

# THE JOURNAL

MARCH/APRIL 2025 VOL. 10, NO. 2



**Do not forgive them, for they damn well know *exactly* what they do.**

*Is DEI the new N word? – "Segregation did not die, it just became a zombie" By [field-negro.blogspot.com](http://field-negro.blogspot.com) p.23*

*"Halftime Shows – Too much? Too Black? Not enough country?" By Max's Dad p.52*

*"Sum Dum Guy – in the United States of Absurdity" by James Longo p.88*

# 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.10, No.2

March/April 2025

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

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

# INTRODUCTION

## HOW CAN I FIGHT BACK?



I think I need a catharsis, a purge, a laxative so to speak, perhaps, even an enema.

I have never felt so old. I have never felt so tired, so lethargic. I have never felt so impotent as I have since January 20. The day Donald Trump destroyed my world, my harmony, my future. My world has gone completely out of control. So has yours. Or, should I say, "ours."

Deep down I am scared. How can I fight back when everything hurts? When everything looks so hopeless.

That's the thing about nature, about aging, about getting tired. You no longer feel invincible. It happens little by little. You aren't

as fast as you used to be. Not as strong. Not as deft in evading danger. Time has caught up with us, me in particular.

My fellow Americans who have bought into fear and hate will realize what they have done ... ultimately. Our personal harmonies, the harmony of the universe, have been disturbed. The balance has been wrecked. I feel the world no longer spins the same way it did. Like its orbit is traumatized and wobbling. It is day by day and my heart drips with sadness with what was and what should have been.

How can I put this unhappy feeling? Is it that metaphor of the school of baitfish being circled by the sharks and tarpons and other predators driven by hunger? That image of Darwin's observations or, if you believe it, God's creation concerns me most.

I have seen the phenomenon often while enjoying a calm day at the beach. The baitfish school is an awesome darkness moving along the edge of the surf. You can see it as it moves along the shore. I have been told that the darkness of the school was much wider, much longer in the old days by the old Florida hands I had met in local bars.

You watch the waves. Sometimes you can actually see the fish at the crest like they are actually surfing. Suddenly there is a flash of splashing fish leaping for their lives. A predator has slammed through the school. Like a knife through the water.

This is what Jack London titled, *The Call of the Wild*. The harsh reality of nature. Eat or be eaten. Turn the wrong way and you are a goner. Total savagery, totally without civilized safeguards. It is Darwinism running amok. Survival of the fittest? Or simply the lucky.

It fascinates me. I wonder, does this phenomenon pertain to me? Could I be a predator, slicing through the baitfish, biting and slashing at anything in front of me. Or, am I one of the baitfish.



An unthinking chub, content to feed on what nature provides and reproducing in the haphazard manner of mullets. I have seen such a natural spectacle before. If you eat or get eaten is just happenstance.

Am I one of those fish leaping out of the predator's snapping jaws. Feeling the water pressure as the predator charges through the school. In a way, it is almost like the savagery of the bull ring with the matador taunting the raging bull. Deft movements as the school twists and turns away in delicate harmony. But the school's volume is diminished by the time the feeding is over.

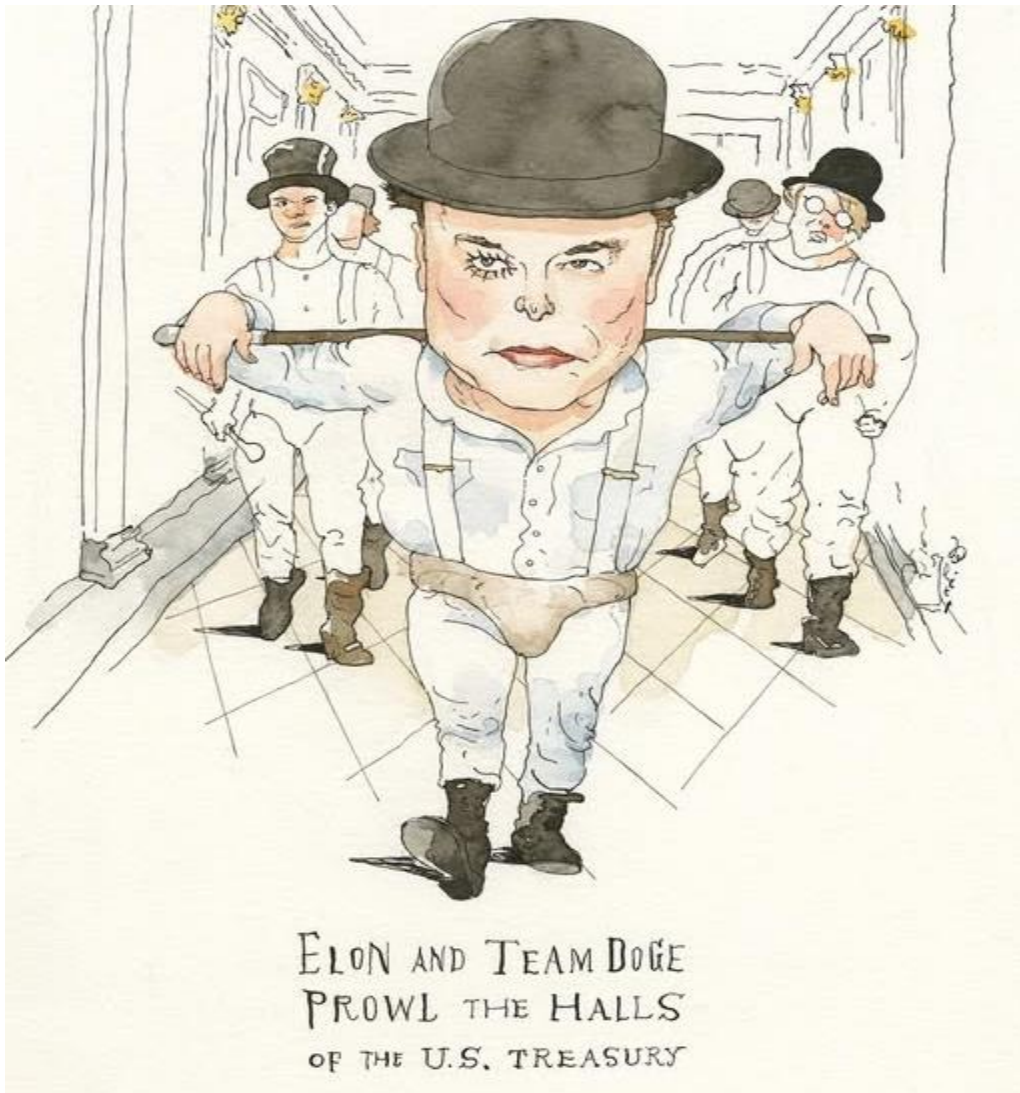


Like all of nature, the old and the infirm are always the first to get it. With every step I take I realize how old and infirm I have become. My chances of survival diminish every day. Why shouldn't I give up? Does the school give up? Why am I feeling so sorry for myself?

But I am not a fish. I(We) shouldn't be giving up. I should be on the street, yelling at the top of my lungs, "what the goddamned hell are you doing to my country!"

"You assholes" goes without saying.

## *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 Burkhardt	Sandra Burkhardt
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.

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. *We invite all individuals wishing to express themselves and share their writing to join us.*

**Put dots on trumps  
signature it looks  
like a klan rally**





## Events



### **March** - Irish American Heritage Month

March 2 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**  
Oscar Night



March 4 – Mardi Gras -- Fat Tuesday

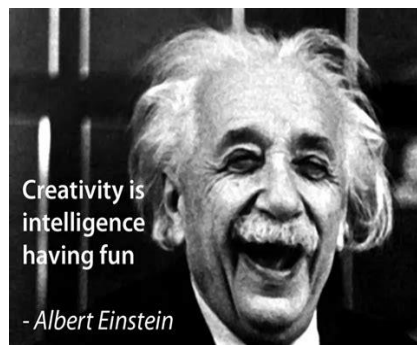
March 7 – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.**

March 9 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Daylight Savings begins at 2:00 a.m.



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

Popcorn Lover's Day



Creativity is  
intelligence  
having fun

- Albert Einstein

Assassinated (44 B.C.)

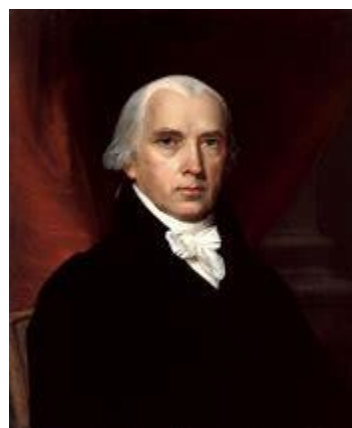
March 14 – **Aware Ones at Sandspritz Park 11 am.** National Pi Day

[Scientist Albert Einstein](#) born, 1879

March 15 Ides of March Julius Caesar



March 16 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Freedom of Information Day James Madison born, 1751 (4th President)



March 17 Saint Patrick's Day

March 18 2025 Major League Baseball season is scheduled to begin on March 18–19 with a two-game series between the [Los Angeles Dodgers](#) and [Chicago Cubs](#) held in [Tokyo](#), Japan,

**I'm not concerned about men transitioning to women. I am concerned about Americans transitioning to Nazis.**



**March 20** [Spring \(Vernal\) Equinox](#)

**March 21 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)** [World Poetry Day](#)

1965: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. leads 3,200 people on the start of the third and finally successful civil rights march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama.

Photo: James Karales



**Don't believe in climate change?**

**Your insurance company does.**

**March 23 – [Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.](#)**

**March 25** 1969: During their honeymoon, John Lennon and Yoko Ono hold their first Bed-In for Peace at the Amsterdam Hilton Hotel.



**March 27 – [Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.](#)**

**March 28 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)** [Weed Appreciation Day](#)

**Coca-Cola®**

**March 29** [Coca-Cola Invented](#) in 1886



The bigot felon in chief is planning on attending the Super Bowl so Goodell is removing the two end zones motto "End Racism " seems like another cheap suit just folded to the bigot..



March 30 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Artist Vincent van Gogh born, 1853

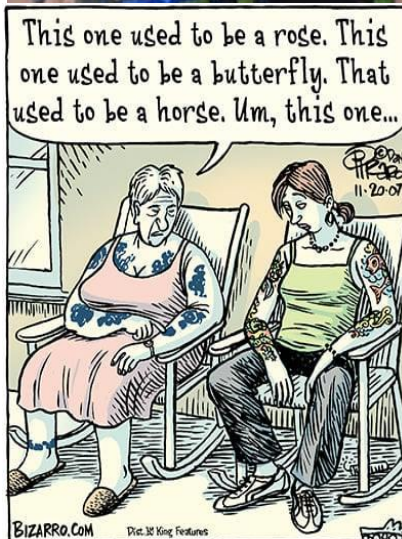


## April - International Guitar Month



**April 1** April Fool's Day, Atheist Day, International Tatting Day

**April 4 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.** School Librarian Day



**April 6 – Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** [North Pole](#) Discovered In 1898.

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

**April 11 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.** [President Johnson signs the Civil Rights Act, 1964](#)

1912: RMS Titanic departs Queenstown, Ireland for New York.

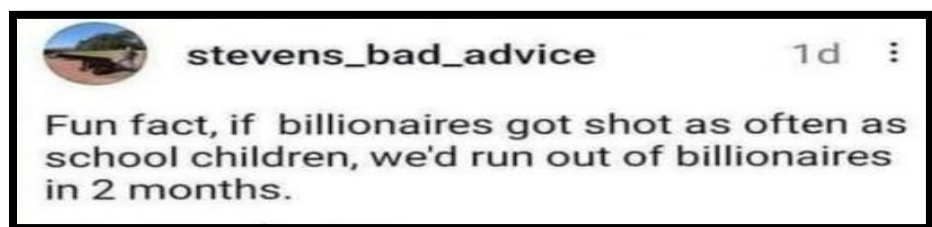
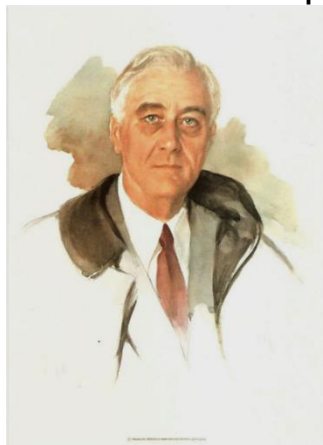


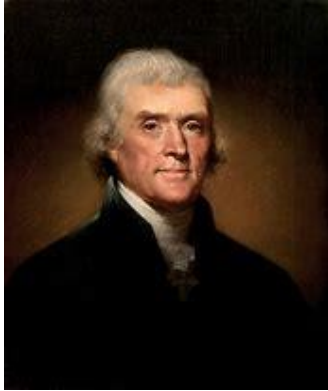
Photo: Believed to be the last photo of the Titanic on the surface of the ocean, taken by John Morrogh at Red Bay, Crosshaven after the vessel left Queenstown.

**April 12** **Passover begins at sundown**

1945: 32nd President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, dies while in office in Warm Springs, Georgia. Vice President Harry S. Truman becomes 33rd President.

At the time he collapsed, Roosevelt had been sitting for a portrait painting by the artist Elizabeth Shoumatoff, known as the famous *Unfinished Portrait of FDR*. Portrait: Elizabeth Shoumatoff





April 13 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** **Palm Sunday** 3rd President Thomas Jefferson born, 1743

April 15 **Income Taxes Due**

April 18 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit**

**Park 11 am.** **Good Friday**



April 20 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** **Easter Sunday**  
Woman with Easter bonnet - early 1950s. Photo: Getty



April 24 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.** **Pig in a Blanket Day**

April 25 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.** **Arbor Day**



April 27 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** **Walter Lantz** born, 1899 (The creator of Woody Woodpecker)



**Being atheist means living freely  
without the burden of worshipping,  
obeying, defending, fearing,  
serving and marketing  
an imaginary sky daddy.**

•

**@atheistThuggery**

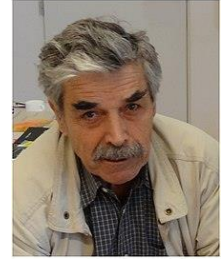
# LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

## January

**1** Louis Schittly, 86, French physician and humanitarian, co-founder of Médecins Sans Frontières.



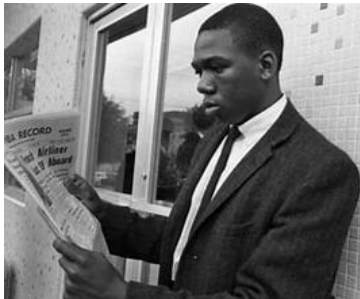
- Wayne Osmond, 73, American singer (The Osmonds) and songwriter ("Crazy Horses", "Let Me In"), stroke.



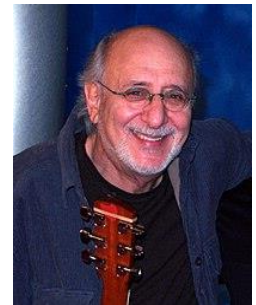
**6** Edgar Maddison Welch, 36, American conspiracy theorist, shot. Welch was killed resisting police officers on a routine traffic stop in Charlotte, NC. On December 4, 2016, Edgar Maddison Welch, a 28-year-old man from Salisbury, North Carolina, arrived at Comet Ping Pong and fired three shots from an AR-15 style rifle. Welch saw himself as the potential hero of the story—a rescuer of children. (Qualifies for the "Assholes" section – ed.)



