



# Humanist Society of New Mexico



June 2012

<http://humanistsocietyofnm.org/> [zelda@amadorbooks.com](mailto:zelda@amadorbooks.com)

## Quote of the Month

Without leaps of imagination, or dreaming, we lose the excitement of possibilities. Dreaming, after all, is a form of planning.

Gloria Steinem

## HSNM Family Co-Op Alternative Children's Sunday School

Informal MeetUps: field trips, hikes, socials  
Call 505-292-4375 for more information  
or go to [www.MeetUp.com](http://www.MeetUp.com)

## Santa Fe Humanists Saturday, June 2nd, 10:30am

An Informal Discussion

*What's New in the War Against Women?*

Community Room, La Farge  
Branch of the Santa Fe Public Library,  
1730 Llano Street

For more information contact Martin Tierney  
(505) 983-5001

## HSNM Rio Rancho/Westside Group

No Meeting for June 2012

This group is open to all members of HSNM  
Contact Jerry Gilbert @ [drigilbert@aol.com](mailto:drigilbert@aol.com)  
or 505-400-9649

## Upcoming HSNM Meetings

Meetings are free and run from 10:00 to noon  
(except where noted)

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**Saturday, June 9<sup>th</sup>**

### Informal Meeting

*General Discussion starts at 10:10am*  
Restricted to Members and their Guests Only. For  
invitation please contact Zelda Gatuskin at 505-  
344-6102 for details or questions.

Refreshments: Ruth E. Frances

Summit Apartments, 3901 Indian School NE

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**Saturday, June 16<sup>th</sup>**

### Topical Discussion – Open to the Public

*Superstitions, the Supernatural and  
Fantasy*

Erna Fergusson Library, 3700 San Mateo Blvd. NE

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**Saturday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>**

### Speaker Meeting – Open to the Public

*Reports from 2012 AHA Annual Convention*  
Zelda Gatuskin, Fred March, Ashley Jordan and  
Randall Wall

Humanist Minute & Refreshments:  
Contact Roy Moody to volunteer

First Unitarian Church (Social Hall)  
3701 Carlisle NE, Albuquerque

Humanism is an ethical philosophy that derives its principles from science and reason rather than theology. It asserts the worth and dignity of every person, advocates personal liberty tempered by social and environmental responsibility, and promotes democracy, compassion, and justice. It sees human beings as natural organisms, whose values arise from culture and experience, and holds humanity responsible for its own affairs.

## **The Humanist Society of New Mexico**

A Chapter of the American Humanist Association.

The purpose of HSNM is to promote ethical, naturalistic, democratic Humanism among its members and within its community.

### **Officers/Committees**

*Zelda Gatuskin: President*

*Roy Moody: Vice President/Speaker Programs*

*Fred March: Past President/Education*

*Leland Franks: Treasurer*

*Jerry Gilbert: Secretary/Membership*

*Carolyn Kaye, Member-at-Large*

*Randall Wall, Member-at-Large*

### **Ongoing Projects:**

*Ron Herman, HSNM Family Co-op Coordinator*

*Randall Wall, Newsletter Editor*

*Attila Csanyi, Friendly Philosopher's Director*

*Sylvia Ramos, Chair, Feminist Caucus-HSNM*

Subscription to HSNM Newsletter, published monthly, accompanies HSNM membership or can be obtained by nonmembers for \$15 annually. HSNM membership is \$15/year (\$20 for two adults in the same household. Send subscription or membership request to: Humanist Society of New Mexico, P.O. Box 27293, Albuquerque, NM 87125-7293. Send Newsletter submissions to: Editor, Randall Wall, paragon2012@comcast.net or 1009 Childers NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112. The deadline for Newsletter submissions is the third Saturday of each month. Website submissions may be sent to president@humanistsocietyofnm.org. HSNM dues are now paid separately from AHA dues, visit [www.americanhumanist.org](http://www.americanhumanist.org) for more information about the American Humanist Association.

## **President Message for June 2012**

by Zelda Leah Gatuskin

"You've come a long way, baby."

