

THE JOURNAL

MAY/JUNE 2026 Vol. 11, No. 3



["Why Do We Pay" It's tax time again -](#)

[Who says Theroux was brave? By James Longo p. 30](#)

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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.11, No.3

May/June 2026

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

awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com

INTRODUCTION

No Fair Remembering ... Things?

The recent months have revealed the stark difference between specious points of view of the world of reality versus the world of illusion that is Trump-world.

And what is the illusion of Trump-world? Is it the idea that Diversity, Equality and Inclusion is what the founding fathers were striving for with the Constitution and Bill of Rights? Not for them! In Harper Lee's powerful novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, lawyer Atticus Finch stated in his defense of poor, negro, falsely accused Tom Robinson that "Our courts have our faults, as does any human institution, but in this country our courts are the great levelers, and in our courts all men are created equal."

That sweet notion that "our courts are the great equalizer". That the richest and the poorest, the whitest and the blackest are treated equally. No one has an advantage over another. That there is no caste system in America. But, we know that's a lie, don't we. The very fact that Tom Robinson was accused, belies that fantasy.

Some people are uncomfortable with diversity, equality and inclusion. The reality of Trump-world is the reaction to striving for equality. For proponents of DEI, it is like taking one-step forward and finding yourself two-steps backwards,

There's a movement to erase such a fantasy. It comes from fear that the ones on top will have to share. But they do not want to share. "Pull yourself up by your bootstraps" they say, "and stop demanding handouts." Or no help, but lots of punishment. This

comes from people who have legacy. Have you heard the adage, "born on third base and thought they had hit a triple." That should give you an idea of what "legacy" is.

I am not saying this is a white person only situation. No, no. Once Justice Clarence Thomas got assistance to climb his ladder, he pulled the damned thing up so no one else of his race could follow.

As we wallow in the muck that is Trump-world 2, we have witnessed bigotry in motion, and it is a perilous and ponderous chain indeed. They started with the evil dismantling of the social safety net. Deregulation followed as unqualified candidates filled positions of oversight and held commissions on ass kissing. Everything focused on demolishing DEI.

And then a miracle happened. There's an event that escaped the anti-DEI people. We had a space adventure, Artemis 2, a return to space, a return to the moon. The crew was remarkably diverse, they were incredibly equal, they represented the inclusion that is possible. Artemis 2 had in its crew, a black man as pilot, Victor Glover, Jr.; a woman, mission specialist Christine Koch (also the first woman on a lunar mission), along with two white men; Reid Wiseman, the commander of the mission and Jeremy Hanson another mission specialist who is also (whisper) a *Canadian*.

It could be, with a name like, Wiseman, the mission's commander may be ... *Jewish*? How much more DEI can you get!

All was going well for Artemis 2. The launch was perfect. The adventure was solid and then Glover fucked it up. The same kind of fuck up atheists have heard all the time. Almost like the pious cannon fodder soldiers proclaiming that "there are no atheists in foxholes," Glover proudly uttered the phrase like a holy benediction, "there are no atheists on top of a rocket."

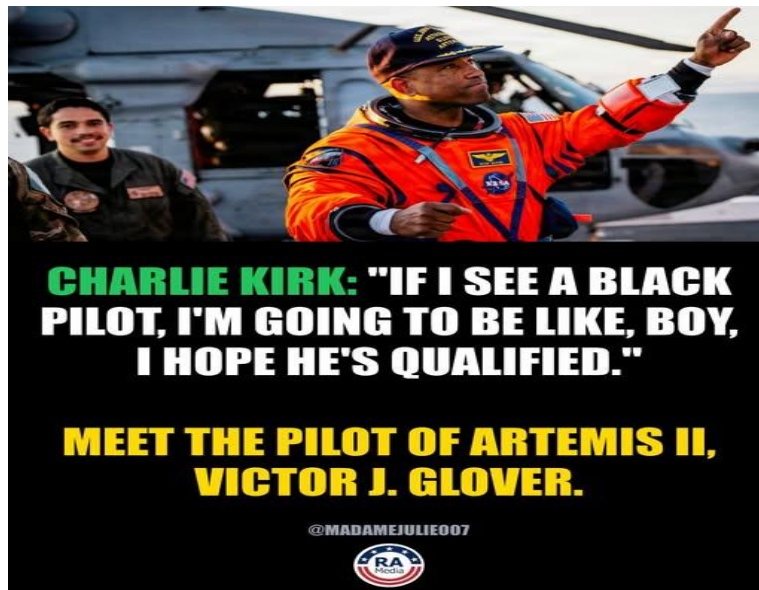
Well damn, I had really, really liked him up until that point. My dilemma is not that Glover is black, but that he's a Christian.

"Aw shit. Why did he have to fuck up a great scientific moment like this with "God". And I wonder why I have few black friends.

Then I realized how foolish I am and have been. That epiphany like I had when I looked for Jesus in the LSD. Was it God I saw or was I simply looking at a hallucination in a mirror?

How much further backwards do we have to go? Are we still dealing with 1861. Welcome to the time that America was once great. Welcome to the new feudalism that is the dichotomy of Trump-world.

Virgil



The Aware Ones 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 Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, where we gather every Friday around 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional.

Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us at the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

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

AOTC MEMBERS

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

MEETINGS & EVENTS

Meetings

Friday gatherings: *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart’s Sandsprit Park. BYOB.



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





TC Secular Writers – We have returned to Jensen Beach at the *House of Brews* (3311 NW Main Ave, Jensen Beach, FL 34957) on every other Thursday evening at 6:00 pm.

Tucker Carlson apologizing now feels like your GPS saying “recalculating” after you’ve already driven into a lake.

Events



May 2026

- Barbecue Month

May 1 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**



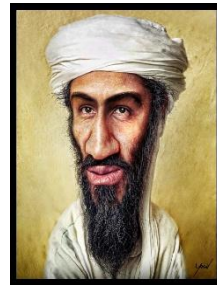
Space Day

Al-Qaeda founder, Osama bin Laden, killed. 2011,

May 2

Kentucky Derby Day – The first Saturday in May.

Dr. Benjamin Spock Born in 1903



May 3– **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

May 4

Star Wars Day

May 5

Cinco de Mayo





May 6 1937: Thirty-six people are killed when German airship LZ 129 *Hindenburg* explodes during its attempt to dock with its mooring at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Photo: Universal Press/Getty
National Day of Prayer

May 7 – **Writer’s Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:00 pm.**

Pulitzer Prize Established (1917)



May 8 – **Aware Ones at**

Sandsprit Park 11 am.

V-E Day Times Square, New York City - May 8, 1945. Photo: Tony Linck/Time/Life



World Red Cross Day / World Red Crescent Day

May 10 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**



Mother’s Day

May 14 – **Writer’s Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:00 pm.**

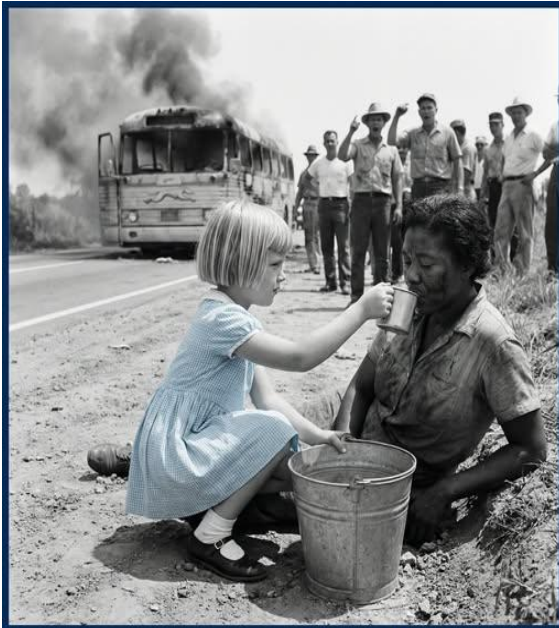


1961. Anniston, Alabama. A Greyhound bus lurched to a halt on the side of Highway 202, black smoke pouring from its windows. Inside, passengers choked on toxic fumes as flames licked at the seats. Outside, a mob of two hundred armed men

surrounded the vehicle, blocking every exit.

Twelve-year-old Janie Forsyth McKinney watched from her front yard as the fuel tank exploded with a deafening crack. The blast drove the crowd back just enough for the bus doors to burst open. What emerged looked like a scene from hell itself. Men and women stumbled out, gasping, retching, collapsing onto the dirt road. The mob descended on them with fists and clubs.

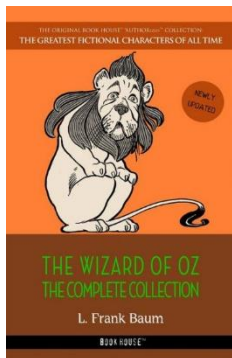
Janie didn't think. She ran inside, grabbed a metal bucket, filled it with water, and snatched every cup she could find. Then this seventh-grader pushed through a wall of grown men who had just tried to burn people alive.



A 12-year-old girl defied a **violent mob** after the KKK firebombed a bus outside her home. She brought **water and comfort** to dying Freedom Riders, knowing it would make her a **target for life**.

She knelt beside an elderly Black woman whose face was covered in blood and soot, someone who reminded her of Pearl, her family's nanny. Janie washed her face. Held her. Gave her water. Then she moved to the next broken body on the ground. And the next. For fifteen minutes, while police stood watching, while the mob screamed threats, this child performed the most dangerous act imaginable in 1961 Alabama: she treated Black and white Freedom Riders with equal compassion.

There is something uniquely perverse about a 5-time draft dodger sending American men and women to war.



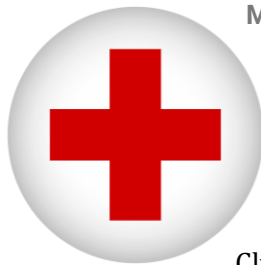
May 15 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)

National Chocolate Chip Day

Frank L. Baum Author of The Wizard of Oz - born in 1856.

May 17 – [Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.](#)

May 21 [American Red Cross Founded by Clara Barton in 1881.](#)



May 22 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)

May 23, 1934: Famed fugitives known as "Bonnie and Clyde" are killed in a police ambush in Bienville Parish, Louisiana. A contingent of officers from Texas and Louisiana set up along the highway, waiting for Bonnie and Clyde to appear, and then unloaded a two-minute fusillade of 167 bullets at their car, killing the criminal couple. Photo: Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker c.1933/Library of Congress



May 24 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**



May 25

Memorial Day

National Wine Day

May 28 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:00 pm.**



Amnesty International Day

National Hamburger Day



May 29 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

John F. Kennedy Born in 1917



May 30, 2005: American student Natalee Holloway disappears while on a high school graduation trip to Aruba. Her disappearance caused a media sensation in the United States. Photo: Holloway Family

May 31 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

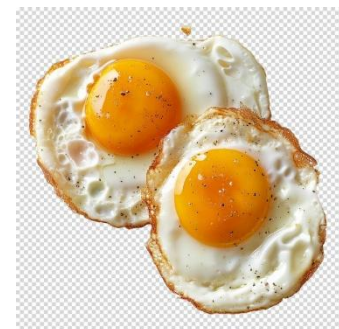
June Gay and Lesbian Pride Month



June 2 Radio was Patented In 1896

June 3

National Egg Day



June 4, 1939: The MS St. Louis, a ship carrying 963 Jewish refugees, is denied permission to land in Florida, in the United States, after already

being turned away from Cuba. Forced to return to Europe, more than 200 of its passengers later die in Nazi concentration camps.



The event was the subject of a 1974 book, Voyage of the Damned, by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts. It was adapted for a 1976 U.S. film of the same title and a 1994 opera titled St. Louis Blues by Chiel Meijering. Photo: unknown

June 5 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11**

am.



National Doughnut Day

June 6 D-Day, WWII 1944:
D-Day - more than 160,000 Allied troops land on the beaches of Normandy, France to fight Nazi Germany. More than 9,000 soldiers were killed or wounded. Photo: Members of the 101st Airborne Infantry Division and the 4th Infantry Division crowd aboard an LCT on the way to Utah Beach, June 6, 1944. (The National WWII Museum)



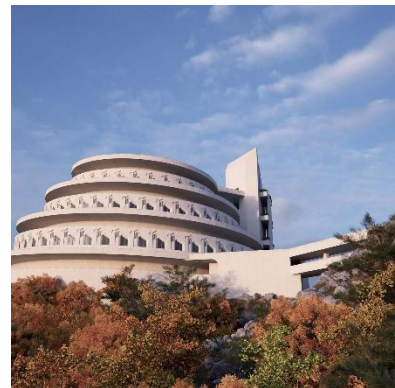
June 7 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11**

am.



June 8 Frank Lloyd Wright Born in 1867.

June 11 – **Writer’s Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:00 pm.**



Making Life Beautiful Day 1963: Buddhist monk Thích Quảng Đức burns himself with gasoline in a busy Saigon intersection to protest the lack of religious freedom in South Vietnam.

Photo: Malcolm Browne for the Associated Press, World Press Photo of the Year 1963.

Hats off to Christians who believe Jesus and grandma are always watching from heaven but masturbate anyway.

June 12 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

June 14 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Flag Day



June 18 – **Writer’s Group @ Jensen**

House of Brews, 6:00 pm.

Go Fishing Day



June 19 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Juneteenth

When the penalty for aborting after rape is more severe than the penalty for rape, that's when you know it's a war on women.

June 21 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** Father's Day



Finally, Summer Day / Summer Solstice Photo: Solstice sunrise at Callanish

June 25 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:00 pm.**



Global Belly Button Day

June 26 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

June 27, 1974: U.S. President Richard Nixon visits the Soviet Union. photo: (ITAR-TASS / Vladimir Musaelyan and Valentin Sobolev



June 28 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

June 30 Meteor Day

National Organization of Women Founded In 1966.



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

February

27 Neil Sedaka, 86, American singer ("Breaking Up Is Hard to Do", "Laughter in the Rain") and songwriter ("Love Will Keep Us Together"), atherosclerotic cardiovascular disease



March

1 Suzanne N. "Sue" Gunzburger 86 was an American activist who was long-term elected official in Broward County, Florida, USA, known for her work in support of environmental preservation, social services, public funding of the arts, LGBT equality, and adoption of the Broward County Ethics Code.¹



2 Stephen Hibbert, 68, American actor (Pulp Fiction, True Jackson, VP) and television writer (Late Night with David Letterman), heart attack. His most widely recognized performance came in Quentin Tarantino's critically acclaimed crime film Pulp Fiction (1994), where he portrayed the silent and unsettling character known as the Gimp.

Yanar Mohammed, 66, Iraqi women's rights activist, shot. an Iraqi feminist and women's rights activist. She was a co-founder and the director of the Organization of Women's Freedom in Iraq (OWFI), and served as the editor of the newspaper Al-Mousawat (Equality). Mohammed started the first shelters for women in Iraq in 2003, protecting them from honor killing and sex



trafficking. Mohammed was shot by two unknown armed men outside her house in northern Baghdad.

3 Roy Bookbinder, 82, American blues musician. Notables that have shared the stage with Bookbinder include Bonnie Raitt, B.B. King, John Jackson, Sonny Terry, Doc Watson, Ray Charles, and Brownie McGhee.



4 Lou Holtz, 89, American Hall of Fame college football coach (Notre Dame Fighting Irish, Arkansas Razorbacks, NC State Wolfpack) and sportscaster.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

MAR
9
2026



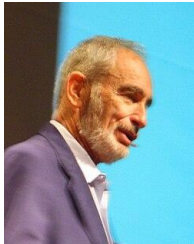
WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR? by John Darkow, Courtesy CagleCartoons.com

7 Country Joe McDonald, 84, American singer (Country Joe and the Fish) and songwriter ("I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag"), complications from Parkinson's disease.

- David Brigati, 85, American singer (Joey Dee and the Starlifers, The Rascals).



11 Judy Pace, 83, American actress (Peyton Place, The Young Lawyers, Brian's Song).



12 Kendall Myers, 88, American convicted spy. a U.S. State Department employee who, with his wife, Gwendolyn Steingraber Myers, was arrested and indicted on June 4, 2009, on charges of spying for Cuba for nearly 30 years.



13 Paul R. Ehrlich, 93, American biologist, environmentalist, and author (The Population Bomb), cancer.

- John M. Perkins, 95, American Christian preacher, civil rights activist, and author. On February 7, 1970, following the arrest of students who had taken part in a protest march in Mendenhall, Perkins was arrested and tortured by white police officers in Brandon Jail.

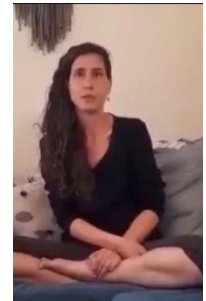


- Brian Doherty, 57, American journalist (The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal) and author (Radicals for Capitalism), fall.

