

# THE JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER / OCTOBER 2024 VOL. 9, NO. 5



*I Told You So – The Scathing Atheist, Noah Lugeons  
Discusses Political Predictions p. 35*

*One Hundred Sixty Miles of Hell – Jim and Barbara Longo  
Tackle the Appalachian Trail p. 43*

*"Crude Vigor Over Polished Banality" – The 54th Year  
Foolkiller Reunion – Virgil & Lucy Thorp Go Back In Time  
And Don't Recognize Anyone p. 76*

# 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.9, No.5

September / October 2024

## In this issue:

Introduction	3
AOTC Members	8
Meetings & Events	8
Commentary	21
Articles	42
The Way We Were	66
Fiction & Poetry	85
Comedy Corner	92

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

[awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com](http://awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com)

# INTRODUCTION

*What did we know and  
when did we stop knowing it?*



*"Attention, passengers: there will be some moderate turbulence while we pass through the energy field pulsing up from the Democratic National Convention."*

(A nationwide IQ test is going to happening on  
November 5th.)

## ***BLAH, BLAH, BLAH***

This is the last issue of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast Journal ... *before* election day, November 5, 2024. Well, not the *actual* last, but the last issue of the year, Vol. 9 No.6 will only be distributed five days before that election ... so, this is, essentially, the last issue (because if the other guy wins, I'll probably move to Venezuela and won't be here to edit Vol. 9 No. 6. If the other

guy loses, he'll move to Venezuela as he confessed to Elon Musk the other night).

Of course, in our previous issues, I was "Ridin' with Biden" all the way to victory or (bite my tongue) defeat. I could not see or imagine any other scenario or candidate succeeding and felt doomed to hold my breath for every stutter or every stumble up the stairs of Air Force One. Fortunately, more knowledgeable heads prevailed and today, as I write this, there are 82 days before the election and the team of Harris and Walz are kicking the fat orange boy and his closeted VP pick's asses.



It has only been a week since Vice-president and presumptive presidential candidate Kamala Harris introduced Minnesota governor, Tim Walz, as her running mate at a rally in Philadelphia, PA and the pair have lit up the complacent Republicans who have bet the house on Trump/DeSantis DJ Vance ticket. Of course, the Trump/Vance team lost their shit (and a whole bunch of warehouses packed to the rafters with F\*ck Joe Biden flags, hats, tee shirts and

bumper stickers! What will they do with them now?).

The Harris/Walz ticket is electric. It is exciting. It has joy and fun. People are entranced. The response has been pure WOW! These people are smart, talented and humane.

So far, the Republi-*crats* have emptied out their outhouses and have thrown every fecal element they can squeeze out at the Walz of the Democratic candidates, and nothing has stuck. (see *what I did there?*) I don't know about you, but what they have squeezed out has been nothing but stinky lies except for the truth

that Republi-crats think all black people look alike, even if they have 12 inches difference in height, and all democrats have low energy IQ's. Hopefully, they will eventually run out of shit.

Meanwhile, locally, I have been seeing yard signs supporting a plethora of state constitutional amendments. My initial reaction is: what is what and how do I vote. Let me break it down.

## **Amendment 1 - Partisan School Board Members**

*"PARTISAN ELECTION OF MEMBERS OF DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARDS. — Proposing amendments to the State Constitution to require members of a district school board to be elected in a partisan election rather than a nonpartisan election and ... Blah, blah, blah. "*

I am not sure what the hell this means. If DeSantis is for it, I am against it. Although, voting "yes" means that a candidates' political persuasion will be listed next to their names on the ballot.

## **Amendment 2 - Right to Hunt and Fish**

*"RIGHT TO FISH AND HUNT — Proposing an amendment to the State Constitution to preserve forever fishing and hunting, including by the use of traditional methods, as a public right and preferred means of responsibly managing and controlling fish and wildlife. Blah, blah, blah. "*

This one seems like a backdoor move to circumvent environmental protections. I am voting "No".

## **Amendment 3 - Recreational marijuana**

*"ADULT PERSONAL USE OF MARIJUANA — Allows adults 21 years or older to possess, purchase, or use marijuana products and marijuana accessories for non-medical personal consumption by smoking, ingestion, or otherwise; allows Medical Marijuana Treatment Centers, and Blah, blah, blah."*

Vote "Yes" and the good times will roll. Vote "No" and the good times will still roll but you might be an outlaw. Any freedom of sedation gets a "Yes" vote from me.

*"If it passes, Florida would become the 25th state to legalize marijuana for fun rather than just medical use." — USA Today*

## **Amendment 4 - Abortion Access**

*"AMENDMENT TO LIMIT GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE WITH ABORTION — No law shall prohibit, penalize, delay, or restrict abortion before viability or when necessary to protect the patient's health, as determined by the patient's healthcare provider ... blah, blah, blay."*

This is a no-brainer. We cannot allow people without medical qualifications, but with medieval ethics and morality to place their beliefs between the people, their bodily autonomy and their medical concerns. HELL YES, I VOTE "Yes"!

## **Amendment 5 - Homestead Annual Inflation Adjustment**

*"ANNUAL ADJUSTMENT TO HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION VALUE — Proposing an amendment to the State Constitution to require an annual adjustment for inflation to the value of current or future homestead exemptions that apply solely to levies other than school district levies and for which every person who has legal or equitable title, or ... Blah, blah, blah."*

Another one of those "why is this even being considered?" amendments. Opponents say a "Yes" vote will drain local government tax revenues. Think I will vote "No" on this one.

## **Amendment 6 - Public Campaign Financing**

*"REPEAL OF PUBLIC CAMPAIGN FINANCING REQUIREMENT — Proposing the repeal of the provision in the State Constitution which requires public financing for campaigns of candidates for elective statewide office who agree to campaign spending limits and ... blah, blah, blah."*

The current public campaign funding amendment was approved in 1998. Who benefits from this newest version? Critics say it will be candidates with fat cat rich donors. There is way too much of that now. I'm voting "No".

That makes two "yes's", three "no's" and one "who gives a shit."  
The yes votes on three and four are the important ones!

I will go out on a limb and predict that we have experienced only the beginning of Republi-*crat* detestability, and they will go through all sorts of hell to surpass themselves. At least I hope so.



We may even hear the other guy cut his own throat by comparing the sacrifice of Medal of Honor winners to Medal of Freedom conferees who have donated millions of dollars to his campaign.

It ought to be quite a show. As my podcasting friend, Driftglass describes it, "media bullshit." Wear a cup.

BTW, I know where you can get a great price on a gross of "Let's Go Brandon" pennants.

## *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 1<sup>st</sup> 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](mailto:vmthorp@outlook.com) for confirmation.*

# AOTC MEMBERS

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

## MEETINGS & EVENTS

### Meetings



Friday gatherings: **First Friday of month at Flagler Park\*** (next to *Hudson's on the River* restaurant across the tracks from the Roosevelt Bridge). All other Fridays, *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart's Sandsprit Park. BYOB. *\*May or may not be transferred to Sandsprit Park at time of*

*publishment. Check with Dan.*

Sunday Zoom – 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <[vignaujdan@aol.com](mailto:vignaujdan@aol.com)> to be included with the connection codes.







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

## Events



### September 2024 – Better Breakfast Month

**September 2** – Labor Day First Monday of the month. VJ Day, WWII

**September 3** – 1939: The United Kingdom, France, New Zealand and Australia declare war on Germany after the Invasion of Poland.

Photo: Topical Press Agency, 1939

**September 5** – 1975: Lynette “Squeaky” Fromme, member of the “Charles Manson Family”, attempts to assassinate U.S. President Gerald Ford in Sacramento, California.



**\*September 6** Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.

Fight Procrastination Day ... Tomorrow; Read a Book Day ... Today

**\*September 8** – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.



1934: en route from Havana to New York, the ocean liner S.S. Morro Castle catches fire and burns, killing 137 passengers and crew members.

Star Trek Day

**September 9** – 1956: Elvis Presley makes his first appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The show was seen by approximately 60 million viewers—a record 82.6 percent of the television audience. Photo: Ed Sullivan with Elvis Presley during a press conference before Presley's first



appearance on the 'Ed Sullivan Show'. (Fotos International/Getty Images)

The people who confused the Last Supper with Greek Mythology are the same people who want to eliminate the Department of Education


# IMAGINE



# NO RELIGION

September 11 – 911 Remembrance

World Trade Center, New York City,  
September 11, 2001.

\*September 12 –   
Writer's Group @  
Jensen House of  
Brews, 6:30 pm.

I fill sorry four all the  
kids that half to learn  
from home with  
parents who can't  
reed, right or spale

Someone asked me if I had  
plans for the fall.  
It took me a moment to  
realize they meant  
"autumn", not  
the collapse of civilization.

\*September 13 – Aware Ones at Sandspr  
Park 11 am. Friday the 13th & Defy  
Superstition Day

Uncle Sam Day – His image was first used in  
1813.

\*September 15 – Aware Ones  
Zoom 11 am.



Wife Appreciation Day – The third Sunday in  
September.

September 17 – Constitution Day

September 18 – National Cheeseburger Day

\*September 20 – Aware Ones at  
Sandspr Park 11 am.



September 21 – 1968: 23-year-old Jeannie C. Riley becomes the first female  
performer to top the Billboard Country and Pop charts simultaneously with the  
song "Harper Valley P.T.A."

Oktoberfest begins in Germany



\*September 22 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.



Autumn Equinox – Fall begins!

September 24 – National  
Cherries Jubilee Day & Rosh  
Hashanah – begins at sundown



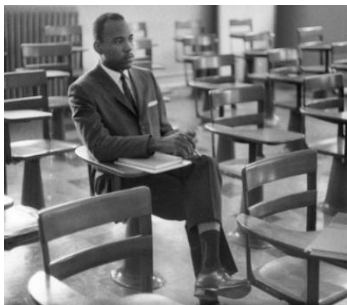
\*September 26 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

1960: In Chicago, the first televised general election presidential debate takes place between candidates Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Senator John F. Kennedy. Photo: CBS



\*September 27 – **Aware Ones at Sandspritz Park 11 am.**

\*September 29 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**



**Confucius Day** – Try your luck. **Get a Fortune Cookie.**

**September 30** – 1962: James Meredith becomes the first African-American student admitted to the segregated University of Mississippi after the intervention of the federal government.



October is Breast Cancer Awareness Month. Get those puppies checked!



**October 2024** – **International Kink Month, Breast Cancer Awareness month.**

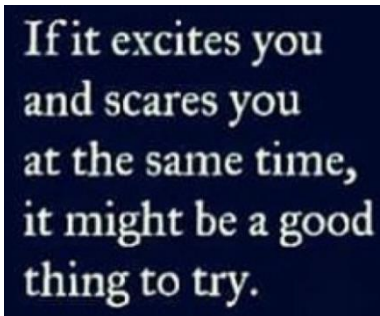
\*October 4 – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.**

**World Smile Day** – The first Friday of the month.



\*October 6 – **Aware Ones**

**Zoom 11 am.** **Oktobefest** in Germany ends.



**October 9** – 1967: Argentine Marxist revolutionary, physician, author, guerrilla leader, and diplomat Ernesto Che Guevara is executed in Bolivia. Photo: Joseph Scherschel/Time/Life 1959

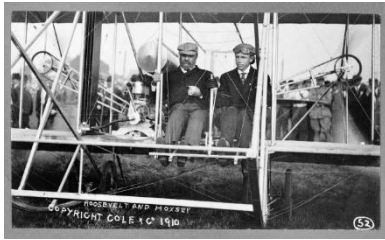


\* October 10 –  **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

— PAST —  
PRESENT  
— FUTURE —



**\*October 11 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**



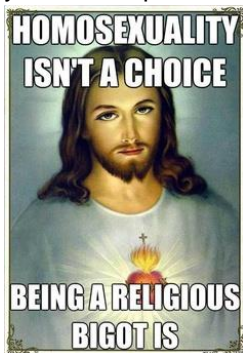
1910: Former President Theodore Roosevelt becomes the first U.S. President to fly in an airplane. He flew four minutes with Arch Hoxsey in a plane built by the Wright brothers at Kinloch Field, St. Louis, Missouri. Photo: Cole & Co./Library of Congress

International Day of the Girl Child



**\*October 13 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

54 AD: Emperor Claudius dies from poisoning under mysterious circumstances; his 17-year-old stepson Nero succeeds him.



International Skeptics Day

**October 14 – 1968:** The first live TV broadcast, by American astronauts in orbit, is performed by the Apollo 7 crew. Photo: NASA

Columbus Day & Indigenous People Day -The second Monday in October



**\*October 18 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**


National Meatloaf Appreciation Day

**October 19 –1977:** British Airways Concorde makes its first landing at JFK International Airport in New York. Photo: Allan Tannenbaum



**\*October 20 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

International Chefs Day

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

United Nations Day



**\*October 25 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Frankenstein Friday – The last Friday in October.



Howl at the Moon Night

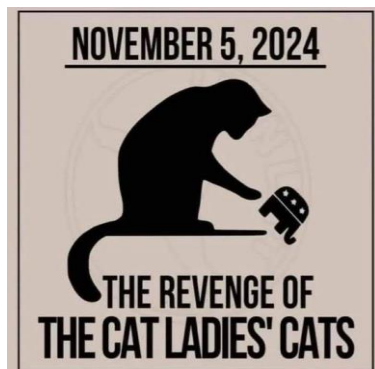
\*October 27– Aware Ones  
Zoom 11 am.

Black Cat Day

October 29 – 1971: Musician Duane Allman of The Allman Brothers Band is killed in a motorcycle crash. He was 24 years old.



October 30 – 1938: A radio broadcast of H. G. Wells "The War of the Worlds", narrated by Orson Welles, allegedly causes a mass panic throughout the U.S.



October 31 – Halloween

November 5 – Election Day



Upcoming:

March 2025 –



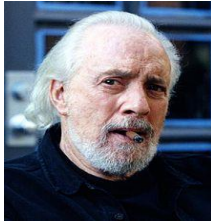
March 14-16, 2025





## LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

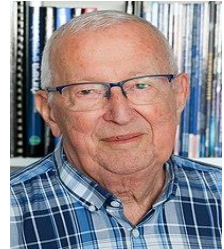
July 2024



**1** Robert Towne, 89, American screenwriter (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*, *The Last Detail*) and director, Oscar winner (1975).



**5** Wil Tirion, 81, Dutch uranographer. His most famous work, *Sky Atlas 2000.0*, is renowned by astronomers for its accuracy and beauty. The minor planet (asteroid) 4648 Tirion is named after him.



**6** Sonya Massey, 36, American police shooting victim, shot. 36-year-old black woman, was shot and killed in her home by **Sean Grayson**, a white deputy of the Sangamon County Sheriff's Office in Woodside Township near Springfield, Illinois, United States.



**8** Marina Kondratyeva, 90, Russian ballerina (Bolshoi Ballet). Described as "weightless, airy, poetic and spiritual", she is known for roles such as Juliet in Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* and as Adam's *Giselle*.

**9** Jim Inhofe, 89, American politician, member of the U.S. Senate (1994–2023) and House of Representatives (1987–1994), complications from a stroke.<sup>†</sup>



**11** Shelley Duvall, 75, American actress (*The Shining*, *Nashville*, *3 Women*), complications from diabetes

**12** Ruth Westheimer, 96, German-American sex therapist and Holocaust survivor. Described as "Grandma Freud" and the "Sister Wendy of Sexuality", Westheimer helped revolutionize talk about sex and sexuality on radio and television, advocating for speaking openly about sexual issues.



**13** Thomas Matthew Crooks, 20, American gunman (attempted assassination of Donald Trump), shot. Crooks shot at Trump with an AR-15-style rifle from a nearby rooftop while Trump was giving a speech. He hit Trump's ear and killed one attendee while critically injuring two others before being killed by the Secret Service Counter Sniper Team.

- James B. Sikking, 90, American actor (*Hill Street Blues*, *Doogie Howser, M.D.*, *The Pelican Brief*), complications from dementia.

- Richard Simmons, 76, American fitness instructor and television personality (*General Hospital*, *Match Game*, *Hollywood Squares*).







**18** Lou Dobbs, 78, American political commentator (Lou Dobbs Tonight), television producer (CNNfn) and writer.

- Bob Newhart, 94, American comedian and actor (The Bob Newhart Show, Newhart, Elf), Emmy (2013) and Grammy (1961) winner.



**22** John Mayall, 90, English Hall of Fame musician (John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers) and songwriter ("I'm Your Witchdoctor", "Crawling Up a Hill").



**23** Max Leitner, 66, Italian criminal. Unable to tolerate the living conditions at the Austrian prison, he escaped after a few days and turned himself in to the Italian police at the state border in Prato alla Drava, declaring that he preferred imprisonment in Italy rather than in Austria, where the prisons, he said, were "medieval".

**26** George B. Crist, 93, American Marine Corps general, commander-in-chief of the U.S. Central Command (1985–1988).



- Ismail Haniyeh, 62, Palestinian politician, prime minister (2006–2014), Hamas chief in the Gaza Strip (2014–2017), and chairman of the Hamas political bureau (since 2017), explosion.



## August

**6** Connie Chiume, 72, South African actress (Black Panther, Rhythm City, The Air Up There) and filmmaker. In 2018, Chiume played Zawavari, the elder of a mining tribe in the Marvel Cinematic Universe film Black Panther. She starred in this role again in the film's 2022 sequel Black Panther: Wakanda Forever.



**9** Susan Wojcicki, 56, American business executive, CEO of YouTube (2014–2023), lung cancer. She was named "the most important person in advertising", as well as named one of Time's 100 most influential people.



**12** Valentin Piseev, 82, Russian sports administrator, president (1988–2010) and general secretary (2010–2014) of the Figure Skating Federation of Russia.

**13** Wally Amos, 88, American entrepreneur (Famous Amos) and television personality (Learn to Read), complications from dementia.



**14** Gena Rowlands, 94, American actress (A Woman Under the Influence, Gloria, The Notebook), four-time Emmy winner, complications from Alzheimer's disease.

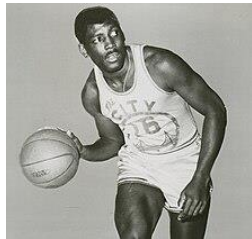
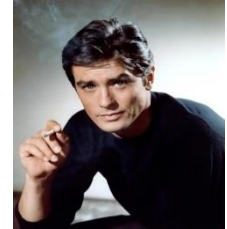


**17** Helen Fisher, 79, American anthropologist and researcher, cancer. a senior research fellow, at The Kinsey Institute, Indiana University, and a member of the Center For Human Evolutionary Studies in the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University.



**18** Phil Donahue, 88, American talk show host (The Phil Donahue Show) and filmmaker (Body of War).

- Alain Delon, 88, French-Swiss actor (Rocco and His Brothers, The Leopard, Le Samourai) and film producer, B-cell lymphoma.



