

# Excerpts from the December 2000 MIND

The Newsletter of

[Central Indiana Mensa](#)

**After Viewing, Please Close This Window To Return**

[Click here to see this month's cover.](#)

[Back to main newsletter page](#)

Kudos to Robin Bethel for typing this issue in electronic format.

## **PUBLISHING STATEMENT**

Central Indiana Mensa, a Local Group of American Mensa Ltd., publishes MIND monthly. Mensa, a not-for-profit organization open to all persons scoring in the 98th percentile on a standardized intelligence test, neither endorses nor opposes the opinions reported in MIND, which remain those of the individual contributors.

## **CONTRIBUTION GUIDELINES**

MIND accepts contributions from all interested parties, with preference for publication going to members of Central Indiana Mensa. Contributions should reach the Editor's postal box **50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250** at least twenty days before the 1st day of the publication month. Materials must take the form of **legible written copy and/or camera-ready art. Please do not submit items on magnetic media.** Contributions may undergo editing for length and to eliminate patently offensive remarks, including personal attacks. The Editor must know the name of any contributor before publication; however, he will withhold that name from the public on request.

## **MIND ON TAPE**

MIND is available on audio tape for those with low vision. Persons qualified for free mailing of audio material under Postal Manual Parts 135.7 and 138 may send a blank 60-minute cassette to the Editor for a recording of articles and features of the current month's MIND.

## **REPRINT INFORMATION**

Mensa publications may freely reprint material in MIND. Please send a copy of the issue with the reprinted material to the MIND Editor. If a piece bears an individual copyright, obtain permission from the author before reprinting.

## **ADVERTISING**

MIND accepts paid advertising; contact Editor for current rates. Minimum run is three issues. MIND will not knowingly publish ads containing misleading information; however, it is not responsible for enforcing compliance of the contract between advertiser and customer.

## **MIND STAFF**

**Managing Editor:** George Dunn, PO Box 50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250

**Calendar Editor:** Marion Harcourt

**Proofreaders:** Rhoda Israelov, Russ Washburne, Dom Jervis

**Publisher:** Nancy White

---

This is Volume 35, Issue Number 12, December 2000

---



---

## CONTENTS

December, 2000

The [Editor's Page](#) the last of the Millennium.

### [LocSection.](#)

Essays on **The New Millennium**

[Dom Jervis](#)

[Jud Horning](#)

[George Dunn](#)

### [Letters.](#)

[Curmudgeon](#)

[To Keep in MIND](#) (Upcoming RGs).

**Calendar**, by Marion Harcourt.

[Basil](#): 159 Claus Wits XII.

[Map to the Washburnes'](#)

[Richmond UnGathering ad](#)

[MINDBending](#) Honor Roll.

Bulletin Board

---

## MY PIECE OF MIND

GEORGE DUNN

Well, well: the final column of the Twentieth Century/Second Millenium; seems like I should write something profound.

Okay, I write this as I watch one of the most excruciating Presidential elections in history (score 242-each at 1 am) and reflect on the embarrassing fact that in the case of the CIM "president" or LocSec, we can't give the job away.

Obviously, there are enormous practical differences between a \$400,000 a year position with perks exceeding those of ordinary human imagination and an unpaid and generally unappreciated paperwork job in a small and loosely organized social club. However, there is this much in common: no matter the size of the pack, there is always a spot for the Top Dog.

We've got a crisis here, folks, and it's going to be solved. The only question is how. It could be as simple as a change of title or it could be as fundamental as the AMC sending our treasury to Chicago.

Awright. Enough preaching; either you've gotten the point or you really don't care. Let's talk about something upbeat.

Year's end is always a good time to recognize and thank folks who've contributed to the enterprise. While many people have supported CIM, I'm only mentioning here those who helped the MIND.

First and foremost is John Wentworth, known as Basil, who has provided a timely monthly set of limericks for more than **ten years!** Basil is the sort of

contributor that editors dream of.

