

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.6

November / December 2023

In this issue:

Introduction	2
AOTC Members	4
Meetings & Events	5
Commentary	16
Articles	36
The Way We Were	61
Fiction & Poetry	78
Comedy Corner	85

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

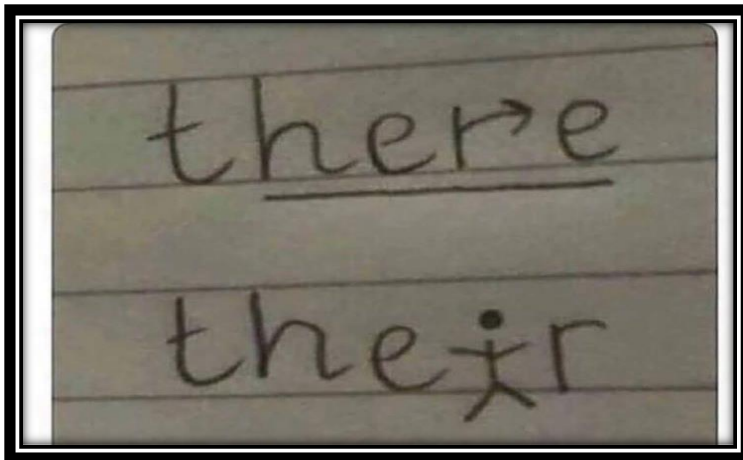
awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com

INTRODUCTION

Greetings Aware Ones and welcome to the end of the eighth fiscal year of Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast Journal, Vol. 8, No. 6, November / December.

It was a shock to realize that I have been editing this communication medium for nearly four years and I admit that I am enjoying it as much as when I was editing pornographic magazines oh so many years and a totally different life ago!

Ahh, those were the days with loads and loads of sinners and blasphemers. Naked pictures: having to look at each and every single close-up and group shot of dangling sex organs. Naughty stories full of disgusting sexual thoughts and licentiously delicious acts. With the AOTC Journal, I find there is very little difference at times than my favorite porn title, *Get Kinky*. I get nostalgic sometimes. The difference is that with minimal direction, I have total control of this e-magazine and I confess, I love it.



I mean, if I didn't love it, I probably wouldn't do it, but I gotta tell you that there's pure joy in receiving submissions from our contributors; checking grammar and punctuation, deleting those oily dangling participles, making sure every noun and verb agree and every subject has a proper predicate, that "there" is as appropriate as "their" and, goddamnit, the contraction, they – fucking – are (The peeaviest of my particular grammatical pet peeves!). Pronounced just like the other two, they're. It is like being toe-tickled 24/7 if you are into that sort of thing (and that's as far as I'll go with this analogy, thank you very much).

And then, there's the magic time when the issue has been sweated over, anguished over, proofed until my eyes ache (although I know there will be

mistakes that I have been unable to detect until tomorrow, or next month). I determine that deadline has arrived and, flaws and all, it is time to deliver my most recent baby on its way to you, our readers. Another birth has happened.

Take time, read this issue, each section, each story, each poem, each cartoon with pleasure, with satisfaction, with comfort that there are, indeed, people in this world, in this part of the Treasure Coast, who are just as weird as you are.

So, to you, my favorite readers, I present Vol. 8, No. 6. Please, spread it around ... like a virus.

BTW Keith Olbermann said, on his "Countdown" podcast, that, since it appears that for the next year the Biden vs. Trump election will be the news, we should embrace the slogan of: "My Old Man can beat Your Old Man."

I heartily agree.

Virgil

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

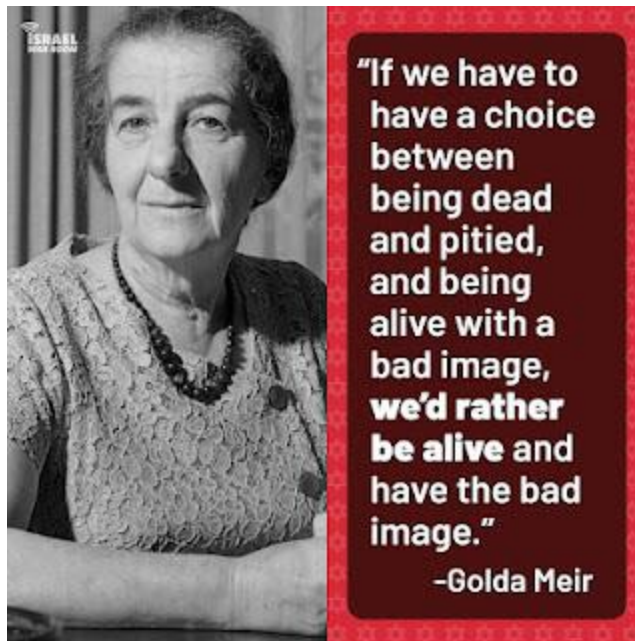
You are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1st Friday of the month), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional. 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 at 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
Marsha Banks
Ernie Breud
Eddie Buitrago
Ray Duryea
Rick Burkhart
Sandra Burkhart
Paul Carlos
Gloria Cosgrove
Carol Gillooley
Gale Baker
Bert Mautz
David Dorenzo
Betty Kasoff

Ed Zillioux
Bob Haskins
Barbara Lange
Jim Longo
Jerry Shaw
Yashi Nozawa
Roberta Synal
Lucy Thorp
Virgil Thorp
Dan Vignau
Linda Webb
Betty Tewksbury
Mark 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 <vignaujd@comcast.net> 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.

Events

November Holidays - Aviation History Month

The Morning Lisa



Nov 1 – National Author's Day

Nov 2 – Deviled Egg Day, International Space Station Opened in 2000. **1937** - **Earl 'Speedo' Carroll** of The Coasters ("Charlie Brown") b.


Nov 3 – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am. 1946** - **Nick Simper** - bassist for Deep Purple ("Smoke On The Water") b.

Nov 5 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Daylight Savings Time ends at 2:00 a.m. **1946** - **Gram Parsons** - guitarist

for The Byrds ("Sweetheart of the Rodeo") b.

1947 - Peter Noone - lead singer for Herman's Hermits ("Henry VIII") b.

Nov 7 – Scientist **Marie Curie** b. in 1867. International Merlot Day.

Nov 9 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm. 1936** - World Freedom Day. **Mary Travers** of Peter, Paul and Mary ("Leaving On A Jet Plane") b. First 'Rolling Stone' magazine is published in 1967.

Nov 10 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.** USMC Day.

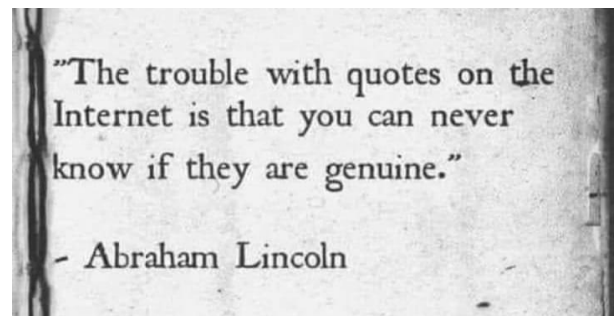
Nov 11 – Veteran's Day. **1944** - **Jesse Colin Young** - guitar / vocals for The Youngbloods ("Get Together") b.

Nov 12 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am. 1945** - **Neil Young** ("Heart Of Gold") b.

Nov 13 – Vietnam Veterans Memorial dedicated in 1982.

Nov 17 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.** World Peace Day 1938 - **Gordon Lightfoot** ("Sundown") b.

Nov 19 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11**



am. Gettysburg Address Delivered in 1863 by President Lincoln. **1937 - Ray Collins** - vocalist for The Mothers Of Invention ("Valley Girl") b.

Nov 23 - Thanksgiving - Eat, drink,


and be thankful, fourth Thursday.

Nov 24 - Aware Ones

Thanksgiving @ The Burkhardt's
3:00 pm cocktails, 4: 00 pm dinner.
Call or email to rsvp and for
directions: 772-919-1642,
outrageous314@yahoo.

Nov 26 - Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.

Nov 27 - Cyber Monday. (Monday after Thanksgiving. **1942 - Jimi Hendrix** ("Purple Haze") b.

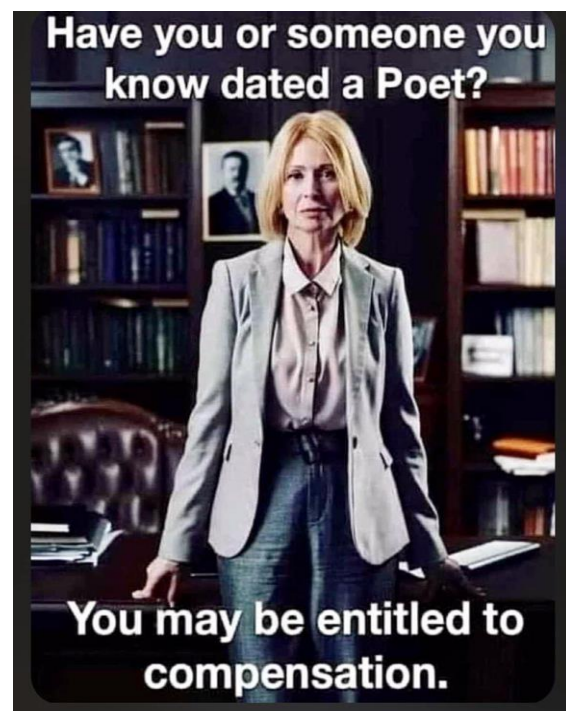
Nov 30 -  Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm. Mark Twain born, 1835. **1944 - Rob Grill** - bass / vocals for The Grassroots ("Midnight Confession") b.

December Monthly Celebrations - World Food Service
Safety Month

Dec 1 - Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am. Rosa Parks Day on this day in 1955 she refused to give up her seat.



DEAR GOD, THANKS FOR
LOVING US MORE THAN
THE AFRICAN KIDS



Dec 3 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am. 1948 - Ozzy Osbourne of Black Sabbath ("War Pigs") b.

Dec 4 – Zappadan begins Dec. 4 - Dec. 21.

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

Dec 6 – 13th Amendment abolishing slavery, ratified (1865). **1920 - Dave Brubeck** ("Take Five") b. Bartender

Appreciation Day.

Dec 7– Pearl Harbor Day. Chanukah begins, National Cotton Candy Day – would you like some fairy floss?

Dec 8 – National Brownie Day, **James Thurber** born, 1894.

Dec 10 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am. Human Rights Day, 1943 - **Chad Stewart** - guitar / vocals for Chad and Jeremy ("Yesterday's Gone") b.

Dec 14 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

Dec 15 – Aware Ones at **Sandsprit Park 11 am. Bill of Rights Day. 1939 - **Cindy Birdsong**** of The Supremes ("Stoned Love") b.



**Idolizing a politician is
like believing the
stripper really likes
you.**

**WE WON'T CHANGE THE MINDS OF
TRUMP SUPPORTERS WITH FACTS,
LOGIC OR APPEALS OF DECENCY.
IF THEY COULD BE INFLUENCED BY
THESE THINGS, THEY WOULDN'T
BE TRUMP SUPPORTERS.
BUT WE OUTNUMBER THEM AND
WE CAN SHOW UP AND VOTE
THIS NOVEMBER, AND EVERY
NOVEMBER FROM NOW ON.
VOTE BLUE.**

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS

Dec 16 – Beethoven's Birthday (1770). **1950** - **Billy Gibbons** - guitarist for ZZ Top ("Sleeping Bag") b.

Dec 17 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am. 1937** - **Art Neville** - keyboards / vocals for The Neville Brothers ("Tell It Like It Is") b. **1939** - **Eddie Kendricks** - vocalist for The Temptations ("My Girl") b.

Dec 19 – Dickens' A Christmas Carol published in 1843. **1944** - **Alvin Lee** - guitarist for Ten Years After ("I'd Love To Change The World") b.

Dec 21 – Winter Solstice – the shortest day of the year. **1940** - **Frank Zappa** ("Valley Girl") b. Zappadan ends.

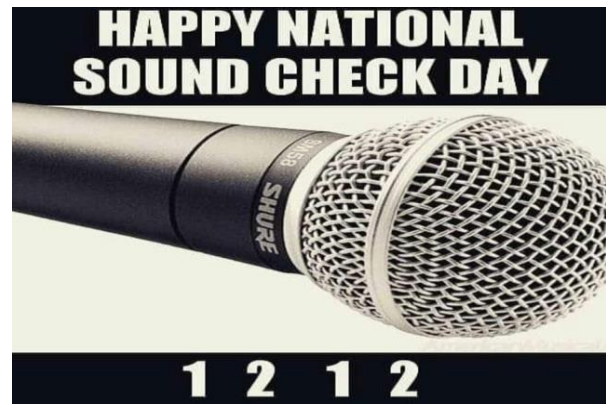
Dec 22 – **Aware Ones at Sandspruit Park 11 am. 1946** - **1946** - **Rick Nielson** - guitarist for Cheap Trick ("I Want You To Want Me") b.

Dec 23 – Festivus – *for the rest of us.*

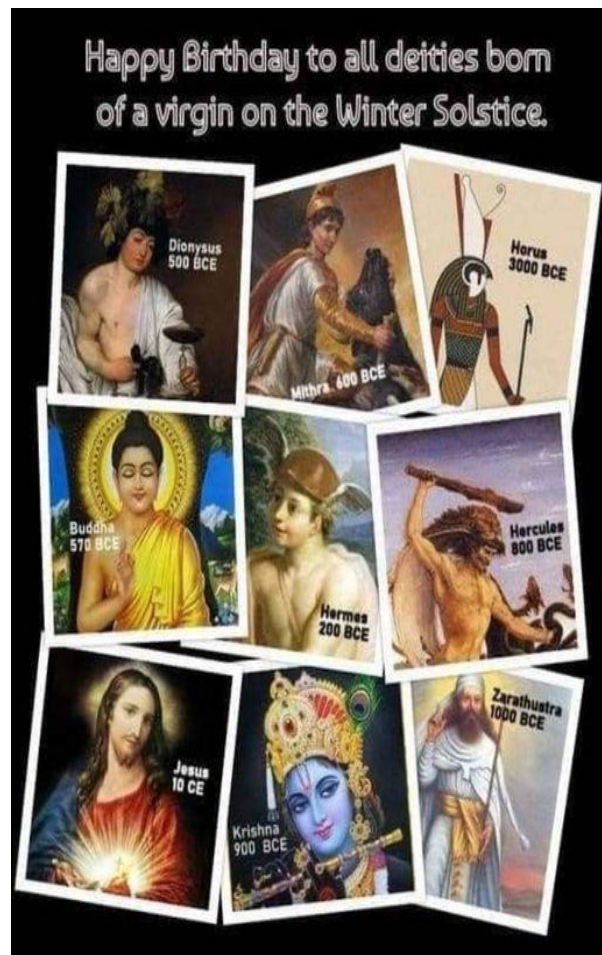
Dec 24 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am. 1945** - **Lemmy Kilmister** - bassist for Motorhead ("Overkill") b.

Dec 25 – Christmas Day. **1946** - **Jimmy Buffett** ("Margaritaville") b.

Dec 27 – **1941** - **Mike Pinder** - keyboard player for The Moody Blues ("Nights In White Satin") b.



Holy spirit on its way to see Mary

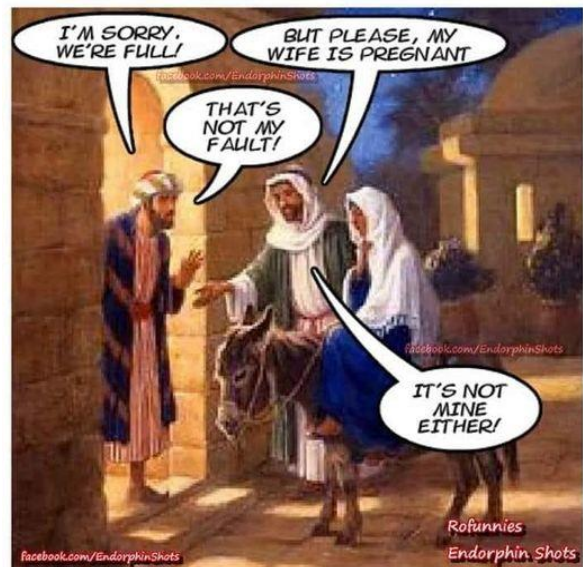


Dec 28 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

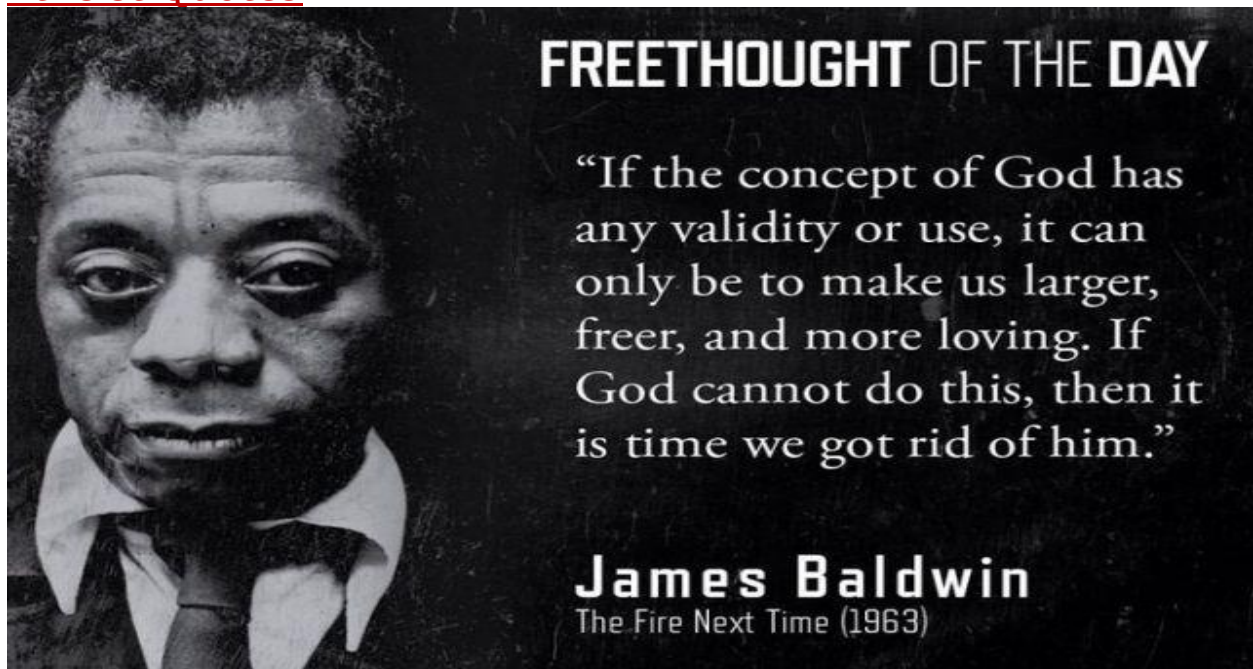
Dec 29 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am. 1941 - Ray Thomas - flautist and vocalist for The Moody Blues ("Go Now") b. **1942 - Rick Danko** - bassist for The Band ("Up On Cripple Creek") b.

Dec 30 – Bacon Day. Author **Rudyard Kipling** born, 1865. **1946 - Patti Smith** - ("Because The Night") b.

Dec 31 – New Year's Eve. Artist **Henri Matisse** born, 1869. **1943 - Pete Quaife** - bass player for The Kinks ("Lola") b. **1947 - Burton Cummings** - piano/lead vocals for The Guess Who ("American Woman") b.



Atheist Quotes





FREETHOUGHT OF THE DAY

"I think everybody kind of hits that point where they say, 'Okay, am I doing this out of tradition? Do I actually believe this?'"