**7** Jean-Marie Le Pen, 96, French politician, founder of National Front, an ultra-right wing organization. He was convicted of statements downplaying the Holocaust, and fined for incitement to discrimination made about Muslims in France.



- Peter Yarrow, 86, American singer (Peter, Paul and Mary) and songwriter ("Puff, the Magic Dragon"), bladder cancer.



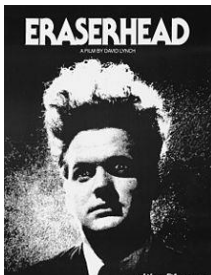
**8** Charles Person, 82, an African-American civil rights activist who was the youngest Freedom Rider of the 1961 Freedom Rides.



**10** Sam Moore, 89, American Hall of Fame singer-songwriter (Sam & Dave), complications from surgery.



**12** Claude Jarman Jr., 90, American actor. He became a child star with his role as Jody Baxter in The Yearling (1946), for which he won an Academy Juvenile Award.



**13** Carol Downer, 91, American feminist lawyer and author, who focused her career on abortion rights and women's health around the world



**15** David Lynch, 78, American television and film director (Twin Peaks, Blue Velvet, Mulholland Drive), visual artist and musician, complications from emphysema.



**16** Bob Uecker, 90, American baseball player (St. Louis Cardinals), broadcaster (Milwaukee Brewers), and actor (Mr. Belvedere), lung cancer.





**17** Jules Feiffer, 95, American cartoonist, playwright (*Knock Knock*), and screenwriter (*Popeye*, *Munro*), Pulitzer Prize winner (1986), heart failure

**20** Cecile Richards, 67, American feminist activist, president of Planned Parenthood (2006–2018), brain cancer.

**21** Garth Hudson, 87, Canadian Hall of Fame musician (*The Band*) and keyboardist ("Chest Fever").



**29** Notable victims of the 2025 Potomac River mid-air collision:

- Vadim Naumov, 55, Russian Olympic figure skater (1992, 1994), world champion (1994).



- Evgenia Shishkova, 52, Russian Olympic figure skater (1992, 1994), world champion (1994)

- Inna Volynskaya, 59, Russian pair skater

**30** Dick Button, 95, American figure skater, Olympic champion (1948, 1952), five-time world champion

- Marianne Faithfull, 78, English singer ("As Tears Go By"), songwriter ("Broken English") and actress (*The Girl on a Motorcycle*).



## February

**1** Fay Vincent, 86, American lawyer and sports executive, commissioner of baseball (1989–1992), bladder cancer

**4** Ed Seeman, 93, American animator and pornographic film director.



**6** Virginia Halas McCaskey, 102, American football executive and owner (Chicago Bears).

**7** Tony Roberts, 85, actor (*Annie Hall*, *Play It Again, Sam*, *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*) lung cancer.





**9** Tom Robbins, 92, novelist (*Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, *Jitterbug Perfume*, *Skinny Legs and All*).

**10** Mary Ellen W. Smoot, 91, American religious leader. the thirteenth Relief Society General President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS Church)



**14** Geneviève Page, 97, French actress (*Belle de Jour*, *Grand Prix*, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*).



**15** L. Clifford Davis, 100, American civil rights pioneer and attorney.

**16** Anne Marie Hochhalter, 43, American school shooting survivor (*Columbine High School massacre*) and disability rights activist.



**21** Lynne Marie Stewart, 78, American actress (*Pee-wee's Playhouse*, *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, *American Graffiti*)

**24** Roberta Flack, 88, American singer ("Killing Me Softly With His Song", "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face", "Feel Like Makin' Love"), Grammy winner (1973, 1974), complications from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.



## Heroes



Chantal Kreviazuk made a statement at NHL's 4 Nations Face-Off game against the United States. The *Get to You* artist performed the national anthem 'O Canada' on Thursday's game at TD Garden in Boston, earning boos from the audience as she took a shot at the opponent with some adjusted lyrics. Instead of the lyric "true patriot love in all of us command," Kreviazuk sang "that only us command," sharing a photo to her Instagram Story of the lyric written on her hand.





MAGA world melts down as Bishop Mariann Edgar Budde calls Donald Trump out directly to his face during a sermon at the National Cathedral — urging him to find compassion and mercy.

This is the last thing Trump expected today... "I ask you to have mercy upon the people in our country who are scared. There are gay, lesbian, transgender children, Democratic, Republican, independent families — some who fear for their lives," the reverend said as Trump sat in the pews. *(See Trump's mendacious reply in the "Assholes of the Month" section, p.17)*

The courageous crowd of Treasure Coasters protesting president-elect Trump's coming inauguration on Stuart's Roosevelt Bridge.



### *Asshole(s) of the Month*

January 04, 2025 By: Fenway Fran  
Washington Post political cartoonist Ann Telnaes has resigned, after the paper refused to publish this one. I'm guessing Bezos didn't like his portrait. Democracy does indeed die in darkness, WaPo. We here at the WMDBS are not afraid of political cartoons, but we are deeply concerned about obstacles to a free press.





Donald J. Trump  
@realDonaldTrump

The so-called Bishop who spoke at the National Prayer Service on Tuesday morning was a Radical Left hard line Trump hater. She brought her church into the World of politics in a very ungracious way. She was nasty in tone, and not compelling or smart. She failed to mention the large number of illegal migrants that came into our Country and killed people. Many were deposited from jails and mental institutions. It is a giant crime wave that is taking place in the USA. Apart from her inappropriate statements, the service was a very boring and uninspiring one. She is not very good at her job! She and her church owe the public an apology! t

8.79k ReTruths 32.5k Likes

Jan 21, 2025, 11:39 PM

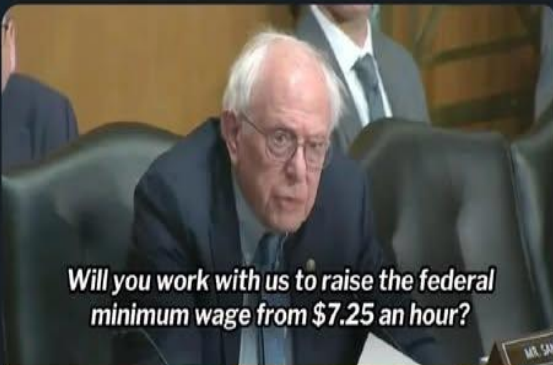
From WhitePeopleTwitter community on Reddit



FactPost

@factpostnews

This is Trump's billionaire pick for Treasury secretary, Scott Bessent



0:41 · 17 Jan 25 · 3,277 Views



Cuban MAGA Activist, Héctor Luis Valdés Cocho, Has Been Arrested by ICE and Could be Sent to Guantanamo Bay



**THE GREATEST TRAGEDY IN  
MANKIND'S ENTIRE HISTORY  
MAY BE THE HIJACKING OF  
MORALITY BY RELIGION.**

**- ARTHUR C. CLARKE -**



**I love that I am  
trans. And I love  
that I am queer.  
And the more I  
hold myself close  
and fully embrace  
who I am, the  
more I dream, the  
more my heart  
grows and the  
more I thrive.”**

**ELLIOT  
PAGE**



**Cian Westmoreland** ✓

@CianMW

If you are National Guard or  
Active Duty military and you  
are being ordered to violate  
the Constitutional rights of US  
citizens then this is the number  
to the GI Rights Hotline. There  
is support, you don't have to go  
through with it. tel:1-877-447-4487



# COMMENTARY



He who saves his Country does not violate any Law.





# Suffering & Progress

By James Longo

*"Why was a man born to suffer and die? Why not?"  
– Mark Schroen*

*"If you can learn to like suffering, you'll love life."  
– Angelica Longo*

*"You need to learn to suffer like a Russian," My mother said. She was reading Crime and Punishment at the time.*

*"Why mama, we are not Russians?" My sister's question about my mother's statement.*

Christians believe all suffering is due to the original sin. The original sin is Eve taking a bite of fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. The real sin was consciousness. If you don't know you are suffering, you can't really call it suffering.

I believe the fruit was Eve's plump ripe haunches, and the original sin was Adam plumbing that peachy-sweet ripe vagina which led to children and a continuation of suffering. But what do I know?

Absolutely nothing about Abrahamic mythology.

According to Buddha, and the four noble truths. Life is suffering. The cause of suffering is desire. To suffer less, desire less. To desire less, listen to your Buddha.

According to Alan Watts, a 20th-century philosophical entertainer. His definition (not mine); *Life is a dream, and every night you get to dream a whole life*. You could have the perfect life, but we choose to muck up the dream to make it more entertaining. At the end of that dream/life, you wake to dream another life the next night.

In bicycling – as in life – there are no free lunches. If you want to bike out of the wind, first you must bike into it. If you want to go downhill, first you must climb that hill. If you want the desired health and psychological effects of cycling, you have to put in the miles. (Did I mention Angie Longo's view on life?)

According to Dostoevsky, my mother, Angie, and the Catholic Church, only through suffering can we make progress and become a better person. Now let's broaden that to society. Society searches for answers technically and socially. The answers decrease suffering. The pessimist will bring to our attention that every improvement just brings a different type of suffering.

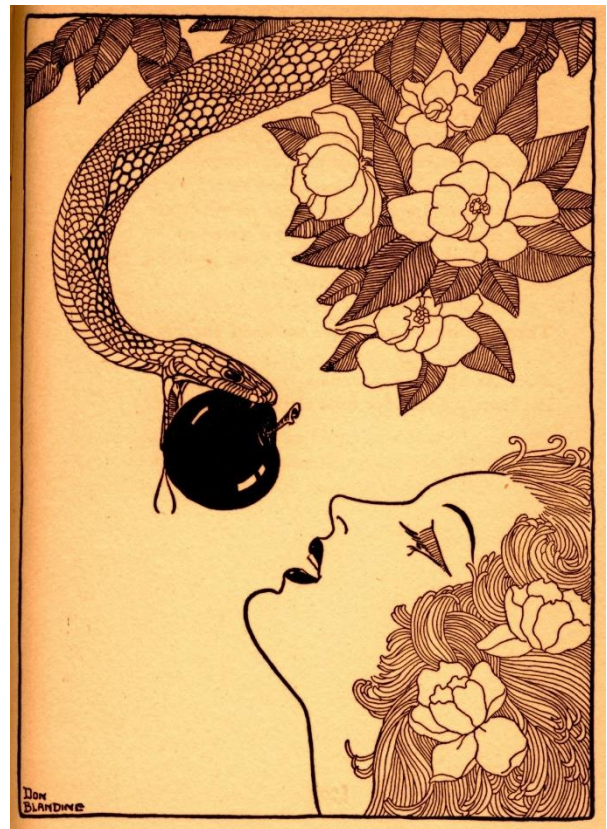


Clean water decreases waterborne illness. People die of heart disease instead. Refrigeration allows us to store food, obesity is rampant. We stop discriminating against race, religion, and disabilities, we find other ways to discriminate, (economic or sexual orientation). If all our problems are solved, people develop depression and anxiety because of concerns about future problems. Every problem causing suffering solved is replaced with another form of suffering. The new problem causes less suffering than the old problem, but it still causes suffering – less suffering to-be-sure – but suffering none-the-less.

Personally, I would rather be depressed than hungry, cured than ill, be able to travel great distances in hours than not at all. Marry who I want, instead of having it arranged.

I love modernity. I love less suffering. I love progress. I am a progressive.

Yes, for every technical advancement, a new issue occurs but it is less of an issue than the one solved. Eventually, we will genetically modify our children to produce the right amount of dopamine in our limbic system to stop psychological suffering. Will future generations un-eat Eve's apple? Will they be the Uber-Mensch's (*Supermen*) or monkeys?



Make America Progress Again, but maybe not that much.

# Is DEI the new N word?

[field-negro.blogspot.com](http://field-negro.blogspot.com)



These are crazy times, field hands. The felon is now fully in charge, and prices have not gone down, there is looming economic chaos with his trade wars, and the FBI and other agencies charged with keeping us safe and holding criminals accountable, are being gutted because they hurt his feelings. Meanwhile, a feckless and weak democratic party does nothing but give us phony outrage talking points to stay relevant or in front of news cameras. There are no calls for mobilization, no calls for mass protests, and no *real* plan to counter the oncoming fascism train that is going to doom us all. At least all of us who aren't in a cult, and who still believe in what America is supposed to stand for.



This past week there were two tragic plane crashes, one right after the other. I am not blaming the felon for that, things happen, and it could have just as well happened when Biden was president. The thing is, though, the felon blamed the first tragic accident, which cost sixty-seven people their lives, on DEI. Think about that for a minute. Before the

bodies were taken out of the cold Potomac River, or the families even had time to grieve, he was playing politics and trying to



score political points. He is truly a sick and demented individual. But we all knew that. Even the misguided people who voted for him had to have known that as well.

Blaming the accident on DEI without any proof was such a *Trumpian* thing to do. But you have to understand, this is how he stokes his base, by blaming everything that goes wrong on DEI. It's another scapegoating tactic that works well with the demographic he appeals to. These are the folks who blame their miserable positions in life on everyone else but themselves. Immigrants, blacks, transgendered people, and Gays. They are the ones making it hard for them to get ahead. Not the billionaires and Oligarchs who are only looking out for themselves and taking advantage of every loophole to squeeze every penny out of the government and our pockets. These are the folks, by the way, who the felon is looking out for in his second term. Not the poor cult members who hold on to his every word and bow to all of his actions. It's DEI! Everything wrong with the government is because of DEI. Let's cancel all those holidays that celebrate diversity, and let's scrub our history books of the achievements of black folks. That will make us feel better about ourselves. Sadly for them, it won't add one cent to their pocket, or reduce the cost of groceries or gas.



The irony is, of course, that the felon has the most unqualified nominees to fill his cabinet positions in the history of the United States. Fox News hosts and television personalities who he views as telegenic will now hold some of the most powerful positions in government. His defense secretary is an alcoholic who has been credibly accused of sexual assault, and he has zero qualifications for the job. Compare his credentials to the black man who was

previously in his position, and you will see why black folks laugh when we hear the DEI refrain. We know it's just code words for n\*\*\*\*r you don't deserve that job. It should go to a white man. Don't even get me started on Tulsi Gabbard, the dog killer, who literally met with Assad and Putin and parroted their talking points at a time when they were committing all kinds of atrocities against their own people. Just today she said she is cool with putting children in Gitmo. Then there is RFK Jr., a vaccine skeptic who is in line to become, wait for it ... *health secretary*! You can't make this stuff up.

I called a friend from Philly to check on him after the recent plane crash in that city. He said he was fine, but he was really scared of what's to come. *"Bro, something just feels off man"* he said to me. *"And I can't quite put my fingers on it."*

I feel the same way, but unlike him, I know **exactly** what it is that's off: We elected a madman to hold the highest office in the land for a second time. We didn't learn our lesson from the first time when a million Americans died because of his incompetence.

Now, sadly, he has more power, and less opposition. Not to mention four more years. That is, of course, if we make it that long.



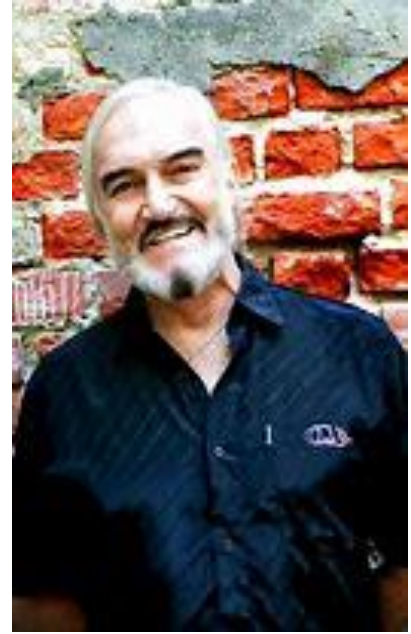
📷 People protest against President Donald Trump and Elon Musk outside the Michigan Capitol in Lansing, Michigan, on Feb. 5, 2025.

