

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.4

July / August 2023

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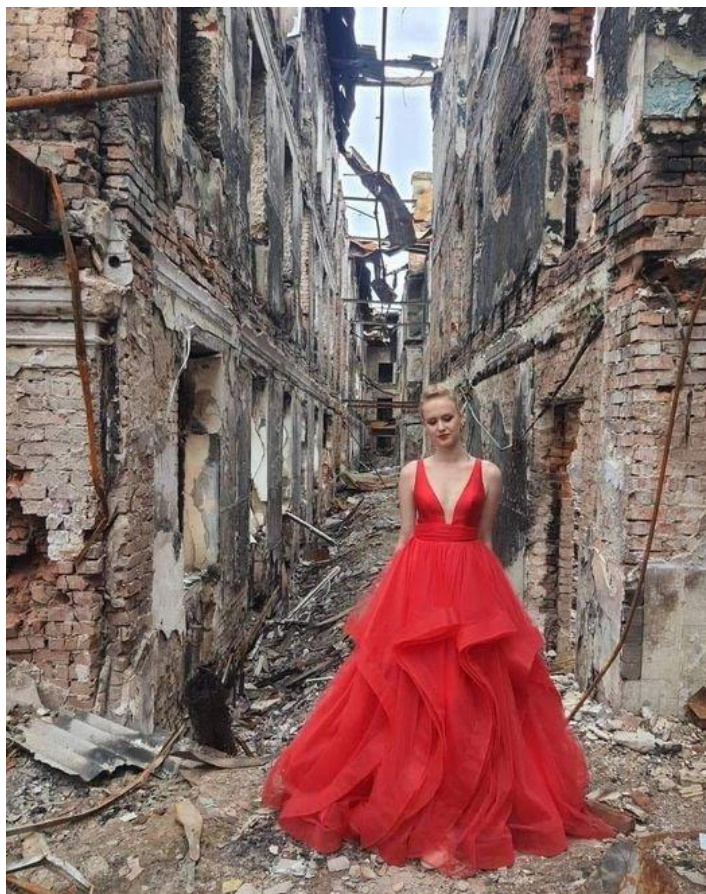
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**- Produced by the TC Secular Writers -*/*

awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com

INTRODUCTION

Can You Believe It?



(Karkiv, Ukraine high school graduation photo taken in the ruins of her high school.)

Or, Light up another fatty!

Those confounding things from Einstein about space, time and our continuum(s) become more and more evident each day, each hour and each minute I (we) exist. There is a great way for me to experience this confusion. Conversely, I do not try to understand it. I get stoned instead. I get stoned and marvel about how much distance is between where I was and where I am now on spaceship Earth in the solar system in the Milky Way galaxy in the visible universe. "Wow," I often say to myself. "That's one hell of a long way!" And then I fire up another fatty.

I had such an epiphany this morning at breakfast. I had to stop mid-sip of my coffee. "Wow, the AOTC Journal deadline is ... now. Oops!"

We, as Aware Ones, are midway through 2023, give or take a few minutes because, as we all should be "Aware", we cannot go backwards in time ... at least not yet ... to recover from some mistake or to relive some inestimable pleasure. Inadvertent or not, we write our own histories in overlapping timelines in the great novel of "here we are". However, we are hindered because our absolute now's no longer exist as absolute now's. We and they have become absolute *later's*, or simply, history.

It is like we cannot grab *absolute now* fast enough before it transmogrifies into *absolute later*. "It was there, I grabbed at it ... and then it was gone, and this piece of crap I am holding, is what I have now, absolutely. It looks like it, it weighs about the same, but it is not 'now-now'." What I have now was then. When I realize *what* has happened and *what this* is, that is when I grab some Absolut Vodka and orange juice and make the medicine of Absolute Screw(driver). And, of course, light up another fatty.

Can you believe it? When you read this, it will be July (or August or even next year) and goddamn I need to roll up another fatty just to deal with the overwhelming shit show that is our collective existence.

I take consolation that at least we have a collective existence, tremulous as it so often seems. I remember the days past; of events of good things like Christmas mornings, Halloween evenings, and Fourth of Julys; and bad things like the Rosenberg executions, the Cuban Missile Crisis; thinking about if it will matter if I don't study for the Algebra test because there was a good chance I'd be dead before grades would be posted. The escalation of the Vietnam war, my mother's cancer diagnoses, the pinwheels and fireworks, like an aerial repeater display behind my eyes when I first kissed Lorrie Colvin on her front porch as her parents peaked through the front window curtains that balmy July evening in 1965 – I wonder if she is still alive. If so, does she remember that delicious lip-to-lip sucking we shared when I asked her to kiss me goodnight?

Okay, this is just an introduction to the AOTC Journal Volume 8, Issue number 4, not a treatise on philosophy or a Proust-like exploration of serendipity or how great a kisser Lorrie Colvin was. Are we like Bastian, experiencing a fantastical allegory like Michael Ende's iconic novel, *The Neverending Story*? Moving along yet always starting over? Simply another mind-fuck.

Every month, every week, every day events are swirling over and around, up and below, even heart-breakingly through us. I feel numb sometimes from the sheer magnitude of incidents, happenings, occasions and proceedings. Right "now" the question that occupies my attention is, "will he go to jail". What if he doesn't? Will a digital recording carry the same weight as a videotape? What will we do if there is a revolution here? Or what if there is a revolution in Russia? More directly, If I don't make a bowel movement soon, will I have to go to the doctor?

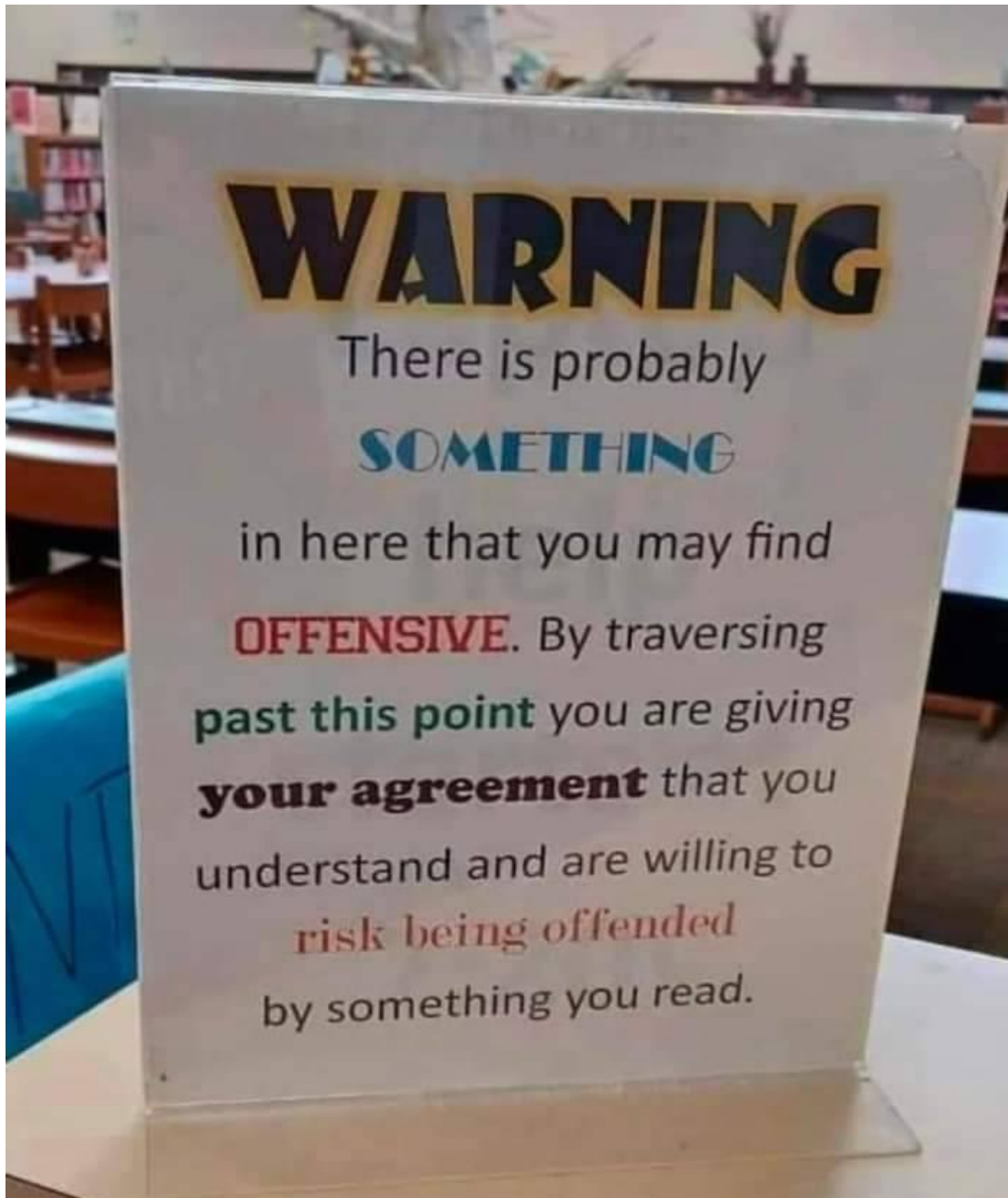
Is that the illusive answer, regularity? Every hour, every day, every two months? Two months, that's how often we present the AOTC Journal. Almost too much and certainly, too little. We share ourselves here. We rub off on each other for better or for worse. I know, someone (and we know who you are) will equate regularity with something disgusting. It just might be something beyond anyone's control.

What I hope our Journal (and this issue) is able to do for us is to act like a cathartic remedy to all the indescribable *which*, in its own way, wishes to overwhelm us. It could be worse in a metaphorical way, you know. Did anyone see the video of the concertgoers at Colorado's Red Rocks Amphitheater when the hailstorm struck during a Louis Tomlinson (First Dimension) concert? Caught in the open, some of the audience were unable to adapt to the change in their environment and received bruises and lacerations from the falling ice balls. Others were knocked unconscious, and some suffered broken bones. That was a relentless mother nature punishing those without shelter. Thank goodness it did not happen to any of us. Distance protected us like a bubble. Time to Light up another fatty.

So, here we are, mid-way thru the eighth year of this Journal, not knowing what the future holds for us except for a definite end, and, like the great comedian Bill Hicks observed, "This [life] is just a ride." Anyway, I do and will present things in this Journal as how "I" happen to see them. It helps me cope with it all. I hope I can help you to cope with the "great nothing" as Ende presented it in *The Neverending Story*, too. Can you believe it? Time flies and the deadline is here! Fasten your seatbelts and return your tray tables to their upright position. Confusion will always be with us, and we may NEVER know exactly where we are at in time. There is, unfortunately, painful things from beginning to end. Enjoy the pandemonium ... with AOTC Journal Vol.8 No.4. Light up another fatty, Bucky.

Virgil

*The Things I learn putting this
magazine together ...*





Twitter users objecting to gruesome images from Dallas and other mass killings. I say, let's see them so they're undeniable. Juxtapose the victims' desecrated bodies with those whacky Christmas cards politicians are sending showing them posing with their families packing AR-15's.



The people shot down in the Texas Mall. But we don't need gun control. Maybe if people see this, they will wake up. The shooter wasn't Trans.

Steven Spainhouer rushed to the scene after receiving a call from his son, who works at the H&M and had taken shelter in a break room. When he arrived in the parking lot outside the store, he "started counting the bodies on the ground ... one, two, three, five, six, seven bodies."

"The first girl I walked up to ... I felt for a pulse, pulled her head to the side, and she had no face," Spainhouer told CNN on Sunday.

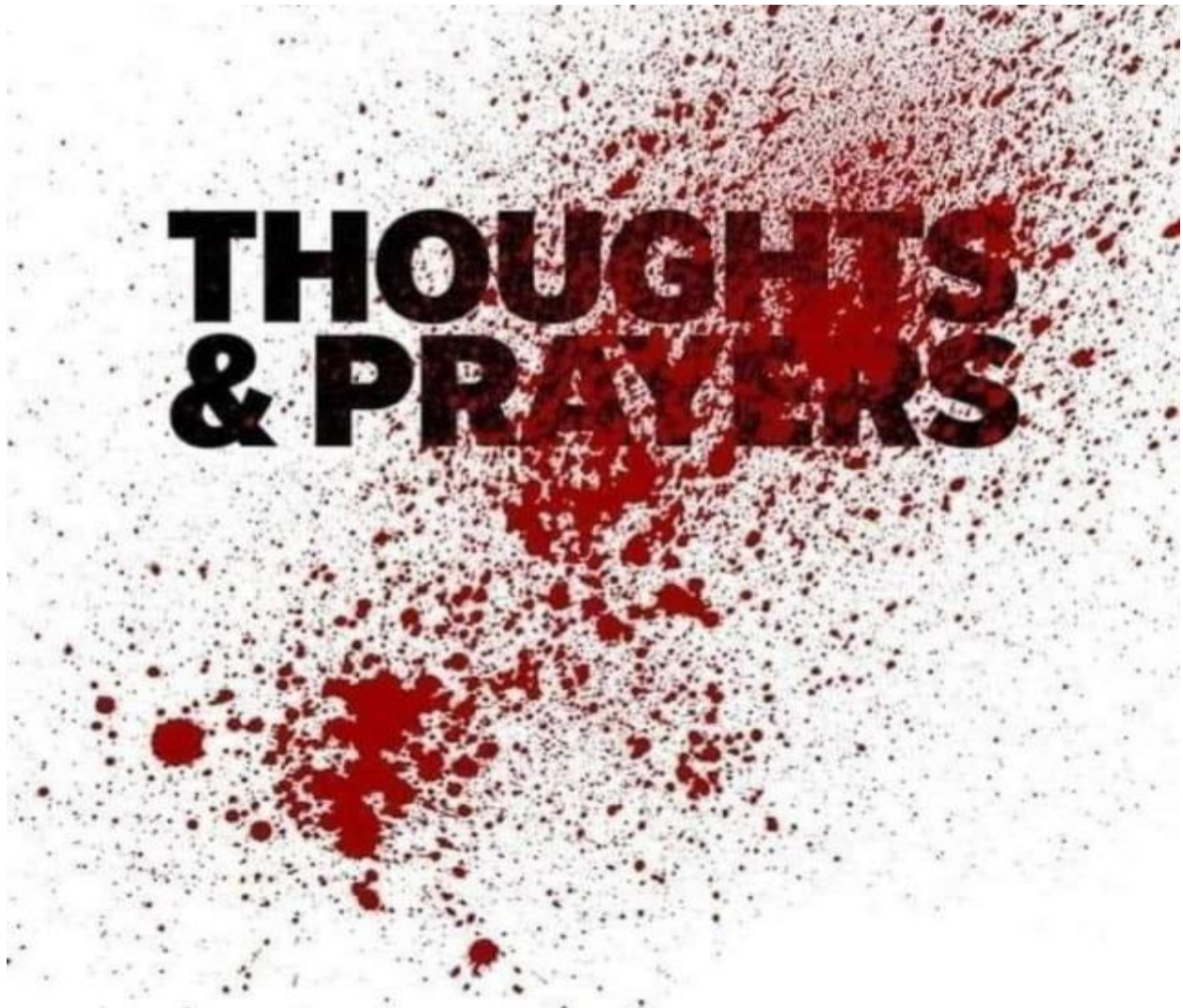
"I saw moms and dads covering the eyes of their kids in tears, kids holding their hands up, people

running for their lives,” he said.

He found a surviving child whose mother had been struck and killed as she shielded him from bullets, Spainhouer told [CNN affiliate KTVU](#).

“When I rolled the mother over, he came out,” Spainhouer told the affiliate. “He was covered from head to toe, like somebody had poured blood on him.”

Weiss, the 18-year-old store employee, described hiding with coworkers and customers in a pair of rooms at the back of the store as “the most terrifying moment of my life.”



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. 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 <vignaujdna@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 every other Thursday evening at 6:30 pm. *Check "Events" for exact dates.*

Events

July Monthly Celebrations – National Watermelon Month

July 1 – National Postal Worker Day

1945 - Deborah Harry b. - vocalist for Blondie ("Heart Of Glass")

July 2 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

First Walmart Opens in 1962 (in Rogers, Arkansas); also 1939 - Paul Williams of The Temptations b. ("My Girl")

July 4 – Independence Day (U.S.)

1900 - Louie Armstrong b. ("Wonderful World")

July 7 – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.**

Chocolate Day; also 1940 - Ringo Starr b. - drummer for The Beatles ("Yellow Submarine")



4th of July is absolutely my favorite holiday



July 8 – Body Painting Day

Liberty Bell Cracks In 1835, while being rung at the funeral of Justice John Marshall.

July 9 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

National Sugar Cookie Day

1946 - Bon Scott b. - lead singer for AC/DC ("You Shook Me All Night Long")

July 11 – World Population Day 8,060,000,000 (+ or -)

E.B. White born, 1899

July 13 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

Fool's Paradise Day; also Oxymoron Day

1942 Roger McGuinn b. - lead guitar for The Byrds ("Turn, Turn Turn")

July 14 – **Aware Ones at Sandspruit Park 11 am.**

Bastille Day; also Pandemonium Day; also National Nude Day; also Shark Awareness Day

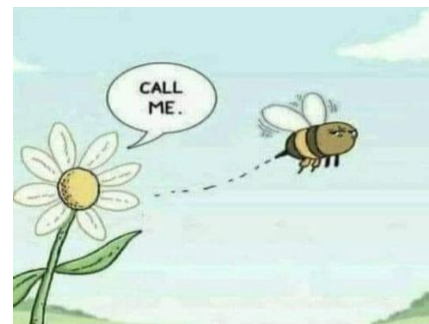
July 16 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

National Ice Cream Day – third Sunday of the month

July 19 - National Daiquiri Day

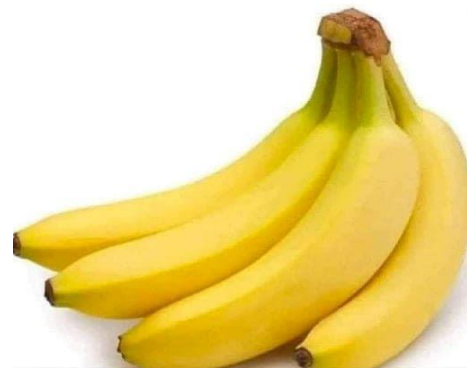
1947 - Brian May b. - guitarist for Queen ("We Will Rock You")

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



For creationists, it is difficult to grasp the concept of an apelike creature evolving into humans, yet having no problem with a rib turning into a woman.

they say a banana a day cleans your colon,
then I found out you're meant to eat them



July 21 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

National Be Someone Day

July 23 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Vanilla Ice Cream Day

July 24 – Amelia Earhart Day Amelia Mary Earhart is born 1897 in Atchison, Kansas

Tell an Old Joke Day

July 27 – Bugs Bunny First debuted in cartoons in 1940.

1933 - Nick Reynolds b. - singer / guitarist for The Kingston Trio ("Tom Dooley"); also 1944 - Bobby Gentry b. ("Ode To Billy Joe")

July 28 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

Buffalo Soldiers Day

1945 - Rick Wright b. - keyboardist for Pink Floyd ("The Wall")

July 30 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Paperback Book Day

1946 - Jeffrey Hammond b. - bassist for Jethro Tull ("Bungle In The Jungle")

July 31 – National Watermelon Day

1953 - Hugh McDowell b. - cellist for Electric Light Orchestra ("Don't Bring Me Down")

August Monthly Celebrations – Water Quality Month

The Annual Perseid Meteor Shower lights up the night sky this month. The peak days are August 12-13. However, You can see them for a couple of weeks before and after this.

August 4 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

No one is, "dancing on Pat Robertson's grave" we're just having a little drag show on it.

**IF RELIGIOUS FAITH
IMPROVED MORALITY**

**PRIESTS WOULDN'T
RAPE KIDS
SUICIDE BOMBERS
WOULDN'T EXIST
AND WOMEN WOULD
HAVE EQUALITY**



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

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

Did you know that you can recycle
your dog and cat poop? It's easy!
Put it to good use and mail it to:
Westboro Baptist Church
3701 SW 12th Street
Topeka, KS 66604

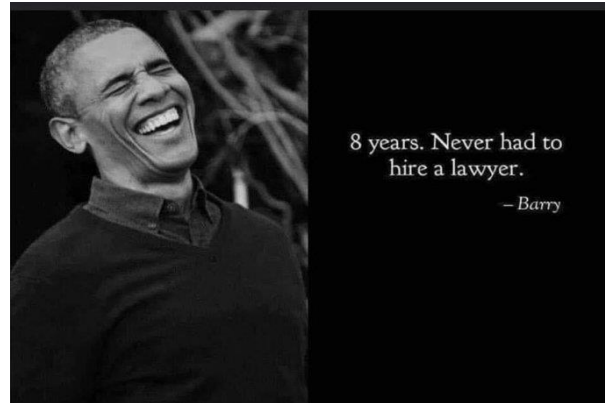
Please share!

Barack Obama born, 1961 (44th U.S. President)

International Beer Day – First Friday in August; also
U.S. Coast Guard Day (Established in 1790)

August 5 – International Hangover Day –
the day after International Beer Day

1947 - Rick Derringer b. - guitarist for The McCoys
("Hang On Sloopy"); also National Mustard Day first
Saturday



August 6 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Alfred Lord Tennyson born, 1809 in Somersby, Lincolnshire,
England; also Friendship Day – First Sunday in August

August 8 – International Cat Day

**August 10 –  Writer's Group @
Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

Herbert Hoover Born in 1874, in West Branch, Iowa; also 1909 -
Leo Fender b. - inventor of the first mass-produced electric guitar;
also 1947 - Ian Anderson b. - guitar / flute for Jethro Tull ("Living in
the Past")

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

1950 - Eric Braunn b. - guitarist for Iron Butterfly ("In-A-Gadda-Da-
Vida")

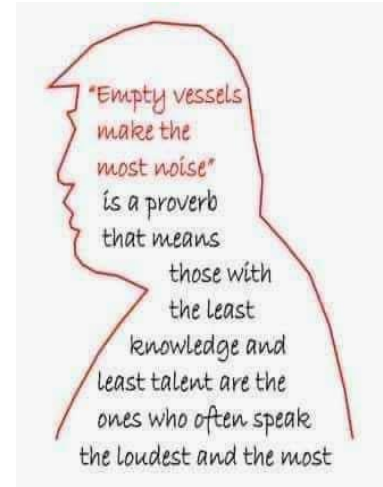
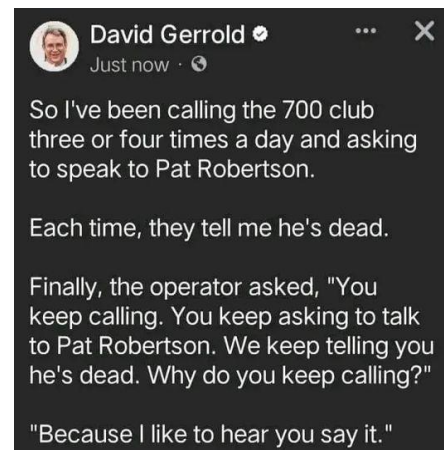
August 13 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Annie Oakley (Phoebe Ann Mozee, sometimes spelled Mosee or
Moses) Born in 1860. to Quaker parents in Ohio; also Left Hander's Day

August 14 – V-J Day the end of WWII

1941 - David Crosby b. - guitarist for Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
("Marrakesh Express")

**August 18 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park
11 am.**



Bad Poetry Day

August 20 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

1948 - Robert Plant b. - vocalist for Led Zeppelin ("Whole Lotta Love"); also National Radio Day

August 21 – National Poets Day

August 24 –  Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.

Iconic American Restaurants Day

1938 - Mason Williams b. ("Classical Gas"); also 1941 - Ernest Wright b. - vocalist for Little Anthony and The Imperials ("Tears On My Pillow")

August 25 – Aware Ones at Sandspruit Park 11 am.

Kiss and Make Up Day

August 26 – Women's Equality Day The anniversary of women getting the right to vote - the signing of the 19th Amendment, 1920.