Donald Glover

Interview, Zap2it (2011)

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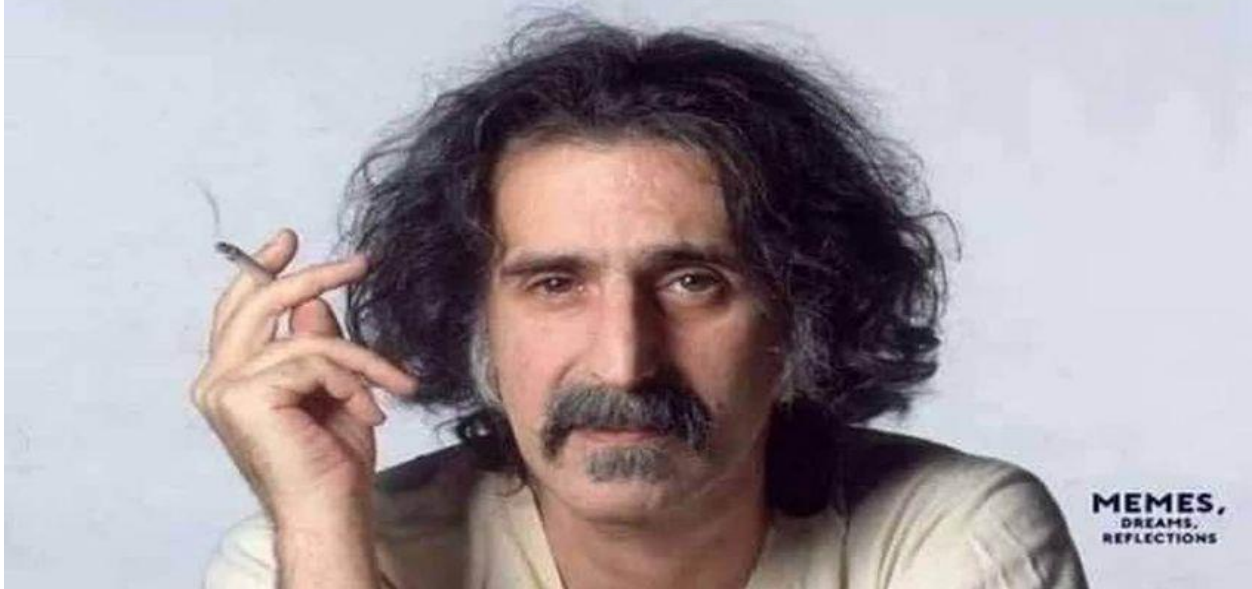


"Gods always behave like the people who created them"

Zora Neale Hurston (1891 - 1960)
American folklorist

"Anybody who wants religion is welcome to it, as far as I'm concerned--I support your right to enjoy it. However, I would appreciate it if you exhibited more respect for the rights of those people who do not wish to share your dogma, rapture, or necrodestination."

Frank Zappa



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

September 2023

1

[Jimmy Buffett](#), 76, American singer-songwriter ("[Margaritaville](#)", "[Cheeseburger in Paradise](#)"), founder of [Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville](#), Merkel-cell carcinoma.



4

[Gary Wright](#), 80, American singer-songwriter ("[Dream Weaver](#)", "[Love Is Alive](#)") and musician ([Spooky Tooth](#)), Parkinson's disease and Lewy body dementia.



23

[Terry Kirkman](#), 83, American musician ([The Association](#)) and songwriter ("[Cherish](#)", "[Everything That Touches You](#)"), heart failure.



25 [David McCallum](#), 90, Scottish actor ([The Man from U.N.C.L.E.](#), [NCIS](#), [The Great Escape](#)) and musician.

29

[Dianne Feinstein](#), 90, American politician, member of the [U.S. Senate](#) (since 1992), [mayor of San Francisco](#) (1978–1988).

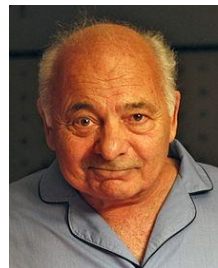


October



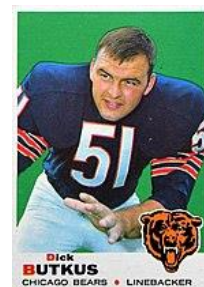
1

[Tim Wakefield](#), 57, American baseball player ([Boston Red Sox](#), [Pittsburgh Pirates](#)) and commentator ([NESN](#)), brain cancer.



5

[Dick Butkus](#), 80, American [Hall of Fame](#) football player ([Chicago Bears](#)) and actor ([Hang Time](#), [Johnny Dangerously](#)).



8

[Burt Young](#), 83, American actor ([Rocky](#), [Chinatown](#), [Back to School](#)).

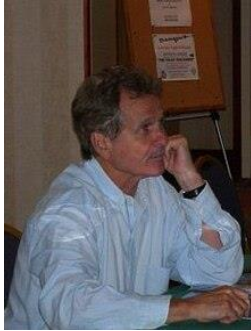


- [Herschel Savage](#), 70, American pornographic actor ([Debbie Does Dallas](#), [Memphis Cathouse Blues](#), [The Texas Vibrator Massacre](#)) and director.

10

[Jeff Burr](#), 60, American film director ([Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre III](#), [Stepfather II](#), [Puppet Master 4](#)), complications from a stroke.





- [Louise Meriwether](#), 100, American author ([Daddy Was a Number Runner](#)) and activist.
- [Mark Goddard](#), 87, American actor ([Lost in Space](#), [The Detectives](#), [Blue Sunshine](#)), pulmonary fibrosis.

11

[Phyllis Coates](#), 96, American actress ([Adventures of Superman](#), [Superman and the Mole Men](#), [Goodnight, Sweet Marilyn](#))



14

[Piper Laurie](#), 91, American actress ([Carrie](#), [The Hustler](#), [Children of a Lesser God](#)), [Emmy](#) winner (1987).

15

[Suzanne Somers](#), 76, American actress ([Three's Company](#), [Step by Step](#), [She's the Sheriff](#)), breast cancer.

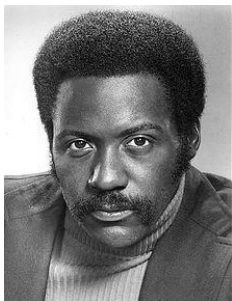


[Joanna Merlin](#), 92, American actress ([Fiddler on the Roof](#), [Mystic Pizza](#), [Law & Order: Special Victims Unit](#))



21

[Bobi](#), 31, Portuguese [Rafeiro do Alentejo](#) dog, oldest dog ever.



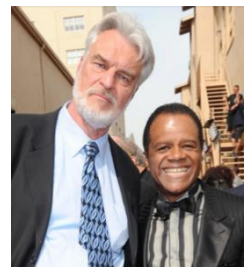
24

[Richard Roundtree](#), 81, American actor ([Shaft](#), [Se7en](#), [Speed Racer](#)), pancreatic cancer.



26

[Richard Moll](#), 80, American actor ([Night Court](#), [House](#), [Batman: The Animated Series](#)) .



28

[Matthew Perry](#), 54, American-Canadian actor ([Friends](#), [The Whole Nine Yards](#), [Fallout: New Vegas](#)).



Heroes

Rice University Marching Band Parodies Mike Miles in Half-Time Show

By dianeravitch

September 18, 2023

9

Doggone it, I love this generation of kids that's entering adulthood. They care about the environment, they don't like to see the strong picking on the weak, they protest on behalf of just causes.

Latest example: the Rice University marching band parodied State-imposed Superintendent Mike Miles in the half-time show, and they portrayed him as Dr. Evil. They picked up on all Miles' gaffes, from turning libraries into discipline centers to staging a musical production starting himself to belittling teachers. Megan Menchacha of the Houston Chronicle writes:

"Rice University's marching band mocked state-appointed Houston ISD Superintendent Mike Miles during their halftime show at Saturday's football game against Texas Southern University. The small band, known as The Mob, performed a brief "Austin Powers"-themed show characterizing Miles as Dr. Evil — the main antagonist of the popular movie series. The show criticizes Miles' removal of librarians at around 85 HISD schools and his song-and-dance skit during the district's annual convocation ceremony."



Assholes of the Month

Missouri Gubernatorial Candidate and State Senator Participate in Book Burning

MAGA burning books in America in 2023

Republican Missouri Gubernatorial Candidate and State Senator Bill

Eigel along with Missouri State Senator Nick Schroer participated in a book burning this weekend using flame throwers at an event called the St. Charles County Freedom Fest.



Oklahoma Governor Signs “Women’s Bill of Rights” Into Law

by Mike Walters • The bill aims to solidify distinctions between men and women based on their assigned gender at birth. Stitt, in a conversation with former NCAA athlete Riley Gaines, said that the new law intends to identify spaces where “men” and “women” should be kept separate. In other words, the law aims to keep transgender women out of women’s spaces.

Gains continued: “They told us we wouldn’t get a job, we wouldn’t get into grad school, we would lose our friends, we would lose our scholarship. They told us that we would be murderers if we spoke out because we would be complicit in a potential death. That’s how they kept us silent. That’s why it feels as if, and it seems as if, I’ve been one of the few voices fighting for this.”

 MAGAMingle.US

Are you tired and disappointed of dating people that don't share your values????!! Find your match on the greatest... See more

MAGAMingle.US

**Divorced
Grandma, 36,
seeks very
Conservative
White
Christian man.
Must have a
very big
assault rifle.
Size does matter!**



COMMENTARY



Sometimes that Boebert, she looks right into you. Right into your eyes. You know the thing about a Boebert is she's got lifeless eyes. Black eyes. Like a doll's eyes. When she comes at ya, doesn't seem to be livin'... until she reaches down and cranks your hawg, and those black eyes roll over white and then...ah, then you get asked to leave the theater and then you hear that terrible high-pitched screamin'..."DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"



A Letter of Warning from American Atheist President, Nick Fish

Dear Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast,

You've heard me talk a lot about white Christian nationalism and the threat it poses to our democracy. And you'd be forgiven for sometimes thinking that it's hyperbole to say that extremists are at the helm of many of our civic institutions.

But this week showed that our worries were justified.

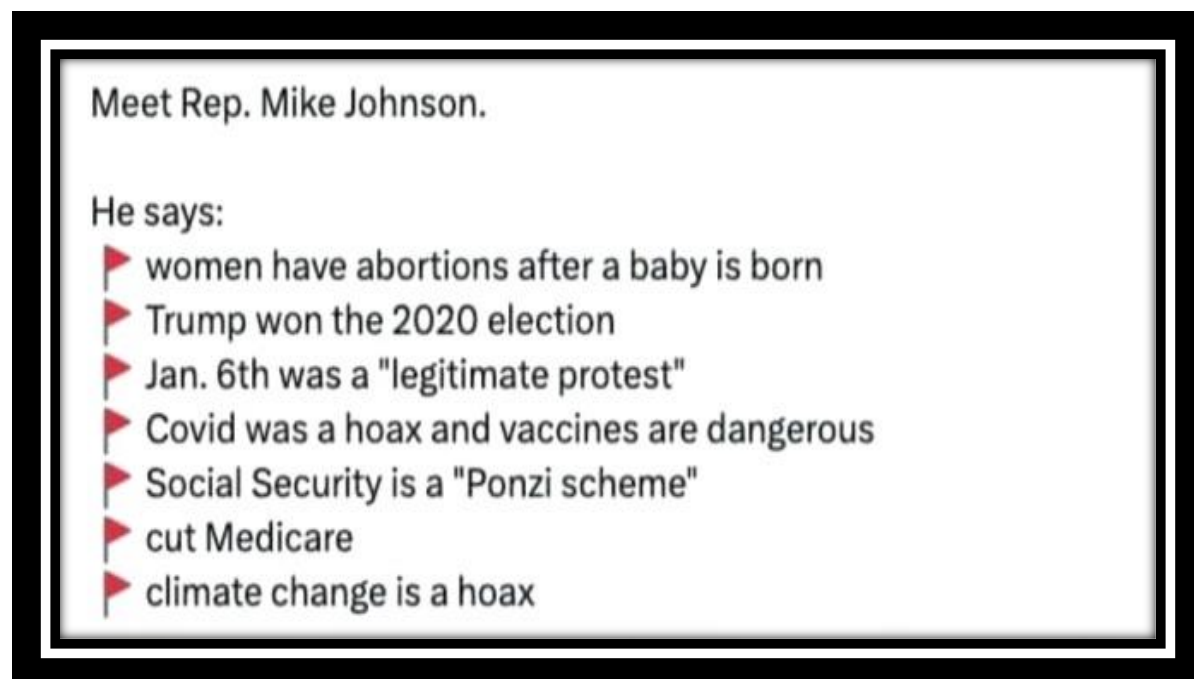
With the election of Rep. Mike Johnson (R-LA) as Speaker of the House, we are witnessing the erosion of our democratic values in real time.



Johnson's slick and cordial appearance in tailored suits and glasses hides a history of extremist activism and an anti-democratic congressional record. As the *New York Times* spells out in its profile of Johnson, he combines a staunch anti-abortion stance and virulent anti-LGBTQ rhetoric with his active

participation in attempting to overturn the 2020 election.

Prior to his career in politics, he served as the senior attorney and national media spokesperson for the so-called Alliance Defending Freedom, the extreme — and well-funded — legal arm of the Christian nationalist movement. When there, **he wrote that being gay was "inherently unnatural" and "dangerous," compared LGBTQ people to pedophiles, and said that same-sex marriage would inevitably lead to people marrying their pets.**



This year alone, Johnson has co-sponsored three different nationwide abortion ban bills. He has said that women need to give birth to more "able-bodied workers" to avoid cuts to Social Security. And he bragged about a Louisiana law that would sentence abortion providers to up to ten years of "hard labor."

He is a Young Earth Creationist and has previously represented Answers in Genesis, the group that built the taxpayer-subsidized Noah's Ark in Kentucky. He wants public school courses to teach the Bible "as an accurate record of history."

And when asked about his views about American democracy, he answered, “We don’t live in a democracy,” we live in a “biblical” republic.

It’s this combination of extreme Christian nationalist credentials that enabled him to be elected as Speaker.



Last weekend, I spoke to a group of supporters at the Central Florida Freethought Community, about the existential threat that White Christian Nationalism poses to our democracy — and what we can do to fight back.

I talked about how this anti-democratic ideology believes that their god has ordained some people to rule, and others to be ruled. I talked about how the extreme, dehumanizing rhetoric of this movement can lead to violence. And I talked about how organizing at the grassroots — being prepared to fight back at every school board, city council, and state legislature — was the only way for us to win.

It will take all of us, and frankly all the allies we can engage, to fight back against this Christian nationalist takeover of not just the Speaker's chair, but also our civic and political institutions.

Please let your atheist voice be heard by supporting our work on the ground in all 50 states.

Silence is not an option. We have to confront this threat to our democracy head on. And we have to show what can happen when the wall of separation between religion and government starts to crumble.

In solidarity,

Nick Fish
President

“One of the saddest lessons of history is this: If we’ve been bamboozled long enough, we tend to reject any evidence of the bamboozle. We’re no longer interested in finding out the truth. The bamboozle has captured us. It’s simply too painful to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that we’ve been taken. Once you give a charlatan power over you, you almost never get it back.”

– Carl Sagan

War is not good for the little people



By James Longo

Nothing bad ever happens, it is all just material. There is also Nietzsche, "what doesn't kill you will make you stronger." This is pretty much the case for this morning. I wrote about four hundred words and my computer had a fart ... and I lost it all.

So I gave up, made Barb lunch, took a nap, and am back at it. It really wasn't a bad thing. I had just decided almost all of it was drivel. The universe probably saved you from that mediocrity, only to give you this mediocrity.

I am not even going to try to be original. I am shooting for writing memes which are cultural references passed from one individual to another. I'll be satisfied writing cliches. phrases or opinions that are used and not original. I guess all cliches are memes, but not all memes are cliches.

To quote Edwin Starr, "War, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing." Are you not hearing a lot of that sentiment these days, with Ukraine, and now Israel?

War is good for certain groups of people. It has always been good for the arms dealers. The governments that want to distract their citizens from internal problems. Like government judicial overreach and corruption.

War isn't good for the little people who pay for the war through their tax dollars, and their children's lives in this country, and in those war-ravaged places with losing everything.

What is wrong with the human psyche that makes it willing to do untold damage to itself and others? What makes man's inhumanity towards man?



I always believed it was man's inability to see his fellow men as human beings. It is okay to give out those smallpox blankets. It is okay to starve 7 million Ukrainians. It is okay to gas 6 million Jews, and on and on from Pol Pot to Rwanda, from the Conquistadors to the Colonialists. Those people aren't people. We hate them all. Kill them all, and too often they do.

War, why go there? What was Hamas thinking? Yeah, you could strike at Israel and kill a thousand people, but what does that get you?

You know Israel's Defense Force will kill as many if not more of your own people. Who made this decision and what were they thinking? Were they hoping for an Israel genocide in Gaza, to turn the world against Israel?

Who was this cold-hearted? Who was this stupid? Who was this desperate? What is Hamas anyway, but a public relations company with a terror division? Hamas' only hope is an Israeli overreaction. President Biden has rightly recognized this fact.

Ukraine, did Putin really believe Ukraine would fall in three days? I understand Putin didn't want Ukraine to join NATO or the European Union, but was this really the only solution? Wasn't there any other answer? Or was this a case of believing his own bullshit that he would recapture the old Soviet Empire and go down in history as the next Peter the Great or Ivan the Terrible?

The problem in the United States after 9-11 was an overreaction in Afghanistan, and the Neocons and Bush administration believing their own bullshit in Iraq. Oh, we can re-make the Middle East in our own image. Right, and I have swamp land in Florida. When it comes to war, stupidity rules and, as a matter-of-fact, stupidity rules supreme.

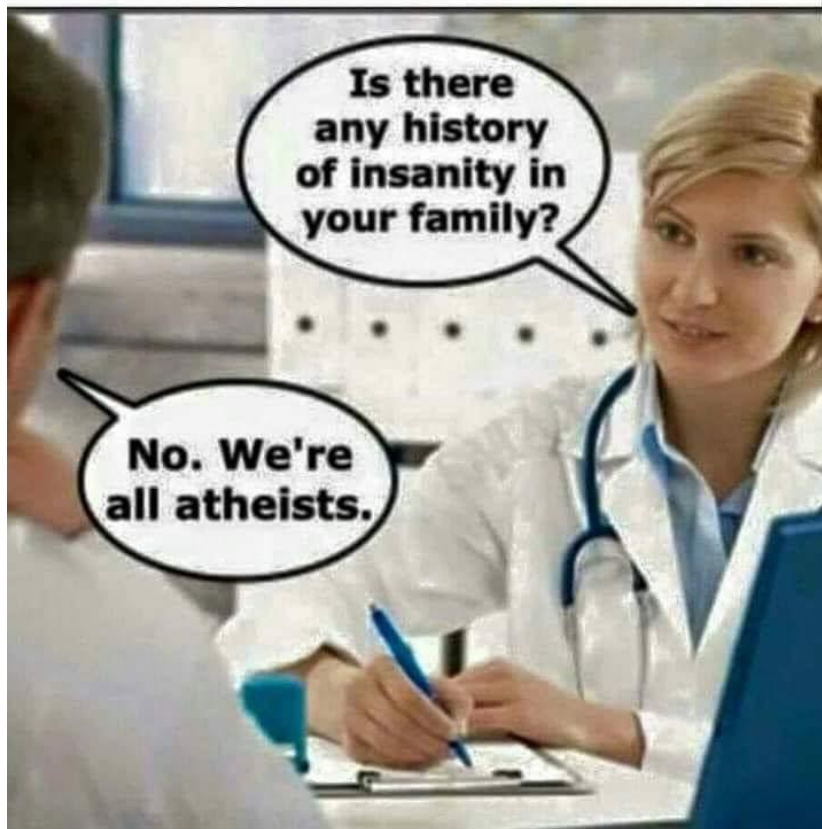
To quote John Lennon, "Give peace a chance," but the sociopath leaders think peace is those moments when everybody takes time.



Normalizing Atheism

By Patrick Deno

An open letter to proselytizers: as a believer, you've been told that, for whatever reason, you have been tasked with saving my soul via witnessing, whether I want to hear it or not. Ostensibly, you say you want to save me from burning for eternity, but it often feels more like all you really want to do is feed your hero-complex and sense of moral-superiority - to rack up



points in the after-life at my expense. Do you honestly think you're the first person to ever share this information with me? Do you imagine that I've never heard of your god or your message of 'salvation', having lived my entire life in the western world? Or is it just that you're so uniquely special that you're going to achieve the win, where so many others have been unsuccessful? But what I don't think ever occurred to you is the following: if it is your mission, your divine mandate, to

convert me and you fail, why is it never your fault and why are you never at risk, yourself, of burning for your complete failure to achieve your mandate? Why is it, do you think, that your first instinct is to resort to trying to comfort yourself with the thought that it is somehow MY fault? That some short-coming in me - some malicious, sinister force - explains your failure to close the deal? Why demonize and resent me, when you're the one who couldn't hit the mark? That should tell you something about both your pitch and motivation, but it somehow never does. Why is that? How is my refusal to buy what you're trying to sell my problem? I remain skeptical, not because I was fooled by your devil or because I am being rebellious against your god. It's entirely because of the following: YOU. WEREN'T. CONVINCING.