Of second rank, but still very worthy, is Dom Jervis, who has faithfully responded to almost every monthly theme and submitted imaginative fiction besides.

Mention should be made of our Calendar Editor, Marion Harcourt, who provides MIND with the one really essential communication to the members. Marion retires that duty with this issue, which will be assumed in January by - Dom Jervis!

Several people have helped prepare the MIND for mailing, and their names are routinely listed in each issue. A few of them, however, have been especially reliable: Dave A., Dom Jervis and Nancy White, who is also the publisher (post office contact). Essential to MINDBending is a place to do it and my thanks to *all* our hosts and hostesses, but especially Alison Brown, Rhoda Israelov, Marcele Everest and Russ and Shirley Washburne.

Finally, thanks to all those who wrote Letters to the Editor, whether they endorsed or abhorred something they saw on these pages. It's as a forum for the members that a newsletter rises above the level of a mouthpiece for the management.

If I left anybody out, and of course I did, please accept my apologies. It's in the nature of memory. Have some ideas clearer than others, and anyone might have done real service without making much of an impression doing it. My gratitude, and those of the MINDreaders, surely, to the unsung as sincerely as those named above.

---

## **Not the LOCSECTION**

**George Dunn**

Yes, once again, there is no LocSec's column, and for the same reason as before: no LocSec.

Well, fortunately - or not; you decide - I'm a few editorial columns ahead and can devote one to fill this space.

### **WHY DO MENSANS BECOME INACTIVE?**

My friend Greg and I were recently in the Chicago area looking at a private sale of some leatherbound books. OK, Greg was buying the books and I was chatting with the seller's wife. She turned out to be a rather remarkable woman: she was International President of a society based in the Far East and conversant on a wide variety of topics, including the P.E.R.N. fantasy series, so it was more or less inevitable that I would mention that she ought to be in Mensa. "Oh, I was," she riposted, "Didn't care for it."

As it came out, several members of her immediate family were either ex-Mensans or Mensa eligibles, (Her daughter had recently won a half-million bucks on that Regis Philbin show.) but there was not one active M or regular meeting attendee among them. It might bear noting that these people were in the Chicago Mensa area, so it's not as though they couldn't find an activity.

The answer, at least for this woman, was a simple one: the other Mensans were mopes. In her opinion, they spent most of their time telling each other (and her) how underappreciated they were in school, in families, in jobs. Now,

before you protest, let me do it for you: 1) this woman had personal accomplishments that might make her a little elitist; 2) a lot of us *really did* get stiffed as bright children, entry-level employees and social/romantic partners. That said, there's still a lot of merit to the observation that many Mensans present themselves as victims of society rather than as Nature's more gifted members.

Consider: Mensans come in all conditions, but many of them are not active because they have *something else to do* that is personally fulfilling; that leaves a certain core of Ms for whom Mensa is their *only* achievement. We should not despise these people, but we shouldn't cater to them, either. If you catch yourself nodding in agreement to one of the "oppression-by-mundanes" stories, or worse, telling one yourself, stop and reflect on who might be listening.

We don't need relentlessly smiling faces or constant "happy news," but we do need to be on guard for excessive whining. Mensa must not simply be a pity party for underachievers; that drives people away. Instead, let's focus more on our varied interests, our dreams, our plans, our theories, discoveries, hopes and pleasures; that's the sort of stuff people stick around for.

---

## Dom Jervis

### The Dawn of a New Age

Had human behavior evolved as exponentially as technology has in recent years, wars, civil disobedience and even intergender strife would be isolated occurrences. Sadly, these phenomena seem to have become pandemic, and increasingly intense. The reasons for this are as complex as the psyche of each individual, multiplied times the population of the community involved, be it the world, a city, or even a local chapter of Mensa. However, one theme recurs as an explanation for this erosion in interpersonal relations. This is the loss of accountability.

From a consultant who suggests a noble, but impractical, recommendation to a serial killer who blames childhood abuse, people no longer seem to be answerable for their actions. Rationalizations of even the most bizarre behavior have become the new social art form. If we are to move into the new millennium with optimistic hopes for ourselves and for future generations, this must stop!