Jeff Kowalsky/AFP via Getty Images

# I Don't Like Phony Christians ...

## *Like Sasha Gabor*

By Virgil Thorp



I know, you know, we all know that Christians come in all forms; good ones, moderate ones and, of course, bad ones. Despicable ones, prosperity Christians, the kind that are repulsive in their notions of greed and hypocrisy while basking in their self-righteous glow of "Jesus loves me, this I know." People with an overdeveloped sense of sin. Well, your sin, not theirs as they have been forgiven. The problem seems to be distinguishing the hypocrites from the truly righteous who are very few and very far in between.



I knew a self-styled Christian. He had been redeemed, he said. I thought, *Like a cheap green stamp*. I know I am judgmental, but I have really had it with the pharisaical Christians. Those Christians who think they can be as pure as total innocence. This guy's name was (he's dead now) Sasha Gabor. Yes, he was Hungarian. He was a polyglot. He spoke several languages. He once was a licensed pilot, trained to fly 707s and with his command of languages, very much in demand. That wasn't good enough for him. He quit flying. Why did he stop? He wanted to be a porn star. They said he looked a lot like Burt Reynolds. Sasha would embrace that image with the hat, the string tie, the

boots, the black firebird with a "Bandit" license plate and a mustache.

I met Sasha when I took the editing job here in Ft. Pierce. Sasha, for a variety of reasons, had relocated from So. Cal to Vero Beach. He lived just off 20<sup>th</sup> street with his Filipino wife, Rosalinda and two kids, Attila and a chubby little baby girl named Rosie after her mother. Rosalinda made extra money by packing up the kids and cleaning other people's houses on Wednesdays and Thursdays.



I figured since Sasha had various addictive disorders; he felt Vero Beach was a good hideout. A semi-secluded, out-of-the-way, sleepy Florida beach town. As I got more exposure to Sasha, his idiosyncrasies began to dominate. Sasha would take pills, snort coke and get drunk. He and Rosalinda would argue, Sasha would stalk out of the house. Rosalinda would lock him out. He would bang on the door and raise a ruckus; The neighbors would call the cops. The cops would arrest Sasha for public drunkenness. This happened often. It was never a surprise when I would answer the phone and it would be Sasha calling from the Indian River County Jail asking me to put a Five or a Ten dollar bill into his county jail canteen account.

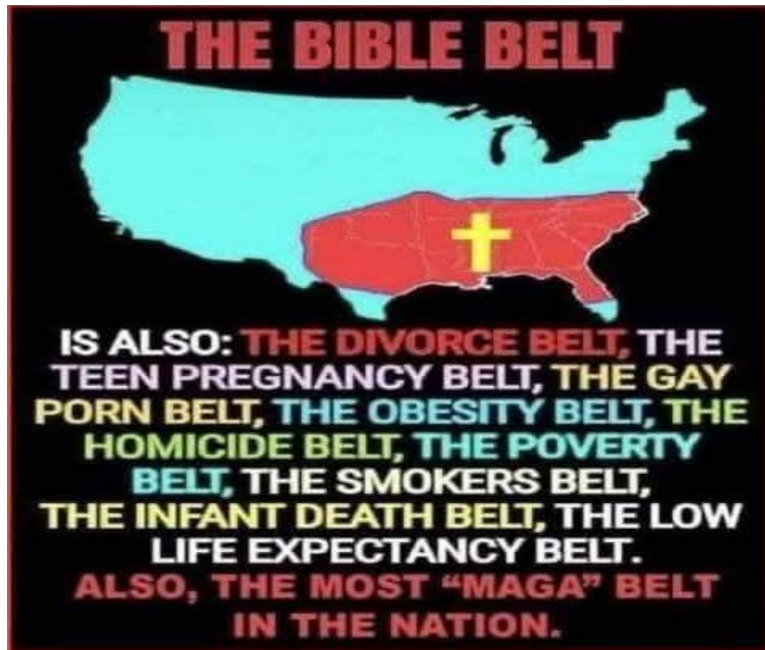
"I'll pay you back," he'd promise. *I never held my breath.*

Sasha found the lord in jail. "I am a Christian." He'd tell everyone he met. "I am a Christian; you can trust me." He used that line successfully on many a congregation. Imagine, you are an evangelical church and a sinner from the porn world shows up on your doorstep asking for forgiveness and shelter. He had seen the light and wanted to change his lewd habits. Sasha was greeted like the Prodigal Son, the lamb who had been lost. It didn't last



though. Sasha was really, very weak, even in his Christianity. He would fall back into wicked thoughts and his sinful habits would return until he had worked through most of the evangelical parishes on the Treasure Coast.

Once I let Sasha sleep on our couch. Even though I am an



atheist, I felt sorry for him. He wasn't getting any younger and the lines in his face kept getting deeper and longer. He used makeup and hair dye. Every couple of years he would take a trip to Thailand and have his face lifted. He even had pictures of the gory surgery that he would show at swinger's

conventions. This was a terrible thing to do to those swingers. No one felt like fornicating after that.

We took Sasha out to dinner at a local seafood restaurant that had a special on live Maine lobsters. Sasha was pretty fucked up. I mean stoned out of his mind fucked up. Sasha shocked everyone in the restaurant by consuming his lobster, shell and all. There was Sasha with a room full of people gawking at the Burt Reynolds look-a-like merrily crunching away on a bright red crustacean.

But Sasha was a Christian. A pious Christian. Very much like the majority of those who call themselves "prosperity Christians." A very popular type of Christian who build cathedrals with their own aircraft hangars. But not a true Christian. Not at all like a Jesus



kind of Christian. More like a wishy-washy Christian. A cafeteria Christian.

The last time I was a friend of Sasha was a warm day in Florida. He told me he needed a ride to get his car which was down in Deerfield Beach. Deerfield Beach where his wife had run away from him with their kids.

I should have known the trip was doomed from the beginning. Sasha sat in the front seat; Lucy was quietly in the back seat.

It takes a special kind of con artist to get rich without paying taxes by selling people an invisible product for 10% of their income that they can't see until after they die.



"I have to pick up my medicine." Sasha said. "Butterfield Drugs on Orange St. is where I need to go."

"Okay, no problem, Sasha." It was only slightly out of our way, but it was his *medicine*. I was helping him out, wasn't I? Was I acting like a Christian? I parked just next to the front door and turned off my

engine.

Sasha stopped and turned back towards the car. "You have to come in with me." He said.

"Why?"

"You have to pay for my medicine."

"Oh, hell no!" I was indignant. "What makes you think I have the money to buy your drugs?! Or even would?"

After a little standoff arguing, Sasha got back into the car muttering that he would get the medicine after we picked up his car. (*And you can put the touch on some other sucker, I thought to myself*).

Sasha was a junkie Christian or a Christian junkie, and as most junkies can, particularly Christian junkies, he was able to summon up an apology that assuaged my

disgust. The rest of the journey passed as pleasantly enough as it could until we arrived in Deerfield Beach. Lucy was silently exasperated in the backseat.

I followed Sasha's directions through the beach side town and stopped in front of a modest bungalow. There was no vehicle in the driveway.

"I know where Rosalinda is," Sasha grumbled. "Go five streets down and take a left..."

After a few more turns, we came to a park with swings and teeter totters and a jungle gym. Sasha's car was parked on the streetside. We didn't see Rosalinda.

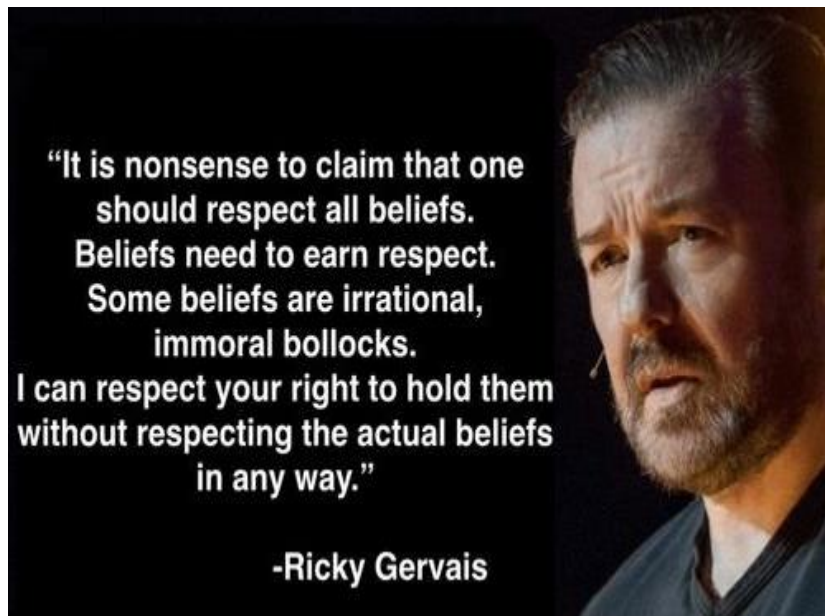
"Help me," Sasha pleaded. "Help me hotwire the car."

This was one of the times I know my jaw hit the floor.

"You want me to do what?"

"We're going to hotwire the car."

Lucy spoke up from the back seat. Her voice was hot and sharp.



"Are you shitting me? You want us to help you steal your car and leave your wife and kids in the hot sun!"

"Well, yes." Sasha sounded hurt. He genuinely thought we'd help him steal the car and leave Rosalinda and the children at that park without a car.

"Get out!" Lucy commanded. "Get the fuck out of our car. Now."

Sasha was aghast. He had never experienced angry Lucy.

"Shut the fucking door!" she commanded. Under her breath as I drove off, I could hear Lucy say, "go to hell Sasha."

At the risk of being judgmental, I don't like Christians like Sasha Gabor Christians. He knew exactly what he was doing.







## I'm not banal enough to be a NYT columnist

By P.Z. Myers

I have no idea what he's trying to say with this illustration on the column. God has a whip?

He's a bastard to make you behave?

But I could try, if the New York Times would give me a sinecure as their atheist columnist, and if I were willing to discard any self-respect I might have. After all, they do employ the most insipid theist they could find, Ross Douthat. He tried something slightly creative this week, trying to steel-man an atheist argument, badly. He presents his idea of [The Best Argument Against Having Faith in God](#). It's the problem of evil.

One interesting point about this argument is that while it's often folded into the briefs for atheism that claim to rely primarily on hard evidence and science, it isn't properly speaking an argument that some creating power does not exist. Rather it's an argument about the nature of that power, a claim that the particular kind of God envisioned by many believers and philosophers — all powerful and all good — would not have made the world in which we find ourselves, and therefore that this kind of God does not exist.

That is correct. No one uses the problem of evil to disprove a god, but only the idea of a benevolent god, or more specifically, the perfectly good being most Christians promote. When I see it deployed in an argument, it's usually to make the narrower point that I don't believe in *your* god.

Douthat follows the usual out — refusing to deal with a direct criticism of *his* version of god to ask, "what about this other

god?", a weaker god than his magical being. And then falls back on general apologetics.

You can't fully counter the argument from evil with evidence of God's existence because the argument doesn't fully try to establish God's nonexistence. And you can't fully counter it with an argument for why God might allow suffering — as a necessary corollary of free will, for instance — because the claim isn't about the existence of suffering but its scale and scope and excess.



What you can offer, instead, is a set of challenges rather than straightforward rebuttals. The first challenge emphasizes the limits of what the argument from evil establishes even if you fully accept it: not that God doesn't exist, not that the universe lacks a supernatural order, but just that the traditional Christian or classical-theist conception of God's perfect goodness is somehow erroneous or overdrawn. This still leaves you with the converging lines of evidence for some kind of cosmic order, some kind of crucial human role within that drama. And it still leaves you with various theological alternatives to make sense of that evidence: You could be a pantheist or a polytheist, a gnostic or a dualist, a deist or a process theologian, and more. The argument from evil might be a reason to choose one of those schools over traditional Christianity, without being a good reason to choose atheism.

He really just doesn't like atheism. Anything else but atheism. He doesn't bother to say what those the converging lines of evidence for some kind of cosmic order are, though. But OK, sure, the problem of evil says you should be anything but a traditional Christian, I'll take it.

Douthat is a traditional Catholic.

Does he even read what he writes?

The straw he grasps at is that any good exists, and you can't explain that, therefore God.

But it makes the problem of good — real good, deep good, the Good, not just fleeting spasms and sensations — at least as notable a difficulty for the believer in a totally indifferent universe as the problem of evil is supposed to be for the religious believer.

Which suggests that even if that evil makes it hard for you to believe in a God of perfect power, you still shouldn't give up hope that something very good indeed has a role in the order of the world.

Except that we don't need an all-powerful supernatural being to explain how the world works.

The ball is in your court, New York Times: I'm available. I don't know if I could write anything as stupid as Douthat's scribblings, though. If I read enough Douthat will that make me ignorant enough to take his place?

[freethoughtblogs.com/pharyngula/](http://freethoughtblogs.com/pharyngula/)

**Since god created everything,  
On which day did he create  
childhood leukemia ?**





# There is no 'War on Christmas' but somehow the Catholic League is losing anyway

*By Chris Line*

For decades, conservative Christians have bellyached about a so-called "War on Christmas."



They have rallied to defend the religious aspects of Christmas, lobbied for Christian decorations in public schools or town halls and criticized anyone utilizing that horribly inclusive phrase, "Happy Holidays," a phrase used since at least the 1860s. They believe that the season is only for Christians — and insist that our secular government should plant their devotional Christian nativities in public parks, county courthouses and state Capitols.

This year, Bill Donohue, president of the Catholic League, put up a petty and poorly designed billboard in Madison, Wis., the

hometown of the Freedom From Religion Foundation, in order to “send these activists a lesson.” In the Catholic League’s press release, Donohue blatantly boasts that “the Christmas season is our season. We rule. They lose.”

The billboard (pictured above) has been rightly ridiculed by both atheists and Christians for its meanspirited and exclusionary message claiming sole dominion over the entire holiday season. This childish reaction is particularly ironic considering that FFRF has spent decades patiently pointing out that “the Christians stole Christmas,” taking over the natural holiday of the Winter Solstice, celebrated by our ancestors in the Northern Hemisphere for millennia, with the pretense that it is the birthday of Jesus.

But here’s the reality: December and the Winter Solstice aren’t owned by one religion or ideology. It’s a season of celebration, reflection and, yes, commerce, shared by people of all beliefs and none. The majority of Americans — Christians included — are tired of the divisiveness and exclusion that the “War on Christmas” narrative fuels. Atheists, other Americans belonging to minority religions and Black Americans who celebrate Kwanzaa — and even many Christians — have worked for the right to celebrate the holiday season more broadly without a requirement that they subscribe to ancient myths, Santa Claus possibly exempted.

Instead of embracing change and the growing inclusivity of the holiday season, many conservative Christians are growing ever bitter and resentful. I’m looking at you, Bill. Donohue regularly projects his antipathy onto others. In a post last year entitled, “Christmas joy eludes atheists,” he did protest too much.

The Catholic League’s billboard demonstrates the desperation of those clinging to this fictitious conflict. The louder the cries of persecution, the clearer it becomes that their message is falling flat. Americans, particularly younger generations, are moving toward a more inclusive and secular society. “Merry Christmas” is not under attack, but the idea that only one tradition matters

during this season is rightly being challenged more and more every year.