1944 - Maureen "Moe" Tucker b. - drummer for The Velvet Underground

August 27 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Just Because Day

August 31 – National Eat Outside Day

Alan Jay Lerner Born in 1918, New York; also 1938 - Jerry Allison b. - drummer for Buddy Holly and The Crickets ("Peggy Sue"); also 1945 - Van Morrison b. ("Brown Eyed Girl")

**If my body is ever
found dead on a
jogging trail, just
know I was
murdered
elsewhere and
dumped there.**

**REPUBLICANS KEEP
MESSAGING US THAT THEY "CAN'T
WAIT TO GET AMERICA BACK!"
BACK TO WHAT? SEGREGATION?
COAT-HANGER ABORTIONS?
INTERNMENT CAMPS? BAREFOOT
AND PREGNANT? LYNCHINGS?
CHILD LABOR? WHITE
SUPREMACY?
SERIOUSLY, EITHER SAY WHAT YOU
MEAN, OR SHUT THE HELL UP.**

It's always:

*"freeloading workers need
to give up their \$300
unemployment checks"*

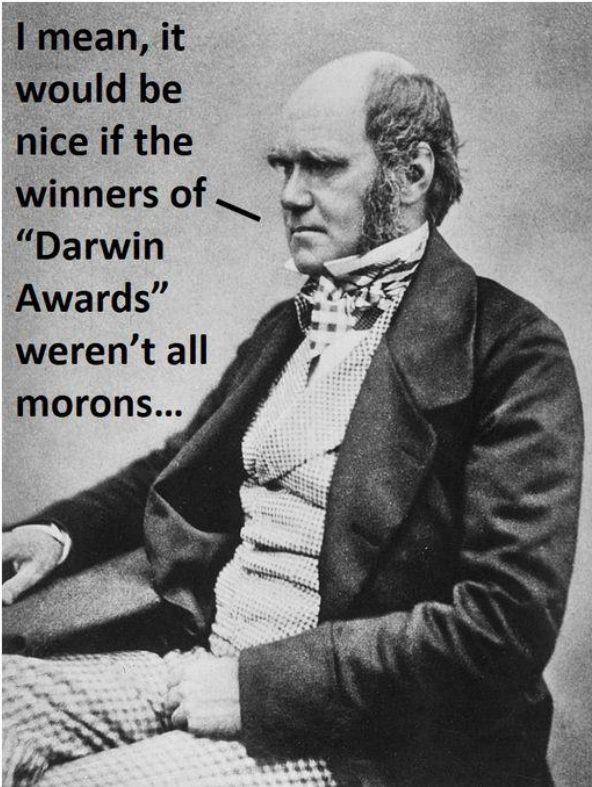
...and never

*"freeloading corporations
need to give up their
\$1.9 trillion in tax breaks"*

**Remember to drink lots of
water and stay indoors
between 11:00 am and
November 2nd.**

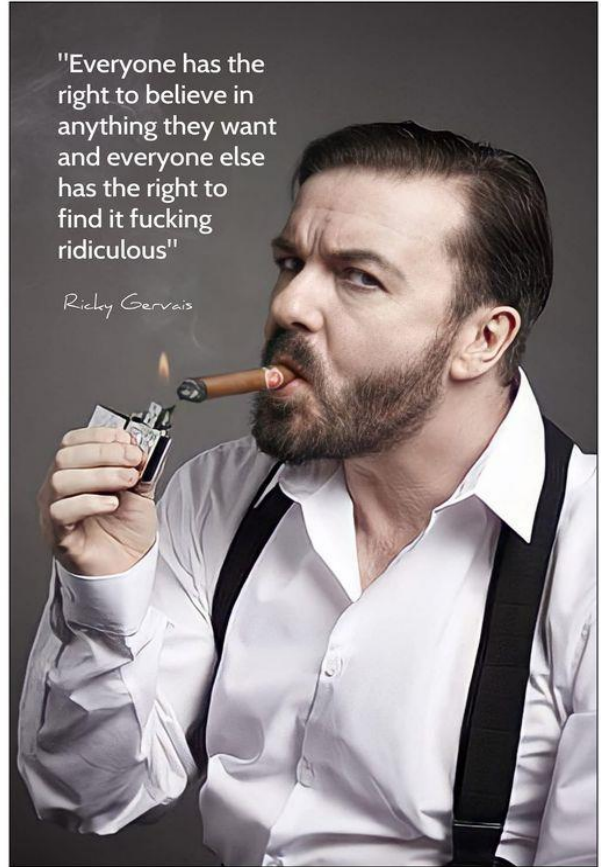
Atheist Quotes

I mean, it would be nice if the winners of "Darwin Awards" weren't all morons...



"Everyone has the right to believe in anything they want and everyone else has the right to find it fucking ridiculous"

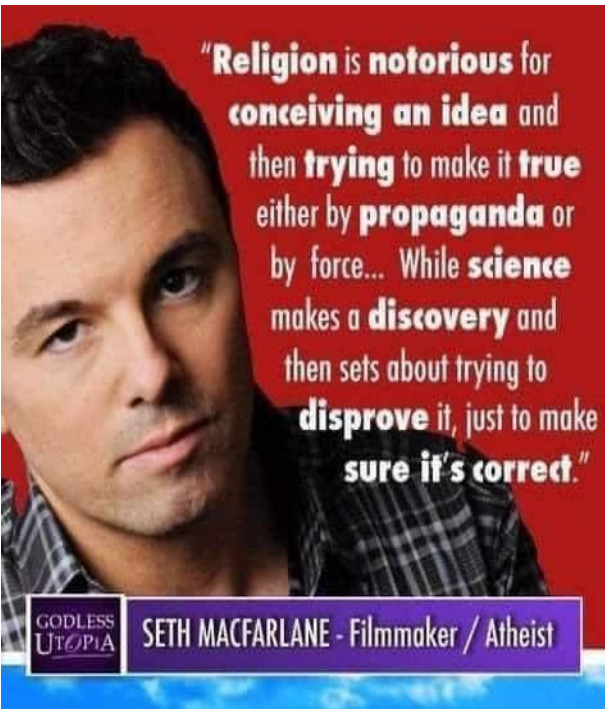
Rickey Gervais



"Religion is notorious for **conceiving an idea** and then **trying** to make it **true** either by **propaganda** or by force... While **science** makes a **discovery** and then sets about trying to **disprove** it, just to make **sure it's correct**."

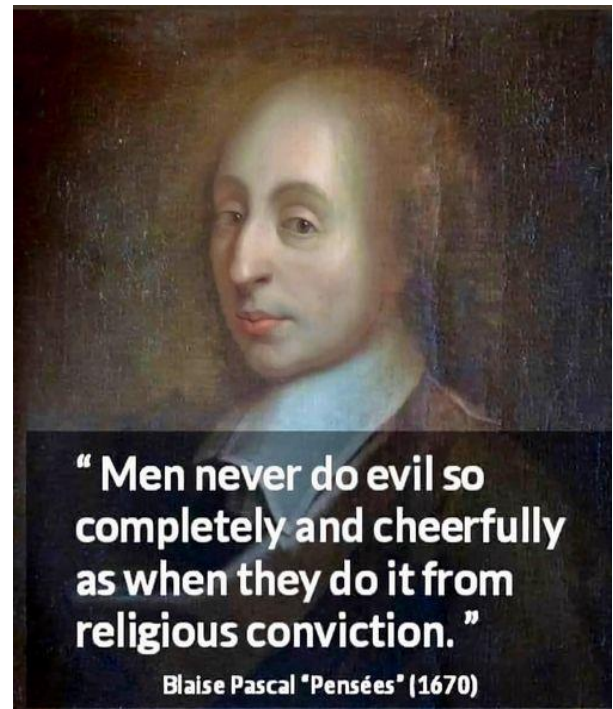
GODLESS
UTOPIA

SETH MACFARLANE - Filmmaker / Atheist



"Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction."

Blaise Pascal "Pensées" (1670)



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

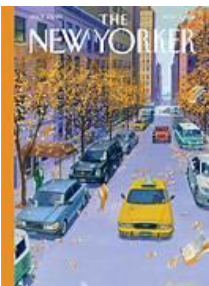
May 2023

1

Gordon Lightfoot, 84, Canadian Hall of Fame singer-songwriter ("Sundown", "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald", "If You Could Read My Mind").



- Jordan Neely, 30, American subway passenger, compression of the neck. Neely was a locally known Michael Jackson impersonator, performing in Times Square, on subways, and in



subway stations. He was reputed to be a talented dancer.

5

Bruce McCall (May 10, 1935 – May 5, 2023) was a Canadian author and illustrator, best known for his frequent contributions to The New Yorker. He has also illustrated children's books.



6

Vida Blue, 73, American baseball player (Oakland Athletics, San Francisco Giants, Kansas City Royals), three-time World Series champion (1972, 1973, 1974).

- Sam Gross, 89, American cartoonist (The New Yorker)

- Newton N. Minow, 97, American attorney, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission (1961–1963), heart attack. His phrase "vast wasteland" is remembered years after the speech in which he said:

When television is good, nothing—not the theater, not the magazines or newspapers—nothing is better. But when television is bad, nothing is worse. I invite each

of you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air and stay there for a day without a book, without a magazine, without a newspaper, without a profit and loss sheet or a rating book to distract you. Keep your eyes glued to that set until the station signs off. I can assure you that what you will observe is a vast wasteland.

- Petruška Šustrová, 75, Czech dissident (Charter 77), journalist, and translator.

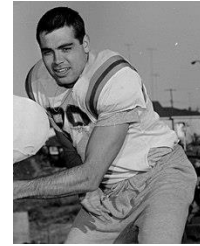


8

Joe Kapp, 85, American Hall of Fame football player (BC Lions, Minnesota Vikings), coach (California Golden Bears) and executive.



- Iranian blasphemers hanged: Yousef Mehrdad and Sadrollah Fazeli Zare were executed in Iran on 8 May 2023 for crimes including blasphemy, insulting the religion of Islam and the prophet. They were running dozens of online anti-religion platforms dedicated to the hatred of Islam, the promotion of atheism and insults to sanctities.



9

Jacklyn Zeman, 70, American actress (General Hospital, One Life to Live, The Bay), cancer.



11

Kenneth Anger, 96, American filmmaker (Fireworks, Lucifer Rising) and writer (Hollywood Babylon).

- Hodding Carter III, 88, American journalist and spokesman, U.S. State Department spokesperson (1977–1980).



- Barry Newman, 92, American actor (Vanishing Point, The Salzburg Connection, Petrocelli).



12

Don Denkinger, 86, American baseball umpire (Major League Baseball).

- Francis Monkman, 73, English musician (Curved Air, Sky, Matching Mole), songwriter and composer, cancer.



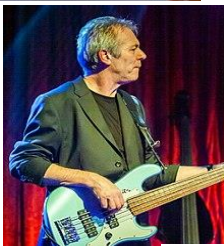
14

Doyle Brunson, 89, American Hall of Fame poker player, WSOP champion (1976, 1977). Brunson was the first player to win \$1 million in poker tournaments.



- John Giblin, 71, Scottish bass

player, sepsis. Best known as a studio musician, recording film scores and contemporary music, Giblin also performed live and recorded with Peter Gabriel, John Martyn, Elkie Brooks, Annie Lennox, Manfred Mann's Earth Band, Phil Collins, Kate Bush, Jon Anderson and with the avant-garde recordings by Scott Walker (including the album Tilt).





16

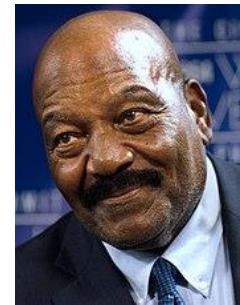
Mark Gietzen, 69, American anti-abortion and political activist, plane crash. Gietzen was the chairman of the Kansas Coalition for Life. One of the major projects of this organization was to place crosses each day on public property in front of George Tiller's late-term abortion facility in Wichita. Following the rejection of the anti-abortion Value Them Both amendment to the Constitution of Kansas, in which 59% of the participating electorate voted "no" on August 2, 2022, compared with 41% who voted "yes," Gietzen helped organize what *The Kansas City Star* described in August 21 news coverage as "baseless allegations of fraud."

- Marlene Hagge, 89, American Hall of Fame golfer, co-founder of the LPGA, complications from a fall.



17

Marge Summit, 87, American LGBT rights activist. Summit co-founded the city's Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG) branch and launched the "Gay\$" initiative. Summit owned His 'n Hers, a bar-restaurant, which due to circumstances was relocated from the Addison L stop to North Broadway.



18



reputations and their careers" at risk.

Jim Brown, 87, American Hall of Fame football player (Cleveland Browns), actor (*The Dirty Dozen*, *Mars Attacks!*), and civil rights activist. In 1967, Brown, alongside Bill Russell, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and Carl Stokes, were all members of the Cleveland Summit, a meeting with Muhammad Ali held with the intention of convincing the four to rally behind and recruit others to help Ali's cause of civil rights in the United States. For Brown and the other participants to stand with Ali in support of him and his position consequently put "their

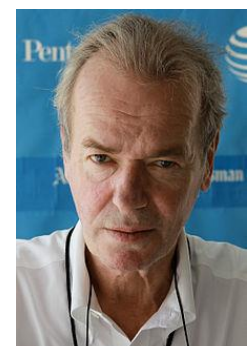


- Marlene Clark an American actress, animator and fashion model. Clark was perhaps best known for her portrayals of Ganja Meda in the 1973 horror film *Ganja & Hess* and Janet Lawson, Lamont's girlfriend in the sitcom *Sanford and Son* from its fifth season in 1975 until the series conclusion in 1977.

19

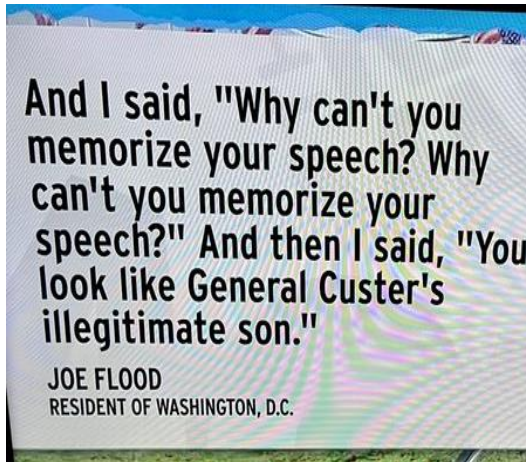
Martin Amis, 73, British novelist (*London Fields*, *Money*, *Time's Arrow*), oesophageal cancer.

Inspired by Saul Bellow and Vladimir Nabokov, as well as by his father Kingsley Amis, Amis himself influenced many British novelists of the late 20th and early 21st centuries, including Will Self and Zadie Smith.



Continued on page 99

Heroes



Joe Flood said that he saw reports about Patriot Front, a group that covers its face not with a white hood, but a white gaiter. They march in khaki pants and carry American flags on poles.

He got on his bike and headed downtown. Standing beside them as they marched and shouted into a bullhorn, Flood began heckling.

"Hi! Hi, fascists!" Flood shouted. "No one likes you. Your mom hates you. Your friends hate you. You were the losers of your high school class. You are sloppy. You are not even matching. You all have different types of pants on. Cargo pants are out. Reclaim your virginity!"





"Texas Singer and songwriter James McMurtry was wearing a dress at his Nashville show last night because the state of Tennessee just made drag shows illegal "

Indiana Doctor Reprimanded For Sounding Alarm On 10-Year-Old's Abortion

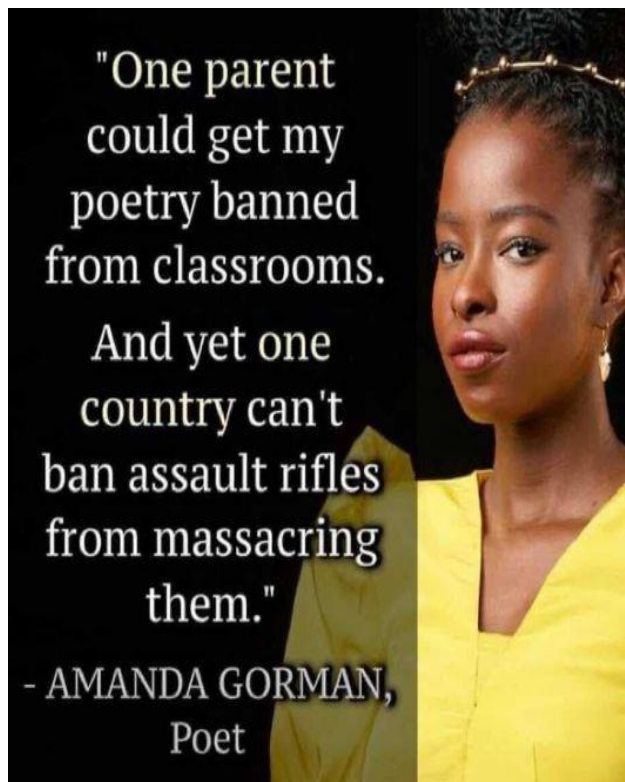


When you hear something outside but it's just the neighbors dog mauling a Jehovah's Witness



kathygriffin

...





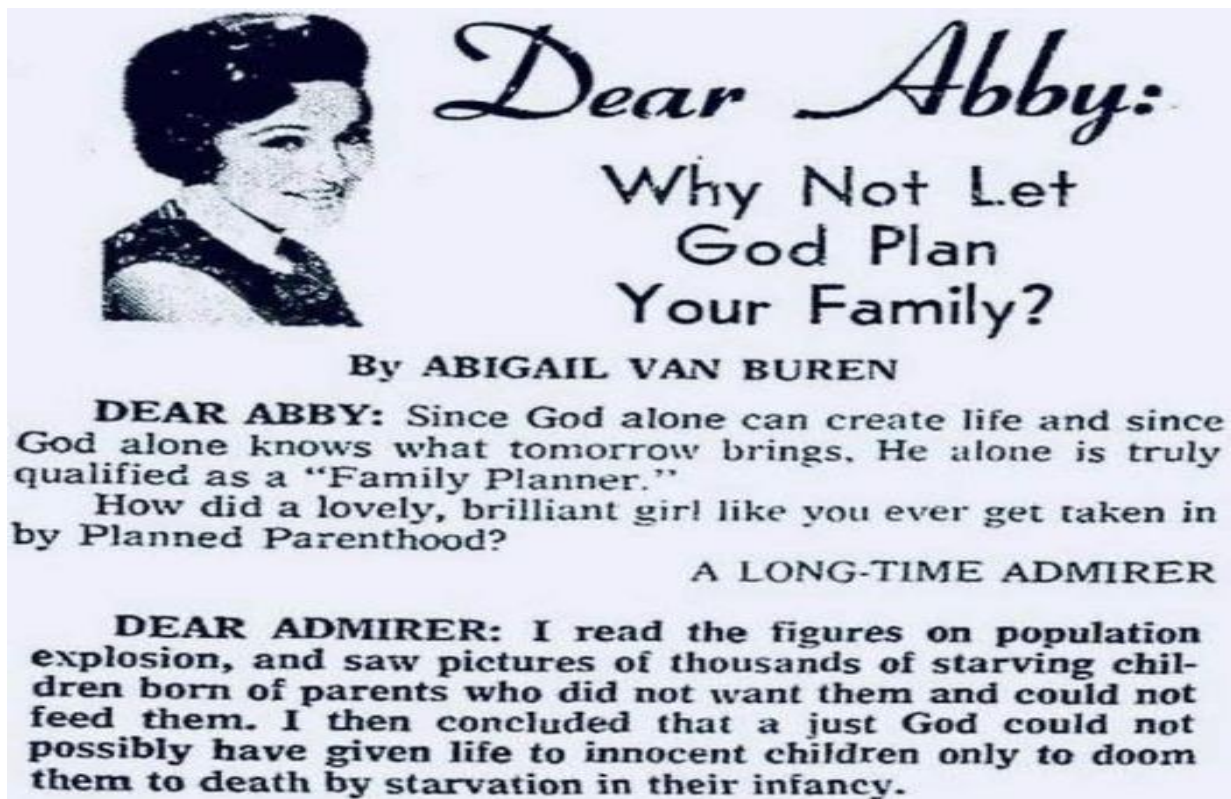
STATEMENT FROM GOVERNOR PRITZKER

Through HB 579 and HB 2296, we're taking historic action to provide affordable, quality health insurance to people all across the state.

We're holding health insurance companies accountable, preventing unnecessary rate hikes, and ensuring residents who are eligible to receive health insurance get connected to the plan they deserve.

I'm thankful to Majority Leader Robyn Gabel, Senator Laura Fine, and Senator Ann Gillespie for their leadership on behalf of vulnerable Illinoisans and I look forward to signing these bills when they reach my desk.





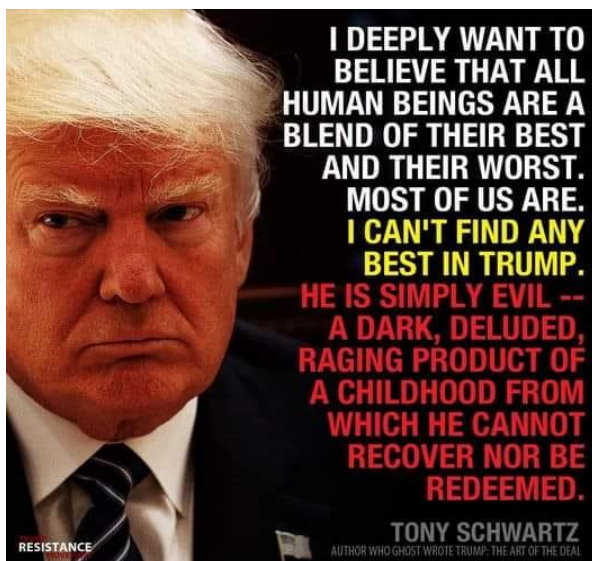
(Above) The Awesome Senator and Mrs. John Fetterman, D-PA. at Pride March. (Right side picture) Yusef Salaam and family.

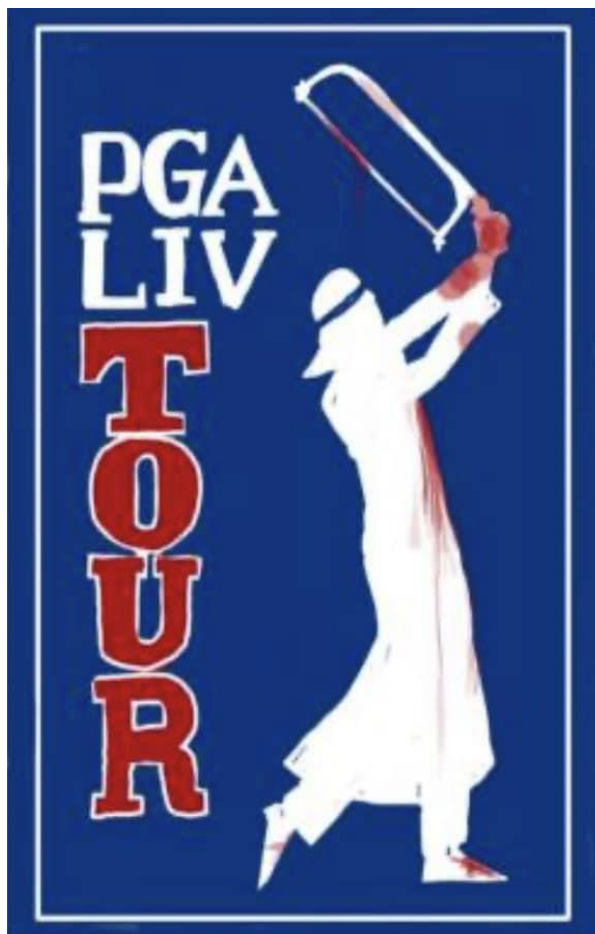


Assholes of the Month

Wisconsin Lawmaker: Contraception Makes Women Too Uppity

Wisconsin State Representative Chuck Wichgers speaks against making contraception more available because of puritanical reasons.





Liberty University's Ryan Helfenbein at the Faith and Freedom coalition gala said: "What we're discovering as parents and conservatives is education really is evangelism. So, if you don't control education, you cannot control the future. And Stalin knew that, Mao knew that, Hitler knew that. We have to get that back for conservative values."



In March, Daily Salinas, a parent of two students at at Bob Graham Education Center in Miami Lakes, challenged *The ABCs of Black History*, *Cuban Kids*, *Countries in the News Cuba*, the poem *The Hills We Climb*, which was recited by poet Amanda Gorman at the inauguration of President Joe Biden, and *Love to Langston* for what she said included references of critical race theory, "indirect hate messages," gender ideology and indoctrination, according to records obtained by the Florida Freedom to Read Project and shared with the Miami Herald.



Daily Rego
Aug 21, 2022 ·

New Book: Stephen Miller Wanted Drone Strikes On Migrants

He denies it. A Coast Guard official who was part of the conversation says he has "no recollection."

By Susie Madrak — June 27, 2023

Stephen Miller, one of Trump's top immigration advisers, pushed to use U.S. predator drones in 2018 to blow up migrant boats full of unarmed civilians, according to an upcoming book by former administration official Miles Taylor. [Via Rolling Stone \(paywall\)](#):

In a passage reviewed by Rolling Stone, former Trump Department of Homeland Security appointee Miles Taylor writes about an April 2018 conversation in which Miller allegedly advocated an attack on a migrant ship headed for the United States. Miller, Taylor writes, argued for the potential mass killing of civilians by suggesting they were not protected under the U.S. Constitution because they were in international waters.