For example, my article in the December 1999 MIND, on Y2K, states "...I wish we could publicly censure those who predicted the end of our world as we know it, and made money on people's fears by doing it." Many would-be soothsayers were exposed as hucksters with nothing more than an overactive imagination and a dubious gift for emulating Chicken Little. Yet, they profited lucratively by unconscionably instilling unwarranted fear in the public. They should be compelled to answer for their actions, and their credibility should be quashed forever. The media could do this, but they won't, since Y2K hysteria helped sell their product, as well.

From those who failed to keep their word, to those who exercised authority without responsibility, people who evaded accountability have victimized every one of us. We cannot change the past, but we can control our destiny. Rather than wallow in theoretical conjecture, I invite you to join me in tangibly, pragmatically implementing such an initiative.

We have an opportunity to hold to the fire the feet of a group of people who have the unilateral authority to make decisions that affect all of us, our

National Office (NO).

It is no secret that we have had difficulty enticing, coercing, or blackmailing someone to step in as our LocSec. While I did consider it, I realized that family and work obligations precluded my having the necessary time to do the job properly. From my April 1999 article on Honor, "Choose your commitments carefully, but live up to them all. Otherwise, people will remember the time you failed..." Rather than serve inadequately, I would opt not to serve at all.

Whether this is rumor or reality, it has been indicated that the NO could defrock Central Indiana Mensa as a chapter, solely for failing to name a LocSec. As absurd as this is, I can believe that the NO would try to pull such a stunt. Here, my friends, is where we can draw a line in the sand.

While to some (though not to me), Clint Eastwood's classic, "Go ahead. Make my day." might seem a trifle strong, I would invite the NO to try to justify decertifying us for this trivial administrative omission. If it can't offer anything more than the perfunctory, bureaucratic blatherings of our lame-duck RVC (Well, what do your bylaws say? Well, you have to have a LocSec.), let the NO take the next step. What would it do? Make us a sub-group of 69-member Fort Wayne or 56-member Evansville? They have their own problems, and couldn't even think about serving a group the size of ours.

Would we become a sub-group of Chicago? It might like that, since adding 422 members would instantly catapult it to the #1 Group Ranking. However, I do not believe it would last, for I would envision an Exodus the magnitude of which would require a seance with Carl Sagan to quantify. If done *en masse*, the NO could lose more than \$20,000 in annual dues. Would it be willing to do that, just to push its power trip? I doubt it. Money does talk! I would be willing to actively participate in a campaign to tell the NO that, if it does this, we'll walk. Of course, before it could get its grubby little mitts on our Treasury, I would propose that we spend it on The Mother of All Parties!

Personally, I would not accept the stepchild treatment to which we could look forward. MIND would, no doubt, be history, and that would only be the beginning. At that point, much of my precious little free time would then become available to Intertel and ISPE (both of whose dues are less than Mensa's) even before I let my membership lapse. My friendships from CIM would not cease. The NO cannot control us to that extent.

Your ExCom is fully capable of providing a mail recipient/document signer to the NO. In lieu of a LocSec, s/he could simply be a Contact Person. We can parcel out the LocSec's duties amongst ourselves. Crises could be resolved by ExCom consensus or vote. Other, less critical matters could be handled by empowering the complainant (Why don't we have (insert the name of any arcane comestible here) at our Monthly Meetings? Bring some! We'll reimburse you.") Just think, this could be the coming-out party for the working model of the Libertarian government! The point, my friends, is that the answer does not lie in a trivial, dogmatic degree from bureaucrats who would ballyhoo *ad nauseam* about what is a problem only to them, but have no clue as to how to solve it themselves, and who care less about your concerns than does your ExCom.

What better way could Central Indian Mensa start the **real** new millennium, and perhaps take a major step toward the revitalization of our chapter (crises do bring people together), than by standing up the NO, telling it that **we** are "the owners of the company," and by holding it accountable for the fact that it serves us, not vice versa? Perhaps it will learn not to let its mouth write a check its butt can't cash.