Your story sounds primitive, contrived, and unlikely in the extreme, your dogma is contradictory and extortionary, and your book makes claims that are in direct contravention of independently verifiable, repeatably testable, and objectively falsifiable facts. I simply find no good reason to believe that you can suddenly do magic and have gained secret knowledge, or that you both know the mind of a prime celestial being and are duly authorized to speak for him, merely by virtue of having joined a book club. It all comes across as a poorly executed used-car salesman's pitch and I simply find no value in buying. That is completely YOUR fault and a 'you' problem, not mine.

Sincerely, believe whatever you want if it makes you happy, though from my perspective, it doesn't seem like that's the case. Whatever gets you through the night, keeps you off of a ledge with a high-powered rifle, or keeps you from strapping on an explosives vest and walking into a school, please do more of that. Just keep it off my porch, out of my bedroom, out of my kids' schools, out

of my courtrooms, out of my government, and off my battlefields. But remember, if you don't want to be ridiculed for your beliefs, it's up to you to get some less ridiculous beliefs. I don't owe you my patronage, my time, my respect, my servitude, or my resources. You're not being persecuted; you're just not getting what you want. Grow up and get over yourself.



Anguish & Tragedy, Grieving & Anger

By Virgil Thorp



It all happened in a little over a week. From bliss to agony. One day, the happiest, go-lucky man in Florida. A wonderful life of peace and enjoyment. All his boxes were checked, and he had the best years of retirement ahead of him. He embraced the superiority of Ayn Rand's "Objectivism". He echoed her with "describing its essence as 'the concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life.'" – He believed in upright and honorable principles in thought, morality and decency. – "With productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute."

Essentially, *what I have is mine and I have earned it.* He was a staunch republican, sincerely believing you get what you deserve.

But tragedy stumbled into his life. Just 24 hours later, the next day, he was a wreck. No longer upright and honorable. No longer the heroic man. He was the dejected man, in his mind, the worst man. A life that had been reduced to rubble. From wonderful to horrible in just the time it takes to sneeze. A great fall into the bottom of the caste system. Someone should do something. A week later, someone did.

My friend is dead. My best friend is dead. More like a brother than a friend. We shared so many things together; laughter, sailing, food, women and he is

dead. He died because of sexual guilt. Society dictates what is acceptable and what is not. Society said, he was not. Society said, he was a sexual deviant. The cops agreed and called him a perv. He didn't say it out loud, but I know he said to himself, *I am now worthless*. A man who was smart and approached genius in so many ways could not accept being horny and human. He had let a prurient thought influence him. He did something so very stupid. And he died.

He died in his van on the beach where he had so many joyous sailing adventures. He was watching the sunrise, probably, hopefully. He probably had his music on. He always sailed with music on. Pink Floyd, Stevie Nicks, Alan Parsons. It was fluid and free to sail. The sounds of water and wind. Harmonically performing with the breeze. A primal grasping of the energy of nature. Could there be anything better to life? I hope the lyrics of the song he listened to gave him a little comfort as his life drained out onto the van's floor.



I want to scream. I want to cry. I have done both since I heard the news.

I have spoken with his widow. She is devastated. The cops just said he had been found dead. Deceased is what they said, and his van is in the impound. Nothing more. The coroner provided her with the details. My stomach churned as she told me the what and the how he had done it. My friend had slit both his wrists in his shame. He wanted oblivion, to be dead. He didn't want to botch it. To no longer feel the humiliation of being a public pervert; His guilty face all over the internet for the world to see. She said she had arranged his cremation.

I want to help her do the things that need to be done. I want to be the one who washes out the van's carpets and hoses down the seats. I want to do it in his driveway while his neighbors are going to work. I want the bloody water to stain the curbs of the cul-de-sac where he lived. I want them to see his blood. "Happy now?" I'd yell. "You don't have to be afraid anymore. My friend is dead. The dirty neighborhood window peeker, the pervert is fucking dead you hypocrites."

In a culture where everything you do is probably under surveillance, on camera or videoed or tracked; You cannot even fart sideways without someone knowing. I ask, how can you condemn my friend for wanting to take a little peek at something pretty?

What was going on in his mind? Was it; What is pretty? Or even, what is erotic, prurient? How can you not look? Why not go into the backyard for a closer look? There's light coming from the window. The shade is not fully drawn. What if I take a quick peek? No one will ever know. No one will be hurt, he reasoned. Is there perfection there, beyond the shade? Oh, how pretty. A real woman. It wasn't like the Eve and Adam story, a trivial temptation, but he had fallen just the same. And then, his world collapsed.

"May I *please* put my pants on?" That's what a properly brought up person says. That's what my friend said on the police body camera being played all over the news from Tampa to New York City.

"May I, and 'please', and then you say, 'thank you.'" His mother had taught him well. There was no thank you today, however. Everybody could see him.



Could see his humiliation. But he was still my friend. He was always polite, a gentleman. Was he now a common criminal, a deviant sex fiend?

A swat team. He was being pinned to the ground brutally, like we have seen so many times before with people like the black man, George Floyd, a knee in his back – not on his neck, thank goodness – face down on his sidewalk. You could see the gun pointed at his head as his face was being rubbed against the rough cement. Scratching his face, bringing blood. They beat him up. It looks so vile. He was no longer free.

The reality of captivity is sobering. He had never been in that position before. Of not being able to go and do what he wanted. Captivity and all the indignities that accompany it was his future. And he

knew this. If the cops had had any mercy, they would have pulled the trigger to save him from the torments that drove him to do what he did to himself.

Mercy was not what they wanted. They kept him from putting on his pants for the longest time. The longer the better. Pervert. Make the pervert suffer. Make him struggle and writhe in fear like wild animals do when they have been captured.

Deep down he accepted their disgust. He knew he deserved it. The first thought of an alternative end.

Why did they arrest him so? The optics were so demeaning, so degrading. They had the evidence on security camera footage and could easily identify him as the next-door neighbor window peeker. A perverted old man, getting his nauseating jollies in the darkened backyards of the neighborhood.

They could have phoned him much more easily – left him a message – directed him to get an attorney and come to the sheriff's office. Surrender. Gift him a shred of dignity. That would not be asking too much. Would it? He wasn't a danger. He was just intrigued by the chance to see something pretty, something erotic.

They could have arrested him any time, but they wanted to catch him with his pants down. I saw the bodycam tape. That was available, too. How deliciously inappropriate. How exceptionally perverted to all the detached, vicarious voyeurs on the internet. How really sick they were. The media will eat this up. "A Seminole County man was caught last night with his pants down – Ha-ha-ha and with tomorrow's weather, here's Merle the friendly weather chimpanzee." I heard background laughter from the cops. They didn't give him a chance for dignity. They kept the floodlight on him. Only a T-shirt, no pants. He looked terrible. He looked lost. He looked ready to die. The cops' message was clear; *this is what a pervert looks like!*



He called me after he got out of jail. Because there was a hurricane building in the gulf I wondered if he and his wife would want to grab their cat and ask if they could shake out the storm over here with us. The tone of his voice was alarming. Something was wrong. He was normally so calm, so much in charge. He did not sound well, and I feared for what was bothering my friend. We are all older and frailer now. Was he sick? Was his wife sick? Was

there a tumor growing? Something fatal, something terminal? I always brace for bad news, but I wasn't prepared for this.

"I fucked up big time. Your friend who is always so meticulous, screwed the pooch."

Okay, what can I do to help you? Do you need me to drive over?

"You know how I can let my little head rule my big head" – (a long pause) – "I got caught peeking in my neighbor's window." – (a longer pause) – "I don't know why I did such a stupid thing." – (another long pause – I didn't know what to say) – "This is so hard for me to tell you this." – I pictured my friend drawing up his courage and accepting his responsibility. – "My fault, I did it. I, I, did it." He had confessed, I momentarily wondered, did he want me to give him absolution?

He faced two counts of burglary and one count of voyeurism.

The thought, *Well, aren't we all [voyeurs in one way or another?]*. Went through my head. *No better and no worse than anyone else*. How we had enjoyed watching the bikinied bodies on the beaches and when we sailed. Sometimes the more adventurous women, once away from the beach, would go topless, letting the world gaze at their beauty all it wanted. We enjoyed looking. Anyone who says different is like the person who swears they have never masturbated. It is a silly, silly sexual hangup that is perpetrated on us all, every fucking day. Should a person be executed for trespassing?

"She (the neighbor) took out a restraining order on me. I can't even go home."

There was no use asking why. Instead, I asked if he had retained an attorney. Legal help.

"No lawyer offices are open with this storm coming." I could hear his wife say in the background.

I urged him to get one as soon as he could. "You are my friend; you are a good man." *Fight this*.

"The police have my phone, don't call me or text me."

How could I pick him up?

"Use my wife's phone." He began to sound calmer now. He had made a confession.

I told a joke. "Want me to send you some religious tracts to your phone? Won't that give the cops something to think about." I got a chuckle. He wasn't expecting that. I am so lame.

Of course, he was going through hell. Of course, his life would be changed forever. Someone would gleefully put him on a sex offender list for the rest of his life. He would be an untouchable. Branded. Looked down upon. Not the life he had envisioned of himself. He was now a drooling, evil, sex pervert. How could he survive in jail? How could he make up for such a stupid mistake? How could he apologize to his neighbors, his friends, his family? Reality was overwhelming him.

"I'll call you after the storm passes."

"Okay, remember, we love you," I said with all the emphasis I could. "Bye for now." And sat down in numbed disbelief.

Maybe it was a mistake to give him space. He had found himself in a deep, deep hole with no way out. He couldn't even go home to where he felt the most safe! The final straw.

Every time he looked in the mirror the face he saw was his mug shot, and it repulsed him. He had idolized Ayn Rand, but her sophistry could not salvage him. All the times he voted republican were no help. No empathy from them. His friends tried to help but he was so devastated I doubt he even heard us.



There was no angel to rescue him like Clarence did for George Bailey in "It's a Wonderful Life." To show him how important he was to all the other people in his life. To prevent his despair from making him commit another mistake. But George was just an accidental embezzler not a leering perv. So much worse, the lowest of the low, a degenerate. Might as well be black.

However, like George Bailey agonizing on the bridge, he also wasn't alone. He was in his van just before dawn that Saturday morning waiting ... Parked

on the beach that he loved. Instead of Clarence, there was Guilt, sitting in his passenger seat. Guilt convinced him the best way for any future was to end his shame. Burn it, cut it off. Cauterize it. Execute it. Like the inquisition did to rid the body of the church of heretics.

"Do it. Do it. You're a failure. You're filth. Do it. You're dead already. Stop the pain. Do it. Have the guts to stop the pain." The dichotomy of the catholic penitent. Don't, and do.

Guilt spoke quietly, "I have a way to stop this." And it did. It convinced him to open the veins in each wrist. And he did it. He hated himself. He was convinced he deserved this. He forced himself to sit still as blood drained from his wounds. Did he worry about how long it would take to bleed out? Did he anguish over the ones who were left behind?

Only, he wanted to die. We, his friends and loved ones, *did not* want him to die. Probably, the woman he peeked at, *did not* want him to die, either. But, he did. He could not go home. He was no longer a member of the white man's club.

It wouldn't take long, three to five, maybe ten minutes, tops. He had to make it happen. He had to focus. There was a point when he asked, *Why me? And, I have to make this pain stop!!! All it takes is a deep breath, and so long world.*

It took cool nerve to accomplish but it had started. Like a river. He probably began to hyperventilate. His heart would be pumping like crazy. There would be numbness. The pain wouldn't hurt so much as the blood continued to splash on the console, the floorboard, to the sea. *My blood?* He would start to feel cold. Then, mercifully, my friend's eyes saw the ocean for the last time ... his light went dark.

Gone, forever. My grieving is only disturbed by being angry with him.

God damn it to hell. He believed the fucking lie. Oh god damn it, no! My friend is dead.



Do believers really believe?



Religionists claim to believe all kinds of quite startling and implausible things. But do they *really* believe them?

There is, for example, life after death – Heaven and Hell, for Christians or Muslims. How would a person behave if he genuinely believed this concept, in the straightforward way you or I believe that $2+2=4$ or that North America exists? He would never be sad when a co-believer he loved died, since he would believe that person had gone to Heaven. After all, would *you* be sad if you believed that the person you loved had gone on to a much better existence where they would always be happy, and that eventually you would join them there? And such a true believer would have almost no fear of death. A little, perhaps, since death is usually painful or at least somewhat unpleasant, but that would be trivial to someone who truly believed death to be merely a gateway to a much happier existence.

Yet most believers mourn their dead pretty much the same way as unbelievers do, and work as hard to avoid death as we do. Yes, they claim their belief in Heaven as a comfort in such cases, but they don't behave and think the way somebody who truly believed in Heaven would behave and think.

What about prayer? These people claim to believe in an omniscient (all-knowing) God. Such a God would already know what you want, and exactly how intensely you want it, and whether you deserve it. It would make no difference, and therefore no sense, to *ask* him for it. Yet Christians do this all

the time, and most sects strongly recommend the practice. When you pray for, say, the life of a friend who is in the hospital, how could that possibly affect God's decision about whether or not to intervene in your friend's favor? God already knows all about your friend's virtues and faults, how much you care, etc. It doesn't make sense. Believers, it seems, do not truly believe their God is all-knowing. Instead, they believe he can be chivvied into doing what they want, even sometimes in trivial matters, by their entreaties.

Consider the behavior of religious leaders. Corruption and hypocrisy and abuse are rife. Think of the countless Catholic priests who, as we now know, sexually abuse children. Think of the systematic policy of the Catholic hierarchy, shielding those priests from exposure, moving them from place to place so they won't get caught and can find fresh victims. All of this behavior has been going on for decades, probably centuries. Authoritarian Protestant sects, too, are rife with cases of venerated leaders sexually exploiting women, or committing adultery, or carrying on clandestine homosexual activity, which their religion proclaims to be sinful.

**Churches got sign
language interpreters
preaching about the
healing power of
Jesus Christ.**

Just think about that.

These people are very diligent about hiding their behavior from *human* witnesses who could expose them to worldly punishment. But they claim to believe in an all-knowing God who has the power to condemn them to a terrifying *eternal* punishment after death. Such a God could not be fooled, and would know very well everything they were doing. Would religious leaders who truly believed in such a God commit such abuses, "knowing"

that no amount of deception could save them from his eventual judgment? It doesn't make sense.

For that matter, one would expect ordinary believers to behave far more morally than unbelievers, since they similarly believe that their God is seeing everything they do and will severely punish serious misbehavior after death. Yet this belief does not make most believers behave noticeably better than anyone else does. In fact, the least religious parts of the US have lower rates of violent crime than the most religious parts, and highly secular societies such as Japan and western Europe have much lower rates than highly religious regions like Latin America and Sub-Saharan Africa.

I grant that *some* people really do behave in ways consistent with true belief. The actions of the 9/11 hijackers, for example, actually were logically consistent with Islamic doctrines about jihad and Heaven. There are stories about the Spanish conquistadors in the Americas baptizing Indian babies and then immediately killing them before they had a chance to sin, to guarantee them entry into Heaven. From the viewpoint of true belief, this makes sense – the loss of a normal human life would be insignificant compared to getting eternal paradise rather than eternal torture. But notice that such behavior (a) is very rare and (b) looks like frightening insanity to almost everyone, including to most Christians.

There may exist, in the human mind, the capacity for a sort of quasi-belief intermediate between actual belief and deception of others – a kind of deception maintained with such intensity (and with such self-righteousness) that it fools even the self on a very superficial level ("I believe that I believe this"). I can hardly imagine what this would subjectively feel like. But it seems that the religious belief of most religious people is something like this. That may account for their weirdly disproportionate outrage when their religion is challenged in some way. The comforting belief is fragile, and any questioning of it threatens to force them to confront the fact that they're really fooling themselves.

But I don't think most of them really believe the gibberish they claim to believe, not in the plain straightforward way people believe $2+2=4$. They just don't behave the way they would if they did.

POSTED BY INFIDEL753



ARTICLES



SOMETIMES
THEY'RE
NOT SO
GOOD
By Bert Mautz



It was the first coolish Saturday morning of the season. Heading out to “walk-n-roll” for breakfast, just not sure where. A hybrid little shop claiming to offer vintage vinyl and coffee was a couple blocks down Colorado Avenue. Why not try ‘em out.

Stopped by the Prescription Shoppe to pick up several daily meds and rolled on. Getting some overdue exercise, feeling great in low humidity air.

Fragile outdoor cafe tables and chairs out front. Austere concrete floors and painted block walls interior. Coffee and foods bar was tiny.

The gal running the place was busy. Several customers were ahead of us in line. We waited our turn patiently. There was a modest display of pastries labeled with up-market price tags.

She did a warmed ham-n-egg on a roll also. We ordered the walnut muffin, the croissant sandwich, and two coffees, paid and took our places at a small table.

Customers who came in after us seemed to be regulars; being waited on, chatted up cordially, like they were known here and getting their coffees fixed before ours.

Benefit of doubt – maybe it was the egg being cooked. After the walk in the sunshine, we had appetites. Give ‘em a chance to shine.

A frail girl in a dirty t-shirt who was wiping down tables brought over the \$5.09 Walnut Muffin. Betty almost bent the cheap stainless fork; the muffin was hard as a rock. Grasped it with the other hand and forced the fork thru.

Are you kidding me? Gave me a large crumb. Cold, dry, stale, and flavorless. Five bucks buys you one shit muffin.

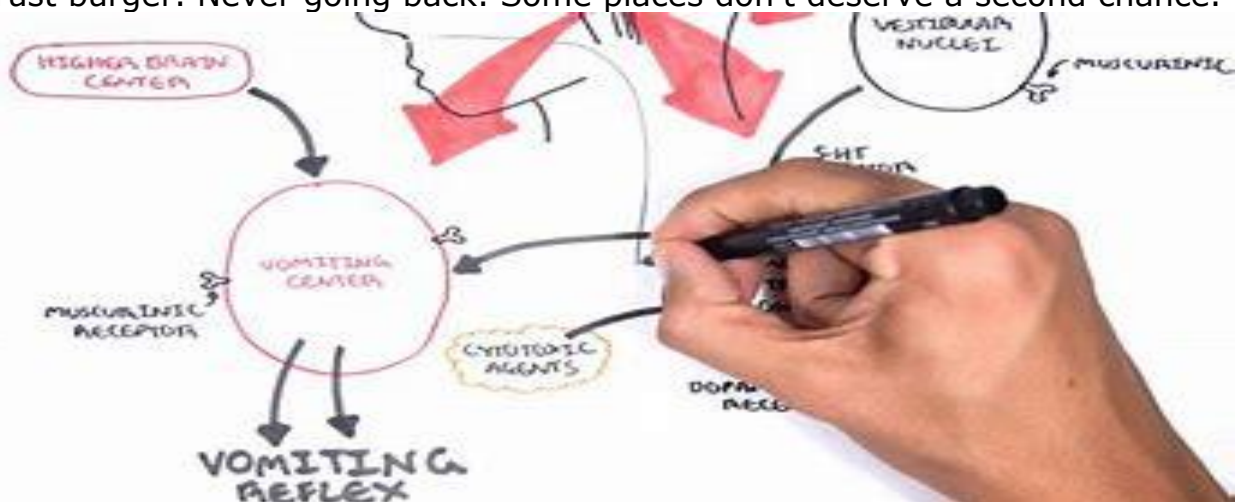
The coffee part of our order was announced for pick up. We were invited to add milk to our preference. Betty has done this for countless breakfasts – knows what we like. Maybe the coffee will soften the dry muffin?

Well, at least the coffee was hot, but wouldn't you expect a self-proclaimed coffee shop to make a decent *cup-a-joe*? No way! Tasteless, [but] very hot coffee.

The croissant sandwich arrived last on an oversized square ceramic plate. I had no idea where the croissant came from, but it was soggy and falling apart. had to try to eat this sorry ass sandwich with a knife and fork. No seasonings, very little flavor, but utterly consistent with the other items spread before us.