Remember that one? By 1968 women had come so far that Madison Avenue designed a cigarette just for us. Since then, they have taken us on a merry romp in the "updating" of womanhood. In TV and movies, we have seen our roles transformed. Where once the female role was to provide utilitarian set decoration - a buxom girl with a steno pad off in the corner or a nurse poised prettily two paces behind the wealthy male patient or distinguished doctor - women characters began to take center stage in boardrooms, courtrooms and, of course, bedrooms.

Hollywood had it all figured out: If a good looking woman looked good on the periphery of the action, imagine how she'd look in a tight dress and high heels pleading the case center stage. And when the bound-and-gagged, ripped-bodice, helpless, virginal-but-damned-sexy victim character wore thinner than the nightie she was invariably abducted in, she could be replaced with the even more scintillating spandex-clad cat-woman character, whose punches and leg kicks showed off her curves. Over time, the female super-hero or anti-hero has "evolved" to the degree that she is also freely shown *being* hit herself. The violence in both directions has become more real, leaving the heroine looking much like the old image of victim - bruised, cut, bloody and barely dressed.

Violence, torture and death are inescapable themes in mass media entertainment. Whether consciously devised or not, our TVs provide an effective regimen of desensitization to every kind of destruction and horror. Spend half an hour surfing channels (you'll get plenty of movie trailers and video game ads in the mix too) and you may come away with PTSD from all the shooting, burning, bombing, slashing, crashing, stalking, dissecting, threatening and torturing you will be exposed to. The big breakthrough for women is that now the female characters get to be on both sides of the abuse, as well as in the lab tracking down the rapists' DNA.

Some of you will not know what I'm talking about or will think it does not concern you. You do not own TVs, or don't watch TV, or you watch only the most elevated fare. Perhaps you have turned away from TV for the very reason I point out - the abusive nature of the

relationship. So you have freed yourselves. But can you afford to ignore the situation altogether? The merging of political speech, current events reporting, celebrity gossip and entertainment has implications for our democracy. Who has the ear of the electorate? What is their agenda? If it is not political, is "just making money" any more benign?

I applaud those who have taken a stand against excessive screens in their lives, but we have to remember that our turning off and tuning out the mass culture delivery devices does not make the message or the messengers go away. We have to keep creating our own messages and demanding space for them in the public forum. And we have to bring an informed and astute critique to the table - something more than a disdainful shudder at what others subject themselves to.

Media literacy is a fascinating interdisciplinary field of study that combines the arts and sciences, politics, economics and culture. It teaches us to deconstruct the language, imagery and production techniques of mass media. The skills are readily learned and easily shared; and once those faculties of critical observation are engaged, they quickly develop into habit. Pulling aside the curtain won't necessarily stop the fantasy-generating machine, but it will diminish the power that those fantasies, and their creators, wield over us.

### **Speaker Meeting Moves to UU for the Summer**

While the Law School is undergoing renovations in June, July and August, we will be holding our 4th Saturday Speaker meetings in the First Unitarian Church social hall at 3701 Carlisle NE (SW corner of Carlisle & Commanche).

### **New Mexico Press Women Journalism Competition**

Zelda Gatuskin's "President's Message" placed 2nd for Columns-General, one of many categories in the NMPW 2012 competition for women in print media. Winners were announced on May 5 at the awards banquet in Santa Fe. Another of our HSNM members, Ruth Francis, won 2nd place for her short story in the collection, "Voices of New Mexico," published by Rio Grande Books. Complete list of winners at <http://newmexicopresswomen.org>.

### **HSNM at Children's Fair**

By Ron Herman, Children's School Coordinator

On the weekend of May 5<sup>th</sup> we had the chance to talk to young families with children about Humanism. A Children's Fair was held at the Balloon Museum at the north end of Albuquerque. Our president, Zelda Gatuskin, arranged for the Family Cooperative, our

Humanist children's Sunday school, to have a table there. That Museum is a wonderful place, and we were there with a whole circle of children's authors in the glass-walled rotunda upstairs. (What a view!) Other activities like face-painting, large-scale coloring, dance, and big-bird displays were set up in other areas of the Museum.

At our table, we displayed books by Humanists and pamphlets and fliers about our school. The event coordinator, Jill Lane with Lucky Paws, used a fun game to get every family to stop at every table. She issued New Mexico "passports" (as some easterners might expect) for the kids to get stamped or signed to get tickets to win prizes. Great idea. That made every family stop at least for a minute to check out our information. I made a point of telling every child or parent about our school, occasionally directing their attention to Dale McGowan's books, *Parenting Beyond Belief* and *Raising Freethinkers*.