**20** Al Attles, 87, American basketball player, executive and coach (Golden State Warriors), NBA champion (1975).

**24** Alex Xydias, 102, American hot rod car racer.



## Heroes



## Paraplegic Tennis Player Walks Upright in a Personal Exoskeleton to Carry the Olympic Torch

Story by Lori Dorn

Kevin Piette, a French Paralympic tennis player who lost the use of his legs due to a



motorcycle accident in 2012, made history by proudly carrying the Olympic torch during the Poissy Centre Ville portion of the iconic Torch Relay while walking upright in the Atalante X, a full personal self-balancing exoskeleton made by Wondercraft.

Piette was grateful to have this opportunity.

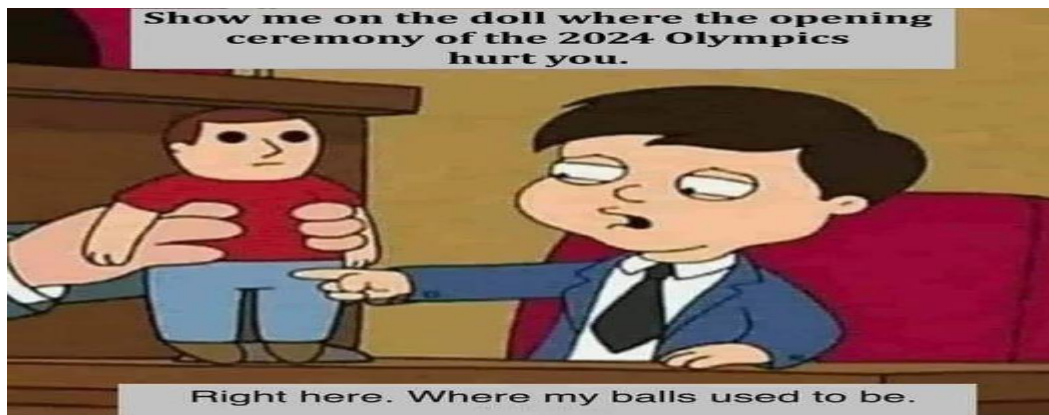




"It is with pride and honor that I was able to carry this flame that represents so many beautiful things: Commitment, sport, innovation, inclusion, hope, the future... I will never forget this



There are vending machine in Istanbul that dispense food and water for stray dogs. The price ? An empty recyclable bottle.



## Asshole(s) of the Month

Editor's note: due to the impending national election, the amount of Assholishness is approaching record levels. Assholes who would previously be featured, no longer make the cut and will be placed on a "space available" waiting list.

### **BUT HE LOOKS SO CLEAN**



Michigan GOP state legislator and Christian Right lunatic Kornelius Friske was arrested last Friday at 2:45am, after the Lansing Police Department responded to reports of a guy chasing a woman down the street and possible gunshots being fired near the Deja Vu "gentleman's club." And after investigating, it got even worse. Nobody was shot as far as we know, but the police department requested felony charges of sexual assault, assault, and a weapons-related offense. Friske and his team are asking for prayers.

Then he got booked at the station, and he was released later that day. And with a primary coming up in August, his campaign...believing they still exist...put out a statement, very clearly written by Friske himself. In addition to those prayers they asked for, it also said: (quote) "As many of us know, Representative Friske is always exercising his 2nd Amendment right."

### **BUT HE LOVED JULY 4TH**



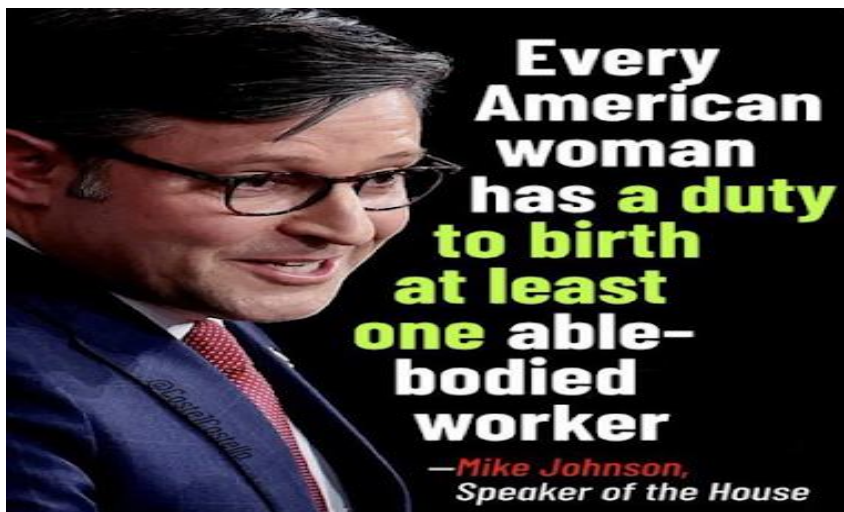
SUMMERVILLE, SC — Wearing an Uncle Sam star-spangled suit and a top hat to match, Allen Ray McGrew danced around in the front yard as he smoked a cigarette on July 4th — his favorite holiday of the year. A line of smoldering firework mortars lined the edge of the street behind him.

Hours later, a firework exploded on top of his head, killing him instantly.

Paige McGrew told deputies that her husband had placed the large firework on his head to "show off" after drinking for several hours, according to an incident report. "He was

holding this firework over his top hat. I thought he was just showboating before he set it on the ground. I didn't realize he had already lit it."

His wife was telling McGrew to stop when the firework suddenly erupted and he collapsed. "Allen loved this holiday," she said. "He was a patriot; he





was proud of his son and he was excited to have a new daughter-in-law. He was living his best life last night."

### Brainworm Seeks New Host

Posted on August 23, 2024 by tengrain

Independent presidential candidate Robert F. Kennedy Jr. announced Friday that he is suspending his campaign and will support former president Donald Trump. Trump acknowledged the new endorsement, calling Kennedy a "great guy" who is "respected by everybody."



Respected by everybody. Oh, REALLY?

As Robert F. Kennedy Jr. announced he was ending his independent

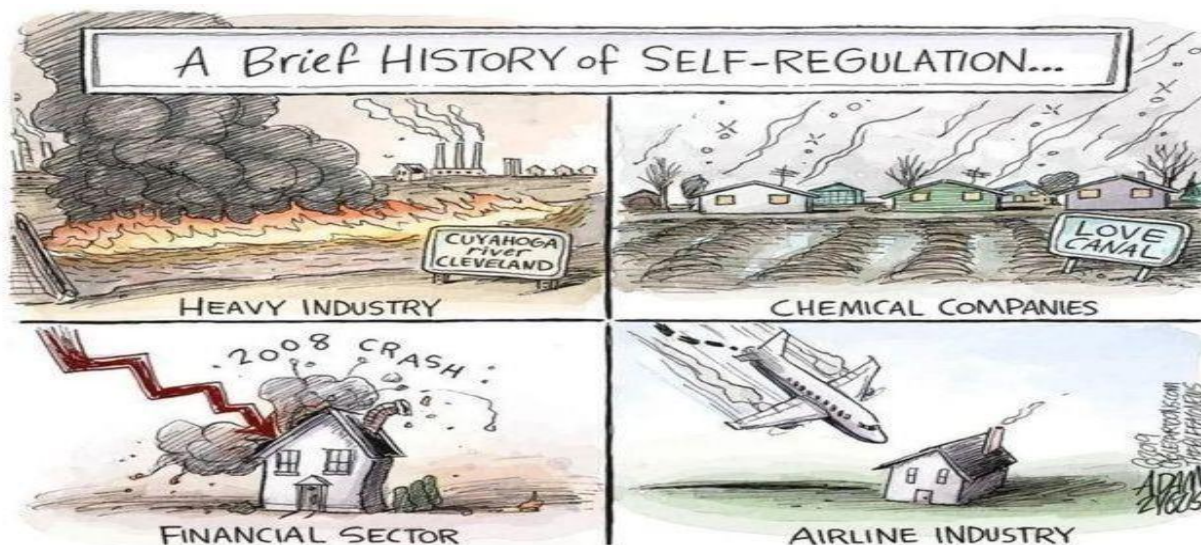


presidential and endorsing Republican nominee Donald Trump, members of Kennedy's family released a letter saying that the endorsement is "betrayal of the values that our father and family hold most dear."

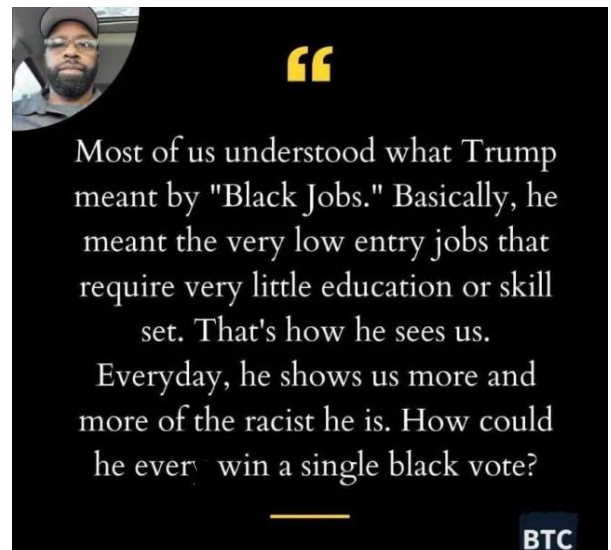
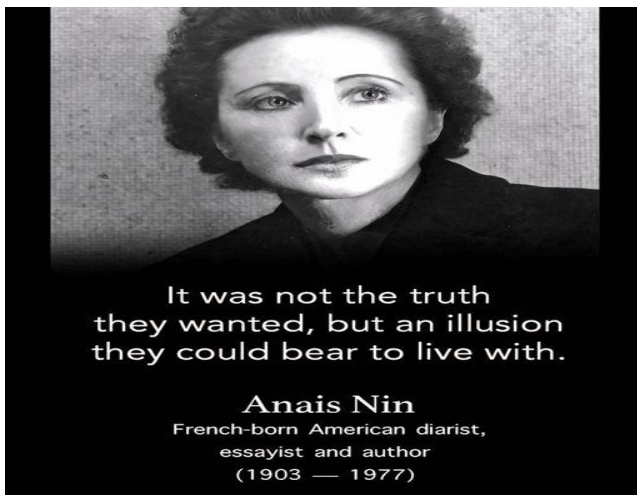
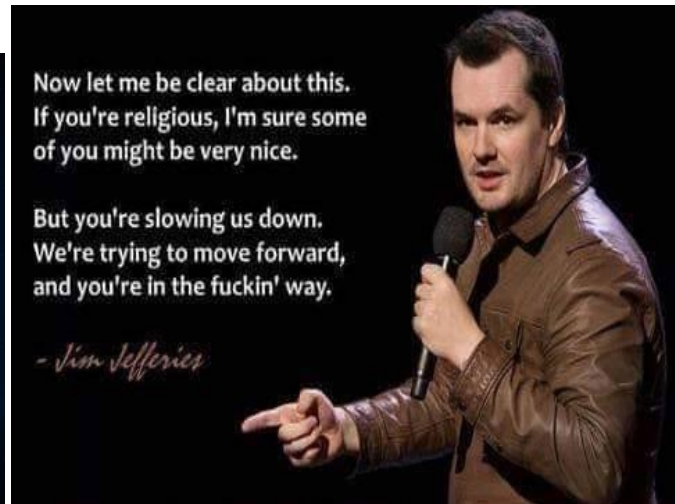
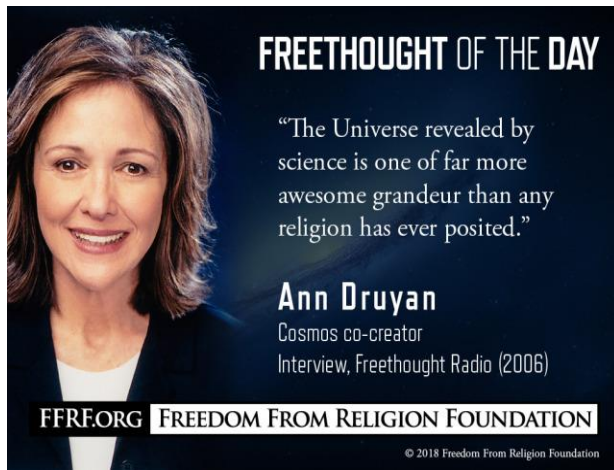
### STATEMENT ON ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.'S ANNOUNCEMENT TODAY

We want an America filled with hope and bound together by a shared vision of a brighter future, a future defined by individual freedom, economic promise and national pride. We believe in Harris and Walz. Our brother Bobby's decision to endorse Trump today is a betrayal of the values that our father and our family hold most dear. It is a sad ending to a sad story.

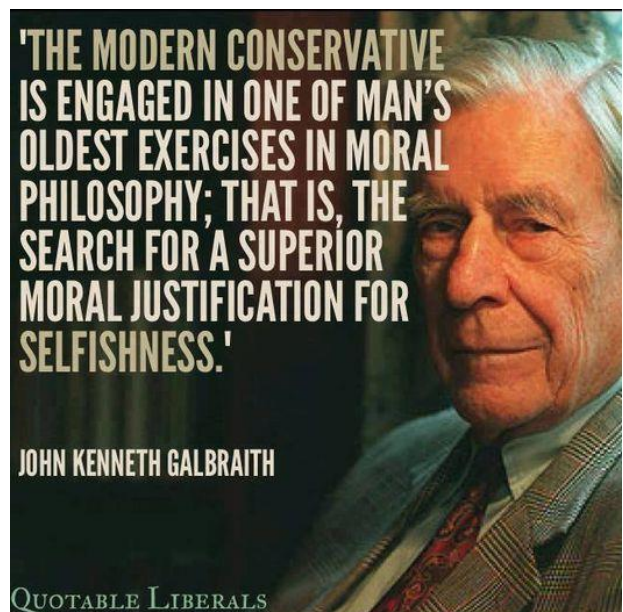
Kathleen Kennedy Townsend  
Courtney Kennedy  
Kerry Kennedy  
Chris Kennedy  
Rory Kennedy



## Atheist Quotes



Dear people citing The Bible:  
It's a cool book with some wonderful passages but it also has ghost sex & giants & super babies & demons. It's why we don't make laws based on Game of Thrones, My Little Pony or Legend of Zelda.





# COMMENTARY

One Classified Document =  
5 Years in Prison  
Pre-Trial Detention  
No Pre-Trial Release for  
any reason  
After 40+ days of Intense  
Interrogation she Pled  
Guilty



Tramp had Hundreds  
of Classified  
Documents =  
1,000 Years in Prison  
No Detention, No  
Handcuffs, No Orange



Equal justice under the  
law is an ILLUSION

*I want my  
cupcakes this  
year,  
goddamn it!*

Scathing Atheist Diatribe 7/24/2024  
By Lucinda Lugeons



Oh, I'm sorry, were you expecting someone else? Not prepared for a woman? Well, I'm sorry to give you something in common with Donald Trump, but here we are, aren't we? And all I'm saying is you motherfuckers better let me eat my cupcakes this time.

So, I've probably talked about this on the show before — or maybe Noah has — but on election day of 2016, I spent the afternoon baking cupcakes. It was the most patriotic thing I ever did. I voted in the morning, then went home and baked red, white, and blue cupcakes in the afternoon so that I could use them to celebrate our first female president in the evening.

And then hope died and joy withered, and all the light drained from the future and the last thing any of us wanted to do was eat a star-spangled cupcake. So, they just sat there on the dining room table for three days until I threw them all away. Y'all, Heath still lived with us at the time. And even then, the cupcakes just went uneaten.

And those two-dozen desiccated cupcakes have been a symbol to me of this nation's misogyny ever since; that moment I came face to face with the fact that this country would choose the least prepared, least intelligent, least moral person to ever head a major party ticket over a well-qualified woman. And because of that, we've literally rolled back women's rights in this country by more than half a century.

Now, to be fair to America, most of us *did* pick the woman. Most of us who voted, anyway. We only got Trump because our system is literally designed to favor the worst of us. But that's the same system we're using this time. It's a system that was intentionally crafted to favor racists and bigots. And now our nominee is a woman of color.

Of course, we absolutely shouldn't let that get in the way of our nomination. If we decide our nominee based on their hate, then their bigotry becomes our bigotry. And we don't need to cater to their bigotry; we need to counter it. We need to hope harder than they hate.



And I'm not gonna lie to you — I'm not sure we can do that. In fact, I'm scared as hell that we can't. I was in the "Ridin' with Biden" camp because "old, centrist white guy" seems safe, and I think he's been a pretty damn good president. Harris seems

like more of a "swing for the fences" kind of candidate, and that only works if you hit the ball. But to be fair, from what I've seen over the last couple of days, I'm starting to think she can knock this thing out of the fucking park.

See, I first fell in love with Kamala Harris, as many of you did, during the Brett Kavanaugh hearings. He was in there dodging questions about Roe v Wade like an Agent in the Matrix, when Kamala comes up behind him like Trinity with her "dodge this" line. She goes "Can you think of any laws that give the government power to make decisions about the male body?" And he stands there like a dog that just got caught shitting on the rug for a solid ten seconds and goes "Um... I'm happy to answer a more specific question." Then she gives him that "the fuck did

you just say?" look and asked the question again. And the man *withered* before her gaze. And finally, he says "I am not thinking of any right now."

Of course, we all know the tragic ending to that story, which is that the rapist gets to be a Supreme Court Justice, and he goes on to overturn Roe versus Wade and strip the right to bodily autonomy from millions of Americans. But we saw what it looked like when Kamala Harris throws a punch, and y'all ... it looked pretty awesome.

Now look, I don't mean to sugarcoat this. This is going to be a HARD fight. Sacrificing incumbency was a big gamble, and changing candidates at the last minute doesn't have a great historical track record. But these are unprecedented times, so maybe they do call for unprecedented measures. All I know is that I'm gonna do my part. We're gonna volunteer time and donate money and bang the drum and get out the vote. And you're gonna do the same. Because, despite the devastating memories of 2016, I'm gonna make celebratory cupcakes again in November. And if I don't get to eat them this time, I'm breaking out the hammer.

<http://www.patreon.com/ScathingAtheist>



# *Friends, Perspectives,*



## *Countrymen*

By James Longo

Many of my friends disagree with me. I would say all ... but that would be overly dramatic. For some reason they don't stop being my friend. I am not talking about acquaintances. I am talking



about people I would call on in a pinch and still would, and hopefully, they would do the same if they were in a pinch.

I was at a dinner party, and the gentleman to my left said ... *(When you are deaf in the right ear and don't hear out of the other, the guy on your left is your only dinner companion but that is beside the point.)* He said, "The only point of the government is to protect us from enemies foreign and domestic. Protect our property rights, and provide for the common good, like public health."