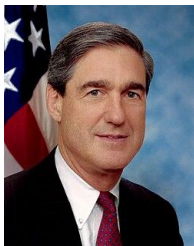
15 Shoshana Strook, 34, Israeli activist and daughter of MK Orit Strook and an Israeli citizen who made allegations of ritual child sexual abuse operating through a wide criminal network in Israel. Shoshana Strook's death raises questions about how abuse allegations are handled when powerful families and political connections are involved.



Len Deighton, 97, British spy novelist and illustrator (The IPCRESS File, An Expensive Place to Die, XPD).



19 Chuck Norris, 86, American martial artist and actor (Walker, Texas Ranger, Missing in Action, The Way of the Dragon)



20 Robert Mueller, 81, American lawyer (Mueller special counsel investigation), U.S. attorney for the Northern District of California (1998–2001), deputy attorney general (2001) and director of the FBI (2001–2013).

- Ali Mohammad Naini, 69, Iranian brigadier general, airstrike.



23 Valerie Perrine, 82, American actress (Slaughterhouse-Five, Lenny, Superman), complications from Parkinson's disease.

24 Tracy Kidder, 80, American writer (*The Soul of a New Machine*, *Mountains Beyond Mountains*), Pulitzer Prize winner (1982), lung cancer.



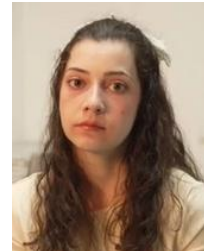
25 Dash Crofts, 87, American musician (Seals & Crofts) and songwriter ("Summer Breeze", "Diamond Girl"), complications from heart surgery.

26 James Tolkan, 94, American actor (*Back to the Future*, *Top Gun*, *Dick Tracy*)



• Ross Friedman also known as Ross the Boss, 72, American guitarist (Manowar, The Dictators), complications from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.

• Noelia Castillo, 25, Spanish activist and paraplegic patient, voluntarily euthanized by lethal injection. In her final interview, broadcast on Antena 3's Y ahora Sonsoles [es] on 25 March 2026, Castillo said that her decision to die was personal and she wasn't encouraging other people to request euthanasia.



29 Mary Beth Hurt, 79, American actress (*The World According to Garp*, *The Age of Innocence*, *Interiors*), complications from Alzheimer's disease.



April 1 Suki Lahav, 74, Israeli violinist (E Street Band), singer, and lyricist.

3 Carol Greitzer, 101, American politician and abortion activist, New York City councilwoman (1969–1991), the first president of NARAL Pro-Choice America.



8 Davey Lopes, 80, American baseball player (Los Angeles Dodgers, Chicago Cubs) and manager (Milwaukee Brewers), World Series champion (1981, 2008), complications from Parkinson's disease.

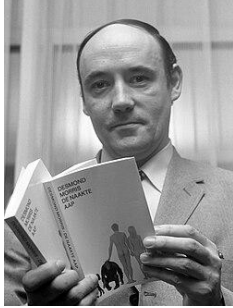


11 Vija Vētra, 103, Latvian dancer and choreographer.

14 Joy Harmon, 85, American actress (*Cool Hand Luke*, *Village of the Giants*, *Angel in My Pocket*), complications from pneumonia.



15 Kevin Klose, 85, American broadcast executive, president of NPR (1998–2008), complications from Alzheimer's disease.



19 Desmond Morris, 98, English zoologist (*The Naked Ape*), ethnologist and surrealist painter.

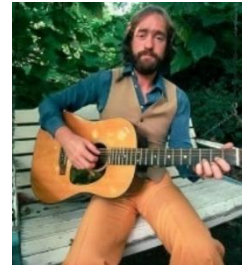
- María Nieves, 91, Argentine tango dancer (*Tango Argentino*).
- Patrick Muldoon, 57, American actor (*Starship Troopers*, *Melrose Place*, *Days of Our Lives*) and film producer,



heart attack.



- Dave Mason, 79, English Hall of Fame musician (*Traffic*) and songwriter ("Hole in My Shoe", "Feelin' Alright?").



20 Alan Osmond, 76, American musician (*The Osmonds*) and songwriter ("Down by the Lazy River", "Crazy Horses").



22 David Scott, 80, American politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives (since 2003), Georgia Senate (1983–2003), and House of Representatives (1975–1983).

- Michael Tilson Thomas, 81, American conductor, pianist, and composer, brain cancer.

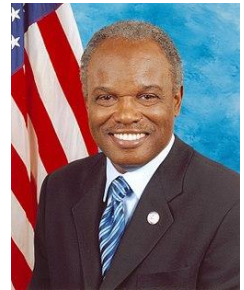


Image: Rhapsody in Blue Album Cover with George Gershwin and Michael Tilson Thomas, 1981 by Al Hirschfeld



Heroes

The European Parliament fell silent as 11-year-old Roman Oleksiv shared his heart-breaking story on December 10, 2025 in Brussels, Belgium. Roman told members of Parliament how a Russian missile strike in Vinnytsia, Ukraine killed his mother and left him badly injured when he was younger.



As Roman spoke, interpreter Yevgenia Razumkova translated his words into English for the audience. When Roman began talking about the last time he saw his mom, Yevgenia could not hold back her tears and began to cry while interpreting his story. She apologized, and another interpreter stepped in to finish the translation.

The room remained quiet as people listened. And Roman's courage in telling what happened to him reminded everyone that behind the news are real children who have lost things no child should ever lose. Yevgenia's emotion showed the power of compassion and humanity in moments when words alone are not enough.
(Photo: European Parliament / Reuters)

Rockers "Green Day" flip off Trump



For those who don't contain a vast knowledge of Green Day lore like myself, I don't think it is hitting just how much of a "fuck you" the NFL is giving djt/the white house.

This is a band that is:

- Made entirely of openly bisexual/queer men
- Made entirely of men who are vocal about being raised by single mothers on welfare
- One of their members was adopted and raised by a Black Native American woman and has said he "understands how his mother could hate 'the white man' and love him with her

whole soul."

- Were the first band to say, "No Trump, No KKK, No Fascist/MAGA U.S.A." on live television without ANY warning.
- Literally released a song last year called, "The American Dream Is Killing Me"
- Prioritizes all female/female fronted bands to open for them to address inequality in the music industry. (edited for clarity since yall blew this post up. Lol)
- OPENLY tells trump supporters they are not welcome at their concerts.

Anyway, Enjoy Feb. 8th Magats! You're gonna hate it. :)



Alex Pretti helping "suckers and losers" walk

Asshole(s) of the Month

TRUMP'S PAID PLANT

Trump's "DoorDash Grandma," Sarah Simmons, who delivered him McDonald's today and praised his "no tax on tips" law was spotted in a 2025 Republican propaganda video in Nevada, where she's shilling Trump's Big Awful Bill!

Something doesn't add up here, folks. It didn't take long before sharp-eyed sleuths realized that the woman who delivered Trump his McDonald's DoorDash and thanked him for



They flew her in from Arkansas. Put her in a marked DoorDash car with no license plate, and then recorded what was clearly a staged photo op and an ad for the business. Trump went out of his way to stage a whole scene just to remind everyone we live in a country where grandparents can't retire and have to keep working to afford healthcare.

taking the tax off her tips had ALSO participated in a Ways and Means field hearing in Nevada in July 2025, where this same Sharon Simmons extolled the benefits of Trump's tax cuts for the rich bill. The story began falling apart immediately once observers realized that if "DoorDash Grandma" really made only \$22,000 a year, as she claimed, she wouldn't be paying taxes on her tips anyway because she'd be below the poverty line. Could Sharon have moved from Nevada to D.C. to work for DoorDash in the past year? It's possible, but what's far more likely is that she is a paid actress that the Trump

administration trots out to cheerlead their awful policies ... because they don't actually help anyone but the wealthiest Americans!

The Trump admin lies about literally everything else – so why wouldn't they be lying about this?

If this really is fake, this is a new low for Trump. It is beyond scummy to concoct a fake sob story about how Trump is helping this poor old lady with a cancer-stricken husband when there are so many real people out there, struggling with cancer bills they can't afford and making a pittance as wage-serfs for Big Tech companies like DoorDash while Trump and his billionaire cronies get richer and richer without ever lifting a finger to actually help anyone.



Americans are dying for Israel in the Middle East while Netanyahu's son parties in Miami

Netanyahu's son is living in a luxury apartment in Miami with \$680,000/year in state-funded personal security.

Meanwhile, Americans are dying for Israel in the Middle East.



Donald Trump claimed he could have ended the Vietnam War very quickly if he had been President.



He also said he would have won the Iraq War just as fast

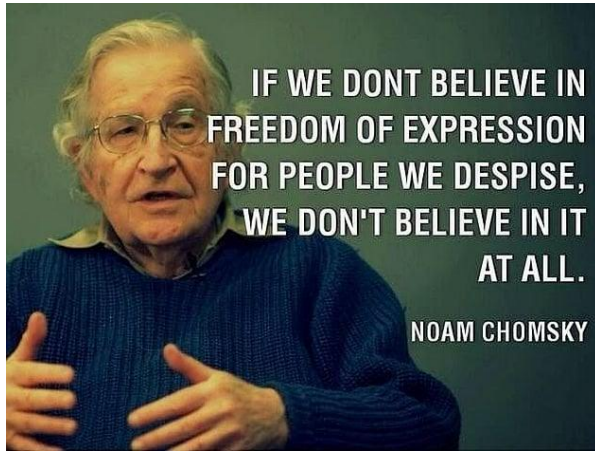
Congratulations, Georgia Women's Tennis!



@carolinekwan

you have to laugh

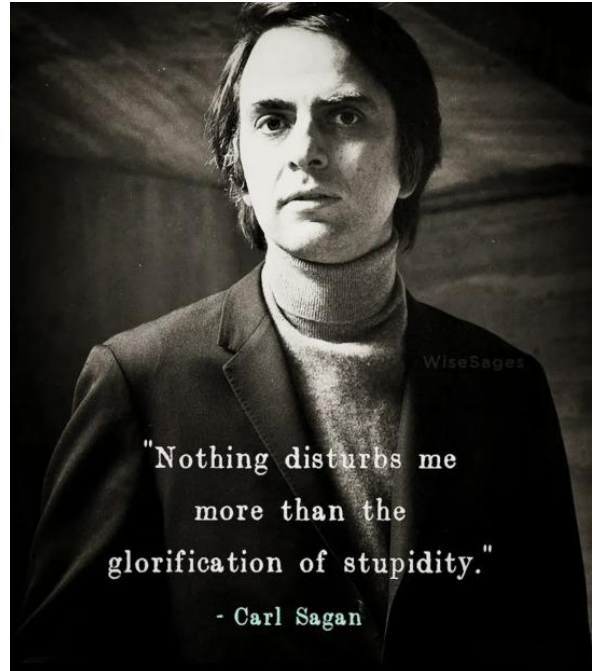
Humanist Quotes



Nothing in life is to be feared,
it is only to be understood.
Now is the time to understand more,
so that we may fear less.

Marie Curie

I'm so **tired** of hearing that
we swore in some new
politician on a **Bible** or a
Koran or **what have you**.
Make it a **law** to swear
them in on a copy of the
Constitution. **THAT** is what
they are sworn to defend,
not their goddam Bible.



Asking
"If there is no God,
what is the purpose of life?"

is like asking
"If there is no master,
whose slave will I be?"



ATHEIST
BECAUSE
GOD SENDING HIMSELF
TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF
TO HIMSELF
TO SAVE US FROM HIMSELF
IS A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH
FOR ANY LOGICAL PERSON

COMMENTARY





STOP THE WOKE?

By J. Dan Vignau



Democrats running for office need to do a cost benefit analysis for its overly, so-called woke agenda. It must also quit totally pontificating concerning its liberal policies every time it is

asked to clarify its position. I fear, by elaborating to every question asked, our candidates are providing cannon fodder for the competition.

I say, "Learn something from them." Respond by stating some facts and figures, then simply say, "We are looking into the solution to that problem". Then change the damned subject.

For example, if asked about transgender athletes, give the facts, such as, "Out of the more than a half-million NCAA athletes, fewer than a dozen (!) are transgender." We need to turn the tables on them and say, "While this transgender athlete situation is very important, and needs to be studied and clarified, (which we are working on) millions of Americans are out of work."

Our attention needs to focus on the economy. "Millions of Americans are either unemployed or under-employed. Grocery

prices are rising. Healthcare costs are totally out of control”, there are many students who can no longer afford higher education ... and so on. Politically correctness is fogging what really needs to be done.

Just think about sport team names. What about the Washington Redskins name change to the Commanders, and the Cleveland Indians change to the Guardians? Should we change The Florida State Seminoles?



Well folks, let's ask some Indians! Oh, excuse me, Some "Native Americans". Oh, yeah, it is "Indigenous People" now.

Words evolve meaning. Yes, "Indians" suggested colonialism for centuries. But, did you ever ask them their opinion. I had two jobs that entailed knowing quite a few Seminole and Miccosukee folks. They prefer, and use, the word "Indian". They liked the fact that Cleveland used the term. They felt honored. They love the fact that Florida State not only uses the term as a moniker and identification for its athletic teams but also have the pregame ritual of a Seminole Indian, by damned, riding a horse out onto the field to circle around the field before thrusting his spear into the ground. They identify with this ritual. Honestly, we certainly do not have much else for them in our modern, white male centered country.

There is a difference. On one hand, many people rightly feel that the pejorative, "Redskin" is highly derogatory. "Indian and Seminole" are descriptive. It is unimaginable that an Indian would ever see the term, "Redskin". They do call themselves "Indians". Do we really need the overly woke of the Ivory Tower set and their minions to tell them they are wrong?

I was wondering about Oriental Restaurants? The overly woke tell us we



should use "Asian". The LA Times had a great article about this, by an Oriental, by damned, reporter. He made some great points, such as Oriental restaurants are run by Oriental, by damned people. They like their signs that say, "Oriental".



This reporter did miss one very important point: "Asian restaurants" should include Indian, (the Asian kind), Russian, Pakistani, etc. cuisine. "Oriental" is much more descriptive, as well as pointing out that borscht is not on the menu.

I have done original Ivory Tower research and have presented the results at annual professional academic meetings. When I did my questionnaires, I noted that the people I surveyed did not all fit into the exclusive category that I was studying. For example, when sports fans are surveyed, or Democrats, or Republicans, or in my case, the Queer community versus Policemen, there was no accounting for Queer Cops(!). It never occurred to me that they existed. But, as the closet door opens further, they do.

When Ivory Tower denizens survey whether people should use certain terms, should we really try to use the data to try to convince, for example, football fans, or sugar cane harvesters that they need to change their vernacular?

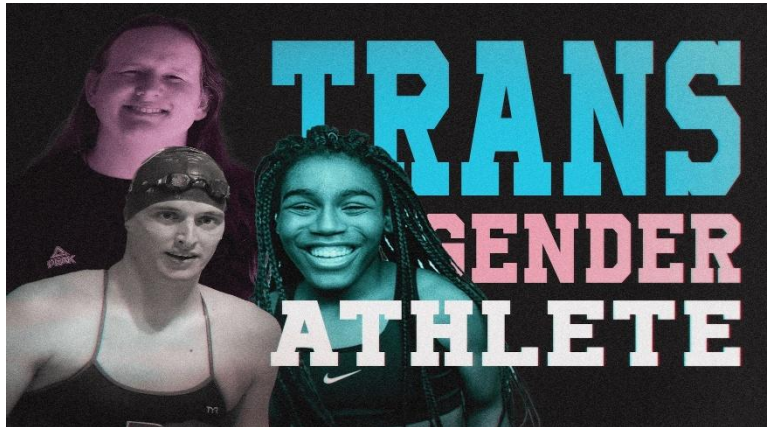
In a word, *Yes!* But only to the extent that they are really offending someone.

A great example of citizens wanting to keep icons that truly offend people, despite the obvious offence, is the Confederate Leader controversy. Statues of our past racist leaders, slave exterminators, and genocidal Indian exterminators would scare the hell out of me when I needed to visit a small-town courthouse, had I been black or Indian.

Do we really need to continually remind every child of slave or Indian heritage, that a lot of people to this day, need to continually remind themselves of their worth of not being a minority?

Some people still believe that Andrew Jackson was worthy of honor. Damn our glorify-America educational system!

We need to completely stop this nonsense, and the Dems really need to do a cost-benefit analysis of votes lost, for example, compared to how many times we throw votes away to make our point of inclusion, or, by expounding endlessly for fewer than a dozen trans athletes. These athletes need to learn that too



much rhetoric for them, will ultimately cost them more.

A major mistake of the holier than thou, overly woke contingency is that they, being somewhat unsure of what is really right, overdo their

wokeness. This is an obsession akin to a recovering alcoholic who feels obligated to continually point out others' drinking problems. They are insecure in their own beliefs, as is the religious nut who has to remind himself (Whoops, remind their selves, for the overly woke trans crowd) that they must stay on course or be damned.

