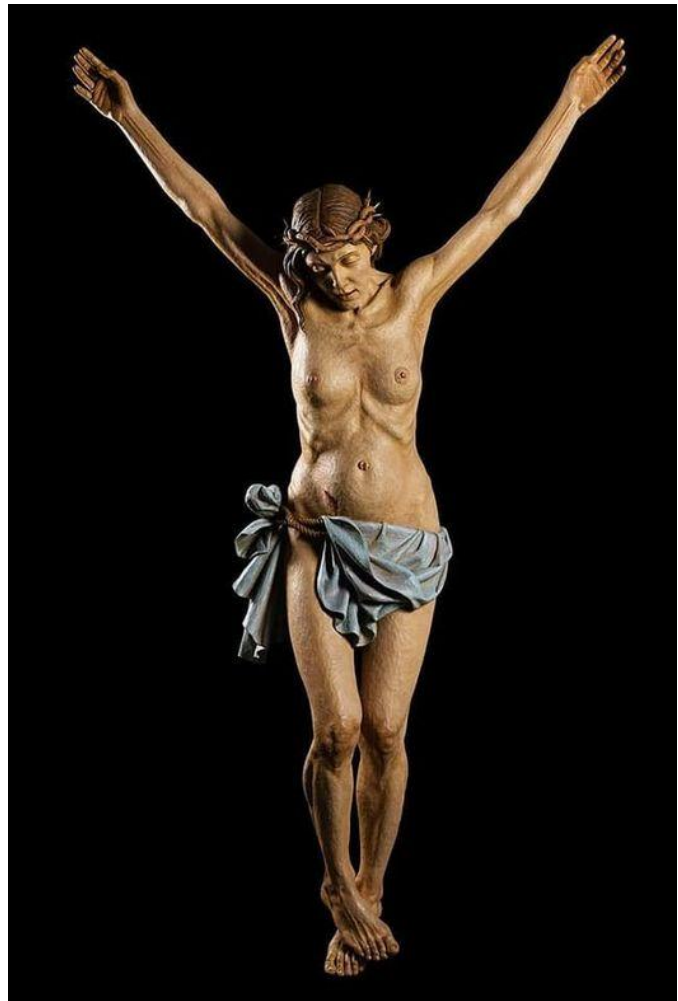
The two men stood up and walked to the door. They turned to Mrs. Sapp, and Cannon said, "Remember incompetence, tardiness, ignorance, apathy and even greed is not a crime."

"But it should be," Mrs. Sapp sneered.

Both police gave the woman their practiced, perfunctory nod.

A clearly disgruntled Mrs. Sapp followed them to her threshold and called out as they descended to the stoop, "I guess condescension isn't a crime either."

The two policemen shared an awkward look. Mrs. Sapp closed the door, shook her head and smirked.



LONG DRIVE FOR A BEER



By Bert Mautz

"Honey, let's do something different for lunch today."

"Got any ideas?"

"No, you're better at that. Suggest something."

"Well, we haven't been out to *Kyle G's* in a while. It's a sunny day. The ocean ought to be gorgeous. Whadaya think?"

"Sounds good. I'll pick you up at twelve-thirty."

Good grief, parking's backed up. Looks like they've only one kid working and he's running his ass off.



"Whoa, just a minute. The Lady needs help with the wheelchair."

Would you check out this ramp. She's long and she's steep. We get inside.

"Good afternoon and welcome to *Kyle G's*. How are you both this afternoon?"

"We're good. Any tables with a view?"

"Could I have your name and e-mail address for our satisfaction survey?"

"We'd rather not."

"No problem. Step right this way. We've lots of tables. How will this do? Here, let me move this chair out of the way."

Is it cold in here, or is it just me? Look, all the goddamn fans are on. Good thing we wore our vests.

"Hello, welcome to *Kyle G's*. Can I get you something to drink while you look at the menu?"

"I'll have a *Stella*. How about you babe?"

"Oh, I don't know. How is the house Sauvignon Blanc?"

"It's good."

"Yeah, that'll be fine."

"Would you like bread for starters? They're warm rolls."

"Sure, thanks."

"Today's east wind makes for some bright white surf."

"Yes, it's lovely."

This menu is considerable. Catch this, they've got souvenir cocktails at sixteen dollars. Must be for the snowbirds.

"The five-cheese macaroni sounds interesting for a side we could share. I'm thinking about the grilled chicken club. What appeals to you on this lovely afternoon?"

"Feel like keeping it simple. I think I'll just have the twenty-dollar burger."



"Miss, she'll have the burger medium rare, veggies on the side. I'm having the grilled chicken club, and an order the mac n' cheese to share. Thanks."



The food is served and she thinks: *Jesus Christ, how am I supposed to get this monster in my mouth for the first bite? I'm taking off the top half of the bun and it begins to be manageable. Look at this, medium well if I ever...*

"Are your fries hot?"

"Hot? Not even warm."

My chicken breast is as tough as a cheap steak. What the fuck are all these cold pickles doin' in here? This sandwich is a disaster.

"How are you two enjoying your lunches?"

Shall we tell her? We eat out a lot. We get around.