[...] Taylor's book claims Miller made his argument to Paul Zukunft, a since-retired admiral who was then commandant of the U.S. Coast Guard. Reached for comment, Zukunft replied he had "no recollection" of the exchange as described in the book.

Taylor's book, *Blowback*, describes the alleged 2018 conversation in depth. The critical passage reads:

'Admiral, the military has aerial drones, correct?' Stephen inquired.

'Yes,' Zukunft replied.

'And some of those drones are equipped with missiles, correct?'

'Sure,' the commandant answered, clearly wondering where the line of questioning was going.

'And when a boat full of migrants is in international waters, they aren't protected by the U.S. Constitution, right?'

'Technically, no, but I'm not sure what you're getting at.'

'Tell me why, then, can't we use a Predator drone to obliterate that boat?'

Admiral Zukunft looked nonplussed. 'Because, Stephen, it would be against international law.'

According to the book, Miller begins arguing with Zukunft:

[The] United States launched airstrikes on terrorists in disputed areas all the time, Miller said, or retaliated against pirates commandeering ships off the coast of Somalia. The Coast Guard chief calmly explained the difference. America attacked enemy forces when they were armed and posed an imminent threat. Seafaring migrants were generally unarmed civilians. They quarreled for a few minutes. Stephen wasn't interested in the moral conflict of drone-bombing migrants. He wanted to know whether anyone could stop America from doing it.



'Admiral,' [Miller] said to the military chief nearly thirty years his senior, 'I don't think you understand the limitations of international law.'



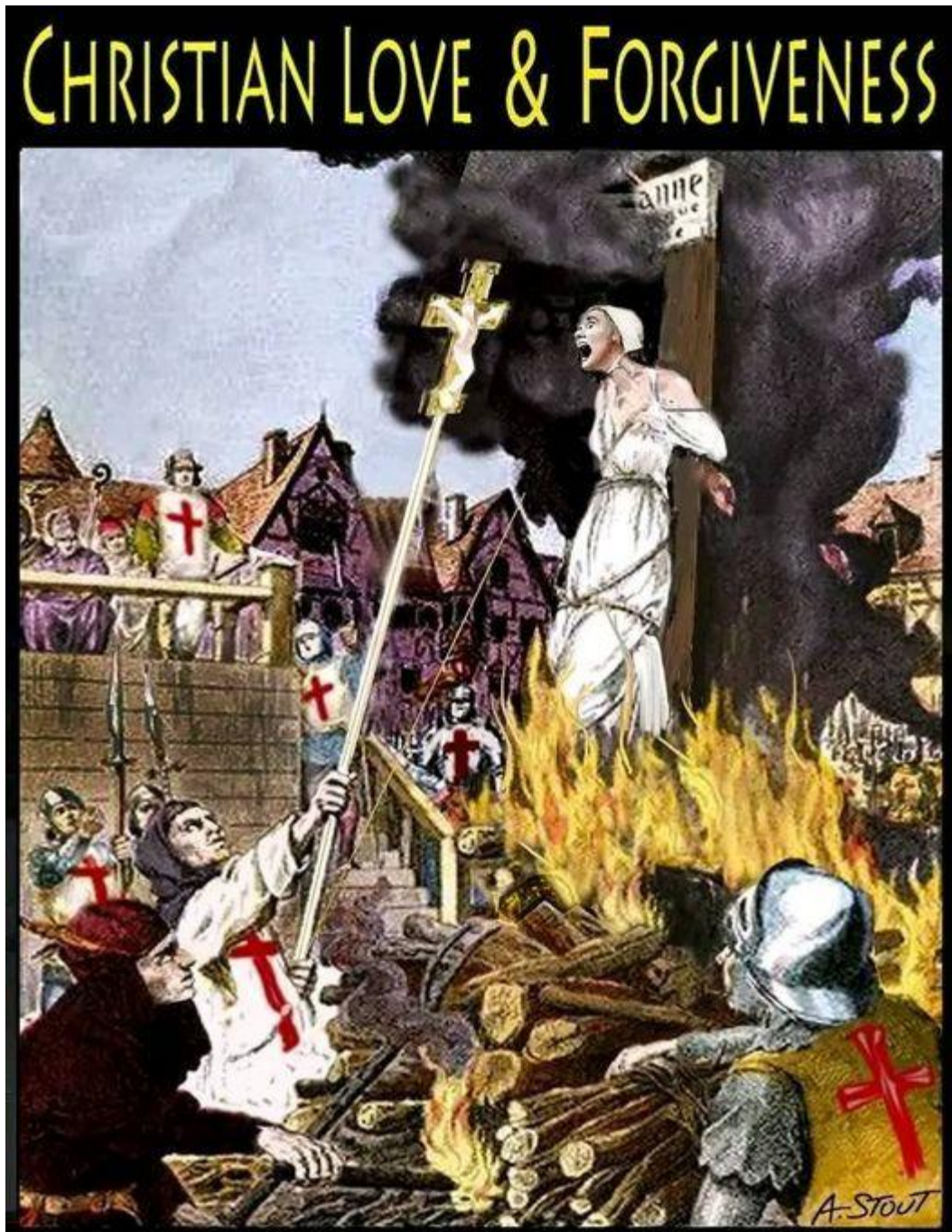
A man was caught carving a romantic message onto the walls of the Colosseum causing an uproar in Italy. In a video posted online, a young man carrying a backpack was seen using a set of keys to carve the words "Ivan + Hayley 23" in full view of other tourists.

The moment was filmed by a bystander on June 23, according to the video's time stamp, but was only picked up by Italian media on Monday. The man, who was joined by a woman at his side, did not attempt to hide his actions when he noticed he was being filmed.

Instead, he grinned at the camera and continued to scratch the bricks even as the person filming was heard saying: "Are you fucking serious, man? That is fucked-up, man. Stupid asshole." The video, which was captioned: "Asshole tourist carves name in Colosseum in Rome", drew a furious reaction on social media. Italy's Minister of Culture promises the man will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.



COMMENTARY





"I am mad as hell, and I am not going to take it anymore!" – Peter Finch as Howard Beale, ranting in Sydney Lumet's award-winning picture, Network, 1976.

Dreamt a dream where I was a candidate having a townhall meeting in a classroom with maybe fifteen people in attendance. One of them was the woman running against me.

I stood in front of those fifteen people and said:

"We are mad as hell, and we shouldn't take it anymore. What are we mad about? What is making us angry? The easy answer is, everything. But that is too easy and too easy is too damned easy.

"We, the middle class, are raped and robbed at every turn. The political system and thus the rules that manage our society are bought and paid for; not by our tax dollars ... but by big money interests. It doesn't matter if it is the left or the right. Left and right are fallacies. There is only one party, *The Money Party*, and guess what, we didn't get invited.

"Let's start with me. I have decided to run for office. The first thing I need is money. Someone decides to give me money. At some level I am beholden to them. If it's a little bit of money, I am a little bit beholden. If someone gives me a lot of money, I am a lot beholden.



"Our politicians say, 'that [money] just gives the donor access.' I say, '*bullshit.*' Access means you will listen to them. You give anyone enough money, they will listen and listen really well. You will listen so well you will do what they say. So, from the very beginning, the system is corrupt. And FYI, no money, no vote, and you are already dead in the water and won't get elected."

"Does this upset you? It should!"

I turn to my political adversary and ask, "Am I correct?"

She scrunches up her face, raises her hands, shrugs her shoulders and says, "Hey man it is your funeral."

I advance to my internment:

"This was true before the Supreme Court ruling of *Citizens United v FEC* 558 U.S. 310 (2010), but the current SCOTUS has thrown it into overdrive. The Supreme Court said in *Citizens* that '*money is free speech,*' and Corporate entities can spend as much money as they like. Basically, '*payola equals free speech,*' and corporations have become, '*human beings.*' This is the same court – a hundred fifty years earlier – that reasoned, human beings could be bought and sold as property!"



"It turns out, the Supreme Court Justices, were accepting large amounts of free speech in the form of gifts and travel and still do today. But you have no reason to be mad as hell, do you?"

"Let's not forget the Super PAC (political action committee) who can '*bundle donations,*' so we don't even know where the money comes from,



to buy political advertisements for their political agenda. I don't know about you, but if I was a foreign government, say China or Russia, I'd start a corporation, funnel billions in 'free \$peech' to influence our political process. Use my \$\$\$\$-way to get my way. Who would be the wiser.

"Are you mad yet?

"Okay, let's say I get elected. The next thing you know a group of people are spreading around more free \$peech to get access to me. If they spend enough free \$peech, I'll even let them *write the bill*. Hey, I won't even have to do my job. Someone will do it for me and pay *me* to do it.

"Are you mad yet?

"Oh, it gets better, not only will someone write the bills, I can invest in the companies the bills will affect. If anyone else did it, it would be considered inside trading. But since I am a legislator, it is all perfectly legal.

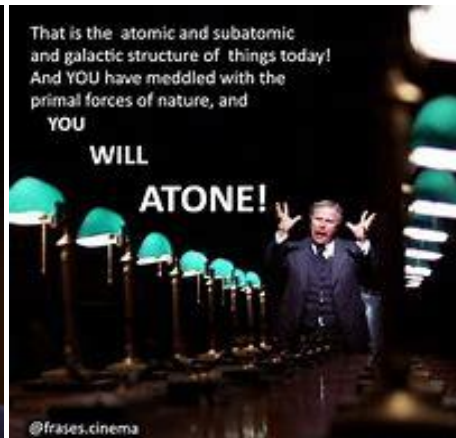


How do you think certain well placed Congress people's spouses have a better investment track record than Warren Buffett?



"Are you getting mad yet?

"Let's talk money. Our country's debt is 32 trillion dollars. The budget deficit – the amount too little to pay all our bills – is 1.5 trillion. The interest on that 32 trillion alone is 560 billion dollars. Our military budget alone is 782 billion. This same Defense Department is not able to pass its audit. They can't find 35 trillion dollars'



worth of stuff. If you want to know where our national debt came from? It was stolen at the Pentagon.

"Are you mad yet?

"Let's look at your lives. Personally, the median income in the United States in 2000 was \$32k to \$36k. A median house in 2000 cost \$164k. A median house today will run you \$450k. If you don't own one now, and you are the median citizen, you aren't getting your family a home anytime soon.

"Are you mad yet?

"What does this country need? An ethicist? An Anti-Corruption Party? No, it needs for you to be *mad as hell and not to take it anymore!* Tell everyone who will listen not only that you are mad but why you're mad. Be like



Howard Beale
screaming Paddy
Chayefsky's immortal
aria:

***I want you to get
MAD! I don't want
you to protest, I don't
want you to riot, I
don't want you to
write to your***

congressman, because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write. I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street. All I know is that first, you've got to get mad! [shouting] You've got to say: 'I'm a human being, goddammit! My

life has value! So, I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs. I want you to get up right now and go to the window, open it, and stick your head out, and yell: **I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!** I want you to get up right now. Sit up. Go to your windows. Open them and stick your head out and yell: **'I'm as mad as hell and I'm not gonna take this anymore!'**



At that moment I scan the room. I notice two big guys coming down the right aisle, and two big guys coming down the left. I make my move for the center, but they collapse on me, and I wake up.

FYI most of my numbers came from the debt clock, and if you want to learn about the Pentagon's failed audits; Google it.

Are you mad yet? *Why the hell aren't you?!?!'*



THE MASSES

(A PARABLE)

BY JOE WALSH



Once upon a time, the elites who live in New York City, Washington, DC, and Hollywood, the elites who run our country's institutions, grew very arrogant & very out of touch with the masses. They looked down on the masses and they laughed at the masses. And so over time the masses grew quite angry, bitter & fearful. And then of course along came so many charlatans, conspiracists & demagogues like Donald Trump, Tucker Carlson, Joe Rogan, Robert Kennedy Jr., & Elon Musk to make the masses feel good. To pacify the masses. To pretend that they cared about the masses. To make money off of the masses. And so, to make the masses feel good, these charlatans, conspiracists demagogues fed the masses great lies & conspiracies. They fed the masses great lies and conspiracies which perfectly matched with and answered the anger and fear the masses had felt all along towards the elites and how they felt the elites were fucking with their lives. And the masses shouted "See, I told you!" And so a great upheaval ensued. And the elites furrowed their brows and shook their heads with condescension at Rogan and all the other charlatans, conspiracists & demagogues and couldn't understand why the charlatans had such great appeal. And the masses grew angrier and more bitter & more fearful every day with every lie & every conspiracy they ate up. And the charlatans, conspiracists & demagogues grew fatter & wealthier with every day and with every lie & every conspiracy they delivered. And America grew more divided. And the truth grew more scarce. And the charlatans, conspiracists & demagogues didn't care. They laughed. They laughed all the way to the bank and they laughed with every social media click and every YouTube view.

The End



A Little Bit of Chaos, A Little Bit of Dirt

By Virgil Thorp

If the outrage wasn't so despicable, it would be hilarious. The height of comic irony. It is epitomized by the state where I reside, The state of Florida, the sunshine state, the premier destination for tourists' dollars. Florida has been declared unsafe by the NAACP. "Don't go there! You have a good chance to get threatened or beaten or worse."

You have to wonder if this will start a trend. It wouldn't be a surprise if more declarations began redlining the state that looks like a droopy penis in desperate need of Viagra. Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD), The Satanic Temple (TST), Freedom From Religion Foundation (FFRF), American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), American Library Association (ALA). National Education Association (NEA), Association of American Educators (AAE), the American Federation of Teachers, Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR), the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC), the Human Rights Campaign (HRC), Anti-Defamation League (ADL), Amnesty International (AI), the list is getting longer every day and these are just a few organizations who have posted warnings.

I have never seen such a thing in my 75 years of life. These are legitimate organizations alerting us to "watch out, the governmental policies of the

state of Florida can be lethal. Florida is not the flaccid penis you laugh at. It is like a coiled snake ready to strike! It is loaded with bigoted venom."

For instance, the atmosphere is so toxic that Florida Pride has had to cancel events across the state:



"Florida has recently passed a number of laws that target the LGBTQIA+ community. These laws have created a climate of fear and hostility for LGBTQIA+ people in Florida. We believe that holding an LGBTQIA+ event in this environment would put our community at risk," the organizers said on Facebook.

Then there is this recent news bulletin from Equality Florida:

"Today, we took the extraordinary step of issuing a travel advisory, warning of the risks posed to the health, safety, and freedom of those considering short or long-term travel, or relocation to the state of Florida."

That is a harsh summation to anyone straight, gay, trans, human or nice.

We can thank our governor, Ron DeSantis for this woeful condition. He has taken the bit of Christo-Fascism firmly between his rotten teeth like a vicious dog and is doing his best to out-Trump, Trump. He has declared his own war against D-E-I, an acronym for Diversity, Equality and Inclusion. He hates people who are aware or what we here refer to with pride as "Woke".

DeSantis has led efforts to restrict or undermine drag shows, gender-affirming care, discussion of sexual orientation and gender identity in schools, and the teaching of Black history, especially racism.



"Since the day he took office, Governor DeSantis has weaponized his position to weave bigotry, hate, and discrimination into public law for his own political gain," Human Rights Campaign president Kelley Robinson said in a statement this week.

But DeSantis is not alone. Florida's ghoulish senator, Rick Scott (R-Fla.) issued a travel advisory of his own after the NAACP cautioned LGBTQ+ and Black travelers of what they may encounter while visiting Florida.

Of course, the GOP senator couldn't help but direct his message to slam "libtards" which include President Joe Biden.

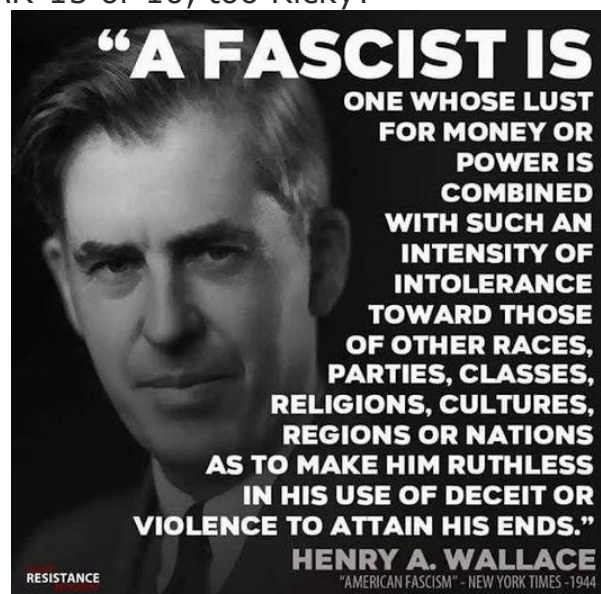


"Florida is openly hostile toward Socialists, Communists, and those that enable them," the senator said in a snarky twitter message. "Before traveling to Florida, please understand that the state of Florida devalues and marginalizes the contributions of, and the challenges faced by Socialists and others who work in the Biden Administration."

And Scott arrogantly concluded his tweet: *"Let me be clear — any attempts to spread the oppression and poverty that Socialism always brings will be rebuffed by the people of Florida," he continued. "Travelers should be aware that attempts to spread Socialism in north Florida will fail and be met with laughter and mockery."* And maybe an AR-15 or 10, too Ricky?

The party these repulsive human beings belong to is full of Homophobes, Misogynists and racists. They want queers back in the closet, women out of the workforce and back in the kitchen (and preferably pregnant) and all those darkies back on the porches of their shacks on the poor side of town. In the jargon of bigotry, "know your place ... n-words!"

DeSantis, is an ambitious man. I see him as a short, Italian re-incarnation of Rome's notoriously depraved



emperor, Caligula, known derisively by his centurions as “little boots”. His ends will justify his means. He is working hard to make Florida into a haven for white supremacy. Probably because that’s where the money is. He likes goose-stepping the state’s future to absolute fascistic totalitarianism.



Should we have concern? You bet! In the last election, two and a half years ago when every home was advertising who they were voting for, I would count the Trump/Pence or the DeSantis yard signs as I travelled down Indian River Drive. It was a dismal comparison between the fascists and those voting for freedom and democracy as the good guys with Biden/Harris signs in their yards were outnumbered by a ratio of 3 to 1. Apparently I did not take into account people who were too scared to declare

where they stood as Biden beat Trump by nearly 10 percent overall in the vote.

Most of the signs have disappeared today, either through embarrassment or neglect – just like their pseudo jingoism that lets Old Glory become tattered and faded as they go day-to-day (didn’t they notice? Their iconic flags are falling apart. That is hardly patriotism). Yet, there are still the hard-core who plant yard signs and fly Trump 2024 banners and Flags desecrating the Stars and Stripes with super-imposed portrait of Donald Trump on them. I hate seeing such blasphemy, but my animosity is slight compared to my wife’s. She says that every sign and flag glorifying Trump deserves to be saluted and she does just that. If the moonroof of the car is not open, she opens it up, extends her arm through the aperture, proffers her middle finger and yells, “Lock him up!”

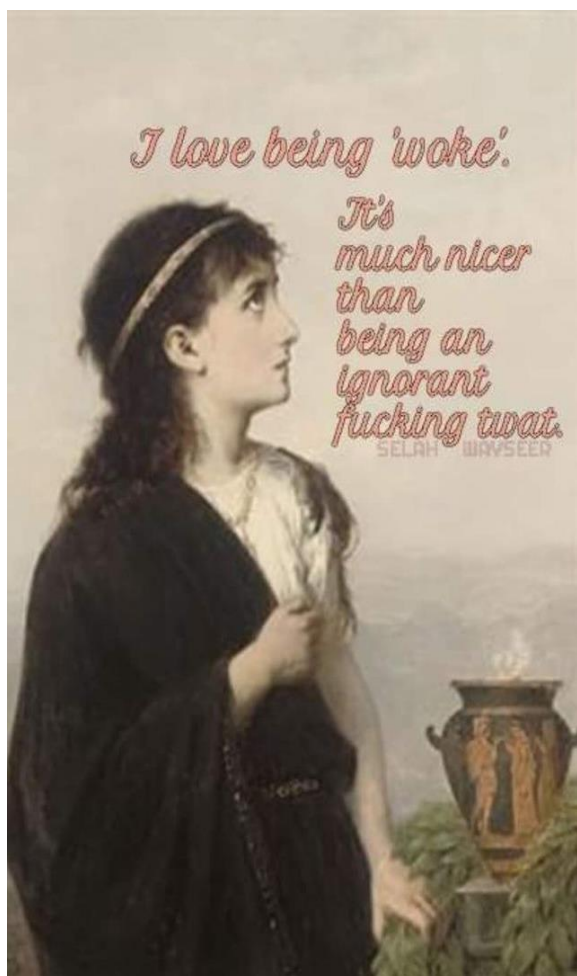


Most of the time nothing happens yet just last week we were followed by a person I would say is – deplorably – a cracker in a pick-up truck. A person who thinks ignorance is bliss. Sure, he probably works hard, he goes to church, he sincerely believes he is a patriot. He doesn't know all the words to the national anthem or the pledge of allegiance but gawd-damnit, don't let any non-white athlete kneel at the beginning of a football game. No-sir! This person swerved dangerously close while shaking his fist at us. I guess Lucy got under his skin a little bit too much. He probably was cursing us, but his window was rolled up and I was too distracted by the other traffic to read his lips. At first, I thought he might be our former pot dealer wanting to let me know he had some premium bud for sale. When I pulled through the intersection and stopped at the nearest driveway to get a quote, he was nowhere to be seen. He didn't hang around long. Too bad, I was going to ask him if he would like a piece of Devils' Food cake; but he was gone. Disappeared like a puff of bad air from Ron DeSantis' tight gluteus maximus. Too bad, it was great cake. I'm pretty sure we hurt his feelings.

Perhaps we should be more circumspect. DeSantis has allowed open carry guns without needing a permit and George Zimmerman proved that sincerely held beliefs are all you need for a "Stand Your Ground" defense for murder. This is bad now and, in all probability, it will get worse.



Next issue, "it gets worse" expose: The most deplorable of the deplorables, Florida's own, *Daily Salinas*, the Dirty Sanchez of the Latino Christo-fascist community. *She don't want no black girl poems read in Miami/Dade schools.*



TWIM This week in Misogyny by Lucinda Lugeons

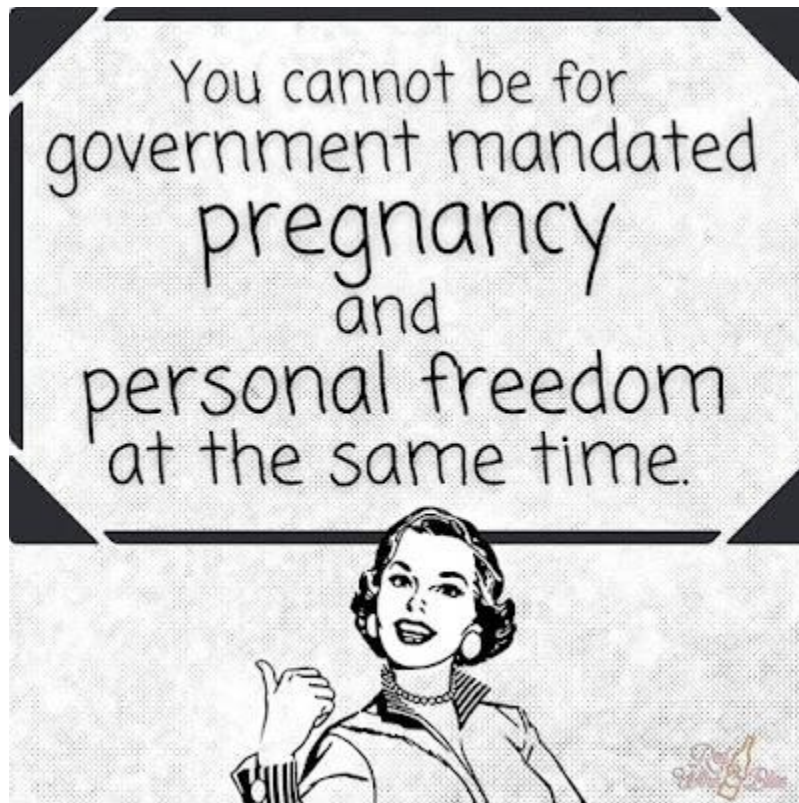
[http: www.scathingatheist.com](http://www.scathingatheist.com)

Okay, so obviously I don't want to make this segment all about abortion every single week, but I don't do this segment every single week, so I guess I can make this one all about abortion and not give a shit.

So let's start in Indiana — a strategy that is recommended only for moving out of Indiana and highlighting misogyny stories. So you'll recall back in June of last year when Ohio's six week abortion ban first went into effect, an abortion doctor named Dr. Caitlin Berhard from Indiana talked publicly about performing an abortion for a ten year old rape victim that had to leave her home state to have the operation. And you'll recall Republicans freaking out about this, because nothing highlights the cruelty of their policies like the *effects* of their policies. So they tried to pretend she was lying. And when it became super duper clear that she *wasn't*, they tried to find another way to punish her.