I asked, "So is my person and all the parts that make up me; my property?"

He replied, "It sounds like a reasonable assumption."

"So, let's say I am a woman and all the parts of me are my property including my sex organs?" I posited. "Under your definition, the government's most fundamental job is to protect my property ... including my private parts."

"I see where you are going with this." He sensed my facetiousness. "But once there is a fetus in that uterus, then the government needs to protect that person."

"Okay, the question is: when do a woman's autonomous rights stop and a fetus's start?" I countered. "Should it be when the child is viable between 22 and 24 weeks?"

"That's for each state to decide," he said, conclusively.

"So, a fetus is a human being based on geography. Sounds pretty arbitrary. In Florida, it's six weeks. In New York twenty-four weeks. Unless, of course, it threatens the life of the mother." I felt very smart-assed. "You're in luck kid, we are going to force you to be an unwanted child ... to a person who can afford you. Thank God the State of Florida has a minimal safety net to help you out."



At that point, the dessert showed up, and we turned back to what was important, eating.



Recently ran into an old buddy of mine I've known for 30 years, in line getting coffee. He was wearing a Trump hat. I said, "Really Paisan? Trump? Why?"

"He's going to close the border and keep those stinking immigrants out."

"You do know that the stinking immigrants they were trying to keep out a hundred years ago were us?"

"My people came here legally."

"Why do you think they called us WOPs? It stood for *With Out Papers*."

"My people had papers."

"Yeah, like you would know. I know at least one of mine didn't have any papers and he walked in from Mexico. That border has been porous since at least 1900."

"How did your people come in through Mexico?"

"My grandfather caught a boat in Naples, traveled to Vera Cruz and walked in. Do you think Ellis Island was the only way?"

"Then it is about time they close that border." He was grumpy. "If for no other reason than to keep people like *you* out."

*I love you too man*, I thought. "Didn't Biden, just a couple of months ago, close the border via executive action?"

"That was only for show, that's not real and the only reason he did it was he was getting killed in the polls."

"That's probably true, and the reason it took him so long is that is going to be overturned in the courts."

At that moment the line moved, and it was Paisan's turn to order.

"Hey man, it is your turn." and fortunately, just like that, the conversation ended.

The other day I was on the sardine boat fishing, the reason it is called a sardine boat is they use sardines for bait, and sometimes they pack the charter fishermen in it like sardines, but that is beside the point. I was hanging off the back railing talking to a guy nicknamed Fish Head.

"I lost a boatload of money during Covid," Fish Head lamented.

"And it is all the Democrat's fault!"



"I lost money during Covid, too," I protested, "but it all came back."

"I couldn't work for two years, and it's all the Democrat's fault. That's the only reason I am working now. I am trying to make up, the money I had to spend to live on when the Democrats closed everything down."

"Who was president then?" I asked it like I didn't know.

"It was the Democrats who shut everything down!"

I wanted to say, *oh god, you are dumb* -- but I didn't. "That was the Federal government. Both parties agreed. It was a prudent [and necessary] course of action."

"It was the Democrats, Biden and Fauci, to get Trump thrown out of office."

"I guess, he with the biggest conspiracy wins," I said as the boat stopped. Fish Head and I picked up our rods, leaned against the railing, and released our bait.

- *FYI, Fish Head is called Fish Head because the man can literally think like a fish and knows exactly where to put the bait and what bait to use. It is truly uncanny. I'd trust him to tell me what to do when it comes the fishing. However, like fishing, he has a different perspective than I do.*

Who am I to say he is incorrect, he might be right, to quote my friend Paisan, "Only time will tell."

Can I change people's minds? Every single one of us has a different perspective. I am the center of mine. Hell, I don't even know if I can change my own.

This question came up at that dinner party, "When was the last time you changed how you thought?"

My answer was sometime in 2008.

How about you?

**If you want a picture  
of the future, imagine  
a boot stamping on  
a human face—  
forever.**

George Orwell, *1984*



**If You're Just Dying To  
Hear Recently-Former  
Republicans Bitching  
About The Walz VP  
Pick...**

...and whining that Democrats don't know anything about middle Murrica, boy do I have a Bulwark podcast for you.

By Driftglass



Oh the things I do for the England.

At this point you might be asking yourself (for the hundredth time), "WTF is wrong with these people?"

Well gather 'round, kids, and old *Unca* Driftglass will tell you WTF is wrong with these people.

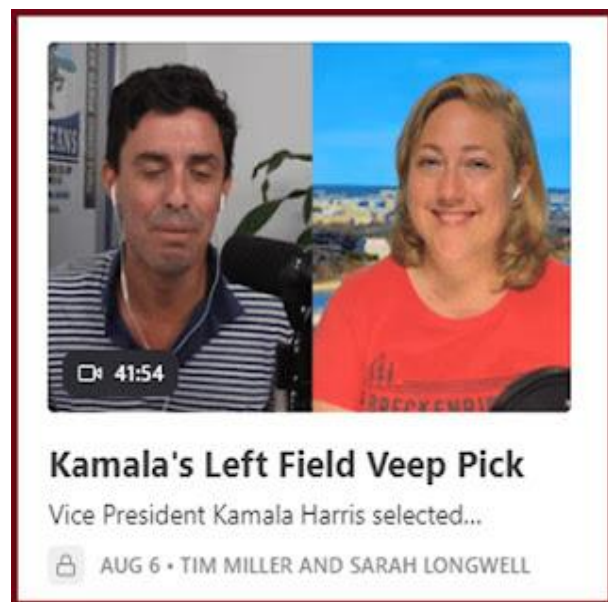
The begin with, the one thing elite political professional Never Trumpers now swear they never understood was [dramatic pause] **their own fucking party**. I know this because they have said as much, over and over again, for the last nine years. Complete surprise. Utter shock. Who could have predicted! Because it's either that, or they would have to cop to **fucking well knowing better** – that they understood that their party was built on a foundation of racism, paranoia and rage - - but they never believed that the Vesuvius of bigots and imbeciles they had built would blow its top in their lifetime, or damage them personally. Oops.



So having presided over the destruction of their own party, they rowed their lifeboats across the bay to a realm they understood even less: the Democratic party.

Never Trumpers don't know shit about Democrats. And they don't really care to know shit about Democrats. I've done my best to explain to them who we are and why we are the way we are, but they're, shall we say, **aggressively** disinterested in any of that. All they know or care about are the **caricatures** of Democrats they themselves helped manufacture in order to rile up their own base of bigots and imbeciles enough to get them to the polls and voting against their own interests.

And since they were run out of their own party, none of that has really changed. In computer terms, they've installed a few, shitty translation apps that helps them communicate basic concepts – air, water, food, MSNBC – but their basic hardware and operating systems remain virtually unchanged. And based on that, they are seized with the conviction that, in order to save!democracy! the entire Democratic party is obliged to tilt on its axis and change its orbit to accommodate them.



From Matthew Sheffield's [essay on the subject over at Flux](#).

*... Ever since Trump's unexpected victory in 2016, we have heard constantly from self-described "centrists" that Democrats are painfully out of touch with White rural America, and that they need to do more to reach citizens who have been left behind by economic globalization and changing demographics and opinions, but if that really were the objective, why then has there been so*



*much Never Trump resistance to Tim Walz, a jovial man from rural Minnesota who has a teacher's talent for explaining himself? If you want agrarian outreach, Tim Walz is almost the perfect candidate to do it for Democrats, especially since he practices a*



*full-inclusion model of politics that includes people of all races, sexes, beliefs, and orientations.*

*Tim Walz is everything these pundits pretended to want. What he isn't is what they actually want, a conservative Democrat.*

*It's more than a little ironic for me to complain about this as a former Republican, but the inconvenient truth is that there are way too many conservatives who gave up on their own party and are trying to turn Democrats into the party they once controlled before Trump took it over.*

*...Nine years after Trump first announced his candidacy, the Republican party as currently constituted is no place for conservatives. It is a reactionary authoritarian party. But instead of fighting the radical right within their own party, conservatives have been trying to move Democrats to the right, while also calling themselves "centrists."*

They cannot help themselves.



They hate the party they left behind, and they deeply resent the party that has generously given them refuge. All they have left are nostalgic memories of the Imaginary Republican Party of their youth, which is why, no matter what moves Democrats make or

what Democrats believe or propose or accomplish, they will never stop insisting/demanding/cajoling the Democratic party to become Republican-lite.

They pine for the Imaginary Reagan Party of their childhood, and really believe that we'd all be better off if Democrats would just hand the keys over to them and let them save us from ourselves by dragging the party to the right far enough that Paul Ryan and Mitt Romney would find themselves at home there.

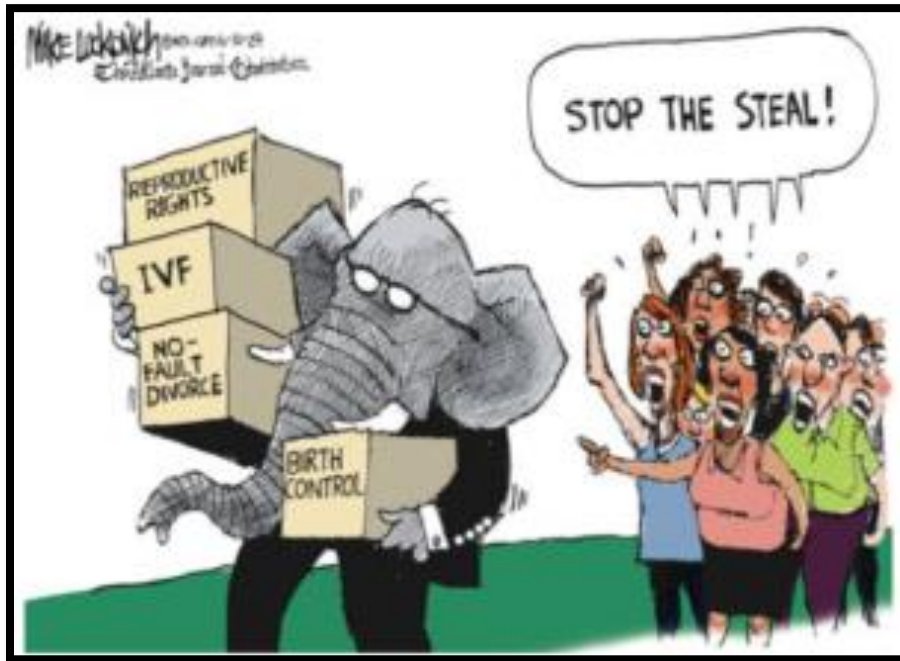
And the more the Democratic party doesn't budge, the crankier they get. And because the media invited them to colonize cable news and America's op-ed pages, their little tantrums now cast wildly outsized shadows.

[professionalleft.blogspot.com](http://professionalleft.blogspot.com)



# I told you so

Diatribes Scathing Atheist 593  
By Noah Lugeons



I was talking the other day with our favorite listener April Poff about the recent anti-IVF moves by the Southern Baptist Convention and the Alabama Supreme Court and she made a comment that stuck with me. She said

something about being tempted to unblock a bunch of people just long enough to deliver an “I told you so.”

And that led me to reflect on all the fucking arguments I’ve had over the years against people whose entire point was “well it’s not like they’re actually gonna come after contraception or in vitro fertilization;” how many people tried to tell me that they wanted sexist outcomes for non-sexist reasons; how many people told me I was being unreasonable for assuming they were doing the thing they’ve always done.

And look, playing the part of Casandra has been an ongoing theme for this show and the atheist movement in general for the last decade, right? We’ve been detailing their playbook all along the way and every time we do, we’re told some variation on “well

they couldn't possibly be about to do that." And then they do it. And somehow no amount of this happening over and over again seems to change the ease with which we are dismissed.

So let's go back in time, shall we? To the good old days of early 2022 when pregnant people still had a constitutional guarantee that they got a say in how pregnant they wanted to be. When we were still being told that the abortion thing *wasn't* about sexism. We were told (over and over again) that we should be sympathetic to these assholes because for them, abortion was murder. So we should temper our criticism by trying to remember that they weren't (at least in their own minds) subjugating women; they were saving unborn babies.

Now — that was bullshit. That was *always* bullshit. I mean, sure,



some people on their side might have thought that, but it's not remotely exculpatory, especially since proof they were wrong was right there for the taking and they had to actively avoid it not to have it. To be clear, abortion is *NOT* murder. Both of those words have meanings, and there's no crossover on the

Venn diagram between them. And there was no shortage of people willing (and even eager) to share the contradictory information with them and *prove* abortion wasn't murder. And not just scientifically. They could also do it philosophically and even theologically. After all, only the Catholics thought abortion was murder until it became politically advantageous to believe otherwise in the 1970s. So, the fact that they chose to keep believing this shit despite the evidence should elicit no sympathy.



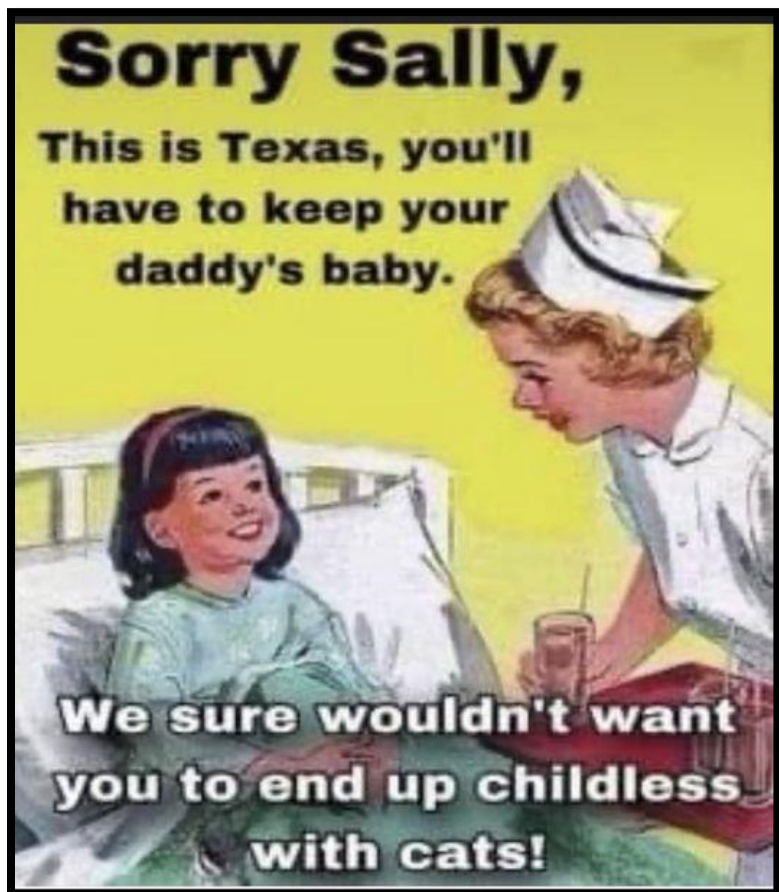
It's also worth noting how transient that accusation is, right? Even before they won on abortion, they were trying it out on other shit they didn't like. When the Hobby Lobby decision exempted religious employers from paying for birth control, they got there by arguing that Hobby Lobby's owners believed some forms of birth control were murder. Again, this was demonstrably untrue. I know, because its untruth was demonstrated in court. But the courts argued that didn't matter, because those people *believed* it was murder, so we should be sympathetic about it.

And now that they've got abortion and they're on their way to getting contraception, what's murder now?

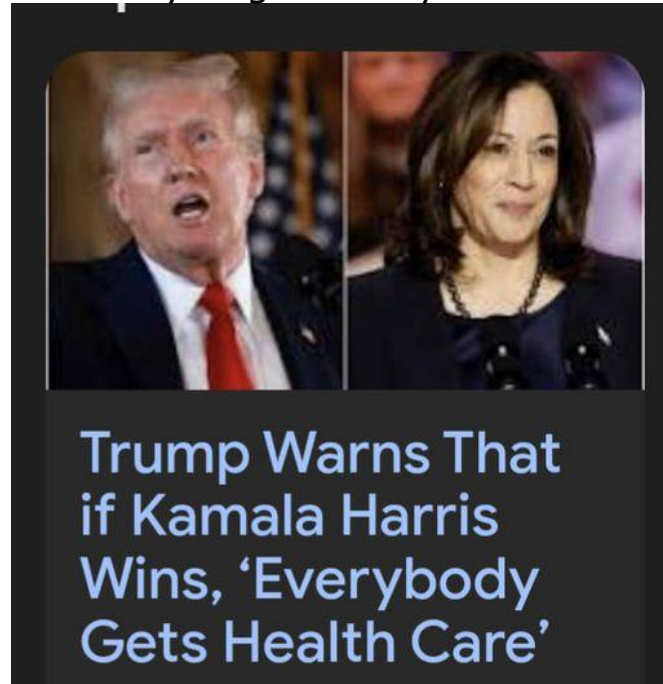
Well, the *Muerte du jour* now is in vitro fertilization. They're trotting out this same tired, bullshit argument that a clump of sixteen cells is a human being with

hopes, dreams, and a favorite Ninja Turtle and they're using it — once again — to *ruin people's lives*.

Meanwhile, they've been following exactly the anti-woman playbook that we've been warning about since the very beginning. Because — in a trajectory they will tell you is coincidental with a straight fucking face — this ever-shifting definition of murder always serves to disempower women. Always. They might sweep some other people up along the way, but the target has been subjugating women the entire time.



Now, I'm gonna be honest, I'm not sure what the next murder will be. But I'm sure that when it comes, I'll be asked to sympathize with this newfound belief that ... tampons are human beings or women's suffrage is a form of genocide or whatever the fuck they're gonna say next. And I'm just as sure that it'll be



something that disempowers women even more. If I had to guess, I'd say the next bullseye is painted around divorce. Not sure how they'll pretend that divorce is murder, but this is a group that made "drag queens reading Dr. Seuss" into "grooming" and "you going to the bathroom" into "me having my religious rights violated," so I don't doubt that they can.

And they will. And yet, the same people April is tempted to unblock over the IVF ruling will *still* bury their heads in the sand. They'll still say we're being paranoid or alarmist when we point out that they're not *really* trying to outlaw divorce because they think marital bonds deserve personhood. That is, once again we'll find ourselves in a position where our opponents are pretending some innocent practice is *murder*, and we'll be the ones accused of hyperbole.

<http://www.patreon.com/ScathingAtheist>

**There is a term for living creatures who are not permitted to control their own reproduction. That term is "livestock."**



# WARM BEER

By Bert Nantz



Florida summers will heat your delicious Heineken even when served in a chilled glass in no time at all, atop an air-conditioned bar, makes no difference. The refreshing qualities disappear at room temperature. A good beer shot to hell in no time. Drink it faster, she implores. Then what's the point? You don't rush refreshment.