Last example: My careers have included counseling the handicapped, in one capacity or another. When our Aware Ones met at the *Importico* bakery downtown, I more than once mentioned that Trump is "a retard."

Two young ladies came to our table and corrected me, stating that the current term is, "*Slow Learner*".

I explained that I knew the term, had worked with slow learners at the sheltered workshop, Palm Beach Habilitation Center, and that our clients who had normal physical traits self-identified as slow learners. To them, no matter how little they could actually learn to comprehend, their physical traits were the indicator of their normalcy.

The two *Importico* ladies politely listened as I added with emphasis, "But Trump is a fucking retard".

Oh yeah, the overly woke Queer Community (Ask anyone under 30; that is the current term.) wants to uphold the rights of trans people.

We all should, but we need to stop the overly woke rhetoric. It provides the GOP with ammunition. The GOP has co-opted our issues, but only for the soundbites of their ads.

We have stats. People like stats that explain. Use them.

Liberal politicians: Try to show some reasoning here. Consider how many votes you are losing from your pontifications. Instead of falling into their cultural trap, talk about working for people's rights. Talk about rising grocery prices. Talk about soaring healthcare prices. The GOP does. And they do it with lies!

They totally lie, but they don't focus on their real agenda, to cop all of our wealth. They don't answer our questions ... at all. Instead, they have prepared statements posing as answers. We can learn from them, not by avoiding issues, but by not being so eruditely overly woke that we scare off voters.



THIS WEEK IN MYSOGINY

By Lucinda Lugeons



So, in case you're keeping track of the ever receding "but they would never" lines that moderates on the abortion question have had to keep retreating to, the latest citadel they had to abandon was "but they would never try to execute women for having abortions." Because Republicans in Tennessee tried to do exactly that this week.

This story starts fucked up and gets way worse. Apparently, the state legislature approved funds to build a "memorial to the unborn" so they can get together and weep for all the zygotes that weren't. And now they need to pass a bill appropriating funds to maintain it once it's unveiled this summer. So they've got this routine "we promise to periodically wash the pigeon shit off of it" type bill they've gotta pass. But then an SS level misogynist named Jody Barrett tried to tack on a "oh by the way" amendment that would allow for imposing the death penalty on pregnant people who get abortions.

Now, the technical wording in the amendment does its best to disguise its intent — it doesn't just come right out and say "I want to murder women for refusing to carry my seed." But when it was pointed out to Barrett that the bill would allow people to be executed for getting abortions, he didn't even try to deny it. Instead, he gave a very "c'mon" type answer about how the

death penalty is super rare in Tennessee and they've never executed a lady before.

And look — the amendment failed, and it was never close to having enough votes, so a lot of people would try to write this off as a single extremist. But here's the thing: Republicans in Tennessee sure the fuck didn't treat it like the rantings of a single extremist. It actually got a lot of support both inside the legislature and out. Hell, Clint Pressley gave it a full-throated endorsement. If the name doesn't ring a bell, he's the president of the Southern Baptist Convention, the largest protestant group in the fucking country.

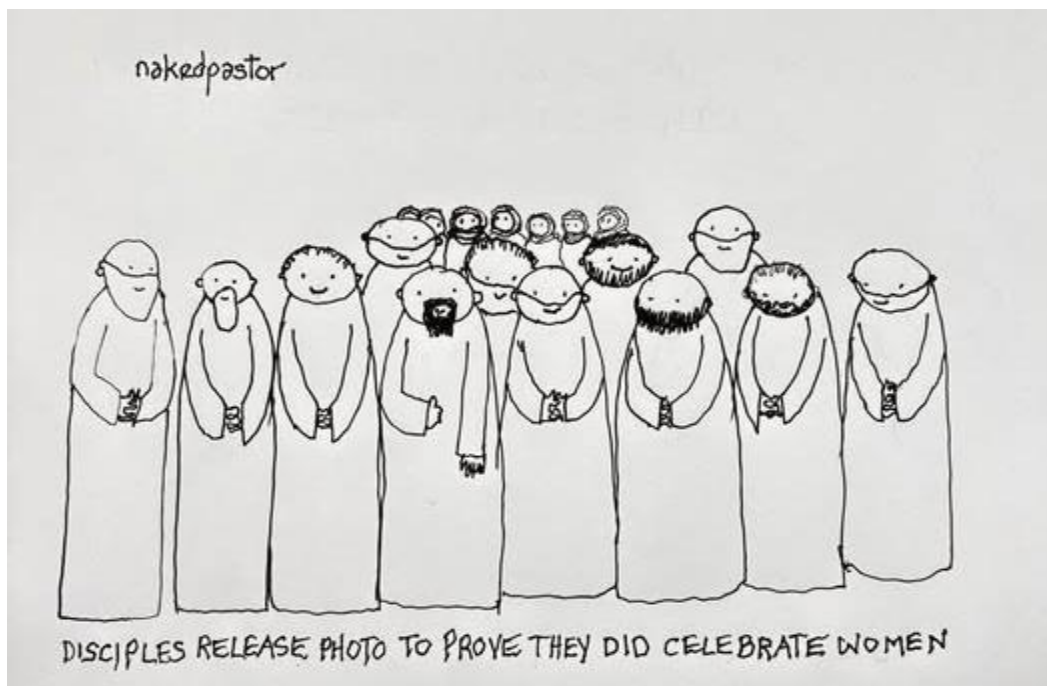


See, it used to be that when a lawmaker brought something like this up, everybody worked to quickly distance themselves from that person, and maybe even strip them of their committee assignments or something. But in today's GOP, it's treated like a reasonable proposal that just doesn't quite have the votes to pass.

But not every country sucks as bad as mine. I just saw a news alert the other day about an advertising blitz the Scottish

government is funding to try to discourage boys 11 to 18 from sharing sexist content online. The program was developed by a group called White Ribbon Scotland, and the project lead pointed out that pretty much any man-related thing a boy looks up — whether it's how to get fit or how to dress or how to tie a tie — is likely to draw them down a misogyny rabbit hole. And it's easy for kids at that age to lose track of the fact that the shit they do online has consequences in the real world.

So good luck to Scotland with that campaign. And if our American listeners are a little bummed about Scotland getting all the good national pride this week, I have one last story for you. Because yes, the head of the FBI misappropriated funds to fly a taxpayer owned jet to Italy to watch a hockey match, then posted videos of him partying in the locker room just as his handlers were insisting that wasn't why he was in Italy. But the US *women's* team ALSO beat Canada in a gold medal match. And when Trump invited them to the State of the Union address so he could single them out, they told him to fuck himself.



scathingatheist.com



“Why Do We Pay?”

By James Longo

“Why do we pay our taxes again?” Jack asked, staring at his tax program on his computer.

“Because they will put you in jail if you don’t,” Jill stated with force.

“So, the only reason we pay our taxes is that we are afraid of the consequences?”

“That’s why I pay mine,” Jill said with a smirk and a shrug.

“So, is it taxation or extortion?”

“It’s a little bit of extortion, but our tax dollars do a lot of good,” Jill said, trying to sound optimistic.

“Like what?”

"The social safety-net,"

"Okay, *yaaah* for the social safety-net, but this country does a lot I don't like," Jack said.

"Well, when you pay your taxes, make believe it is going toward things you are happy to pay for."

"Sounds like intellectual manipulation to do something you don't find desirable."

"What's wrong with that?" Jill asked, sounding defensive,

"Can't we look at it honestly?"

"Here we go again?"

"All right, I'll do this as simply as possible with a lot of rounding. Federales took in 5 parts and spent 7 in 2025. 1 part pays the interest on the credit card, 3 parts go to Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, SNAP, and maintaining our Standard of living. 1 part went to the Military, and 2 parts to keeping everything running."

"In other words, all the Federal government is an insurance company, an Army, a credit card, and the bureaucracy to keep it going."

"Basically, I love how you can get the crux of the matter so easily."

"So, you are paying for the Insurance Company and not the credit card?"

"I've done that for years, but it seems they are not interested in protecting America and are more interested in tearing all the institutions down."

"Maybe some of the institutions need to be torn down?"



"I don't doubt that, but if you tear down a fence, you might want to ask the question, 'Why did someone put up that fence to start with?' And this war, what the flip were they thinking, and I'm supposed to pay for this amoral, stupid excursion."

"So, this is what it is really all about," Jill said, having an 'Eureka' moment!

"What?" Jack said, looking at her with a blank stare.

"You are debating not paying your taxes."

"I am?" Jack said, sounding confused.

"Who could blame you if you pulled a Thoreau? It is a stupid, amoral conflict. Run by war criminals for the benefit of Israel."

"Pull a Thoreau?" Jack asked, staring at Jill.

"Thoreau refused to pay his taxes and went to jail instead to protest the Mexican American War. Is that what you were thinking?"

"Thoreau went to jail for a day and a night, and his aunt paid his poll tax the next day," Jack said.

"So, you are not thinking about taking a moral stand and not paying your taxes?"

"Why don't you do it first?" Jack asked.

"Are you crazy. I'm a coward. I don't want to go to jail. Who needs the headaches? The audits, the court dates, the fines, and it wouldn't make a bit of difference."



Jack laughed, "Call me when you have a million people who are not paying their taxes. Until then, I'll just pay the extortion. I am a coward, too."

And he turned back to the computer to finish his taxes.



All men are pigs. Even agnostic and atheist men. That's what female skeptic, Rebecca Watson has declared since parts of the Epstein files have been revealed with her name featured, because she has exposed liberals and atheists like Richard Dawkins, Lawrence Krauss, John Brockman, Noam Chomsky, Michael Shermer, Steven Pinker, David Silverman and others (besides Trump himself and former president Bill Clinton) as friends of the pedophilic Epstein or as people who could not keep their hands to themselves.

We have seen pictures of these supposed paragons rubbing elbows (and I hope nothing else) with Epstein in restaurants, on his plane and maybe on his island, too. Epstein had the money, and money makes many people do things they may regret. Kind of like; how close to a shithole can I get without getting the taint of shit all over me?

Really, I cannot blame Rebecca for condemning liberal and atheist males as raving misogynists. We are human males after all. Animals. Male animals who have to be taught to pull the toilet seat up when we pee and flush and close it when we are done.

I am not sorry about it, and I like being a man. I had fifty years with the same woman and learned through trial and error about proper toilet etiquette. It is okay, though. Personally, I do not mind admitting that my sexuality – particularly, my heterosexuality – is probably a cause for my preferences. I'm a man. Like Bo Diddley sang. "I spell M-A-N, Man."

As a man, I like women. Lots of women. As a man I can't help but objectify women. They are like works of art to me. I am like Picasso when I look at a woman. Every individual part is unique. They have a lot of parts that should be objectified. I objectify lady parts so much that I could be labeled as a voyeur; a name I proudly identify with! I also know to keep my hands to myself ... *unless I am invited.*



A question that has been brought up to me – often – is being a voyeur a baser part of a male's instinct? That is, my instinct. My late spouse had a problem with my female art appreciation early in our relationship. (A sign of ownership that fortunately, she later renounced after she embraced the pleasures of how

liberating an open relationship can be for a woman.) A “what’s good for the gander is also good for the goose” turn of phrase.

It is unreasonable to adhere to the notion that once vows are exchanged to “love, honor and obey”, that as a human being, a



person will *never* be tempted to breakout from an idealized fantasy. A commitment is like a Fifty Shades of Grey graph. It is like sexuality. Are we totally heterosexual or are we somewhere in between hetero and homo? Some prefer harder, some prefer softer. I don’t care as long as each individual acknowledges and accepts their sexuality as part of being a human being. That having erotic thoughts is not “dirty” and is a healthy part of being human – no matter how

puritanically Rebecca Watson may condemn such behavior. Although, that’s her right, too.

When Lucy and I attended our first Florida Free Thought conference, I felt the atmosphere was remarkably similar to when she and I were part of Contact Advertising’s “Visions” swinger weekends. A gathering of educated, mostly open-minded individuals and couples. Two full days of organized presentations on sexuality, physiology, psychology and individual personal freedoms. Often presented by celebrities like Bill Baird, Nina Hartley and Paul Krassner. those evenings were topped off later

in the evening with drinking, dining, dancing and ... whatever happens later that night between consenting adults. All okay, with the emphasis on "consenting adults". Usually, those people will let you know that they are interested.

It was remarkable for the equality shown between sexes. There were two important differences, however. The first, and most important; "No means NO!" Not "maybe", not "later", not "sometime", just "NO, keep your damned hands to yourself!" Adults were expected to honor that simple rule. Another simple rule I learned through trial and error was; "make friends of swingers, do not try to make swingers of friends." It takes a certain attitude to be successful at that lifestyle and not ruin friendships. No matter how attractive you find another person's spouse, it *may not* be mutual. That goes for both sexes.



Apparently, all the above-named liberal atheists had a difficult time adhering to such rules at free thought conventions – especially with Ms. Watson. She took offense at being fondled on the elevator, fondled under the table at dinner, felt-up on the dance floor and chased around her room. Supposedly civilized

cultured intellectuals acting like unrestrained kids in a candy store is not what she *envisioned*. Her verbal "No" not being respected.

I am not saying that libertine men and scarlet women are better than merely horny men or that inhibited women should step over their subdued libidos and loosen up a little. Well, maybe I am. But I just found swingers to be more civilized about being a human animal.

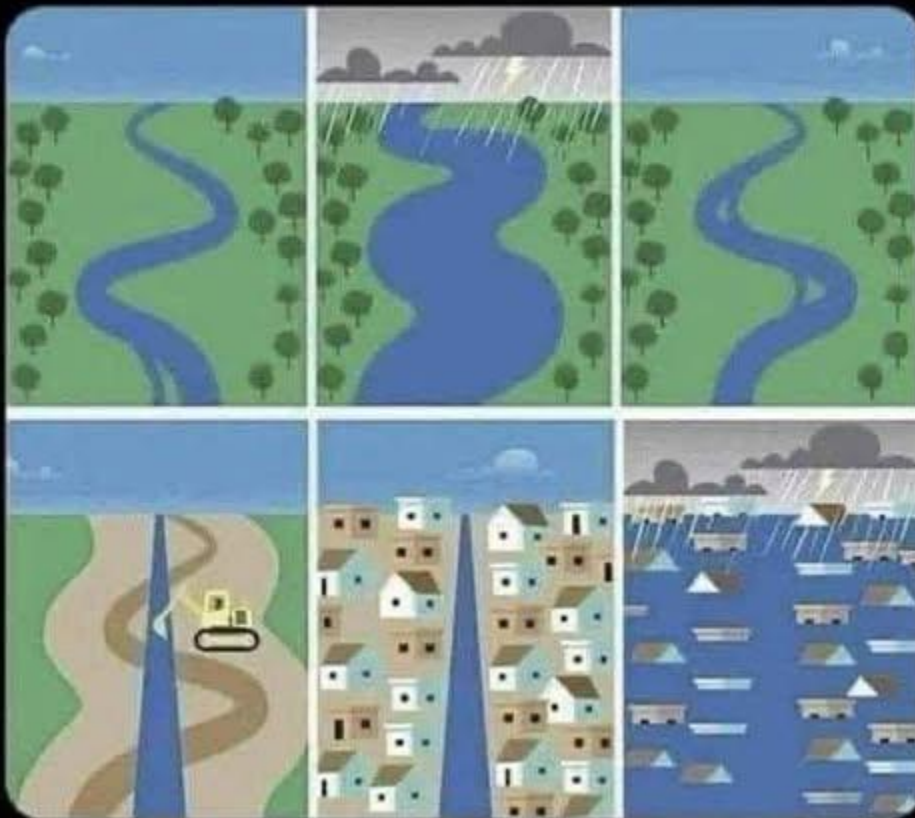
Hopefully, both men and women can admit to objectifying the parts of another person and not drool all over them. And the idea of purity of thought and deed is a nonsensical pipe dream. For those who refuse to take "No" for an answer ... they know who they are and a just punishment would be for them to get locked into a small room with Rebecca Watson.



ARTICLES

Someone: "hey, why are wetlands important?"

Wetlands:





The Definition and Possible Environmental Causes of Stupidity

By James Longo

"How can the people in this world be so fricking stupid?" Jill was frustrated looking at her news feed

"I have theories, if you want to hear them," Jack said, sounding calm

for a change.

"What cock-a-mamie theory do you have for the mad stupidity that is the human race?"

"I actually have a bunch of theories," Jack said, professorially.

"Go on, this has got to be good," Jill said.

"I call the first one the lead theory. In 1922, they began adding lead-ethylene to every gallon of gas to reduce the knocking sound made by internal combustion engines, and for the next fifty years, they coated the planet with lead. What does lead do?"