"This is awful; fries are cold, her burger is way over-cooked, my chicken is tough as hell. And finally; the macaroni is flavorless."

"Oh, I am so sorry. Please wait a minute. I'll get the manager."

"How can I help you two?"

"We're not complainers, but this is awful; cold fries, over cooked burger, unchewable chicken breast. We get better, broiled at Publix."

"I'm so sorry, let me replace this. What would you like?"

"Sure, I'll try something else. How about the Maui Maui?"

"I'll have it out for you very quickly."

"Honey what do you think? Can *Kyle G's* recover?"

"Here you are. I hope this is much better."



"Well, the fries are warm."

"Sweetheart, I can't fuckin believe it. This goddamn piece of fish is below room temperature."

"How are you folks doing?"

"My dear, put your finger on this fish. No, don't be shy. Touch it."

"Oh my, it is cold. Let me take it back to the kitchen right now."

Well, it's for sure, I'm not going to eat it. I stop our waitress.



"Here, take my card. We're finished here."

"Oh no, there'll be no charge."

"Then you take this for all your trouble."

"You don't have to. Thank you very much."

This ramp looks a lot different from the top, lookin' down.

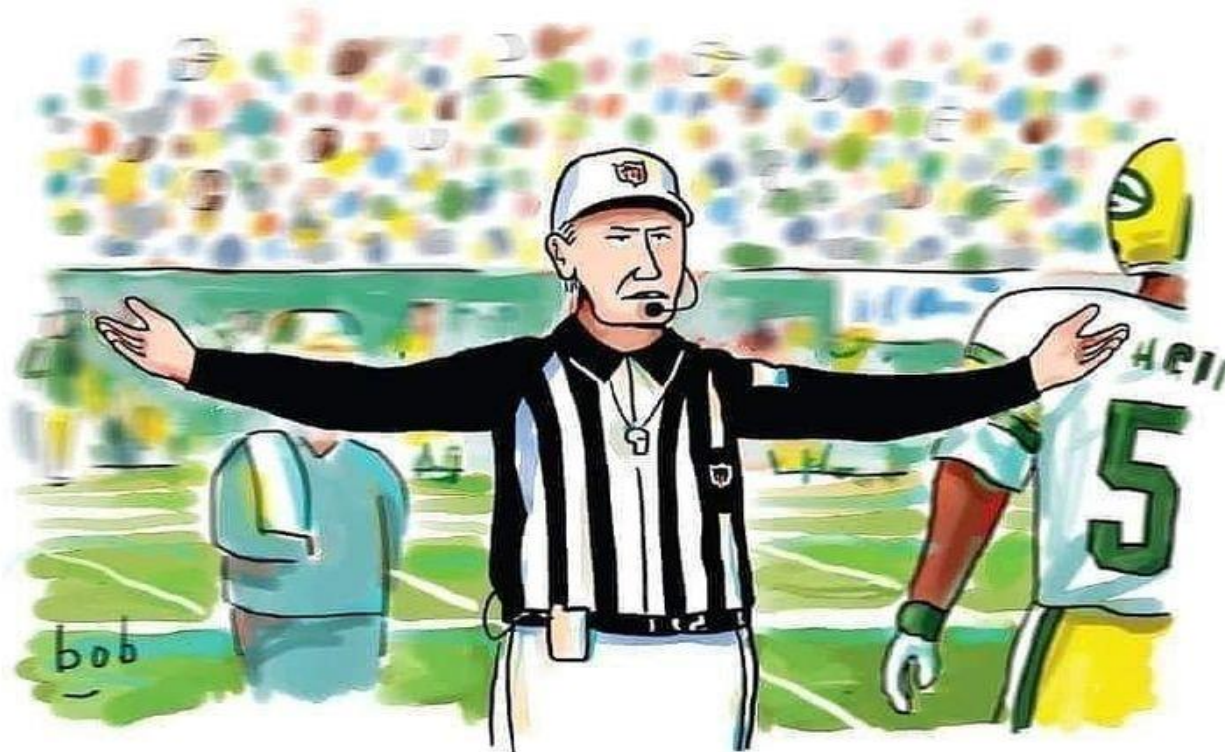
"Better walk behind me," I warn. "I don't want to run over you." I hand the keys to the valet, "It's the silver Toyota."



Whadaya think? Can Kyle G's recover? - bert

FOOTBALL TALISMANS

Scathing Atheist Diatribe 1-19-2023 by Noah Lugeons www.scathingatheist.com



"Too many players on the field thanking Jesus."

So there we are, Lucinda, me, and 70,248 of our closest friends, all of us on our feet, all of us holding our breath. On the field, the game's final timeout is winding down and Jacksonville's kicking unit is getting ready for the field goal that will cap off an improbable comeback and send them on to the next round of the playoffs. After trailing late in the second quarter *twenty-seven to nothing*, the home team mounted a historic rally and battled back to a score of 28-30. And here we were, three seconds and three points away from the third biggest comeback in NFL postseason history.