I also had books there by Richard Dawkins, Sam Harris, and the late Harry Willson, including his enlightening *Freedom From God*. Probably a fourth of the hundreds of parents who visited knew a little about Humanism and were mildly interested, and a few had heard about our school. However, no one signed up on the spot, and no one bought any books. In fact, it seemed that the other authors sold very few, as well. As Harry used to say, "Today there are more authors than readers." The recession and work pressures are obviously taking a toll on these young people. But it was still fun for all, and a great opportunity to increase awareness of Humanism and to talk with parents and authors.

Twice each day I joined some of the other vendors in reading children's books to the kids, gathering them together in the center of the rotunda. I chose *There is a Purple Dragon in my Washing Machine* by Raul Martinez Suzarte, who serves on the board of directors for the American Humanist Association. His book has both English and Spanish text, and it portrays a father and son discussing an imaginary monster who is friendly but devious, apparently eating a sock in the washing machine every now and then. The dad tells his son the mythology that has grown around these mysterious events. (Get it?) The kids enjoyed it, and one even asked me to read a book he had just bought from a 10-year old author there. It was a fun time, and on the next occasion like this I hope we can have more of our young parents there to read stories, sing songs, and demonstrate some magic or science principles.

At one point I was confronted by a young father and his friend who wanted to tell me about their form of Christianity, a home fellowship. They seemed surprised

that everyone does not see the world the way they do. I was not particularly interested in engaging in a religious debate in that setting, but of course it was difficult to not get drawn in. It remained a civil discussion, but I was surprised at how confrontational they were. I had merely made some literature available and visually presented our principles on a poster board, but they seemed obliged to attack those ideas.

They started by saying we couldn't possibly accept the morality of just anyone, like a Zulu tribe that practices human sacrifice. I said of course we wouldn't; we don't need the Bible to tell us that is wrong. Of course it didn't occur to them that they were accepting a religion started by Bronze Age Hebrew tribal leaders who would sacrifice a child, if ordered to do so by their God. Nor did it occur to them that if a Zulu came to the US, he would not be able to conduct a human sacrifice, because even religious people have to abide by our civil laws.

Then there was the argument that all the natural beauty around us must have been created by "someone." And, of course, God had "cured" one of them of drug addiction, so that is proof of His existence, power, and goodness. I probably was not very effective at countering their points, but I was not intent on doing so. At least they know now that there are people who don't accept their premises.

By the way, our children's school is taking a summer break with only field trips and hikes. If you would like to join us in those, let me know. We plan to resume classes in the Fall, especially if we can attract some older children to our program.

## **Where Does Love Begin?**

by P. DeRose

Where does love begin? I know it doesn't begin in the brain because, no matter how smart one is, no matter what the IQ, love can smack one in the back of the head like a 2 x 4. It defies all logic and reason and can turn a normally intelligent person into a dithering, babbling idiot who has little or no control over the emotions it generates. Ask anyone who is in love his or her reasons. If they are capable of any response at all, it will be so vague as to leave you wondering if they've lost their mind. No, it doesn't begin in the brain, but it sure has a profound effect upon it.

Perhaps it begins in the heart. People have always thought so. Our hearts certainly beat faster when we even think of our beloved. We give boxes of chocolate-filled satin hearts as gifts to those we love. Valentine cards are covered with flowery and lacy hearts and we

all have felt that "Achey-Breaky Heart" feeling when we've suffered the loss of a love. But the heart is merely a powerful muscle, designed to pump blood through our arteries to keep us. Those who have had heart transplants will tell you that they still love the same people they loved before the surgery. They have not suddenly changed the objects of their affection to those whom their donors lived. No, it's hardly likely that love begins in the heart, despite the folklore to the contrary.

How about the soul? Is that where love begins? That might be but, since the existence of the soul itself is in question, how could such a powerful emotion be generated in something that might not even be there?