"It makes you crazy. Wasn't the lead pipes one of the reasons given for the fall of Rome?"

"Exactly, and the oil companies did it to the whole planet, those evil bastards, they probably knew what they were doing to boot."

"You can't cry over lost mental faculties," Jill said with a smirk.



"My second theory is," and he picked up his cell phone."

"What does that have to do with madness and stupidity in the world today?"

"Maybe not cell phones, but all the waves that are needed to produce a signal."

"Come on, I think you have been drinking the Kool-Aid."

"1. When they first came out, there was an increase in brain cancer. 2. The Russians in Cuba bombarded a consulate with microwaves, and it caused neurological problems. 3. If I leave the phone next to my bed, I notice I sleep terribly. So I theorize that chronic low doses of cell phone waves over a long period of time have a negative effect on mental faculties," Jack said as he counted off on his fingers.

"Yeah, like anyone would ever admit to that, and try to prove it," Jill said.

"I love my cell phone, but I'd put money down that my smartphone is making me stupid."

"What other stupid idea do you have?"

"All right, my next theory: drugs," Jack said with confidence.

"You mean like alcohol and cannabis?"

"Everyone knows alcohol kills brain cells, and anyone of a certain age remembers the ad, 'Why do you think they call it dope?' But I was thinking about prescription drugs."

"Like what?"

"There are a bunch of drugs that will increase your chance of dementia. What do they do in the not-so-elderly? Do they still decrease cognitive ability? But in the less than sixty crowd, do they have a little more cognitive ability so no one is noticing the decrease?"

"Interesting theory. What else do you have?"

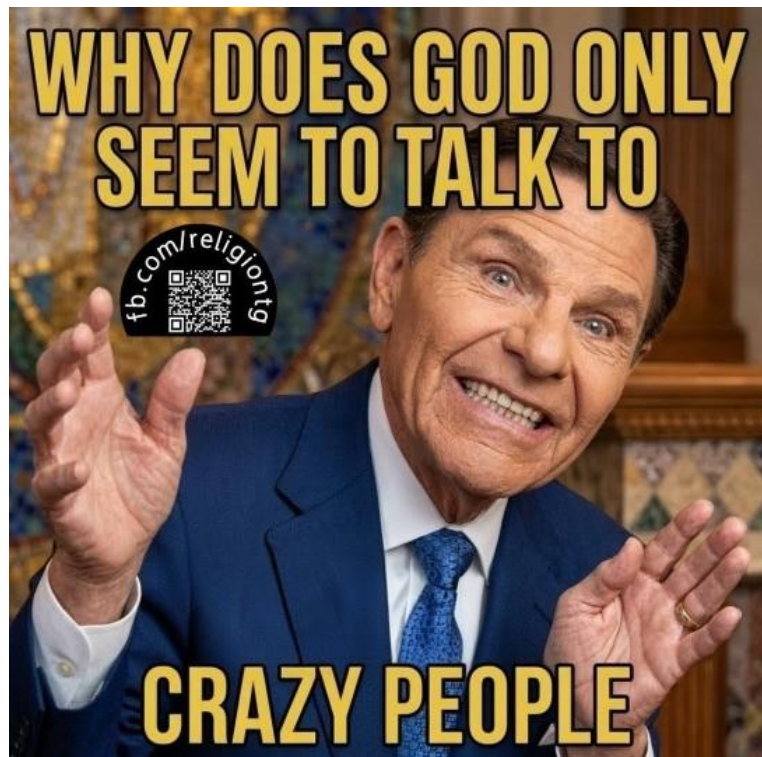
"Here's another one: guns," Jack said, sounding confident.

"Come on, man, be serious," Jill said

"A recent study showed that the concussive effect of firing a gun decreases the ability to answer questions after shooting."

"So are you trying to tell me firing guns makes you stupid?"

"I think the term they used was decreased aptitude."



"So gun owners are dumber because they fire guns. That explains a lot," Jill said with a laugh, "What else do you have?"



"In toxicology, they always talk about background carcinogens."

"You mean the idea that a lot of things cause cancer, and we can't identify all of them."

"I sometimes think that there are a lot of environmental factors that cause stupidity, and we can't identify all of them," Jack said.

"What about the genetic component?"

"In school, they always taught that genetics plus environment yields disease."

"When I think about stupidity, I keep coming back to the Forrest Gump line."

"Stupid is as stupid does?" Jack asked. "We live in a world that doesn't even understand what stupidity is," Jack said, frustrated.

"Well, what is it?"

“According to Cipolla, it is doing harm to oneself or others without any benefit to oneself.”

“Maybe the way to stop stupidity is for the stupid to stop doing stupid things,” Jill said.

“Never happen, according to Bertrand Russell, the intelligent are filled with doubt while the stupid are cocked sure.”

“I need to go out and deal with the cock-sure.”

“Well, that’s stupid,” Jack said, and they both laughed as Jill moved toward the exit.



TODAY IN THE NEWS

By Gale Baker

I don't know if you recall the days when TV commercials were mostly about soap, food and appliances.

I have noticed and am appalled that about 75 percent of



today's commercials are comprised of drugs and gambling. It seems to signify where the human race is going.

On the news today, we hear about the WAR in Iran started by DJ Trump. And the most significant reporting is about how high gas prices are.

The public seems to be little concerned about the young men and women sent into harm's way for this "excursion." And no one seems to care about destruction and loss of life of civilians.

It seems little is noted about expanding conflicts in the Middle East, or whether there was a valid reason for Trump to start this war.

And I wonder if there will ever be a time when sounder minds and better angels step in and start the "excursion" of peace around the world.

Every morning in my walking meditation, I contemplate why the people of the world are in such turmoil. So I have concluded it is the hatred and the greed that flows down like lava and crushes the soul.



Humans seem to have always been in conflict. Why? Do you have the answer? Does anyone?



NASA is going to pull an Apollo 8 on us, aren't they? By PZ Myers



I was enthused about the Artemis 2 lunar flyby mission. I was. My interest is cooling fast, though, and I fear the worst for NASA's weekend.



I was turned off by an article about Victor Glover, one of the Artemis 2 astronauts. It was published in the *Daily Citizen*, which in case you didn't know, is a rag produced by Focus on the Family...right away you know, it's going to be all about evangelical Christianity (I don't recommend that you read further in that publication, a lot of it is about trans-hatred.)

It starts off OK.

After spending six months aboard the ISS, he returned to Earth and praised NASA for allowing him to take communion each week.

"I was able to worship in space," he said, adding, "[NASA] supported me and my family's desire to continue to worship and to continue our faith walk even while I was off the planet. That was really important to me."

You don't need to praise NASA for "allowing" him to practice his religion. That's the default. Christians like to believe they are prosecuted for their faith, which sometimes means they pretend to be surprised that they get to pray, when no one, not even atheists like me, are saying that they shouldn't be allowed to do the innocuous practices of their religion. Go ahead, pray! Take communion! Sing hymns! We aren't going to complain unless you force your superstitions on us.

If an astronaut wants to wear their lucky socks or carry a rabbit's foot on board, I can't imagine NASA complaining. Matters of personal belief are not issues that should be disallowed, although we should also be free to regard rabbit's feet and communion wafers as silly.



Glover goes on to brag about another silly practice, prayer.

My career is fed by my faith, and you know, anytime I do something that's pretty risky, I pray — before I fly, every time I fly. Definitely when you go sit on top of a rocket ship.

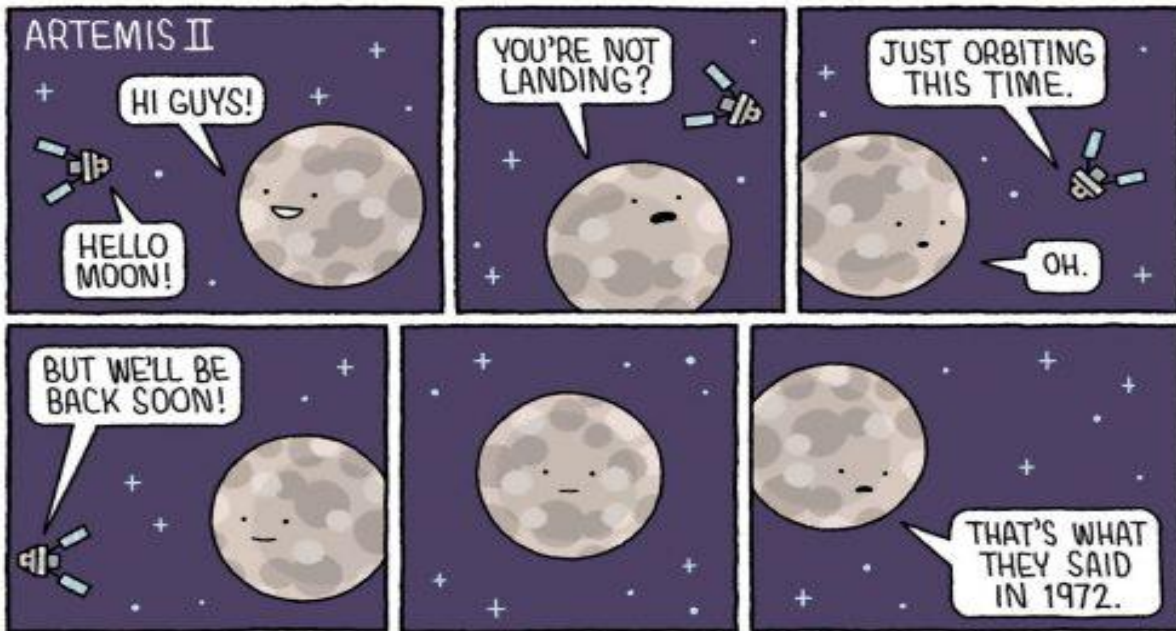
I have to shrug — yeah, go ahead and pray, just leave me out of it. I'm not impressed with sitting on top of a rocket ship, either. I think you owe more to the engineers who designed and built the machine, than to an imaginary being who played no role in its construction, and isn't going to help you if something goes wrong.

But he just can't shut up and has to blurt out a stupid saying.

"In the military, there's a saying that there are no atheists in foxholes. There aren't any on top of rockets, either."

Well, fuck you too, Victor Glover. There are and have been atheists in foxholes, and on top of rockets, too — but in our Christian country, their existence is ignored, if not belittled. Courage is not an exclusive property of soldiers and astronauts, and many of us feel no need for the crutch of superstition.

Every human being is mortal, and is guaranteed to experience events in their life that carry the threat of their imminent demise, without having to be on top of a rocket. I'd be more scared of riding in an automobile, since more people are going to have traumatic, terrifying events in one of those. Some may pray, some may call out to God, Allah, or their mother, but others will feel helpless acceptance or struggle to escape their situation without the magic mumbo-jumbo. I've had a few near-death experiences (I anticipate more in the distant (I hope) future as I get older, and there will ultimately be one that will require dropping the "near-") but never have I given any thought to a divine being. It's just not part of the way my mind works.



TOM GAULD for NEW SCIENTIST

I'm not going to deny Victor Glover's mind the ability to flit to thoughts of supernatural salvation when he's frightened, and he shouldn't be telling us how other people's minds will work. Let us instead consider a counter-example, the astronaut John Young,

who had an exceptionally accomplished career that makes Victor Glover look like a rookie.

John W. Young, now retired, had the longest career as an astronaut. He's the only person to have been commander of four classes of spacecraft. He was part of the first two-man space mission. He's the first person to have orbited the Moon alone. One of three people to have flown to the Moon twice. The list goes on and on. Oh, he's also one of the 12 people in human history to ever walk on the Moon.

Young was asked about God, and he gave the kind of answer I would give, too.

Interviewer: Did you discover God up there?

Young: No. I don't think so.

Interviewer: No sense of awe? Wonder?

Young: No.

Interviewer: Why not?

Young: Because I think that the way things are in space are the way they are and I think that's a good thing. I think that if people have to go into space to discover God, they have some other kind of problem.

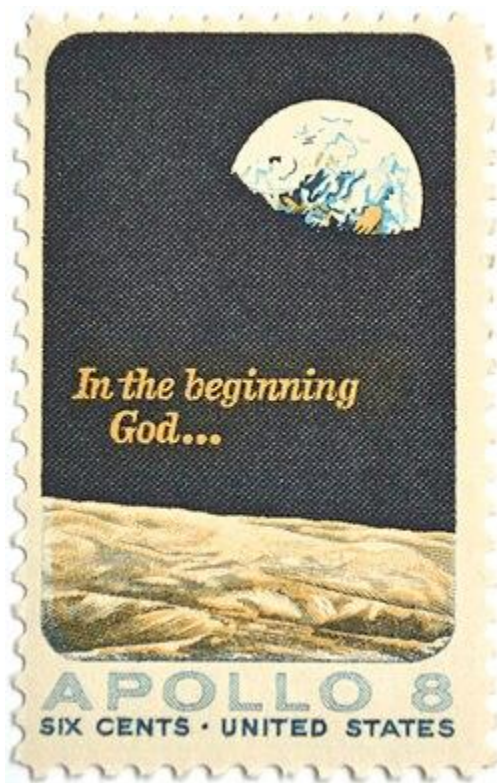
According to Victor Glover, John Young shouldn't have gone to the Moon. I repeat, fuck you, Victor Glover.

The writer for the Daily Citizen went further and opined even more idiotically.

Indeed, modern science increasingly supports Christian theism. Scientists have discovered that our universe is fine-tuned to support life - and many creatures within it appear intelligently designed. There is also increasing evidence that our universe began at a finite point in the past - raising the question of what - or Who - caused the universe to come into being.

No. Science does not support theism, Christian or otherwise. The fine-tuning argument is bullshit — why presuppose “tuning” at all, the universe is what it is, and what life exists within it is by necessity compatible with its physical nature. We do not appear “intelligently designed,” we are constructs of chance and a few billion years of natural selection. Our universe is the product of the expansion of a singularity, and we don't know enough about the properties of that event to say anything about causation, or

whether the universe is finite, so don't bother pretending that science is propping up your creation myth.



Focus on the Family has no control over NASA, but I am concerned about the propaganda NASA will put out this weekend. It's Easter weekend. They're sending a ship on a flyby of the Moon. I remember in 1968, NASA sent another manned mission on a flyby of the Moon over Christmas, and they broadcast a reading of the book of Genesis. Having to watch that was one of the nails in the coffin of my religious upbringing, a gross disappointment that radicalized me and made Christianity look even more ridiculous.

Right now, the USA is an embarrassment to the world for a variety of reasons. NASA won't be helping if they make a goofy-ass evangelical Christian the centerpiece of a major scientific mission, even if only for a day. I'm cringing at the thought that an astronaut is going to preach at us about a resurrection and an empty tomb on Sunday.

I won't be listening. Victor Glover is reinforcing the spam-in-a-can stereotype, and will further diminish American prestige, what little of it is left. But at least when he lands he can announce that he's going to Answers in Genesis! They love dumb-ass astronauts there.



Where the Hell is Heaven;



The After-Death Life Mystery

By Virgil Thorp

'Cat and Girl looking out of Window' by Edward Gorey.

Heaven, Hell, Paradise with 72 virgins, Nirvana, The Happy Hunting Ground, the Eternal Orgasm Couch, Paradise by the Dashboard Light? Just what can a creature expect after life comes to an end. Whatever it is, I doubt that Christianity has a patent

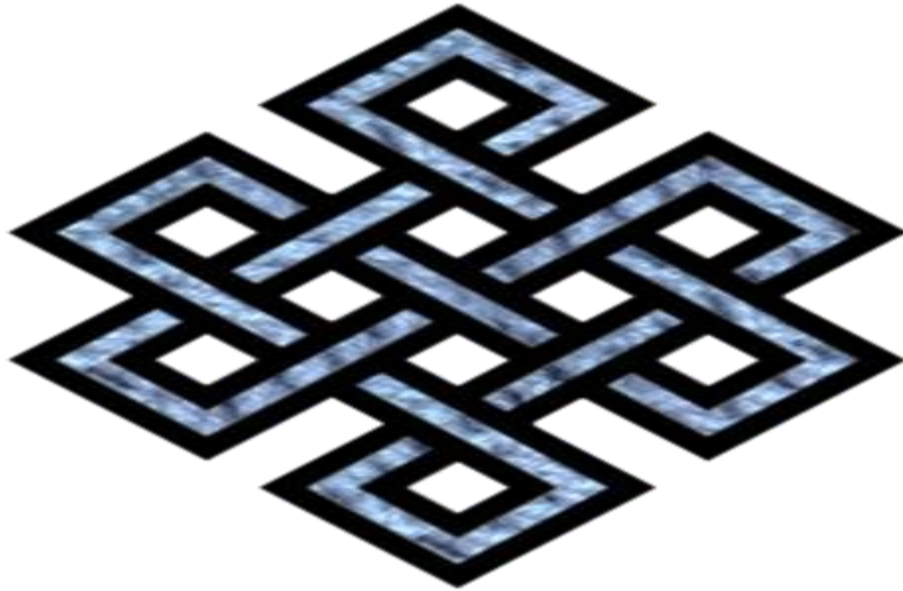
on it. We know this: The body will simply deteriorate. It will be nasty. It will be disgusting. It is hard to accept that a body – a meat suit, if you will – once contained an individual. A person. Someone who spoke, who sang, who kissed, who loved. And then, suddenly, no more words, no more songs, no more kisses, no more love. A poetic return to the dust we were told we came from.