FFRF celebrates this progress. For decades, we've fought to ensure that government spaces remain neutral grounds for all citizens, free from religious endorsement. We've championed the inclusion of secular perspectives in holiday displays, from our Winter Solstice banners to our Founding Fathers signs. These messages remind everyone that the holiday season belongs to everyone — not just those of one faith.

The real grinchers who can't enjoy the Christmas season are the conservative Christians like Bill Donohue. He reminds me of the street preacher in Albuquerque who dressed up as the Grinch and stood outside an elementary school screaming at children that Santa isn't real.

Inclusivity isn't a loss for anyone — it's a victory for everyone. As more Americans embrace a diverse, secular, and tolerant society, the myths of persecution that underpin the "War on Christmas" fade into irrelevance. The so-called war is over, and reason has



won. Let's celebrate a season of goodwill for all — believers and nonbelievers alike.

Happy Winter Solstice and Reason's Greetings!

Freedom From Religion Foundation  
freethoughtnow.org



# ARTICLES



**A REPUBLICAN CONSULTANT SAYS IT OUTLOUD:**  
**"WHEN I SEE THE SEXUAL ORIENTATION HATE COME OUT OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY UNDER THE PRETEXT OF JUST BEING ANTI-TRANS, I AM VERY TEMPTED TO NAME THE REPUBLICAN OPERATIVES AND ELECTED OFFICIALS WHO ARE CLOSETED GAYS. IT'S NOT A SHORT LIST."**  
**— STUART STEVENS**

**OCCUPY** DEMOCRATS     



# Outlaws, Sopranos, & Hells Angels

*By A. Chick N. Shit\**

There is something about an outlaw that intrigues the public. A huge number of Americans really enjoyed the Sopranos television series. A lot of people have been enthralled by the Hells Angels, including the venerable rock n' roll band, The Rolling Stones, (who hired them for security for their free Altamont concert in 1969).

What is the charm for such "bad boys"? The misfits? The "leader of the pack" anti-heroes? What a lot of people don't realize, I fear, is what despicable criminals these people are.

When The Sopranos was being written and produced, it is alleged that the mob – yes, *THE M\*FING MOB* – insisted that the truly horrific conditions of their drug-addled whores had to be omitted. The seriousness of the mob's drug trade had to be ignored, too. (According to Mario Puzo and Francis Ford Coppola, this was why the drug-dealing Sicilian, Virgil Sollozzo, attempted to murder Don Vito Corleone in The Godfather.) I ask, "Were these horrible people making the rules, really capable of murdering the families of the creators? Was it considered to be a viable threat?" Oh YES!



The dialogue and plots were toned down to keep everyone alive. What we happened to get in the Sopranos final edit was a glorified account of the wonderful, church-going families who just happened to make a living illegally.

The Hells Angels are a similar group, dealing drugs and treating their whores like crap. My personal experience was with another 1 percenter motorcycle club, The Outlaws. Another glorified group of truly horrible people.

I was doing something else entirely when I met an infiltrator of this rabid group. Yes, he was not just a plant within the group, but was an actual undercover FBI agent ... one who had to do some truly awful things to fit in. He went by the name of *Lionfish*.



There is a lurid part of The Outlaw's initiation (and don't think for a moment that the glorified version of The Mafia is any better. It is just more organized). Before becoming a full member, an Outlaw pledge must assault and rape a woman who is selected at random. The pledge must not wear a mask or any other disguise. The members doing the initiation rent or steal the proverbial white van in a city they have never been before, nor plan to revisit. The prospective member terrorizes and brutalizes the woman, as do the others (who get to wear masks and conceal their identities. If the traumatized woman ever sees the recruit again, she can surely identify him, but not the other gangbangers).



If this new pledge should ever do anything untoward to the group, such as skimming drug profits, or ratting out his brothers, his photo will be sent to the respective police department with a note, "Here is the guy who raped so and so. He can be found at ..."

A more serious offense merits the rape or murder of an offender's sibling, or parent, (but rarely the offender's mother for some misplaced sense of chivalry).

Hells Angels leader Sonny Barger did state in a video that the massive group sex parties, at which their women were passed around, was a major perk that sealed the deal for him to join up.

Of course, we all know that the Hells Angels were hired by the Stones for security at the 1969 Altamont rock concert. The naïve Rolling Stones thought the Angels were way cool. They could handle security. Did the Stones know the Angels were going to club some concert goers? I think they did! They wanted to show off their power and for the cheap price of \$500 of beer for the Angels' security, they chose the Angels over professional crowd control. So, you are the M-F'ing Rolling Stones. Whoop De Do. Pussies!

I have an in-law whose dad ran a mob club up north. He and his twin brother, and their sister went away to college. At graduation

time, a U-Haul full of suits and gowns showed up for them to choose their outfits for the occasion. They declined them. The Mobsters were quite disappointed that the kids did not rejoin the Family. Their dad died of a sudden heart attack, or so they say. Could it have been The Mafia??!!??

I hope you all enjoyed the fantasy version of The Sopranos. Thousands of mobsters' women were, and are today, drugged out and tortured, whored out, while many business owners are still terrorized and/or killed should they decide to not buy insurance to not be burned out or murdered. We were just not allowed to see that part.



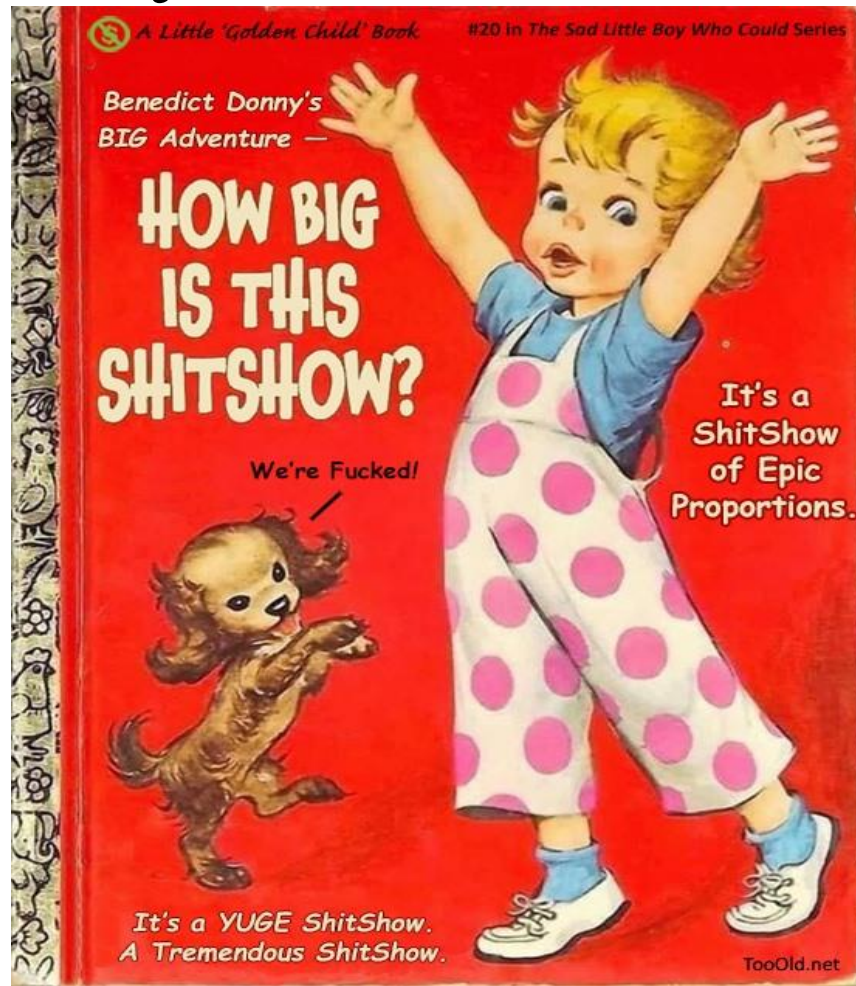
*For the record, a guy I worked with, and bunked with on a company trip, verified all of the above about his new cohorts, The Outlaws. Like the Sopranos, he was a really nice person to be around, however, I would not want to piss him off. He did screw around on his wife. She went to his work far too many times to confront him, as a result of the owners' telling him the next time he would be fired. She returned with a pistol and said, "You won't be using those things again!", as she aimed for his crotch. He still has a hole in his hand. Luckily, I had already moved on.*

\*Written by a person once known as Dr Kink, an advice columnist.

(Mr. Editor: Not that it might really matter, but please do not put my name on this. How about; *By A Nomina*)



## *Scathing Atheist Diatribe # 621*



By Noah Lugeons

You remember the first time around, when we convinced ourselves that most of his voters stumbled in there accidentally? We told ourselves that most people didn't know what we knew about the guy, but as soon as they learned who he really was, they'd abandon him in droves. And for some people that was the case. My mom cut loose after the child separation policy showed her what an inhuman ghoulish he really was. But most of them carried on. And our idiot asses kept thinking there would be a breaking point. Shit would happen where we'd say "certainly *this* — certainly calling dead American soldiers 'suckers,' certainly getting caught on tape trying to bribe a foreign official, certainly his handling of COVID — certainly there's some level of

incompetence and bigotry where my fellow Americans will stand up and say in one voice, 'ENOUGH!'"

But now we know that isn't true. We enter the sequel knowing there is no limit to the horrible shit he can get away with. And all the more terrifying, he knows that too. He's already taking



advantage of that, trying to drown us in a thousand outrages, certain that we'll yell ourselves hoarse before he can run out of new cruelties. He's betting that our national appetite for bad exceeds our national appetite for good. And I'm afraid he's right.

Just look at the inauguration. I mean — look at what of it you could see. He moved it indoors so as not to embarrass himself with the feeble spattering of a crowd he could've mustered. But what did we do? Nothing. Last time around his inauguration was the starting gun for the largest worldwide protest marches in the history of walking. The Women's March set records in DC and echoed through cities — large and small — all over the country and the world. But what did we get this time? I mean, granted, it was awfully cold, what with hell freezing over and all, but it wasn't exactly warm in 2017.

But this time we couldn't muster the energy. We couldn't rouse ourselves to be as angry even though we all knew it was gonna be worse this time. And some of that is fatigue from nine straight years of his bullshit with at least four more on the horizon. But some of it too is just the frustration of knowing that the country your outraged on behalf of doesn't seem to give a fuck. That, in fact, this incompetent bigotry seems to be *what it wants*. We had to watch the very groups most in Trump's crosshairs empower

him, overlook his rhetoric, and put him back in office. So here we are in this fatigued and frustrated funk, unable to even open our news apps or (judging by our download numbers over the last few months) listen to our current events podcasts.

But think about how harshly history will judge our excuses. In case Elon's salute wasn't enough to seal



the deal on this, Trump's actions over his first few days in office scream "fascism." He's usurping the power of the legislature, he's purging the government of disloyal employees, he's trying to strip disfavored minorities of citizenship, he's taking revenge against his political enemies, he's undermining the authority of state and municipal governments. This is all textbook "fascist takeover" shit. And we're all so numb to it that your first thought upon hearing that list is *OF COURSE IT IS*. It's exactly what we just spent years screaming that it would be to anybody who would listen and a whole lotta motherfuckers who wouldn't.

And look, I get it. Hell, there was a point this week where I was like, "Do I really wanna do *another* diatribe about the active fascist takeover of the American government?" I'm as burned out as anybody. We were on a meeting with our accountant the day after the inauguration, and when the subject came up he goes, "Just... ergh..." And I said, "Yeah man, our job is to put that sound into words." And I was reading a book about botany that made me think some interesting shit about the dangers of pseudoscience, and I was like, "Maybe I could just do a diatribe about that. About plants, huh? Anybody wanna talk about ferns and shit?"



But history needs our focus.

I know it's easy to just say "Fuck America, it's not worth saving." And maybe you're right. It did, after all, lead us here. We're talking about a system that created the conditions for Donald Goddamn Trump to rise to the top *twice*, so we've clearly got some fundamental flaws that run DEEP. But you can't say "Fuck America" without saying "Fuck Americans." And while our institutions and our flag and our "way of life" — whatever the fuck that means — might not be worth saving, we are. You are. So inside of "fuck America" is "fuck immigrants and their children," "fuck gay and trans people in this country," "fuck minorities who were relying on DEI programs to overcome white people's inherent biases," "fuck the victims of the hate crimes that are gonna skyrocket under him like they did last time," "fuck the global economy that'll have to deal with his 17th century attitude to tariffs," "fuck the *atheists* who are gonna see Christianity gain even more legal privilege and favor at their expense." We don't owe our outrage (or allegiance) to America, but we owe it to one another.

Our future depends on our ability to stay angry. And I can't promise you a hell of a lot over the next four years, but I'll damn sure do my part on that front.



scathingatheist.com

# STUPIDITY REIGNS SUPREME



**By James Longo**

"What are you going to write about this week?" Jill asked sitting behind her computer in the dining room.

"Does it matter?" Jack said staring at the blank screen on his computer setting motionless on the corner of the breakfast bar.

"Having a crisis, are we?" Jill said with a smirk.

"Is one person writing words on a screen doing anything?"

"Well, if you are an existentialist, you determine if your writing has meaning. You decide," Jill said, screwing up her eye like Sartre.

Jack laughed, "Let's say I am one in a million with eight billion people on this planet it means there are eight thousand people like me on this planet right now."

"And what does this have to do with the price of tea in China?" Jill said snidely.

"Nothing," Jack mumbled.

"So, what are you going to write about?"

"I don't know stupidity," Jack said, sounding flip.

"Yours, mine, ours ... or the world's?" Jill said, with an audible snicker.

"My stupidity is mostly my lack of thinking. Yours, you don't have any that I can see."



"Oh, you love-blind fool," Jill said, as a Cheshire cat smile spread across her face.

"As for ours hopefully, we keep each other from doing anything incredibly stupid. I guess that leaves the world."

"Stupidity in the world, that could be a book. Crap, that could be a doctoral thesis. Where do you

even start?"

"I guess you'd start at the beginning, maybe knowledge wasn't the original sin that Eve tasted but stupidity, I have always thought sin was an anagram, Stupidity Ignorance Negligence. That would make stupidity number one."

"Maybe you should define stupidity. Is your stupidity the same as mine?" Jill said, barely repressing a giggle.

"Stupidity is harming yourself and others without gaining any advantage for anyone."





"Do you think stupidity in the world today is dangerous?" Jill asked.

"It is maddening, to quote Bonhoeffer, "Stupidity is a more dangerous enemy of good than evil." To quote Cipolla, "Stupidity is the silent killer of Civilizations."

"Why is stupidity so corrosive?"