This was a taking shape as a consistently miserable breakfast. Shit food and tasteless coffee.

We believe in giving new places in the neighborhood a chance. The Taco Shoppe makes delicious tacos and nacho boxes. We take out their food frequently. The Hanger, in the same 555 Building, specializes in beer options and godawful over-cooked burgers. Order a medium, you get a dried-out crust burger. Never going back. Some places don't deserve a second chance.



Is it Mind Bending,



Gender Bending or Just Fender Bending?

By James Longo

"Hey honey, what are you writing about this week?" Jill asked, coming down the stairs and making a bee-line for the coffee pot as Jack sat staring at his computer screen.

"Transgenderism," Jack said sheepishly to a turned away Jill.

Jill turned from the coffee pot in one quick motion and gave Jack a hard stare.

"I know, I know, someone suggested this would be a good topic."

"Who pray tell told you that?"

"Kim."

"He is a religious fanatic, and besides that he has a girl's name," Jill said shaking her head.

"I know, I know." Jack said shaking his own head.

"You do realize you are a sixtyish straight white male?"

Jack looked down between his legs and looked at his skin.

"Yep,"

Jill smiled, "You do realize, that you have a skewed perspective, and won't be taken seriously, add to that everyone has an ax to grind on this subject."



"Let me just put my head on the chopping block."

"How do you even approach this subject there is just so much to unpack?"

"I was thinking about starting by addressing those moments when I debated my own sexuality."

"When was that, the turn of the century?"

"Before that, it happened a few times in my life."

"Right, like when?"

"I was about fifteen."

"I've got to hear this one."

"I wasn't exactly doing well with girls, and thought maybe I'd do better with boys, after all I was at an almost all boys school."

"And what kept you from changing teams?"

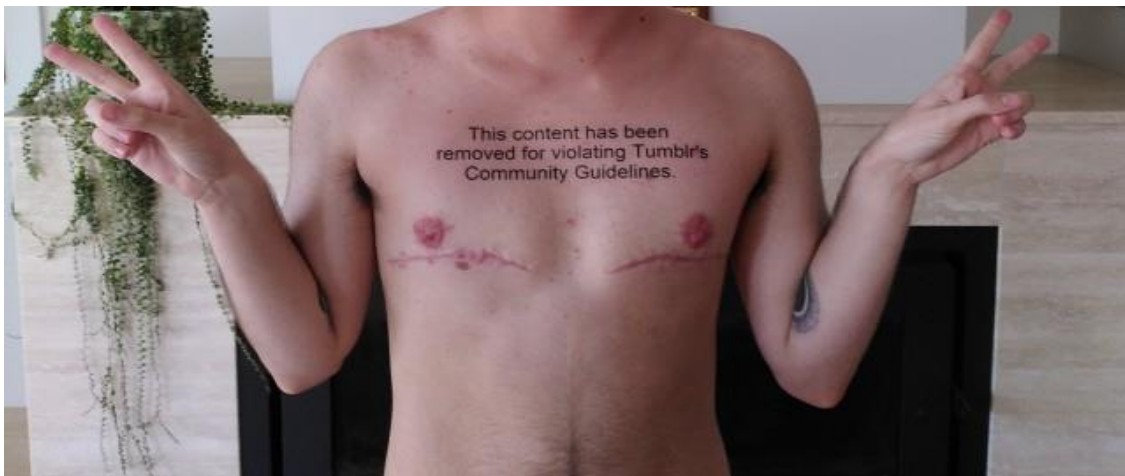
"Almost every guy I knew was a dick and most of them spent their time beating the shit out of me, and second I didn't exactly like myself, why would I want to hang around someone like me."

"So, if you were born today, you could be someone who would be open to transitioning?"

"No, it wasn't like that. It was more like a thought experiment, and I concluded it wasn't me, but the point is I entertained it if only for a few moments."

"Uh huh," Jill said, giving him a queer look.

"What if at fourteen, you came up with the opposite conclusion? Ideas lead to action which lead to results?"



"What are you trying to say?" Jill asked.

"When I was about twenty-one, I lived in a gay rooming house. I didn't know it was a gay rooming house at the time. I used to have dinner with the same gay guy every night, and we would talk about everything. He told me by fourteen it just seemed right to have sex with men. He probably died of AIDS. But today would he be seeking a transition instead of practicing homosexuality? Maybe.

"You said you doubted your sexuality more than once?"

"It seemed when I was in my late twenties. It seemed I was only attracted to unfeminine woman. Many of them turned out to lesbians."

"Really, who would have *thunk* it."

"Around that time I used to identify as a lesbian caught in a man's body. Would I transition today so I could be with that masculine woman of my dreams?"

"Would you?"

"No," Jack said.

"Why not?"

"Do you remember HRT? That was where they gave post-menopausal women sex hormones to keep them younger looking and more sexually active. After forty years they did a meta study and they found that the people who received HRT, died younger.



"What does that have to do with transitioning?"

"In transitioning, you are blocking your natural hormones, and supplementing with the opposite sex's hormones. Fucking with your sex hormones probably will shorten your life span, at least the HRT studies suggests that, and who wants to die younger?

"Is that the only reason why?"

"Do you know how much that shit costs? Depending on where, a sexual transition happens it costs between a hundred to two hundred grand. Google suggests two to three percent of the population suffers from this problem. If 700,000 people need transition at a hundred thousand a piece. You are looking at seven hundred billion dollars. Do you think we should pay for them via taxes and insurance premiums? I think, *hell no*. If a person wants to put out a hundred grand of their money, go for it. But this begs the question, is it *healthcare* or *wealth-care*? I feel like it is a needless strain on our limited healthcare resources. Then again, I am not the one who believe I'd be happier as the other sex."

"How do you think we should treat people who transition or are transitioning?" Jill asked.

"Most people don't care what you think, and you aren't going to change their minds or actions. That only leaves two choices, accept them or persecute them. I think we should accept them for who they are and get onto things we can change, like trying to understand why we feel and think the way we do."

"Why do you think people feel the way they do about this?"

"For people like me – straight white males – it is weird. When you do run into these people, they are just people, but you aren't allowed to get a better handle on their situations. Curiosity would be considered rude, and that promotes unease. Nobody likes to feel uneasy, and that leads to making fun of them or disliking them, and eventually persecuting them."

"How do you get people to avoid that?"

"Fuck if I know," Jack said.

"Good talk," Jill said.

Jack gave her the finger.

"Well, I better get going," Jill said pouring her coffee and moving out of the room.

"Yeah, this thing won't write itself," he said and started typing.



FYI

From: [Atheism United: An Atheist-Only Think Tank](#)

Here are some common gender identity labels and their definitions:



- Cisgender: Referring to a person whose gender identity matches the sex designated at birth.
- Transgender: Referring to a person whose gender identity does not match the sex designated at birth.
- Nonbinary: Referring to a person who does not identify as exclusively male or female, or who identifies as a combination of both or neither.
- Agender: Referring to a person who does not have a gender identity, or has a neutral or null gender.
- Bigender or Pangender: Bigender is referring to a person who identifies as two genders, either simultaneously or alternately. Pangender is referring to a person who identifies as all genders, or as having a gender that incorporates elements of all genders.
- Genderfluid: Referring to a person whose gender identity changes over time or depending on the situation.
- Genderqueer: Referring to a person who does not conform to the binary categories of male and female, or who challenges the norms and expectations of gender.
- Intersex: Referring to a person who is born with sex traits that do not fit the typical definitions of male or female.
- Two spirit: Referring to a Native American person who has both a masculine and a feminine spirit, and who plays a special role in their culture. It is not the same as being bigender or pangender.
- Something else

Please note that these labels and definitions are not exhaustive or definitive, and that there may be other terms that people use to describe their gender identity.

Running in Circles

juanitajeans.com

By: Nick Carraway

*"Girls will be boys and boys will be girls
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world,
except for Lola." — Ray Davies*

The line above came from Lola by the Kinks. You could say that Ray Davies was ahead of his time, but he really wasn't. Others had blazed that ground before. In this tale, a young narrator (we can presume Davies) is in a bar when he meets up with a transvestite named "Lola". It seems simple enough right? It wasn't the Kinks best hit, but it might be the most recognizable song they did when you ask fans of music today.



Of course, the irony is that the fossils in Washington and in the statehouses were probably coming of age when that song was popular. Some of them may have even enjoyed it as a kid. Oh, how soon we forget. I suppose that happens to all of us on some level. We often conveniently forget the things when we did when we were younger and that is especially true when it comes to our own children.

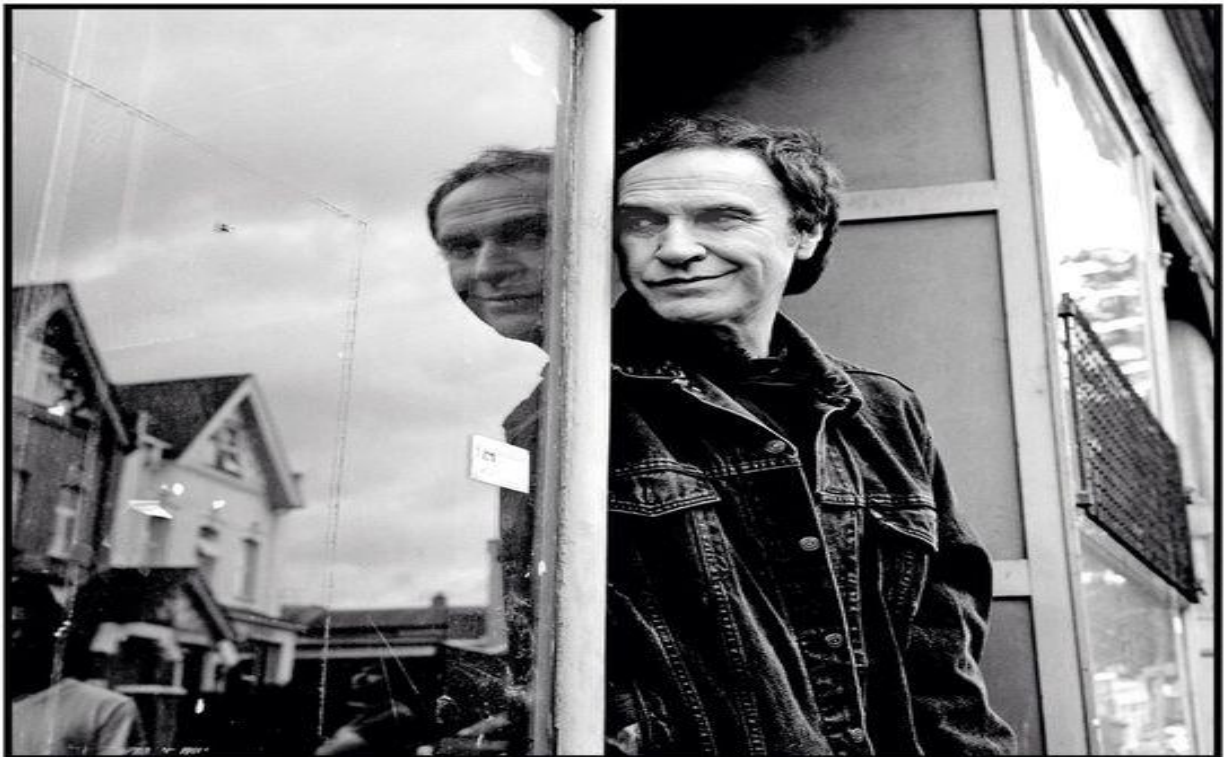
All of the talk of Democrats being pedophiles, groomers, and what not is based on two very cynical calculations. It is something they want you and I to think about and argue about. If we are arguing about this then we won't necessarily see real opportunities for lasting change slip out of our grasp. It's a parlor trick. The trouble is that grooming and pedophilia are loaded terms with very specific definitions. Q would have us believe that the entire Democratic party and half of Hollywood are pedophiles. We can't seem to define these things anymore. Suddenly, someone that shows tolerance is a groomer or a pedophile. Yet, the man that literally said he wanted to have sex with his daughter is the guy that will free us from this pedophilia ring.

However, there is a more serious implication from these charges and one that some people honestly believe. There is a belief that this notion of transgender, transvestites, homosexual, bisexual, and general experimentation is somehow more prevalent now than at any time in history. If you ask people at the Trump rallies what percentage of people are

transgender, you will get some ludicrous responses. One gentleman said it was 20 percent. If being gay, lesbian, bisexual, a transvestite, or transgender were all 100 percent choices then the fact that there are more of them would be proof of grooming. It would have to be that way, right?

Except it is all a lie. Anyone that knows anyone on the LGBTQ+ spectrum knows it is a natural phenomenon and not really a choice. So, simply demonstrating tolerance and acknowledgement of who someone is, is not grooming behavior. Furthermore, pedophilia is a specific thing. Gay people are not pedophiles as a general rule any more than priests are. Again, it is a specific thing and needs to be treated as such.

The sinister thing about it all is that these poor people become targets. Suddenly, you realize there are all kinds of people to hate and absolutely none of them have anything to do with why we may be struggling. It truly is a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world, but it sure as hell isn't Lola's fault. She's just a girl trying to have a good time.



The origin of misogyny

a proposed hypothesis¹

by Ed Zillioux

A misogynist is a man who hates women
as much as women hate one another.

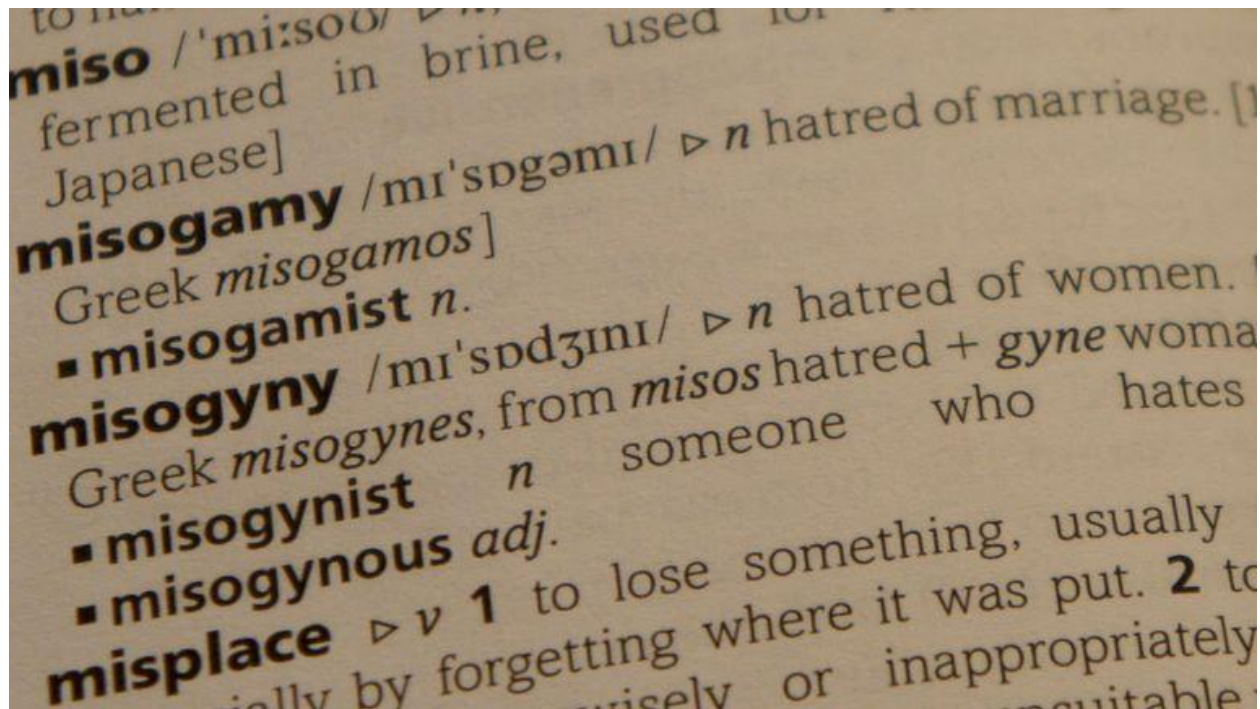
H.L. Mencken

The subject of misogyny, which has been called a “male gender neurosis,” has long intrigued me. It has been around at least as long as recorded history. Organized religions are notoriously misogynistic: the Christian Bible, Muslim Koran, Hebrew Torah and sacred Buddhist and Hindu text all criticized women for various moral defects and condemned women's body for the lust it inspires in men. The ancient Greeks described women as one of the plagues inflicted by upon man by the gods. Classical antiquity was full of she-demons and sorceresses, sirens, maenads, nymphs and lamias; furies and harpies persecuted men and boys, sea viragoes drowned sailors off of Sicily, the sinister Cersei turned men into pigs, Medusa turned men to stone, and poets depicted women as the source of all evil in the world. We all know of many other misogynistic examples, but these suffice to make the point.

Where did this counterproductive and apparently misguided hatred of women come from? I can't accept the simple street explanation that it comes from men being rejected by women with respect to the sexual advances of the former. A synopsis of this rejected male theory can be found

¹ *since the foregoing hypothesis is neither testable nor falsifiable, it does not qualify as a scientific hypothesis.*

at, of all places, the Feminist eZine in an article by Charles Moffett, from March 2007. Although this seems to make a modicum of sense, at least from



the point of view of a pimple faced adolescent, or a perpetually immature male who can't stand or deal with rejection, it tells me nothing with respect to its ultimate origin.

Many other theories from the absurd to the more tenable have been proposed to account for the phenomenon. Almost all of these, to their credit, have emanated from men, so this, at least, indicates that there has been a desire to understand the underpinnings of this bad behavior. For example, Sigmund Freud was somehow convinced that the cause of misogyny was connected to castration anxiety. It seems that diabolical women would taunt men with their penis-less crotch. This would, in turn, trigger a man's fear of losing his own penis ("if it happened to her it could happen to me!"). Freud reasoned that since all men suffer from castration anxiety, those who were particularly sensitive to these fears would of course hate not only the first woman who so exhibited herself but, as soon as he discovered they are all devoid of penises, would naturally hate all women. As further evidence of his hypothesis, Freud reasoned that the flow of menstrual blood reminded men of the cut penis. It seems Freud was not very big on scientific method.

Moving on from Freud, Thomas Gale, writing in 2008 for the International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, cited other theories for the origin of misogyny. For example: many men feel inferior to women and dependent

upon them for non-sexual needs (for food, caretaking, comforting, mothering) but quote "cannot tolerate such imagined weakness in themselves, so they attack women as a way of restoring their damaged self-esteem." another theory attributed to Chowdrow in 1994, suggests that many men are deeply disturbed by their own feminine side, and "attack women as a way of denying and distancing them their inner female."



Looking at the larger picture we need to acknowledge the misogynistic-moderating effects of womb envy and vagina envy that are probably more commonplace than most of us guys would like to admit. As a biologist, I stand in awe of the whole human reproductive process. But let's face it, the contribution by males, albeit essential, pales in comparison to the incredible role that evolution has handed to the gals. All things being equal (which they are most definitely not), there seems to be a more honest justification for feelings of womb envy among guys than there would be for penis envy among girls. However, comparing penis envy with womb envy is like apples and oranges, or maybe an even greater disparateness, like chalk and cheese. I've already pointed out the justifiable envy that some men have for the role women have in the making of a baby, but what is the justification of penis envy? I see only two possibilities: first, there is the righteous envy women may have for the higher social/economic status that unfairly accrue to men in the gross inequality of the modern era; second, there is the envy that women may have for the more intense orgasms, on average, that men have over that of the more mild clitoral or vaginal orgasm, again on average,

that women typically have. Note: that only the second justification would have been likely to have occurred during the early stages of our evolution as a species.

All of these theories, most of which seem to border on the apologetic, if not defensive, lead me to ponder whether it has always been this way. If the answer is yes, then it's time to consider whether misogyny's roots could be found in the evolution of our species. Could misogyny be connected to a survival advantage?



consider this. In the early dawn of our species, males may not have even put it together that the birth of a new member of the species had anything to do with an instinctive act that gave a moment of intense pleasure nine months earlier. No, he'd be out looking for another hit, oblivious to whether the female got equal pleasure or not. Thus, for all apparent functional perspectives, the ability of a species to replicate, the very foundation of what it means to exist as a biological entity, was all on the shoulders of the female. In human reproduction, then as now, the female does all the heavy lifting. Males, at best, are merely incidental contributors.