So, the question remains... where does love begin? I don't have the answer and I don't think I ever will. I do know that the beloved becomes imprinted somehow on every cell in one's body. There is little that we say or do that does not involve thoughts of the one we love. Will he or she like or dislike, approve or disapprove, accept or reject our actions or words. Love becomes an all-pervasive, all-encompassing, all-consuming emotion, coloring our entire lives, making us think more of the welfare of the beloved than of our own, resulting in a selflessness which astounds and amazes even oneself.

Where does love begin? It doesn't really matter, after all. What it does is more important. Despite the emotional pain it can sometimes cause, we continue to love and to seek love. It is an inexplicable feeling, over which one has little or no control, but which can control us. I've been told by some that love is NOT a feeling but is a decision. I certainly have not found this to be true. Too many people, myself included, have found themselves deeply in love with someone without having ever made a conscious decision to do so. It comes as a complete surprise and sometimes we would never have decided to fall in love with that particular person, had we had anything at all to say about the matter.

Enjoy love... revel in it... bask in its warmth... and, if and when the pain begins, allow yourself to feel that too. You probably won't learn anything from it, but it is as much a part of the fabric from which we are woven, as is the love which engendered it, and it doesn't matter a whit where it all began.

[Shared at the May Topical Meeting on the topic of: *Do we choose whom we love, or is it something beyond our control?*]

## Adventures with Ed: A Portrait of Abbey

Reviewed by Donald Gutierrez

Desert, April 24 2002

*Adventures With Ed: A Portrait of Abbey*, as its author, Jack Loeffler, points out, is not a biography of his close friend Edward Abbey, but a “biographical memoir.” This is a meaningful distinction because it allows Loeffler more flexibility in relating his impressions and memories of his many years hiking, river-running and sharing ideas and hundreds of campfires with the famous, controversial author and eco-activist. Loeffler's title is suggestive because, as he frequently shows, knowing Abbey, let alone being his best friend, was an adventure in more ways than one. It could lead to extraordinary travel and hiking experiences, vivid exchanges while driving, hiking or camping, exchange of ideas and emotions (twice leading to fisticuffs) and a horsing-around, “Old-Buddy,” beer-drinking camaraderie that appears to have been inspiring and sometimes hilarious to both men but can occasionally get tedious reading about.

*Adventures* is divided into two “Parts,” the first, more biographical than the second, ending in 1970. The second part, comprising almost two-thirds of the book, covers the period from 1970 to Abbey's death in 1989, and includes large sections of the trips (to areas like Comb Ridge, Utah, Big Bend National Park, Texas, Sonoran Desert in Mexico), hikes and exchanges of ideas between Abbey and Loeffler, as well as important quotes from Abbey's journals, lectures and work. The date 1970 marks both the death from leukemia of Abbey's third wife, Judy Pepper, and Abbey's intense awareness of the threat to wilderness symbolized by the building and presence of the Glen Canyon Dam, which Loeffler aptly describes as the “symbol of the prevailing cultural paradigm of turning habitat into money” (105). The dam, of course, created Lake Powell and destroyed through flooding what Abbey and others regarded as one of the most beautiful stretches of wilderness in the world.

*Adventures* brings Abbey fully alive both as an individual, an iconoclastic thinker and prankster, and a key inspirer to environmental activism. One shortcoming in *Adventures*, however, is an insufficiently critical attitude towards its subject. Though Loeffler frequently mentions Abbey's rampant promiscuity and even quotes Abbey's own despairing sense of and puzzlement by it, he doesn't analyze or censure it. Probably the memoir character of the book and the author's relation to Abbey become factors here; one doesn't want to belabor in print the flaws of one's best

friend (though he does mention Abbey's habit of throwing empty beer bottles out on highways while driving). Yet, as even Abbey himself admits that, though he hates cruelty, he was cruel to his wives, the reader naturally would like to hear more about that, not out of morbid curiosity but out of interest in this character flaw in a man whose life energy was devoted to valiantly fighting against extreme government and corporation cruelty to the natural environment.

Abbey's attitude towards (especially Mexican) illegal immigration has created controversy. Loeffler claims several times that Abbey was not a racist, citing, for example, Abbey's support of the compassionate Tucson Sanctuary Movement and his having Mexican friends. Abbey doesn't strike me as a racist either but he almost sounds like one in remarking in his essay “Immigration and Liberal Taboos” (in *One Life At A Time, Please*) that (apparently) Mexicans are a “morally- genetically impoverished people” (43). One of the engaging qualities about *Adventures* is the way Loeffler frequently stands up to Abbey, reminding the latter when he complains about the alleged welfare free-loading of minorities that Abbey is buying beer with *his* welfare checks.