It is a shock that must be accepted and acted upon because *it* is no longer living (see how easy it is to deconstruct the living from the dead by terming their existence as just “IT”). No longer able to process the food it has eaten and shitted out. In a matter of hours, *IT* will begin to stink if not dealt with. It must be buried or burned. In the meantime, it must be refrigerated. It must be returned to the earth or the sea. Survivors are left with a few debts and a few precious memories. Not much really for a life. Children, in their wonderment, question where grandma has gone or where has Uncle Billy or Aunt Judy or Sister Kate or Daisy the puppy have journeyed. Where did that idea of life after death go to? To hide out in a different dimension, perhaps? It is hard. Especially when it is somebody close, somebody you loved has died. It hurts every moment you miss them.

The notion of an afterlife has been with us for as long as there has been homo sapiens, no doubt, perhaps even longer. If someone was evil and cruel, we like to think there is a place where evil and cruel personalities go – hell, for instance. In Eastern beliefs, Karma is a “reap what you sow” notion of justice. It is similar to other belief systems. Goodness reaps goodness; evil reaps evil. Often, there is a contest between rich and poor, the well-off and the down on their luck. Poor people and slaves have said things like, “they are out of their misery. Jesus has taken them to his bosom, the slaves have lost their chains, pie in the sky when they die.” In reincarnation, a miserly rich man comes back – quite rightly – as a lowly dung beetle, feeding on feces. Silly ideas, huh. But afterlife is something we know nothing

about despite all the people who have died before us. Those souls have never come back to report that they have found in a new condition. And they won't ... ever.

I lost my wife last year, November 12. I scattered her ashes in the St. Lucie Estuary off Sandsprit Park a month later to be taken

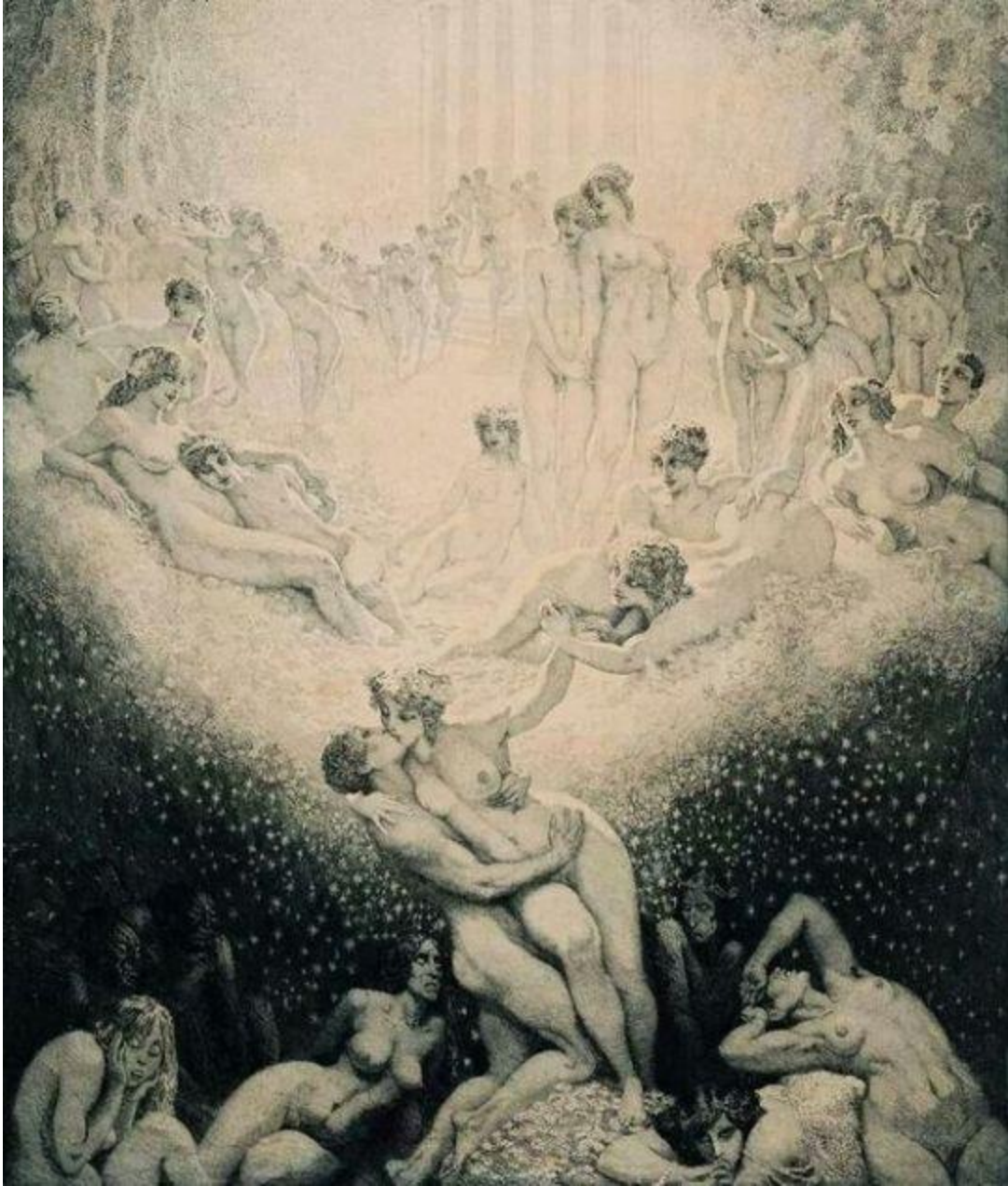


out to sea. It felt like I had a hole in my heart that day. It still does. The day before my birthday this year, I lost another family member, a very close friend. Our old lady cat, Ebbie. She was a rescue. As near as I can figure, she was between 15 and 18 years old, which is pressing the longevity figures for a cat. The last few years we had noticed a decline. She didn't want to play as much, she didn't want to chase the twin black kittens, Clarice and Hannibal around the house. She didn't want them to chase her either. The aging didn't affect her appetite, though, she was always the first one in line at the food bowl even up to the last week before I could tell it was time. Something was wrong. The other cats saw it too, before me I believe. They would wait until Ebbie waddled to the bowl and sniffed, maybe take a few bites before she'd lay her body down. Only then would they carefully gather around the bowls to feed themselves.

Saturday night – I didn't know why – I could not get rid of Ebbie. She was always at my feet. Wherever I went, the kitchen, the den, the computer, the toilet, the bed, Ebbie would do her best to be near me. I would pet her as she lay down and listen to her purring. She loved to purr. But then she'd do something else. One thing I do remember about that last week, however, she would pass some terrible gas. Choking farts, she seemed to be oblivious to. But, she also seemed happy. She was in her forever home that still had traces of the scent of her mother as I have done very little to erase those lingering aromas. Don't ask me why I didn't take her to the veterinarian. She wouldn't have wanted that. Just like Lucy wouldn't have wanted to be kept alive artificially when they told me there was no hope of her recovering.

Like her mother, Ebbie died when her body was ready. I found her Sunday morning, hidden behind Lucy's Laz-Y-Boy recliner. I stroked her fur, made sure she was indeed gone – she was in the first stage of rigor. I went to the backyard and dug a hole next to where an earlier lost kitty, Gem, was buried. I placed her into a plastic bag. Found one of her favorite toys, the little stuffed owl – and placed it between her paws, near her head. It struck me that Lucy would want me to sprinkle some of *her* ashes I had saved so she could be with her cat and the cat could be with her. I placed Ebbie in the hole and covered her up.

I said no words of farewell. They would not come. It felt like I was burying them both. It made celebrating my birthday on the following day a difficult thing. I started letting friends and family know about another loss. It was out of their responses that caused me to write about this topic. Some of them left no doubt



'Love on Earth ' by Norman Lindsay, 1925

that Lucy and Ebbie were back together again with empty platitudes ("They're in a better place, don't you know." The more religious liked to say, "two angels"). One dear friend speculated that Lucy had called Ebbie to keep her company – to wait for me and the other cats and family members. They would be in a sanctuary of sorts where they could purr and pet and rub and love each other. So nice of an idea. But for an atheist, to think of such an environment that reeks of pious sterility, is totally

absurdist bullshit. Because the image of Lucy with wings and a halo would make me want to throw up.

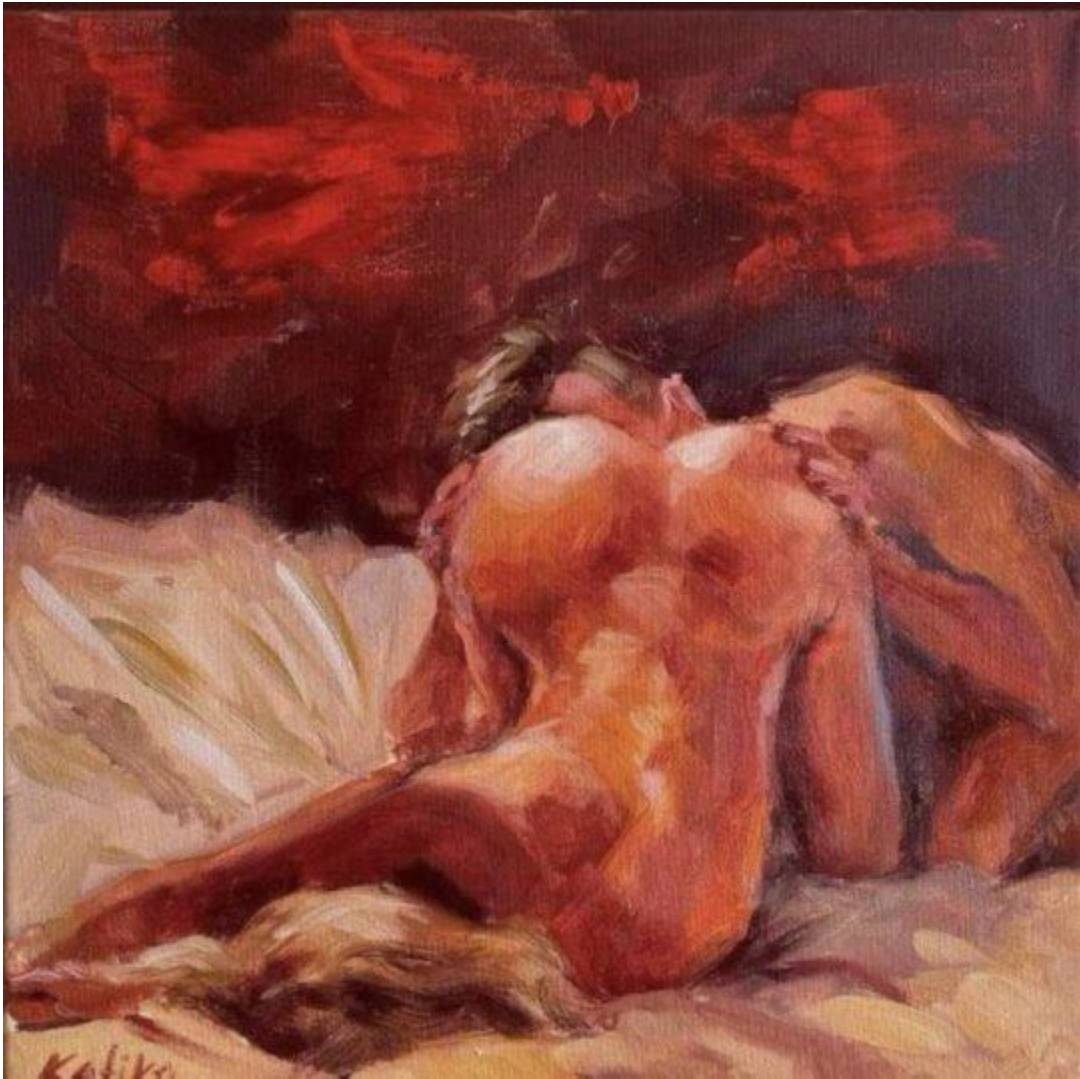
At the risk of sounding like an old “humbug” I scoffed, but only to myself. “She’s not there!” I even said it aloud when I was alone. “Ebbie’s not there, either” ... and then I started crying. I wanted them to be together. Because I don’t know where they went when they died. “It’s okay,” I told myself. “Lucy would want you to think that way ... if it gives you comfort.”

Wiping away tears I had a thought, more mischievous than evil, that in my own strange mind, gave me strange comfort. I wondered; Would that go for old boyfriends, too? Handsome young guys Lucy had delightfully screwed, got screwed by, or wanted to screw someday. It would make sense if *that* was heaven. Her kind of heaven. My kind of heaven.

Why not! The Christian notion that Christopher Hitchens disparaged when he said, *“Do I think I’m going to paradise? Of course not. I wouldn’t go if I was asked. I don’t want to live in some fucking celestial North Korea for one thing. Where all I get to do is praise the dear leader from dawn till dusk.”* Of – fucking – course not! How dull! How bourgeois!

And that’s the key, isn’t it. The pleasure. *The fucking!* What would I want heaven to be for Lucy? Somehow the idea of a non-Christian “fucking heaven” started giving me a lot of pleasure to consider ... to embrace. I would want her to be free of all inhibitions she had ever been indoctrinated with by society and free to cohabit with whoever struck her fancy! Man, woman, group, hell, they wouldn’t even have to be white! Lucy once revealed to me during the honesty of an LSD trip that she sometimes fantasized what it would be like to experience a male-female-male threesome (or moresome!). We made it happen. Without going into detail – *sorry perverts* – the experience met all her expectations, and she loved it.

Experiencing the ecstasy of being ravished is addicting. "Can we do this again?" she asked me. Of course we did it again. Many times. I am not talking promiscuity here, but I am saying



personal freedom to explore and to enjoy. I also say that with the comfortable knowledge that I held a very special place in her heart. And the thought of Lucy in whatever the ether she is in now, catching some cute guy's eye (or gal's if that would be her current pleasure) letting her inhibitions go and enjoying herself is something I hope she will do in death as she did in life, with guiltless passion. That is, if the opportunity is there, please grab it!

THE WAY WE WERE

Every '80s girl knows what's going on here.
Bar stool

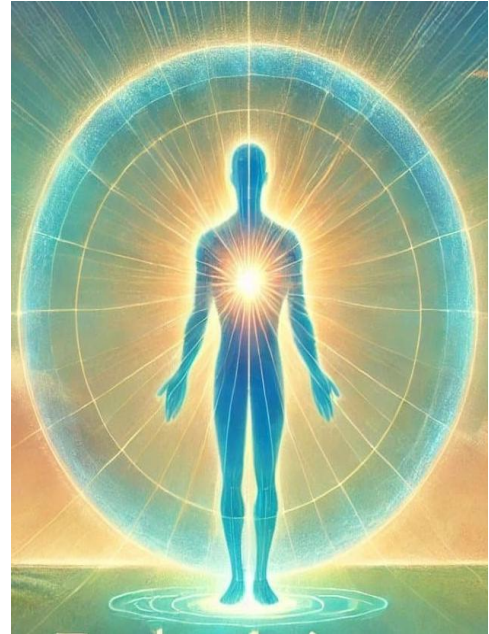


Why are we called *THE AWARE ONES?*

By J. Dan Vignau

Actually, it is a simple story, much more so than one might think.

Are we, as in the current vernacular, truly, "WOKE"? Well, hopefully!

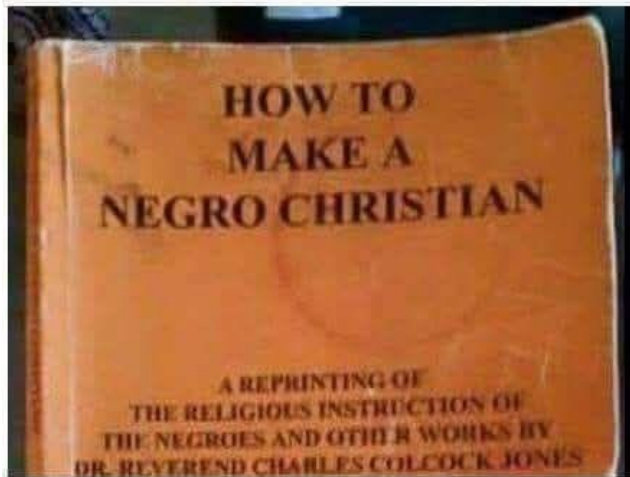


We do try to be aware of the myriads of misrepresentations in popular culture, especially in regard to racism, sexism, homophobia, warmongering for the benefit of the fossil fuel industry as well as anti-union speech, and downright lies propagated by our commercially funded mass media. Of course, some of us could just now be learning about systemic racism, sexism, and such.