Well, ultimately, they decided to go after her fucking medical license. Last November, Indiana's Attorney General filed a complaint against her, alleging that she failed to immediately report the abuse of the child (which is, of course, required by state law), and that she failed to protect her patient's





privacy by going public with the story. Now, to be clear, she didn't *name* the girl. She just said that it happened. And because Republicans were so obsessed with pretending Dr. Bernard was lying, a lot of effort was later made by other people to uncover the specifics around the case.

Well, as to the first part, that was just bullshit. She testified that she *did* report the child's abuse to a social worker, as was her hospital's policy. But, after 14 hours of testimony that included

the Deputy Attorney General dismissing her as an "abortion activist" and calling her "unfit to practice", the State Medical and Licensing Board held that she *did* violate patient privacy, and fined her \$3000. She did *not* lose her license to practice medicine, and the board president was careful to add that he thinks she's a good doctor during the ruling. But the key is that she spoke out against misogynistic laws, so she was punished. The forced-birthers will count it as a win, I'm sure.

...But they won't count it out loud or anything. Because ever since *Roe versus Wade* got overturned (against the wishes of the vast majority of the country), suddenly the people who've been screaming about abortion being murder for the last few decades don't wanna talk about it. So — you know — be careful what you wish for, I guess.

Of course, we know why they're suddenly so reluctant to



talk. As soon as you start talking about the actual results of their victory, you get shit like ten-year-old rape victims having to plan out of state trips to get abortions. Or you get stories like Kiersten Hogan's. She's the Texas woman who's suing the state of Texas after she was forced to give birth to her stillborn son. She said of her situation (quote) "I was made to feel less than human. Texas law caused me to be detained against my will for five days and treated like a criminal, all during the most traumatic and heartbreaking experience of my life" (end quote). She was basically forced to stay in limbo until she either went into labor, or her condition worsened enough that the law would allow her to get an abortion. And during that detention, she was told that if she tried to leave, she could be criminally charged with attempting to murder her baby. And if you're tempted to dismiss her case as an extreme, I should probably point out here that it's a class action lawsuit.



Indiana Doctor fined for talking about 10-year-old rape victim's abortion:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-65714672>

Texas woman sues state after being forced to birth stillborn:

<https://www.rollingstone.com/politics/politics-features/texas-abortion-ban-forced-birth-1234739485/>

ARTICLES

If you voted for a man who
said windmills cause cancer, used
a Sharpie to change the path of a
hurricane, autographed Bibles,
saluted a North Korean general,
stared into the sun twice,
said there were airplanes in the
Revolutionary War, wanted to
nuke hurricanes, and suggested
that bleach could cure COVID,
your opinion of
Joe Biden's sanity is
laughably irrelevant.



Where have we gone wrong?



By Ed Zilloux

Senior members of the two political parties that dominate the governing of our country are fond of invoking the *Founding Fathers** to lend support or legitimacy for whatever self-serving issue they wish to, or might need to, garner such legitimacy.

A while back, I was engaged in one of my favorite pastimes: browsing through my library in search of whatever gem I might uncover. This is, in part, a justification for my penchant for never throwing anything away. I was rewarded by picking up a 1988 issue of the *Wilson* quarterly, in which I found an article entitled, "choosing America's president," by James W. Caesar and Neil Spitzer. Caesar is a professor of government and foreign affairs at the University of Virginia. Spitzer is an associate editor of the *Wilson Quarterly* at the Smithsonian Institution.

True, the article was written during a much more sane period of our recent history, but it provides background leading to understanding how we came to elect Donald J. Trump as our president. The fact that it was removed in time from the current debacle, only increases its objective authority.

To begin with, the *Founding Fathers* never envisioned the concept of political parties. Interesting when one considers the extent to which party leaders now pin their ideologies to what was the quote "intent" quote of the *Founding Fathers*. Really? What the *Founding Fathers* did do was establish the *Electoral College*, "a group of men, chosen by the states, who would elect the president." (Note: they specified "a group of men" – maybe that's the problem.)

Their intent was to establish a body that would "both temper the electorate's wishes and ensure that successful candidates enjoyed a broad mandate." Clearly an acknowledgement that the electorate would be given to excesses and would need to be tempered. The parties, however, soon usurped the original mandate of the Electoral College. No longer would the college "elect" the president, instead the parties choose the electors so that the electors' function has been reduced to simply voting for their party's choice. Given that the *Founding Fathers* did not even envision the existence of political parties, doesn't that sound like we have come a long way from the "intent" of the *Founding Fathers*?

Nevertheless, the *Founding Fathers* continues to be a bushel basket into which politicians may forever pluck cover for whatever absurdity they want to foist onto the electorate, informed or uninformed. Just don't be too literal, don't ask questions.



Too bad we don't have any *Founding Mothers*. Women, whom we now know are brought up to be perfect [citation needed], presumably who would have anticipated how the twisting of any declaration or principle could change its meaning or at least its intent. Thereby, the "intent of the *Founding Fathers*" is in the mind of the obfuscator. Didn't mothers teach their boys better? But

to give them credit, maybe they did. Maybe it was the boys themselves who, in typical male fashion, interpreted “principles” as that part of the pie that clouds the more important opportunities of democracies, such as self-aggrandizements, monetary incentives, and, oh yes, *Trumpianisms* – but we didn't have Twitter back then, so I guess any omission on that score can be forgiven, but we can draw parallels. Anyway, we seem to be left with the one principle: *anything can be misconstrued to fit agendas*.

On the other hand, their daughters would have instinctively known better. Now if they, in contradiction to the then male dominated world, could have become *Founding Mothers*, the Declaration of Independence would have included words that would have ensured the nurturing of the people, by the people, for the people, *et cetera*, for all time. Our politicians could not have fallen back on the quote “intent of the *Founding Mothers*” to justify the nefarious interpretations, or any such stinky thinking that their mothers would just not have allowed.



OK, let's stay with this for a bit. Take the wives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence as a cross sample of achieving women of that period that, if allowed, could have done a creditable job of pulling together the New Republic on their own. George Washington was not actually a signer, but Martha Custis Washington is certainly worth including given her demonstrated business acumen in managing her family's huge plantation as evidenced, for example, in letters she wrote to the London merchants who handled the exporting of her family's large crop output. Later she organized women of the colonies to volunteer on behalf of the Continental Army, writing to the wives of all the colonial governors and asking them to encourage the women of their colonies to make not only financial contributions but to sow and gather necessary supplies for the Continental Army.

One of her recruits was the wife of Thomas Jefferson, Martha Wayles Jefferson, who led a drive among women of Virginia to raise funds and supplies for her state's militia in the Continental Army. Her efforts, including

writing and publishing numerous appeals for help, contributed nationally to raising \$300,000 for outfitting Washington's army.

Abigail Adams was the closest advisor and wife of John Adams, as well as the mother of John Quincy Adams, and widely recognized for her role as a behind the scenes stateswoman. She was ahead of her times as an outspoken champion of women's rights. In a letter written in March 1776, she urged her husband to take women's rights into consideration: quote "in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors ... if particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation."

That's sufficient to make my point. but again, and again as I read biographies of the wives of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, I find a level of intelligence and skill in political and social issues of their time that at least equaled that of their husbands. Consider how the history of women's rights might have been written if Abigail Adams could have been a founding mother raised to political power. Instead, we had to wait almost 250 years to begin to see progress in this area.

With a record number of women now running for public office, I believe the "Era of the Woman" is on the cusp of realization. Let's hope they will do a better job of it.



*(From Wikipedia) According to historian Richard B. Morris seven figures are identified as key Founders, based on what he called the "triple tests" of leadership, longevity, and statesmanship: John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Washington. The list of Founders is often expanded to include the signers of the Declaration of Independence and individuals who later ratified the U.S. Constitution.

The exact phrase "Founding Fathers" was first coined by U.S. Senator Warren G. Harding in his keynote speech at the Republican National Convention of 1916.

WOKE

By Gale Baker



To: Governor DeSantis

Newsom called you a small pathetic man. Maybe he is right. I'm not sure since I don't know your true objective.

You throw "WOKE" around like it comes from Nazi Germany. Some call you illiterate on the subject. But perhaps you are just uninformed, or uneducated about the history of WOKE.

Woke found its way into Lead Belly's song in 1938 advising black people to stay "woke" so they would not run afoul of the racist police. Then it was further popularized in a 1962 New York Times article as a synonym for the awareness of social injustice to Black Americans.

Now right winged politicians use it as slang to deride any form of social truth and deny the injustice of their actions.

Better you get "woke" and wake up to where you are in the history of our country. Denial of the truth? Just wanting votes from radicals?

Duplicitous? Yeah. Maybe all of these.

You have a long way to go before those of us living here and watching your antics will vote for you.

(Thank you, Gale Baker)

IGNORAMIOUS

By James Longo



Definition: *Ignoramus*, an ignorant or stupid person.

Maybe the word I am looking for is "ignorant", lacking in knowledge or awareness. I think it is interesting that if you are lacking in knowledge, you're *ignorant*. But, if you know something but choose to ignore it, you are *apathetic*.

Aren't the results the same?

"We don't need an invisibility cloak." The Spaceship Earth Captain said.

"Why not?" The guest asked.

"Because we have – look-over-there – bombs – and a – not-our-problem – ray – and what-can-I-do-about-it – torpedoes!"

"How's that?"

"If adversaries are looking the other way, it is as good as being invisible – and even if they see us, they'll think it is not-their-problem or they can't-do-anything-about-it. We basically can hide-in-plain-sight ... and thusly, do-exactly-as-we-please."

Welcome to today,
ladies and gentlemen,
where reality is all
sleight of hand.

*Look-look at the orange
Ghoul and what he says.*

... FYI Miami is slowly
slipping into the sea.

*Look-look, at the Drag
Queen story hour!*

... While they debate
defaulting on our
national debt.

*Look-look at the mass
shooting of small
children!*

... as corporations buy
your politicians and
write the laws that
govern their same corporations, i.e. banking regulations, railroad legislation,
and water regulations

Look-look at the transgender kid!

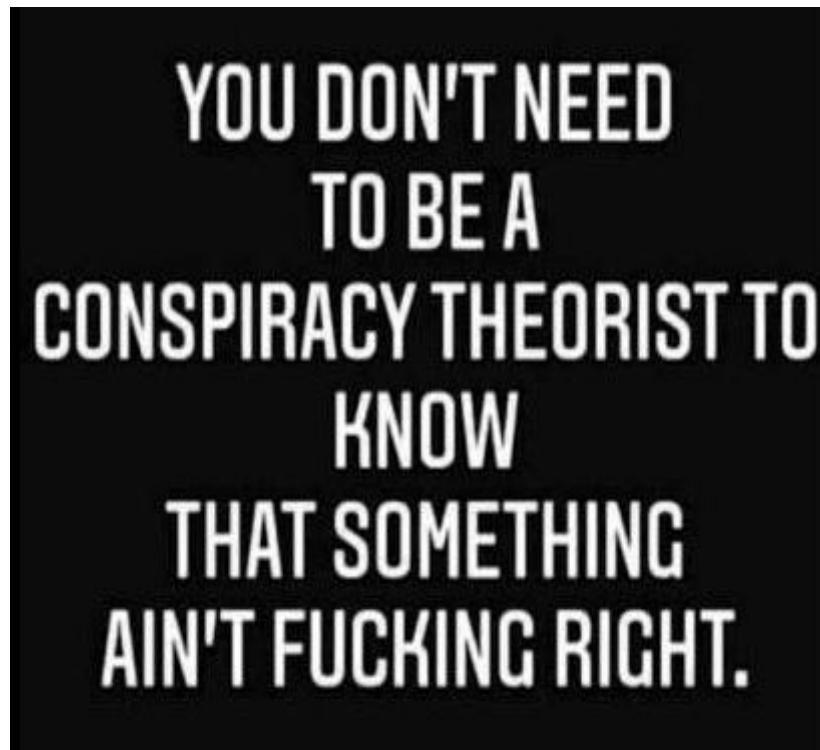
... while corporations expand their profit margins in industries with few
sellers yielding inflation.



Do I need to go on?

In the spaceship that is our world, the Captains of government and industry are setting off look-over-there-bombs like so much tin foil to distract a heat seeking missile reality.

Global warming? I am just one person, what can I do about it? It's such a big problem only large national or international organizations can do something.



Well, when water starts lapping at your back door, you're going to need to do something.

What can you do about the debt ceiling?

It's not my problem. It is bigger than me.

I don't know? Write your congressman? March on Washington? What's your opinion of ignorance and apathy in America?

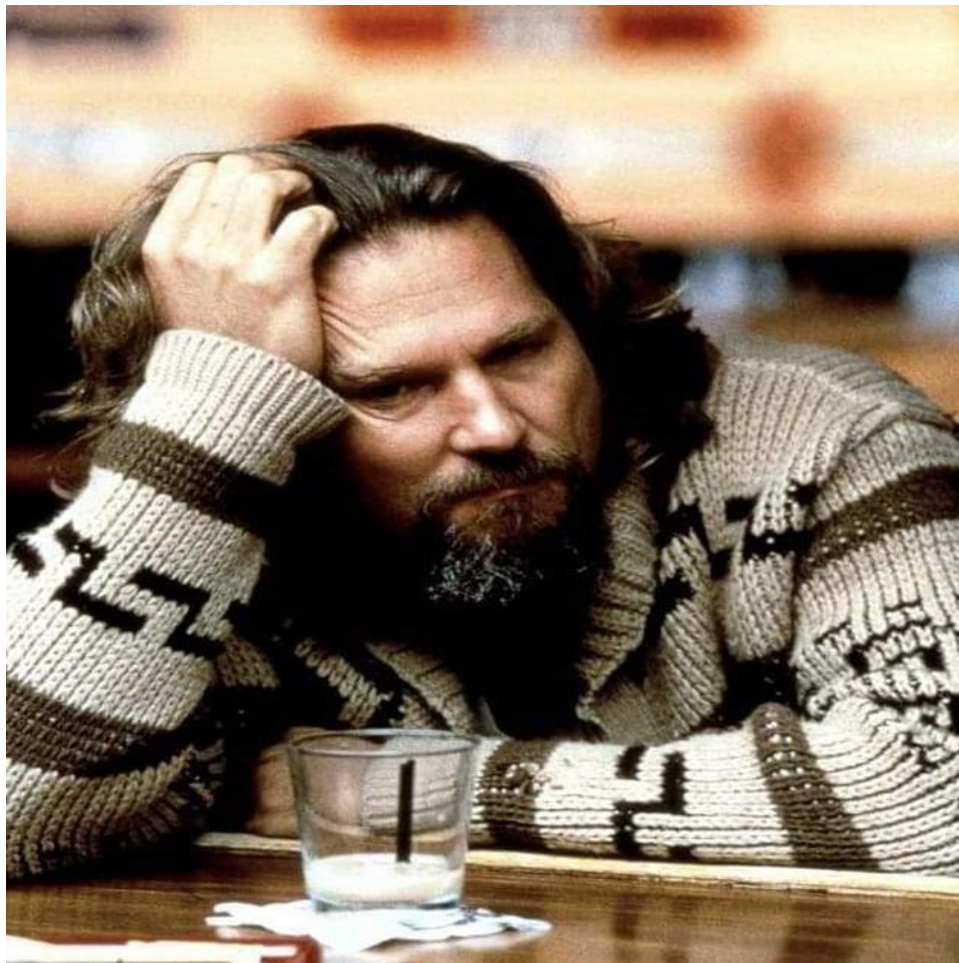
I don't know and I don't care.

Well, we better start knowing and we better start caring, and more than that, we better start doing something about it.

As the death ray of not-my-problem and I-can't-do-anything soak through my intellect, I come back to the serenity prayer:

*God grant me the power to change things I can,
the serenity accept the things I can't
and the wisdom to know the difference.*

And the opioid of the masses is there to give me solace. Can I have another hit, please Mr. Marx?



Illinois Gov. JB Pritzker on the one-year anniversary of the Supreme Court's overturning of Roe v. Wade

A photograph of Governor J.B. Pritzker speaking at a podium during a pro-abortion rally. He is wearing a dark suit and a blue shirt. The podium has several microphones and a green sign that reads "KEEP ABORTION SAFE & LEGAL" and "CHICAGO FOR ABORTION RIGHTS". Behind him, a large crowd of people is visible, many holding signs. Some of the signs include "I WILL AID & ABET", "ABORTION JUSTICE NOW", "I LOVE SOMEONE WHO HAD AN ABORTION", "OVERTURN ROE", and "WELL NO!". The scene is outdoors, and the atmosphere appears to be one of a large public demonstration.

In the almost 365 days since the *Dobbs* decision unleashed chaos, [fourteen states](#) have outright banned abortion—stripping vulnerable Americans of their reproductive rights. Doctors in those and other states are now afraid to provide medical care out of [fear of being sued](#) or prosecuted. Expectant parents experiencing life-threatening complications have gone into [septic](#)

shock because of ambiguous anti-abortion laws— barely surviving their brushes with death. Family planning centers and abortion clinics have been attacked and vandalized. And abortion providers have faced an ever-increasing stream of violence from those who claim to care about "life" one moment, and then threaten to bomb a women's health facility the next.

And while the pro-choice majority calls out such blatant hypocrisy and fights for a return to sanity, radical right-wing legislators around the country continue to push through ever more restrictive policies—grandstanding for an extremist minority that wish the nation would return to an era where women's rights were subjugated to men's control and women were denied authority over their own healthcare.

But here in Illinois, those seeking to take away reproductive rights will fail.

As Governor of Illinois, it is my duty to not only keep our residents safe, but to uphold our 205-year legacy—a legacy rooted in progress and justice. So, while every state bordering us is forcing women to revert to back-alley abortions, with some elected officials threatening to limit contraceptive access only for those with approval from their husbands, I've worked hand-in-hand with members of the General Assembly to extend protections for patients and providers alike.

"Here in Illinois, those seeking to take away reproductive rights will fail."

We have welcomed abortion providers who fled their states, and we eliminated barriers to access by allowing birth centers to provide all reproductive care and removing copays for birth control and medication abortions. We instituted new protections for patients, doctors and nurses from out-of-state subpoenas—creating another safeguard for reproductive access in Illinois. We funded the creation of the Reproductive Health Public Navigation Hotline—a centralized resource where patients will be able to find the services that will meet their needs. And all the while, we are investing millions toward learning collaboratives and abortion provider trainings, so we can continue to train healthcare personnel to meet the demand of patients seeking reproductive freedom who are flooding in from across the nation.

Anti-choice extremists aren't going to stop at *Roe v. Wade*. They will keep chipping away—bit by bit—at reproductive healthcare and other related privacy rights. But Illinois will remain a haven—so long as we fight for it. And my administration and pro-choice members of the General Assembly will

do everything in our power to ensure widespread, equitable access to reproductive rights as a foundational freedom.

In Illinois, abortion is legal, abortion is health care, and personal decisions about it will remain between a woman and her doctor. In Illinois, abortion is legal, abortion is health care, and personal decisions about it will remain between a woman and her doctor.



In Illinois, abortion is legal, abortion is health care, and personal decisions about it will remain between a woman and her doctor. – J.B. Pritzker, Governor, the state of Illinois

SOME CEREBRAL

FLATULENCE

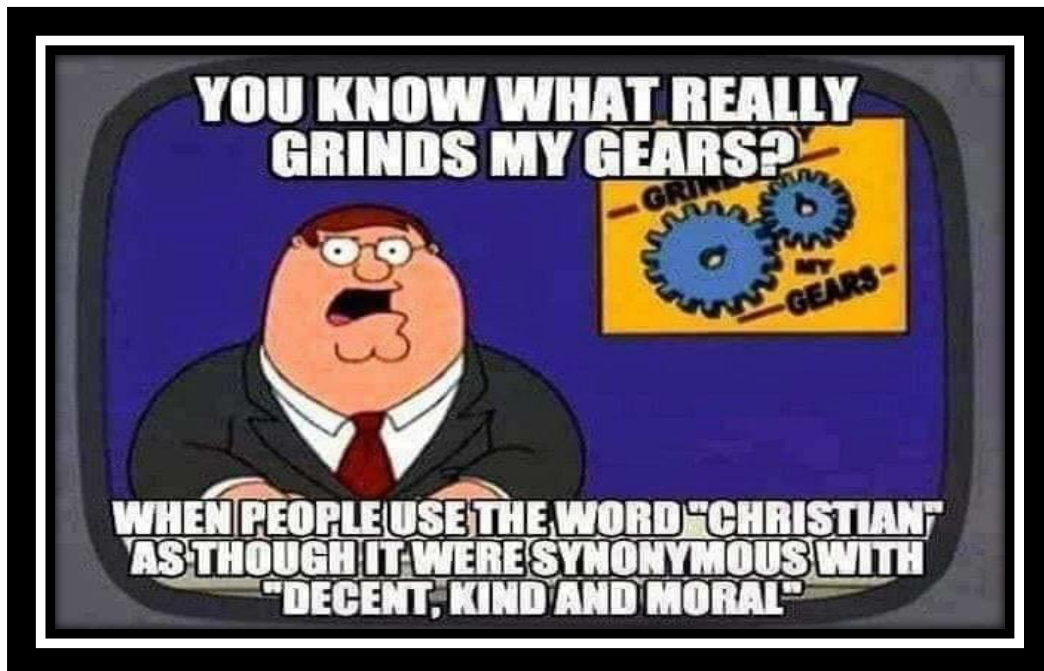
By J. Dan Vignau

Artwork by Charlotte Rudolph.- Mary Wigman hands

As Treasure Coast Aware Ones, don't we call ourselves Skeptical Humanists, Free and/or Critical Thinkers, maybe even Heathens or possibly other names not used in polite society? Since I asked the question, here goes: A belief system is secular when it does not rely on spiritual belief systems, whether ancient or invented more recently. A Humanist believes that living a good, productive, compassionate and moral life does not require any fictional tales. We need no demons, fairies, goblins, gods, nor ghosts,

holy or otherwise, to guide us through the paths of life we encounter. ERGO: Living a Secular Humanist life only requires that we try to be good, honorable citizens, loving and helping our fellow short-term inhabitants of our cosmologically tiny planet, one of billions of such in our small galaxy, in a seemingly infinite universe of possibly billions of galaxies.

We like to claim to be free thinking people who are not totally brainwashed by any mass culture of beliefs based on ancient tales, and/or especially by more recent charlatans, as presented by such lunatics as MAGA(t)s, Moonies, Mormons, Mennonites, and Mad Scientologists. Methodists? Morons!



Of course, we ask ourselves, "Are we really free of such thoughts and beliefs?" Of course not! That does not mean we cannot strive for such clear-headedness.

Despite being constantly inundated by Orwellian thought implantations, we read science, philosophy, and opinion pieces to try to dissect material into bits of plausible information, to ponder the best we can with what remains of us outliers with at least a modicum of critical thought processes.

I have said before that it is impossible to grow up in this society without acquiring some racist thoughts. If you ever wonder whether something you say or do is racist, just ask your closest black friends.



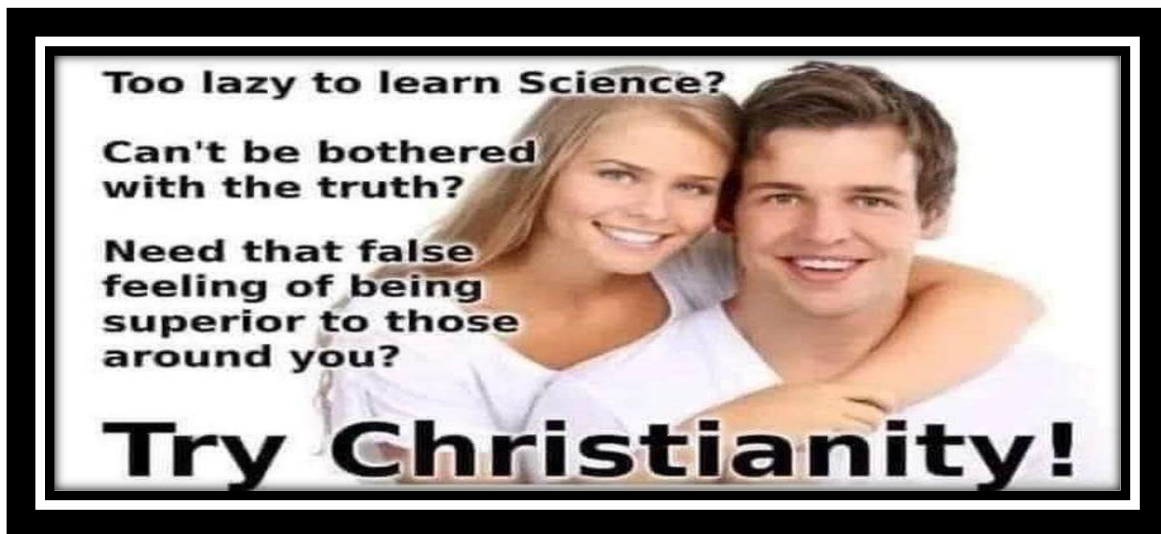
Here is a thought to ponder: Who would that possibly be?