---

# LETTERS

## YET MORE ON "RABBI LARRY"

Dear Editor:

I cannot believe how far off you were concerning the points in my letter [Nov 00 - Ed]points that I thought were rather obvious. First, identifying myself as Catholic was done for the purpose of implying that I might possibly be more dispassionate than someone who was Jewish. Though I realize that this might not be necessarily so. Second, I know very well that Rhoda was not referring to Ann Landers. I believe she was referring to Dr. Laura, who has been smeared and pilloried because of her views on homosexuality and I was criticizing Rhoda for piling on. Third, I know very well that sense of humor does not correlate to the amount of pocket change one carries. It wasn't just Rhoda's sense of humor that I was criticizing, that should have been obvious as well.

I did not say that I did not read "Rabbi Larry," I said that I did not read the entire article. One does not have to read something in its entirety to get the theme and the tone of it. Since "Rabbi Larry" seemed rather long, I saw no reason to continue to be repelled by it. After all, this was not a thesis submitted for a degree, it was someone's meager attempt to be funny.

It is rather peculiar that you mention "P.C." because there was nothing of it in my letter. It is not "P.C." to defend religion or any member of any organized religion, including Jewish, but especially Christian and particularly Catholic. In fact, it is quite "P.C." to do just the opposite. Religious bigotry is one form of bigotry that is not only tolerated in this society, it is practically encouraged. One thinks, perforce, of the woman here locally who almost lost her job for saying "God bless you."

Paul A. Pangallo DDS.

*[ The term "PC" (for "Politically Correct") gives everybody trouble. We all agree it's derogatory, but as with so many such terms, ("hypocritical," "ulterior," "fanatic") it's difficult to find consensus on application. Republicans popularized it as a curse on Democrats, but it hasn't remained loyal to its masters, and occasionally turns on them. A current working definition would be that one is being "PC" when one adjusts one's sense of propriety to match that of the apparently ascendent faction, in distinction to being morally grounded despite the way the wind is blowing.*

*The best indication of an ethical weather vane is excess: "PC" people don't just have qualms, they express outrage; they don't wait for a preponderance of evidence, they act on the slightest indications; they don't settle for people being contested, they want them condemned. -Ed.]*

---

## THE CANTERING CURMUDGEON

### A Grumpy Look at Modern Life

I suppose everyone who notices gets peeved at those ads which purport to make a comparison and switch the premise so there's no actual comparison. You know: "The temperature in your mouth IS a steamy 98 degrees, but chewing our candy is LIKE a mountain lake, etc." just images, no useful data. Of course, that's been good advertising since "Sell the sizzle, not the steak" was first uttered, but I find myself more offended by the ads that seem to start

to assert something verifiable than I do the ones which just show pictures of beautiful women throwing themselves at a man with the product.

Taking shots at lying politicians is almost *infra dig* for an established curmudgeon, being a bit like telling "It was so hot..." jokes at an air conditioning convention; everybody knows the punch lines, but they have to support the sentiment. Even when their mouths are open, politicians aren't necessarily lying, because you can only lie about the past and the present and they talk practically nonstop about the future. A little "vision" is OK, but these guys like to pretend that their whole record right through yesterday afternoon is immaterial because they Have A Dream For America. Of course, a few weeks after the election, they wake up and realize how foolish it all was, but hey, you can't hold a fella's *dreams* against him, can you?

Pollution is so wonderfully deniable. If a man fires a random shot in a football stadium and kills one of the 50,000 in attendance, he better have a truly creative attorney, but if a company dumps something in the drinking water that increases the death rate by 1 in 5,000 (100 people in a mid-sized city), the press flack just says, "How do you know it was us?"

I understand that Mr. Letter Carrier would rather squeeze stuff into my lockbox than tote it back to the Post Office, but why doesn't it occur to him that since the opening on his end is wider than the one on mine, if he has trouble cramming things in, I may find it impossible to draw them out?