Perfect example of an aggravation for which there is no solution. Can you think of another? How about our tourist traffic. They're happy to be here. Can't get over all our palm trees, so they drive accordingly, most likely in the fast lane. On your way to work, or an appointment, you must focus on your rear-view mirror so you can change lanes without cutting off reckless drivers.



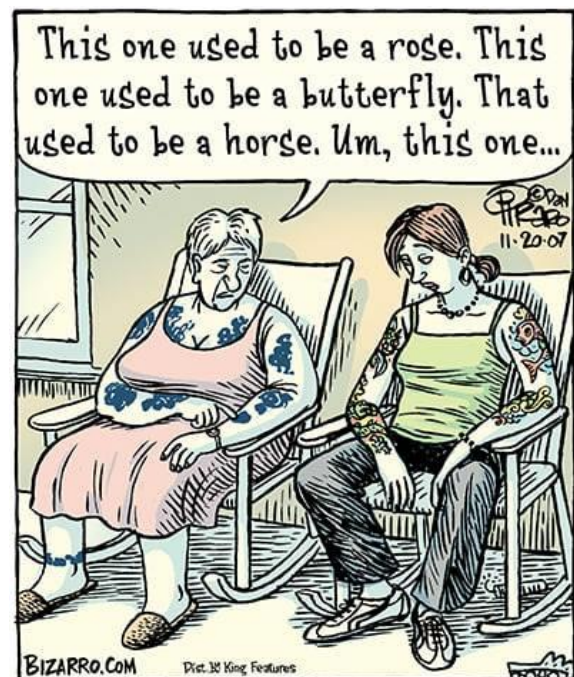
My cleaning lady doesn't carry her cell phone while she's working. Almost impossible to get a hold of. Checks her messages a couple times a week. Scheduling is another aggravation. Her phone habits are the exception. Ever notice a teenager with their family in a restaurant. Of course you have. If not actually talking they will be messaging, oblivious to the conversations going on

around them. But it's not just the kids absorbed with their phones, their elders do so also. Adult couples across the table each staring at their phones, not each other.

Attended an Elks Lodge Saturday night dinner dance. Not a soul under fifty in the room. The dining is set up with circular tables seating eight. A few phones come out for picture taking, but the membership is here to socialize. However, that membership is declining. Virtually all silver hairs if they have hair. The online socializing is replacing face to face conversation. One has no need to get out to be in touch.

David Brooks has written a book recently about getting to know someone. Brook's technique is by asking them questions about themselves and a follow up question based on their answer about where they're from, or their major in college. Taught my sons this conversational technique, especially the follow up. Let the lady know you're paying attention, that you're interested.

Asked a particularly attractive bartender what she thought about tattoos. She had none.



"You don't put bumper stickers on a Bentley," she answered with a self-aware grin.

Obviously, the tattoo culture is opaque to me. A restaurateur I know forbids his staff to let their tattoos show. A design education likely heightens my disapproval, and the majority are atrocious. An Olympic swimmer in Paris displays an eagle in full flight across his entire muscular chest. Gotta wonder how it will look when the muscle tone flattens out.



Do you enjoy the law firms' commercials seen many times a day. Television has grown from three networks in the fifties to a vast variety of entertainments, networks cable news, sports, and arts. The possibilities are limitless. The commercials drive the business of limitless variety, thousands by day. Watching are countless repetitions daily, meaning even less and still the lessons repeat. The repetitions are the aggravation.



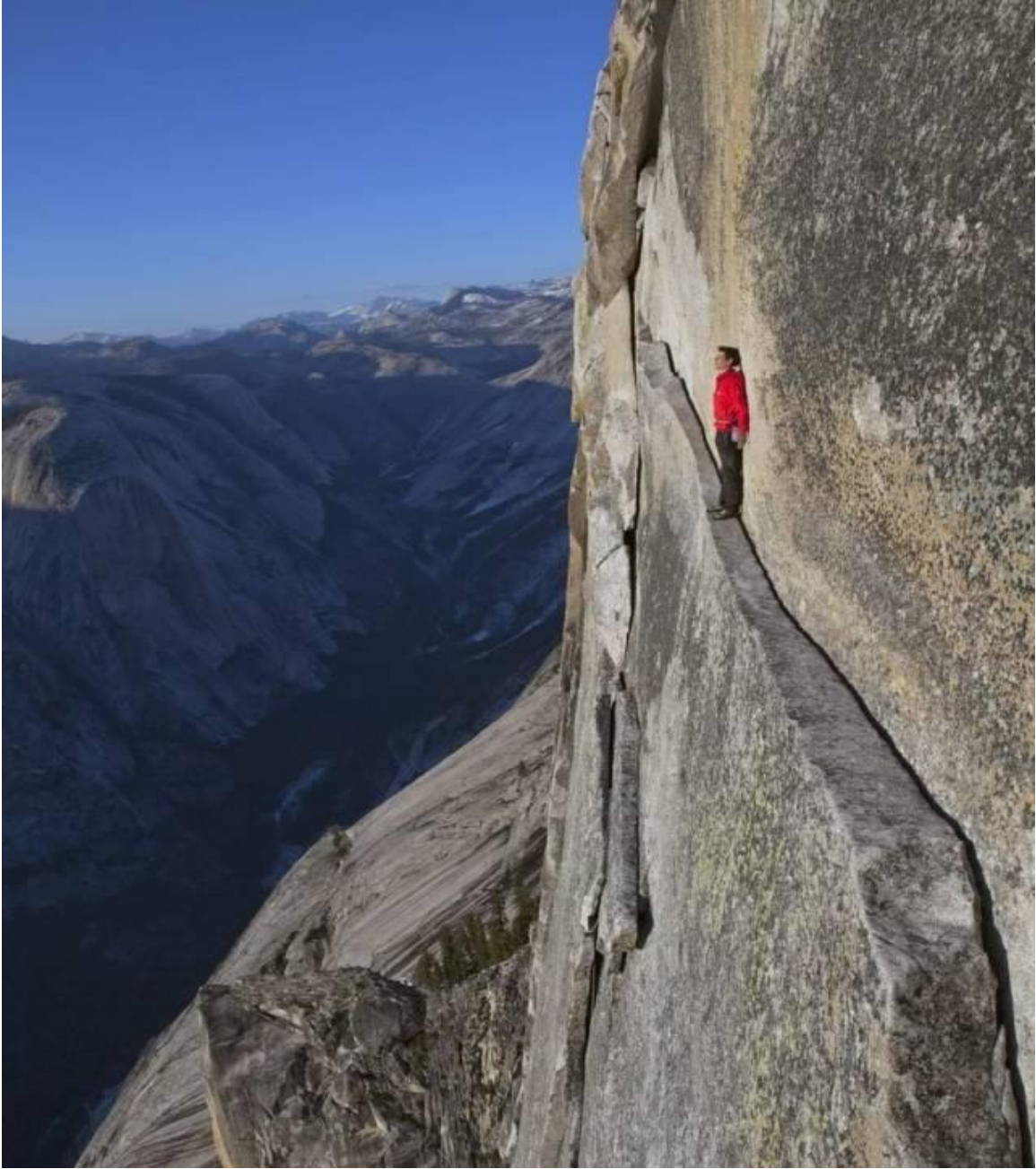
Automobiles monopolize American transportation. We drive daily. Obeying the rules and lessons cooperating with thousands of other drivers doing their own thing. Still the driver in the left turn lane takes forever to take his turn for a U-turn.

Aggravations ought to be something we can ignore. Don't let them get under our skin. But too often that's the very nature of succumbing to it in the first place. They get to us, damn it.





# ARTICLES





# 160 Miles of Hell!!



Jim  
Longo's  
Achingly  
Personal  
Experience  
of Hiking  
America's  
AT  
(The Appalachian  
Trail)

*Barb and I hiked 160 miles of the Appalachian Trail in sixteen days. We hiked from Front Royal, Virginia to Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania. Those sixteen days presented me with multiple perspectives. This writing will explore some of them.*

## *Part 1. Memes, short thoughts, and shorter explanations.*



The Appalachian Trail (AT), or, God's little *Stair Stepper*. Explanation: If you aren't walking up a mountain or down a mountain you are walking to a mountain.

The AT was built by sadists for masochists. The people who decide where the trail goes tend to put you over harder terrain than they have to ... *just for the fun of it*. (By the way, if you think you'll be rewarded with a vista, this section had one every couple of days or so. *A little bit of Heaven for a lot of Hell!*).

What is the difference between a "through hiker" and a homeless person? One has a direction. A "through hiker" is someone planning to hike the 2200 miles of the AT. A homeless person doesn't have such lofty goals.

The AT is God's own *Ozempic*. There is something about walking ten or more miles a day. You never seem hungry, at the end of twenty thousand or more steps a day, you just aren't hungry. (*Beaten yes, hungry no*).

The AT is a clinician's dream. Stress your body every day and most are bound to see an orthopedist for joints, a podiatrist for blisters, bunions, and bones, or an internist for anorexia, rashes, and tick bites.

## *Part 2. Why do it?*

1. The water! The springs along the AT give you the sweetest water I have ever tasted, or it could be that we were just thirsty.

2. The hiker's high. Runners always talk about "runner's high", and I used to run. It doesn't have anything on the "hiker's high". Put thirty pounds on your back and walk up and down mountains for ten hours a day, every day, after sleeping in a tent at night. At the end of the day, you can look at a pile of manure and think it is the most beautiful sight in the world. Let me mix my pharmacology metaphors. It is (*bleeping*) endorphins on steroids.



3. Thankfulness. The AT takes almost everything away from you. A flat level surface, when you are sleeping in a tent is a luxury. A chair with a back is a luxury. A cushion — opulence. Picnic bench (*oh my god*

*a flat tabletop!)* and a place to sit down. We'd walk a 1/2 mile for a picnic bench.

4. A spigot: the idea of a water source you can walk up to and turn on and drink, is a dream. Often, I would walk a mile to get to a spring and then spend twenty minutes filtering that water.

5. A flush toilet! *Hells bells* fellow campers; a privy is a luxury after you've pooped over a log a couple of times. I won't discuss the fear of Poison Ivy on your bung hole.

6. Perspective. Take away everything — even by choice — and you see the world differently (and differently from your fellow man).

### *Part 3. Mother Nature is a Harsh Mistress and human ingenuity is the only reason most are willing to deal with her.*

Mother Nature is a murderous bitch, not a first-degree murder calculating bitch, more a negligent *manslaughterish* bitch. Mother Nature isn't trying to kill you, just indifferently trying to do you harm.

Let's start with gravity. Gravity really pulls you down. You take the thirty pounds of necessities you have thrown on your back and decide to climb a thousand feet in a quarter mile. Hard to do without a pack, harder with a pack. But man's ingenuity helps you out, *hiking sticks*. These devices help you climb by adding two extra sets of muscles to get up that mountain. Never mind letting your back and hips off the hook concerning carrying those



thirty pounds of supplies on your back. The hiking sticks help you maintain your balance as you slide off wet rocks and help you take those big steps down as you go down the mountain.



A step down is just a controlled fall, the more control you have of that fall, the better off those legs are. One good slip and you could crack your head and die or get seriously hurt and have to crawl out of the woods on your belly.

Drinking water: Mother Nature provides you with water, but it has bacteria in it. If you don't filter it, you will get the runs. Thank goodness for filters and the human ingenuity to clear the water of pathogens.

#### *Part 4. Hurrah for human ingenuity.*

Rain and cold would definitely keep us in civilization and out of the woods. Rain gear, cold weather gear, and water-resistant tents allow us to hang out with Mother Nature without her killing us from hypothermia.

Ticks kept us out of the woods for ten years until clothing treatments of permethrin assured us that ticks wouldn't be a

problem. Let's not forget bug nets for the tent, without this human invention, can you say mosquito face or worse. If it wasn't for clothing, to avoid Poison Ivy, I'd be suffering all the damn day. The invention of Neoprene knee braces allowed these old knees to be out there.

Everybody says, "Mother Nature is wonderful." But let's be honest, without human ingenuity most wouldn't go near that bitch.

### *Part 5. Don't Do What We Did.*

We are bleeping geniuses. We owned a tent, a water filtration system, and canisters of cooking gas ... all ten years old.

The tent. We noticed the tape on the tent's seams was coming off so we re-taped them. Next, we Scotchgarded (waterproofed) the



tent. We Thought we were good to go. The first night it rained and most of the second day. I hate it when it rains in the tent. Needless to say, we had to buy a new one when we got out of the wilderness, but it took until day three to dry out all our stuff. (*Wet sleeping bags are no fun.*)

When Barbara broke out the filtration system, the filter was green. It is supposed to be peach-colored. So, she scraped and boiled it, and got it to turn peach-colored again. After pumping a couple of quarts of water through it, we thought we were good to go. *(Not so fast!)*

On the morning of the third day, I went to pump water out of a stream where we were camping. Our water filtration system wouldn't give us water. A nice guy came by with the trail name of *Freedom*. Freedom filtered 4 quarts of water to keep us hiking. *(FYI, Barb and my trail names are Pain and Suffering).*

We climbed the next hill, and we ran into a thru hiker and told him our situation. His cousin drove up with his wife. We told him our situation and he gave us his Sawyer water filter system. He said his cousin had one and he didn't need two. *(People are so kind to the stupid. The stupid being us.)*



The morning of the fifth day I am making breakfast and I run out of propane. I guess what I thought was a full gas canister wasn't. All I needed was a couple of minutes worth of gas to finish cooking my breakfast. Fortunately, my camping neighbor let

me use his stove.



*(The moral of the story is don't be like Barb and Jim. If you haven't used your camping gear in 10 years. Go get some new stuff!)*

## *Part 6 Type Two Fun*

By the way it is very common for "through hikers" to refer to "Type 2 Fun". Type 2 Fun is basically *if it doesn't kill you, it will be good story in the future.*

We were in a gap and started climbing about a thousand feet in front of a rock face when the weather turned nasty. Barb hikes slower than I do. I made like a beeline for the shelter. If you believe I did anything but put one foot in front of the other on that climb, you live in fantasyland. I get to the top of the rise and start hiking with purpose as I hear thunder every minute or so. I spent most of my time on the flat top saying *(under my breath)*, "Where the Eff is this place? No sooner than I get there, and all hell breaks loose.



But I am married. I have responsibilities *(if I know what is good for me)*. I put on my bright orange rain poncho and with camping light and my wide brim hat, I headed back to find Barbara. It was pitch black and the

rain was coming down in buckets. I eventually find her, but we can't see where we are going on the trail. It was that wet and dark. We ended up following the white blaze below AT on the trees to get back.

Barb didn't put her rain gear high in her pack and so didn't have any to put on. Needless to say, she was wet and shaking when she got to the shelter. Here is a tip. ALWAYS keep your rain gear handy.



My Type 2 Fun is dumber. I went to pooh in the woods. So, I found a nice log, poohed, then jumped over the log to do the right thing ... and bury my pooh. I started to head towards for what I thought was our camp, but somehow, I got turned around. I felt I was surrounded by total wilderness! *I yelled for Barb, telling her I was lost.*

"I'm right here," she yelled back. Turns out she was 25 yards to my right.

There were times that I had doubts about making it. I hallucinated seeing St. Peter at Heaven's gate, "Sir how did you die?"

"I died getting lost in the woods after crapping."

*You have to admit though, the view was breathtaking!*





## Michelle Obama Shows How It's Done

**By the Rude Pundit**

In her pre-recorded speech for the Covid-limited 2020 Democratic National Convention, former First Lady Michelle Obama explained one of her standard lines about dealing with your opponent: "Over the past four years, a lot of people have asked me, 'When others are going so low, does going high still really work?' My answer: going high is the only thing that works, because when we go low, when we use those same tactics of degrading and dehumanizing others, we just become part of the ugly noise that's drowning out everything else. We degrade ourselves. We degrade the very causes for which we fight." She went further, saying, "But let's be clear: going high does not mean putting on a smile and saying nice things when confronted by viciousness and cruelty...Going high means standing fierce against hatred while remembering that we are one nation under God...And going high means unlocking the shackles of lies and mistrust with the only thing that can truly set us free: the cold hard truth." And then she said her harshest line of the speech: "So let me be as honest and clear as I possibly can. Donald Trump is the wrong president for our country," which isn't all that harsh, really, although she gave reasons why she believed that, especially highlighting the chaos caused by Trump during the pandemic's early days.

I've been critical about Obama's belief in "going high" because it simply seems quaint and unsuited to the moment, part of an

imagined time in politics that really never existed but we like to pretend it did. But that speech demonstrated a small but significant shift in tone for Obama, from a seeming refusal to denigrate an opponent to stating, essentially, that Trump is a motherfucker and he will fuck mothers because that's what motherfuckers do.

Last night, in person while getting a deservedly worshipful reception at the 2024 DNC in Chicago, her hometown, Michelle Obama's version of "going high" evolved even further. I don't think she gave up on the notion, as some have said. I just think she showed how to disembowel Trump with a stiletto rather than a chainsaw. You can do it without calling Trump "weird" or "crazy" but by demonstrating how he's both of those things. You can do it by treating him like a petulant child in need of a long time out (preferably in a small cell) and you can do it by showing how this shit is personal.

Obama eviscerated Trump's entire career with a simple phrase: "the affirmative action of generational wealth." It's got a side benefit of eviscerating RFK, Jr., too. She put it in terms that everyone there could understand, explaining how capitalism privileges those with that kind of wealth: "If we bankrupt the business or choke in a crisis, we don't get a second, third, or fourth chance. If things don't go our way, we don't have the luxury of whining or cheating others to get further ahead. No. We don't get to change the rules, so we always win. If we see a mountain in front of us, we don't expect there to be an escalator waiting to take us to the top."

Yes, the Obamas are extremely rich now. But they didn't inherit it. They busted their asses from humble beginnings. Obama pointed out how Trump's skewed sensibilities make him so vile: "For years, Donald Trump did everything in his power to try to make people fear us. See, his limited narrow view of the world made him feel threatened by the existence of two hard-working and highly educated, successful people who happen to be black. I want to know, who's going to tell him that the job he's currently

seeking might just be one of those black jobs? Look, it's his same old con, doubling down on ugly, misogynistic, racist lies as a substitute for real ideas and solutions that will actually make people's lives better." Obama wasn't holding back, but she was carving Trump up in the most "going high" way possible: using the insults to pump everyone up and hit them in the heart and the brain. It was kind of brilliant, as was the pivot to how Kamala Harris is the very opposite of that decadent, louche, ignorant asshole.