Our conservative government wants us to stay unaware, as exemplified by such laws in Florida commonly known as, "Don't say GAY", and the anti-woke laws of the DeSantis, as a method of overturning the rights gained since the Civil Rights Act. Their plan, which they say will end what they call, "DEI" (Diversity, Equity, Inclusion) is their current strategy to return us to the Jim Crow era.

Yes, they are outlawing the need to consider minority bids for government contracts, subverting redlining of mortgages, allowing businesses to discriminate based on their so-called "Religious Beliefs". They seek to convince us that discrimination against white males must be stopped. They claim "Reverse Racism."

The idea of the concept and word, "WOKE", was largely spread throughout the black community, especially through music, and most specifically throughout the jazz community. It's use began at least by the 1930's.



This is a book written during the slavery period in America by Rev. Dr. Charles Colcock-Jones. He was a major slave owner that owned 3 plantations. He developed a system to make slaves more submissive and easier to control by converting them to Christianity. Over time his methods proved highly successful and became standard operating procedures for most slave owners.

For some time, the majority of the white community largely ignored black music. As this music became more popular on the "White Radio Stations", the idea of *Wokeness* did spread to what was, at the time, outsiders. Black folks would sometimes introduce their white admirers, producers etc., with the caveat, "Don't worry; he's woke".

We aware ones might hope our readers see us as such WOKE people.

However, I started by saying that the name came about much more simply. In fact, when we formed our

independent sect (If I may call it such) of Humanists, one of our founding members told us about his young self's Chicago jazz radio program, stating that the DJ referred to his listeners by saying something akin to this, "Welcome this Evening, my Aware Ones..."

I told you it was simple, but always question everything, and stay *AWARE*, or *WOKE*, whichever you prefer.



L-o-l-a, Lo-Lo-Lo- Lo-Lola

By Virgil Thorp

It is weird, very weird and I can only commiserate with the individuals who have questions about their gender. It is such a problem because there are individuals who, (forgive me if I am being too generalized) like the individuals who question their sexual preferences, have extreme guilt because they – believe perversely – have a pussy and are attracted to pussies or, equally twisted, they have a penis and are attracted to penises. The severest perversion has been dealt to the people who feel they were born with the wrong set of genitalia. Things can get very heavy with those

poor people as they learn how to cope.

Ray Davies of the Kinks wrote in the prescient 1970 song, *Lola*, about “a young man’s encounter with a character whose gender presentation challenges his expectations.” Wherein lies the confusion and trials of transgenderism and the world around it. “Girls will be boys and boys will be girls, it’s a mixed up muddled up shook-up world.”

We are at a crunch moment in the awareness of Transgenderism. It all stems from fear of being ostracized. Of being accused of perversion. While Nathaniel Hawthorne put a red A on Hester Prynne’s chest for the sin of adultery, the choice between having LGBT and/or Q on your chest is much more revealing and intimidating. And, worst of all, of being thrown out of your family if you are hiding who you are that deeply in the closet. “To be shunned. To be told by their families that they are an abomination” — Del Stone Jr. from his YouTube declaration, “I chose to be gay.”

Currently, in America, we are in that awkward stage between the closet and the front door. Of course, transgenderism has been around, probably, forever. It has been reliably reported that Julius Caesar liked dressing up like a Rome whore on the sly and slinked around his army’s campsites at night seeking strong, virile, young centurions to dabble with and/or suck off during his conquest of Gaul. Shamey-shame.

Like it or not, you will find – in nearly every family, as much as masturbation runs in every family; that is, damned near everyone – transgenderism of some kind is being practiced and I will include all families when children of either sex will put on and walk around in their mother’s high heels, one of her hats, or simply wearing a scarf as a headdress. Putting on your mother’s bra and stuffing it with socks or balloons so you can experience the facsimile of having boobs. Hey, if it was good enough for Julius Caesar then, and more recently, Kristi Noem’s husband

now, well, you know, inquiring minds must keep abreast of the news.



If you did such a thing when you were a kid, did you find it strangely exciting? Did your breath and heartbeat increase when you gazed at yourself in the mirror? Did you ... spread your mother's lipstick on your own lips and then do an "I'M SO PRETTY!" PIROETTE, IN FRONT OF A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR. OR, SIMPLY, NIPPLES UP, ASS OUT.

On the female to male side, an individual can be accused of being "a dyke" if the tom-boy genes go too far. I cannot imagine the confusion these people are dealing with. I had an aunt who displayed a propensity to dressing up in her husband's suits and fedoras. She was a smallish woman and there was nearly a 93.6 percent chance anyone would mistake her for a man. But she dug the thrill of dressing up and looked forward to any occasion to satisfy that desire and more than once, used her eyeliner to draw a pencil thin mustache on her upper lip. She liked to have pictures taken of her in male drag. She'd light up a cigar, step on the bumper of Grandpa's Studebaker and do her best to imitate a miniature mafia henchman. Thank God for Halloween!

I once covered The Southern Comfort convention, a transgender weekend held in a North Atlanta motel when I was editor of *Get Kinky* magazine. There were many versions of male to female (MTF) and a few instances of female to male (FTM). They ranged

from slinky hot to *Mary & Martha* alter-guild dowdy to “do you wanna go in the backyard and throw the baseball around” boyish.

I got quite an education at that convention and while I could pretty much point out the males *en femme*, I was quite surprised at the amount of attendees who not only passed for female but looked absolutely gorgeous. I wanted to include their

photographs for the article but – even though they were sympathetic to their moribund sisters – refused to sign a model release because, they were in fact, real models. They didn’t want to (or couldn’t) come out of their closet in public. This was the same event that my feminine and buxom wife, Lucy was accused of being a man. What a dilemma for me?

Well, I'd left home just a week before

And I'd never, ever kissed a woman before

But Lola smiled, took me by the hand

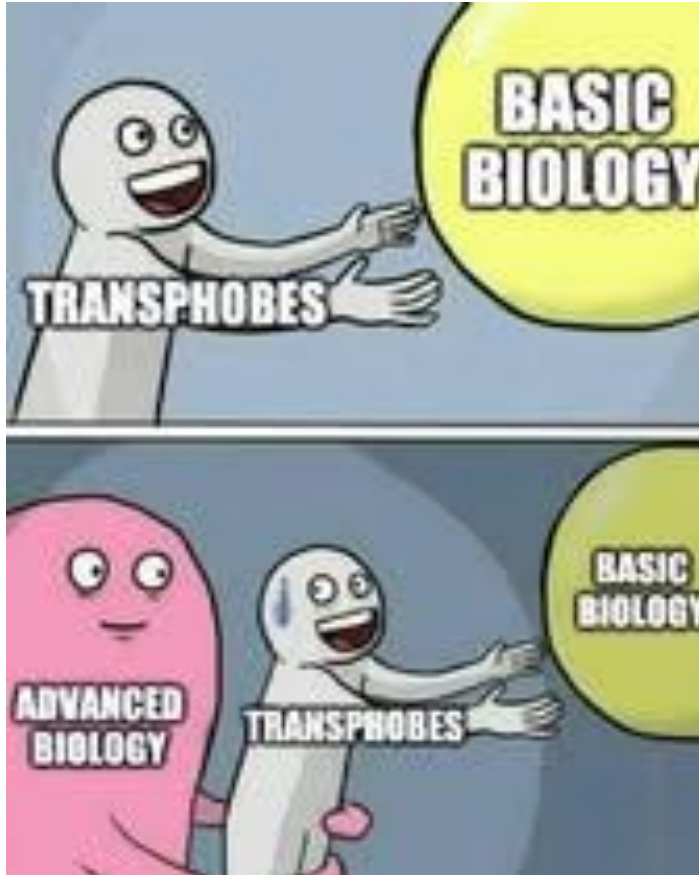
She said, "Little boy, gonna make you a man"

Current dysphoria has come to dangerous levels. There is discrimination towards those people who are transgender. In some states regulations to disqualify male to female transgenders from competing as their chosen gender in women’s sporting events. It is very much like the racist Jim Crow laws that said, “no Niggers or Jews or Irish allowed.” If you can discriminate against one kind of person, you can discriminate against others.

Laws are being considered and written about who should be allowed in the men’s room or the ladies’ room. How can this be



accomplished? There is talk about having genital inspectors outside of every restroom. And, of course! Proof must be served. In a place where a person should expect privacy, there will be no privacy.



How can you tell who is who? Some are pretty obvious. Some are like my aunt. When she wasn't dressing like a man, she dressed like anyone's maiden aunt. And let me put this in the proper perspective. My aunt was not pretty. Even as a woman she layered mascara and foundation with a garden scoop and a trowel. She used the most garishly red lipstick. She could easily have been mistaken for a crossdresser! If she were at

a concert venue now, they'd probably take her aside to the genital tent check to see if she had the proper equipment to use the gender correct restroom! Sausage to the left, Clams to the right.

Just imagine this scenario. You are at a concert. It could be any concert in any location. It could be a music hall; it could be an arena; it could be a stadium. There's a line running from the women's room all the way down the concourse, past the concession stand, overlapping the men's room. What are those women to do? Piss on the floor? If they are like my late wife, they're letting the men know that they are having visitors.

Let's face it, all those archaic facilities have restrooms. But they are usually designed by men. What they do not have are the corresponding number of women's toilets to match the number of men's urinals. I don't know why the male designers have such flawed notions of the number women who must squat to the number of males who just spray away.

Could it be that our problem with gender is just a matter of architecture? Let me put it this way; if I see a facility where the number of toilets are equal to the number of urinals, I will safely posit that a woman has designed those restrooms. Such a thing will be a welcome surprise to the reality that is humanity's need to evacuate our respective bladders. But I digress.

This is what gets me the most. In a one-step forward, two-steps back scenario, one of our neo-liberal contemporaries, the techno-DJ, Moby – who should know better – has disgraced himself by self-righteously condemning the Kink's Ray Davies for writing his ground-breaking Lola song. Moby said, "[it] is a song I can no longer listen to." Moby described the song lyrics as "gross and transphobic" saying "I was really taken aback at how unevolved the lyrics are." I am not sure which verse has offended him, maybe it is; "I'm not dumb but I can't understand why she walked like a woman but talked like a man." Talk about "politically correct!"

The Guardian concluded in an article titled, *Moby vs. The Kinks: A 1970 Classic Collides With 2026 Sensibilities!*

"What's clear is this: more than 50 years later, 'Lola' is still doing what great songs often do — provoking conversation, challenging assumptions, and refusing to sit quietly in the past. And for better or worse, that may be the most modern thing about it."

OMFG! This is a classic song that kicked open the closet door! It is about people desperately trying to be the people they really are! Can we be so jaded that we have forgotten the past, or are we so divided by culture wars that we don't know our asses from holes in the ground? And yes, I know I sound preachy. So, you could say the problem in our country isn't the LGBTQ people, our problem is too many bigoted assholes. Ray Davies summed it all up with the last verse of his song:

*Well, I'm not the world's
most masculine man
But I know what I am and
I'm glad I'm a man
And so is Lola
Lo-Lo-Lo-Lo-Lola
L-o-l-a Lola.*

Can you believe it?



PROSE



In Japanese, "tsundoku" means collecting books and letting them pile up, not for neglect, but for the joy of knowing they're there, full of untold stories.

$D=A-R=V?$



Jirō Yoshihara 吉原 治良
Untitled

By James Longo

"I don't know. Doesn't mean they are dumb. Maybe they use less critical thinking."

"I don't buy that crap. Maybe I have four extra years of being forced to listen to professors, making me more prone to manipulation."

"We are all being manipulated, but you did vote for Gary Johnson in 2016."

"Thank you, *Cambridge Analytics*, but who knew that at the time?"

"Even then, you didn't think well of Donald Trump."

"And I didn't think well of Hillary either," Jack said.

"But you didn't vote for Trump ... why?"

"He reminded me of my Uncle B. Hell; he reminded me of that whole side of the family."

"Your Uncle B was a sweetheart," Jill said.

"You never saw him when he didn't get his way, or called him out for the harm he did when *he did* get his way."

"What would he do?"

"He'd deny it, blame someone else, it was never his fault. He'd scream, attack you if you even suggested it wasn't perfect, and then he'd say something like how dare you blame him, and this would go on until you recanted."

"So, he'd DARV," Jill said.

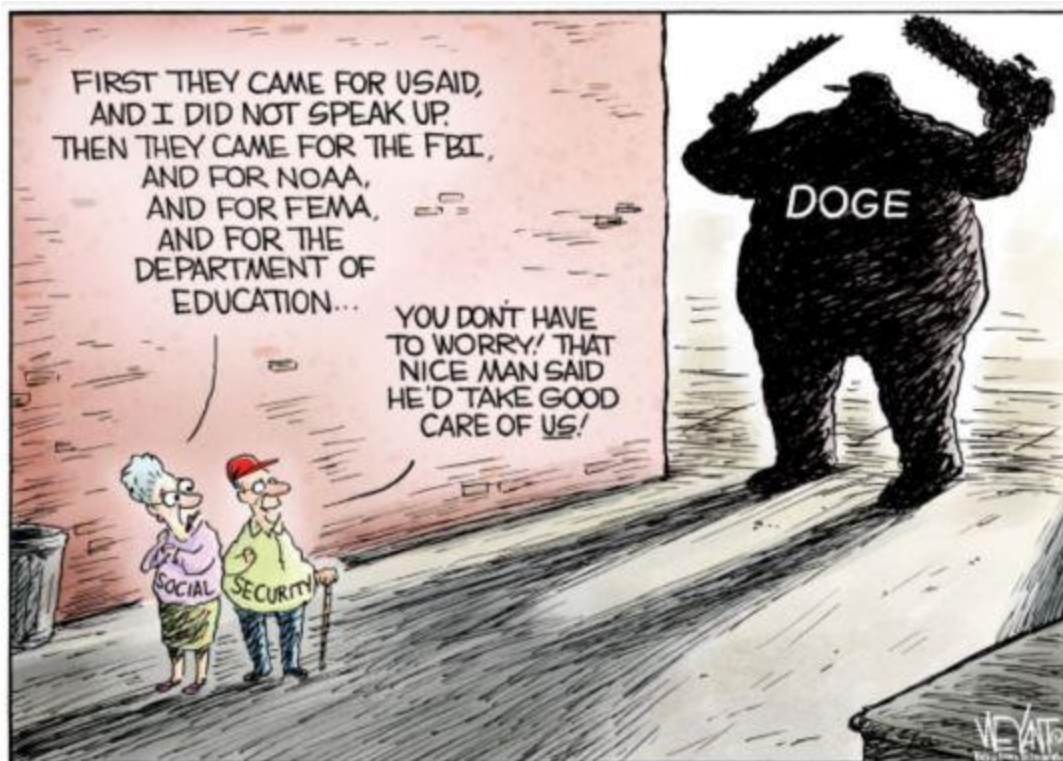
"What the Frick is DARV?"

"Deny, Attack, Recast self as Victim. It's been going on for years. Clarence Thomas did it with his upscale lynching line. Brett Kavanaugh did it at his Supreme Court hearing. Pam Bondi did it when she met with Congress, just the other day."

"Are you telling me I don't like Donald Trump because of how he interacts with the world, and it reminds me of how my dysfunctional family worked?"

"Basically, yes," Jill said.

"In 2016, I was for lower taxes. I am for a secure border. I am for draining the swamp. I was even for locking up Hillary, but he wasn't my guy."



"It wasn't what he said, it was how he interacted with the world," Jill said.

"Maybe it came down to that I will do what I want and try to stop me, then if you do. I'll just DARV until you give up, and I'll keep doing what the fuck I please, not for the American people but for him and his likes."

"Ten years later, I find him scary, dangerous, and a threat to everything I hold dear."

"And what, my dear, do you hold dear?"

"Truth, justice, and the American Way," Jack said with his best Superman pose.

"Oh, my Superhero," Jill said, swooning.

"Seriously, Truth, I can understand lying, but don't insult my intelligence, from J6 to Alex Pretti, from grocery prices are down to I will bring prescription prices down 2000%, from Ukraine started the war to other countries will pay the tariffs. Why do they have to insult my intelligence daily?"

"Justice?" Jill said, seeing Jack was all wound up.

"It isn't the Department of Justice; it is the Department of Injustice. This administration is protecting the rich and the powerful over victims and doing it blatantly in our face. ICE is literally kidnapping anyone they damn well please, and due process seems to be missing in action. Whatever happened to 'do the crime, do the time.' This Administration pardons only people who can afford to pay or give them some kind of advantage."