Nevertheless, Abbey's general outspokenness was part and parcel of his strength and character; it was not only his speaking mind that was (and is) important but speaking out in ways that were invaluable audacious and liberating to others. Loeffler does indicate several times Abbey's justly grave concern about the world's catastrophically excessive population growth and its relation to the immigration problem in America and to the perilous deterioration of the urban and natural environment. Still, Loeffler could have probed the contentious issue of Abbey's stand on immigration more than he does.

In reading Abbey's books, one encounters a high-spirited comedic, iconoclastic and morally wrathful mind and personality. This comes across continually and vividly in *Adventures*. As editor of a University of New Mexico student literary magazine, Abbey put the following mot on its masthead: “Man will not be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest! -- signed, Louisa May Alcott.” (36). The quote, actually from Voltaire (as Loeffler indicates), was considered in poor taste by some. Whether in poor taste or a good idea, that stunt was a presage of more to come from libertarian Abbey.

“Alcott's” provocation suggests one of the major elements in *Adventures*, Abbey's anarchism, a position hardly surprising, considering Abbey's fierce sense of independence and his strong attachment to ideals of self-reliance, autonomy and anti-authoritarianism. Early in

the book, Loeffler states that Abbey “would come to be regarded by some as the most important anarchist thinker in America during the last half of the twentieth century”(41). Abbey possessed a sophisticated sense and knowledge of anarchism, writing a master’s thesis of the history of 19th century anarchism at UNM. Sensibly, he knew that achieving an anarchist society completely would be unlikely, as that “requires that all men and women be utterly responsible in their self direction” (56).

What is outstanding about Abbey’s anarchism, as Loeffler underscores, is its originality. Abbey was one of the key minds in 20th century America to integrate traditional anarchist concepts with radical environmentalist activism, or eco-anarchism. As Loeffler puts it, “He/Abbey was trekking beyond anarchist tradition by perceiving that the land itself was bound by the long arm of centralized government and had therefore lost its freedom to exist as wildlife habitat” (86). Another valuable aspect of Abbey’s anarchism and work is his typically American satiric jocular and his personae of “good-old-boy,” curmudgeon and hell-raising desert rat, qualities one would not readily find in the writings or personality of William Godwin, Errico Malatesta, Emma Goldman, or Sir Herbert Read, but embodying a protective toughness against the massive power, humorlessness and violence of his institutional adversaries.

Abbey’s eco-anarchism leads to one of the most stunning passages in *Adventures*. Earlier in the book, one reads about a visionary experience Abbey once underwent in Death Valley (“Everything was alive. Even the rocks. I was part of it”— 242). This experience culminates intellectually in a lecture he gave at St. Johns College in Santa Fe where he urges that wilderness is “worth saving for its own sake” (127). What comes next is an extraordinary passage of monistic thinking (which follows his persuasive polemic against human over populating):

*Rocks have rights... Is it not possible that rocks, hills and mountains, and the great physical body of the Earth itself may enjoy a sentience, a form of consciousness which we humans cannot perceive only because of the vastly different time scales involved? For example, the mind of a mountain may be as powerful and profound as that of Buddha, Plato, Spinoza, Whitehead and Einstein. Say that a mountain takes 5,000,000 of our human... years to produce a single thought. But what a grand thought that single thought must be.* (127)

This is not lunacy. The idea, better, the *sense* of the earth as a living, sentient being not only goes back to the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers but often resides in the sensibility of poets, artists and creative people generally.

D. H. Lawrence, who Abbey regarded as a “bad” writer (along with Aeschylus, Sophocles, Dante and others) also harbored monistic tendencies in his work, as this necessarily brief quote from one of his last travel books, *Etruscan Places*, indicates: “The cosmos was alive, like a vast creature. The whole thing breathed and stirred... The cosmos was one...but it was made up of creatures. And the greatest creature was earth, with its soul of inner fire” (49)

Lawrence’s monistic sense of the earth, though awesomely vitalist, is not blended with a libertarian ethic and polity, as Abbey’s is. Thus, Abbey had a philosophic, even spiritual, base to his eco-anarchism which reveals the depth and intensity of his dedication to protecting the earth from corporate and government predators, a position to which Loeffler is also devoted.