My Post Office has six windows. I have never seen them all manned, even when the line runs out the door. I believe they must obey a reverse version of that supermarket promise; if there are fewer than twelve people in line, they'll pull off another clerk

Call up the IPD or the Sheriffs Office and ask them what's the law on something. Nothing tricky or obscure, mind you, just stuff like "How many dogs can you own in the city limits?" or "Are radar detectors legal in Indiana?" They will never have a definitive answer. How do they enforce the laws if they don't know what they say?

---

## To Keep In MIND

### Upcoming Gatherings and Events

*** 2000 ***	
<b>December 1-3</b>	<b>The Reel Cincinnati RG</b> [formerly <i>Millennium Madness</i> ], Comfort Inn, 11440 Chester Road, Cincinnati, OH 45246; (513) 771-3400; rooms \$39.95; Registration \$55 to 10/31, %60 after, contact C. E. Reutter, _____ Cincinnati, OH 45220; (513)____ - ____; email: <a href="mailto:ReutterCE@aol.com">ReutterCE@aol.com</a> [Note change from Andy Badger]
*** 2001 ***	
<b>February 2-4</b>	<b>Richmond UG</b> , Holiday Inn, 5501 National Road East, Richmond, IN 47374; (765) 966-7511; early registration \$25; Greg Crawford, 8262 Sobax Dr, Indianapolis, IN 46268-1728; (317) 872-3749 or POB 50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250
<b>Mar 30 - Apr 1</b>	<b>Grand Illusions</b> , Ramada Inn Six Flags, I-44 and Allentown Rd, Box 999, Eureka MO 63025, (636) 938-6661; Registrar Ann Seward, _____, St. Louis, MO

	63108; (314) ___- ___; email: <a href="mailto:AJ1120@canoemail.com">AJ1120@canoemail.com</a>
<b>July 4-8</b>	<b>North Texas Mensa AG</b> (Dallas)

<b>*** 2002 ***</b>	
<b>July 3-7</b>	<b>Phoenix AG</b>

**B** \_\_\_\_\_  
**A** \_\_\_\_\_  
**S** \_\_\_\_\_  
**I** \_\_\_\_\_  
**L** \_\_\_\_\_

by Basil Wentworth

## 159 CLAUS WITS XII

Mrs. Santa said, "look at the paws  
 On that kitten! You'd think that because  
 His litter is clean  
 So would he be - I mean  
 Have you ever seen such sandy claws?"

You have heard all those jokes about reindeer,  
 Such as "Try to stay out of the rain, dear."  
 These puns, I am told,  
 Already were old  
 Before Queen Elizabeth's reign, dear.

Santa said, "Yes a log book is fine,  
 And I'll mark all the names with a sign  
 Showing what you'll receive  
 And I will, I believe  
 Call the booklet the 'you'll log of mine'."

Said Santa, "Those reindeer make noise,  
 And their snorting and stamping destroys  
 The silence of stalking;  
 I'm sticking to walking  
 While stocking the stockings with toys."

"Yes, his Christmas gifts gave me a stir,"  
 She muttered, "but I must demur,  
 For that gift that he brought  
 Isn't quite what I thought  
 When he said he would give me a fir."

\* \* \* \* \*

That unfortunate demoiselle who  
 Found receiving a fir made her blue  
 Felt outraged by the pun  
 When she found out he was one  
 Who only used "i" for "u."

---

## The Return of a Fine Local Tradition



Old timers will fondly recall seeing the New Year in at the Washburne's. In honor of the Millennium, Russ and Shirley have revived the event.

Invitations extended to all current CI Mensans; call Russ or Shirley at 1-317-839-9282 for time and needed supplies

The Washburnes live in Plainfield, a few miles west of Indianapolis. Get there via your choice of US 40 or I-70; in either case, get off at 267. From US 40, turn south and from I-70 turn north.

From 267, turn west onto Stafford Road. The second right on Stafford is Brookside Lane. Go to 513, just to the south side of Oliver Ave.

(map omitted)

---

RICH MAN?