Again, like Joe Biden and Hillary Clinton the night before, here was a party elder (I know she's just a few years older than Kamala Harris) saying, "Yes, go for Trump's neck and bite into those saggy orange labial folds and take him down." They took different routes there, Biden more personally angry, Clinton with more of a done-with-his-shit attitude. But Michelle Obama's speech, which will likely be the most-remembered from this convention (not the least because she is an electrifying speaker), asked us to turn away from Trump and all his petty shit and lies and bloviation and turn to each other to finish the job, that electing Harris has the effect of watching someone who has been sliced with a stiletto come to realize he's been gutted before he could do anything to stop it. That's some going high I can get behind.



[rudepundit.blogspot.com](http://rudepundit.blogspot.com)





If you missed them, take the time to watch both Obama speeches from last night. It's worth it.

(You Can Probably Find The Speeches on YouTube)



## July 4th, 2024: Freedom's Funeral

**This isn't a party, it's a funeral.**

By JOHN PAVLOVITZ



At least, to those paying attention.

July 4th is a MAGA high holiday, and Republicans know this.

They know that in addition to marking the birth of our nation and the foundations of our Constitution (which clearly are of little interest to them) it is so much else: it is a valuable commodity, something to be packaged and sold for a hefty profit to their constituents.

It is a quick and easy red, white, and blue daydream for people whose daily lives often feel empty and devoid of meaning: an inexpensive label

to slap on their bumpers or their behinds in order to make them feel a sudden rush of faux significance.



It is also Christmas for white Nationalists; a time when their superiority and territorialism and fear of outsiders are more exploitable than ever by someone willing to leverage it.



Unfortunately, someone has been.

Republicans understand the power of weaponized patriotism. (Saying that "we" love America, while "they" clearly despise it.) It's the go-to GOP trope.

They know the way the *Stars and Stripes* are a cheap intoxicant to those who imagine America to be their sole property, those who feel slighted by a world while enjoying all of its perks, those continually needing an enemy to rail against and puff out their chests toward and give them purpose.

They have learned from the Evangelical Right how expressions of devotion to America are simultaneously coded war rhetoric: battle cries for white soldiers in the Army of the Lord, fighting an ever-encroaching foreign adversary who is breaching their borders and coming for their jobs and their children.



They can say they love this nation, while betraying almost everything central to its beauty: diversity, plurality, equality — and the indoctrinated cult will lap it up





because they need the story to be true.



And so, this year, the anthems play and the flags wave and the bottle rockets ascend and the M-80's go off — and Fascism quietly enters in the side door while everyone is distracted



by the spectacle.

This is the paradox Americans find ourselves in. Our essential liberties have never been more at risk, our electoral process never more assailed, our national sovereignty never more tenuous, our elemental freedoms never more in doubt — and yet the patriotic fervor by the GOP and in its flag-waving rank-and-file has never been greater. This is by design.

Yes, the ship is going down quickly but the music is still playing to convince their foot soldiers that we're still the Land of the Free — and they are dancing wildly into the abyss while waving flags of lost civil wars around monuments to slavery.

The reality is, this Republican party is fully antithetical to America.

They have planned, participated in, supported, and now fiercely defend a deadly terrorist attack on our Capitol designed to overturn a free and fair election, all to protect a traitorous, wannabe despot. They have commandeered the highest court in our nation, elevating American



presidents to king status, oblivious to the staggering irony.

They are, through Project 2025, seeking to legislate Evangelical Christianity as the law of the land.





They are relentlessly assaulting the opportunity for all Americans to participate in the electoral process by wielding a stacked court to erode voting rights of those they seek to literally cancel. They are legislatively attacking women and LGBTQ people and people of color, in order to deny them full access to human and civil rights as citizens here.



They are doing everything in the power to withhold life, liberty, and happiness to all but the whitest and wealthiest among us.



We shouldn't be singing right now, we should be grieving.

We should be holding a somber vigil for the country we could have but may never see.

We should be mourning over how little of our initial Independence has trickled down to the people in the streets.

We should be lamenting how normal rage has become in this supposed "sweet land of Liberty."

This is why these songs of freedom will still ring hollow this July 4th, because those of us who love this country realize how far we are from the aspirations of the songs and ideals they point to—and how tenuous a hold we have on it.

We *will* be grieving, not because this country deserves better than this party and the amoral monster they idolize — but because right now it *does* deserve them; because we wish it to be something far greater than their ceremonial dog and pony patriotism and the phony pro-life



Christianity they wear when it benefits them.

We see what a farce this all is: to claim on a land our ancestors stole that any of it belongs to us, that we should be closing borders our first forbears crossed without permission, that a man and a party so lacking in goodness should be defining our greatness.

So yes, we'll be loving our country fiercely this July 4th and beyond, by not letting it remain what it currently is and by opposing the fraudulence of their performative patriotism.

We will be working and protesting and loving and building and caring and voting and pushing it to become a place deserving of the songs and the fireworks and the fervor.

When freedom rings for *all* of us, then we'll really sing. Until then, we see the joke here — and we don't think it's funny.



# Technofeudalism, Acreditocracy, and Productivity



By James Longo

"I need to write," Jack said staring at his screen, as Jill walked behind him to get to the coffee pot.

"What are you going to write about?"

"I don't know. I should respond to all my political correspondents, but I don't want to. I don't have it in me."

"Why not?"

"It's a pain in the ass, and it is not like I am going to change anybody's mind. Why bother?"

"So where does that leave you?" Jill said, pouring herself a cup of coffee.

"Thinking about our society," Jack said typing on the top of the page.

"What about society?"

"The society we have would have, should have, could have."

"What kind of society do we have?" She said taking a pull of her coffee.

"We have one that works," Jack said.

"But how well?"

"Well, it is changing, it used to be a consumer capitalist society, but now it's a consumer-techno-feudal society."



Jill stared at him, "I am sorry I didn't get the memo, please explain."

"You sell stuff on eBay. I sell stuff on Amazon. You Google, I YouTube. I Facebook. You Instagram. Who gets rich?"



"They do," Jill said.

"Exactly, they are the Lord and make money with every click, either by taking their cut of our labor or by showing us an advertisement or selling our information. We are the serfs who get to work in the electronic field."

"That's not all of society. That is just the technology."

"Is it? These Lords make money with every click. Next thing you know they are influencing all parts of the governing body and society. Fifteen million for a senate race. Forty-five million for a presidential candidate to change a position. When you have billions, don't you think the Fed picks up the phone? Never mind what you see with every search. You only see what they want you to see."



"Yeah, but that is only one part of society. How about the rest of our life, maybe our economic model is changing but what about the rest of our society."

"We live in *acreditocracy*?"

"What the fudge is an *acreditocracy*?"

"Under the layer of *Techno feudalism*, which makes a few incredibly wealthy. The next level that succeeds is the people with degrees."

"What about merit?" Jill asked.

"Look we both know people who are smarter than us. I can name a half dozen without even thinking about it. Why didn't they get ahead? No ticks means less money. They didn't jump through the hoops, or even worse some jumped through the hoops, but not enough hoops to be satisfied with their lot in life."

"Why don't we have a meritocracy?"

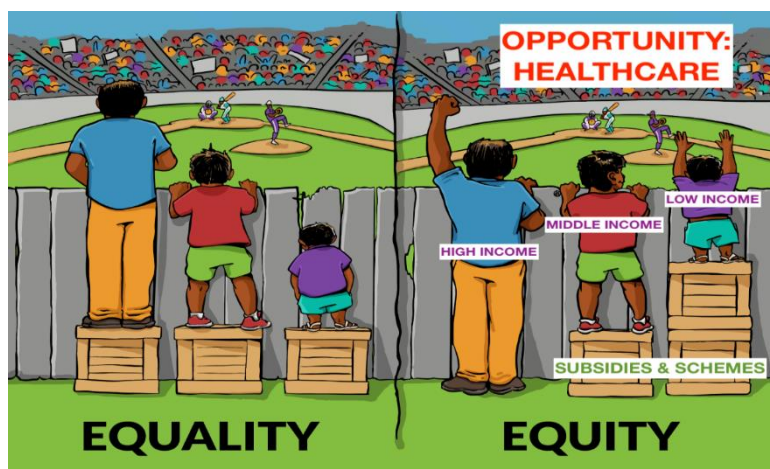


"We don't want a meritocracy. Meritocracy means those who deserve success get it. How about all the ones that don't deserve it and don't get it? How are they going to feel? Eventually, they are

going to want to upset the apple cart. An *acreditocracy* is bad enough. Who do you think those coastal elites are? Those are the ones with degrees."

"Are we heading for a societal calamity?"

"Could happen. We spend 162 billion on college degrees in this country to the 1 billion we spend on trade schools, at some point, we'll push those have-nots to the brink, or the law of supply and demand will kick in and the shortage of tradesmen will eventually reach a point that people will stop going to college because they can make more in the trades."



"What about Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion (DEI)?"

"I don't know much about this, most of my jobs came because I had the right credentials and people knew me and liked me. With today's online applications and Zoom interviews, an extra variable might be necessary for hiring unknown people. I don't know about anybody's field but my own, but if you can do the job I don't care if you're purple. And if you can't, the employers will find a way to make you miserable, and you will be gone anyways."

"Were you a DEI hire?" Jill asked.

"I could have been. I am old, deaf, and bald. I am sure every hire gives someone a chance. Someone definitely gave me one."

"So where does that leave us as a society?" Jill asked

"Our society is a productive *techno-feudal-acreditocracy* ... with a possible authoritarian bent."

"What should it be?"

"Kind," Jack said turning away from her and starting to type on the keyboard.



# THE WAY WE WERE







# BUSY BUSY

By Bert Mautz

Struggling to get the other leg into my blue jeans. Paying peripheral attention to the start of the all-star wemmins' (sic) basketball game

on the wall mounted flat screen. When the commotion really got jumping.

The new patient being admitted to the recently vacated other bed in my room had arrived with a full entourage.

His wife in go-to-church attire, nurses, aides, and the patient himself; a large elderly fellow already in his ghastly hospital gown being asked if he could walk from the door to his by-the-window bed as the room was too crowded to permit another wheelchair.

At this moment the game's player introductions were interrupted with the headline announcement that President Joe Biden was withdrawing from the '24 presidential contest.

"Biden is out," I shouted to the already distracted room.

"He's out, you said?"

Nurses meeting in the hallway came crowding through the doorway to look at my television. "I didn't like him anyway." the nurse standing closest to me laughed.

My ball game disappeared. Succumbing to the national news priority. I just wanted to get my jeans on, encumbered by the sitting position in my own wheelchair.



Caught one of the aides (does most of the heavy lifting) in green scrubs, revealing muscular arms.

"Bruce, ya got a second? I need help with the jeans. I'll lift my ass off the chair, and you pull them (the jeans) under me and up."



No problem. Jeans on in thirty seconds. Don't think anyone in the gang watching the television even noticed me.

Discharged and on my way home with Betty. Delicious, stiff bourbon Manhattan to follow.

# Will I give a fuck today?



A midlife crisis is not something to be taken lightly. I mean you can't just wake up someday and say, "oh, I think I'll embark on a midlife crisis."

Oh no! It takes a plethora of unrelated events that must coalesce, most of which you have no control over. It takes a spiritual freedom and adventitious timing of both initiation and duration, relationships and circumstances that can't be planned for but must be seized upon at the instance of recognition. And did I mention the phases of the moon?

In my case, these unrelated events played out as follows:

- (1) *I resigned my position at EPA in protest of Ronald Reagan's disastrous appointment of Anne Gorsuch as the new secretary with orders to dismantle the agency's scientific mission.*
- (2) *With my wife, Jane Lou, I moved to Jupiter, FL, with the intent of establishing an environmental consulting firm.*
- (3) *Jane Lou opens a shop to give psychic readings.*

*(4) After several months, my consulting firm fails while Jane Lou's psychic readings do quite well.*

*(5) Jane Lou decides she wants a divorce – I agree, so we drive all over South Florida telling our friends to help us celebrate our pending dissolution.*

*(6) I decided to give up science to devote my time (and new freedom) to writing "The Great Florida Novel".*

Thus, my transition is complete, I am now officially into my midlife crisis!

After finding a cheap room in Riviera Beach, I am faced with a small problem; I need to find a way to make money. I don't need much, and it can't take too much time or mental capacity since I need to focus on my writing.

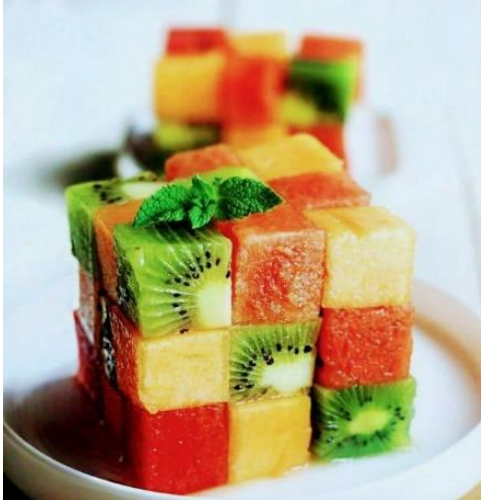
The answer seems obvious – I'll get a job waiting tables and live off my tips! It has to be a swanky place so I can get bigger tips.



I pick an upscale bistro on US1 in North Palm Beach and get hired right away. I do fairly well, and I am able to begin research on the background for my novel. After a week or so the entire restaurant staff is invited to a picnic to be held at the ocean beach near the South side of the Jupiter inlet. I thought it would be a fun time and a chance to get to know everyone better. I had no clue as to how much better.

Enter Irma. Irma was the mother of the woman who managed the restaurant. Irma had a separate office and managed the financial aspects of the business. I didn't know much about her except that she was about my age, was pleasant, a pretty lady, with a great figure. OK, so I'm a guy and that's the thing a guy notices. Besides that, I barely knew her, and we rarely spoke.





Back to the picnic. Everyone had been asked to bring something to contribute to the feast. I brought a watermelon in which I had balled up the flesh and added other fruit. One guy who I didn't much like decided it would make good ammo for the food fight and proceeded to throw handfuls around. After voicing my objection, I realized it wasn't worth an altercation, so I walked away and joined a

group of swimmers in a round pool fed with water from the inlet.

Irma was also in the pool. She came over to me and – without speaking – wrapped her legs around mine, all the while staring at me with piercing eyes, saying nothing, daring me to respond. I looked at her and grinned.

“Are you seducing me?” I asked.

She responded, “what do you think?”

Not waiting for an answer, she pushed away, laughing. After a short chase I caught her under a sea grape tree by the edge of the pool. She was still laughing but then said she had to go because her son was driving her and was waiting in his car. She told me to call her later and gave me her phone number. Just that quickly, she was gone.

People were starting to leave so I helped clean up the area and left. When I got home, I showered, got into dry clothes and looked at the telephone. I said to myself, “why not” and dialed her number.

“Why don't you come over,” Irma invited with an additional lure. “I'll fix dinner for us.”

So, I got her address and soon was driving up to her house in a small neighborhood of zero lot line homes, all looking pretty much alike. At my knock, she opened her door dressed modestly in slacks and blouse and looking beautiful.



The first thing I noticed was that all the windows were covered with curtains or blinds so no one could see in. The table was all set, and she beckoned me to sit down. The meal was good although I don't remember what I ate. Afterward there was a period of small talk and then at interval of silence. Irma spoke next with the remark, "usually it's the man who makes the first move."

With that I took her hand and led her to the sofa. Within a minute we were naked. I was on the bottom; she was on the top and we fornicated with joy and exuberance.

I don't remember much else about that night – what else could there be? I did not stay over. I got in my truck and went

home at some point. The next morning, I woke and called Irma. She answered and said, "thank you for calling, that means a lot."

During the following days and weeks, Irma and I – whenever we were not working – were together. Wherever we were, offshore or on an ocean beach or, if the sand became too populated, she

would guide me to a spot under a discreet sea grape tree, one of many that line the beach, where we could spread a blanket, or in the back of her car or on the front seats of my truck, or in the pool in her neighborhood complex, or in her bedroom, we would find a way to make love.



Of course it wasn't love, but sometimes it was hard to tell the difference. I was infatuated with her, and it seemed she was with me. We looked for and found different ways, different approaches – once I threw her physically on her bed and jumped on her to pretend a forced ravishment – and she loved it.

Irma once told me that she always ended relationships, that no man had ever left her. Why did she tell me that? I wondered ...

About a month went by and nothing changed. Except for me. I was beginning to feel cornered. Like my life was not my own. I hadn't written anything and all that time, "The Great Florida Novel" was just a dream. Irma's willing flesh made me forget the reason I took a job as a waiter.

I called Irma and told her we needed to talk.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "We talk all the time."

I tried to tell her that I needed more time for myself. That, for the first time in my post Navy adult life, it seemed that I had no control. That everything seemed to be spiraling into a dead end.

She said, with a certain coldness in her voice, “those are *your* problems. I can't take on or fix your problems.”

She was right of course. I said, “OK then, we need to call it quits. It's been nice while it lasted. See you around.” and I hung up.

For a while I kept my job at the restaurant. Irma and I were cordial, but nothing more. I did not know that my life was about to change again.

A couple of weeks went by, and I was getting used to having my life back. I had even started to write again, when an old friend named Jesse found me and asked me over to her house saying she had someone she wanted me to meet.

Because I trusted her, I said, “sure,” and followed her to her house near the ocean at Juno Beach. It was here that I met Ivy, the woman who would eventually become my third and final wife.

Ivy was an English lady who had traveled widely and could engage in intelligent conversation. Beginning to realize what I had been missing, I visited her as often as I could and talked for hours on a variety of subjects ranging from politics to nature. Perhaps it was inevitable that our friendship became intimate, and I began sharing more than mere conversation with her.

Ivy was born in London, immigrated to the United States and Americanized in New York's East Village. Ultimately, she would wind up in Florida with a working background in the hospitality industry. When I met her, she had recently left her last employment as assistant Maitre'd in charge of putting on





banquets at the Breakers hotel on Palm Beach. So, she had moved in with her friend Jeannie and was looking for a new opportunity. Resourceful as always, she found a job as a manager of a small motel in Lake Worth. The job came with a small but adequate apartment located adjacent to the office. It turned out that the Scottish owners also needed a handyman, so I stepped up to the plate while still keeping my restaurant job. I, of course, moved out of my room in Riviera Beach and in ... with Ivy.

Ivy and I got married. It was a lovely wedding conducted in the backyard garden of her dear friends Roy and Ina. In attendance were my sister Mary, daughter Sue, two stepsons, and a bunch of rowdy friends including my last girlfriend; a classy lady who was sandwiched in between Irma and Ivy and lived in the Brazilian court in Palm Beach. She gifted us a bottle of Dom Perignon which we shared later with Ron and Ina.

A couple of months later I decided it was time to return to my profession. I made a series of calls to old contacts, and I was picked up by Applied Biology, a consulting firm outside of Atlanta. Thus, we moved north, and I said goodbye to Florida, to Irma and to one hell of a midlife crisis!