Hmmm? Racist society, anyone?

In addition to mass propaganda that inundates us with both overt and institutionalized, covert racism (as well as misogynist and homophobic thoughts), we are continually exposed to the pervasive right wing, corporate funded media machine of manufactured lies.

Just ask your favorite radical, feminist lesbian whether you ever seem prejudiced, assuming you even know one. Are Hillbillies as stupid as constantly portrayed by the mass media? Ask your favorite one? I am right here, you Damned Yankees.

Are Muslims really worse than Christians? Well, they both use the same Stone Aged fairy tales. They insist on converting everyone else. Muslims call this Jihad. How is that any different from Evangelicalism?



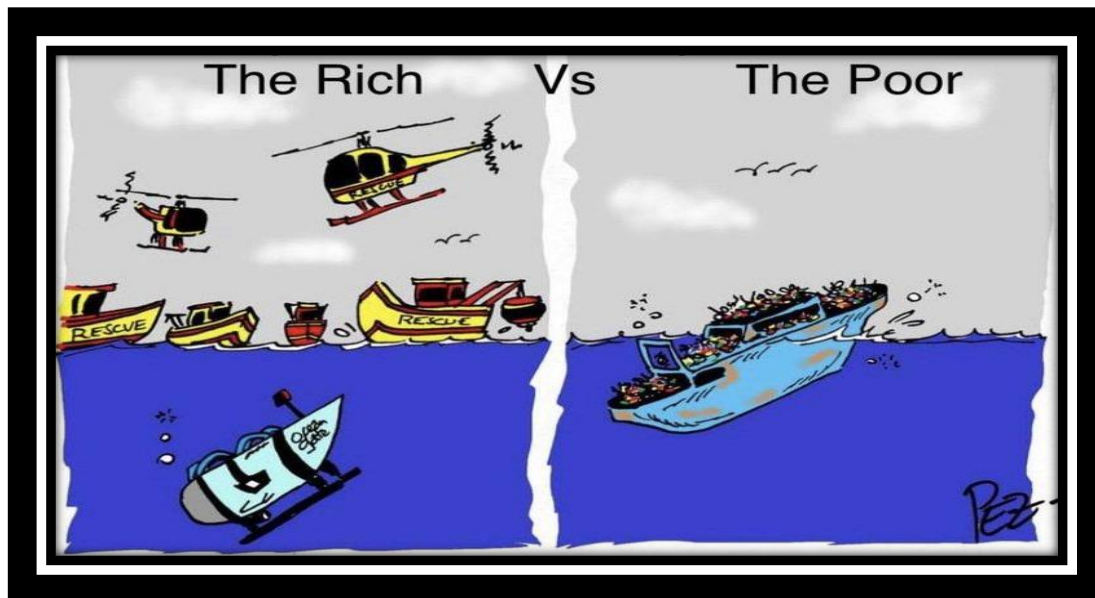
Am I showing prejudice against either of these groups by saying this? No, I am not. As a Skeptic, and hopefully at least somewhat of a Critical Thinker, I am simply against the takeover of our minds by groups of people who are too ignorant to see how programmed their minds are. I am simply prejudiced against Fascist control, whether from the moronic right, or the way-too-woke left. Not that I am prejudiced! *Tee-Fucking-Hee!*

Einstein used to be the most admired man in Western lore. Now it is anyone who can afford to buy much more stuff than could ever be used. Our

corporate-funded media machine pays zillions of dollars to brainwash, and/or buy off any groups of people who try to think for themselves. When that isn't enough, they use those who are strong enough, and armed enough, or powerful enough to force aware people to at least hide our thoughts and feelings.

Screw these idiots. I was raised to think for myself, to be honorable, to care for others, and yes, to allow anyone to believe in any system of beliefs that might make them better, more compassionate, fellow Earthlings.

That is at least until they infringe on my rights, my family's rights, and my friends' rights, and even the rights of people who are truly ignorant and misguided into their corporate manufactured belief system.



Of course, we do not have to worry about the truly wonderful, religious people who are secure in the belief that they will ascend into an eternal bliss when their bodies cease to function. They follow the idea of their religious zombie, who died, returned, and now wants their minds. Catering to these simpletons for their votes must be a good job, as long as it can be used to hawk their dangerous products to the ignorant and other masses, including us.

The ones to actually fear are those who, deep down, are terrified that they are going to hell, or worse. The mission of these Serial Sinners, who continually try to fool their gods through insincere confessions, is not really to convert everyone to their beliefs. They really just need to convince themselves that they can continue to be despicable human beings, even thieves, rapists, and murderers, as long as they pretend to worship

**IT'S CRAZY HOW
CRAZY RELIGIONS
THINK THE OTHER
CRAZY RELIGIONS
ARE CRAZY AND
THAT THEIR CRAZY
IS THE RIGHT CRAZY**

www.facebook.com/GodShmod

whatever fairy tale deity they have been told is real. Either their god is an idiot, or they are so delusionally secure in their beliefs. At all costs, mental and otherwise, they must remove all temptation, hide all that confuses them into closets of despair, or somehow develop the mental acuity to acknowledge the rights of others who do not conform to their corporately created *sloganism* and dogmatic beliefs.

These serial sinners are the main problem. They are too brainwashed to think, but they do repeat slogans quite well, and as often as possible. When they run out of slogans, new ones are supplied by the corporate think tanks who provide us with our news programs. Yet, as a current Aware One said to me, "But here we are!"



Perpetrators of far right thought, and its adherents are evil beings who must have total control of everyone else's lives, lest they be tempted to allow others to make them think, or horrors, to even sin. They are totally mentally deranged, and not in potentially good way like supposedly truly good Christians and Muslims, etc. These deranged sects actually make me wish I might have something to pray to, some deity that could smite them before they smite me.

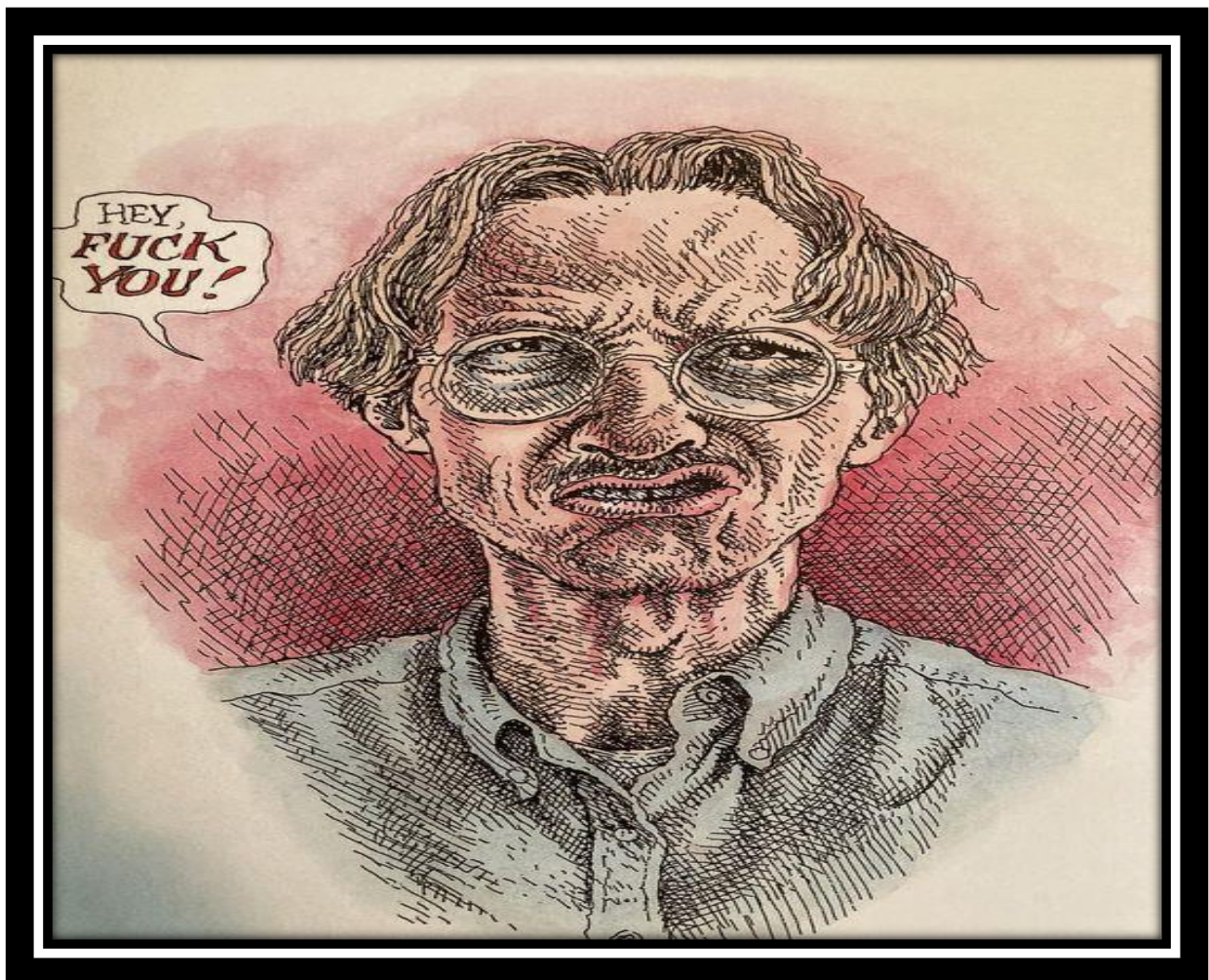
The real problem is that they are armed better than us. When they become too damaged to ever think again, they can at least shoot us, and they do.

There is no escape for us. All we can do is to get thinking people to vote the corporate puppet masters out of office.

In reality, all we can really do is to think, "Que Sera, Sera!" And, "But here we are!"

I am glad I lived when I did. To all the fairytale believers, enjoy the parched planet you abetted in ruining. If hell exists, it is where you will spend eternity. But for your children and grandchildren, hell will be the scorched Earth you are leaving behind. An Earth scorched by the same brainwashing think-tanks whose job is to keep you from thinking, to keep you from having decent health care or education programs. To keep you worrying about whom to hate, rather than to live your lives as caring human beings.

Que Sera, Sera, Motherfuckers! Here we are!





*“They
[transphobes]
can go fuck
themselves.*

*– Noah Lugeons,
Scathing Atheist
Diatribes 537*

[http: www.scathingatheist.com](http://www.scathingatheist.com)

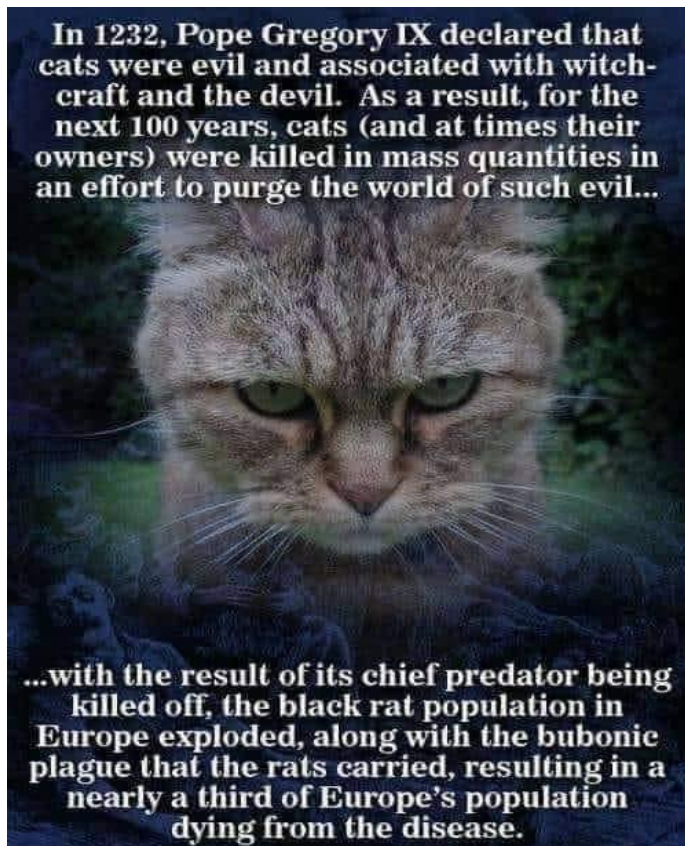
So I got these guys doing work on my kitchen, and they’re leaving the back door wide open most of the day, coming in and out. So, the other day some neighborhood cat sees that and just wanders the fuck in to cool down, makes himself at home on my love seat. And I’m sitting on the fucking couch at the time. He looks up at me like “I don’t know what the hell you’re doing here, but I’ll allow it”, and just curls up the pillow. Doesn’t run off until I get up and try to pet him.

Anyway, so afterwards I go to post about it on Facebook and only then do I think to myself, “why the fuck didn’t I get a picture?” I know as it’s happening that I’m gonna wanna post it on social media, and now here I am telling the story sans evidence. I deprived Facebook of a *cat picture*. That’s



almost a criminal offense. But it just didn't occur to me in the moment to take a picture because I'm mentally incapable of thinking as though I have a camera on me.

This is something I've noticed a number of times before. I feel like pretty much everybody younger than me (and people my age who could afford to live a little closer to the cutting edge of technology twenty years ago) have this ability to sort of "think with their phones." The first time I noticed it was when I first saw somebody taking a picture of their work schedule. And here my dumbass *has a camera phone*, and I'm still writing it down on scrap paper with a borrowed pen and keeping it in my wallet. Hell, that concept of how my schedule was kept was so ingrained in my head that when I saw someone just snap a picture of theirs, my first thought was "right, because then you can wait to write it down until you get home, and you can do it more neatly."

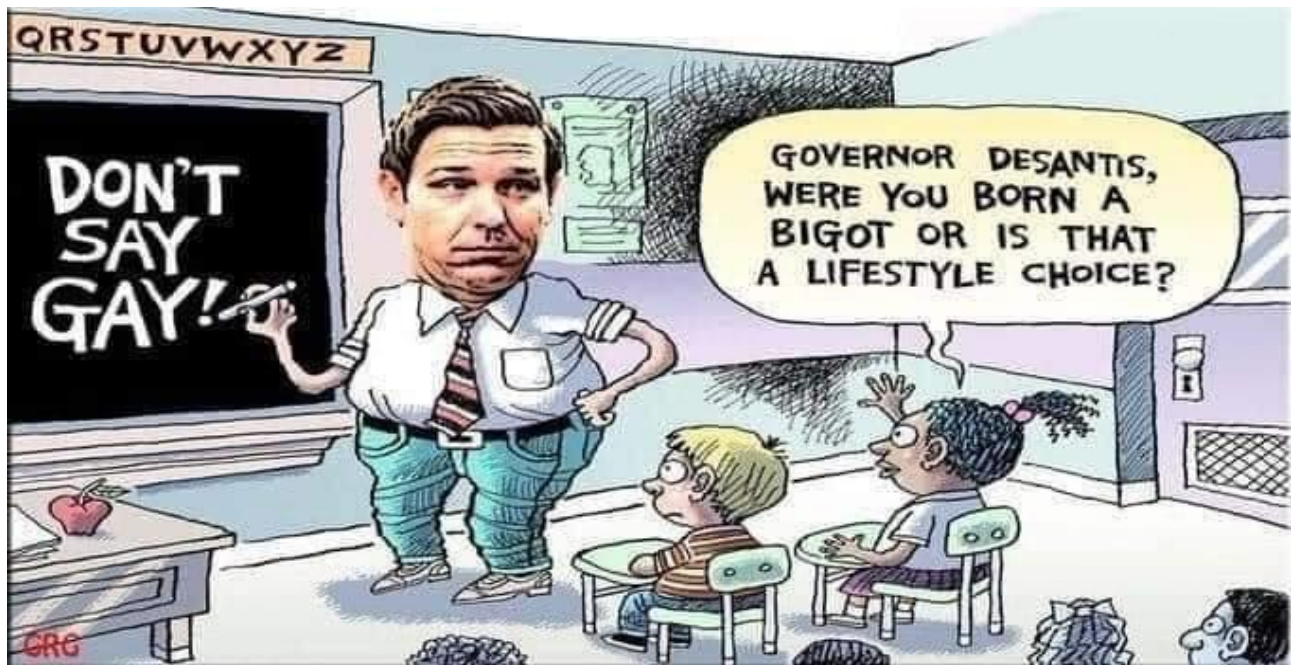


This shit hits me constantly. Because in my mind a "camera" is a thing that exists for documenting noteworthy moments or subjects. But for somebody who didn't grow up in an era where cameras needed film that needed to be developed, it's also just an external visual memory storage device. Like, I was out with my sister and her sixteen-year-old a while back and I tell my niece to help me remember where we parked. So, she takes a picture of the cross street and looks at me like the idiot that I am.

And even now, a decade and then some since I first started having a camera in my pocket at all times, and I still can't think as

though it's there. My brain is hard wired to think in a way that doesn't allow for external storage. My brain is, if I'm brutally honest, outdated. It was built for a different way of thinking and, while I can certainly get better at thinking around the technology of the day, it will always be like thinking in a foreign language. I'll always think with an accent.

And that's a depressing thing to ruminate it. I mean, I want us, as a species, to get better at thinking and I'm glad we are. But I also don't want to be mentally obsolete. But, of course, I'm bound to be. We all are. Even my smarmy niece and her intuitive use of modern technology. I watch as my generation romanticizes things like reading cursive and driving a stick as though both of those things didn't suck, in this desperate, flailing bid to pretend the younger generation isn't better than us. But they are. They should be and they are. The access to information that they have, the technology that they're educated with, the substantially more inclusive society they grew up in, those things all give them an advantage. And hey, kudos to us. It's easy to lose track of when you get far enough into the declining end of that graph, but this *is* what we were going for the whole time.



And I'm sorry, because I know that I'm making a lot of people uncomfortable when I talk about this — especially some of the listeners older than me. But it's a truth that we need to reckon with. Because at its heart, every attempt to "keep the Christ in Christmas" or "get prayer back in school" or "make America great again" is born out of this fear of obsolescence; this desire to elevate one's own generational values above the more evolved values born from better information. Hell, that sits at the very heart of conservatism, doesn't it? We build this hagiographical nostalgia about an idealized time that never was, and we use it as a shield against our generational mortality.

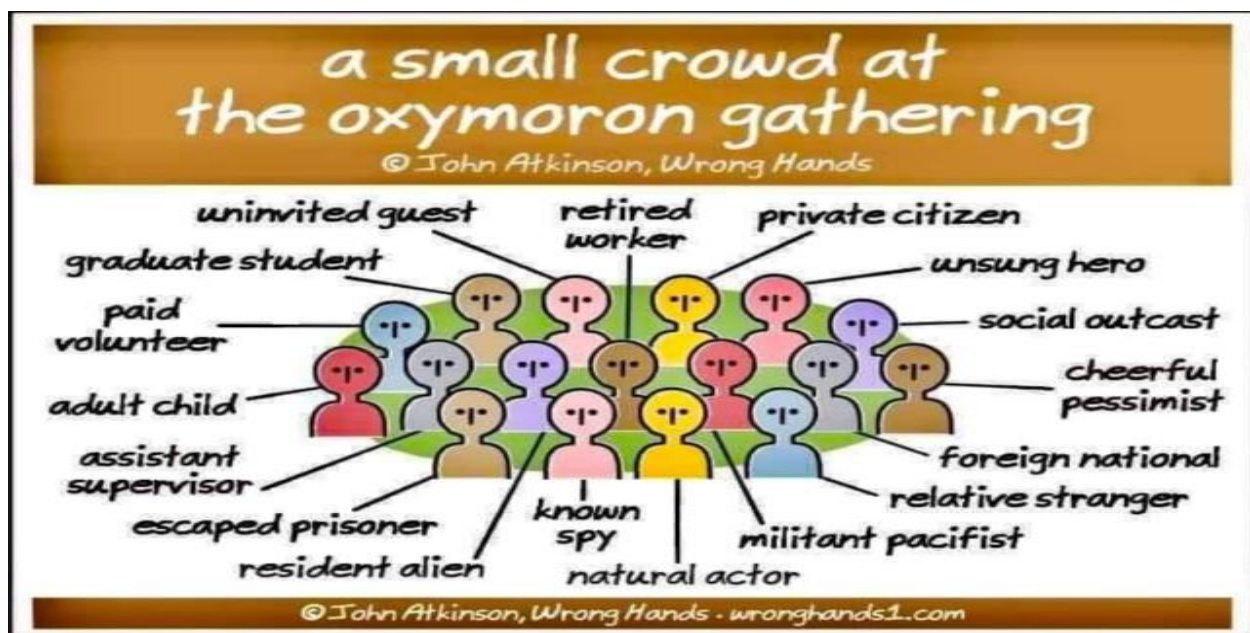
And when we do this, of course, the enemy is whatever changed. And since *demographics* change, that's bound to embolden racism — or whatever form of bigotry provides the most visible scapegoat for our insecurities. The most visible cultural difference for most of today's conservatives is the evolving attitude towards gender roles in younger generations, so that becomes the enemy du

jour. Our generation was better because back then we didn't acknowledge the humanity of trans people. Boom. Done.

I'm confused- which one is "Sexualizing" your child by performing in public



And I'm not saying this because I want a way to sympathize with the transphobes or understand where they're coming from or anything like that. They can go fuck themselves. They're coming from the past, which is where they should've stayed. I say it because regardless of how old you are, you're getting older. And I hope by acknowledging this tendency now, maybe when the time comes, we can avoid doing this same shit ourselves.



THE WAY WE WERE



AN INDEPENDENT CATECHISM

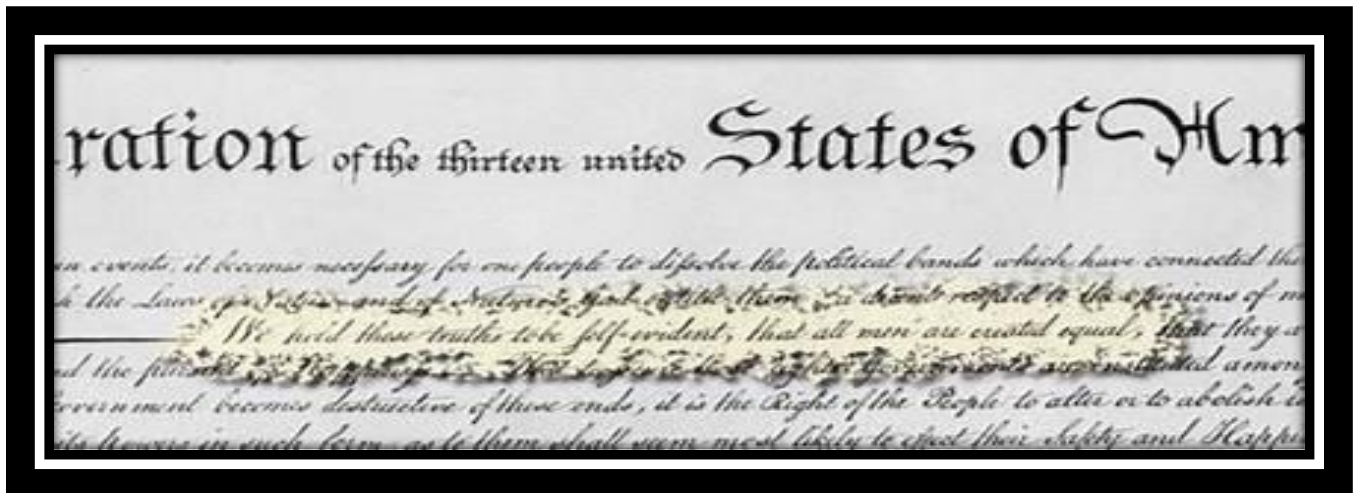


By James Longo

Must have been in the second or third grade, where I came across two ideas in Catholic school which were juxtaposed and taught on the same morning. The first was taught in history class which dealt with the Declaration of Independence, and it stated that, "All men were created equal and they were endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights among them life liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In the next hour was Catechism, where we were told that Christ was God made man, to die for our sins. I was no rocket scientist in the third grade. Ask Sister Clementine, Italian accented, all four feet seven inches of her who would ask Jimmy the Janitor (my father) for a suitcase full of toilet paper for her summer trips back to Italy. Or Sister Mary Monica, half nun half drill sergeant. Later to become Mother Superior of the order called the *Daughters of Mercy*. If that wasn't a misnomer, then there never was one.

But I digress, when I ran into my father at the end of school, probably at the second-floor janitor closet, one of my father's offices. The other being the boiler room. I asked, "In the Declaration of Independence all men are created equal, and in catechism Christ was God made man. Since I will be a man, I will be equal to Christ?"