NO - RICHMOND!

**Richmond, Indiana**, that is: the town just across the Ohio border on the National Road (US 40); that's where they're holding the **Ungathering on Ground Hog Day Weekend** February 2 through 4, 2001.

While the Central Indiana Mensa Group takes a break from hosting RGs, former LocSec Greg Crawford and friends will make their own fun at the Richmond Holiday Inn (5501 National Road East).

*No Speakers, No Meals* (we've got arrangements with three local restaurants) but plenty of *Party, Games, Sodas, Snacks, Quizzes, Tournaments, Puzzles, Hugs, Chat, Road Trips and Dining Out* for the extremely affordable rate of **Twenty-Five Dollars** (just seven ounces of those new dollar coins).

Don't Delay Rates jump to **\$40** effective 1 January 2001

Contact **Greg Crawford** (317) 872-3749 for further details

---

## Judson M. Horning

### **The Beautiful People versus the Blacks, the Browns, the Workers, the Asians, and Everyone Else**

You wish predictions? You know that is forbidden and I will tell you what you already know.

From before Gilgamesh to the telling of the Odyssey was a time that doesn't count.

From before Julius Caesar divided all Gaul into three parts until the good Lord delivered us from the fury of the vikings was about a thousand years.

From the time the Norsemen became the Normans and lusted after the British Isles until the present time has also been about a thousand years.

We are beginning a third thousand-year period of a common era whose true name we may not mention.

Those who have many names want you to believe they are part of a natural hierarchy. They like to be called "beautiful people" or "kings" or "nobility" or sometimes just "the rich." They have wonderful toys, and they say that everyone really could be just like them, if only...

They want you to believe they are like lions and eagles and wolves, the noble predators, and that you will be better if you stay close to them. They call the people who cluster closest to their castles and mansions, and live in "cities," the "citizens" the most superior of the lower life forms. Those who live in smaller clusters further away (called "villages") and the "villains." Those who live out on the heath are "heathens," and those others, well, they are called "pagans."

Before a youth has accepted the influences of the beautiful people, he is "unloubard," a "juvenile delinquent." A worker who does not live close to the rich could be a "temp," or "an spailpin fanach," a "migratory worker."

The rich beautify their domains by a process they call "development." They cull useless aboriginals, pop off homeless street urchins (who were so disturbing to tourists on the streets of São Paulo) and cause other undesirables to disappear

But those who study ecology might propose an antithesis. They point out that the influence of the rich is not exterior to society, not a leopard leaping from a tree to the back of a beast. They know of a lifestyle called "parasitism" but you know the library computers won't let you research "lifestyles."

You know that the rich are continually housed and fed without continuing effort, just like a tapeworm. You know that the rich came to where they are through processes such as the ones they call "discovery" and "homesteading," much like the sophisticated processes where liver flukes change form and move from host to host.

You don't know what the noble predators do that would correspond to the devastation of the forests or extermination of the bison, but you think of the queen of a dulotic species of ant finding a productive colony of another species and seizing control, just like the process called "corporate takeover."

You have pondered the parasite that makes a mouse brave, ignoring the smell and sight of a cat, thus leading the parasite to its ultimate host, and called the process "behavior modification."

You think about "consumerism" and the constant showing of pretty things, and remember the Mani-Kongo (or king of the Congo) Nzinga MbembaAffonso writing about this in his letters to King Joao III of Portugal, in the early 1500s. He described what happened to his own people who became so bewitched by consumerism that they would kidnap men, women, and children - even members of their own families - and sell them into slavery in exchange for bolts of cloth, brass pots and trinkets.

From Karel Capek's play RUR (Rossum's Universal Robots) you remember that the Czech word for "forced labor" is "robota." You know that sweat shops are places where the workers are given enough money and food to live for awhile, but not enough to run away. You know that major corporations produce goods in "privatized" prisons in the U.S. as well as in the prisons of China. You know about women chained to sewing machines in Indonesia. You have heard about what the "Russian Mafia" is doing to the women of Russia, and how businessmen looking for a good time in Thailand can find "ladyboys" and Chinese girls. And you know that a rich white man who is curious about what slavery feels like can go to a place in the Czech Republic called "the

Other World Kingdom" ("the O.W.K.") and pretend.