And then the snap. Perfect hold. Our kicker, Riley Patterson, steps up, swings his leg like an ax into the heart of every Chargers fan, and drives the ball straight down the center for a thirty-six-yard field goal and a one-point victory. The crowd goes nuts. We're all screaming. We're all high fiving. I hug strangers and I hate hugging people almost as much as I hate strangers. On the field, the Jaguars team and staff rush in to celebrate, they

hoist Riley Patterson up in celebration of the win, and as they do his arms rise to his neck and desperately grope his collar so that quick, before the cameras can cut away, he can pull out his goddamn cross necklace and presents it to the television audience like he was trying to ward off a goddamn vampire.

And that's all you saw if you were watching at home, but for those of us in the stadium, we got to watch him then rush up and down the sideline, showing his cross to everyone in attendance so we know good and damn well which religion just kicked the game winner. So yeah, as silly and crass as that it might have seemed on television, it was actually *even worse*.

And I have to ask — what message is that meant to send? What is being communicated by doing that? I mean, I get that he's letting everyone know that he's a Christian, but to what end? Is he saying "Jesus likes me better than the Chargers kicker?" That he likes Florida better than California? That he cheated and used Jesus magic at the end? I mean, it's a 36-yard field goal. An extra point is 33. Unless you're kicking for the Dallas Cowboys, you *should* make a 36-yard field goal without resorting to superpowers or other worldly favors.

Or maybe he was just trying to give all the credit to god. But it's a bit presumptuous to think that "all the credit" was something that was his to give, right? Jesus needs to get in line behind Trevor Lawrence, Doug Pederson, and Travis Etienne. And forgive me, but I don't see anything remotely humble in the message "this isn't because I practice hard and/or am physically gifted, it's because I chose the correct religion and overtly display its symbols." I know this is a tricky one for Christians, but "it's not that I'm good, it's that the very creator of the universe likes me better" is the *opposite* of humility. All the more so when you're doing it on behalf of a team of fifty-five guys without their approval.



I mean, seriously, we see this shit all the time and I'm genuinely curious what the point is. Because for a person like myself, who was never religious in that way, it seems like he's saying "See, I'm *not* a Muslim. No fucking Muslim could've done that, because Jesus doesn't love them." In fact, I genuinely can't think of anything else it *could* communicate. I mean, I can phrase it in a way that's less of an indictment, but the most generous



interpretation I can come up with for his message is "I am a member of the in-group." And what a terrible time to send *that* message. The beauty of that moment was that, with the exception of a smattering of very disappointed Chargers fans, everybody in that group was united in celebration. Seventy *thousand* people, all overjoyed together. Black and white, Republican and Democrat, young and old, atheist and believer; all joined in a singular celebration of the moment. And your instinct in that incredible moment is to say "nu-huh! ME. MY GROUP. IN-GROUP!"

I mean, it's hard to imagine a time that this would be less appropriate — but it's even harder to imagine a time it would be appropriate. I mean, we're talking about using your time at the mic to say, "I'm part of the majority, hooray majority!" Pretty much all the times are bad times for that. I guess you could argue that *church* would be a good time for it, but then you'd be arguing that church was good for something and we'd have to veer off into a whole different diatribe.

The point is that the message is necessarily exclusionary, and what's more, it's pretty much nothing *but* exclusionary. And not *just* to non-believers or members of other faiths. I mean, I'm willing to bet there are a few Christians on the Chargers roster, too. Hell, I don't have to guess, because Riley's wasn't the only ostentatious display of religiosity I saw that night. The other big one happened right before kickoff. One of the Chargers' players runs to the fifty-yard line just as everybody's going back to the locker rooms and very conspicuously prays in the center of the field *Bremerton* style. But I guess he didn't pray good enough, or Riley double-

plus-*unprayed*, or he looked at a woman with lust in his heart afterwards, or something. Because in the end, god chose the Jaguars.

So Riley Patterson, fuck you for the garish display of Christianity. But also, I forgive you because holy shit, what a game. And if it takes publicly bragging that a magical space pedophile is giving you super powers for you to knock them down, I reluctantly support it for the duration of this playoff run. But after that, reread your Bible, pay particular attention to Matthew 6:5 and 6, and get back in the fucking closet.



Le petit déjeuner



A Breakfast Reverie by Virgil Thorp

I was eating breakfast at a favorite restaurant. My wife was sitting across from me, and we had a fine table with an excellent view of the traffic on Seaway Drive. I had just been refilled on my coffee when a family was seated at the table just in front of me.

They took some time to choose where they would sit and it wasn't until one of the daughters (college-aged coed, maybe an MBA candidate) snuggled into the chair directly to my left. My first thought, "is she legal or not?" What a transgression for a 70-year-old man!

The younger daughter was behind my wife and was blocked from view (probably a good thing). I could see the mother, a fairly handsome lady who must have been a real beauty when she was her daughter's age. The daughter I could see was dressed in vacationer casual, hip-hugging jersey sweatpants with a black sports bra like crop top. Not quite girlish yet not yet a woman. A visceral reaction – like I used to feel in high school – swept over me. Just a little short of *WOW*.