I can hear my father to this day, "Jesus Christ, Jimmy! (Which just reinforced my belief that I was equal to my namesake, hell I even had part of his name).

I'll be honest. I don't remember his explanation other than a lot of "no-no's" and "that just isn't right." But I wasn't listening. I was thick. Hell, I was thick as a brick, half Calabrese, and one quarter Polish. I was three



quarters thickheaded by genetics. Once I got something in my head you were not going to dislodge it without a lot of intellectual head banging. And yes, life itself beat that idea out of me.



It took about five years after college when I realized that I didn't have a clue how to be the equal to a 32-year-old BCE carpenter, and I threw in the towel. I realized I'd never be more than I am, and I should be satisfied with that.

The other day I told this story of my thoughts and conclusions from fifty-five years ago and my gears started grinding. What if the Declaration of Independence and the catechism were correct, but instead of only me being Christ's equal, everyone else was being Christ's equal. Every person you meet is a flawed Christ, a flawed deity.

Would you respect them more? Would you treat them better? Would you treat yourself better? If every person you met, you thought of as a deity, could you do them harm? Could you do harm to yourself if you thought like that? How do you kill strangers when they are the equal to your deity? No more wars.

Someone is frustrating you, all you would have to think is, "it's okay my little frail deity your little godhead isn't quite right." Someone cuts you off in traffic, or he or she is having less than a God-like moment, probably late for their responsibilities. All of sudden everyone is interesting, how exciting it is to talk even to a flawed

What doesn't
kill me might
make me kill
you

deity — and you could do it every moment of every day.

But then I went to work and dealt with real humans. The average person in America today is emotionally about a five-year-old. I myself am about a six-year-old. There is a lot of, “I want, I want, I want it *nowwww!*”

“But I don’t have it now.”

“It doesn’t matter. I want it *nowww.*”

“Ma’am I can’t give you what I don’t have.”

“It doesn’t matter I want it nowwww.”

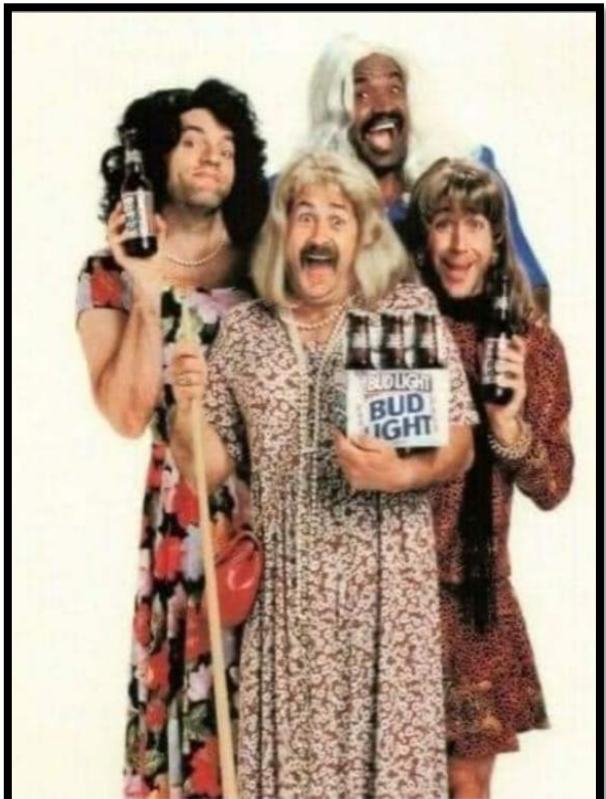
I want everyone to know it is hard to think of the person in front of you as a flawed deity, when they are acting like a emotional five-year-old. All you can really do is help their sorry butts and move on to better moments. But thinking positively in that moment about your fellow human is bleeping hard.

Training, schooling, practice, meditation, I think it could be possible to hold up each other in high esteem, but it would take society on the whole to take up this practice and millions to practice it. Getting a country, a society, hell a community to do this would be difficult, and how would you even suggest such a thing. Can you say blasphemy?



Buzz Light

By Virgil Thorp



Bud Light commercial from the 90s....to showcase how backwards and out-of-touch these MAGA really are

I am attempting to make a pun for a beer. Lots of people throw shade at American Lager none more than Anheuser-Busch's Bud Light flavored water. There, I did it barely two sentences into this essay.

Bud Light is easy drinking when it is ice-cold. I think that is because it is a cold-brewed beer. Chug a few on a hot day and you will definitely get a buzz. And it won't sit as heavily on your stomach as a top brewed dark

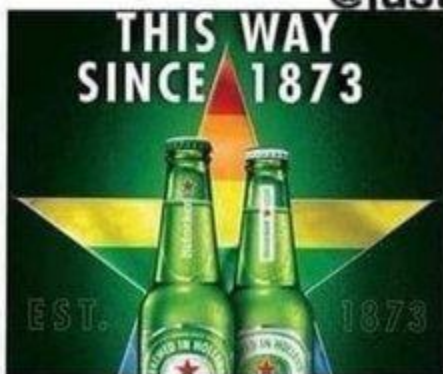
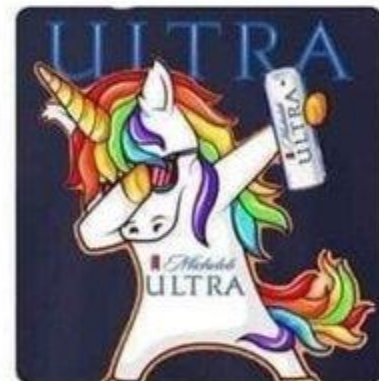
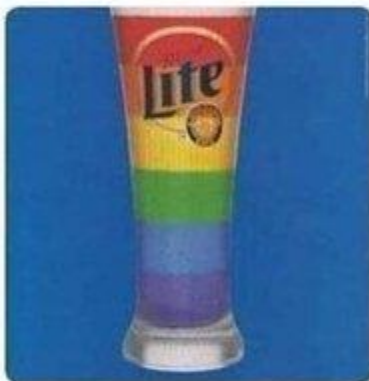


Limey Ale. Some like it, some don't, and some make fun of Bud Light comparing it to the aforementioned, *flavored water*. But never, until this recent weekend, has anyone decided that this anemic beverage should be shot at with an AR-15. Shot at with hate and with disdain. With the lethal animosity of an

automatic weapon. And why? Because the severely deranged rock star who pulled the trigger was angry at Budweiser for saluting a transgender artiste.

The MAGA right is disingenuous with blaming others for their short comings and their discontent. "It is not my fault I am an asshole," they declare. They are in the hole they dug for themselves.

Dear Bigots , good luck ordering a beer



It must have been 2001 when Kid Rock was typecast as Robby, a greasy jerk for the *Joe Dirt* movies. I think that series has run its course, and someone should inform Rock that his obnoxious persona is passe. Then again, maybe Rock is more than a personification of “Robby”.

I am inclined to say that we have distractions, and this “trans” problem is the latest distraction from obvious evil my governor thinks of *Diversity, equity, and inclusion* — i.e., division, inequality and prohibition. It is so easy that anyone can see, *Liberte, Egalite et Fraternite* is not exclusive to the French.



Bud Light is the latest casualty of the Culture Wars. I have drunk skunky beer because I didn’t know any better. And let’s face it, it is impossible to keep up with the latest object of accusation of cancel culture ire. It is the hyperbole of the correlation of causation. You drink Bud Light and you will wear a dress, i.e., *you are a sissy!*

It is a Manchurian candidate, cross-dressing queen of diamonds. I kinda like drinking Bud Light when I eat a pizza with or without pineapple chunks. But it doesn’t make me wish upon a star or wish to wear a dress.

There is a thing about temerity. Who has temerity? Is it audacity or is it temerity and who has it to challenge the status quo? What are these people? Reckless or foolishly bold. I am sure there are those who are not content to merely boycott but will be happy to show their contempt with burping several highspeed rounds from their favorite assault weapon.

But what seems to be the real issue? Careful examination reveals two primary concerns to the hate the transgender queer argument: sports and bathrooms. Is it fair? That is to say, boys beating girls at swimming meets and pissing contests.



Kid Rock never met Cindy. Cindy was pretty in a tomboyish sort of way. Good teeth, too. Cindy was all woman though and had no compunctions at

fucking men or fucking women or a fucking combination of men and women together. Whatever the smorgesbord was serving, Cindy would eat it up and she appreciated the variety! Cindy was exceptionally ambidexterous if you know what I mean. But the point about pissing contests between boys and girls? Well, Cindy usually won. Not only could she piss further, she could piss higher and longer!

Kid Rock and his possee, in a really freudian slip of a metaphor, say they don't like having the queer lifestyle shoved down their throats. Others cite the inequality of former men now competing against biological women in



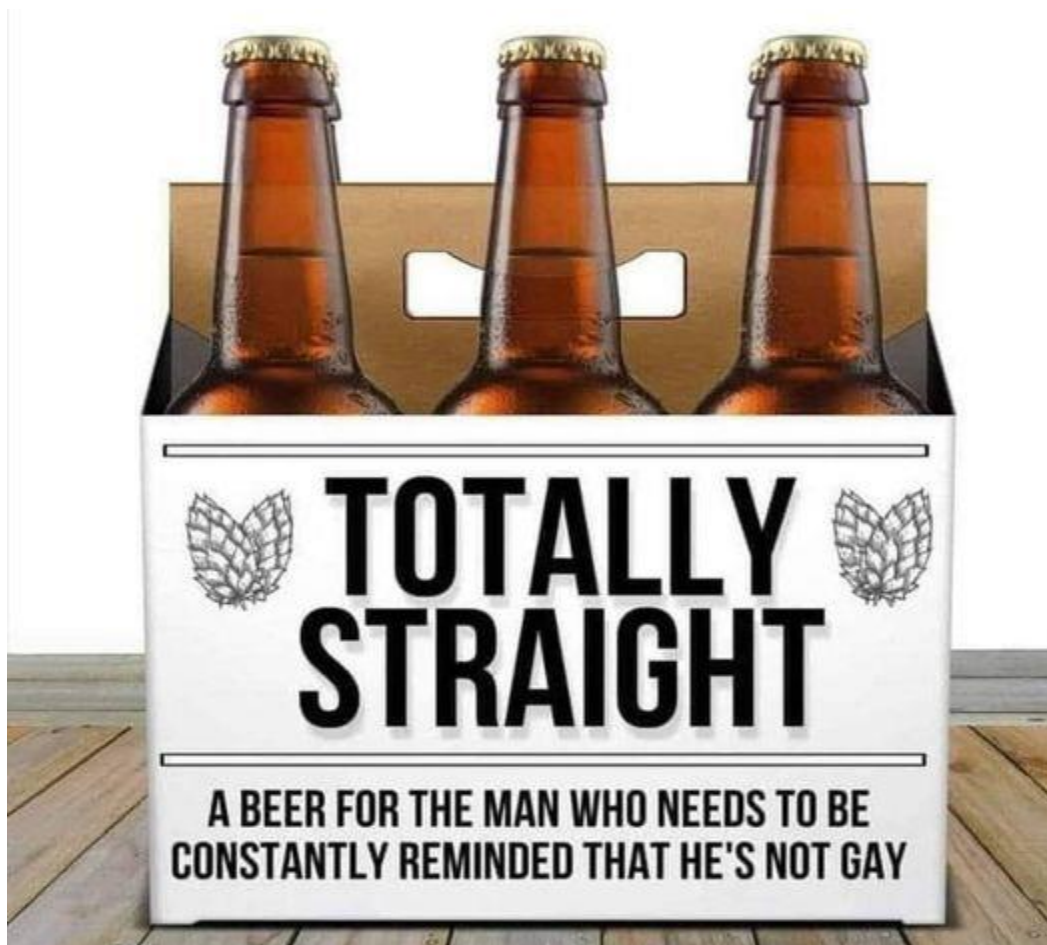
title IX sports. Maybe you didn't know, I remember back in the old days when the East German Women's Olympic team wore jock straps along with their sports bras. It didn't seem fair then and it shouldn't be fair now in my humble opinion. It is a continuing dilemma but let's not blow it out of proportion even though Riley Gaines doesn't like having something she thought she owned being taken away from her. She hates losing, especially to a trans-woman. Ewwwwww!

- Riley Gaines said she never called herself a feminist until taking up the battle of protecting fairness in women's sports after she tied against transgender swimmer Lia Thomas at last year's NCAA championships. (Fox News Digital)



I remember one of the first transgender people I ever met. Marty Wilkins, a MTF had this to say, "sometimes I just want to have a tea party but my dick gets in the way."

Anybody want a Bud Light? I'm buying.



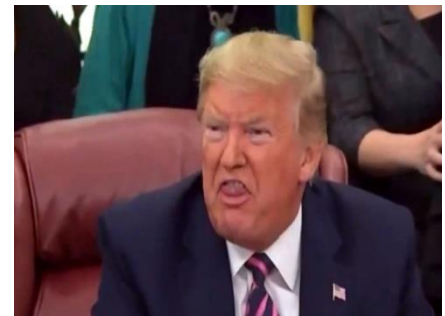
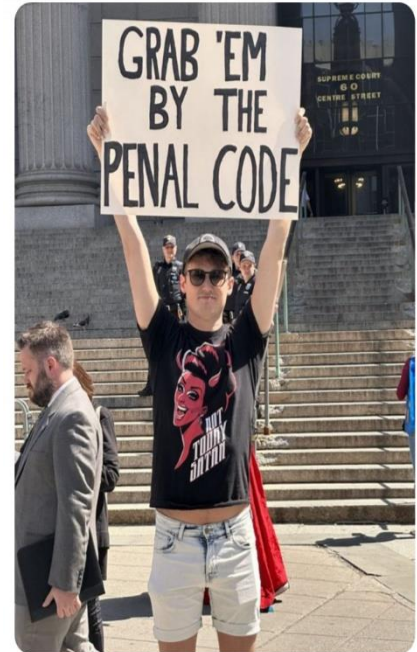
POETRY

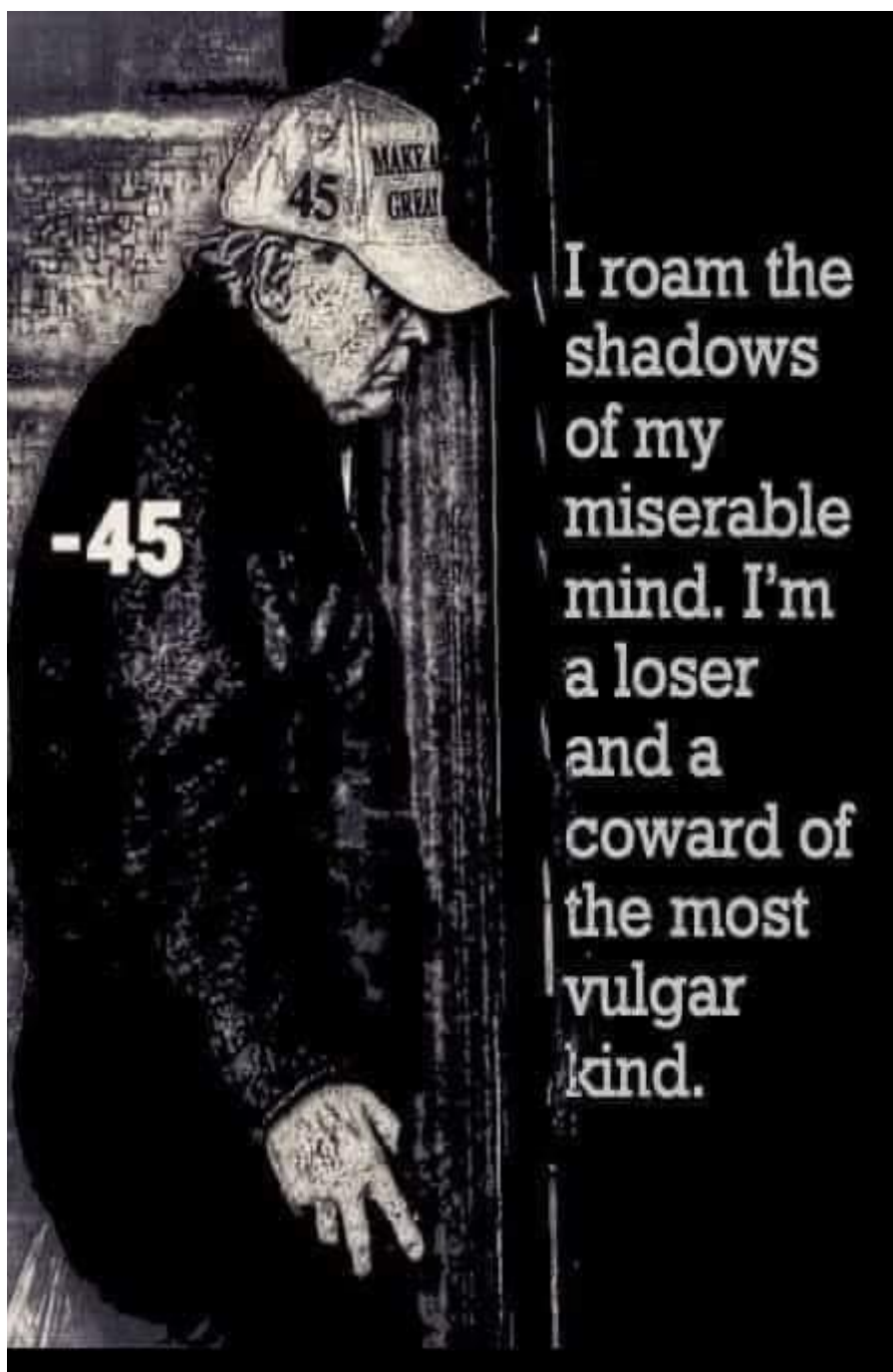


“To the artist, all great art is erotic.”

– Hans Bellmer

Dear MAGA,
You really messed this thing up.
You made a catastrophic error in judgment.
He tricked you into believing him.
He was never who he said he was.
He isn't a good man.
He wasn't a good leader.
He never had good intentions.
He was never even a Christian.
He doesn't care about you.
He certainly doesn't care about America.
He is a conman.
You are his mark.
He convinced you that empathy & compassion are weakness.
He convinced you to reject honesty & fairness.
He taught you to embrace greed & hate.
He turned you against your friends and families.
He convinced you to abandon all your morals.
He tricked you into betraying Jesus.
He has turned you into monsters.
He made you into criminals.
He turned you into traitors.
He convinced you to fight justice & democracy.
He tricked you into violently attacking your own country.
He used you.
He blamed you.
He left you holding the bag.
You've made a terrible mistake.
You really messed this thing up.
And now, we are all paying the price.





Ruminations on the Death of

Pat Robertson by Anonymous

I don't like to think
About Pat Robertson going to hell.
That lets him off too easy.
I like to think about
Pat Robertson finding himself
In a heaven he never believed
Would exist.

Where Divine is reading in drag
To the children murdered at
Sandy Hook and Ulvalde.
While Edie Windsor
And Gertrude Stein drink coffee
In the breakfast nook
talking politics with Harvey Milk.
Where Matthew Shepard relaxes by
A stream, reading poetry to
A nameless young man whose family
Never claimed his body
when he died
Of AIDS.

Where the music plays loudly
Welcoming dancers from the Pulse
And Club Q to the floor where they
Twirl and vogue with
All the murdered trans women of color
Whose names we never knew.

Where Jesus puts his arm around
Pat Robertson's shoulders and
Drapes them with a rainbow feather boa
And, gesturing around him says
Come, meet my disciples.



People think the smoke is from Canadian wildfires. It isn't. It's from the gates of hell opening to welcome Pat Robertson home.



**NOTHING SAYS GOD
LOVES YOU MORE THAN
HIM SENDING A TORNADO
TO SMASH YOUR CHURCH
TO BITS...**



Great Rules of Writing

Do not put statements in the negative form.

And don't start sentences with a conjunction.

If you reread your work, you will find on rereading that a great deal of repetition can be avoided by rereading and editing.

Never use a long word when a diminutive one will do.

Unqualified superlatives are the worst of all.

De-accession euphemisms.

If any word is improper at the end of a sentence, a linking verb is.

Avoid trendy locutions that sound flaky.

Last, but not least, avoid cliches like the plague.

—William Safire

COMEDY CORNER





HoSPiTalIZaTioN???

(ONLY IF YOU HAVE TO)

By BeRT MauTZ



The contradictions in hospital mission and patient needs *are absurd!*

Nursing staff, technicians, and physicians do a good work, and provide their care and attention with empathy. It is the hospital itself with its protocols that is so unsupportive, *so at cross purposes!*

Admitted for rest and healing, the patient is awakened every few hours to have his blood pressure, body temperature, and blood oxygen checked. Two in the morning, no matter if the patient is sleeping or not, blinding lights, "How are you tonight, Mr. Mautz?"

Endure the blood pressure cuff strangling your arm. Thermometer shoved painfully under the tongue, and some clip pinching on a fingertip. Now you can go back to sleep. *Slam the door!*

The hospital bed – let's be clear, this demonic device is engineered to physically manage the patient at the convenience of the staff. Electrically controlled. The doctor comes in, turns back the sheets and hoists the patient to his convenience.



"NURSE! ARE YOU TAKING THE PIGGY?"

This is a shitty mattress with two folding seams at one's hips and knees ... except the patient is constantly slipping down the mattress. Toes jam the bed frame. Back is unsupported. We heave and shove to regain some altitude — again and again — only to slowly slide down like Sisyphus and his rock.

Comfort unattainable!



The pulse of activity is frenetic. The nursing floor — the corridors are

lined with mobile nursing stations and beds that *are not being used(!)*. Physicians making their rounds accompanied by their interns and nursing assistants. Nurses, aides, techs, food service passing trays and retrieving them, the housekeeping folks. *A Human Resource nightmare!*

Floor sweeping, trash removal, constant yet unpredictable interruptions. The house cleaner doesn't knock before coming in. She stands there watching your television, snapping large plastic bags for the three trash receptacles; one in the toilet *and two within sight of each other!*

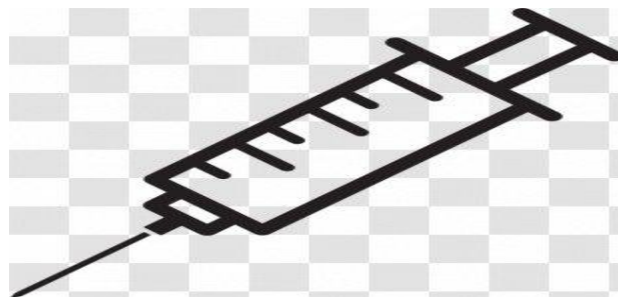
The majority of rooms are single occupancy. My floor's patient toilets are pediatric size. Too low for an old man to squat over. Your alternative is a bedpan. No longer stainless steel and supportive. Now vinyl plastic, angular ... *and painful.*

It was discovered I had a wildly fluctuating blood sugar after chugging a bottle of orange juice that Betty brought me up from the lobby. Immediately went into the *every-four-hours* monitorization. I was subjected to that finger prick ... The tech would show me the number. Was made to feel guilty, and within thirty minutes got an insulin shot in the belly. This went on for eleven days — *forty-four pricks!*

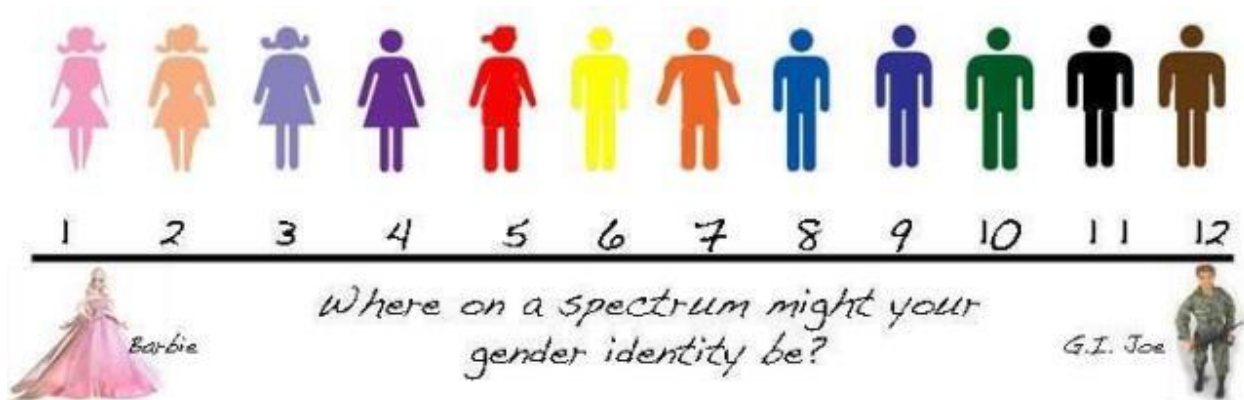
You combine the vitals checked every four hours with the blood sugar pricks and insulin shots and the interruptions were essentially constant. This patient dozed in and out of an unsatisfying sleep. And there it is. The patient's healing goals at cross purposes with all of the monitoring producing a lethargy ... *but not getting sleep!*

Starts to feel like incarceration, not high-tech medicine. I wanna go home. *Just let me go home!!!!*

PLeaSe DoCToR,
LeT Me Go HoMe!