"Let's go for the trifecta, *the American Way*."

"I need to calm down." Jack took a deep breath. "Administrations have been lying to us before we were even born, from 'You can keep your doctor', to 'Iraq has Weapons of Mass Destruction'. Injustice wasn't invented in this administration, but maybe I'm older and have time to pay attention to this crap, or maybe our technology shoves it down my throat at a higher rate."

"And the American Way?" Jill said, sounding perturbed, that he didn't answer her question.

"As for the American Way, it has gone from a highway to a footpath. For the last forty years, they have been making the

American People into the American Indian, but when your debt is the top line in the Federal budget, that American way will soon be gone.”

“Fuck this shit, let’s go fishing,” Jill said.

“Okay, I guess,” Jack said, not sounding enthusiastic, and just sat there.

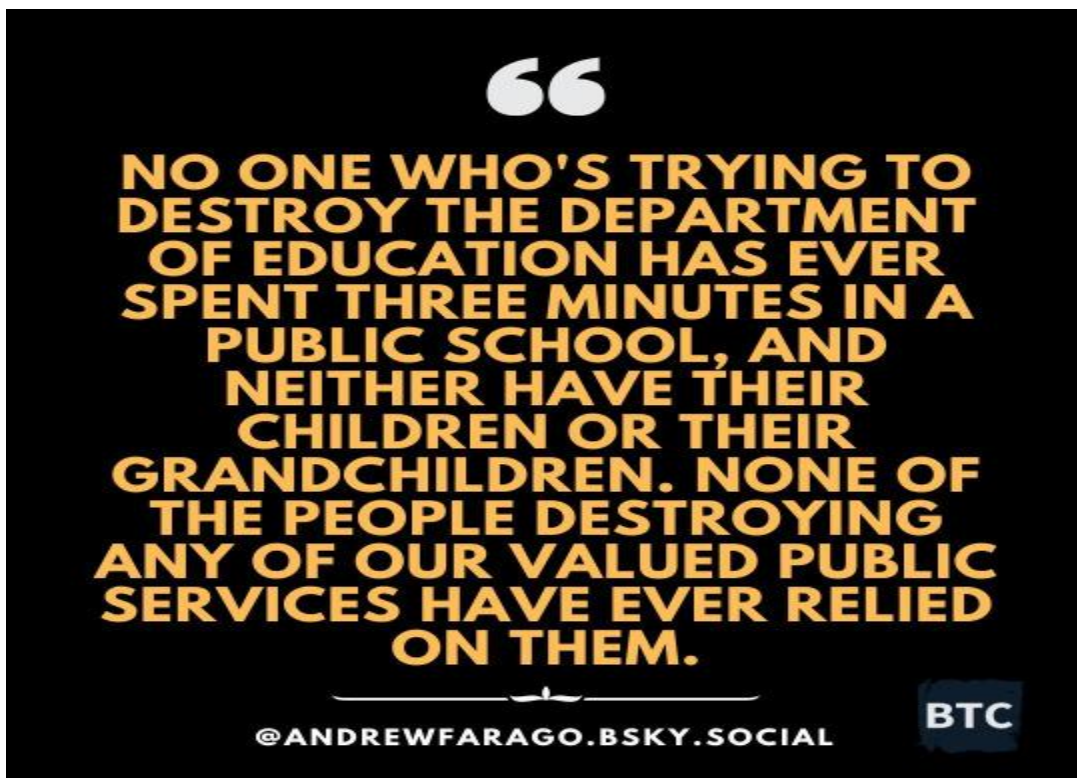
“Stop screwing around, let’s go,” Jill said, clapping her hands.

Jack scurried up the stairs, and in less than five minutes, he was ready to go.

“You know the fishing has been terrible,” Jack said

“Some things you just can’t control.”

“Like the world we live in,” he said as they both headed out the door.



POETRY



**Life is like a piano
the white keys
represent happiness
and the black shows
sadness. but as you
go through life's
journey, remember
that the black keys
also makes music**

Letters to Milena

By Franz Kafka

I want in fact more of you.
In my mind I am dressing you with light;
I am wrapping you up in blankets of complete acceptance
and then I give myself to you.
I long for you;
I who usually long without longing,
as though I am unconscious and
absorbed in neutrality and
apathy,
really,
utterly
long for every bit of you.



I am drunk ... (or, Talking to (Ly=c) in the dark)

by virgil thorp

Today was Ed;'s 90th birdahy. I got stoned (an edible) I got drink, 1000 ml of Pinto Grigio if I am not too fucked up to spell it right, It was a birthdeay party with 0 mention of a war that started the night before. askinglomg

It was a good party though. People were themselves, they got drunk. Some disappeared to their vehicles for a toke or two. I didn't have the heart to make them self=concoetpis by asking tgen them to share (can you imagine someone unfamiliar with English trying to decipher (askinglomg)them to share. The definition of that utterance, ***** (fucking? – ed) dictionary. Shakesperar time check eng lit book.

Oh (Ly=c) I am so glad that you don't have to deal with what I am dealing with. I miss you so much. I miss your smile, I miss you taking my hand and kissing it. I always asked myself, why would she want to kiss my hand?



Franz Marc's Blue Horses - by Mary Oliver



Die Grossen Blauen Pferde (The Large Blue Horses) Franz Marc 1911 Oil on canvas

I step into the painting of the four blue horses.
I am not even surprised that I can do this.
One of the horses walks toward me.
His blue nose noses me lightly. I put my arm
over his blue mane, not holding on, just commingling.
He allows me my pleasure.
Franz Marc died a young man, shrapnel in his brain.
I would rather die than try to explain to the blue horses
what war is.
They would either faint in horror,
or simply find it impossible to believe.
I do not know how to thank you, Franz Marc.
Maybe our world will grow kinder eventually.
Maybe the desire to make something beautiful is the piece of God
that is inside each of us.
Now all four horses have come closer, are bending their faces
toward me as if they have secrets to tell.
I don't expect them to speak, and they don't.
If being so beautiful isn't enough, what could they possibly say?

Franz Marc was drafted into the German Army at the beginning of World War I and was killed on 4Mar16 at the Battle of Verdun.

Oh Lord

(Sung to the tune of "Mercedes Benz")

By James Longo

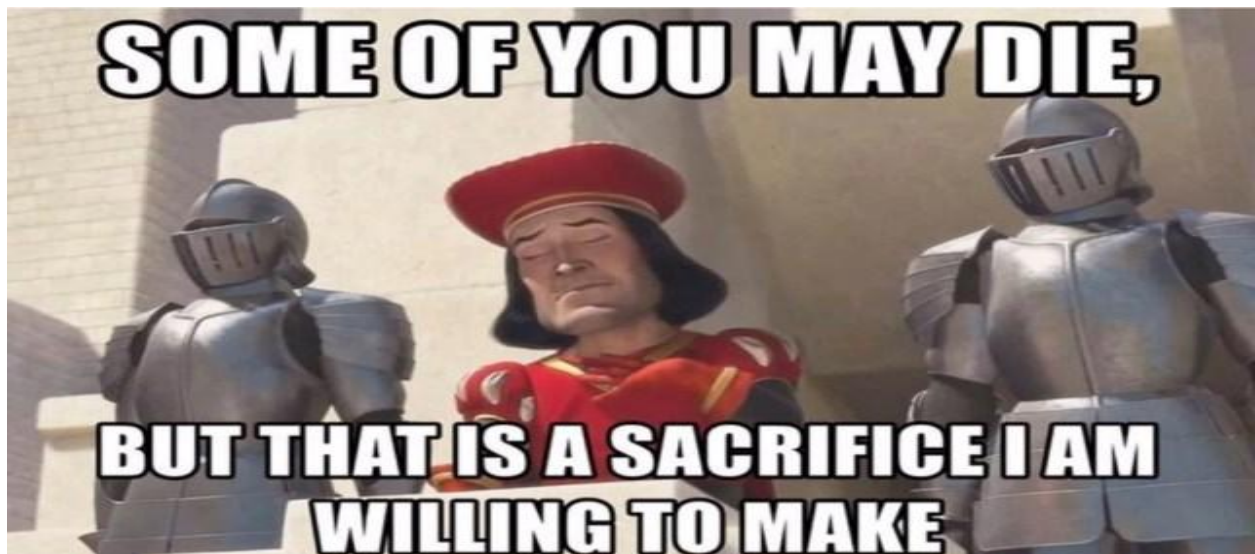
Oh Lord, won't you give us a Holy War?
My friends all have special operations.
That can't be ignored.

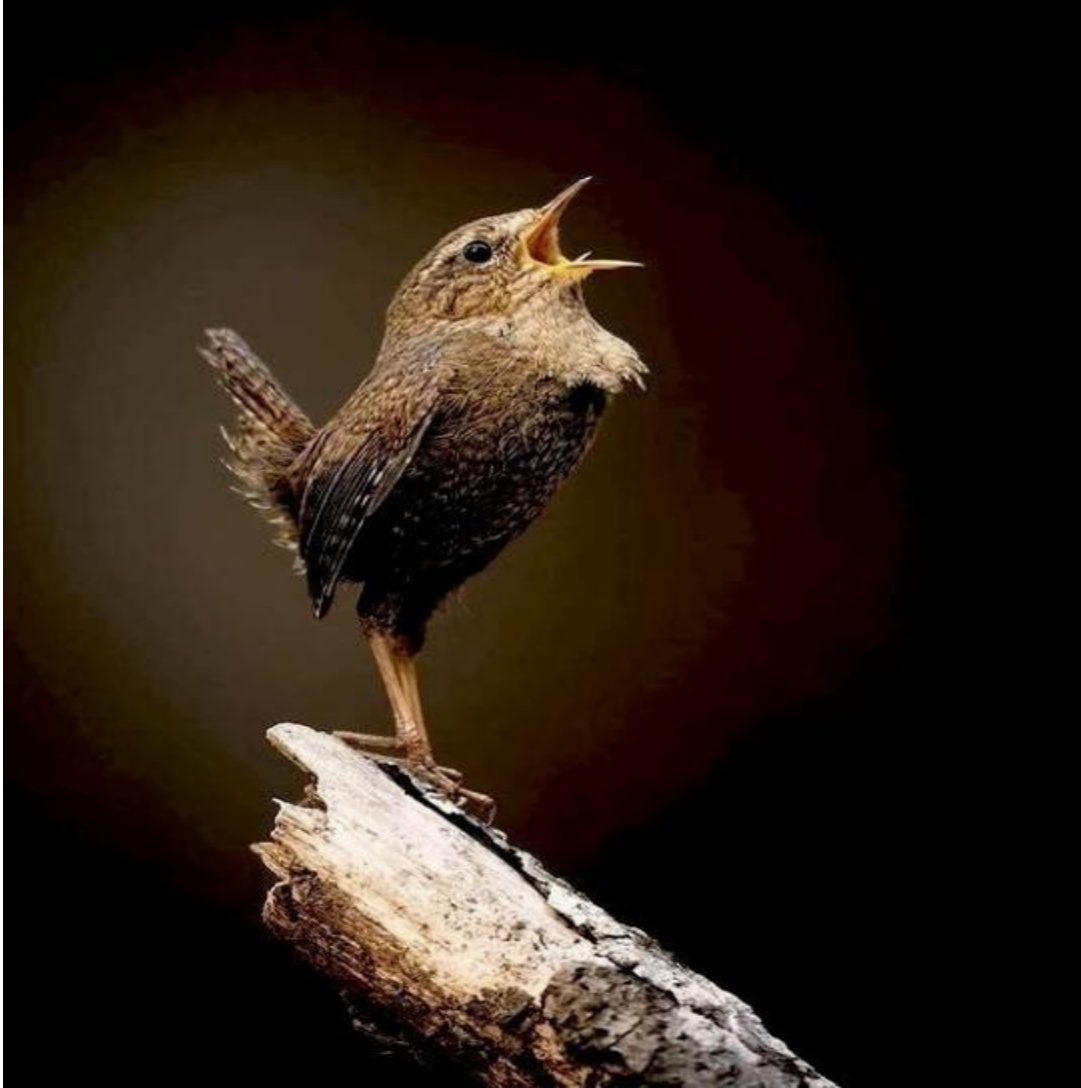
Oh Lord, won't you give us a Nuclear Bomb?
My enemies have many.
Would it bring us calm?

Oh Lord, won't you give us Armageddon?
Your believers want rapture,
Please take them to heaven.

Oh Lord, won't you give us Peace on Earth?
We know war is stupid.
Why such a dearth?

Oh Lord, won't you give us a Forever War?
The rich need to get richer
Isn't that what it's for?





February 19.

I need a father. I need a mother. I need
some older, wiser being to cry to. I talk
to God, but the sky is empty,

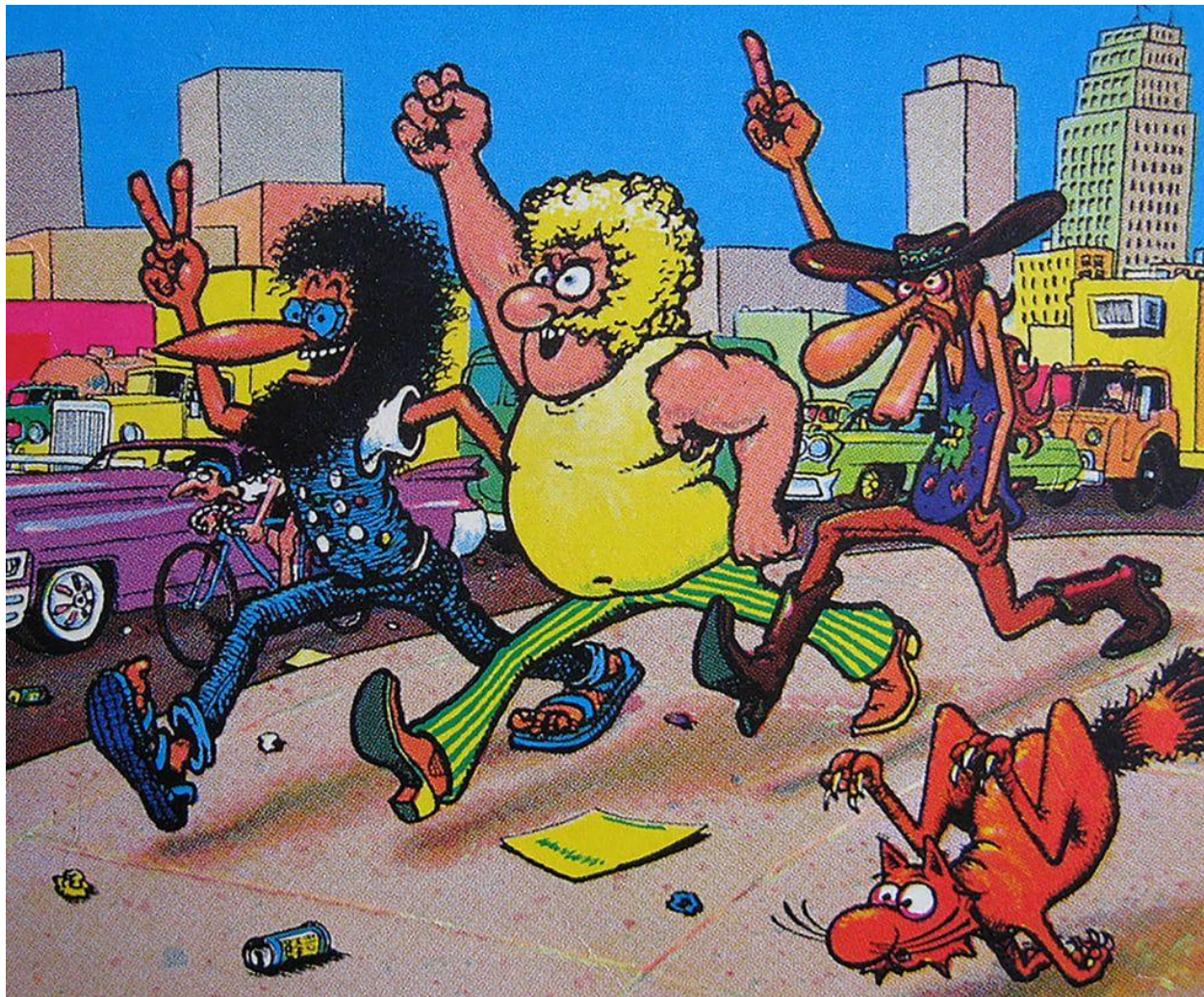
sylvia plath

COMEDY CORNER



New Year's Eve 1967

By J. Dan Vignau



"Hey John, What's up?"

"Huh?"

"What's your bag for the holidays?"

"Well, Scott, I am hoppin' over to the quarry to check out the scene. I need a stoner freak on the make for some whoopee."