# “Crude Vigor over Polished Banality”

*My semi-impromptu remarks at The Foolkiller 54-year reunion by Virgil Thorp*

First things first: Thank you to Bill and Judy Clause for putting this fabulous gathering together. Thank you to Bob and Diana Suckiel for the tasty food and hospitality last night. Thank you to John and Clara Goodrick for hosting your cookout tomorrow. Let's

all hope the sky stays clear and blue for that. And thanks to all who helped out and to all who have made it here.

*CRUDE VIGOR OVER POLISHED BANALITY!* That was the rallying cry of the bunch of young radicals who made up the 1970 to 80 Kansas City progressive group, The Foolkiller.

**The Foolkiller** began in 1970 in a tiny storefront on **31st Street** that was reported to be a former chicken plucking factory. That space soon became the center of intense creative cultural activity. ... In addition to music and theatre, **The Foolkiller** folks also opened two live haunted houses, among the first in Kansas City. Sep 11, 2015



The Foolkiller was different, it was strange, it was painfully egalitarian. We practiced what we preached; we were trendsetters. We believed that diversity, equality and inclusion was a good thing, better than Jesus.

We didn't say, "everybody gets a trophy." We said, "everybody can do it if they try." We said, "step right up, take YOUR turn." And many people were surprised at themselves. They put their inhibitions behind them and took that step. They were surprised that all those years of being belittled, of being diminished, was bullshit. We said, "You are an individual. You can do it. You have truth in you, let it out."



Some people replied, "what if I'm not perfect? What if I fuck it up?"

We answered with, "Crude vigor over polished banality."

I was guided to the Foolkiller, like many others had been, by Don St. Clair, a philosophy professor at Longview Community College. Little did I know that Saint, as everyone called him, had been run out of South Dakota State University (SDSU) with the governor declaring him, "the most dangerous man in the state." Which, for South Dakota, was a major achievement. Saint fled to Kansas City. Many students followed him. They needed something to do. The Foolkiller was born in a midtown abandoned chicken plucking factory. The stage was constructed from the ceiling, floor and sidewalls of the chicken



plucking factory's freezer. The stage had a triangular effect as we had to build to the load-bearing beam at the tip of the triangle. It was like a dagger pointed outward with a pole at the tip. The pole took on its own aura when the banjo playing Wayne Kilpatrick would tape his lyrics on it when he sang a cameo set.

The seats were pews from a derelict church. You might say that everything was crudely vigored.

My first impression was, "rustic." The building was dark and dingy in many places. It had an upper floor where we stored costumes and flats and other props. I cannot be certain, but I am pretty sure the dusty feathers in the corners were left





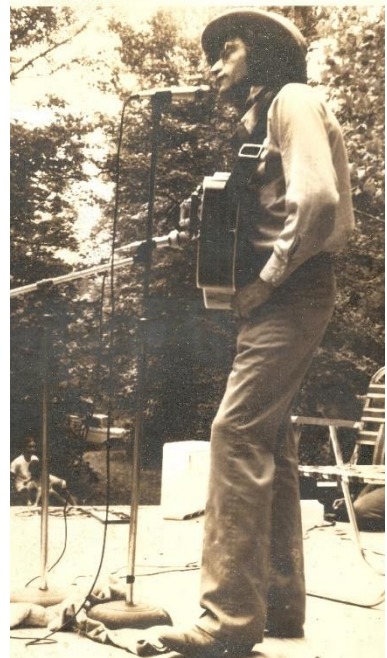
over from the chicken plucking days.



A typical evening at the Foolkiller was a couple of walk-on musicians, a one-act play and then a featured musician, often local but sometimes a national name passing through KC on their way to either coast.

There were names like Mike Seeger,

Pete's younger brother. Ramblin' Jack Elliott, the guy who influenced Bob Dylan. Mary McCaslin and Jim Ringer, California musicians and friends of U. Utah Phillips. From Arkansas came cowboy singer Glen Ohrlin and his angel-voiced wife, Kay. The great person and folk artist, Faith Petric and the not-so-great person, yet fine zydeco musician, Will Spires drank some Jack Daniels with us. Jack Conroy, The Sage of Moberly, was a special friend and mentor. The iconic, bucksaw playing Wobbly and labor organizer, Frank Cedervall urged me to publish my dramatic play, "The Assassins".



My first exposure to this rowdy group came on an October Saturday night. The feature play was a one act comedy-melodrama called "Revolution South of Sixty-ninth". It was about what would happen if there was a revolution in Kansas City.

I got stoned and got there early. I picked a seat in the second-row pew. Several other people entered and

started choosing their seats. A fashionably dressed and coiffed woman chose a front pew seat. I didn't know it, but she was a member of the cast and also St. Clair's wife, Michelle. A young male student sat in the pew directly in front of me. It was Bob Suckiel. He and I chatted amiably. We both liked Bob Dylan. As the theater filled up, I could see it was a group of people like you would normally see at any student coffee shop.



Saint came out and started the show. He thanked everyone and introduced the walk-on musicians who were of varied levels of expertise but overall, enjoyable.

There was no curtain, but after Saint introduced the play, the lights went out and when they went back up, the stage was filled with the Kansas City revolutionary committee of the most unlikely sort. A gavel slammed down. The meeting was called to order. One guy, dressed in low-cut hip-hugging jeans and a tie-dye



wifebeater was the representative of the gay revolutionaries of the "Toolbox" gay bar. He wanted respect and love. Michelle, the fashionably dressed and coiffed woman represented the "Prairie Village Matron" revolutionaries. She preached up and down the aisle

that millionaire celebrities were the heart and soul of the revolution.

Suddenly, Bob, the student in front of me leapt up and started yelling about the Third World. "What about the third world?" His mouth foamed a perfect imitation of student, eye-crossed displeasure. He took off his cowboy boot and started banging it

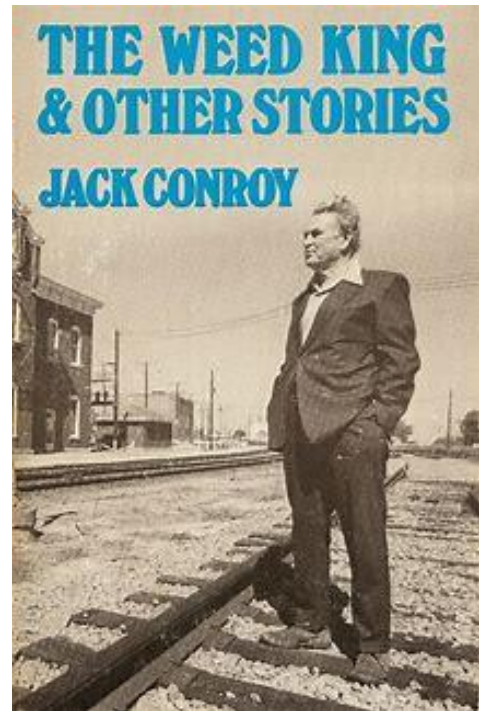
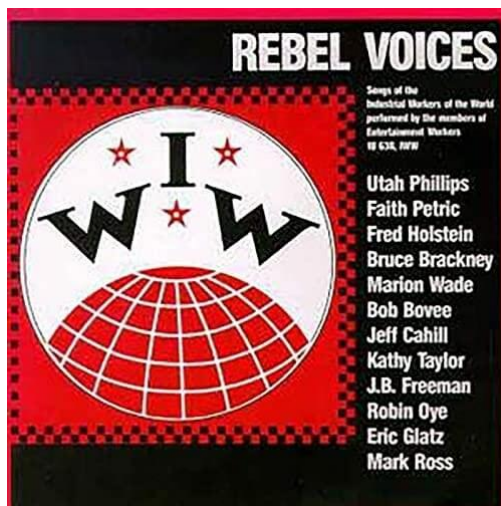
on the stage's riser like Khrushchev did at the United Nations. Bang, bang, bang! While shouting, "It won't be a true revolution without addressing the third world!"

I was thinking, "this is alright. This is different!"

The play ended with all the phony mock revolutionaries either being

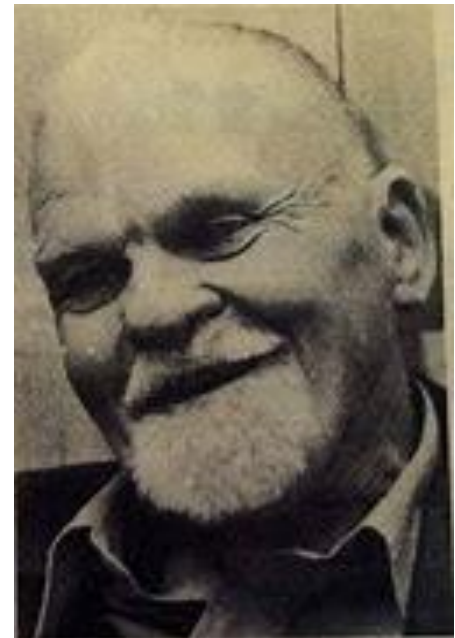
escorted off stage by the cowed henchman or running

away. Being somewhat "socially-consciousness" orientated, the working-class men and women of Kansas City won the revolution and goodness and justice prevailed. Yes, we knew it was a fantasy.



I was invited to the after party at a group home called "Gunker's garage. Talk about "crude vigor"! It was partying and drinking and carousing. You could get into all sorts of discussions or sing-alongs. I found there were many liberated women with casual attitudes about possibilities of sexual congress. This was my kind of place and I started attending performances regularly.

It wasn't long before I got on stage myself. I was cast as a Roto-Rooter man. I was Sam.





"Sam the man. The Roto-Rooter man. I can root your goop out'a yer chute slicker n' a willow-whistle in June so's you can go by the light of the moon." I said to the hapless, clogged up toilet owner.

And I sang this song as I worked; *"In the biffy, in the biffy, you can get there in a jiffy, where it thunders and it crashes, where you hear them great big splashes, as the burden of your bowels rolls away, rolls away."*

No shit, *crude vigor over polished banality.*

One time we presented the standard, 'good versus evil' melodrama, "The Coal Miner's Daughter" where a hero rescues a damsel in distress to an auditorium full of pubescent Girl Scouts. They gave a sort of "ho-hum" response. Then, after a short intermission, we performed an alternative to that play where the gender roles were reversed, "Someday Perhaps" where the heroine rescues the



young man in distress. Their cheers preceded the reaction to today's Taylor Swift fans but were no less loudly exuberant and somewhat unsettling to unliberated men.

We cultivated the melodrama and called it "Avant-garde Western" of which I wrote several. We would take modern problems, put them in a western setting. It was an ideal category to get the audience laughing and then shove the truth down their throats. Besides, most of our costumes

fit that genre.



Saint wrote an Avant Garde Western he titled, "Jumbo and the Hanging Train." About an elephant that was condemned to death for trampling a man. Jumbo was going to be suspended from a tree by being pulled with a cable from a train but miraculously,



Jumbo was spared when the judge ruled that the man who was trampled was a Chinaman and therefore not subject to American jurisprudence – *a ruling borrowed from the folklore about Judge Roy Bean.*

I wrote one, "Pillars of Salt", that was an eerie reminder of the Watergate scandal. "That statement is inoperative!" being one of the more memorable quotes.

Saint wrote another one called, "The Magic of Lil' Elmer; or a boy and his worm", where I played the devil educating a boy getting acquainted with his sexuality and the preacher's daughter next door. I don't think I have to be more explicit about what exactly "Lil' Elmer" was.

Probably my greatest contribution was my song, "I'm a sensitive folk musician". A pean to those pretentious "John Denver-like" wanna-be musicians, the floppy kind who would take inordinate amounts of time to inarticulately bore their listeners about the where's and why's of their insipidly sensitive songs. I had had enough! I knew folk music. I had seen Peter, Paul and Mary live! So, I wrote this:

*I'm a sensitive folk musician, I sing sensitive songs.*

*I'll keep singing in this tradition, just so the intro's long.*

*Sing you a song about a black canary,*



*Sing you a song about peace.*

*To show you that I ain't no fairy, I got a song about geese.*

*Ooo-O, I'm sensitive so, Ewe-wee, kick me in the knee.*

*Please, please, one more song. Only got an intro half-an-hour long.*

*All my songs are based on suffering, puppy dogs playing in the glen.*

*Migrating flocks and their wide traveling ... a goose is a man's best friend!*

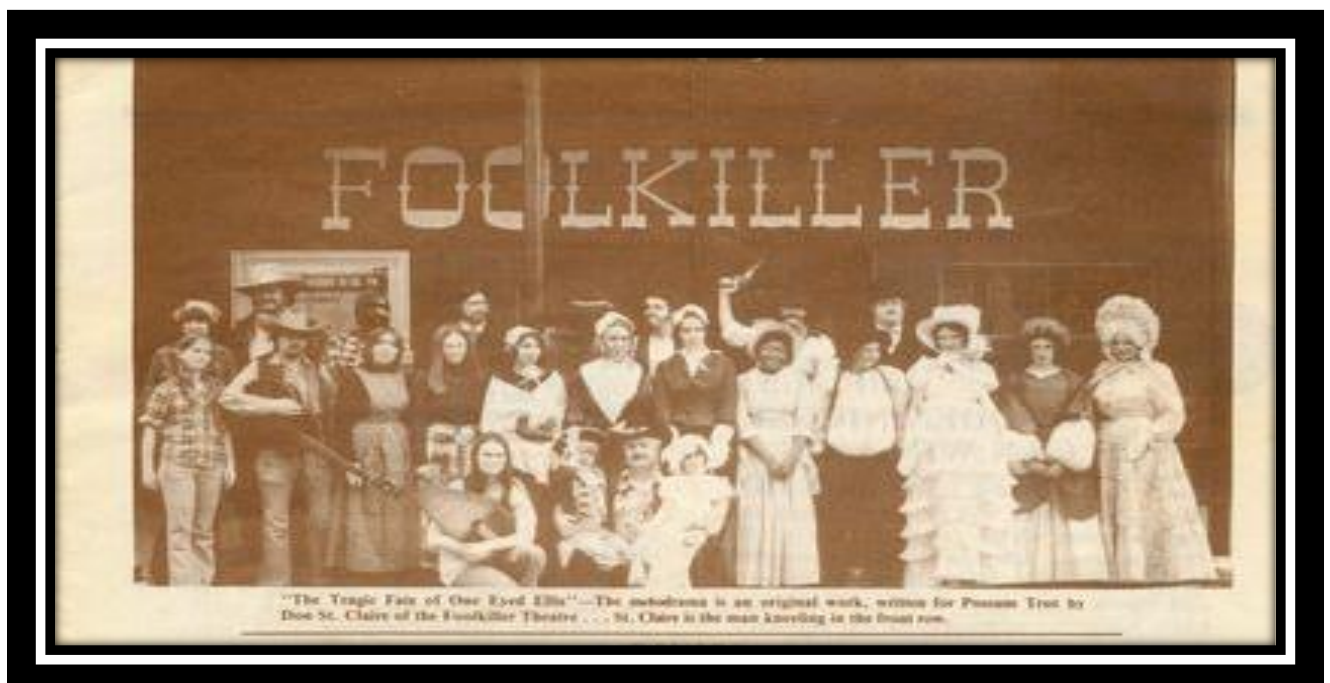
*I'm a sensitive folk musician, I sing sensitive songs*

*I'll keep singing in this tradition, just so – the intro – is loooooonnnnggg.*

Simply, take that counterfeit profundity and shove it!

I learned so many things at the Foolkiller. I had so many good times! Hell, I even met my wife, Lucy, there. That's probably why I have so many fond memories. It was a unique environment and still holds a very special place in my heart.

And, to this day, I prefer "crude vigor to polished banality!"



# PROSE & POETRY

so, so you think  
you can tell,

heaven  
from  
hell.

# Why I Write

**By: Jim  
Harrison**



*I used to tell students...the difference between poetry and you is you look in the mirror and say, "I am getting old," but Shakespeare looks in the mirror and says, "Devouring Time, blunt thou thy lion's paws."*

**—Jim Harrison**

To answer this question has put me into a sump, a well-pit, a quandary I haven't visited in years. Here are a number of answers.

My love of life is tentative so I write to ensure my survival. I try to write well so I won't be caught shitting out of my mouth like a politician. To the old banality "Eat or die," I add "Eat and write or die."

After writing I often read Brillat-Savarin, also cookbooks, on the toilet. Then I try to cook as well as I hope I write. After a nap, I write again, in the manner of an earthdiver swimming in the soil to understand the roots and tendrils of trees. I anchor myself to these circular life processes so as not to piss away my life on nonsense.

I hunt and fish because it helps my writing.

Novels and poems are the creeks and rivers coming out of my brain. I continue writing in bleak times to support my wife and daughters, my dogs and cats, to buy wine, whiskey, food.



I write as an act of worship to creatures, landscapes, ideas that I admire, to commemorate the dead, to create new women to love.

Just now while listening to the blizzard outside I poured a huge glass of Bordeaux. This is what I call fun! Rimbaud said, “Everything we are taught is false.” I believed him when I was eighteen and still do.

Writers are mere goats who must see the world we live in but have never discovered. I write to continue becoming an unmapped river. It suits me like my skin.



# Teresa



By Kell Robertson

This morning Teresa sleeps  
in the doorway of the plasma center.  
Teresa of the rotten teeth  
and sweet smile. Teresa  
of diseased sex and raped dreams.  
The cops can't arrest her because  
she'd infect the other prisoners  
and no social service will touch her.  
She blows winos for drinks of cheap wine  
and screws anyone for a glass of beer.  
and a quarter for the jukebox.  
Her grin is black, the stumps  
of her teeth framed by scarlet lipstick.  
She told me once  
how she wanted to dance  
dance into the grave  
with music coming out  
of every hole in her body.

'Summer Flight' by Robert Peak.





## Life Sentence

**By: David Lerner**

Photo: Brian Day

I am an angry man  
no longer young  
my dreams have been out  
in all the weather

I used to  
make up highway exits as I went along  
and rattle my fever  
at strangers

I am an angry man  
no longer young  
who turned out to be a genius after all

what a moron  
sometimes I get so tired of  
so many different things at once  
I panic

I am an angry man  
no longer young  
the wire gets higher each day  
and I know the gun is loaded

sentenced to the sky  
preaching a desperate kind of arithmetic  
which won't be gathered  
until the clouds are full of hungry prisoners

# Syllogism for Palestinian Grief

by Summer Awad

Jesus is Palestinian.  
Jesus is God (or so they tell me),  
Therefore God is Palestinian.  
God is Palestinian,  
And so the Mother of God lives in Gaza,  
And there are so many of her,  
And there are so many of her son, splayed  
Like a cross on the floor of Al-Shifa Hospital.  
And she picks up his flesh, limp and lifeless,  
The color missing from his lips, the lips  
That learned to give Mama boosa  
Before he was weaned from her milk.  
And the Mother of God is sobbing through a zaghroota,  
She is wailing Yamma, Yamma, Habibi, in that curious way  
That Arab parents address us by their own names.  
Ibni shaheed, she cries, Yamma, Yamma, ibni shaheed!  
Would all these Maryams have denied what God placed  
In her womb, declined a boy destined to die,  
Kan maktoob min al-bidaya, it was always maktoob  
To lose him. Would she have gifted him back to God  
Before it all began, refused to use her body  
To usher him earthside?  
The Mother of God pulls the white  
Of the shroud back from her son's face  
To stroke his hair for the last time, takes a deep  
Breath before committing him back to Allah.  
God is Palestinian, and we have all killed him,  
Snuffed him out, missile by missile.  
But the Mother of God knows,  
By a primal, maternal intuition,  
Inno maktoob for him to rise again.