My Manly Man's Pedicure or, *Kiss My Ass, Josh Hawley*



By Virgil Thorp

It was a first for me. It was a barrier I had to break. I have always considered myself masculine – or wanted to be – a masculine man. Fortright and strong. Athletic and brawny. Straighter than straight.

The idea of being or doing something that would cause me to be considered less than masculine – girlish, a sissy – had haunted my most mortifying adolescent fears. Being thought of as effeminate? My freakout. My ultimate incel moment. Who would wish to be one?

And now here I was. Thinking about doing something I know some people would consider unmanly. If I were to take this step, some people would say I might as well change my name to a girly one, sashay as I walked and start wearing silk panties. A stark betrayal of my manhood. A fruit-loop sissy boy. My father's ultimate disappointment. But I did it. I did it because I had to. I went to a nail salon and got a pedicure!

Picture the poor soul that I am. An old man. 75 years and a lot of hard miles old. Too obese and arthritic to bend over and reach his toenails; unable to properly trim them for years, having lousy leg vein valves with all the swelling and discoloration around his feet and ankles, being told he had to have a procedure for those veins and have to start wearing the dreaded pressure socks. How to cope? How to put them on!?!

I had stopped wearing any kind of hosiery when I retired. There was no need. I had not worn any footwear but sandals and flip-flops for nine years. Sure, I washed my feet, and sprayed between my toes, but it was almost beyond my reach to trim my toenails. How many times did I nip the tip of a toe with my awkward use of the clipper and, hemorrhaging like a porker, leave crimson footprints all over the bathroom tile? *Too goddamn many* said my bride.



Take my word for it, these little piggies were sharp, craggy weapons. Almost like the tusks of an angry warthog. Any kind of cloth, reinforced or not, stood no chance against gouges, tears or – as women everywhere know all too well – runs. I needed help. Desperately. I couldn't have the nurses attempt to pull and roll on my pressure socks after the procedure and find themselves holding little but the shredded threads fluttering in the breeze. Something definitive had to be done about those toenails!

My venous ablation procedure was scheduled for Wednesday and today was Monday. I summoned up my courage, told myself I could do this and drove to a nail salon in a nearby strip mall. I knew of this place through a friend. I had once purchased a special foot massage and pedicure for my wife for a present many Christmases previous. I was shocked when she declined to use it. She said she was too ticklish for the foot massage. Poor dear. What are a few giggles when there is so much pleasurable enjoyment to be had!?! Too bad for her.

It took another summoning up of masculine mettle for me to leave the car and actually walk through the door. Soft, harmonious music was playing. Not that pretentious Oriental-like music that white people had been taught to think Asian music resembled. Like the rinky-tinky soundtrack from an old time Charlie Chan movie or a Gilbert and Sullivan Mikado production. No gongs, no Buddhas. But fairly recently composed, progressive combinations of jazz and rock and roll.



Inside the shop was spotless and was run by people who looked very Vietnamese. Refugees? Short-statured, epicanthic-eyed Asians. What would they think of me when I asked for a pedicure? Could I go through with it?

They weren't busy at that time of day, only one lady occupied a pedicure chair, and another was at a manicure table getting her fingernails styled. Stacks of sparkling glass shelves held rows of polishes and lacquers of every color and desire,

sharply arranged in military-like queues and tiers. There were four tables for manicures in the front room and eight stations with large comfortable looking chairs for pedicures a few steps away in the back. Although the shop appeared large, the size of the place was distorted by opposing, fully mirrored walls. I had the sensation of being inside a crystal. Everything was reflected and seemed to be multiplied. It was then that I understood that what I saw was just an illusion, as both ladies and their nail techs, were reflections and appeared like doppelgangers over and over to infinity.

At the front manicure table an Asian man was working diligently on the woman's left hand. He looked up from his designs and asked in a slightly accented English, "can herrpa you, silla?" (*Trans. "Can help you, sir?"*)

Why should I care if they mixed and mispronounced their “L’s” and their “R’s” as long as they could trim toenails. Especially mismanaged toenails like mine.

“I’d like a pedicure, please.” I could hardly get the words out.

“Take seat, it be ten *mina*.”

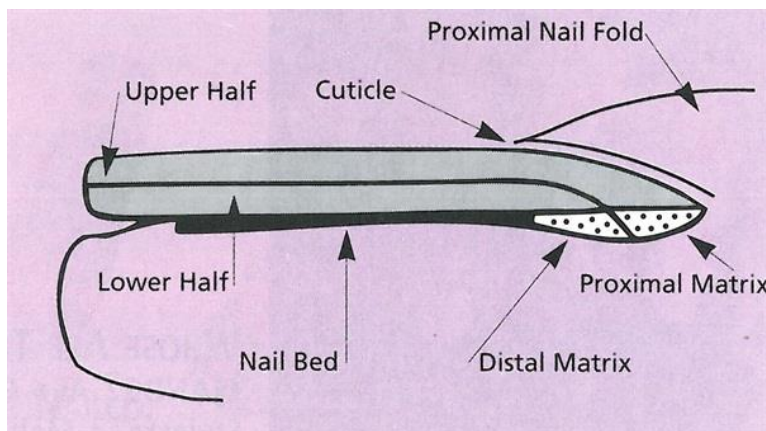
Just like at the Chinese Garden restaurant take-out. “Ten *mina*,” I’d be told when I asked how long before my to go order of General Tso’s Chicken would be ready. I was pretty sure some of these people at the salon were related to the people at the restaurant. It was a tight community.

“No problem. I have my book.” And self-consciously sat down in the chair nearest to the door in case I lost my nerve and wanted to bail out quickly.

I felt I was in the same kind of dilemma I had been when I was gifted an après ski full body massage a long, long time ago in Big Sky Montana. I didn’t know what to expect or do then and I didn’t know what to expect now. I had washed my feet as best I could, though. At least I would not have to get naked.

“You come,” I was beckoned by a pleasant looking, thirty-ish Vietnamese woman. She led me to the nearest comfortable looking pedicure chair. “You sit here, please.” I was wrong, mispronunciations weren’t inherent.

“Thank you.”



The chair looked like a tufted Naugahyde recliner with a footbath. I sat down from the side – the arm rests were adjustable – and kicked off my flipflops. The tub was as wide as the chair, about a foot and a half deep and had a removable liner, very much like a plastic garbage bag. It was being filled with hot

water and I could see a little steam.

"Put feet in." She gestured towards the tub.

I did. It was really hot!

"Whoa!"

"Too hot?"

"A little."



She adjusted the water temp and asked with a coy tip of her head. "Okay, now?" What a nice smile she had.

I had always admired the politeness of the people I had met through my travels to Hong Kong, Vietnam and Japan. It wasn't so much an ethnic thing as it was that they knew how to treat a customer. It revived pleasant memories. I dipped a scraggly toe in. "Yes, just right. Thank you."

Once the tub was filled, the lady closed the water valve and told me I could soak and relax. she said, "Ten *mina* and I be back."



"Okay."

Ten *mina*, I reflected as she flicked a switch on the chair, turned her attention to the lady in the pedicure chair directly across from me, and asked in her pleasant chime of a voice, "you ready, now?"

I eased all the way back and enjoyed the warmth. The tub had mini jets, like a spa. My feet were grateful for it. I wasn't expecting it but suddenly, the chair began to vibrate. There were magic fingers and pulsations rippling over my back in rhythmic waves. Up and down, down and up. From neck and shoulder to buttocks and back to shoulders. I felt like humming along with the vibration. The woman in the

chair across from me was also experiencing similar pleasure from her vibrating couch; plus, she was having one of her feet massaged by my cheery Vietnamese attendant.

I saw what I had to look forward to. The lady's eyes were closed like she was in REM sleep, the prelude to "dream sleep." It wouldn't be long before she would be slipping into the stage of "deep sleep." The soft fall into total relaxation. The pleasures she felt must have been astounding. It was evident she was happy. Her face was beatific. I couldn't be sure, but it was something I felt I would not mind looking forward to personally. I thought of guilty pleasures.

My attendant broke into the naughty epiphany my daydream had led me when she returned, sat down on her squat stool and dried off my right foot. She appraised its condition closely. She seemed to sense I was embarrassed at the disorderly state of my feet.

"I fix this," she winked, smiled again and began working on my atrocious toenails. She didn't seem to mind the neglect she found. She started digging out the dead skin and excess cuticles with her clippers, nippers, pushers, scrapers and other instruments I had never seen before. She was adept as she transformed my toes and feet from shabby to smooth and wiped off the debris on the towel she had used to dry off my foot. In hardly any time, my nails no longer looked jagged and lethal. I felt happiness and joy, pleasure and gratitude. The result was greater than my hopes. I felt certain the nurses would be able to slide my pressure socks on when my venous ablation procedure was completed without impediment.



When it came time for my feet to be massaged, I overcame the initial tickle and sighed with the agreeable tactile sensations. She was very talented with her hands. It felt so exquisite. Did I have a beatific look on my face, I wondered? I was grateful my attendant was female. Just imagine the quandary to my masculinity had it been the Asian gentleman giving me the soothing massage, just short of an erotic experience. I melted into the chair and let my consciousness waft along with the rhythm of the music and the touch of another person's hand.

"You want *coula*?" It was a common question to her pedicure clients, but she delivered it with her engaging, teasing smile. I had a fancy of what could have happened if I had met her when I was younger.



At that moment I was totally charmed. I realized my tender attendant wanted to know if I wished her to apply nail polish. My masculinity did not feel challenged in the slightest. I grinned but declined, "not today, thank you."

I admit it, I thought about it for a moment as I slipped my flipflops back on. Maybe the next time I decide to get another pedicure. Like maybe, next month. I was still forthright and strong. Facsimile athletic and brawny for an old coot. Pretty much straighter than straight. I had a suspicion my old man



might have enjoyed a pedicure himself. And I'm sure I can afford the thirty dollars for another manly man's pedicure. So, Josh Hawley, *Fuck you!* My Manhood will be just fine.

And come to think of it, I bet my toes would look kinda pretty with nail polish on them.

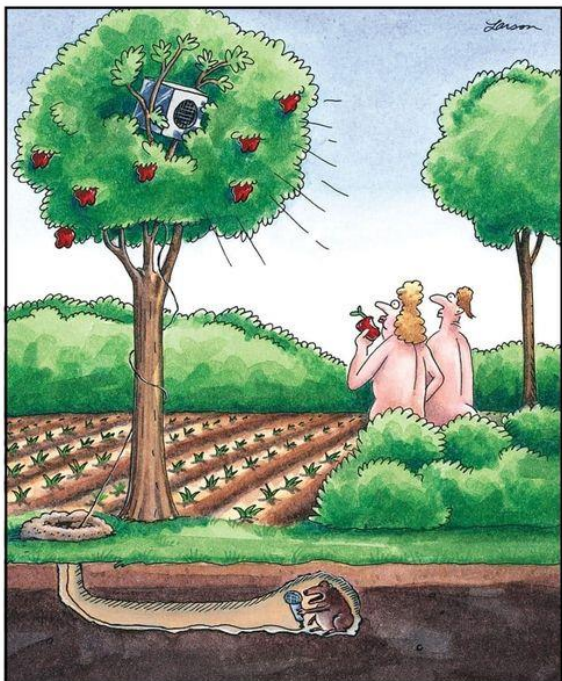
GAWD-AWFUL-COMICS



A PICTURE OF A CUTE BUT AGGRESSIVE
AND STINKY LITTLE CREATURE WITH THE
BRAINPOWER OF A WALNUT...

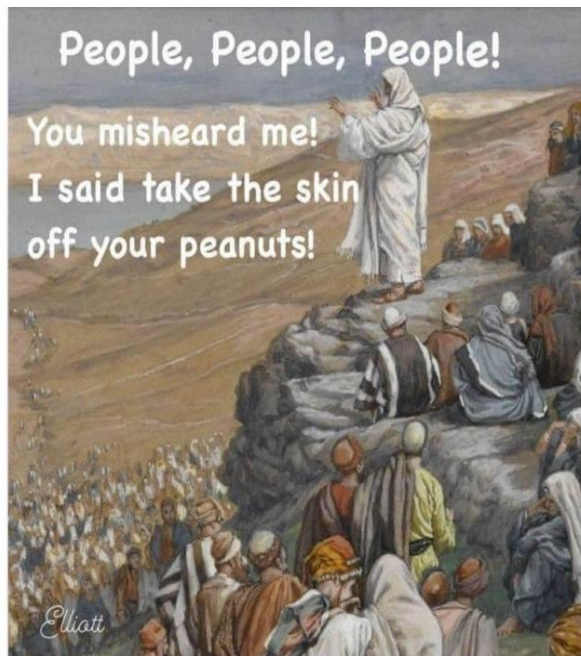


... AND A GOAT



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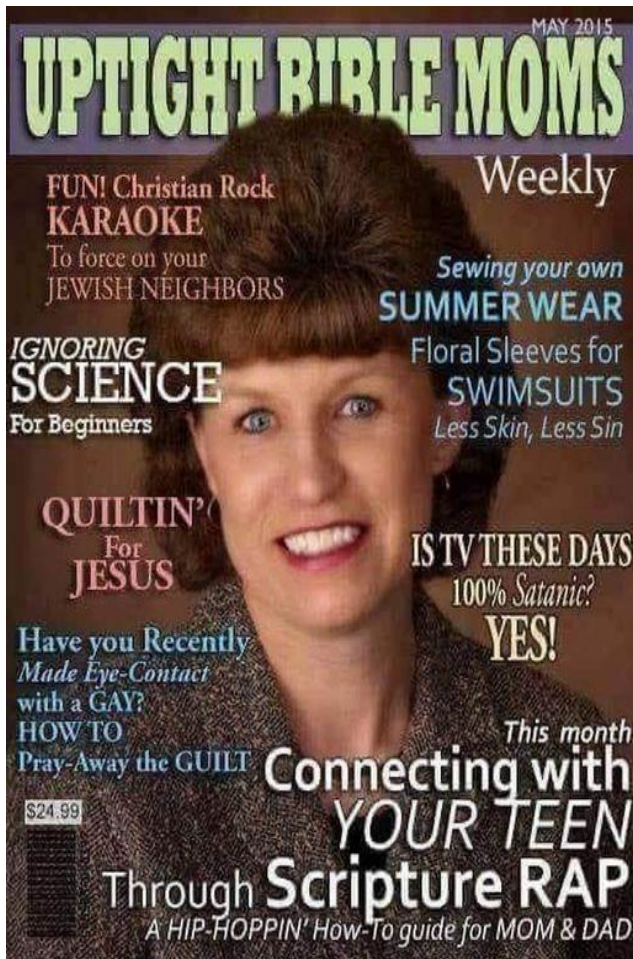
"Eat my apple, will you? LEAVE MY GARDEN! BEGONE! ... And
take all the mole traps with you!"



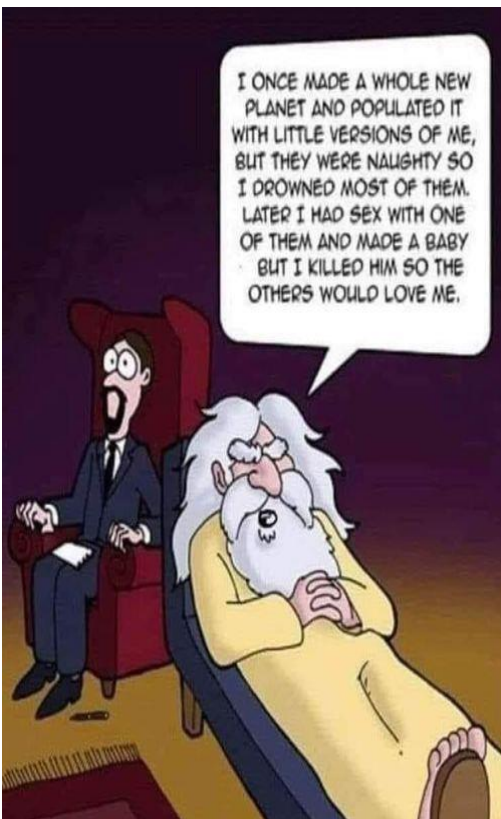
People, People, People!
You misheard me!
I said take the skin
off your peanuts!



"Mom! There's a man at the door dressed in a pedophile costume!"



ANY GOD THAT IN
ITS TOP TEN RULES
WASTES FOUR OF
THEM TELLING YOU
HOW TO KISS HIS
ASS IS NEVER
WORTHY OF
WORSHIP.



It's called the Church of Satan, where they perform ritual human sacrifice and eat human flesh

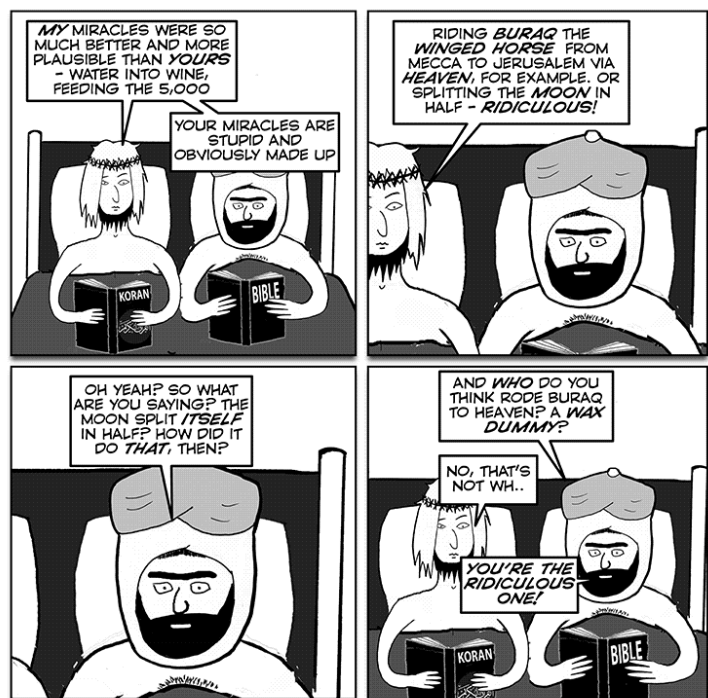


The Church Of Satan
@ChurchofSatan

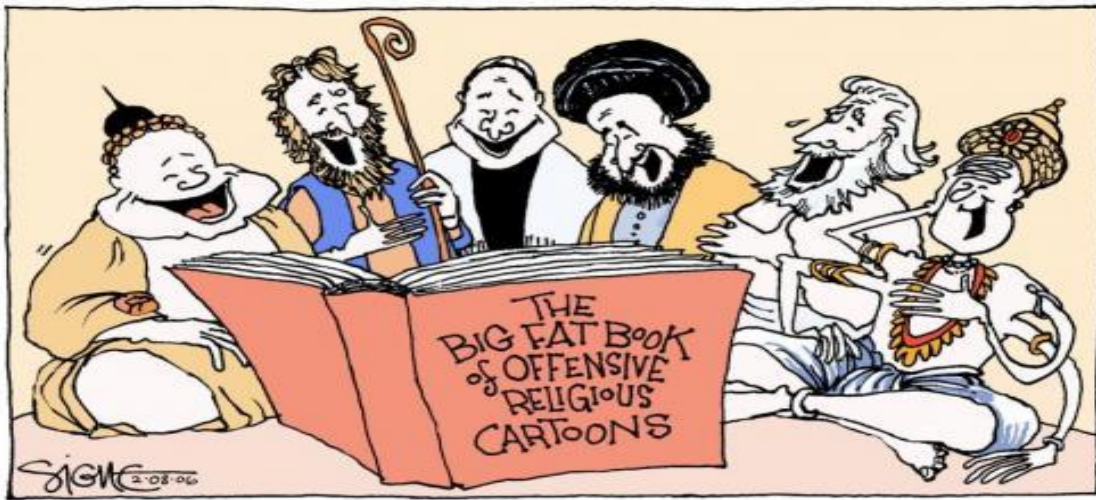
Please don't confuse us with the Catholics.



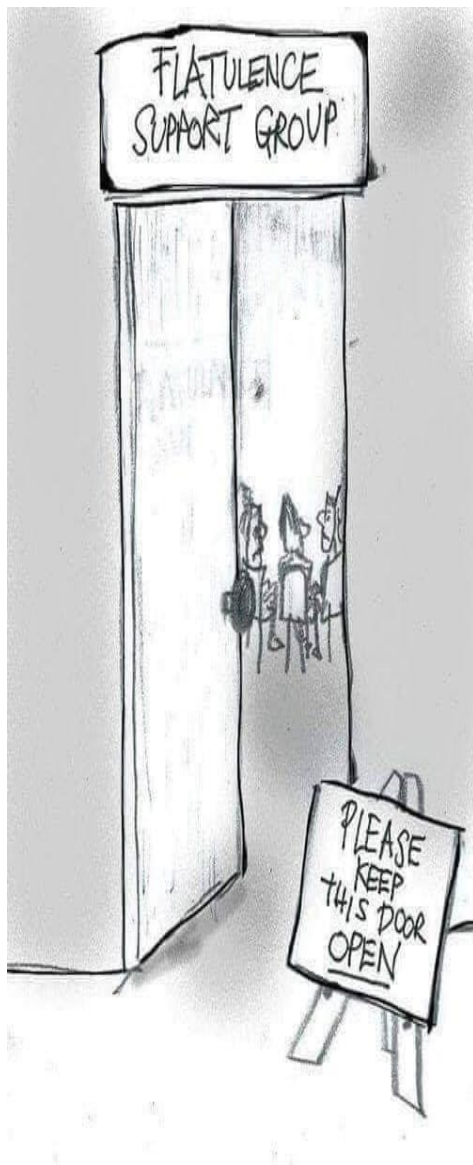
I love how James River Church in Springfield MO consistently reminds us that we are actually living through Idiocracy. Yes, this is a real picture from an actual church function. lmao

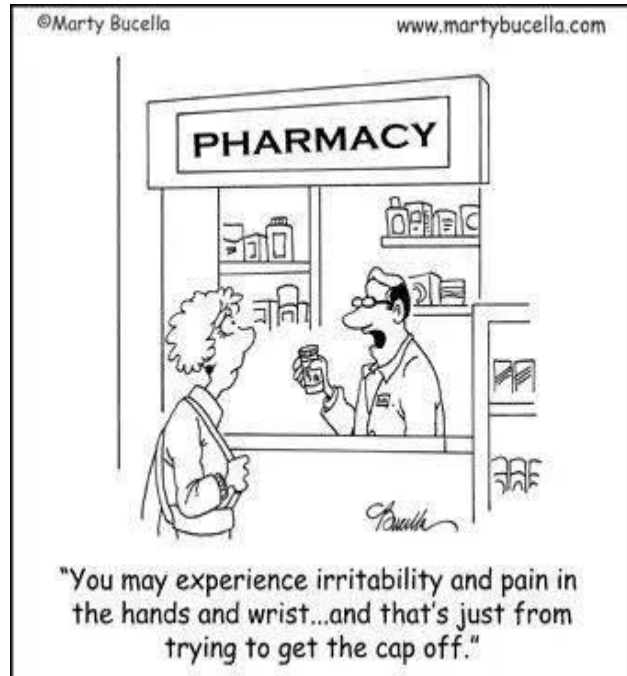


jesusandmo.net



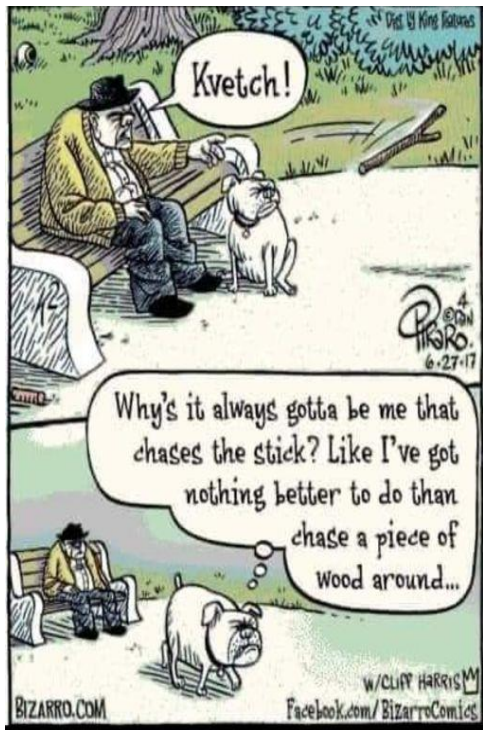
This week on *Hoarders*...