Television ads scoff at getting a full night's sleep - "Not on your busy schedule." Bankers complain that the consumers are too lazy and fat and not putting enough money in the bank.

But you don't have to pay attention to that. You can play with your marvelous toys.

## SECOND SIGHT

Mindful Things: the "Do-Re-Mi" Names from October 1999 reprinted in the November 2000 issue of The SALLY HEMINGS Memorial Newsletter, (Thomas Jefferson Mensa), the Voice of Mensa in Central and Southwest Virginia. Didi Pancake, Editor.

### MINDBENDING HONOR ROLL - 2000

[H = Host]	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Dave A.	♥	♥	♥	♥		♥	♥			♥	♥	
Alison Brown				♥H						♥H		
Rocio Carrasco			♥									
Greg Crawford		♥	♥				♥	♥				
Janette Greene Dollar	♥										♥	
George Dunn	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	
Marcele Everest	♥H		♥H				♥H					
Carol Eubank											♥	
Grace Falvey			♥									
Carol Gould						♥						
Marion Harcourt	♥				♥H			♥H				
Jud Horning	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥		♥	♥		♥		
Jerry Hunter		♥										
Rhoda Israelov						♥H						
Dom Jervis		♥		♥	♥		♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	
Jeff Lake										♥		
Lori Levine					♥							
Larry Marcus				♥						♥		
Treva Marks		♥H				♥					♥	
Bibi Sandstrom											♥	
Steve Thom											♥	
Bob Thomas	♥											
Doris Thomas	♥											
Russ Washburne									♥H			
Shirley Washburne											♥H	
Nancy White	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥		♥	♥	♥	♥	
	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec

## George Dunn

The historian's natural predilection for summarizing complex and protracted interactions probably reaches its acme in the chapter and section headings of student textbooks. It's noteworthy that the chosen title attempts to characterize the overall trend for a period under focus, even if it jars with the characterizations of periods which include or lie within it.

For example, if one were to label the last quarter-century, it might be "The Information Age" because this period corresponds to the blossoming of the computer and, therefrom, the Internet. The last *half*-century would likely be "The Cold War."

With that preamble, consider this one of many possible characterizations of several divisions of the millennium just passed.

1000 - 2000 "The Rise of Europe," since this period sees Europe from its Dark Ages to its technical and economic domination of the world.

1500 - 2000 "Growth of Global Culture," since this takes in the colonial period.

1750 - 2000 "The Rights of Man."

1900 - 2000 "The Population Explosion."

1950 - 2000 "The Cold War."

1975 - 2000 "The Information Age."

1990 - 2000 "Prosperity."

Note that the title does not profess to describe some homogenous character throughout the period, but rather the trend expressed from one end to the other. There can be periods of sharp, mocking contract within a category. For example, "The Rights of Man" includes the most appalling conditions of slavery and the attempted genocides of the Ottoman Empire, the German Reich and the Soviet Union.

Therefore, view for your amusement and imagination this list of periods as supplied by successive historians of the future.

2000 - 2010 "The False Dawn."

2000 - 2025 "Famine."

2000 - 2050 "Revolution."

2000 - 2100 "Global Government."

2000 - 2250 "Jihad and Atonement."

2000 - 2500 "Shared Intelligence."

2000 - 3000 "Migration from Earth."

Obviously, the further into the future the speculation, the more fanciful it becomes. The final entry, describing spacefaring, suggests that to some future historian the transcendence of the planetary bounds was the most important

achievement of that millennium. For that to be true, there would have to be significant space science in the time 2100 - 2250 but political events overshadowed it.

For a specific person, any period could be the Best of Times/the Worst of Times.

---

**[Email us at: indymensa@yahoo.com](mailto:indymensa@yahoo.com)**