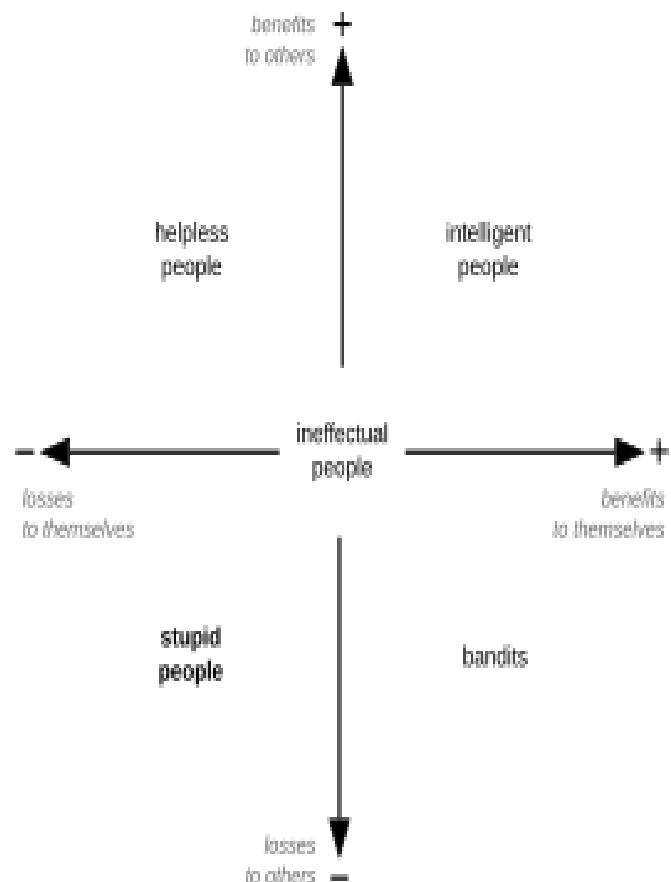
"According to Cipolla, it is everywhere. It can't be created or destroyed. It is a constant. It is underestimated, unreasonable, and unpredictable. Add fear and greed and it can destroy anything, from Rome to the banking system."

"Why does the world seem so much stupider today, than in the past?" Jill asked.

"We live in the Information Age. Actually, it isn't the Information Age but the Attention Age. The goal of all these platforms is to gain our attention. A stupid idea is likely to gain our attention so much easier than a smart idea."

"Smart people should be able to stop stupidity? Jill said, sounding frustrated.

"Bonhoeffer suggests thinking critically is the only way."



"How do you do that?"

"If it smells like shit, looks like shit, and tastes like shit ... try not to step in it." Jack felt proud of his syllogism and took it one more step. "Honestly question, think, and question some more."



Jill made a face like she was going to hurl. "Taste shit? No wonder so few people actually think critically, but does it work?"

"For the individual sometimes. To quote George Carlin, 'Never underestimate the power of stupid people in large groups.'"

"Can't we change people's minds?"

"No, to quote Twain, 'Never argue with the stupid, they will drag you down to their level and beat you with experience,'" Jack said using air quotes.

Can stupidity be stopped? Jill asked, sounding dejected.

"Not really. Smart people tend to be empathic, and empathy is the ability to see things from others' point of view. So, while the thoughtful are thinking. The stupid are running amuck."



"So what's a mother to do?"

"Camus suggests life is absurd. Lean back and enjoy the absurdity. Be like Sisyphus and keep pushing that rock up the hill. Now leave me alone. I need to push these words up this proverbial hill." Jack muttered as he turned back to his computer. "Somebody has to do it."

# Halftime Shows!

By Max's Dad



Ok it's about time I emerge from my cocoon. Politics was of no interest to me after Nov 5th. America chose a fascist liar and sexual predator and I accept that, Not gonna rush the Capitol, not gonna beat up cops, not gonna crap in Mike Johnson's wastebasket cuz you see we are adults. We may hate what happened but accept it and move on. Trump is a traitorous piece of shit, we know that, and we voted for Kamala Harris to stop him. It didn't work for whatever reason, eggs, woke, racism, sexism whatever you want to blame, feel free. Fact remains there's a madman in the Oval Office with all 3 branches of government in his corner and a Cabinet full of lunkheads he's seen on TV (Hegseth RFK Duffy) or ones he wants to fuck (Noem, Gabbard) or psychos willing to destroy the nation (Patel, Stefanik, Miller) in his name. But what can we do? Nothing. At least until 2026.

Did I like the Super Bowl halftime show? I'd be lying if I said yes. Kendrick Lamar is not for my demo. Old white men. My time is over. We aren't gonna see Paul McCartney or the Who or even Pearl Jam in what is left of my lifetime at the Super Bowl halftime. It's a whole new world. The young folks are running the show. And if they wanna see Kendrick Lamar or the Weeknd or even Beyonce that's the way it is. Old guys like me need to just live with it. We don't need to go ballistic and post every stupid thought we have on social media. Most of the





outrage from Magas is, let's face it, racist at best and the Final Solution at worst. They want country. They want white people onstage. They want their orange hero to put out an EO mandating white people at halftime of the Super Bowl.

Kendrick Lamar put it to Trump right in his face. Trump left rather than see Kendrick Lamar "insult" him. Then Trump tweeted out an old Democratic idea of eliminating pennies, trashed Taylor Swift and claimed she was booed because of Magats. Yeah, the fact she used to be an Eagles fan before Travis came along may have had something to do with the booing but why question the Felon? He's never wrong.

Kendrick Lamar was fine. He didn't piss me off just as Dre and Mars and Katy Perry didn't. I simply don't care. If the entertainment doesn't interest me, so be it. If some idiotic decision to have Nugent or Kid Rock or Morgan Wallen perform at the next Super Bowl, ok then. I won't pay attention. But anger? Never.

"The revolution is about to be televised. You picked the right time but the wrong guy"

Goddamn right sir. That alone was worth it.

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





# On the Russian-Ukrainian Conflict

By Ed Zillioux

## preface

*This is a story about an imagined future. The story begins in the political reality we are currently living through in the autumn of the year 2024. From this beginning, I seek to seamlessly construct a plausible history of how the Russian Ukrainian conflict might, or at least could, play itself out over the next few months for years period I hope you will find it interesting period and so, the story continues.*

November 5th 2024

On this date, approximately 50 percent of the American voting public, perhaps the largest group of fascists, or would be fascist this country has ever assembled, voted in kind to elect a fascist to be president-elect of this great country.

This fascist, Donald J. Trump, officially assumes his presidency on January 20th, 2025. But not all of the eligible voters actually voted, and 47 percent of the eligible voters cast their ballots for the opposing candidate, Kamala Harris. Thus, this election was incredibly close. There is hope, however. Trump has made many promises of what he intends to do upon assuming his second term as president. Past experience has taught us to believe what he tells us (lies and all).



At this time, near the end of the current president's term, no one is more cognizant of Trump's determination to tell us exactly what he proposes to do than President Joe Biden. One of Trump's promises that greatly disturbs Biden is that he is opposed to our involvement in what Trump calls "other countries' wars". His first priority is to end any US involvement in the Ukrainian war. This has already proven difficult for Trump to accomplish.



To begin with, in the final days of November, Biden used his presidential powers to send \$6 billion of military aid to Ukrainian President Volodymyr Zelenskyy. Trump was furious, but Biden was not finished. He called Donald



Tusk, the Prime Minister of Poland and proposed a high-level



meeting amongst the heads of state of at least the northern NATO countries including Finland, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, the Czech Republic, Germany and France before the end of December.

Upon hearing Biden's proposal, Prime Minister Tusk immediately agreed and offered a counter proposal that a preliminary meeting be held the following week in Warsaw between the two of them along with Emmanuel Macron of France and the German Chancellor, Olaf Scholz. Tusk also suggested that the full meeting be held in Prague no later than 27 December. The urgency of the Biden-Tusk proposals was immediately obvious to everyone involved.

Biden's first call to Tusk was on December 1st. In only 50 days Donald Trump would be sworn in as president of the United States. (At Vladimir Putin's request, Kim Jong Un had already, in hopes of currying favor with the Russian leader, sent 12,000 trained troops to aid in Putin's war against Ukraine.)

The preliminary meeting went off on schedule with only one change. Macron could not attend due to political problems at home, but he strongly urged Tusk to continue with the addition of the Denmark Prime Minister, Mette Frederiksen in his place. Tusk recognize Macrons' suggestion as "spot on", wondering why he didn't think of her first.



Frederiksen was bullish in her opposition to Putin. She loved the Russian people as much as she hated "that KGB bastard" (as she

called him) for wanting to return Russia back to the brutal era of Stalinism.

But there was a second surprise at the Warsaw meeting. Joe Biden came with the announcement that he had been able to triple his previous offer of military aid for Ukrainian resistance to \$18 billion.

When Tusk called Frederiksen she was ready for him. She promised to help him in any way she could to stop Putin. She added, "we can no longer rely on help from America. Trump is an idiot. He may even join forces with Putin. He called me the other day – you won't believe what he said – he asked me if I would consider selling Greenland to him."



Tusk responded, "how did you respond to that?!!"

"I laughed at him, and he hung up. He now must hate me because he can't stand to have anyone laugh at him. He is a very insecure man in that way."

"At least we know what we are dealing with. On the bright side, Biden's final aid package will give us the time to prepare."

"How is that?" Frederiksen queried.

"Boots on the ground," was Tusk's answer.

“I agree. There is no other alternative.” Mette said.

During the Warsaw meeting Frederiksen convinced Tusk that he must give key members of the upcoming full meeting of NATO heads of the state advanced warning that the Warsaw conclusion is that North Korean force must be matched by NATO troops in order to prevent Putin’s complete takeover of Ukrainian territory. They must understand that if Putin is allowed a total victory in Ukraine, he will not stop there. Putin's next step, we believe, would be the invasion of Poland and that would likely expand at least to the weaker NATO countries on Russia's borders like Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Moldova. Thus, by the time of the Prague meeting on that 27 December, NATO troops were already being mustered in full attack preparedness.



By the end of the first week of January the collective NATO forces equaled in number to the North Korean forces and the assault under the leadership of Volodymyr Zelenskyy joined the Ukrainian forces and immediately began pushing back the North Koreans and what was left of the Russian forces. Putin was in a bind. He had insufficient regular Russian troops to deploy so he began to conscript younger boys and young women to take up arms against the Ukrainians now fortified with thousands of NATO troops.

These actions began to foment a civilian revolt in Russia. Disorderly at first, the movement soon began to attract a formidable leadership.



Yulia Navalnaya had been biding her time. She knew in her heart that someday she would lead an insurrection against the hated authoritarian, Vladimir Putin. Putin had killed her husband, the pro-democracy activist Alexei Navalny, the opposition leader whom he had tried and failed to kill previously with poison. Navalny had heroically returned to Moscow knowing he would be immediately thrown into prison amid the cheers of his many followers. The heroism of Alexei was about to be repeated by his wife Yulia.



Yulia realized that the time had finally come. She walked out into a gathering crowd. There were only a few dozen protesters at the time, but they were nearing the grand edifice of the Moscow State University. And then as the news of the protests reached them, both students and faculty began coming out and then



surging out of the 20-story main tower and adjacent smaller towers to swell the crowd to over 1000 people. Many of the students had already received Putin's order to join the troops now pitted against the Ukrainian and NATO counterinsurgency.

This was the still disorganized crowd that Yulia met with her shouts of "Russia for the people! Down with Putin!"

The crowd picked up the chant, "Russia for the people! Down with Putin!" and then morphing into "Yulia! Yulia! Yulia!"

The crowd had found its leader! It was a substantial march from the State University to Yulia's goal of Red Square and the Kremlin itself. Every mile the Yulia and the protesters went added

hundreds of new volunteers, some of whom carried handguns or rifles.

News of the protests had reached the Kremlin. Putin was in his secret quarters in the bowels of the vast Kremlin buildings. A bunker if you understand the metaphor. He was alone except for his long-time and fiercely loyal personal bodyguard, Dmitri Shalenskii.

Hearing of the protest but not yet aware of its size, Putin told Dmitri, "this is just another small protest such as we are used to. They do not realize the strength of the Kremlin guards. We will kill them all." Then, after a short pause he added – not so confidently – "I have many enemies. Do not let them take me. Do you understand?"



Dmitri acknowledged in the affirmative.

Soon the forward arms of the massive crowd, now many thousand strong, began climbing past St. Basil's the iconic Cathedral of the Intercession, spilling out like a giant amoeba across Red Square. Shouting as with a single voice, "Russia for the people! Down with Putin! Long live President Yulia!"

They were loud enough for both Putin and Dmitri to hear. The Yulia crowd merged with the Kremlin guards amidst a shower of bullets from both sides. But the crowd was too large to stop and soon overwhelmed the Kremlin guards.

**FREE  
RUSSIA**



Putin crouched, trembling in fear, as Dmitri pulled out his 45-caliber pistol and fired one shot into the back of Putin's head. He kept his promise.

Yulia Navalnaya was elected president of the New Republic of Russia by a nearly unanimous voting public. The date of her inauguration was set for January 20th, 2025, a date picked specifically by the president-elect for obvious reasons. Ukrainian President Zelenskyy was invited to attend, as well as leaders of the NATO countries.

As expected, her first official action on the day of her inauguration was to order all lands, including Crimea, that were seized by Putin's troops, returned immediately to Ukraine with the understanding that Russian land seized by Ukrainian troops in recent counter incursions, be returned to Russia. Her second order was to expedite the safe return of all remaining North Korean troops to a somewhat bewildered Kim Jong Un.

Thus, the Russian-Ukrainian conflict ended with the huge added benefit of the return of a free Republic of Russia for the first time since before World War One and its antecedents.



The day of January 20th, 2025, erupted into intercontinental celebrations across most of northern Asia, all of Europe, the British Isles and, yes, including the United States of America. However, it did kind of ruin the day for Donald Trump.

### postscript:

*Although the last half of this story is obviously fiction, how much would it take to be realized? How much will it take?*

From Strangely Blogged

# Oedipally Wrecked



Charlie Kirk presumably has a biological father who molded him and his big head into whatever you would call him now, and I believe he is honestly straight married and isn't, in fact, closeted in any way. Also, he would play the mouth harp if the droopy-eyed SOB, lit from below as if telling a scary campfire story, in an angle reminiscent of his Georgia mug shot, depicted above, told him it was necessary to soothe an old man's slumbers.

(Get your mind out of the gutter – that's from the Bible, it is!)

There are big men, manly men, men who have never shed a tear in their lives, who want this apparition of bad-assedness in office, not because he is good at anything, but because of images like this. His followers can tell one another he wants vengeance and is a Bad Spanking Daddy because the "Russia Russia Russia thing" was his villain origin story, and they want him to be right.

Like little kids who love their Daddies, they can't see he didn't need an origin story, he's just kind of generally dumb and bad.



He wants to punish people for noticing what he did and "disrespecting him".

In short, they want a motherfucker, and here he is. And this photo is looking pretty damn *motherfuckerly*.

Do I think projecting badass *motherfuckerdom* on a carefully cultivated celebrity/political figure is a sign of limp-dickedness? Why do you need that assertiveness coming from so far outside yourself?

Pretty much. Little guys want to worship big guy heroes. But MAGA moms still think their red-hat [MAGA] sons are all brave little men and isn't that what really matters?

As for Vance:



His picture just seems from a more normal universe but still a little smug and all. Barely there, not an heir. He is a liar with a different set of strings than David ever plucked. But like a brother/son to Trump, he might find himself in a matter as thick as Thebes.

A curse made for interesting times.



“Daisy,  
Daisy,  
tell me  
your  
answer,  
do.”

By Virgil Thorp

I was listening to a recent podcast from one

of my favorites, Seth Andrews, the *Thinking Atheist*, lamenting last week’s election results. Normally, one of the most forgiving individuals of humanity, Seth was pissed. He harbors resentment. He has been thinking evil thoughts towards the ignorant, towards the rude.

I thought that Seth was entering a Hannibal Lecter mode. Yeah, I know, Trump affectionately intoned the name of Dr. Lecter often during the campaign. He called him, “the late, great, Hannibal Lecter” and how his favorite pastime was eating his enemies. It was from a movie, *The Silence of the Lambs*, that Hannibal said those ominous and fatal words, “I am having a friend for dinner.”