The way humans evolved, and this is virtually unique among primates (with the sole exception of the bonobos), males did not have to wait until a female came into heat. She was virtually always ready. And if not, it didn't even matter to the forever-horny male. There she was, the original glory hole!

So, reproduction, the glue that holds our species together, for all outward appearances, fell entirely to the female. It was like males were not even necessary. Women were the baby making machines! And this *gave them power!* This led to different bonding intensities and the women were in control. The female took to the initiative to bond, unbond, or switch bonds to advantage their progeny, thus giving whatever pairing provided the optimum survival advantage priority at the expense of individual males, essentially making them feel dispensable.

I'm not suggesting that our primitive forebears could get their heads around this intellectually, but they *knew*. Most importantly, the males sensed that females were somehow superior to them and this, more than anything else, engendered a certain resentment that I propose to be the ultimate origin of misogyny. this hypothesis elevates the origin of misogyny above the small-minded resentment a guy may have over not getting laid as often as he would like, to being intrinsically tied to the reality of their respective roles that nature has dealt to the sexes of our species. A benevolent creator might have been more fair, but real-life AKA evolution, just isn't fair.

On the other hand, males had one inherent advantage that gave them a way to at least try to even the score over females. They were generally physically stronger than their female counterpart. This, of course, did not alter the fact that females still held the ace card in what really mattered, i.e., the reproductively superior role. But males, being males, made the most of what they had, thus setting the stage for the so-called war between the sexes. And here we are, after some 100,000 years or so, still awaiting enlightenment.



The Murder of Lauri Carleton and The Killing Words of Anti-LGBTQ Conservatives



By John Pavlovitz

Lauri Carleton was an LGBTQ ally.
Lauri Carleton flew a rainbow flag.
Lauri Carleton is dead because of it.

The 66-year old wife and mother of nine children was murdered outside her Southern California clothing store by a man who tore down her flag and shot her to death when she protested. As senseless and shocking as the assassination of Lauri Carleton is, it is not a surprise. It is the rotten, putrid fruit of MAGA America and all it stands for and aspires to.

Violence targeting the LGBTQ community and those who support them is not a random aberration, it is the logical progression.

When you continually label queer people as predators, when you repeatedly accuse teachers of being groomers, when you declare drag shows and gay clubs as societal threats, when you intentionally target transgender children and their parents, when you perpetually traffic in irresponsible and dangerous rhetoric designed to generate irrational fear of LGBTQ people—hate crimes are guaranteed.



The hollow culture wars that Christian Conservatives have spent the past few decades going all-in on have actual human costs. They are not ideological expressions untethered from life on the ground. They are not just tweets and slogans and disconnected pulpit diatribes devoid of consequences. They are not merely reckless words and irresponsible

assassinations of character against people for their gender identity and sexual orientation.

They may begin as those things, but eventually they become young men carrying high-powered weapons of rapid carnage into places of refuge and joy, who indiscriminately fire into strangers because they have so dehumanized them as to see them as expendable and necessary collateral damage of a righteous holy war.

The tweets and slogans and diatribes eventually become verbal assaults and acts of vandalism and showers of bullets quickly tearing through the flesh of strangers. They become gaping wounds too severe and numerous to withstand.



Lauri Carleton is the victim of *two* vicious hate crimes: of the person pulling the trigger and of those who made doing so for that person so easy.

There is no mystery here to be solved, no complex code to uncover, no hidden shooter motive we need to follow down endless rabbit trails to discern. This is simple cause-and-effect. It is the grotesque monster Republicans have made because they have lacked creative ideas or noble impulses or any desire to lead responsible for the common good. By continually chasing the sensational, by relentlessly ratcheting up their rhetoric, by dragging their base to an ever-deepening bottom, and by using LGBTQ people as faceless, nameless political chips—they are nurturing the kind of wasteful violence that visited Lauri Carleton.

The Republican Party and their voting base, and the conservative Christian movement that leverages its pulpits for them will continue to pretend they

are oblivious to or even outraged by this violence when it appears. But until the Right reckons with the flesh-and-blood cost of their continual verbal assault on a group of already marginalized people, and until they repent and begin to fight for the rights and humanity of the LGBTQ community, these physical assaults will continue—and they will have that blood on their hands.

Meanwhile, the rest of us cannot allow fear to cause us to pull back or shut up.

We need to become more bold and more visible allies than we have been before, or we risk devolving into a nation that accepts this unspeakable violence as normal. It is not normal.

This is a moment for people of faith, morality, and conscience to decide with clarity who we are individually and who we want to be collectively. It is a day when individuals and families and neighborhoods and businesses and churches need to stand and be counted.

The dangerous words of the Conservative movement are getting people killed.

It's time for allies of the LGBTQ community to explicitly speak words that love and bring life and declare what we will not abide here.

We often like to say *hate has no home here*.

We need to move this from aspiration to incarnation.

To hell with this hatred.



johnpavlovitz.com

Donald Trump's Bigly Brain

By Dan Vignau



By most accounts, Sigmund Freud began reading Shakespeare around the age of eight. (Holland: Freud on Shakespeare). Holland mostly discusses Sophocles Oedipus Rex, and Shakespeare's use of this ancient tragedy as an impetus Complex for his protagonists, especially Hamlet.

Freud used revelations from Shakespeare's plays to formulate his construct, Oedipus Complex, as well as the constructs he called Ego Defense Mechanisms.

For example, after murdering King Duncan, Lady MacBeth is rubbing her hands trying to remove blood from them, and cries, "Here's yet a spot ... Here's the small of blood still" (Usually misquoted as, "Out, out damned spot"). Freud noted that this behavior is a psychological defense mechanism, which he named "*Undoing*". Lady MacBeth was not seen as simply removing

evidence, but as also trying to psychologically remove herself from having committing the murder.

This is somewhat different from "*Denial*", i.e. "I didn't do it," a defense mechanism that Donald Trump practically owns. *The Don* believes that if he says it often enough, he can undo the crime, and probably has convinced himself that he is really innocent of such crimes.



When Prince Hamlet is trying to solve his father's murder, he writes and puts on a play to try expose the true murderer. In his play, it is quite obvious that Hamlet's mother, Queen Gertrude is seen as somehow involved, so the analogous character in the play vehemently cries that if her husband dies, she will never remarry, then tries to place the blame elsewhere. Hamlet asks Gertrude how she likes the play, to which she responds, "The lady doth protest too much, me thinks." Of course, Gertrude did end up marrying the murderer, Claudius, her co-conspirator.

This placing of the blame elsewhere is the bread and butter of the current Republican Party. Freud called it, "*Projection*", due to the fact that the guilty parties are projecting their guilt, past actions, and even future actions onto others. Not do the GOP writers relish this repetitive brainwashing technique, they use it for future crimes they will commit. When a Republican falsely claims that someone, most often a Democrat, has done something horrible, especially if it is criminal or immoral, the odds are high that the speaker has already done that, is doing it in the present time, or is certainly considering doing it. I call that last item, "Imminent Projection", because it disparages

their opponents before the public hears that such a crime has happened. Later, when the person has done the crime or sin, he than can say that the other side is just trying to protect their innocence by repeating what he has already said his opponent has done.

Most current psychologists concentrate on ten such defenses, and group them into sets. For the purpose of this article, I am using psychiatrist George Vaillant's four level system. Although quite similar to other sets, I chose this one because it is by far the most comprehensive study, having begun in 1937, beginning by monitoring young men as they entered Harvard as freshmen, and following them throughout their lives until their deaths.

Now, back to the categories. These will need no interpretation. Just listen and imagine that the GOP, especially Trump, is really this mentally ill. Think of your own examples of Trump's crimes and GOP lies in each of the defenses.

Ego Defense Mechanisms by category.

Level 1: Pathological

Delusional Projection: Delusions about external reality, usually of a persecutory nature.

Denial: Refusing to accept any anxiety provoking stimulus, stating that it does not exist. Avoiding emotional anxiety by refusing to perceive or consciously acknowledge any unpleasant external reality.



Distortion: Reshaping external reality to meet internal needs.

Level 2: Immature

Acting out, through the direct expression of an unconscious wish, with no insight as to the reason for such outbursts.

Passive aggressive behavior... (DUH! Read Trump's tweets.)



Simple Projection: A primitive form of paranoia, including severe prejudice, jealousy, hyper vigilance to external danger, and “injustice collecting”, including shifting one's thoughts, feelings, and impulses to someone else. Well, yeah!

Hypochondriasis: (*Whee!*) Trump might be way too insecure to ever think anything is wrong with him. Whoops! This insecure, overweight pig is in such Denial that he thinks his body is in better shaped, than Joe Biden's. I guess one psychosis can overrule the other.

Splitting: The segregation of harmful and helpful impulses, separating then into a good category and a bad category. Bring on Ronald Reagan's, “Are you with us or against us?” This has been a mantra of the GOP for decades.

Schizoid Fantasy. Once again, DUH! Trump imagines himself to be a great leader, intelligent, and a dictator.

Level 3: Neurotic

One of these is intellectualization, the over thinking of a psychological conflict in order to seem more intelligent about one's rationalization, often by using data or famous people's ideas. A recent prime example is his epiphany about the letters U and S in the abbreviation of USA. Eureka, the U and S means “us” he proclaimed with as much pride as if he had finally discovered his ass with both hands. And then, he asks if anyone else had ever thought of that. Pitiful.

I'm for us. You know how you spell us right? You spell us U-S. I just picked that up. Has anyone ever thought of that before? I just picked that up. A couple of days [ago] I'm reading and it said us. And I said, you know, if you think about it, us equals U-S.



(I doubt we need to worry about Trump on this one. He savors not knowing anything that he has not imagined himself To Be)

In this current paradigm, the other neurotic categories are Displacement, Dissociation, Isolation of Affect, Repression, and lastly, Reaction Formation, my favorite, i.e. A mother totally dotes on her unexpected and unwanted child to convince herself that she loves it, because hating it would cause too much mental trauma.

I'll leave this analysis to real *Pshricnks*. (*Yes, that is my spelling. I like it.*)

Level 4: Mature

Yes, mature! Is there any reason to think Trump could ever be defined or explained in this category.

For example: Altruism, Anticipation, Humor, Sublimation

(Transferring unhelpful emotions to healthy actions), Suppression (Of unpleasant thoughts to complete a task, then to be dealt with later.)



Whenever Trump speaks or tweets, just think of which of these *Ego Defense Mechanisms* he is using to keep his bigly brain from exploding. Or, as Prince Hamlet projected in his famous self-introspective quotation: "To be, or not to be."



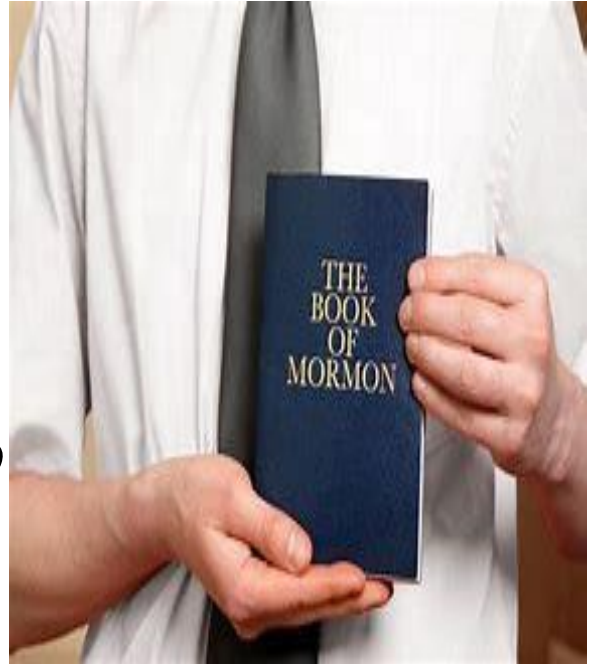
THE WAY WE WERE



Actually, fear has been a recruiting tactic used by organized religion for centuries. When you add guilt to keep people in line, it's an extremely efficient form of crowd control.

WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN?

By Bert Mautz



Husband and wife and three kids under the age of seven. I was the seven-year-old. A Mormon missionary knocked on the door and dad let him in and sat together in the living room and this young fellow made his spiel and got invited back to tell my dad more.

My father was an Assistant Professor in the Business School, with a doctorate. Mother was a full-time wife and mother of three. Early on in this indoctrination process, heard about angels visiting Joseph Smith, bringing golden plates and spectacles to translate the plates, and create The Book of Mormon about Jesus coming to America.

Even for a kid this sounded like pure malarkey. Dad had a seeming weakness for fairytales. He was the kind of guy who would read the Harry Potter or the Lord of the Rings series for recreation. He had curiosity about the Bible's King James chapter and verse format.

Read it, pray about it, and you are promised a knowledge of its truthfulness. Good grief.

The local congregation rented a meeting hall from the Knights of Pythias. Outgrew it and found a larger room in Champaign's downtown city building. The congregation held a social attraction of a membership of academic families. Our family fit right in. Mormons exist with jobs for everyone.

Father complained that his first raise from the University of Illinois was



negated by the Mormon insistence on paying a 10 percent tithe on one's gross income (and did so for the rest of his life).

When the membership was sufficient to afford it, a vacant lot in western Champaign was bought and Headquarters assigned a delightful senior couple to lead the construction with as much volunteer labor as possible.

Elder Mautz [my dad] was made chairman of the building committee and proceeded to lead in volunteer hours logged and funding donations made. And this while carrying a full academic load, perpetually writing textbooks, and the internationally regarded Philosophy of Auditing!

Oh, and fathering the four of us. Some of my reflections on these early years get a little fuzzy due to a crippling infection of polio in 1953. I was blessed with consecrated oil that I might be healed ... to absolutely no affect.

Mormonism continued to spread. The modest red brick chapel with a pristine steeple on West John needed to grow to accommodate its congregation. A gymnasium, stage, kitchen, and boiler were added.

Father again was compelled to lead in volunteer hours. Was this compulsion by faith and commitment, or manly-boyish competitiveness?

Mother was supportive yet reluctant to commit the weekly hours father gave to administrative meetings beyond Sundays. It is safe to say, without fear of exaggeration, Mormonism took over the family.

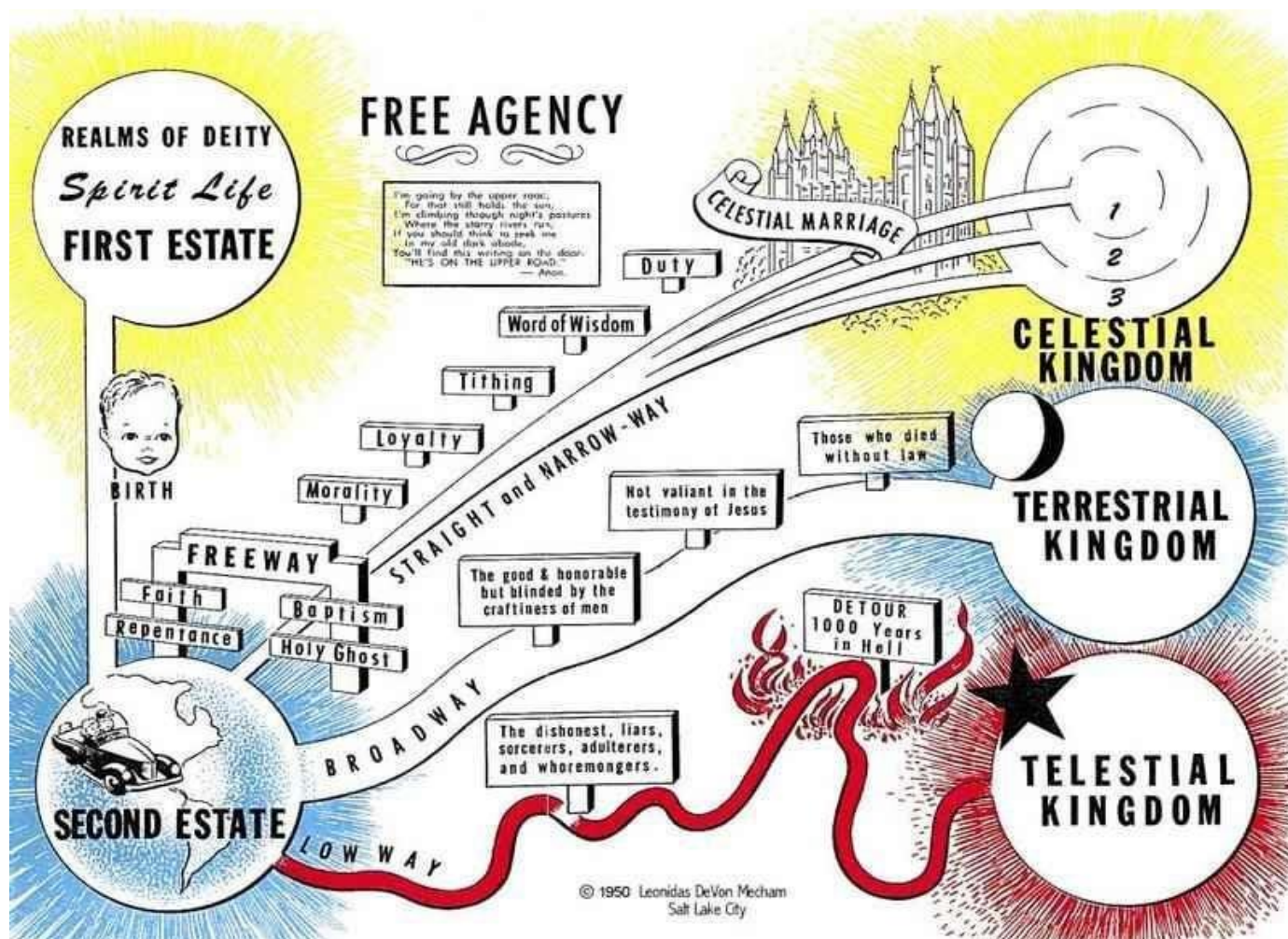


Most of the member families lived in Urbana or sent their kids to the University High School. Champaign

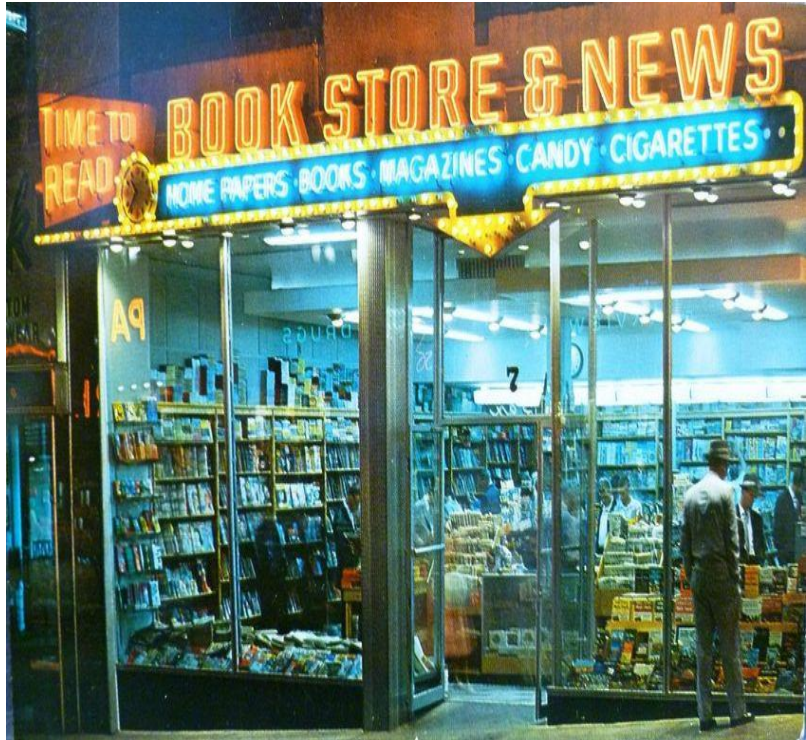
High School had a graduating class of six hundred, and I was the only Mormon. This fact put limitations on dating possibilities, and alcohol prohibitions turned down the volume on any kind of a "fun guy" reputation.

Would – in subsequent decades – watch my brother and sister and I make marriage partners within these limitations. None of us did well. I divorced after ten years. They have hung in until the present time.