I had been rummaging through some research on artist Robert Crumb and the unfortunate death of his wife and longtime companion and muse, Aline Crumb. Crumb had used her as a model several times over their 45-year marriage and it was well evident from his art, that he worshipped her ass. Wait, she had a magnificent ass. An ass that should be modeled. An ass that should have been worshipped. Crumb sure as hell did!

I often admired the asses of my lady friends. I recalled when I returned from Vietnam and the junior college afforded me plenty of opportunity with young coeds. I would have them lay prone on my bed, with just a sheet gathered in strategic places. A single candle served for indirect illumination. They were so young that they would wonder what I was going to do. But I thought they were delicate, like art pieces.

One of my favorite things was to take an ostrich feather and trail it over their awakening bodies. Rousing each cell, convincing it that it could be a separate erogenous zone. It was lovely to see the responses, the changes in



breathing, the skin blushes and the trail of goosebumps the naughty feather encouraged. It was a game, but a game that I liked, and my partners liked, too. We would play it until the girl would grasp my head and plant my face between her thighs.

I whimsied that this girl at breakfast would have been a great model for



Crumb. She was his taste. While not busty, she had the Crumb-like lower body Crumb worshipped. Solid hips and great ass. An ass like two soccer balls that jiggled as she sat down into her chair. She could have been the model for many of Crumb's females. The young ones he implied that had just blossomed and were highly fuckable. Their curves still had a hint of baby fat smoothness. They had names like *Lil' Cutie*, *Honeybunch*, *Angelfood McSpade*, *Kathy Tuffbuns* and *Horny Harriet*, to just name a few. And today, at my breakfast, there was a new reverie.

I couldn't help but gawk. It must have been how the light hit her bare back; the table was on the south side of the building. The

hip hugging sweats were just above the gluteal cleavage and between that and the crop top was a picture of delightfully voyeuristic beauty. And wonder of wonders, there was no tramp stamp (!) to mar the natural grandeur.

I must have made a noise with the intake of my breath as the light brushed the soft downy hairs of that well defined back and glistened in primitive devolution. I was so struck by the sight. I was hungry but it wasn't the

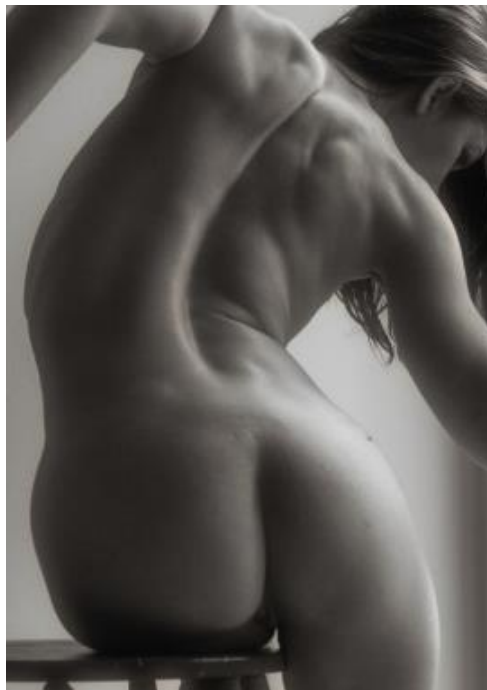
pancakes that made my mouth water. I wanted to bite buttocks and lick ass. I could feel a sense of jealousy rise up in me. I know that sometime in the near future, that some punk is not going to appreciate the beauty I was leering at. They would ravish and despoil without worshipping the ingenue form of emerging perfection.

Would the girl appreciate her gift? She had the legs, hips, pelvis that not only would be a joy to fuck but could also fuck back. The strength to make your toes curl, mate.

I had to avert my gaze. It would not do for her father or mother to give me the evil eye for gazing at their daughter's remarkable ass. If I scrutinized too long, even the waitress might notice. My wife remarked on my distraction.

"You okay?" she asked. At my age it is easy for diversions to take me into a reverie, and this was one to cherish.

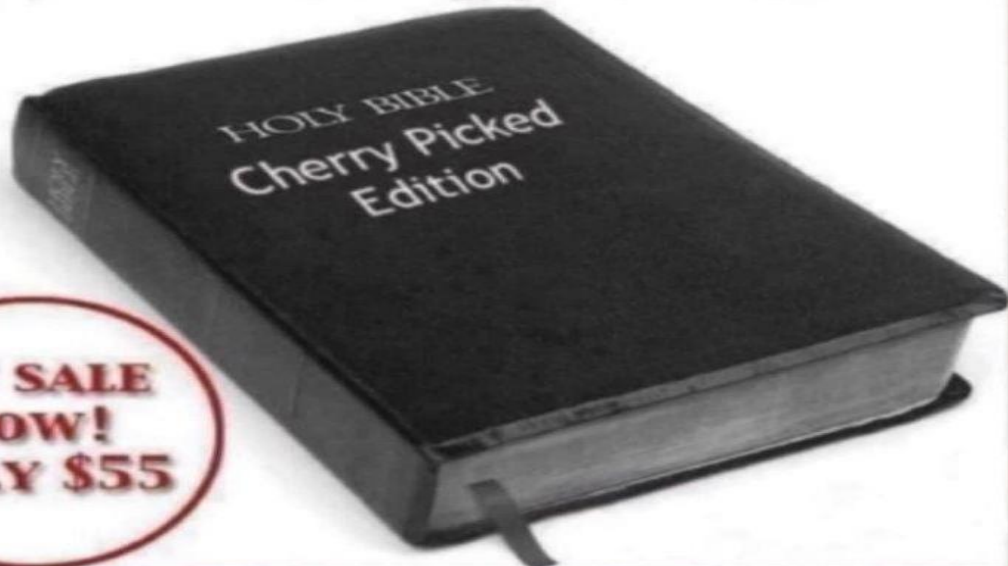
"Fine, fine." I licked a sliver of drool from the corner of my mouth. And set forth to pour some maple syrup on the smooth texture of the pancake in front of me. A texture so like the female ass, so smooth, so kissable. I almost leaned over and licked it.