Trump’s Maga followers would roar and guffaw. Isn’t Donald smart, they declared! Isn’t Donald clever!(??)

I thought, 'Trump thinks he knows Hannibal Lecter. He doesn't. I doubt that he would appreciate the lyrical prose of Thomas Harris. The elegant way his use of nouns and verbs weaves the tale of serial murder and retribution. I do. Now, I am not saying



that Hannibal Lecter is a hero of mine, but pretty close. And I do admire his particular verve.

I first met Dr. Lecter in the Jonathan Demme directed movie version of *The Silence of the Lambs* that starred Jodie Foster as Clarice Starling the FBI

Trainee and Anthony Hopkins as the incarcerated Dr. Hannibal Lecter. "Hannibal the Cannibal" Clarice says before she travels to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, when we get our introductions. The stone fortress is overseen by the oily Dr. Chilton who promptly hits on the attractive Clarice. "*Baltimore can be quite the fun town if you have the right guide.*"

We find out that Chilton has animosity towards Hannibal, but he is frustrated because each and every torment he uses on him are to no avail. Hannibal has found ways to shield himself from Chilton's nasty unpleasanties like having a television just outside his cell blaring a fundamentalist preacher at full volume 24/7. Lecter can close Chilton off because he has rooms in his mind. He uses the effect of *eidetic memory* with which he has constructed in his mind an elaborate "memory palace" to relive memories and sensations in rich detail".



So, Lecter is not in jail. He is in an opulent memory palace of his own construction that Dr. Chilton cannot reach, where Dr. Chilton cannot disturb. Of course, the wily Hannibal never forgets. Like

an angry god, he never ignores or forgives a trespass. He just gets even. You get a feeling that Dr. Chilton will pay for his rudeness and of course he does ... eventually ... at dinner.

What we do find out is that Hannibal Lecter is a fascinating character. Educated, urbane, stylish, multi-lingual, "intellectually brilliant, cultured and sophisticated, with refined tastes in art, music and cuisine". Hannibal is courteous to a fault (he cannot tolerate the fact that a fellow inmate had flung semen on Clarice during her initial visit and mentally destroys the offender later in the evening who expires by swallowing his tongue – Hannibal took such a crude act personally).

Oh yes, a true renaissance figure. His mother descended from



Italian royalty. His father, a Lithuanian count. The ravages of World War II forever scarred the young man and made him into – not so much a monster – but not altogether unlike an avenging archangel. You sin, you die. Often poetically. Almost always

justified. Very simple.

I like the fact that Hannibal Lecter is an intellectual giant in addition to being a psychopathic murderer. After a bloody escape from custody in Memphis, he fled to Florence, Italy and became the overseer of a renaissance museum, the Palazzo Capponi, because he knew Italian history and recited Dante so well (The former curator's mysterious disappearance notwithstanding). That particular man was a pig by all accounts of the *Belle Artis Commission*. He could not recite the flowing rhetoric of Dante Alighetti worth a damn and his demise was very good riddance. If only they had left Hannibal alone, everything would have been fine. But they challenged him. And that is the thing about



Hannibal. He takes great pleasure in exposing the phony and the fraudulent. Why shouldn't he?

Anti-science can hurt people. Just like for us here in the United States. Can you imagine what is going to happen to the nation's health with a lunatic like Robert Kennedy Jr. at the head of Health and Human services? Or, a child sex trafficker (allegedly) like Matt Gaetz for Attorney General? *(Fortunately, Gaetz not only resigned his seat in congress, he also failed as the head law enforcement officer. Unfortunately, we got Pam Bondi instead.)* Or an Armageddon hopeful like Mike Huckabee for Ambassador to Isreal? Or, the man who brags he has not washed his hands in ten years, Pete Hegseth for secretary of Defense? Republicans are okay with this shit!

Such policy is pure madness! Smart people know better. And that is my friend, Hannibal Lecter. How long will the dirt and disease infect us? I would hope people like these be the recipients of special Hannibal Lecter banquets?

For instance, Hannibal doesn't eat diseased livers. Alcoholic assholes can rest easy on this. *(Pete Hegseth, pay attention)*. You will die, but you won't be consumed.



When Hannibal was a student in med school, he performed daily autopsies on the recently deceased. Accident victims, murder victims, age victims, disease victims; Hannibal was a remarkable student. He learned what to look for in cause of death. He excelled in dissection. His incisions were always precise. I wondered, during my meat cutting apprenticeship, if, when Hannibal prepared banquets for his guests, that they had a difficult time deciding whether a dish should be consumed or fornicated with ... or both. I know I did.

I have read every book, several times from; *The Silence of the Lambs*, to *The Red Dragon* to



*Hannibal Rising* (the gruesome explanation for Hannibal's bloody rancor), to the ultimate coup de grace, *Hannibal* (where he rescues the unjustly disgraced Clarice Starling and seduces her into partaking of his unique cuisine.

The movie version of *Hannibal* pitifully sells out and has Clarice blanching at the notion of eating a sliver of the brain of Clarice's antagonist in the FBI, Paul Krendler (who also hit on Clarice like any true republican would), played by Ray Liotta.

- The fresh cut wedge of pre-frontal cortex was gently dredged in flour and fresh brioche crumbs and then sauteed in a divine butter and truffle sauce with a squeeze of lemon juice until the slices were just browned on both sides.
- "'Smells great!' Krendler said, securely duct-tapped to a chair in an elaborate dining room, the pinky-grey dome of his brain visible above his truncated skull."
- "Dr. Lecter placed the brown brains on broad croutons on the warm plates, and dressed them with the sauce and truffle slices. A



- garnish of parsley and whole caper berries with their stems, and a single nasturtium blossom on watercress to achieve a little height, completed his presentation."
- "'How is it?' Krendler asked, speaking immoderately loud, as persons with lobotomies are prone to do."

- “‘Really excellent,’ Starling said. ‘I’ve never had caper berries before.’”

Whereas, in the novel – totally opposite of the motion picture – Clarice is eagerly enjoying the dish like a true gourmand. I squirm with delight at Harris’ following sentence. “Doctor Lector found the shine of butter sauce on her lip extremely moving” – and asking for seconds as Ray started singing a merry children’s song as his brain was deliberately being consumed – much like what happened to the evil computer HAL in Kubrick’s 2001, A Space Odyssey as astronaut Keir Dullea disconnected HAL’s brain functions one by one. “Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer, do.”

No Donald Trump does not know Hannibal Lecter. I know Hannibal Lecter and Trump is no Hannibal Lecter. Trump does not know Lecter’s motivations. If he did, Trump would keep his big mouth shut. You do not take Hannibal Lecter’s name in vain. The good doctor takes such blasphemy ... personally.





# *This Week In Misogyny*

*By Lucinda Lugeons*

You remember when Trump promised to protect women whether they wanted it or not? Our first story reminds me of that. It's a story about

a bill that just passed through the House of Representatives called the "Protection of Women and Girls in Sports Act." Or POWAGISA, I guess. And if you guessed that what they're protecting women from is trans equality, give yourself a gold star.

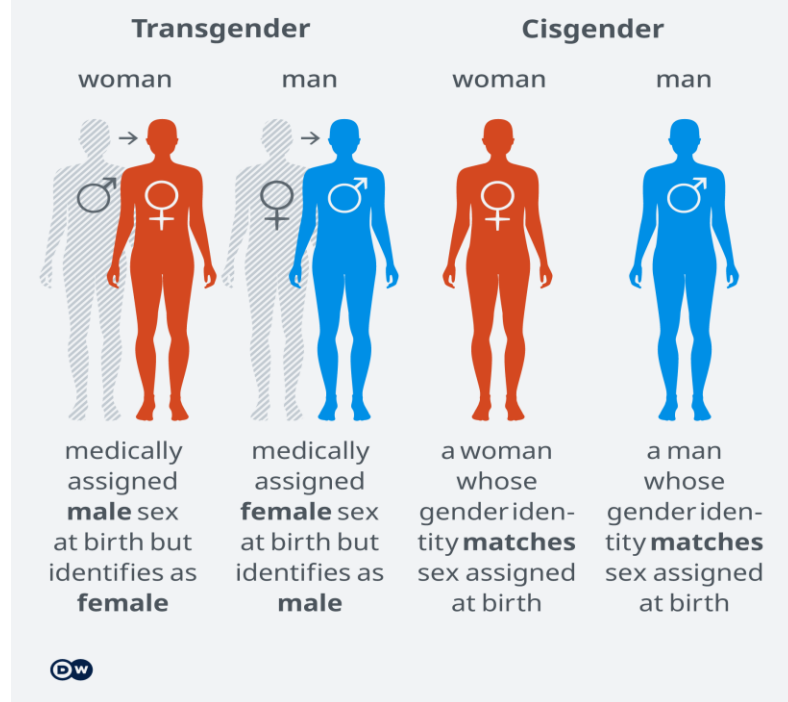
Now, I wanna remind everybody that women's sports has *never* been about protecting women. You hear a lot about the sanctity of women's sports now from transphobes who suddenly give a passionate fuck about women's individual medley or whatever. So it's worth remembering that the whole reason women's sports exist as a thing is because men were scared to let women participate in their sports. Just look up the photos of Bobbi Gibb, the first woman to run the Boston Marathon. Just look at how concerned all the men around her are with gender equality in sport.





But now all of a sudden women's sports are so important that we

### What do the terms mean?



have to pass laws to protect their sanctity. And for those of you who are still in the "trans issues aren't atheist" issues camp, I should point out that when House Speaker Mike Johnson set out to justify his bullshit law, the first thing he cited was the Bible. "We know from scripture, and from nature, that men are men and women are women, and men cannot become women", adding that

the Bible was pretty clear on the subject. Of transgender women. In sports. Forgive me for saying, I don't remember that part of the Bible.

Now, that's not to say that it actually being in the Bible would make it okay. And to underscore that point, we'll head over to Virginia where we'll find our second story. And this one is pretty fucked up as well. It comes from a church service video that went viral over the weekend, in which a young girl is forced to stand before the congregation — and the livestream — and apologize for being pregnant out of wedlock. And if that kind of public shaming isn't enough to piss you off, the pastor then went on to further shame her about how she didn't deserve a baby shower or any of the joy of pregnancy.

"We ain't gonna condone your sin now. We ain't gonna do that. Ain't no baby showers going on. That's what you lose out on when you have a baby out of wedlock. [...] Can't



have no baby shower. You lose all the prize and glory. You lose all of that”.

And by the way, once this video spread around and the internet got as outraged as it rightfully should have, the church made no effort to take down the video, apologize for torturing that young girl, or otherwise show any contrition whatsoever. Hell, the girl’s mom posted about how okay it is

and how everybody needs to leave her church alone. Because — get this — suddenly she’s worried about shit being publicly shamed.

This is what the patriarchy brings. This has nothing to do with that girl’s wellbeing just like Mike Johnson’s bill has nothing to do with protecting women’s sports. It’s about protecting the patriarchy. It’s about reminding everybody about the supremacy of masculinity. Notice that no boy had to come before the congregation and apologize for impregnating someone out of wedlock.

Let that be a reminder of what we’re up against every fucking day.



scathingatheist.com

# THE WAY WE WERE





# *I CAN'T HELP MYSELF*

*By James Longo*

"I can't help myself," Jack said.

"What did I tell you about watching the news?" Jill asked.

"All it will do is upset us," Jack said in mimicry.

"So why are you doing it?"

"Someone has to,"

"What makes you think it should be you?"

"Sooner or later, it is going to affect us."

"Even if it does affect us what can we do about it?"

"Nothing," Jack said sounding dejected.

"You know what the Serenity Prayer says?"



"Grant me the ability to change the things I can. Accept the things I can't, and the wisdom to know the difference," Jack said in a snotty voice.

"This is a time to have the wisdom to know the difference."

"This is a time when we should be standing up and being counted," Jack exclaimed.

"More like a time to stand up and be audited by the IRS."

"They wouldn't come after us," Jack said.

"Nixon did. Nixon had an enemies list, and he sent the IRS after them."

"We are so low on the food chain, they'd never bother us,"

"I am sure anyone dragged in for their political difference with a ruling party thought the same way."

"So, what is a brother to do?"

"Ignore it. You know what they say Ignorance is bliss," Jill said.

"I don't like my country all that much, but I do love it,"

"Sort of like your family," Jill said.

"Exactly, if I came into my sister's house and saw her husband making Meth in the dining room. I'd say something."

"And they would tell you to go screw yourself and mind your own business, then what would you do?"

"I'd probably leave in a huff, and debate calling the police on them. Knowing if I did, I would never see my relatives again."

"But if they blew the place up, you wouldn't be seeing them anyway," Jill said with a smirk.



"The current administration is in the process of setting up a Meth lab in the Executive Branch."

"Come on, it isn't that bad."

"They are trying to blow up the house, Pete Hegseth, Tulsi Gabbard, RFK Jr., Russ Vought. Releasing the sixteen hundred J6 criminals. Some of them have pledged to overthrow the government. Tell me that wasn't a quid pro quo."

"I know they are insane choices unless you are trying to destroy those

agencies, but there is nothing we can do about it," Jill said

"Let's not forget just the breaking of laws in the last ten days. Tik-Toc sale was frozen. Firing the Inspector Generals, Firing anyone who was involved in prosecuting him. Freezing Medicaid WIC. Who knows how many programs they tried to freeze? Offering fake federal employee buyouts. Where the fuck is Congress? Where the fuck are the Courts? What happened to checks and balances?"

"Honey, this is why I don't want you to watch the news. It isn't good for your health."

"I need to do something. I need to do something. I'll call my Senators," Jack Googles the Senate switchboard. He grabs his phone and dials 202-224-3121.

Jack gets a real person, probably by accident. "I know Rick Scott is my Senator. Rubio used to be, who is my new Senator?"

The voice said, "Ashley Moody,"

"Connect me to her office,"  
Jack said.

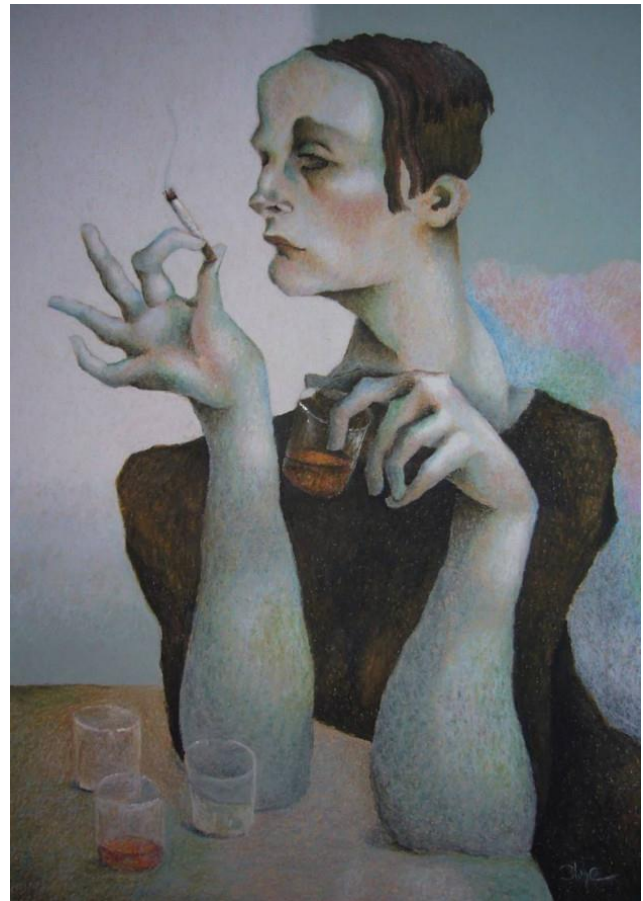
"This is the office of Senator Ashley Moody her mailbox is currently full," Jack hangs up the phone dejected.