Abbey, elaborating his ideas on anarchism, felt that the best way to defend wilderness against corporate rapacity (aided by Washington) was through the keystone anarchist concept of decentralization. As Loeffler puts it, “Decentralization could lead to a more balanced communal way of life with minimal impact on the environment, especially if human populations were gradually reduced through natural attrition to an optimum rather than a maximum level. In this way, human community could evolve socially and economically to accommodate the needs of the land and the larger biotic community.” (128)

An ethical concern in anarchist theory is the issue of violence (Peter Kropokin, for example, at first supporting, then later in life, opposing it). The average person’s notion of anarchism is solitary men with heavy black moustaches and large, black hats hurling bombs; if, however, that were an accurate definition, America, England, etc. would be colossal anarchists--moustache or no moustache. Abbey addressed this problem in his Master’s thesis: “Violence in itself is an evil, granted; but unless one takes up a pacifist position... all those who are concerned with good and evil... may someday find themselves confronted with that critical situation in which all moral alternatives have been eliminated... but two: passive submission to unquestioned wrong, or the exercise of violence” (57). Abbey’s stand on violence seems not to have changed over the years. In a journal entry written perhaps around the time he wrote *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, he urged that a time comes when one has to leave the workplace and “meet the enemy face to face” (175). Abbey apparently did his share of yanking surveyor markers and burning billboards but his closest approximation to the German anarchist Johann Most’s *The Deed* was writing *Gang*, which the libertarian literary scholar Kingsley Widmer has called an “intended handbook of trouble-making” Intended or

not, that novel certainly helped ignite the radical activism of organizations like Earth First!

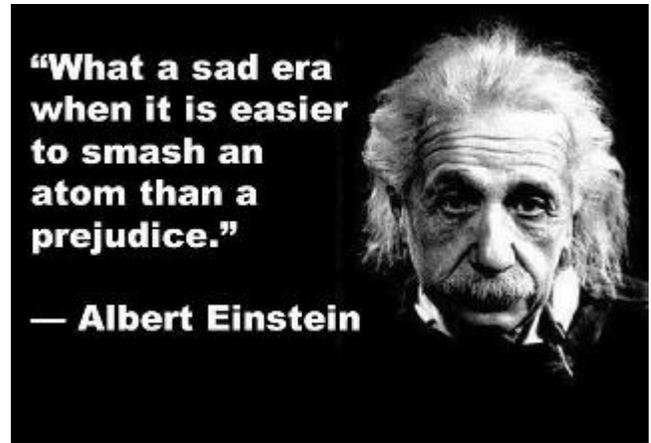
Both Abbey and Earth First! felt that violence committed by eco-activists to protect the earth from the developers was ethically justified—so long as no one was injured by it. The real violence, they felt, was committed by the construction of dams like Glen Canyon, and by the mega-corporation poisoning and savaging of earth, air and water. This is a position hardly outdated in our time, considering the Bush administration's drastic deregulatory policies towards the environment, and its love affair with the energy and extractive industries.

As for the literary quality of *Gang* itself, Loeffler quotes Abbey as worrying that all his major characters in the novel sound alike, indeed, sound like him (accurate criticism both, surely). But that raises the question of whether fiction is best as fine writing investigating the labyrinths of mind and character, or as compelling narrative embodying important social or activist values. The novel can be a magically deep well or an electrifying spark to activism. Would one throw out Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* because it is not Henry James' *The Golden Bowl* (or vice versa?). Abbey felt the novel should not reflect but re-shape reality; good and bad fiction have been written out of both fiction esthetics.

One of the most moving episodes in *Adventures* concerns Abbey's dying, death and early attitudes towards dying. Abbey emphatically did not want to die in a hospital assaulted by its barrage of artificial life-sustainers that undercut one's dignity. He wanted instead "A Re-union with the elements of Earth and sky"—76 (that Abbey monism again!). Loeffler and Abbey promise each other that whoever dies first, the other will assure him an appropriate kind of death. Not only is this promise kept by Loeffler, Abbey's last wife, Clarke, and others, but is done so in a manner faithful to the early commitment of the two close friends, a commitment combined with Abbey's fantasies about having a "useful" death, such as taking out Glen Canyon Dam in a boat filled with dynamite.