My brother sired five and sis and her husband produced six, and, by now, churning out grandchildren. Mormons have no regard for population explosion. *To be continued?*



WHEN IS IT TIME TO READ?



Or, Education Is Not a Fucking Joke by Virgil Thorp

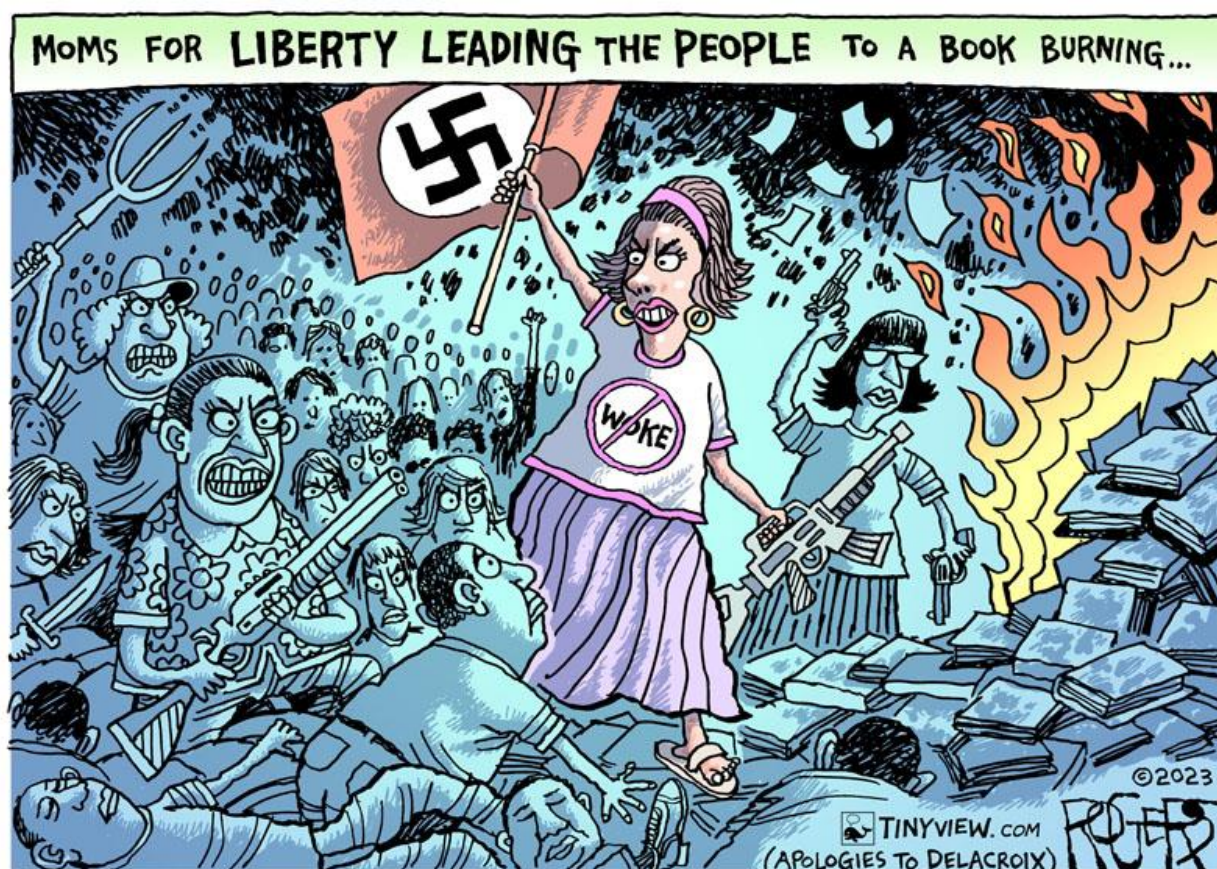
This is not a joke. I just found out that eleven, hard-right, born-again, Mega-mega-fundamentalist churchgoing, hypocritical Christian extremists are responsible for the majority of the books that have been banned from Florida public school libraries in the short time of packed school boards, gerrymandered electorates, saturated salvationist editorial boards and Opus Dei acolyte-packed supreme courts. How fucked up can things get? All it took was eleven of those fuckheads. Really, really fucked up! And really, really not new.

I suppose that much of the anti-literature, anti-education, anti-hedonistic, pleasure-resistance is coming from the brain-washed breeding segment of our community. Which, despite the curious irony, is a universal parental reflex to protect their progeny from the very things those parents used to do to become parents. A trait that is evident throughout the majority of species in the animal kingdom. It is an admirable trait – most of the time – but one that can get turned against the very people who think they are the elect of god.

I have known a great many former hedonists among my acquaintances who, once their heir(s) had made their debuts through the chute of their conception, foreswore their former “anything goes” attitudes and all outward

signs of debauchery like magazines, videos, fuckbooks, pleasure swings, St. Andrew's crosses are suddenly packed up and hidden away. Once in a while, there is usually a wistful nostalgia about "the good old days" of course, but they now embrace a "we go to church these days for the prosperity gospel message" trade-off that is a complete abrogation of reality and an opportunity for tragic backsliding.

There is also a "what if" seed that those am radio fear-mongers have planted that goes like this, "what if my child reads this book about lgbtq teenagers and" – *horrors of horrors* – "wants to be like them?!?!"



Sure, there is that thing about hairy shouldered, cross-dressers molesting wives and daughters in the ladies room and the inequality of transgender – used to be dude (this word is important it comes in play later) – athletes competing against biological female athletes; but the most extreme is the concern that their child may feel a desire to change their sexuality. "What would people think of me? My football player wants to grow tits and cut his dick off!" Or "my pretty sugar and spice tweener hates menstruation and would much prefer to cut those damn tits off and get a penis or a strap-on." The thought of "this girl's lips are just made for kissing" thunders with guilty lesbian imagery. Just imagine a distraught parent lamenting on a television

talk show: "For God's sake, I have taught them potty training, I have" – mostly – "taught them manners and how to behave, public-wise ... you wouldn't believe all the shit I had to put up with!"



I would reply snottily, "Maybe you have and from what I have observed, you left a lot to be desired."

The wish that their children's sexuality will go away if you simply ignore it is patently ridiculous. It will not work, and it is a genuine disservice to the

progeny they have begot in the past and probably will beget in the future.

"Let children be children", I hear them shout. Well sure, but you cannot keep them children. They grow. They develop. You cannot stop it. The negative reaction to sexual education hurts all involved and leads to an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

Do they know how difficult it is to talk about sexual education and bodily hygiene without being accused of pedophilia? My sociology degreed friend, Dan, probably knows what that is, what it is called, and how fucked up it is.

An abrogation of parental responsibility in my view. My mind rings with the echoes of the question of: "*When* do you tell them?"

I know my sexual education was pitifully restricted. I was about to turn fifteen and driving the car after an evening of scuba diving lessons that my father and I were taking at a midtown hotel indoor pool and, while we were in the locker room dressing back into street clothes, my father noticed that my pubes were sprouting – thick and hairy. (I know, learning how to drive an automobile was important, learning about my body and how to fuck, not so much!) Talk about tragic backsliding and misplaced priorities.



"Oh-oh. What do I do?" Poor fellow. He had to do something; tardy as he was with my human studies education. Maybe – hopefully – he felt guilty. I like to think he realized he would have a tough time living with himself if he

waited any longer to share the mystical knowledge of intercourse with his one and only son.

It was a sad trip home. It was a good thing I was driving. Sweat rained down his face. His was breathing – almost gasping – heavily. His hands were shaking so severely that he wouldn't have been able to steer the car if I



hadn't been driving. I had to correct his mispronunciations (of which were many – perhaps due to his nervousness!). If he couldn't think of the proper term, I provided it for him. In hindsight, I think he was more scared of what mom would say to him than what he was stuttering about to me.

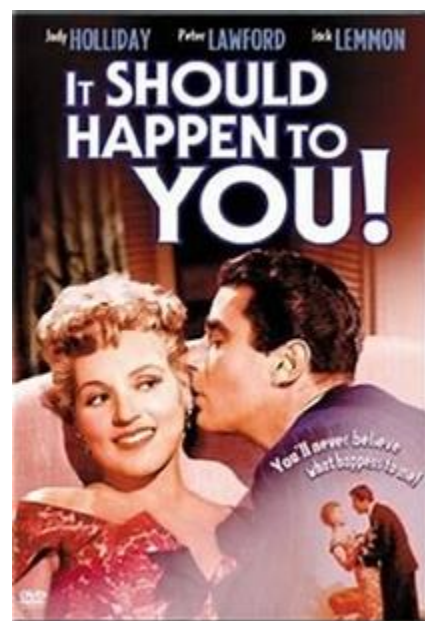
I wonder now: "When do you tell your children the facts of life?" That sex is fun and feels fantastic when done properly. Some time later, my red-faced mother gave me a non-descript book on sexuality and told me that childbirth is "gruesome." Great, there were so many things that were planted in my mind to feel guilty about and ashamed of – and now I have "gruesome" to feel responsible for. I have forgiven my parents, by the way.



I say: Give those kids some credit. When they want to know, they want to know and when those hormones start flowing, they want to fucking know. NOW! It is not fair to them to keep them ignorant. That is what is shameful to me, not the fact that those children have become aware of their bodies. If there is shame, the shame is only a reflection of their parents' own shame. Why is it that those parents have so much of their own shame? Their parents

probably told them that sex was, "Gruesome." That they sincerely feel that sharing that magical information must be withheld for the child's own good.

I saw a movie called "It Should Happen to You" a black and white 1950ish, comedy starring Judy Holiday and Jack Lemmon. It was loaded with sexual innuendo because, that's what audiences wanted to see back then and what the censors would let them get away with. In an ultra-clever Garson Kanin screenplay – right out of Voltaire – Judy plays a female Candide who longs for recognition but has had many doors slammed in her face. I saw it again recently on Turner Classic Movies and as I watched, I went back in time. Look my friends, my daydreaming is both a gift and a curse – but suddenly it was 1962, I was 14-years old and I was riding the bus to downtown to buy school clothes by myself for the first time. I looked forward to going. To haunt all the shops and bookstores and arcades, hoping to stumble upon something I could relate to about what was happening to me while I slept and the confusing erotic dreams I was having late at night with the lights off.



I had questions. What are women really built like? How many pussies does a woman really have? Will it – or them – bite me? I was ignorant. I needed instruction and I found it at the *Time to Read* book and magazine store on 12th street just a half block west of Main. (FYI This was way before pop and I took those revealing scuba lessons.)

Time to Read was notorious for its "cosmopolitan" selections. Besides having a large assortment of out-of-town newspapers, literate scientific studies like *The Kinsey Report* and Masters & Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*, it also had the latest pseudo-pornographic fuckbooks, and nudie magazines like *Adam* and *Dude* and *Gent*. I acquired nearly every one of them.

Being tall for my age, I plunked down my magazine selections on the counter. On the very bottom was the aforementioned *Dude* and *Gent*. On top of them were regular magazines like; *Car and Driver*, *The Skin Diver*, and *Time* magazine. I lay my folding money on top of the pile. Not daring to breathe, I waited while the clerk worked his way down my own mound of printed material, ringing up my purchases. Located on the glass countertop was also a stack of "contact" swingers magazines, a stack of Henry Miller's infamous novel, *The Tropic of Cancer* and a short stack of the latest issue of

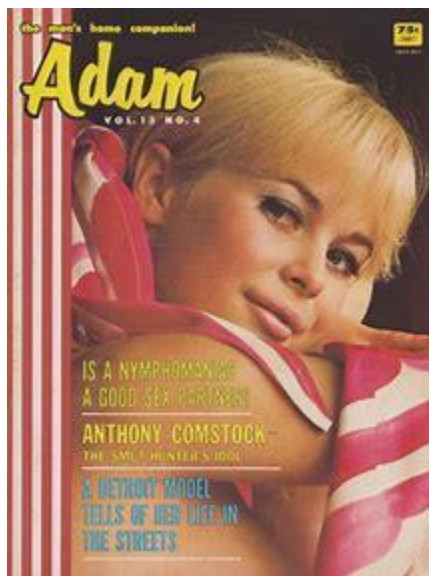
Playboy magazine. I felt brave enough to make my move as the clerk was finishing and not asking if I was old enough to make my purchases. Sliding the extra book and mags over to him, I said, "hey, why don't you ring me up one of each of these, please." No problem. And just like that, I had the makings of a proper pornography stash I could hide between my bed springs and mattress.



It is a wonder that I was able to restrain my basest reactions as I devoured the *Gent* and *Dude* magazines as the bus took me back to the purity of the suburbs and its presbyterian



sterility. I found I had to cross my legs to keep my erection under control. The pictures in *Dude* convinced me that women only had one vagina, airbrushed right between their legs. I read the first few chapters of *The Tropic of Cancer* (Didn't understand a word of it until I turned eighteen and



then, on re-reading it, I sure as fuck understood what Miller was all about. Ultra-wow!).

I was so engrossed in my porn that I almost missed my busstop where my mother was waiting to pick me up. My dilemma was how to disguise those juicy treasures among the folds of my back-to-school purchases; bluejeans, slacks, new school shirts and assorted underwear without her finding out I had let my prurient

thoughts run amok.

What a year that was. I was learning so much. It was also the year I saw "It Should Happen to You" for the first time. It made a huge impression on me. With her last few dollars, a discouraged Gladys rented a billboard on New York's famous Columbus Circle that simply proclaimed her name, Gladys

Glover. That was all. With its cat-like curiosity, the public began to wonder, who the hell *is* Gladys Glover?

To make a long story shorter, Gladys became that celebrity she always wanted to be. People adored her. People wanted to have her endorse products. They invited her on television talkshows to hear her opinions and that's where she utters one of my *favorite* movie lines. When asked about when it is the proper age for sexual education, Gladys, in her inimitable Candide-like way, blurts out to the disapproval of all the pompous, long-noses-for-looking-down-at-people, one-size-fits-all hypocrites on the panel. "**I think if they're big enough, they're old enough.**" Sweet Gladys declared with purely truthful aplomb. Yikes!

That made sense to me. Fuck boilerplate sex education and fuck those people who want to censor any kind of education with today's children. Being ignorant, espousing ignorance, elevating ignorance, is not a joke. Ignorance, willful ignorance can be fatal.



**IF YOUR RELIGION MAKES YOU HATE
SOMEONE YOU NEED A NEW RELIGION**

matter of chance. Even if it is only eleven old biddies of the brainwashed and misnamed, Mom's for Liberty. It's because of something very fundamental about personal control that the enemies of freedom instinctively embrace

Talk about permissiveness all you want, but the historic reality of sexual problems is about repression.

"Authoritarian religions, and authoritarian political movements like fascism and communism, are almost *always* sexually puritanical, prudish, and repressive." I read that somewhere, I don't know who wrote it, though, but I admire it.

What authoritarians of every stripe want to do is by design, not a

and appreciate. They don't want you to read adult-themed erotica nor do they want you to read poignant reality from literary art to exploitative trash. Give the kids some credit for knowing the difference and let them decide. Cut those fucking apron-strings, mom. Now's the time.

I know it is a reach, but just think about this: It is fatal to think you can turn Yellowstone or any National Park into a petting zoo as we have reports of wild buffalo and grumpy grizzly bears reacting with violent negativity to entitled, anti-literature, anti-education, anti-hedonistic tourists sincerely believing the warnings about the wildlife in the park do not apply to them. Sure, those animals can be cute and cuddly looking – particularly the babies – but recall what I said about the animal kingdom. Wild animals are particularly protective of their babies because their alternative is the dog-eat-dog nature of the wilderness. Yellowstone is not Disneyland! It is a wild kingdom. That is also the conundrum we have encountered when it comes to the education of their sexually precocious, hormonal teen reproductions. That is a moment in time that is also, WILD FUCKING KINGDOM. They are afraid to teach those kids. It scares the fuck out of them. If only it had scared the fuck out of them sooner. Now, that would be a good joke.



"I don't want my kids reading books that make them feel bad about being big and bad."



Ellen Hayes

You can see the indomitable fire in her eyes.

Ellen Hayes, born 1851 in Ohio, fought an uphill path to become a mathematician, astronomer, and professor at Wellesley College for 37 years, from 1882 until 1919. From @Attagirls: "As a girl, she revelled in having short hair, climbing trees and swimming, but resented the limitations

placed on her by virtue of her sex: not being allowed to ride a horse, being made to wear a sun bonnet. Her interest in science was sparked by her mother who taught her the Latin names of plants, the parts of a flower, the names and types of stars. Ellen excelled at mathematics and science; teaching applied mathematics was a natural progression.

"Why was she regarded as controversial? Ellen was a first wave feminist. She clashed with male colleagues over the admission policy - not enough women in mathematics and science, she said - and also over teaching methods. In the first year that she taught trigonometry, she gave more than half of her students D grades.

"Ellen outraged her peers by wearing utilitarian clothes - practical tailored skirts, not sweeping ones with bustles and corsets - and by questioning the Bible in front of students. She supported women's suffrage and dress reform (those sensible skirts again), and wrote a regular column for the Wellesley College newspaper about these daring ideas. Ellen argued that women were held back by social pressure, by too much focus on their appearance, by lack of employment opportunities in mathematics and science, and by schools that allowed girls to opt out of STEM subjects.

"There must always be the explorer to go ahead; then the blazed trail becomes the well-beaten track for less daring feet. Radical ideas directed toward the promotion of free thought, free speech, free opportunity, free lives, grow and spread. No power, no form of penalty or persecution, has thus far been devised which can permanently suppress these ideas. You and I are called to the trailblazer's work of today. There will be those - perhaps many - who will see our blazes and follow us. We won't know who they are, probably; but that is unimportant. They will be using the path we make."

Who was

BLAISE PASCAL AND WHAT DID HE WAGER?



By Noah Lugeons, the Scathing Atheist

Okay, so I've known for a long time that there are a thousand ways to refute Pascal's Wager, but I only learned last week that one of those refutations is Pascal himself.

So, we've obviously talked about Pascal's Wager a lot on this show. And most of the time we shorthand it to "but what if you're wrong?" And while that *does* accurately portray the gist of the argument, and while it *does* correlate more closely with the form of the argument we're most likely to encounter in our day-to-day lives, that reduction *is* a bit of a disservice to Blaise Pascal.

See, it's actually kind of a shame that the thing we really know him for is this shit apologetic. Blaise Pascal was a brilliant thinker, to the point that if you're putting together the brief history of math, he's almost certainly gonna get a mention. By the age of sixteen, he was publishing revolutionary treatises on conic sections and projective geometry. While he was still a teenager, he started building a mechanical device to help his dad in his job as a tax collector, making him one of the two claimants to the title of "guy who invented the calculator." He made contributions to the study of probabilities, fluid dynamics, and vacuums that are important on a historical scale. And, of course, his most important mathematical contribution was a (bear with me) tabular presentation of binomial coefficients that we now call "Pascal's Triangle."

And look, I don't even know what a binomial coefficient is, so I don't wanna pretend to fully grasp Pascal's contribution to math here, but I know enough to say it's damn important. His was one of those rare brains that had the capacity to broaden our understanding of the world. And it did. He had a really prolific period in his teens and twenties. And then he stopped. And to understand why, you have to take a deep look at Pascal's Wager.

PASCAL'S WAGER		
	YOU'RE RIGHT!	YOU'RE WRONG!
BELIEF	ETERNAL JOY	NOTHING
ATHEISM	NOTHING	ETERNAL SUFFERING

So, as I've hinted, the actual formulation Pascal offered up is a bit more sophisticated than "what if you're wrong?" What he was setting out to do was prove the existence of god mathematically — or, barring that, at least prove that we should act as though he does. And this came from a place of genuine fear. See, among the things Pascal had done was challenged this long held Aristotelian concept about vacuums. And in so doing, he was one

of the first people that really called Aristotle's worldview into question. And this was a problem because that worldview was the one officially endorsed by the Catholic Church.

Now, luckily for Pascal, he was born a little bit before the Vatican realized they were gonna need to burn people at the stake over this kind of thing, so his revelations weren't *really* interpreted as a threat by the state. But they were treated as a threat by Pascal. His brain was sharp enough to glimpse atheism even in the 1600s. And that scared the shit out of him, so he tried to call in math to save his ass.