Jill looked at him shook her head and said, "Ignorance is bliss."

"And wisdom is just a folly,"  
Jack said reaching for a bottle of Bourbon.

"Isn't it a little early for that,"

"Sober me up in four years,"  
Jack said and took a slug.



**DIAL 202-224-3121**

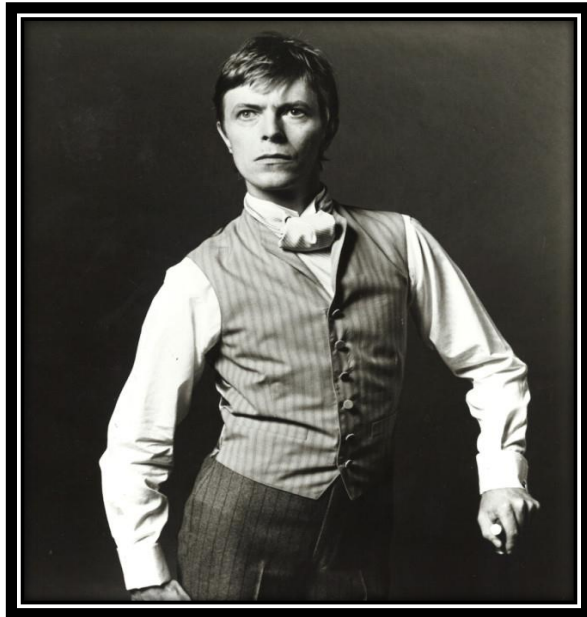
# David Bowie's Last Letter

I will die... I know there are only a few months left until the end of my earthly journey...



What should I do? Despair, sink into depression, reject the idea of death, and pretend the illness doesn't exist?

Or should I decide to defeat death... I decide it with my soul because only the soul and the heart give me the inspiration to compose music, as I've done for 50 years...



I count the hours I have left, and as the doctors tell me, I can predict, within a certain margin, the date of my death. The release of my last work is scheduled for January 8, 2016, my 69th birthday.

I work, day and night; I have the time to compose, perfect, perform, record in the studio, and make videos ... I do it as quickly as possible because I don't want my face to show the mark of death,

which mockingly is cutting down my body without me being able to defend myself...



But I challenge you, death ... To hell with it if I don't challenge you!  
I challenged and conquered the world of fans in the '70s with the  
pride of ambiguity... I loved men and women; I was a man, a woman,  
an alien, and finally, a celestial body.

What can you do, death, against my eternity, my genius, my  
madness, my creativity, my music that will live forever? I am  
Lazarus, torn from the scars. I will die in the body, but I will live  
forever through my music.

I lived long enough to receive birthday wishes. I thought I wouldn't  
make it to see my album released... I survived January 8... And you,  
my dear killer, lost!

Just think, if you hadn't knocked on my door, I would have created  
24 works; I would have managed to live to 100, and instead, thanks  
to you, I have 25!



You know... I will be free as a bird.

# POETRY




“The room is full of the incandescence you poured into me. The room will explode when I sit at the side of your bed and you talk to me. I don’t hear your words: your voice reverberated against my body like another kind of caress, another kind of penetration. I have no power over your voice. It comes straight from you to me. I could stuff my ears and it would find its way into my blood and make it rise.”

— Anaïs Nin to Henry Miller







# Cane Field Bones

*a Puerto Rican memory*  
by Edward Zillioux

In the hot Equatorial sun,  
we rushed along the sand road. between sea and cane.  
I remember the half-crazed laughter  
of the four boy-men in bright colors and black shoes.  
With never a thought so serious  
that could dispel the rum fed mirth of night now passed.  
but that was before we saw the horse  
rising like emergent bones from the half-cut cane.  
poised on the edge of burden and death,  
back swayed from heavy harvest heaped high above its mane.  
now useless, broken, its ears run out,  
supported on stilted shanks in the shimmering warning heat.  
the old convertible slowed in the dust,



as Phillip's foot fell from the pedal.  
for a long moment we could not pass,  
our minds snapped sober by the spectre of starvation.  
immature minds by cruelty formed,  
beyond will, beyond knowing, a catalyst and ill-defined broth.  
yet the moment passed, so quick we turned,  
rushing ahead, ahead to love, to adventure, to highs  
unattainable.  
Each dain to carry morbidity seed.  
Ohh, unwanted presence! Torn from innocence,  
we careless grace, of beauty,  
of torment, of lonely deaths ...



## **STILL HERE**

I been scared and battered.  
My hopes the wind done scattered.  
    Snow has friz me,  
    Sun has baked me,  
Looks like between 'em they done  
    Tried to make me  
Stop laughin', stop lovin', stop livin'—  
    But I don't care!  
    I'm still here!

**- Langston Hughes**

# An Ode To The Low-Information Voter



Because I know you are so very very busy  
That you have no time to know anything at all  
I will keep this brief.

I know you are far too busy driving Chinese toys and  
Cigarettes and  
Pressboard furniture across the continent  
To pay attention to anything  
Except double-clutching and yellow lines, and  
The radio,  
Which is playing Hannity and Rogan and Savage and Levin and Beck and  
Shapiro and  
Kirk and  
Savage and  
Prager and  
Larson, and, of course,  
The game, and  
Maybe you have just enough time to stop off in that Ohio diner and  
Tell to the New York Times foreign correspondents  
Permanently stationed there  
About the caravans of illegals and  
The price of eggs and  
Shoplifting in San Diego and yet  
You are also a single mother  
Raising nine kids and  
Working nine jobs who  
Has no time to think about anything except  
Making correct change and getting the order right, and  
Who is up and who is out on the Masked Singer, and  
Can you believe the bullshit judging on Dancing with the Stars, and  
Dropping in on focus groups to explain about how tariffs work, and  
The illegals making houses so expensive, and

Why Kamala Harris cannot be trusted,  
(Did you know that she slept her way to the top, and  
Her father is a communist!) and  
You remember hearing something about January sixth or  
Maybe it was the seventh, whatever,  
You're not exactly sure what, but  
Strangely you are also 24 and a dude and have no girlfriend,  
Which is fine, really, fine, because you are just crazy busy all the time  
With...stuff like Call of Duty and GTO and Diablo 4, and  
Your shitty job where customers ask the stupidest questions, and  
Bitch about everything like you're Mr. CVS, and  
How come fucking Joe Biden will pay off those rich college fuckers bills, but  
Won't make weed legal in your state, and  
Someday you're going to be making real money with MMA  
Because you practice your moves in your garage, but  
It's hard to relax when everything is so fucked up, like, uh, like,  
Y'know the price of stuff and crime and shit, and  
What we need is a badass MMA guy to kick some ass because,  
Respect, gotta have respect,  
Chicks go for that like magnets, and  
You remember hearing on Twitter something about  
COVID being a scam, and somehow  
You're also a retired couple, living well, but  
You hear all these things,  
On the news, and  
It's all so bad,  
So, so bad,  
Never been so bad,  
Sure you're doing ok, but out there, just over the horizon,  
The country is in ruins, and  
Unemployment has never been higher, and  
DEI caused the California wildfires, and  
What's going on on college campuses which is just shameful, and  
Inflation is out of control, and  
Crime gangs run the Blue cities, and,  
The government is giving all our money to moochers and foreign wars, and  
Everyone knows Biden was being controlled by you-know-who, and  
Do your own research because **everything** is out of control, and  
It's **never** been this bad before  
Ever.

### **Burn The Lifeboats**

By Driftglass

The Professional Left Podcast with Driftglass and Blue Gal



## COMEDY CORNER





# *Sum Dum Guy in the United States of Absurdity*

By James Longo

Once upon a time in the United States of Absurdity, a retiree named Sum Dum Guy decided to drop part of his state-mandated health insurance *Deadicare Part B*. He called *Deadicare* and was told to fill out the *Deadicare B* drop form and send it to his local Unsocial Insecurity office. It would take six weeks to process, but it should be done by the last day of the year. Dum Guy thought this was great because he could go on his wife's insurance on the first of the year at half the price of *Deadicare*.

Dum Guy filled out the form. Sent it by US *Fail* to deliver, or maybe they did deliver it. Dum Guy didn't put any tracking on it. He is a dumb guy.

He called his *Deadicare* supplement at *United Wealth Care* and canceled it by phone. It took all of ten minutes. They didn't cancel on New Year's Eve either, but they have a record of the

request and are looking into canceling it on December 31st but that will take another ten business days.

Dum Guy received a bill in December for January from *Deadicare* but he ignored it thinking he would be cancelled by then. He signed up with his wife's insurance and paid her for insurance for the year.

In January, Dum Guy gets a bill for January and February from *Deadicare Part B*. This isn't right and called *Deadicare*. *Deadicare* says they never received the cancellation notice. They tell him to call *Unsocial Insecurity*. He called *Unsocial Insecurity*, "Your wait time will be ninety minutes." They said they would call him back in 90 minutes and left his number.



Dum Guy figured he could drive up to *Unsocial Insecurity* by the time they pick up the phone. He gets dressed and drives up to the *Unsocial Insecurity* Office. He gets there and the Security Guard tells him he has to call the local number to get any information or an appointment.

Dum Guy dials the number standing in front of the *Unsocial Insecurity* office. Like a heroin addict trying to get his dealer on the phone to get a fix, or in this case, get it fixed.

There is another guy, Phil, standing there doing the same thing. Phil tells Dum, "If you are on hold for fifteen minutes it will just disconnect you. It has already hung up on me three times."

Phil gets through(!), does his business, and hands the phone to Dum. Dum explains his situation. They tell him they haven't any

## Nine Important Facts

- Number 9 - Death is the number 1 killer in the world.
- Number 8 - Life is sexually transmitted.
- Number 7 - Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.
- Number 6 - Men have two emotions: hungry and horny, and they can't tell them apart. If you see a gleam in his eyes, make him a sandwich.
- Number 5 - Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day. Teach a person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks, months, maybe years.
- Number 4 - Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in the hospital, dying of nothing.
- Number 3 - All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
- Number 2 - In the 60's, people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird, and people take Prozac to make it normal.
- Number 1 - Life is like a jar of jalapeno peppers. What you do today might burn your ass tomorrow.

...and as someone recently said:

- Don't worry about old age; it doesn't last that long.

record of his form and he would need to put in another form. He says, "Can you give me another one so I can fill it out right now? I am standing in front of your office."

The voice on the phone says, "That's highly unusual. We don't do things like that. I'll have to ask my manager." Five minutes pass, "Okay we can do that, my manager is on her way out right now to give you the form. When you are done filling it out drop it in the drop box."

While Dum was still talking on the phone a six-foot-four Muslim woman in full Muslim garb appeared in front of Dum and handed him the form. Dum thanked her profusely. She didn't say a word, she just turned and walked away.



Sum Dum Guy filled out the form, got Phil, his new fast friend, and another lady in the waiting room to witness it, and put it in the drop box.

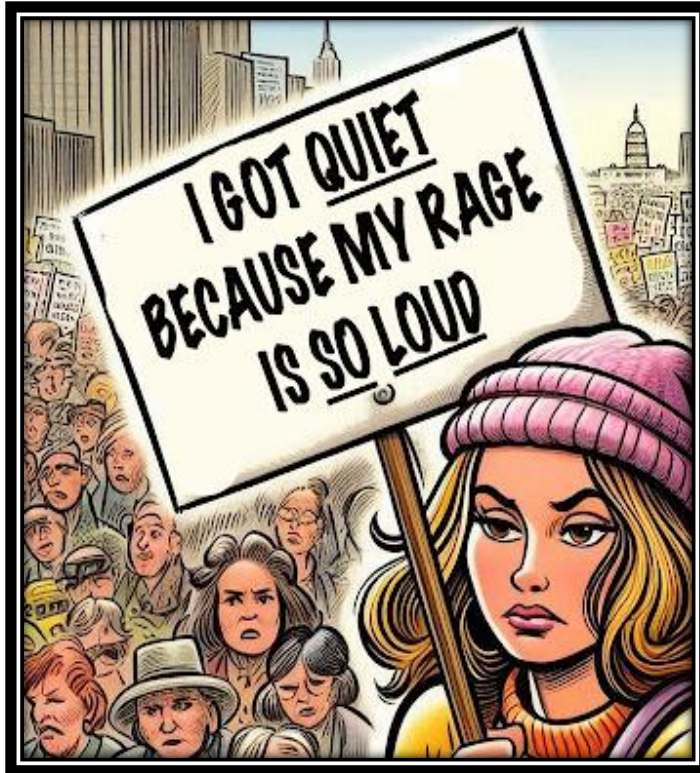
Three hours after leaving his call-back number with the *National Unsocial Insecurity Office* the call comes in. Sum Dum isn't there to answer it. He missed the call and would have had to start over.

The next day he called the local *Unsocial Insecurity Office* number to see if they received his form. He was told to call back in four days. It takes that long to scan them in. Once it is scanned in it could take up to thirty days to review, decide, and process your claim.

Sum Dum Guy's choices. He could cancel his wife's insurance but now that there may be a form in he could end up without any Health Insurance. He could pay for both insurances until he knows the outcome, and just laugh at the absurdity. He could get pissed off, raise his blood pressure and end up needing the insurance he is trying to cancel. He decided to laugh at the absurdity.

Final thoughts: Did Kafka work for *Deadicare*? We know Joseph Heller worked for the *United States of Absurdity*. Nothing bad ever happens it is all just material. At least my house didn't burn down. Hopefully, you won't be a Sum Dum Guy.





# No More Condoms for Gaza

By Virgil Thorp

I am trying to be tough, but it is so damned hard. I have been like this since November 6<sup>th</sup>. I haven't felt this kind of despondent sadness since 1964, the year I found out my mother was dying from the cancer she had been fighting. Total devastation. Bewildering emptiness. Maybe it was like many Angelenos are experiencing today as wildfires burn them out. Leaving their lives nothing but ash.

It was like the bottom fell out of my life. It hurt more than the recent time I fell face first at Sandsprit Park and knocked out or broke most of the remaining teeth I had.

Matter of fact, that was a fun time compared to the anguished sixteen year old taking a blow that stole his breath. Destroyed his faith. Challenged his will to live.

I tried so hard that day to convince myself that I did not overhear my father talking on the phone with mom's doctor. That the word, "terminal" was only in my imagination. That everything was really going to be alright and I had just dreamt the saddest news

I had ever heard in my young life. It was something I wouldn't wish on anyone else.

Those were tough days. But really, no tougher than other people have had to face. It was just my turn for pain and anguish. I did my best to hide it.

It took years for that agony to subside.

Then, on November 6, 2024 I deja vued the day I first heard "terminal." Sixty years ago. Only this time, it was my country, not my mom. The last few months are exactly like I felt then. The end is coming. You don't want to. You start arguing with yourself. But no, it can't. It can't be real. It can't be true. But it is. The country elected the ultimate nihilist – again – Donald Trump. He is toxic. He is venomous. You don't deserve this. I don't deserve this. The country doesn't deserve this.

How pernicious the disease of fascism is. When I go outside, I see thousands of infections in their red hats, flying their Trump flags, eager to threaten, to intimidate, to destroy and maybe, to kill.



Then, on Monday, the inauguration made the peril a reality. It is like a war has started. Will the country survive?

It was so painful to experience. To see. To hear. To feel hurt, deep into my very center. I recognized an urge like I had that fateful day to end it all. To die. Like my mother was going to die.