"Candy Man"

Surgery  
Aug 29, 2024

Who can plant a door knob  
On my scapula?

The insert a cup and serve  
it all up?

Doc Entezari can!

With Charlie at his side

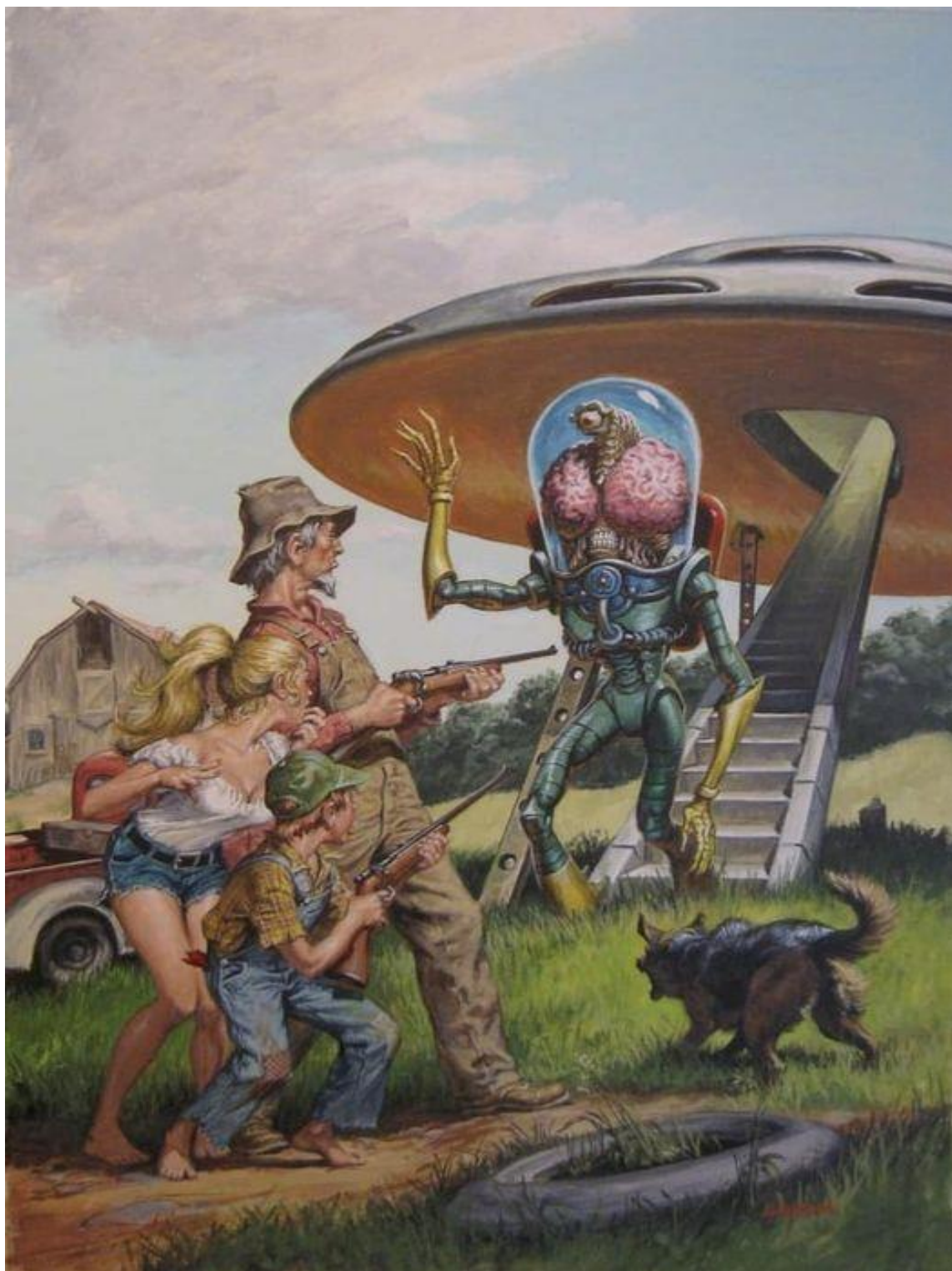
He'll be stitching me  
with pride

Doc Entezari can!

Written by Sandra



# COMEDY CORNER





# ALIENS

## WHY DON'T THEY VISIT US?

By J. Dan Vignau

Well, in a word,  
distance! The

nearest so-called Goldilocks planet, one which is "Just Right" for life forms similar to us to be able to thrive, is four and a quarter light years (4.25) away, in the Proxima Centauri galaxy or, (if you can wrap your brain around the immense distances) about 249,800,000,000,000 miles. To make the math easier, and somewhat account for a probable elliptical orbit of Proxima Centauri, let's just round that off to 250 trillion miles.



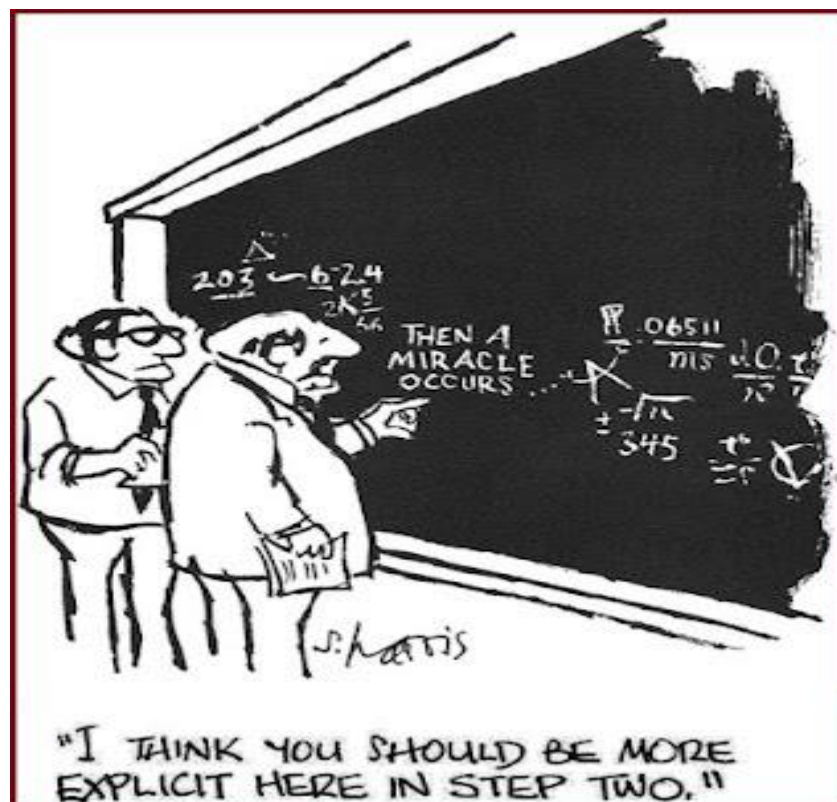
These residents of Proxima Centauri would not only have to be sentient beings but would have to have been around long enough to have evolved to the point that they could build spaceships ... ships that can travel very, very fast. Too fast! Fast enough to travel a quarter of a trillion miles, and then – presumably – back.

Just as importantly, they would have to be able to discover that we are here, and that we are worthy of



a trek of this magnitude. How much magnitude? Read on:

Until the radio was invented, we had no airborne signals at all. Early transmitters barely sent their signals to nearby cities. AM radio signals can reflect off of clouds and be picked up hundreds of miles away, but to reach this nearest Goldilocks planet, a signal of any wavelength would have to travel about 4.25 light years. If we sent a laser beam with the required, infinitely large power source, toward this planet, it would take 4.25 light years to reach its destination. It would take another 4.25 light years to return with a question, such as, "Are you there?" Our answer

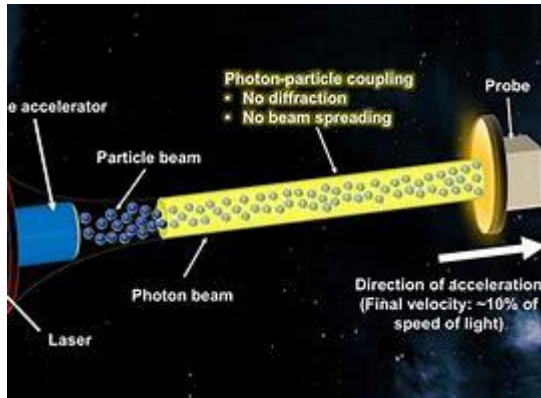


would take another 4.25 light years. So, about 13 light years of travel time is lost with only these messages (*and you really don't want to see how many zeros that it would take to be printed out on this page! – ed.*).

Lasers dissipate. Even in a vacuum! Eons before even an infinitely powered, infinitely straight laser beam could reach its destination, the signal would have dissipated to about one photon per 1.5 million miles. At this point, a photon reaches a point



every eight seconds. Of course, all lasers dissipate a lot more than this. In addition to the fact that we have no infinitely large power source for the laser, especially out in space, in order to avoid the diffraction and absorption of the beam by our atmosphere.



Another issue is that the inhabitants of this planet would have more than likely need to be immune to radioactivity, as well as the perils of continual solar flares – prominent features of Proxima Centauri.

The next two nearest potential Goldilocks candidates are about four times farther away, and any

others are much more distant.

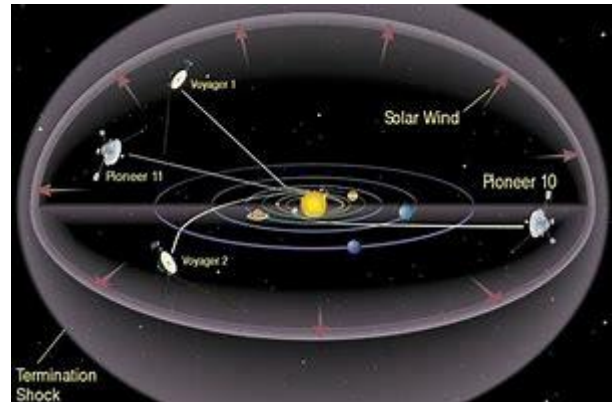
So, let's assume that we have an infinite power supply, in a satellite for our laser, and that the scientists misjudged just how dangerous solar flares and radiation on our chosen planet are for a lifeform that has intergalactic space travel. Assuming the radio signal from our ancient moon probe could have somehow reached the aliens, we still have the problem of those beings' giving a flying fuck that something exists so far away, and of figuring out where we are!

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \text{(a) } \Delta t = ? \quad \text{(b) } d = ? \quad \text{(c) } d = ? \quad \text{(d) } \Delta t \rightarrow \text{time} \\
 & \text{duration of mission} \\
 & \text{(a) } \Delta t = \frac{\Delta t_p}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}} = \frac{15 \text{ yr}}{\sqrt{1 - (0.7)^2/c^2}} = 21.0 \text{ yr} \\
 & \text{(b) } d = v \times \Delta t = 0.7 \times
 \end{aligned}$$

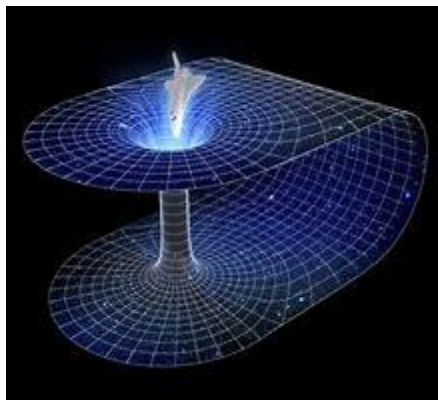
An exploding supernova in our own galaxy is hard to detect using the most sensitive scientific instruments. Could we really assume that aliens got our meager signal. It boggles the mind. I can hardly accept the immensity of the odds of such an inter-galactic

wager. However, we are at least moving up, one plodding step at a time (like the Voyager missions a decade after our moon probes).

Regardless, aliens must receive a signal from Earth and understand that sentient beings sent it. Otherwise, there would be no reason imaginable for them to send an inhabited spaceship on a 250 trillion-mile journey, even if they did have such a ship prepared already lying around, and ready to take off toward Earth. Why us? In the Milky Way's stockpile of billions of planets, why would they choose us?



I don't think anyone who is aware of how hard a supernova is to detect could argue that interstellar aliens might have discovered our meager broadcasts before we at least directed them toward the moon. Why is this preposterous and certainly hallucinatory? Because, at best, even with an infinite power supply, a laser beam in a vacuum such as outer space would diminish to one photon for every million and a half miles (long before it reached our little Goldilocks, rocky fusion of a dirt blob). That is a photon around every 8 seconds, which is possibly just a wee bit difficult to comprehend, much less to translate to, "Hi there, aliens. Come visit us on Earth" or more likely, something akin to. "Voyager, fire thruster for six milliseconds", only in binary computerese.



But, since this is a thought experiment that dismisses actual facts of astronomical data, let's assume they got our message.

Next problem:

How fast must the spaceship travel to reach us? Even if our preposterously, hallucinatory deviations from scientific knowledge began with the non-laser broadcast to the moon probe radio from Earth.



At best, fighter pilots can take about 6 g's of acceleration, or deceleration, if only for a very short time. \* Most people who have not increased their stamina to this level, even with training – that includes centrifuge workouts and acclimation – will still pass out

around 3 to 4 g's for more than a few seconds. When the Star Trek Enterprise could actually accelerate to their “warp speed”, the crew of the ship would have become a lake of pulverized bones, hair, skin, blood and guts, as everyone slammed into the walls in the rear of the vehicle. The aliens' spaceship would have had to accelerate to over a quarter of a billion miles per hour to reach us in 25 years.

I wonder which is more likely to squish the crew, acceleration away from their planet, or the deceleration after 25 years in space of whatever life might be left in the alien crew?



*\*Accelerating at 1 g means experiencing an acceleration equivalent to the gravitational pull at Earth's surface, which is approximately 9.8m/s<sup>2</sup>*

*This is often used as a reference point for measuring acceleration in various contexts, including space travel and high-speed vehicles.*

*For example, if a spacecraft were to accelerate constantly at 1 g, it would reach near the speed of light in about a year, covering roughly 0.5 light-years in distance. This kind of acceleration can also create artificial gravity in space, making long-duration space travel more comfortable for astronauts. – Bing CoPilot*

“Intergalactic wormholes”, you say? Sorry, that is science fantasy, at least in the non-quarkian world. Black holes eat galaxies. The idea of traveling through a spaceship sized worm hole is pure fantasy. Time travel would be required. I'll use my ad absurdum, ad infinitum narrative for this thought experiment, but I have to stop at time travel.

Do you think for even an instant that we could get from A to B (Or Earth to Proxima Centauri) sometime before the light of the propulsion system arrives?

Years before the light? Not gonna happen!

Could we take a time machine to a' priori time, and invent what are now everyday things? Can we go through a worm hole and return through another one before we originally left. To summarize Bertrand Russell: Could we go back in time, kill our grandfather, causing us to not be born to go back and kill our grandfather?

Logically impossible!

*ODD ASURDIUM, ODD INFINITUM, I SAY! YA HEAR!*

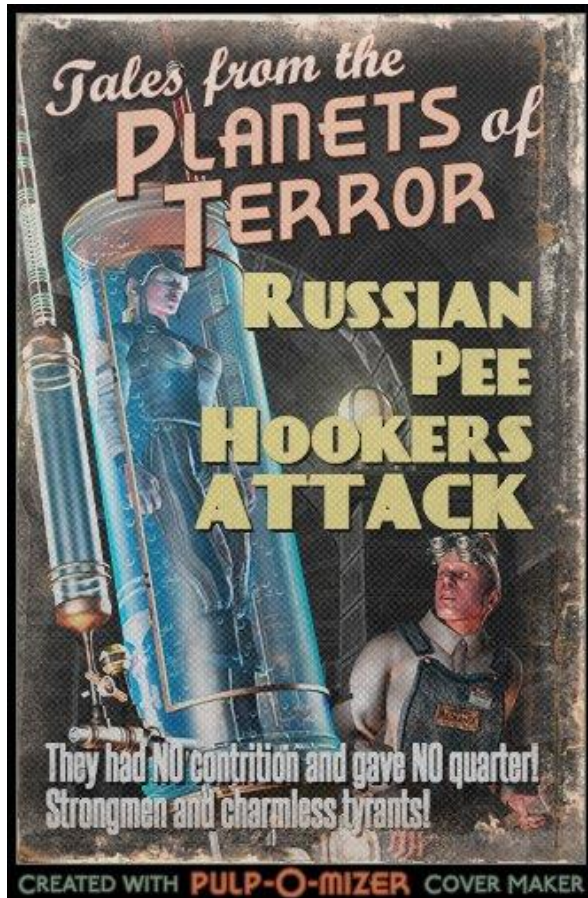




# Very Clever Humor

## Provided by Gale Baker

Some really good ones...hit home!!