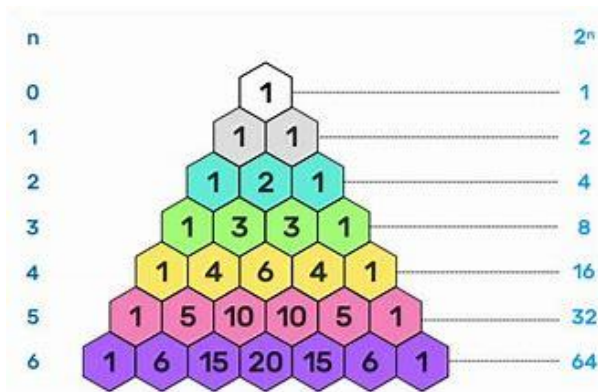
So, the trick in Pascal's Wager is that the rewards for accepting Jesus are described by Christians as *infinite*. And any number times infinity is infinity. So even if the chance that god exists is zero point (a billion zeros) one, the reward for taking that chance is still infinite. And, of course, at the same time, any probability times zero is zero. And the reward for atheism is zero, so no matter how likely it is, you're better off betting against it.

Now — this is a trick. This is a manipulation of the fuzzy ends of the numeric spectrum to achieve a desired result, and it falls apart the instant you account for things like "other religions." But you don't even have to go that far.

See, the reason Pascal stopped contributing to the world of science and mathematics actually *was* a bad bet on the wager we named after him. The story is that he had a religious experience in 1654 and converted to this sect of Catholicism called "Jansenism" and decided to devote himself to Jesus instead of knowledge. But it doesn't take much imagination to consider that a really smart, really devout guy took one look at mortality and decided that he was done with all this "objectively considering the universe" shit. And so he stopped contributing to science. He stopped doing useful shit and did theology instead. And the future was robbed of whatever genius was still locked away in that remarkable brain.

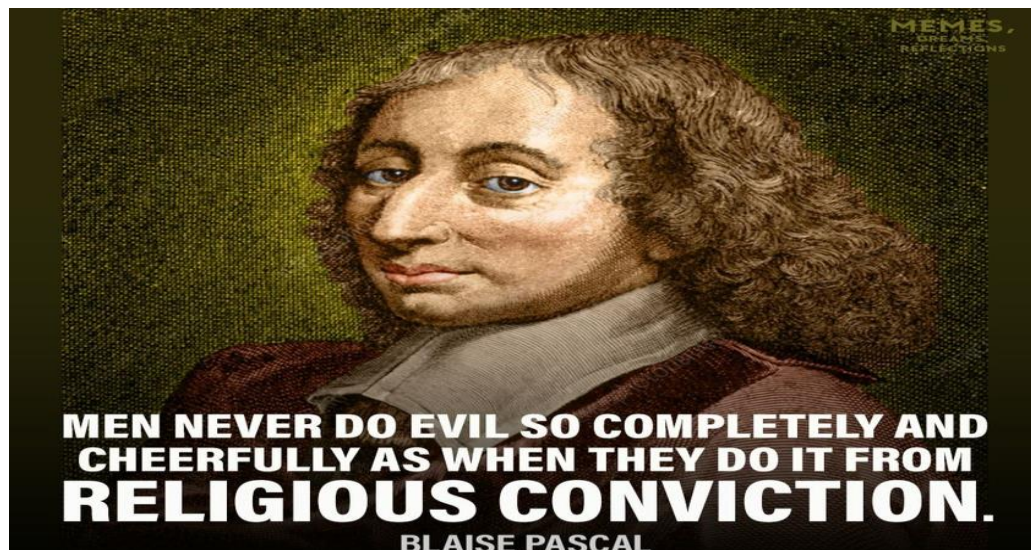
It's even worse than that, actually, because Pascal also died really young. He was only 39, and even by the standard of the time, a low-level aristocrat like himself could expect a significantly longer life. But his branch of Christianity embraced suffering, so he refused any assistance from his doctors and instead insisted that sickness was the natural state for a Christian. And look ... given the quality of doctors at the time, there's no way to know whether that killed him or spared him for a couple of years, there's no question that his reasoning was shit.

And look, you might be inclined to think we didn't miss much. Like, maybe Pascal had already thought all his best thoughts, and maybe his religious conversion was just a convenient way of not disappointing the people still waiting for his *Winds of Winter*, and that if he'd ever had an important insight after that, he'd have deconverted long enough to share it. But even that unlikely excuse is demonstrably false. Because the work he did on Pascal's Triangle — again, the work generally accepted as his *most important contribution to math* — came during that period. And he wrote it



down. And he never published it, because he was afraid science and knowledge would lead people to stray from god's path. It was only published posthumously and there are a lot of pretty likely scenarios where it would've been lost to the world. Again, I don't know enough about math to know how much that would've cost us, but we're not talking about multiplying by zero here.

And that's the thing; religion likes to talk about the infinite afterlife to distract you from all the shit they're taking from your *actual*, finite life. Sure, maybe you and me aren't gonna revolutionize binomials or whatever, but we're still granted only the hours we have. There's no set of infinite do-overs in the clouds. And when you truly grasp that fact and accept it, you realize that every single one of them has infinite value.



Courtesy: TheScathingAtheist.com

POETRY



**To be a poet is a condition,
not a profession.**

-Robert Frost



Invincible

I have become invisible
The dream of every young boy
No heads turn as I walk by
No dogs bark or even growl
My scent dissipates in the night air
I have become invisible

I cast no shadow
The birds ignore my approach
Continue foraging in the newly mowed grass
The squirrels bury their winter stash
Undeterred that I may quench my hungry
soul
On their hard-won booty

Oddly in this new found state
I have become invincible
Fearless I wander the earth
Heeding not the drumbeats of war
The flashes of lightening, the roar of Thunder
Smiling I enter the storm
By Betty Lee

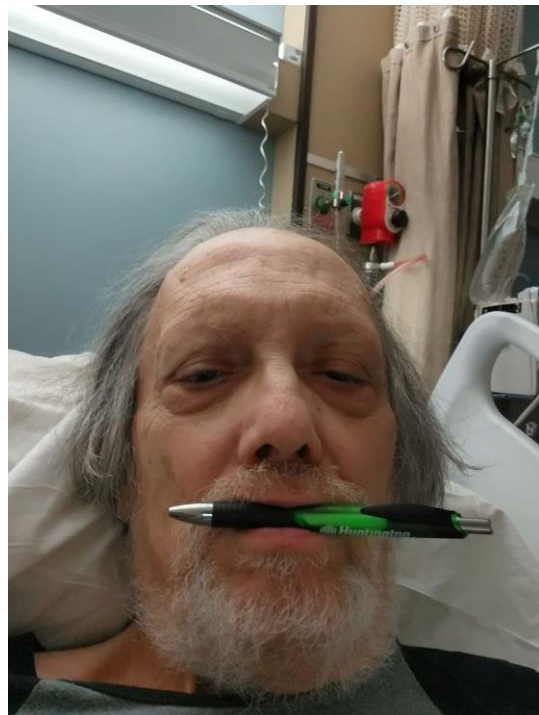
Sofia MS

Polonius Offers Advice

By Judd Herrmann

A little unsolicited, whimsical and moralistic life-coaching after the first day of my fourth chemo session out at the VA Medical Center today. (It's going well, and I should be home again tomorrow night. 🍌)

Be careful switching partners
if you're swinging in the dark.
Don't ever purchase drugs
from people in a trailer park.
Don't listen to the ministers,
the mullahs or the priests;
every lamb of god winds up
blind, or fucked, or fleeced.
Try not to drink so heavily
you fall down on the floor.
When one sells one's self for
money,
Honey, one becomes a whore.
Things won't make you happy,
no, the best of life comes free:
laughter, love, and passion,
respect and honesty.
All of us are equal,
despite gender, caste or skin.
For us to last upon this planet, now,
the healing must begin.



This is the only poem for which I've ever received h*te-mail. But I'm going to keep sharing it and hoping it grows wings.

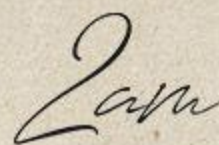
To Those Banning Books

I know
you won't be reading this anyway.
But maybe,
alone under the covers,
a child with a light
in the darkness
is opening
the first words of a story,
a story that your hands
would try to close now.
Whatever you do
for the darkness
that child with the light will survive you.

—Joseph Fasano

"I wish I wrote the way I
thought;
Obsessively,
Incessantly,
With maddening hunger.
I'd write to the point of
suffocation.
I'd write myself into
nervous breakdowns,
Manuscripts spiralling out
like tentacles into abysmal
nothing.
And I'd write about you
a lot more
than I should."

— Benedict Smith,
*I Wish I Wrote The
Way I Thought*



My Dear Friends

David's home

A doorbell rings,

a receipt is signed

The box, the wrapping, the urn

David's home

The tears, The ache, The void

Certificates of cremation and death

Some with – *The means of death* –

and some without

You will need both.

David's home

Death takes such painful getting used to.

And, as blasphemous as it may sound

My grief for my friend

Exceeds the grief I had,

when I lost my father.

If only I had known

our final hug would be the last

I would have hugged a lot longer.

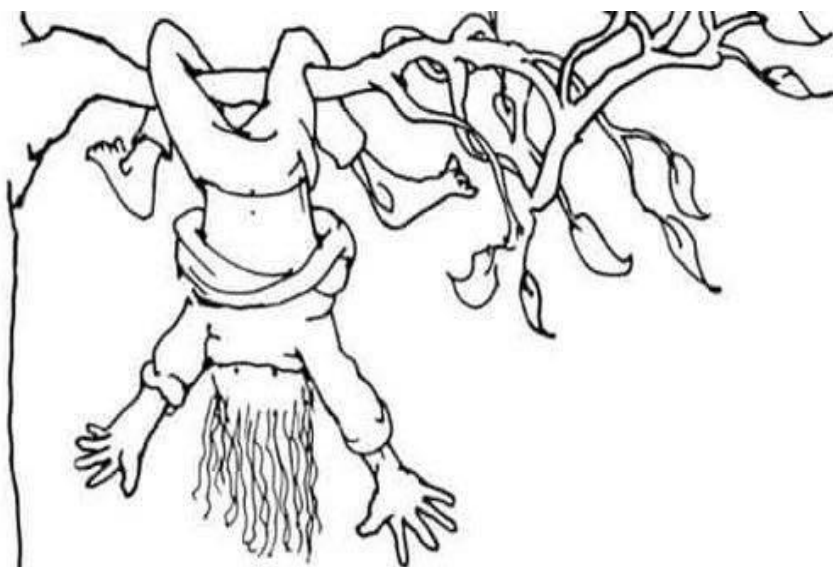
So, my dear friends

Always hug like it will be the last,

Because David's Home

– Virgil Thorp

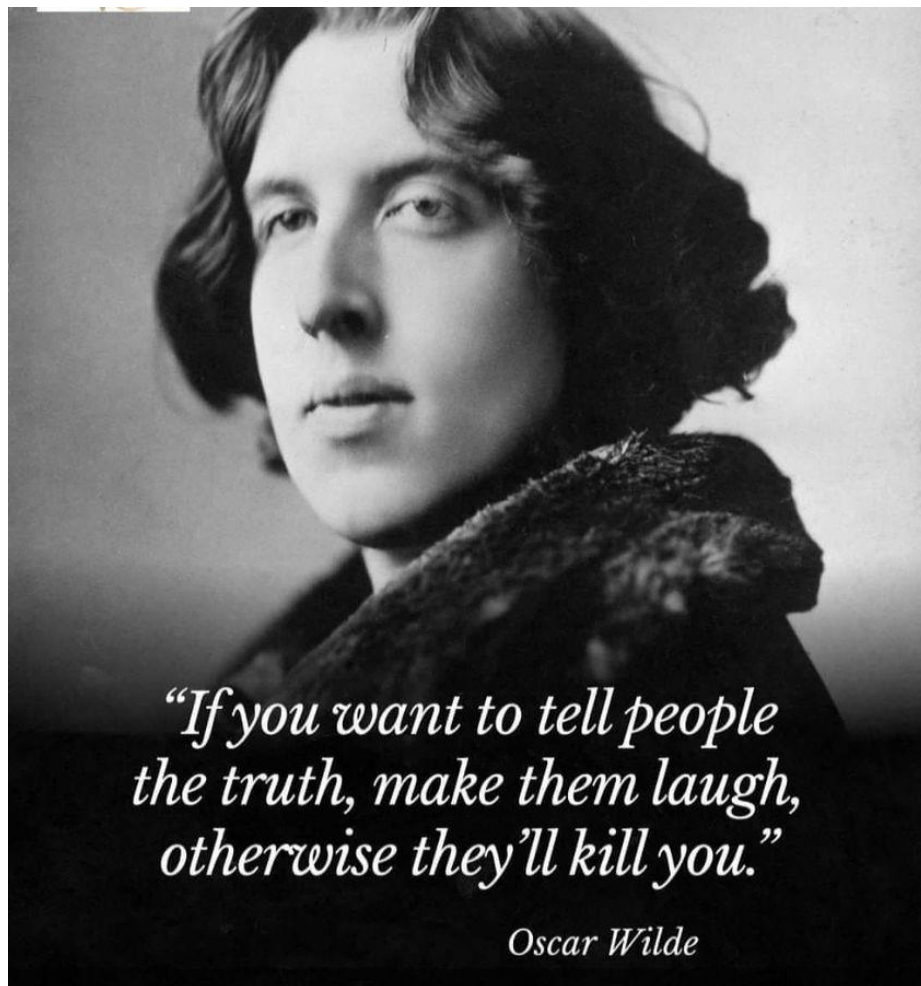




*"Listen to the MUSTN'TS, child,
Listen to the DON'TS.
Listen to the SHOULDN'TS
The IMPOSSIBLES,
the WONT'S.
Listen to the NEVER HAVES,
Then listen close to me...
Anything can happen, child.
ANYTHING can be."*

-Shel Silverstein, Where the Sidewalk Ends

COMEDY CORNER





A Floridan, a Greek, and an Asian Walk into an Afterlife

By James Longo

"Haven't written in so long I forgot how," the bleary-eyed writer declared.

"What are we going to write about?" His muse asked, banging around inside the writer's brain like a puppy trying to get out of his cage.

"Are you really my muse ... or my monkey-mind spewing random thoughts?"

The muse stopped for a moment and concentrated, "I am more like a Labrador Retriever. Bounding after thoughts. Like so many tennis balls thrown into a pond."

"Aren't we metaphoric today?" the writer said with hardly veiled sarcasm.

"Is that even a word?"

"Dude, I need you to get down to business," The writer said sounding perturbed.

The Labrador of random thoughts came to heel, "Okay, is art a noun or a verb?"

"Is that all you got? It is a verb if you manufacture it and noun if you absorb it! Next?" ("Next" was said more like a command than a question.)

"They say you can't have art without conflict. What do you feel conflicted about?"

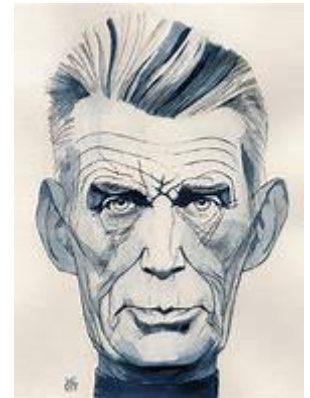
"I don't know, Jimmy Buffett."

"Why do you feel conflicted about Jimmy Buffett, other than he died?"

"Be quiet, I think I got something?"

"You're welcome," the muse said, sounding taken for granted. "Should I let you be?"

"No no, don't go anywhere, I still might need you."



A Floridian, a Greek and an Asian walk into an afterlife.

"Jimmy Buffett, I'd like you to meet Sisyphus and, of course, I'm Lao Tzu, the Taoist."

Jimmy Buffett asked, turning to Sisyphus, "Shouldn't you be pushing a rock up a hill?"

"Well, the boulder has to come down the mountain sometime, and if you put enough debris in front of it ... Let's just say it takes a little longer each time."

"But doesn't that make it harder to push it up the mountain next time?" Lao Tzu asked.

"If I stayed with my burden, I could remove the debris as it goes over it, to make it easier to push it up the next time. But everyone needs a little time away."

"See, there is my philosophy in a nutshell, tropical hedonistic escapism."

"Was that your philosophy or your marketing strategy?" Lao Tzu asked.

"Look who is throwing stones? The action of non-action – if that isn't an oxymoron what is?"

"You sold the idea to get rich, to quit your job, head to the islands, lay on the beach all day and party all night! And you sold it to middle class working stiffs, who paid good money to chase this dream – if only for a few days or weeks at a time at exorbitant prices."

"Look who is talking, if you speak of the Tao, you don't understand the Tao. What is this? Fight Club? The first rule of the Tao is we don't talk about the Tao!?"

"Most of what I was saying was, *go with the flow*. Don't work hard when you can work smart," Lao Tzu replied with gracious open palms.



Sisyphus laughed, "Work smart, lay down your burden, the human condition is more like my life, push the boulder up the mountain, and if you are lucky you will learn to love the pushing. You must come to terms with your lot in life."

"Most people hate their lot, so my point was work hard in a job you don't necessarily like; then escape to hedonistic paradise for a while; then go back to that sucky job, to make more money to do it again," Jimmy said with a Margaritaville smile.

"It seems very pessimistic, be discontent ninety-nine percent of the time only to desire that one percent of time where you are partying your ass off," Sisyphus said.

"Look who is talking, a guy whose lot – *for all time* – is to push a boulder up a mountain. At least I gave people an escape," Jimmy said, looking up and down the street for a bar.

"I've come to terms with my lot. I've got it good. I have something to do. I am pretty good at it after three thousand years. I understand struggling makes me empathetic. Thanks to all that boulder pushing I've developed a certain amount of wisdom. I also have something to occupy my time." Sisyphus exclaimed, looking up at the mountain in search of his wayward boulder.

"Jimmy, your tropical hedonist, escapist, philosophy was all marketing. You died a very wealthy man. You hustled all your life and had your fingers in everything from music to beer, casinos to naming rights to a stadium ... Why?" Lao Tzu asked, as he looked around for his teapot.

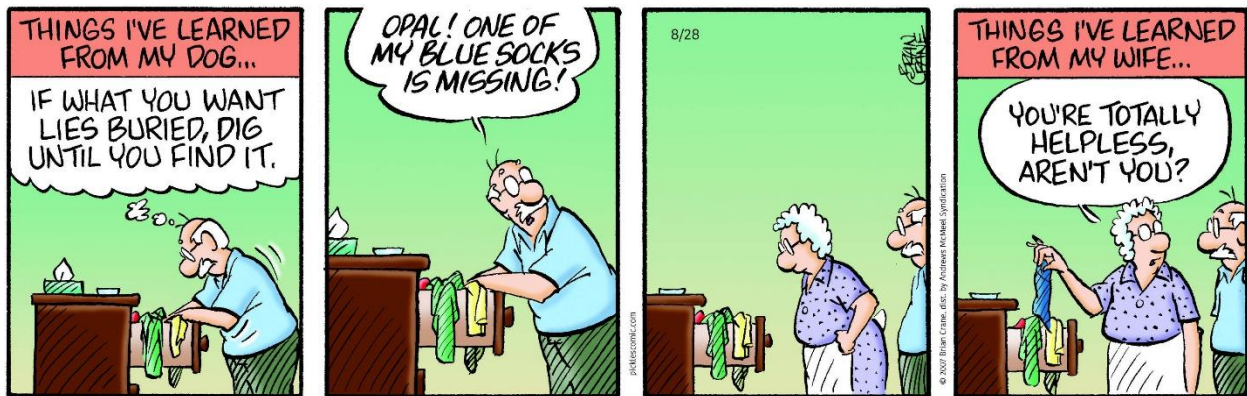
"You have to do something. You can only sit on a beach for so long before thoughts come and actions follow."

Sisyphus smiled. So did Lao Tzu. At that moment Jimmy caught sight of a bar out of the corner of his eye with a steel drum band playing. Lao Tzu found his teapot and started looking for some tea. The boulder reached the bottom of the hill. At that moment each turned to their distractions – turning away from each other – and almost in unison, they all said, "See ya!"

I guess the afterlife is much like life, just one big distraction.



wild willie's worldwide warehouse of unmatched single sock salon by bill clause



Can't decide what to do with that sizable stack of single socks on the center shelf of your laundry room?