To get in my car, to push the pedal to the floor and ram something. To strike out with vengeance. To ram something over and over until neither it nor I existed.

In my anguish I had a moment of intense clarity. A moment when the reality of a situation becomes a cartoon from a demented mind. An absurd truth. A scene directly from Mel Brook's Blazing Saddles. There it was, the newly sworn chief executive of the corporation of the United States, the swarmy, smarmy, orange clown being handed the executive order binders by the obsequious aide, (was it that snake in the grass, was it Stephen Miller? or someone who looks like him) being Hedley LaMarr? – saying, "here sir, sign this. They're such children."



From the ridiculous to the detestable. Reverse anything and everything done to make this a better country, a better world. Terminate any and all D.E.I programs. A freeze on federal grant funding; Head Start, Affirmative Action, Meals on Wheels, and more. Gone! Withdraw us from the Paris climate agreement. Eliminate environmental justice programs. Pull out from the World Health Organization. Roll back energy-efficiency regulations for dishwashers, shower heads and gas stoves.



Dissolve any bureau created to deal with health and disease research. [Rename](#) Mount Denali and the Gulf of Mexico. Devolve all progress made for humanity. Declare that there are only two sexes, male and female. Proclaim Only one hair color. Affirm One eye color. Command the tide to halt. Let there be rain in California. Resort to primitive “dog-eat-dog” social Darwinism.

🇺🇸 NEW: Donald Trump just just rescinded President Biden's Executive Order to lower prescription drug costs for people in Medicare and Medicaid. This will harm millions of seniors in America.

RETWEET to let the American people know what they voted for!



What's next? If you can take away rights, if you can forbid one thing, you can forbid another. Gone is the “government of the people, by the people, for the people.” Has such a grand experiment perished from the earth? Is it just for the oligarchs? For the super wealthy? Why isn't anyone screaming?

When a congressional representative (Rep. Sean Casten - D-IL) posts on social media, "This is a Fucking Five Alarm fire!" Chaos has been unleashed.



Fuck constitutional oaths. Fuck affirmative action. Fuck veterans. Fuck me. Fuck you. Fuck them. Only the strong survive.

And then Trump was taking out his sharpies and like Mel did, chair dancing as he made his chicken scratches on the parchment, being as oafish as only he could be with goofy slanders. I don't recall Trump knowing what it was he was signing or why, but he signed without the gusto Brook's Governor Le Petomane had. Trump seemed drugged and lethargic. Maybe he needed a lingerie wearing \$Melania to give him inspiration.

It was a clown show. It was a disgrace. Oh god. It is no comedy! Somebody give me a harumph so I won't die. The only thing missing was the paddleballs.





MAY 2015

# UPTIGHT BIBLE MOMS

Weekly

**FUN! Christian Rock KARAOKE**  
To force on your JEWISH NEIGHBORS

**IGNORING SCIENCE**  
For Beginners

**QUILTING For JESUS**

**Have you Recently Made Eye-Contact with a GAY?**  
HOW TO Pray-Away the GUILT

**Sewing your own SUMMER WEAR**  
Floral Sleeves for SWIMSUITS  
*Less Skin, Less Sin*

**IS TV THESE DAYS 100% Satanic? YES!**

*This month*  
**Connecting with YOUR TEEN**  
**Through Scripture RAP**  
*A HIP-HOPPIN' How-To guide for MOM & DAD*

\$24.99

<p>Mitigating the threat of devastation</p>	<p>A view of hitherto unseen terrain</p>	<p>Impending cataclysm</p>
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**I lost a friend to marijuana once.**

**I found him two hours later at Waffle House.**

2015



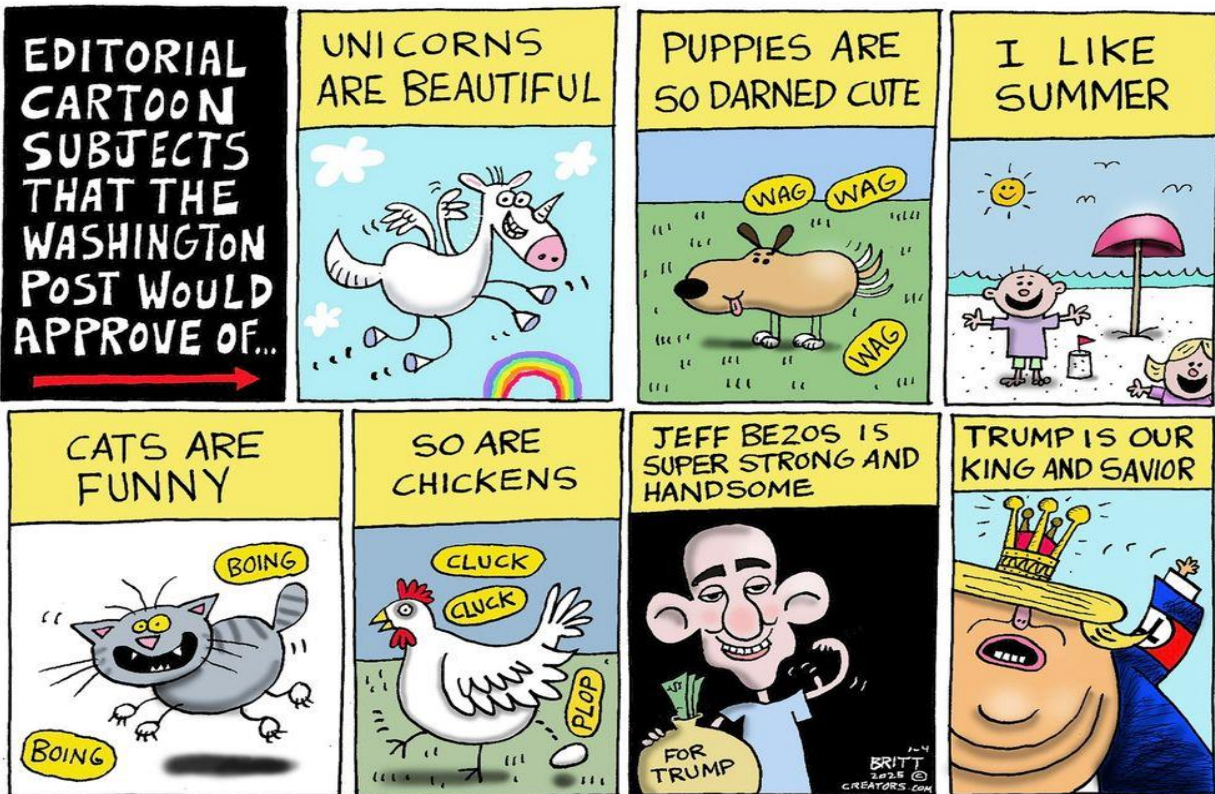
2025







*'I cannot tell a lie, father,  
the cherry tree started it'*



Floridians waking up today and realizing they can no longer access

**Pornhub**



what floridians have resorted to jerking off to now that they can't access **Pornhub** anymore



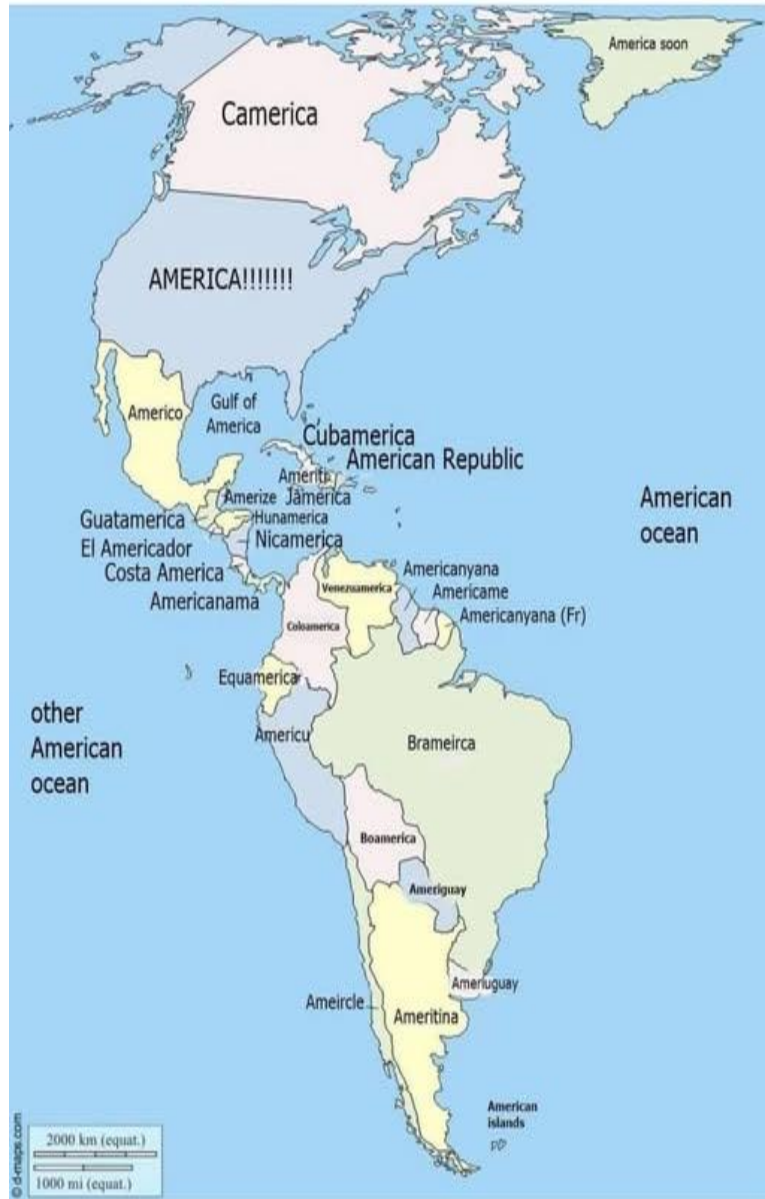
**MISSING**



**HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?**

Last seen on february 14th.  
Presumed dead

New map just dropped!!! Murica!!!



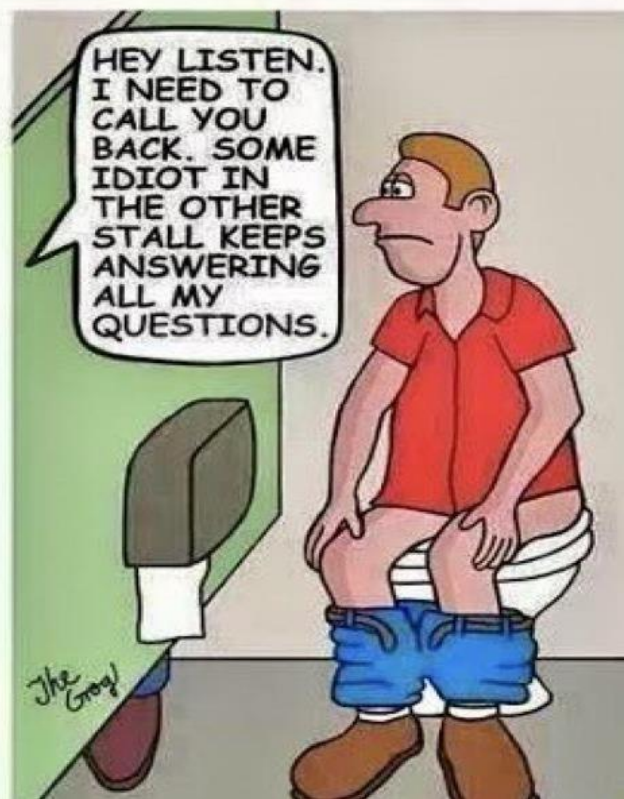
**Satan**

@SatanFlipFlop



Forget 72 virgins in heaven. In Hell we offer a selection of virgins, horny housewives, milf and gays. Other fetishes available on arrival.









"OH, I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE A REALLY BAD MAN WHO ONCE WAS PRESIDENT IS GONNA BE PRESIDENT AGAIN."

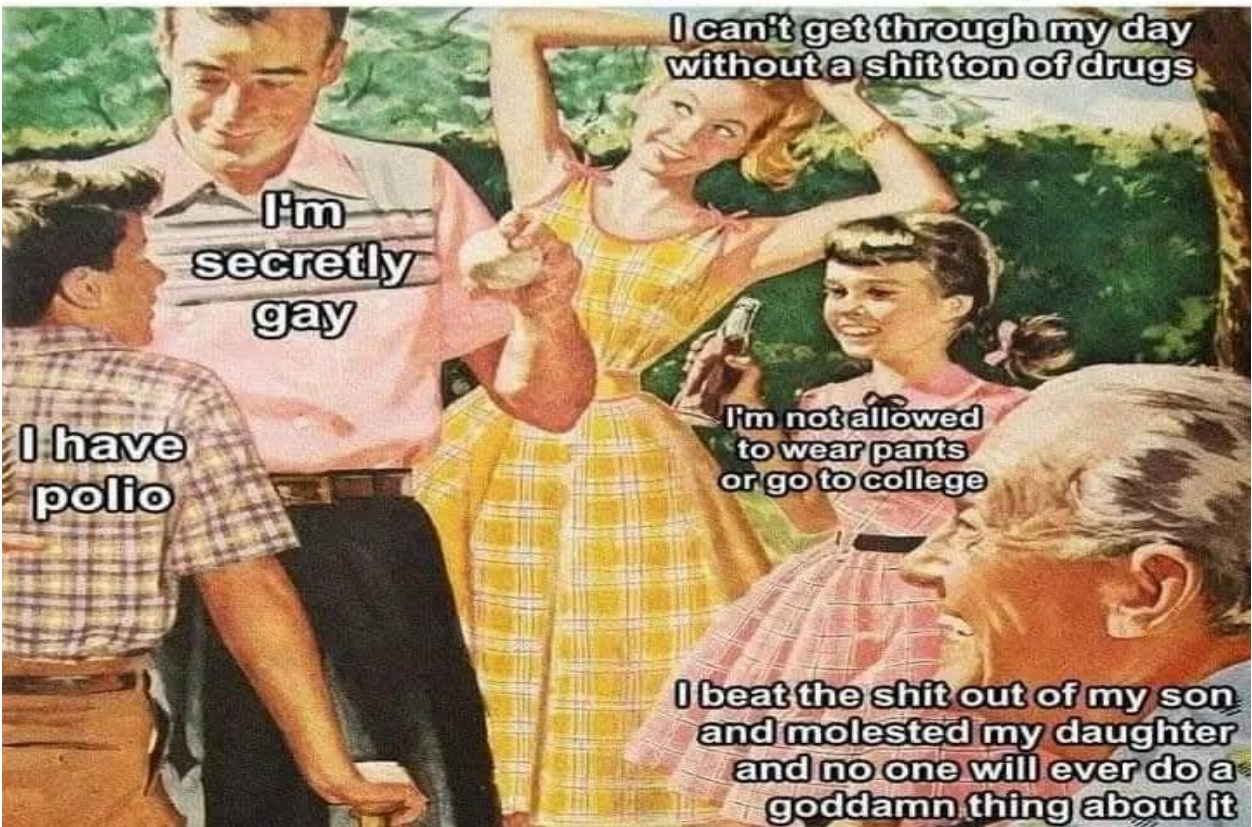


Horsey  
© 2020  
The Seattle Times





**"I wish America could go back to the 50's, when things were simpler"**



**WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN  
TRUMP  
AND A  
FLYING PIG?  
THE LETTER F**



**DIAL 202-224-3121  
TO PROTEST TRUMP**