Although Loeffler's book is enriched by photographs spanning Abbey's life and a sizable index, it unfortunately lacks drawings of the jaunts made by Abbey and Loeffler and of Abbey's favorite haunts in Arizona and southern Utah. *Adventures* will not only be of great interest to Abbey fans but provides a generally attractive and intimate introduction to the man and his passions and ideas. At the beginning of *Gang*, Abbey quotes Walt Whitman's "Resist much, Obey little." No one would have urged the acute relevance of that libertarian maxim in the increasingly

authoritarian/plutocratic rule of Washington/Wall Street more forcefully than Edward Abbey. *Adventures* gets that message across effectively.



### **Spring Walk**

by Jean O'Hara, May, 1994

This morning I took a walk  
It was not around the park but to hear a talk.  
The talk came from a piece of paper  
Not from a tongue that was a rapier.  
It had to do with something future  
Not a slam that required a suture.  
Baseball is coming in season  
It is hard to walk a slam that is the reason.  
Fresh air with baseball and games  
Increases Spirit and loosens chains.  
If you walk and don't run  
One receives, then, has more fun.  
So, the raison d'etre is  
Walk and mind your own biz.

### **Letter to the Editor**

Randy, I'm sorry I gave you my Sex Education poem over the phone. Just shows how lazy I've become in my old age. If you have room to try again, I'd like it published like this.

### **Sex Education**

There was an old woman  
who lived in a shoe  
Had so many children  
Didn't know what to do

The question I would ask is this  
Why wasn't she told before her  
First kiss?

Laverne Rison

[Laverne's new phone number is (505) 263-3614. She would like everyone to know she is still 'in circulation']

### Remembering Sidney Stone, With a Smile

Sidney's daughter Susan sent a batch of jokes in memory of Sidney reading "all those silly jokes & puns that I'd send him at your Sat. meetings and everyone would roll their eyes and quietly suffer thru them knowing that Dad was enjoying himself so much!" Here's a small sample:

-- *How do you make holy water? Boil the hell out of it!*

-- *I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me!*

-- *What does a clock do when it's hungry? It goes back four seconds.*

### Let's Lighten Up

There were two ministers who met each Sunday morning riding to their particular church. They both enjoyed riding the bikes and talking. Then one Sunday one of the ministers was walking. "My what happened to your bike?"

"Can you believe that someone in my congregation stole it?"

"NO!," then an idea struck him, " You want to know how to get your bike back?"

"Yeah."

"Next Sunday give a fire and brimstone sermon on the Ten Commandments and when you get to the part about Thou shalt not steal, just look out into the congregation and see who looks guilty."

Well the next Sunday the minister comes riding up on his bike.

"Hey I see my suggestion worked."

"Well sort of, I was going along real good on the Ten Commandments and when I got to the part about Adultery I remembered where I left the bike."

### First Unitarian HUumanist Group, 7pm

June 12<sup>th</sup>, 7pm to 8:30pm

Social Hall, First Unitarian Universalist Church,  
3701 Carlisle Blvd. NE

Open to both Religious and Secular Humanists

Meets the second Tuesday of each month

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### The Atheists and Freethinkers of New Mexico

<http://atheists.meetup.com/75>

**Sunday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 9am**

Albuquerque Center for Peace and Justice,  
202 Harvard SE

**Tuesday, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 6:30pm**

Social Meeting at 6:30pm at Mimi's Cafe, 4316  
The 25 Way, Near Jefferson and I-25

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### Roswatheists

Saturday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 2:45pm

Saturday, June 23<sup>rd</sup> 2:45pm

Starbucks

1309 N. Main Street, Roswell, NM

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### Friendly Philosophers

**Monday, June 4<sup>th</sup> - General Discussion**

**Monday, June 18<sup>th</sup>**

*Centenary Year of Alan Turing, visionary father of  
computer science. Video documentary  
Attila Csanyi*

*Copper Canyon Restaurant, 5455 Gibson (opposite  
Lovelace Hospital) in conference dining room.  
Dinner at 5:30; talk follows.*