Well grab that stack of single socks and sashay on down to Wild Willie's Worldwide Warehouse of Unmatched Single Sock Salon where we have a mate for every single single sock in your single sock stack.

Plan on spending the weekend during our super sizzling, summer socktacular sale Saturday and Sunday, and sort through our stupendous stock of stacks and stacks of single socks. You are welcome to stay as long as it takes to find the perfect match for every single single sock.

And remember every time you purchase a mate for one of your single socks it's like getting a brand-new pair of socks at half price.

While you're there, be sure to check out our discount bins. In one corner, we have the slightly soiled single socks at discount prices. Yeah, they may be slightly soiled but what kind of pervert is gonna be checking out the stains on your ankles anyway?



And if you're looking for high fashion at a discount, check out our stylishly, torn socks to go with those overpriced ripped jeans you bought.

And at Wild Willie's, we believe in giving back. For every two unmatched socks you buy Wild Willie will give two unmatched socks to a homeless person. After all, homeless people don't care if their socks match.

So come on down to Wild Willie's single sock salon.

At Wild Willies we'll mate you up.



Acidic Insults

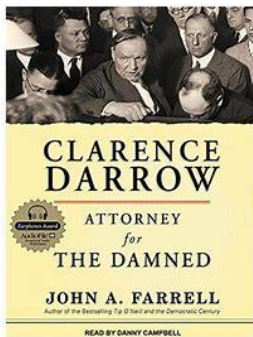
Provided by Gale Baker

These insults are from an era before the English language got boiled down to 4-letter words!



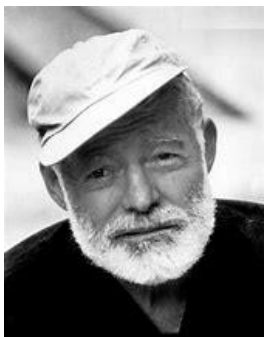
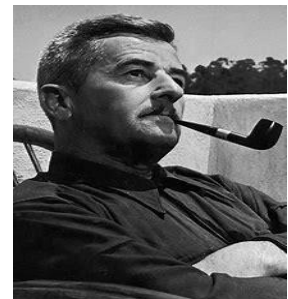
1. "He had delusions of adequacy" - Walter Kerr

2. "He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." - Winston Churchill



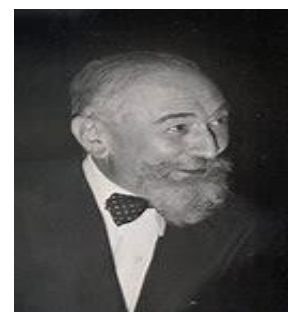
3. "I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure." - Clarence Darrow

4. "He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary." - William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway)



5. "Poor Faulkner. Does he really think big emotions come from big words?" - Ernest Hemingway (about William Faulkner)

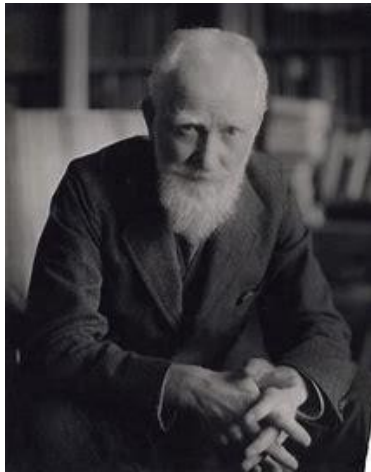
6. "Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it." - Moses Hadas





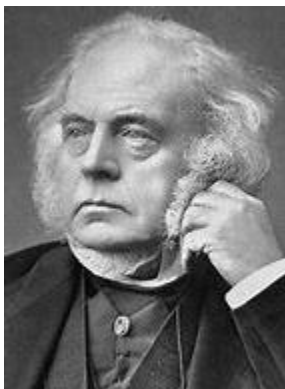
7. "I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." - Mark Twain

8. "He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends."
- Oscar Wilde



9. "I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend, if you have one." - George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill

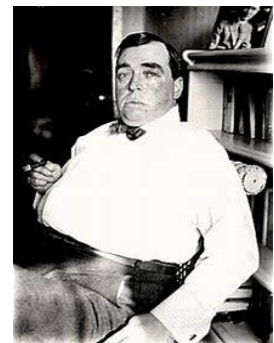
10. "Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second... if there is one." - Winston Churchill, in response



11. "I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here" - Earl Stephen Bishop

12. "He is a self-made man and worships his creator." - John Bright

13. "I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial." - Irvin S. Cobb



14. "He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others." - Samuel Johnson

15. "He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." - Paul Keating



16. "He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." - Forrest Tucker

17. "Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?" - Mark Twain



18. "His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." - Mae West

19. "Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." - Oscar Wilde

20. "He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts... for support rather than illumination." - Andrew Lang (1844-1912)



21. "He has Van Gogh's ear for music." - Billy Wilder

22. "I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But I'm afraid this wasn't it." - Groucho Marx



23. The exchange between Winston Churchill & Lady Astor: She said, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison." He said, "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."



25. "There's nothing wrong with you that reincarnation won't cure." - Jack E. Leonard



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**PEOPLE OF PRAISE:
FATHER KNOWS BEST!**
pg. 69

**WHAT
WOULD
JERRY
NOT DO?:
DEADHEAD
PARENTAL
ADVICE!**
pg.16

**A HANDMAID'S TALE!
JUSTICE AMY
CONEY BARRETT:**
*"Now that I am done
feeding, our pastor has
them under his control.
As I am. Praise Be!"*
pg.30

**TOP
SECRET
RECIPES
FROM Q!**
pg.56

**CHILD RESTRAINTS:
GOD'S WILL? A: YES!** pg.19

**HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN FROM FACT-
BASED, RATIONAL ONLINE INFLUENCERS !** pg. 44





Jerry Springer already causing trouble in the afterlife...

"Let's bring out Mary's husband, Joseph."



People often ask what I read. Well, I just finished reading a book about the history of WD-40. It was non friction...

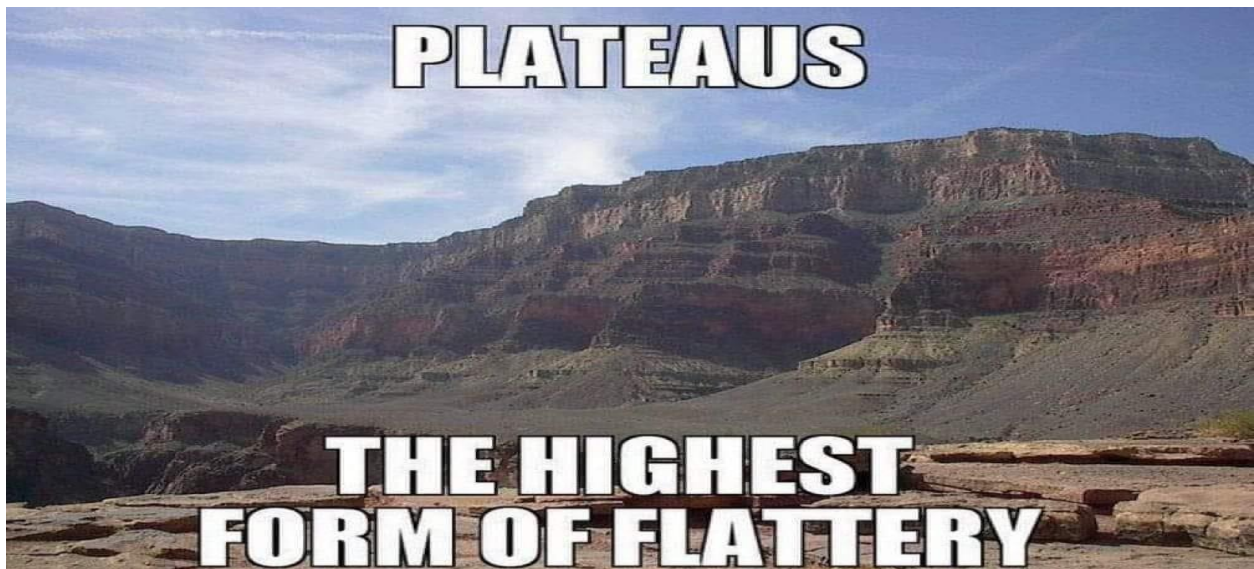


If he tried to kill his son and claim God told him to do it.





HOMESCHOOL MARCHING BAND



PLATEAUS

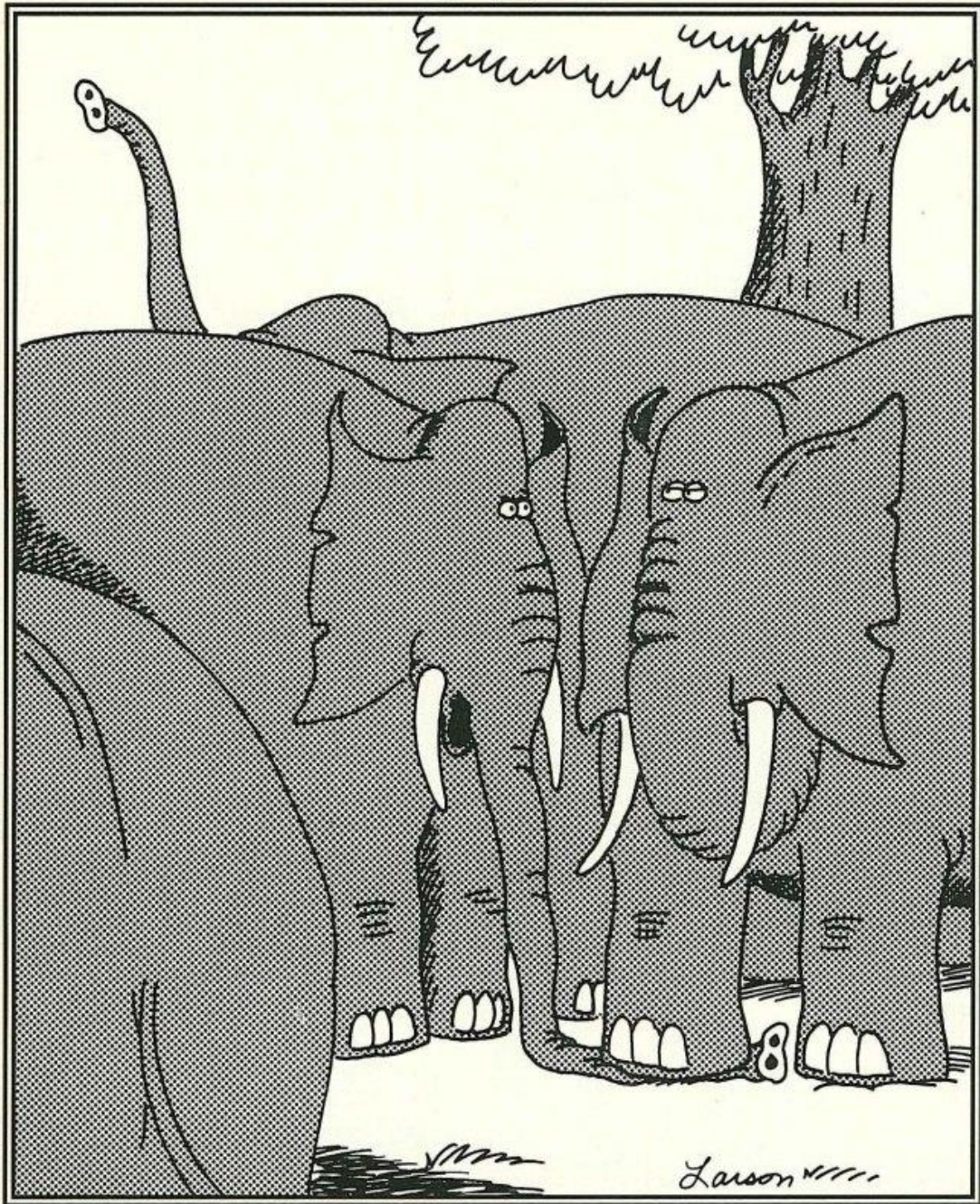
**THE HIGHEST
FORM OF FLATTERY**

'Well, I can't actually verify the radioactive decay of the compound...but I KNOW it's REAL because I FEEL it deep inside me!'

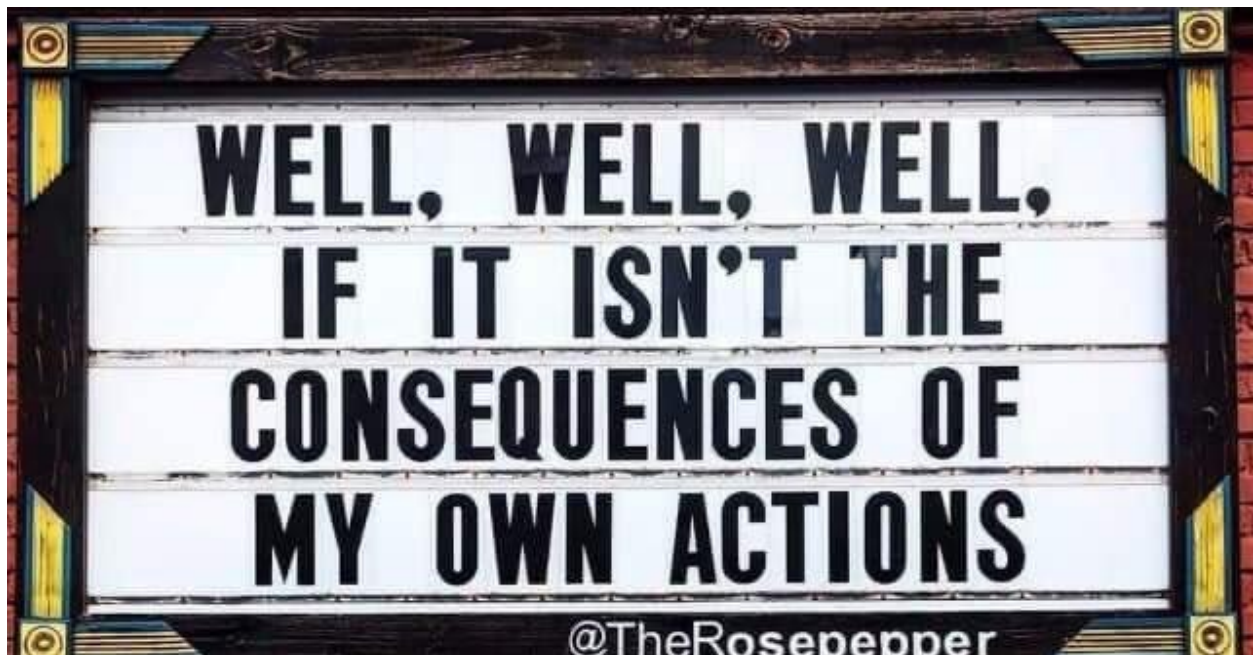
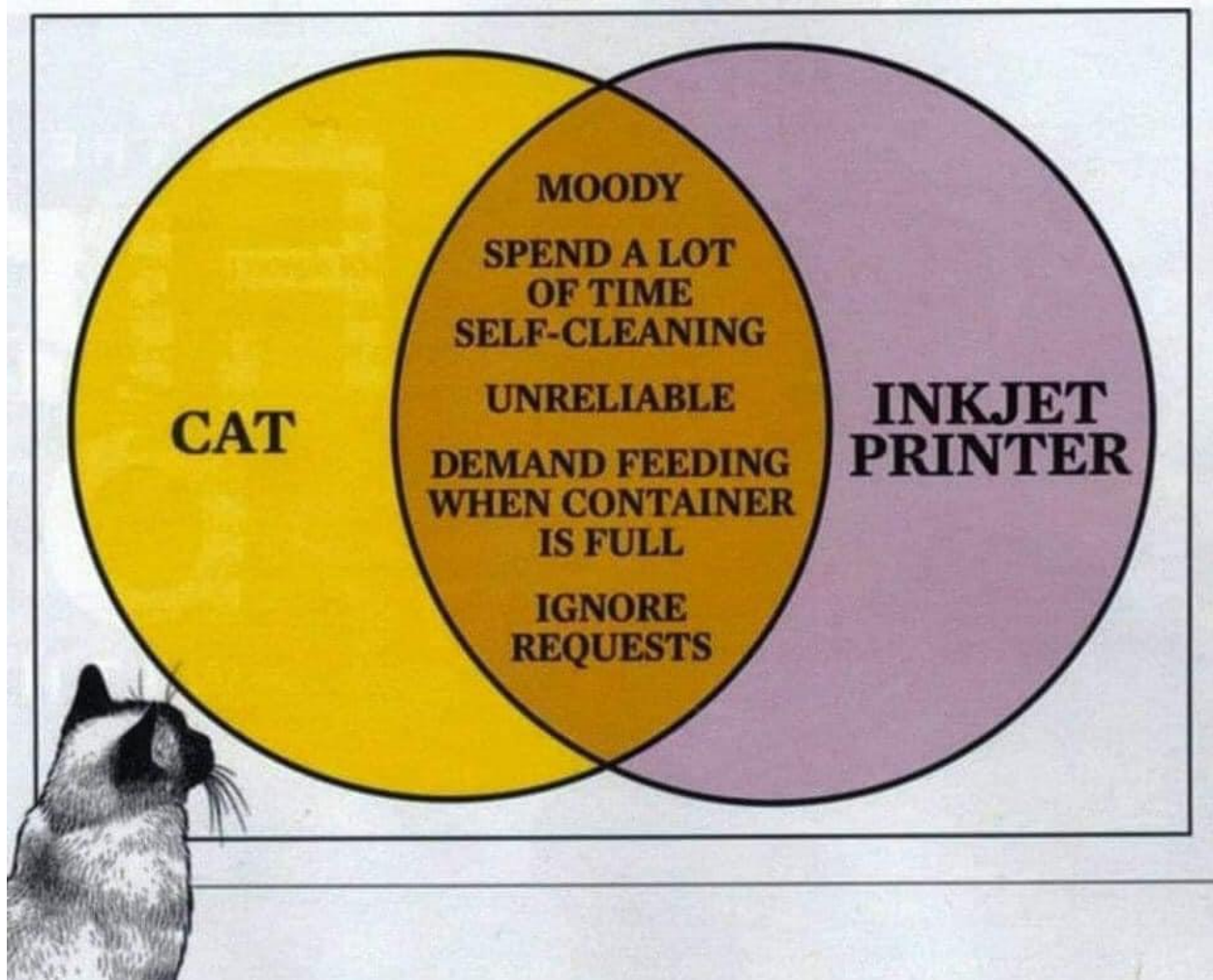


If Science Was Like Religion.

1/24/87



“Two questions, Mitch: How much do you weigh, and what’s the most sensitive part of any elephant’s anatomy?”

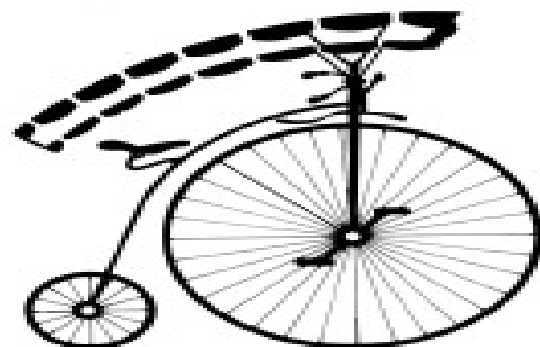


Talking to Trumpanzees



Yeah, it's kinda like that

Folks who still think that the Biden crime family is a thing, here are some facts:
 Hunter Biden didn't make \$640 Million while working in the White House.
 Ivanka Trump & Jared Kushner did.
 Hunter Biden didn't have his dad fast track 16 Chinese patents in two months for him.
 Ivanka Trump did.
 Hunter Biden didn't get special national security clearance despite deep concerns of possible foreign influence.
 Ivanka Trump & Jared Kushner did.
 Hunter Biden didn't get a \$2 Billion paycheck from a country he only months before had negotiated official American foreign policy with.
 Jared Kushner did.
 Sitting President Joe Biden doesn't have a Chinese bank account.
 But sitting "President" Donald Trump sure did.
 So, you see... all those "impeachable offenses" you baselessly accuse the Biden family of committing — yeah well, funny thing is, they were actually committed... by the Trumps.
 "You can boo, but facts are still facts"
 — Chris Christie



BE SEEING YOU