As I realized what I was doing, I felt a slight notion of self-conscious chagrin. However, I felt no real shame. It wasn't perversion so much as it was admiration. It was there and I was an art lover.

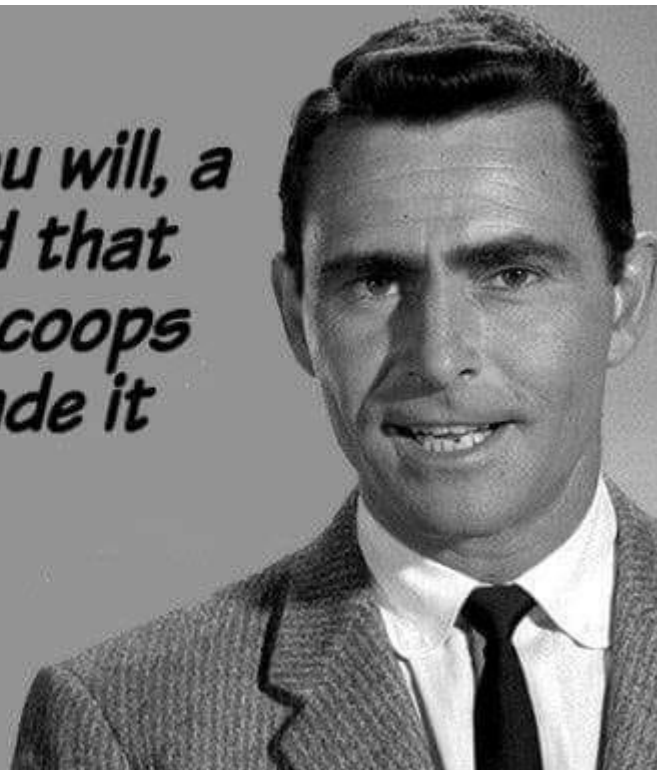
CHERRY-PICKED BIBLE

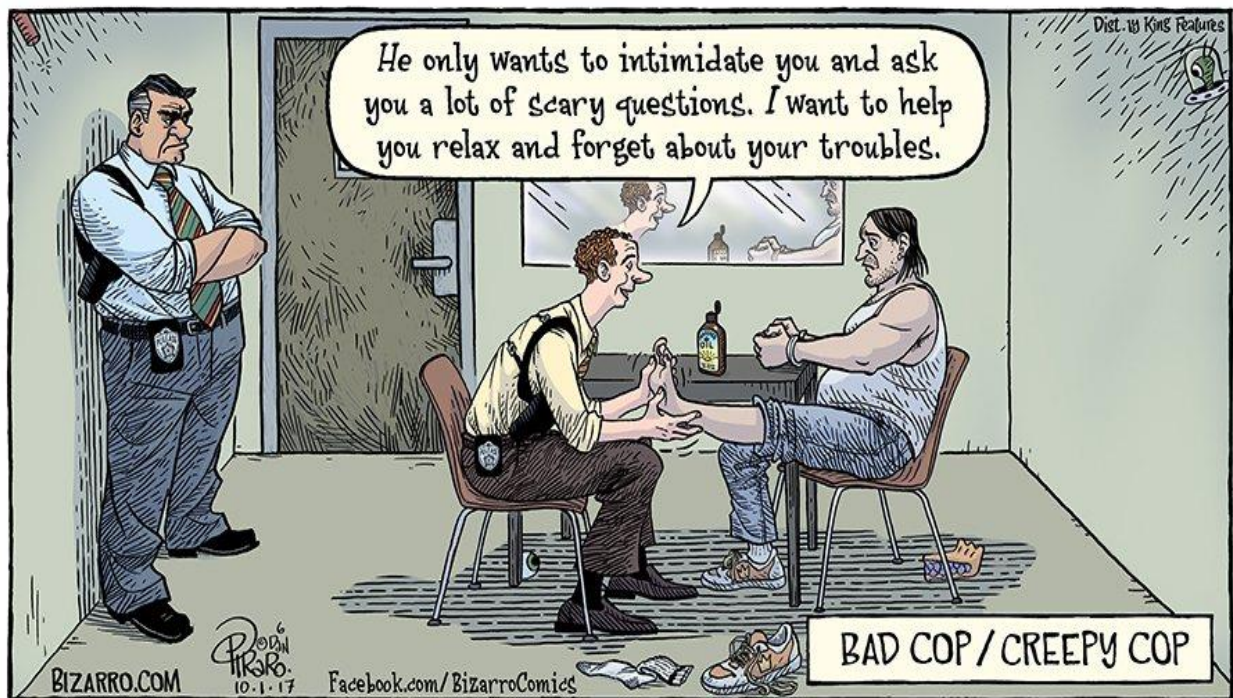
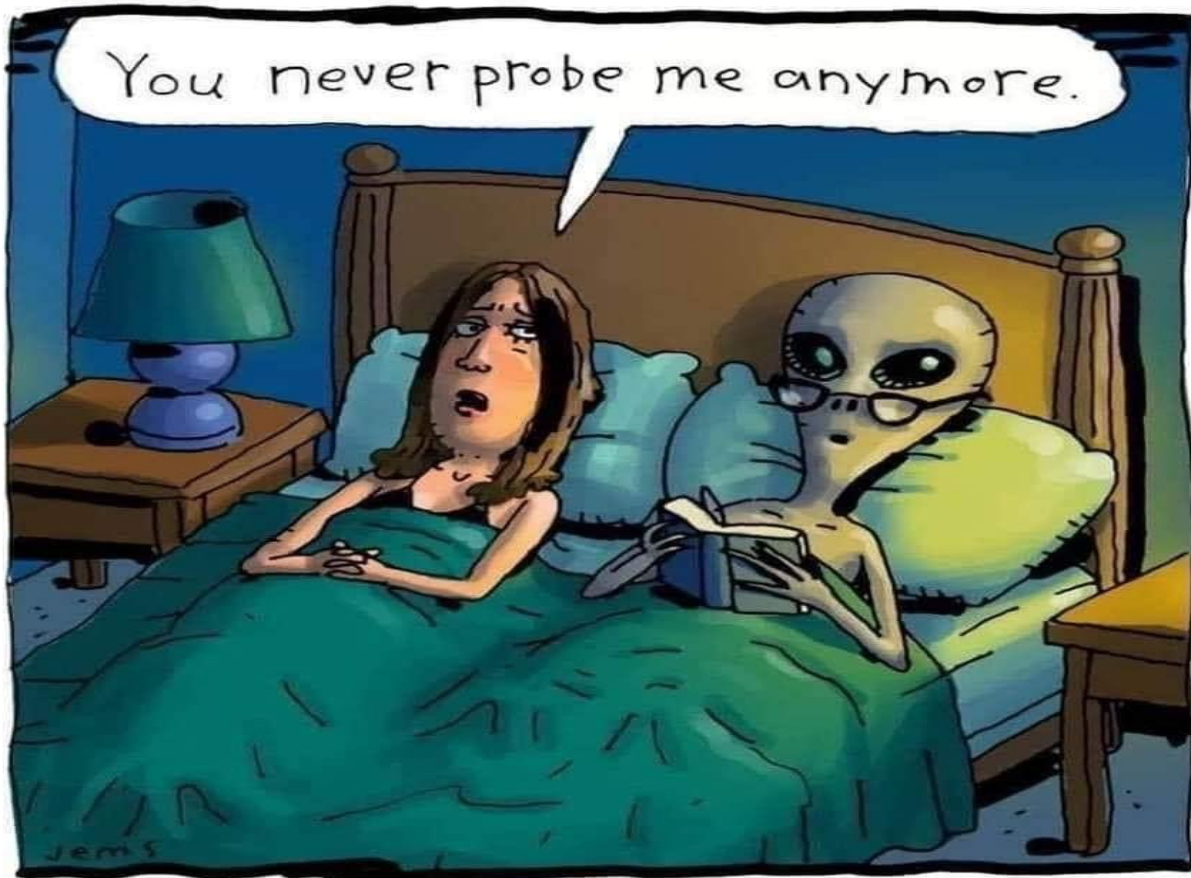
All verses Christians do not want to follow have been omitted. Get yours today so you can eat shellfish, get tattoos, control women, and as a bonus, we've added anti-gay verses Jesus never said!



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

*Imagine, if you will, a
cereal so bad that
adding two scoops
of raisins made it
better...*







off the mark.com

by Mark Parisi



ENGLISH IS HARD

1. The bandage was wound around the wound.
2. The farm was used to produce produce.
3. The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
4. We must polish the Polish furniture.
5. He could lead if he would get the lead out.
6. The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
7. Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
8. A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
9. When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
10. I did not object to the object.
11. The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
12. There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
13. They were too close to the door to close it.