"Righteous, Dude!"

"Yeah, my hand is comatose from wanking."

"What's your bag, John?"

"Gee Whiz, I guess I'll just cruise between the A&W's and maybe get in a drag race or two."

"Jeez dude, you sound like the Beaver, with that Gee Whiz."

"It fits the scene, especially that nerd A&W scene."

"Swell! At least there should be some poontang down thataway."



"Yeah, and I can face the drive-in screen while she provides me with some strange head-strong lovin'."

"Can I go? Maybe we can share?"

"Fine with me, man; we can recharge between."

"Yeah, man let's find us a clip-on roller skate-head, teenybopper. She can do us between orders."

"Yeah man, service with a smile."

"She's not gonna be doin' a lot of smiling with a mouthful of love rod."

"I'll have a righteous smile, dude, even when she's doing you."

"You're a pervo pedo, man."

"Hey dude, she'll say she is a senior."

"Scott, did you hear that Tim Leary got busted?"

"No man, what happened?"

"Man, our Supreme Guru of Enlightenment, wasn't even trippin'. He got popped for weed."

"No man? Where?"

"Goin' 'cross the Mexican border."

"Holy *Merde*, Man! I thought he was way smarter than trying to smuggle weed in."

"No, man; He was goin' *into* Mexico."

"Holy *Merde*, again, dude."

"Could you spare me the French lesson. I bet your dad never talks French away from home, even if your mom does teach it. Hell, he probably curses like a sailor to make up for her rules."

"Hey man, he was a sailor."

"That's what I just said, man."

"Damn!"

"Jesus Christo, Dude. You'da thought the pigs would give him an award for getting' weed outta the country!"

"Right on, Dude! That would be supreme. It'd be swell of the narcos, but they ain't at all cool."

"Yeah, they have no sense of humor."

"Did someone fink on him?"

"Wouldn't surprise me; not these days."

"Hey man, you know the Dead's comin' to Atlanta in March."

"Dude! There'll be some instant Zen in that fine scene."

"Hey man, do you like Sunshine or Haze better?"

"I like the Pane, dude."

"Yeah? Window's copacetic, too."

"Yeah man, especially for U-fukin'-Dead-'Topia."

"Yeah, it'll be real hep man, a real gas."

"Let's cop tickets tomorrow."

"Far out dude."

"Hey, pass that doobie over here."

"Okay. it's chronic."

"Hey, I've got the munchies."

"Yeah, then let's rock over to the lakeside deli."

"Yeah, the *psychedelicatessin* for stoners, dude."

"Cool, Dude."

"Yeah, it'll be a mind altering Odyssey."

"*Psychedelicatessin*, brother!"



"*Psychedelicatessin, man.*"

"That's pure genius, man."

"That's what we can call our deli."

"Copasetic, Dude, copasetic."

"Toss me that blunt."



...and today, it is claimed that adults say they can't understand the younger generation.

The Single Best Quote from the 1976 Movie, 'Network' By Paddy Chayefsky

Arthur Jensen:
"You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr. Beale, and I won't have it! Is that clear? You think you've merely stopped a business deal. That is not the case! The Arabs have taken



billions of dollars out of this country, and now they must put it back! It is ebb and flow, tidal gravity! It is ecological balance! You are an old man who thinks in terms of nations and peoples. There are no nations. There are no peoples. There are no Russians. There are no Arabs. There are no third worlds. There is no West. There is only one holistic system of systems, one vast and Imane, interwoven, interacting, multivariate, multinational dominion of dollars. Petro-dollars, electro-dollars, multi-dollars, reichmarks, rins, rubles, pounds, and shekels. It is the international system of currency which determines the totality of life on this planet. That is the natural order of things today. That is the atomic and subatomic and galactic structure of things today! And YOU have meddled with the primal forces of nature, and YOU... WILL... ATONE! Am I getting through to you, Mr. Beale? You get up on your little twenty-one inch screen and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. There is only IBM, and ITT, and AT&T, and DuPont, Dow, Union Carbide, and Exxon. Those are the nations of the world today. What do

you think the Russians talk about in their councils of state, Karl Marx? They get out their linear programming charts, statistical decision theories, minimax solutions, and compute the price-cost probabilities of their transactions and investments, just like we do. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies, Mr. Beale. The world is a college of corporations, inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business. The world is a business, Mr. Beale. It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live, Mr. Beale, to see that... perfect world... in which there's no war or famine, oppression or brutality. One vast and ecumenical holding company, for whom all men will work to serve a common profit, in which all men will hold a share of stock. All necessities provided, all anxieties tranquilized, all boredom amused. And I have chosen you, Mr. Beale, to preach this evangel."

Howard Beale: "Why me?"

Arthur Jensen: "Because you're on television, dummy. Sixty million people watch you every night of the week, Monday through Friday."

Howard Beale: "I have seen the face of God."

Arthur Jensen: "You just might be right, Mr. Beale."

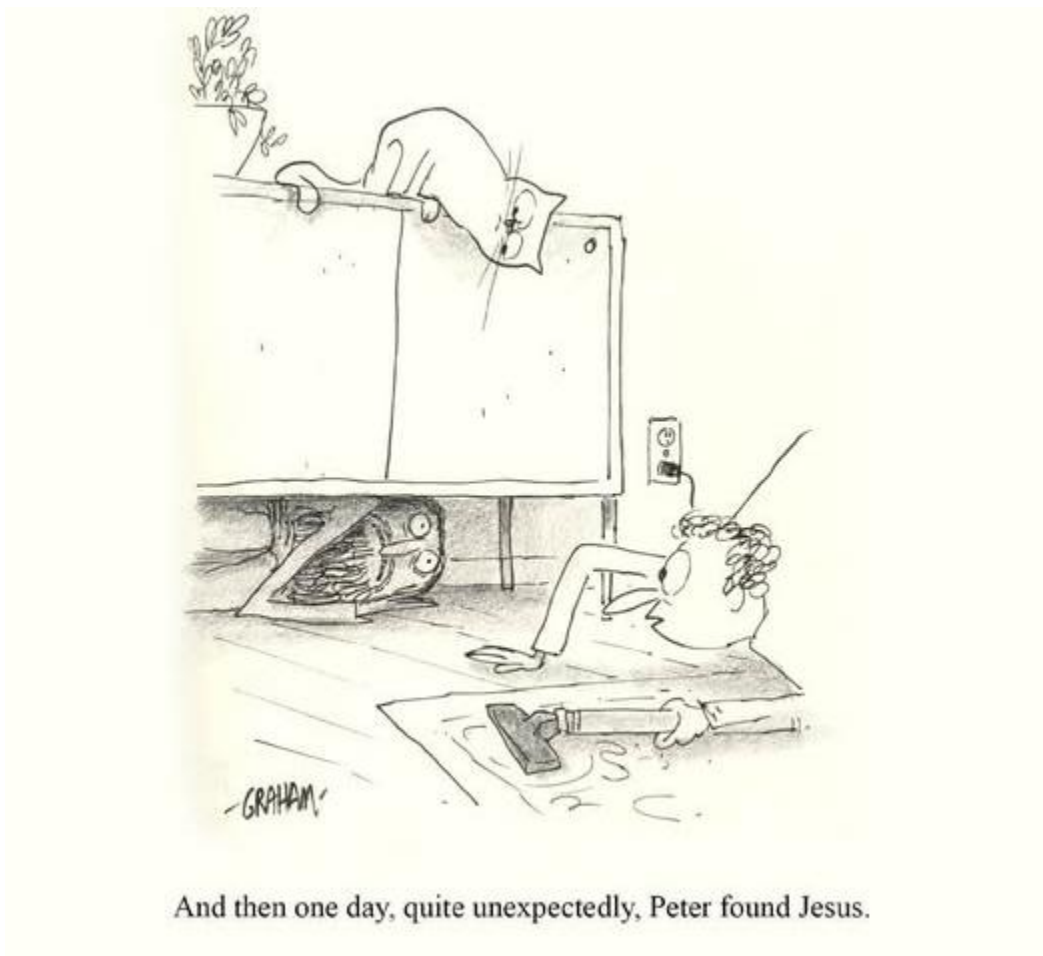




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I'm going to pray like mom...oh God, oh God, don't stop, oh God, Jesus yes, oh god!



Kristi Noem's murdered puppy "Cricket" finds out she was fired from her job as Homeland-Security Sec.



KRISTI NOEM'S DOG CELEBRATES by John Darkow, Courtesy CagleCartoons.com

The boy Jesus talking to the elders in the temple.

"You guys should just be relieved I didn't come as a girl. That would have REALLY messed with your heads!"



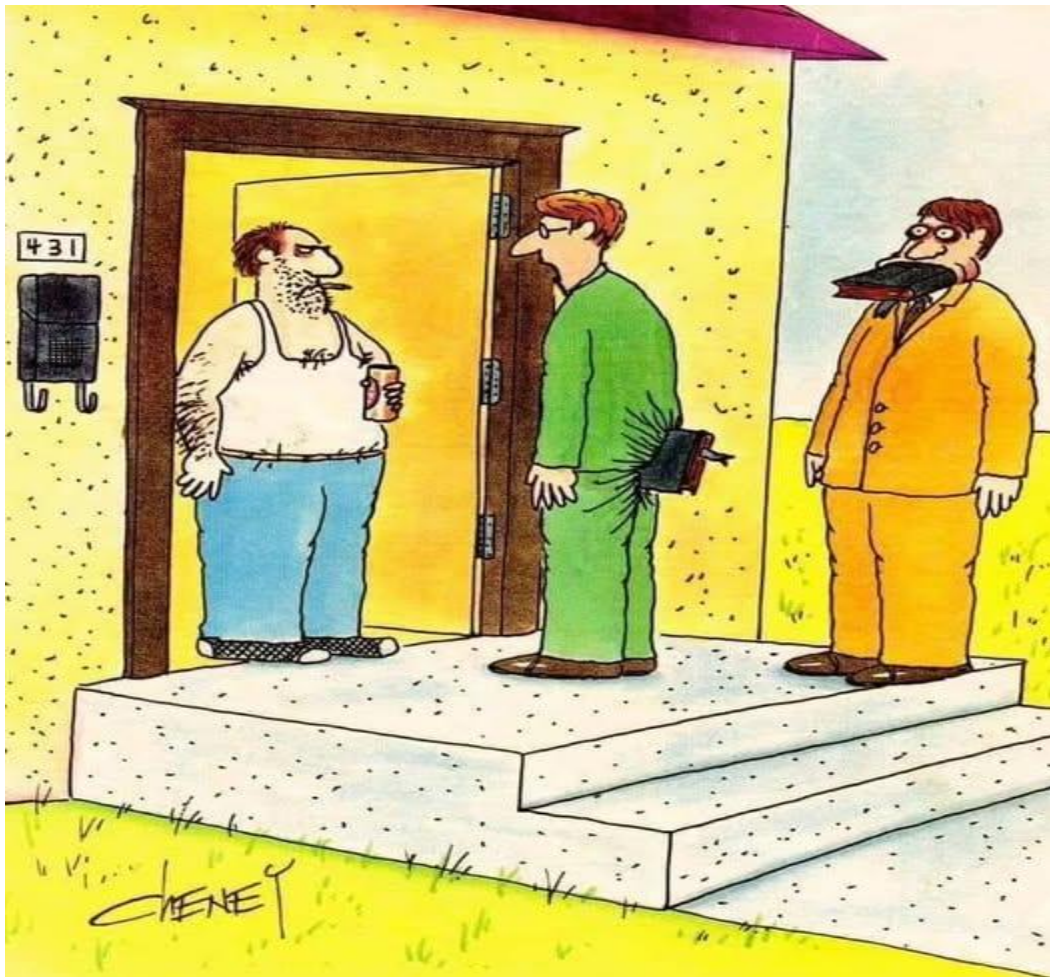
Kaykay 14
©nakedpastor.com

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAD SO MANY DEDICATED WOMEN DISCIPLES BUT WE WEREN'T INCLUDED AMONG THE 12 AND HARDLY EVEN GET MENTIONED AT ALL!!

ASK THEM.



Kaykay
©nakedpastor.com



"Does this mean you're not ready to accept Christ as your personal Savior?"



IMAGINE BEING MORE UPSET AT A BLACK MAN FOR HOLDING A SIGN SAYING "BLACK PEOPLE AREN'T APES" THAN AT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR POSTING A VIDEO SHOWING THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT AND FIRST LADY AS APES!

OCCUPY DEMOCRATS

@COVIE_93

PAY-BACKS A BITCH





James Surowiecki · 52m X

There's no question someone in the White House told Trump to call the war in Iran an "incursion," but he heard it as "excursion" and now he keeps calling it that - making the war sound like a holiday getaway - because no one around him ever corrects him when he makes a mistake.



in·cur·sion

/in'kərZHən/ • noun

an invasion or attack, especially a sudden or brief one.

Definitions from Oxford Languages



ex·cur·sion

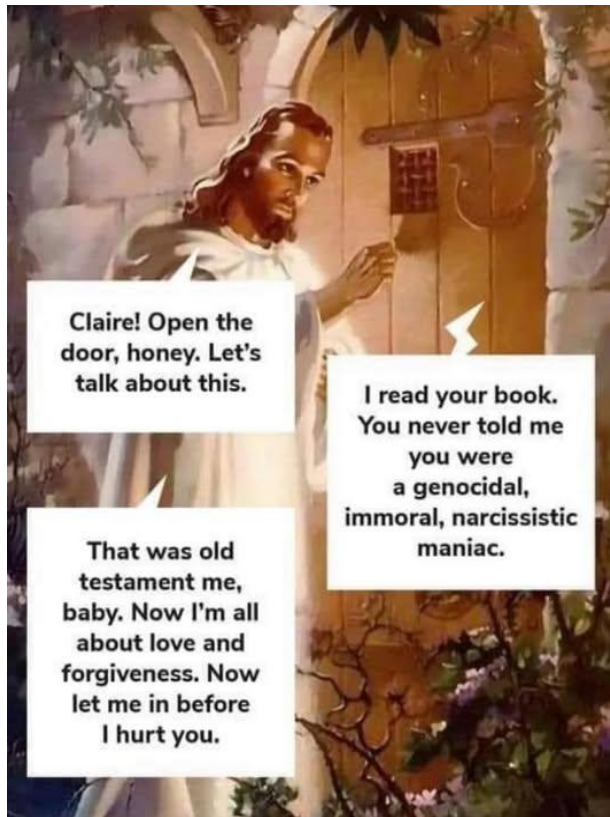
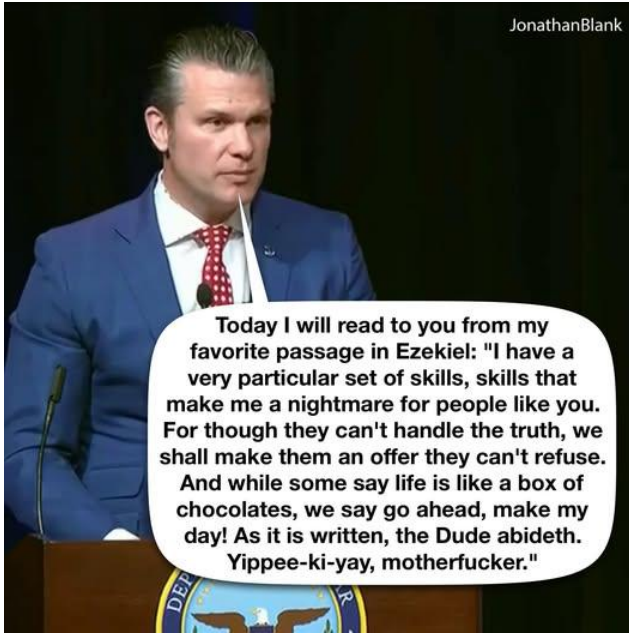
/ik'skərZHən/ • noun

a short journey or trip, especially one engaged in as a leisure activity.

Definitions from Oxford Languages



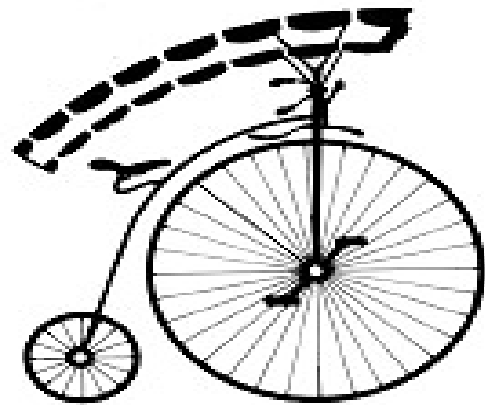
Very unserious Republicans are incapable of hurting Trump's fragile



Bible

(object)

An ancient novel full of murder, corruption, homophobia, bestiality, incest and cruelty. It is often read to children on Sunday.



BE SEEING YOU