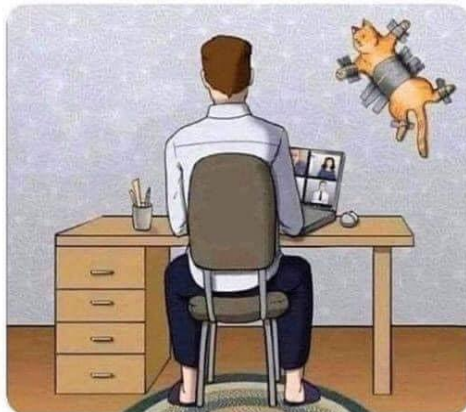


My Graduation Speech :
I would like to thank..
The Internet, Google , Wikipedia,
Microsoft Word and whoever invented
copy and paste. Thank you 😁😁

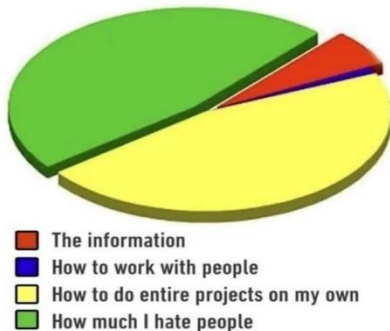




How to prepare for a Zoom meeting



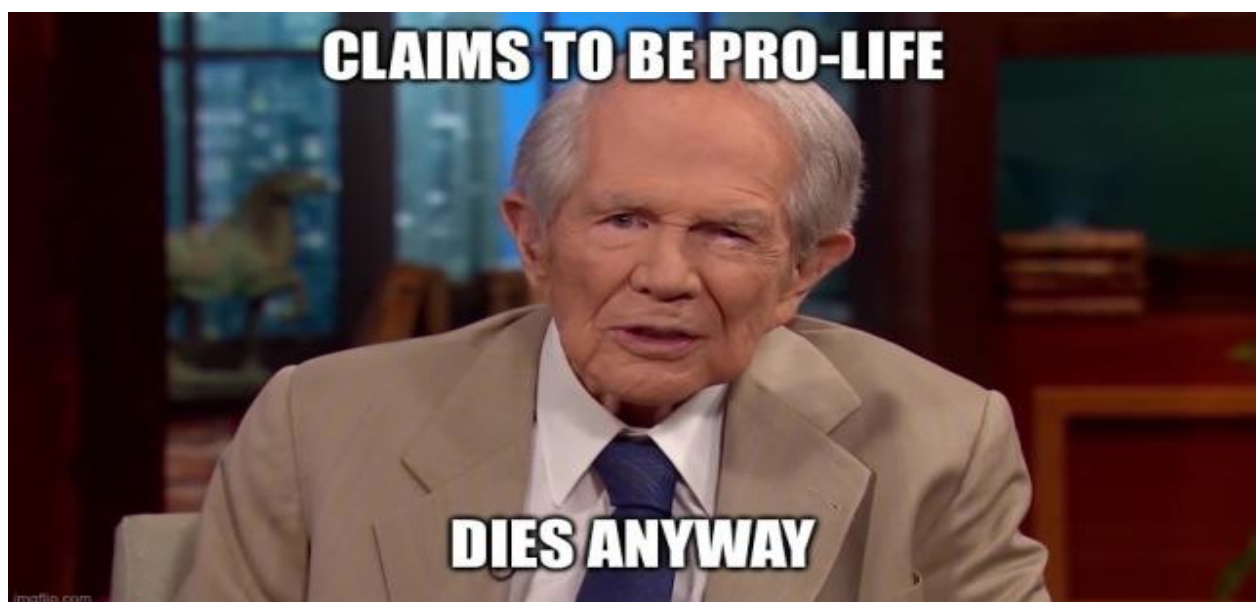
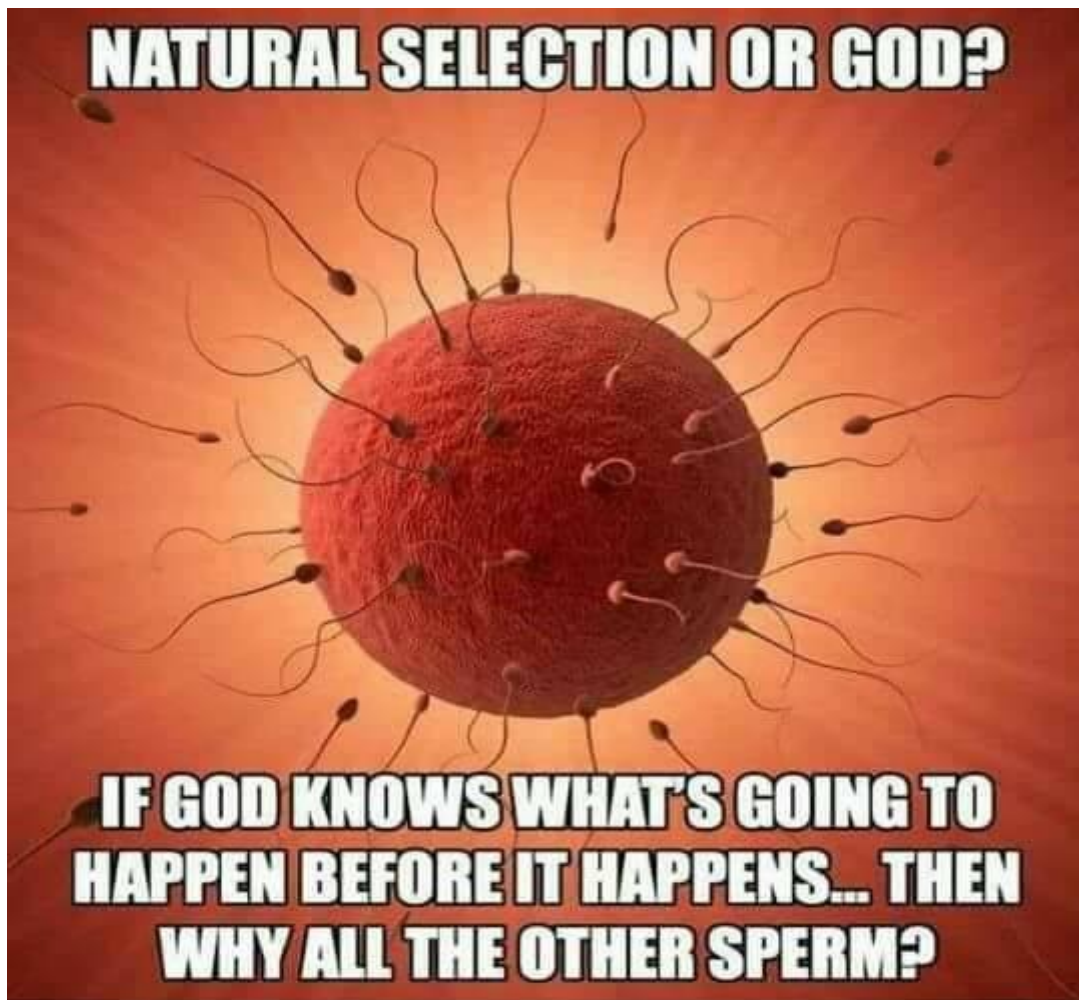
WHAT I LEARN FROM GROUP PROJECTS

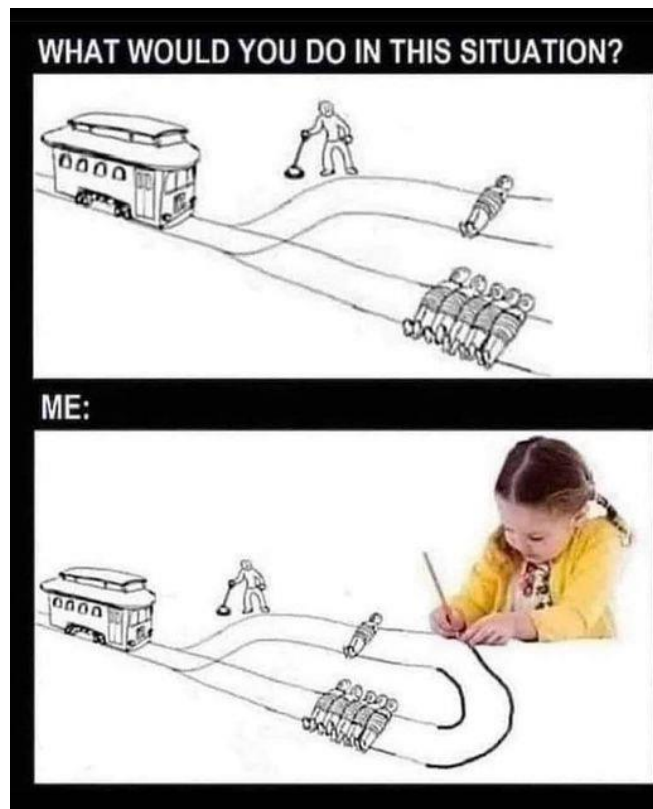
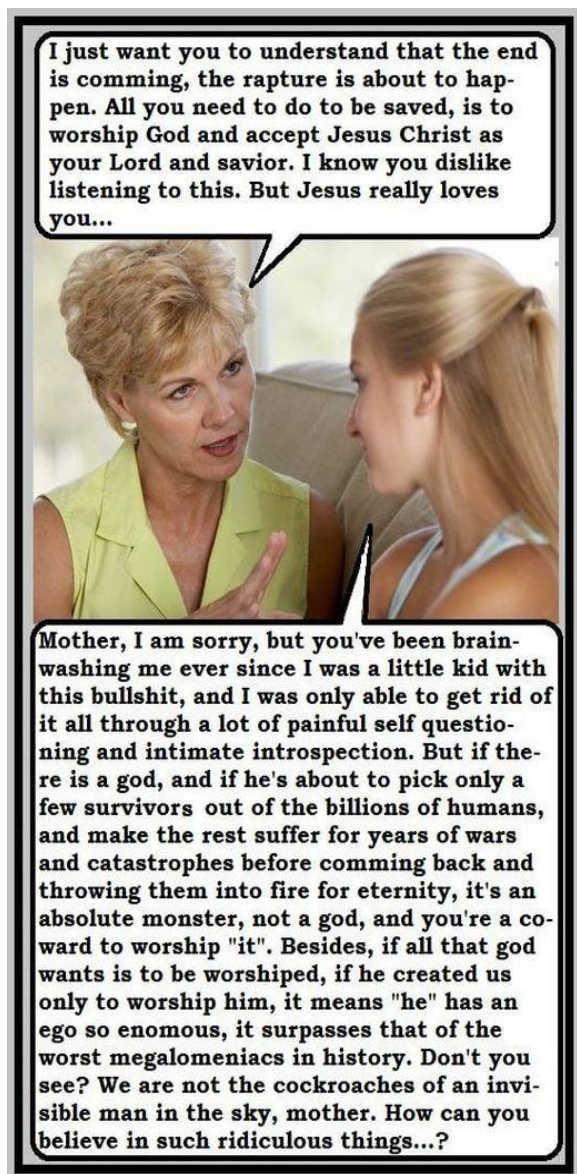
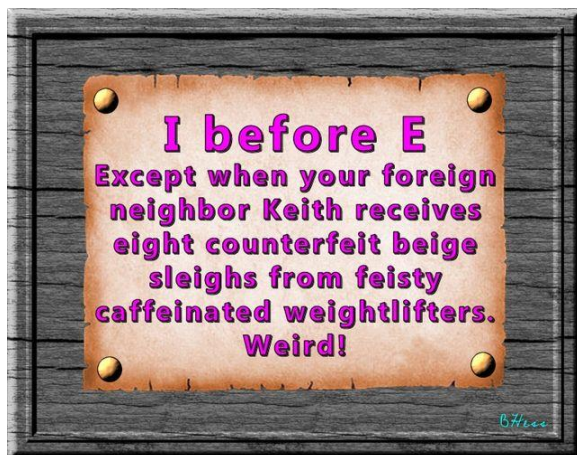


If Jesus had an older brother called James,
who was also the son of Mary,



How the f*** was Mary a virgin
when she was pregnant with
Jesus?





Bill, 33

91 miles away

I like curvy girls. I have a dog. Her name is Precious. She's my world. My hobbies include midnight strolls, collecting insects (kinda nerdy, but it's what I'm into), making my own clothing, and dancing when nobody's looking.

Dry skin is a deal breaker.

I love Bath & Body Works for the sole reason that their lotion comes in a basket.

I'd date me.

tinder

Continued from page 17



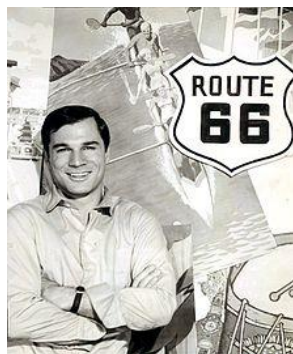
21

Ed Ames, 95, American singer and actor (*Daniel Boone*). While playing Mingo on television, Ames developed some skill in throwing a tomahawk. On *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson* on April 27, 1965 Ames and Carson were discussing Ames' tomahawk throwing abilities. Ames claimed that he could hit a target from across the room, Carson asked Ames if he could demonstrate this skill. A wood panel with a chalk outline of a cowboy was brought on to the stage. Ames proceeded to throw the tomahawk, which hit the "cowboy" square in the groin with the handle pointing upward. This led to a very long burst of laughter from the audience, which has been called the longest sustained laugh by a live audience in television history.



24

Cotton Tree, c. 400, Sierra Leonean kapok tree, felled. The Cotton Tree was a kapok tree (*Ceiba pentandra*) that was a historic symbol of Freetown, the capital city of Sierra Leone. The Cotton Tree gained importance in 1792 when a group of formerly enslaved African Americans, who had gained their freedom by fighting for the British during the American Revolutionary War, settled the site of modern Freetown. The exact age of the Cotton Tree is unknown, but it is thought to have been about 400 years old.



- Bill Lee, 94, American jazz musician and film composer, Lee also appeared in several movies made by his son acclaimed film-maker Spike Lee, in addition to creating original soundtracks for *She's Gotta Have It* (1986), *School Daze* (1988), *Do the Right Thing* (1989), and *Mo' Better Blues* (1990).

- George Maharis, 94, American actor (*Route 66*, *Exodus*) and singer ("Teach Me Tonight")



- Tina Turner, 83, American-born Swiss Hall of Fame singer ("River Deep – Mountain High", "What's Love Got to Do with It") and actress (*Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*), eight-time Grammy winner. Known as the "Queen of Rock 'n' Roll", she rose to prominence as the lead singer of the Ike & Tina Turner Revue before launching a successful career as a solo performer. She was noted for her "swagger, sensuality, powerful gravelly vocals and unstoppable energy", along with her well-publicized history with ex-husband Ike Turner and her famous legs.





28

Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr., 91, American businessman and philanthropist. Dreyfoos founded Photo Electronics Corporation (PEC) in 1963, with George W. Mergens, to address problems in color print reproduction. They developed their

groundbreaking Video Color Negative Analyzer (VCNA) in Dreyfoos' Port Chester, New York basement, then set up a factory in a former church in Connecticut. The VCNA was marketed worldwide by Eastman Kodak Company. Dreyfoos made the largest donation in Florida history to a public school when he gave \$1,000,000 in 1997 to Palm Beach County School of the Arts, renamed Alexander W. Dreyfoos School of the Arts.



June

1

Cynthia Weil, 82, American Hall of Fame songwriter ("You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'", "Here You Come Again", "Somewhere Out There"), Grammy winner (1988) an American songwriter who wrote many songs together with her husband Barry Mann. Weil and Mann were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2010.¹

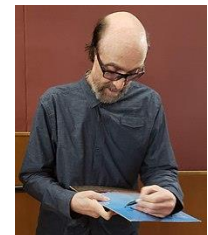
3

Paul Geoffrey, 68, British-born American actor (Excalibur, Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes, Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights), cancer. Geoffrey was born in Surrey, England, on February 12, 1955. He played Perceval in Excalibur. Geoffrey died from cancer in Santa Fe, at the age of 68.



4

Norma Hunt, 85, American businesswoman, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs (since 2006). an American football executive who was the co-owner of the Kansas City Chiefs of the National Football League (NFL) from 2006 to 2023. Hunt was married to Lamar Hunt who founded the Chiefs. At the time of her death, she was one of 16 members (and the only woman) in the Never Miss a Super Bowl Club. She was known as the "First Lady of Football."



- George Winston, 74, American pianist (December, Summer, Forest), Grammy winner (1996), cancer.



5

Robert Hanssen, 79, American FBI agent and convicted spy. An American Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) agent who spied for Soviet and Russian intelligence services against the United States from 1979 to 2001. His espionage was described by the Department of Justice as "possibly the worst intelligence disaster in U.S. history".



- Astrud Gilberto, 83, Brazilian samba and bossa nova singer ("The Girl from Ipanema"), Grammy winner (1965). "I firmly believe that any artist who becomes famous through their work — be it music, motion pictures or any other — does not have any moral obligation to satisfy the curiosity of journalists, fans or any members of the public about their private lives, or anything else that does not have any direct reflection on their work. My work, whether perceived as good, bad, or indifferent, speaks for itself."

6

Françoise Gilot, French painter. Ms. Gilot, who was 101 when she died achieved a distinguished career as a painter, with her work shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art and Centre Pompidou in Paris. She also published graceful, incisive memoirs and poetry collections, even as she spent decades battling with those who sought to define her by the men in her life, including Picasso, her friend Henri Matisse and her second husband, American virologist Jonas Salk, who helped eradicate polio.



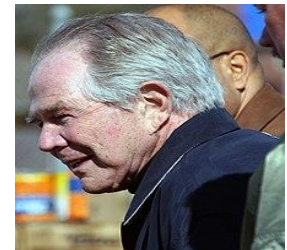
7

The Iron Sheik, 81, Iranian-born American Hall of Fame professional wrestler (AWA, WWF) Hossein Khosrow Ali Vaziri, better known by his ring name The Iron Sheik, was an Iranian-American professional wrestler, amateur wrestler, and actor. Won the WWF World Heavyweight Championship in 1983.

- Lisl Steiner, 95, Austrian-American photographer, photojournalist (Life, Newsweek), and documentary filmmaker She was known for her photographs of political and cultural figures of the 1950s and 60s, including Fidel Castro, Oscar Niemeyer, Louis Armstrong, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Richard Nixon, and Henri Cartier-Bresson.



- Eve Leona Tetaz was an American public school teacher and peace and justice activist from Washington, D.C. She was arrested 11 times in 2007 for nonviolent civil resistance during protests against the war and occupation of Iraq. Tetaz was involved with several peace and justice groups, such as Code Pink, National Campaign for Nonviolent Resistance and Witness Against Torture.



8

Pat Robertson, 93, American televangelist (The 700 Club), founder of CBN and Regent University.

10

Roger Payne, 88, American biologist, environmentalist and record producer (Songs of the Humpback Whale) famous for his 1967 discovery (with Scott McVay) of whale song among humpback whales. Payne later became an important figure in the worldwide campaign to end commercial whaling.



- Ted Kaczynski, 81, American mathematician and domestic terrorist (*Unabomber Manifesto*), suicide.

12

Silvio Berlusconi, 86, Italian politician, three-time prime minister, MP (1994–2013, since 2022) and twice MEP, leukemia.



- Sergey Goryachev, 52, Russian major general, missile strike.
- John Romita Sr., 93, American comic book artist (*The Amazing Spider-Man*, *Captain America*), co-creator of Wolverine.

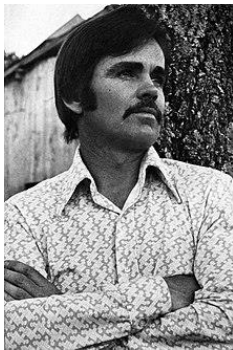


- Treat Williams, 71, American actor (*Hair*, *Prince of the City*, *Everwood*), traffic collision.



13

Cormac McCarthy, 89, American novelist (*Blood Meridian*, *All the Pretty Horses*, *The Road*), Pulitzer Prize winner (2007) an American writer who authored twelve novels, two plays, five screenplays, and three short stories. He was known for his graphic depictions of violence and his unique writing style, recognizable by a sparse use of punctuation and attribution.



15

Glenda Jackson, 87, English actress (*Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *A Touch of Class*) and politician, MP (1992–2015), Oscar winner (1970, 1973) She was one of the few artists to achieve the Triple Crown of Acting, having won two Academy Awards, three Emmy Awards and a Tony Award. She was made a CBE by Queen Elizabeth II in 1978.



16

Daniel Ellsberg, 92, American whistleblower (*Pentagon Papers*), pancreatic cancer. An American political activist, economist, and United States military analyst. While employed by the RAND Corporation, he precipitated a national political controversy in 1971 when he released the *Pentagon Papers*, a top-secret Pentagon study



of U.S. government decision-making in relation to the Vietnam War, to *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and other newspapers.





18

- Shahzada Dawood, 48, Pakistani-British businessman.
- Hamish Harding, 58, British businessman.
- Paul-Henri Nargeolet, 77, French navy commander and explorer.



- Stockton Rush, 61, American businessman, CEO and founder of OceanGate.
- Teresa Taylor, 60, American drummer (Butthole Surfers) and actress (Slacker), lung disease.

19

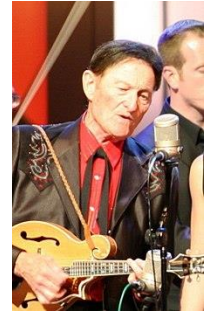
Max Edward Morath, an American ragtime pianist, composer, actor, and author. He was best known for his piano playing and is referred to as "Mr. Ragtime". He was a touring performer as well as being variously a composer, recording artist, actor, playwright, and radio and television presenter.



23

Frederic Forrest, 86, American actor (The Rose, The Conversation, Apocalypse Now).

- Jesse McReynolds, 93, American bluegrass musician (Jim & Jesse).



26

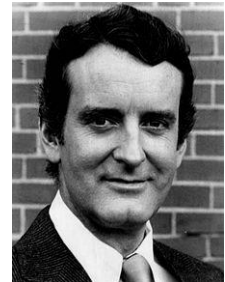
Ysabelle Lacamp, 68, French writer, singer, and actress (Je vous aime, Fire, Ice and Dynamite).



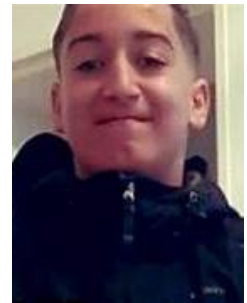
- Nicolas Coster, 89, British-American actor (Santa Barbara, Another World, All the President's Men).

27

Ryan Mallett, 35, American football player (New England Patriots, Houston Texans, Baltimore Ravens), drowned.



- Nahel Merzouk, 17, a 17-year-old French teenager of Maghrebian Algerian descent, was shot and killed by a police officer after a car chase and during a traffic stop in Nanterre, a suburb of Paris, France. Authorities arrested the police officer who shot Nahel on suspicion of "voluntary homicide by a person in authority". The killing led to widespread protests and riots in which symbols of state authority such as town halls, schools, and police stations, as well as other buildings such as supermarkets, were attacked, as well as cars and trash bins set on fire. According to the Interior Ministry, over 1,350 vehicles have been set on fire, and over 1,300 arrests were made in connection with the riots.



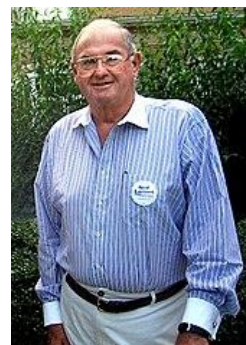


- Lilli Vincenz, 85, American lesbian activist and the first lesbian member of the gay political activist effort, the Mattachine Society of Washington (MSW).

Vincenz served as the editor of the organization's newsletter and in 1969 along with Nancy Tucker created the independent newspaper, the Gay Blade, which later became the Washington Blade.

28

Lowell Weicker, 92, American politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives (1969–1971) and Senate (1971–1989), governor of Connecticut (1991–1995).



- Sue Johanson, 93, Canadian sex educator. Johanson's work educating and informing the public about birth control and sexual health earned her Canada's second highest civilian honour (after the Order of Merit), appointment to the Order of Canada as Member (CM) in 2001. In 2010,

presented with the Bonham Centre Award from the Mark S. Bonham Centre for Sexual Diversity Studies for her contributions to the advancement and education of issues around sexual identification.



29

Christine King Farris, 95, American civil rights activist was the elder sister of Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and A. D. King. The three siblings spent their early years in the home of their grandfather, Adam Daniel Williams. King Farris was, for many years, vice chair and treasurer of the King Center for Nonviolent Social Change and was active in the International Reading Association, and various church and civic organizations, including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.



- Alan Arkin, 89, American actor (Little Miss Sunshine, Argo, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter).