www.analyticalgrammar.com

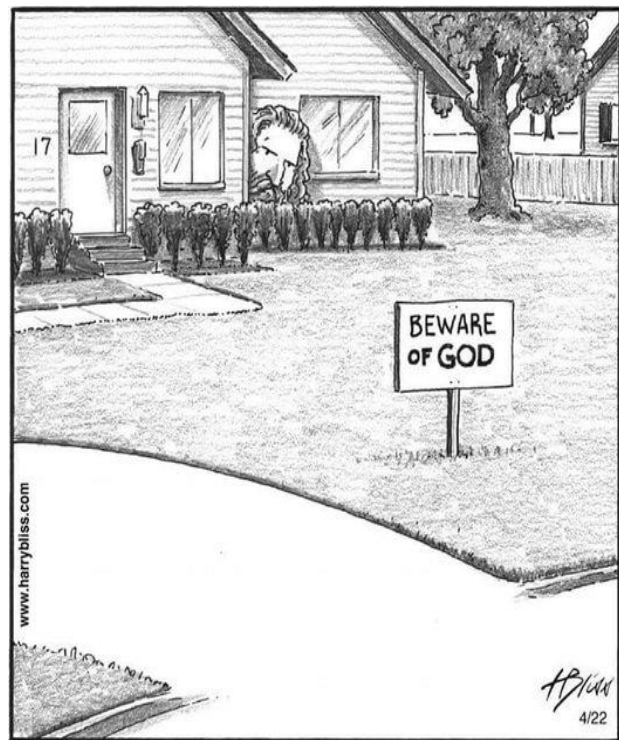


The Cultural Tutor
@culturaltutor

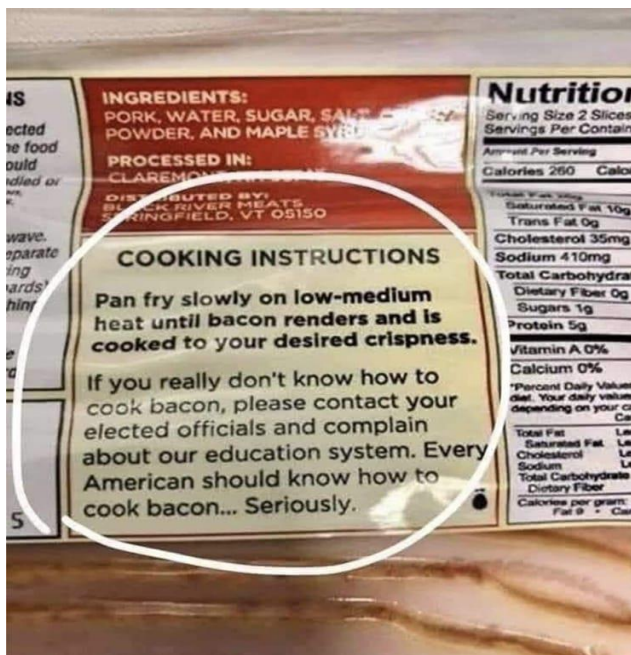
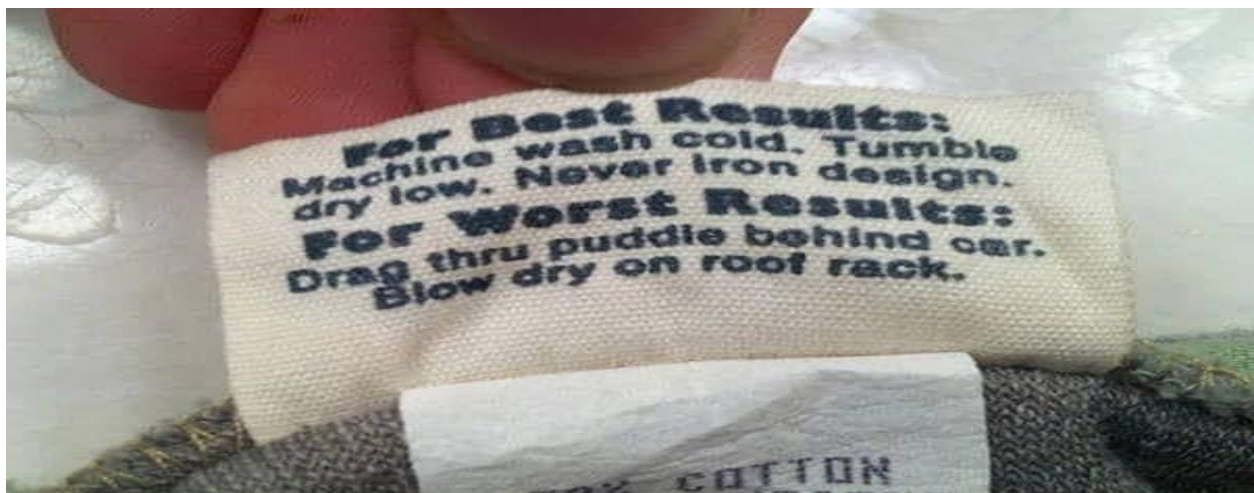
The letters "ough" can be pronounced at least 8 different ways in English.

How did that happen?!