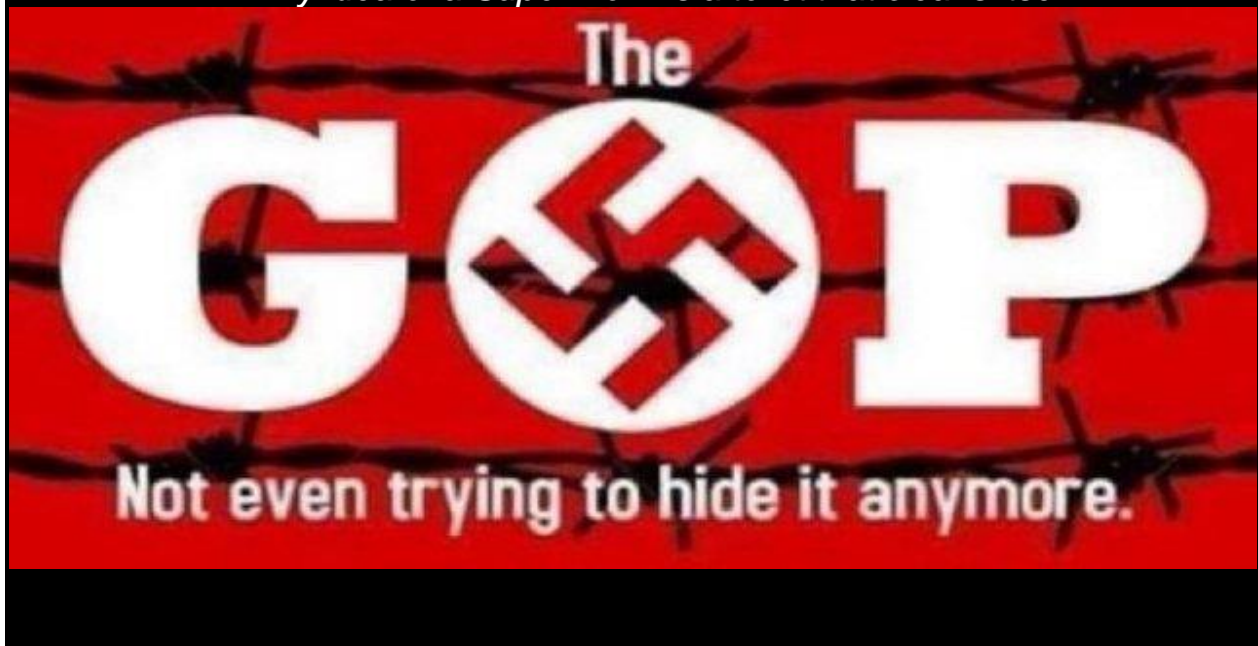


- Cocaine is now legal in Oregon but straws aren't. That must be frustrating.
- Still trying to get my head around the fact that 'Take Out' can mean food, dating, or murder.
- Dear paranoid people who check behind their shower curtains for murderers. If you do find one, what's your plan?
  - *The older I get, the more I understand why roosters just scream to start their day.*
- Being popular on Facebook is like sitting at the 'cool table' in the cafeteria of a mental hospital.
- You know you're over 50 when you have 'upstairs ibuprofen' and 'downstairs ibuprofen'.
- *How did doctors conclude that exercise prolongs life, when the rabbit is always jumping but only lives for around two years, and...the turtle that doesn't*

*exercise at all, lives over 200 years. So, rest, chill, eat, drink, and enjoy life!*

- I too was once a male trapped in a female body...but then my mother gave birth.
  - *If only vegetables smelled as good as bacon*
- Anyone who says their wedding was the best day of their life has never had two candy bars fall at once from a vending machine.
- We live in a time where intelligent people are silenced so that stupid people won't be offended.
- The biggest joke on mankind is that computers have begun asking humans to prove they aren't a robot.
- When a kid says "Daddy, I want mommy" that's the kid's version of "I'd

- like to speak to your supervisor”.
- *It's weird being the same age as old people.*
- Just once, I want a username and password prompt to say CLOSE ENOUGH.
- Last night the internet stopped working so, I spent a few hours with my family. They seem like good people.
- If Adam and Eve were Cajuns, they would have eaten the snake instead of the apple and saved all of us a lot of trouble.
- We celebrated last night with a couple of adult beverages ...Metamucil and Ensure.
- You know you are getting old when friends with benefits means having someone who can drive at night.
- Weight loss goal: To be able to clip my toenails and breathe at the same time.
- Some of my friends exercise every day. Meanwhile, I am watching a show I don't like because the remote fell on the floor.
- For those of you who don't want Alexa or Siri listening in on your conversation, they are making a male version....it doesn't listen to anything
- I just got a present labeled, 'From Mom and Dad', and I know darn well Dad has no idea what's inside.
- Now that Covid has everyone washing their hands correctly...next week...Turn Signals.
- Reading gives us someplace to go when we have to stay where we are.
- *My idea of a Super Bowl is a toilet that cleans itself.*





# Debby's Liberation!!!

*By Virgil Thorp*

At the mature age of 38, Debby Martin had become a gutterslut. That is a strange word for a woman who is free and knows who she is. Some people would have called her a whore. Others might have preferred hussy. Shakespeare would have called her a trollop or a strumpet. The word, "Putá", is the vulgar Spanish epithet. But Debby preferred "gutterslut" because she did not do it for money. She knew it and she embraced it.

At first, she resisted. It hurt her feelings about herself. She had been taught to be a "good girl". They – (meaning boys) – won't respect you if you let them have their way," She had been told often enough by the older women in her life – her mother, her aunt, her grandmother, her gym coach, her librarian. Not her cousin, though. Her cousin was like herself, impressionable,



young, curious, horny; that is to say, they had a lot in common. The girls had found something new. Something strange. Something wonderful. Something that was a part of them. What is this for? They wondered. What can I do with it?



Debby knew that sex must be "dirty" because it felt so good when she touched herself. How could "an apple of her mother's eye" allow herself to be herself? How could she bear the disappointment in her mother's gaze when she confessed, she was no longer virgin. And smoked cigarettes. And drank beer with the boys down at the beach while playing make-out games. Coming home with swollen lips and a neck covered with hickies.

There was something that she read once that was always with her. "Sometimes you have to do something bad, to avoid doing something worse." It would almost be patriotic! To accept, rather than reject, and be subsequently lonely.



"I have to be myself," Debby declared despite her mother's disapproving gift of shame. She let that hurt be a catalyst. "Mother, stop trying to make me be such a hypocrite!" She got angry. She got proud. She got defiant. "Goddamned right, I am a gutterslut!"

Sex was good, sex was great. Sex was fun! Debby cherished anyone, male or female, with an educated tongue. Simple kissing was good. As a teenager she, her cousin and her girlfriends learned all the tricks that the lips and tongues could make pleasure with during their moppet sleepovers. O-o-ooooooh, a-a-ah. Kissing in a certain way could leave a girl breathless, don't



you know. The Big Bopper sang, *"make her feel real loose, like a longnecked goose ... like a girl. Oh baby, that's what I like!"*

Debby got married to a nice man and for several years all was peachy. Peachy, routine and eventually boring. They were pretty well matched actually. They often thought the same thoughts, frequently finishing the other's sentence. You'd think it would be happily-ever-after-time, but the

familiarity just didn't have the same fire she used to experience in her single days with a variety of partners. That thrill of discovery and the delight of change. Debby found herself gazing at strangers and wondering how it would be like to fuck them, like she had when she was younger. Little did she know that her husband had similar yearnings.

Then, one fine evening, Debby's husband broke the ice. "Do you ever think about fucking someone else ... or, fucking them *with* me?"

Debby didn't hesitate. "Do you think we could?" (When she



actually meant, "When do we start?")

And a whole new world opened up. Sex got more exciting and more fun. They explored a new lifestyle and since they were physically attractive, they were warmly welcomed into it.

The first time she had been called a gutterslut was the time she and her husband appeared on a "sweeps week" Phil Donahue show. Sweeps Week was the time when Neilson and Arbitron rated broadcast shows for viewership and anything about sex guaranteed a hefty number of households tuning in. Therefore, a bigger charge for advertising. Any topic having to do with sexuality; Crossdressing, BDSM mistresses and swingers were sure-fire attention grabbers in the TV rating game.

An audience member – a white-haired grandmother type – primly dressed in a black pantsuit, lacey white blouse with a large, pink bow neckerchief said of Debby who had just confessed her enjoyment of sexuality to the whole wide world of Donahue show

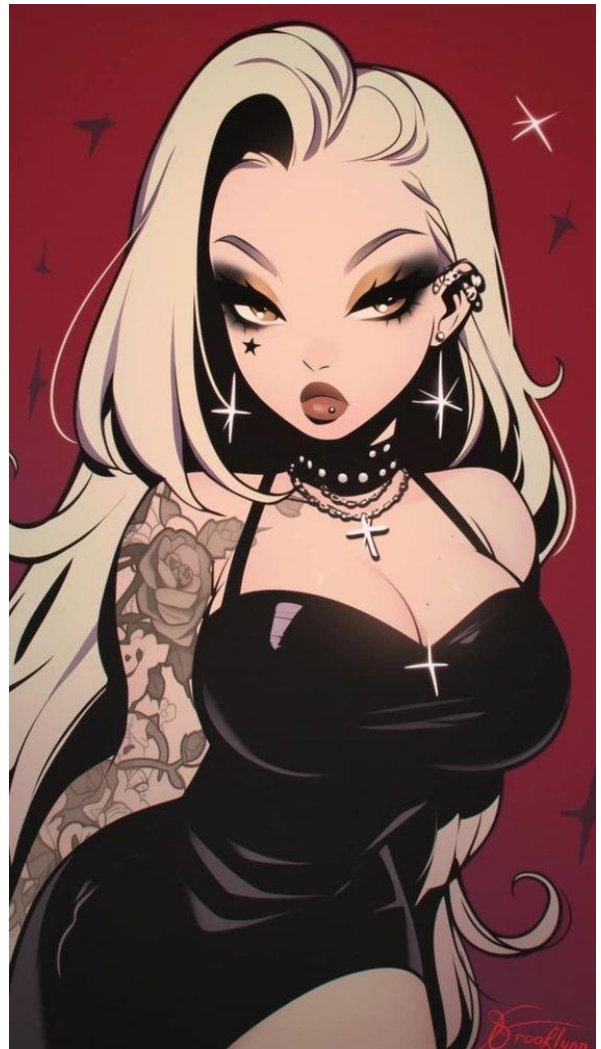
viewership, admonished Debby by blurting out, "you sound just like, like, a, a ... a ... *gutterslut!*"

Debby's reaction was sparse and to the point. "Well, fuck you too!" Deb exclaimed loudly to the studio soundman's consternation. She added, "with a double-headed dildo!"

The technical director cut immediately to a close-up of the aghast host. Neither Phil nor the grandmotherly type could summon anything other than a dropped-jawed, head-shaking response. The rest of the audience, however, cheered with loud enthusiasm.

That was when Debby decided to go all in with being a gutterslut. And slowly, in front of Phil, God, and the little old lady with the pink bow, she extended her middle finger, purely an involuntary reaction.

The prevailing reason was simple. Debby adored dicks. All dicks. Little ones, big ones, curved ones, soft ones, hard ones. Three-quarter semi-chubbies. Cut, uncut. White ones, big black ones, little pink ones. Any kind and every kind. There was nothing in her life so yummy as a plum shaped head on a throbbing shaft that she didn't consider taking a taste of. When Debby wanted a dick, she went after it. It was all attitude, of course. First, she'd approach with a smile as she'd check out a potential partner. Then, a snappy, "hey you!" to catch their attention as she moved in. Not for the kill, but for the seduction, for the conquering.



If the man was naked, so much the better, but she also found it amusing to use her fingers to unbutton, unzip, expose and excite.



Then, when her subject was sufficiently – and gently – aroused, she'd deftly encircle their shaft and lead them around wherever she wanted them to go. The chair, the couch, the bed, the floor, they followed wherever she led. They had to; her grip was that fiercely snug.

A dick was a magical wand that could hit her magical spot. When that happened, she would begin to babble and lewdly grunt. Her eyes would roll back in her head. She would snort and cuss. A variety of filthy words spilled from her. The kind of words that felt good to bust out with in ecstasy.

With her embrace of gutterslut status, Debby had practiced suppressing her gag reflex and could actually create an admirable suction that more often than not reflected a positive reaction. Debby would often insert a finger to massage the lucky person's prostate gland – the male equivalent of a female G-spot – and produce a surprising and copious emission which Debby would eagerly gulp down.

Dexter Smiley, a rather inhibited but comely handsome young swinging man in a sort of effeminate way, declared that Debby delivered the best blowjob he had ever had, including his days in the boy scouts when he surprised Billy Tubbs with an ejaculation that streamed out of Billy's nostrils like snot from a dreadfully runny nose. A gusher, actually.

Debby's secret talent for fellatio became less a secret than a badge of honor as news of her expertise spread through the swinging community.



"Have you had a 'Debby'?" was whispered in the drink line.

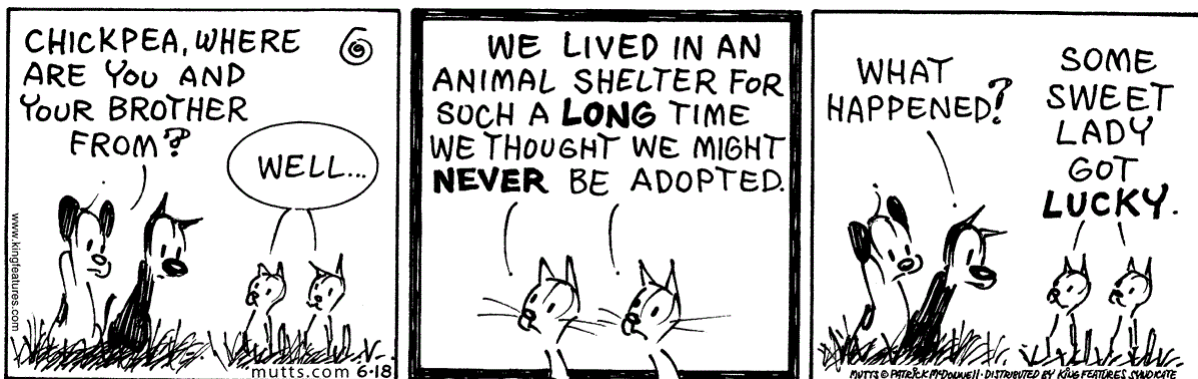
"The best I ever had!" was shared in the hot tub.

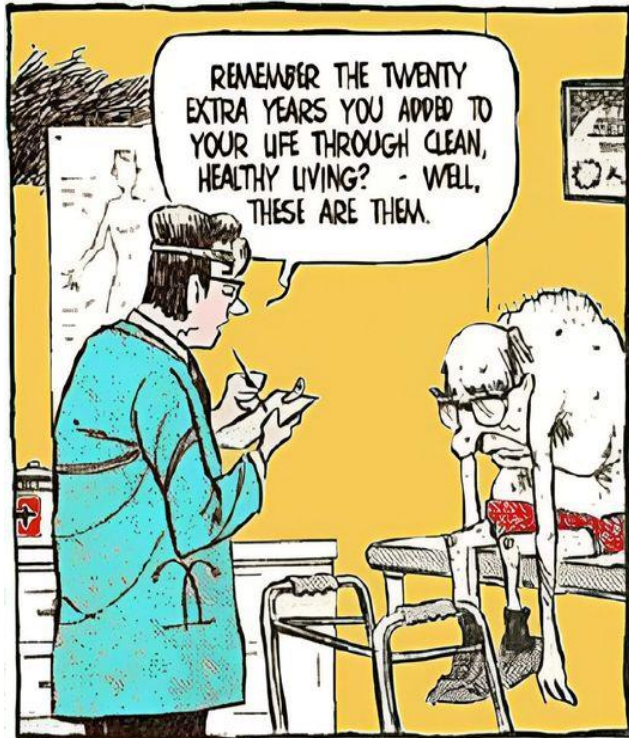
"Don't be a fool, say yes," was argued. "Or, better yet, say nothing at all. Go where Debby takes you. Just grin like Dexter Smiley does."

"When Debby stuck her finger in my ass, I saw stars and pinwheels!"

"She's a gutterslut, you know." Said with a wink and a friendly elbow to the ribs.

And yes, because Debby had resolved, because Debby liked who she was, Debby proudly developed into the best gutterslut she could be. Such is the patriotism of unashamed, outspoken guttersluthood. Because, if anyone didn't like it, they could just fuck themselves with a double-headed dildo.

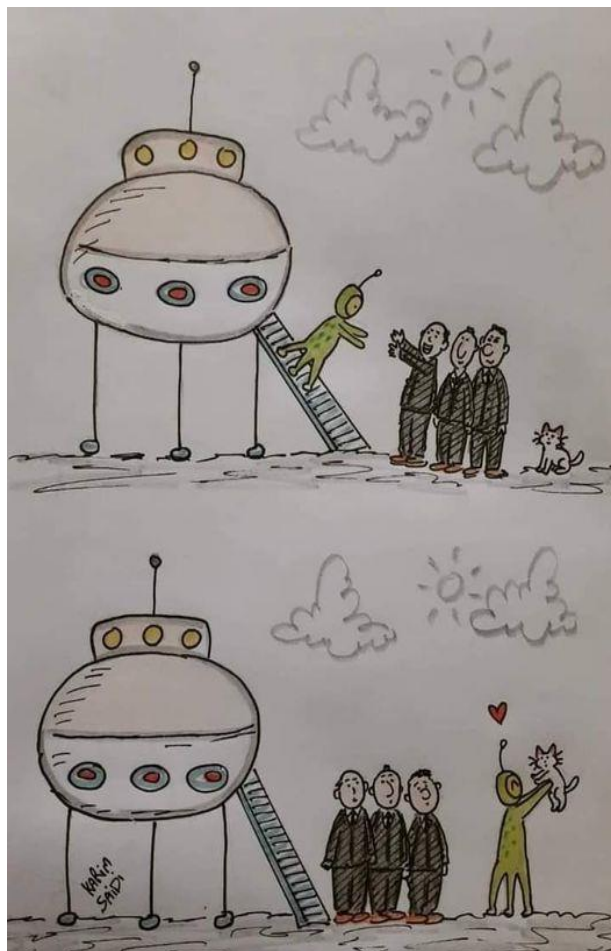




Polling places November 5, 2024 🐈



**For the first time in history, you can post, "He's an idiot," and 90% of the world will know exactly who you're talking about.**

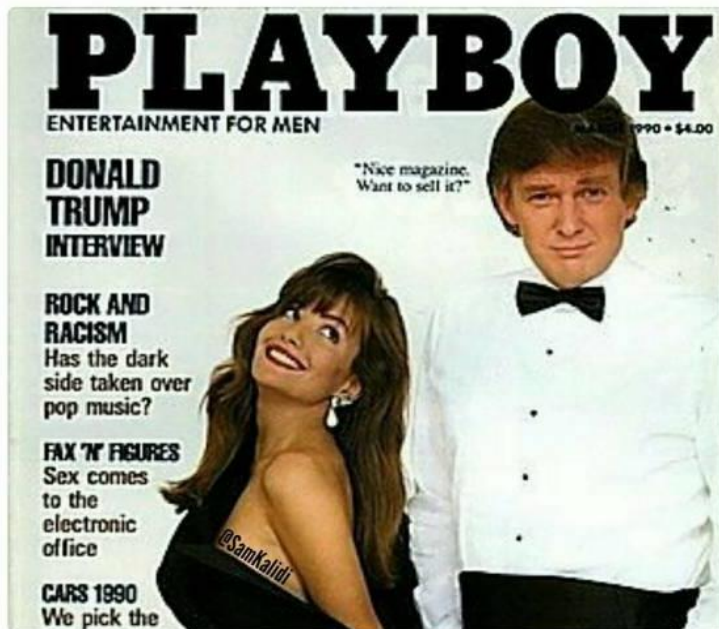








That one time Hugh Hefner put a dick on the cover of Playboy.







Jesus was here