Cough	→	<i>off</i>
Rough	→	<i>uff</i>
Through	→	<i>ew</i>
Though	→	<i>oh</i>
Bought	→	<i>or</i>
Drought	→	<i>ow</i>
Thorough	→	<i>er</i>
Hiccough	→	<i>up</i>

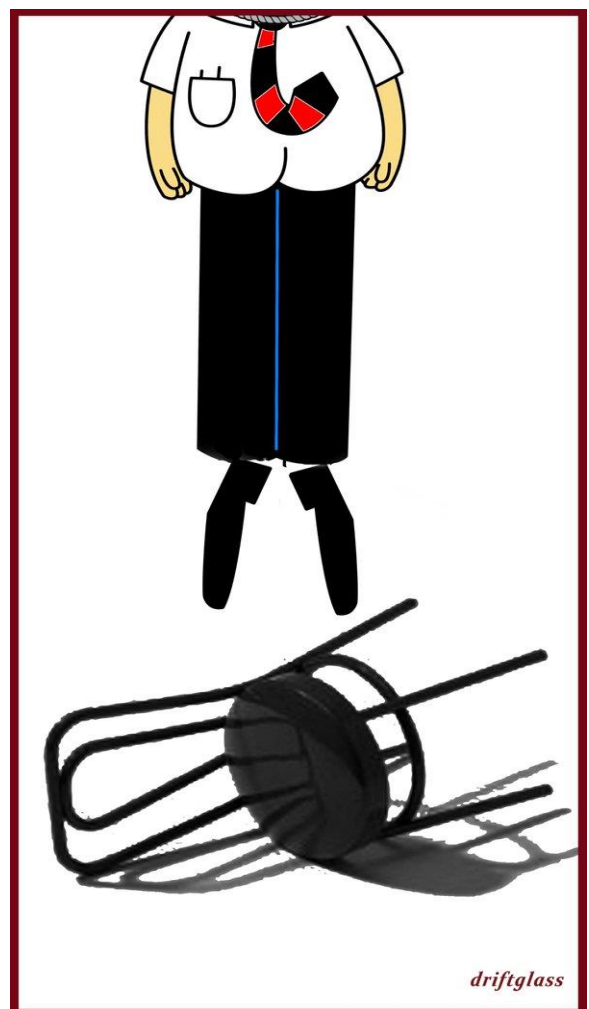
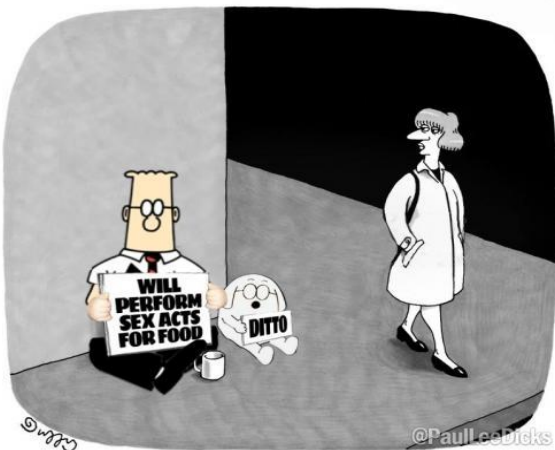


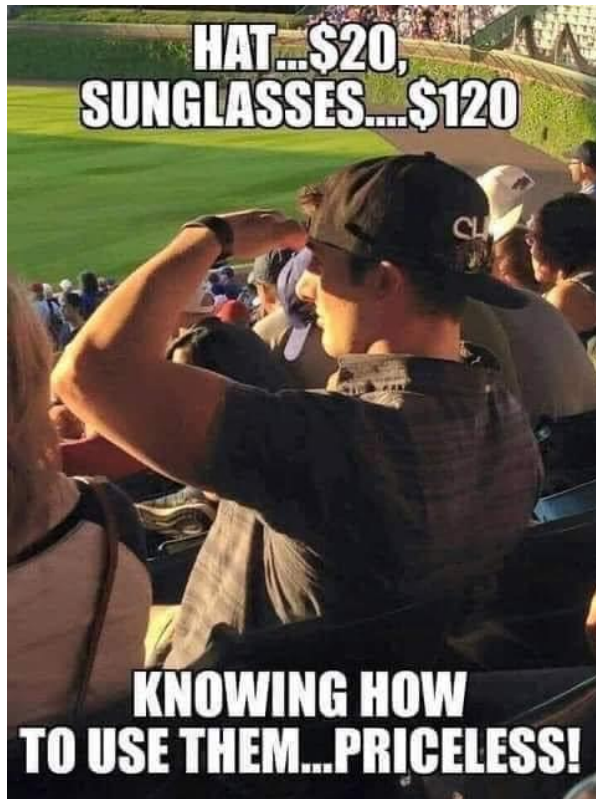
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW





- ☐ A Wrinkle in Time
- ☐ The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian
- ☐ Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry
- ☐ The Handmaid's Tale
- ☐ The Catcher in the Rye
- ☐ Of Mice and Men
- ☐ The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- ☐ Forever
- ☐ The Kite Runner
- ☐ To Kill a Mockingbird
- ☐ The Giver
- ☐ The Outsiders
- ☐ Thirteen Reasons Why
- ☐ Harry Potter series
- ☐ George
- ☐ The Hate U Give
- ☐ The Grapes of Wrath
- ☐ The Color Purple
- ☐ The Lord of the Flies
- ☐ 1984
- ☐ Song of Solomon
- ☐ The Call of the Wild
- ☐ The Lord of the Rings
- ☐ Bridge to Terabithia
- ☐ I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Florida's **Banned Book List**

