

# SUNFLOWER SEEDS



October 2019, Volume – 47, Issue # 10  
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter



Abandoned and decaying relics of better times past are still visible in some small towns in Kansas. A quiet afternoon drive will easily reach many dozens of interesting structures, many of which can be explored. This is a silo next to the train tracks, west of Brooksville.

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## October Group Activities:

**Saturday 5<sup>th</sup>, 12:45pm - MONTHLY PIG OUT  
A CHANCE TO DINE WITH MENSA FRIENDS.**

**YA YA'S EURO BISTRO**

**8115 E 21st ST**

[HTTP://YAYASWICHITA.COM](http://yayaswichita.com)

**Saturday 12<sup>th</sup>, 2:00pm - GUEST SPEAKER  
PRESENTATIONS OF INTEREST, STATED MEETING**

**FAIRMOUNT COFFEE, MEETING ROOM**

**3815 E 17<sup>TH</sup> ST**

[HTTP://WWW.FAIRMOUNTCOFFEE.COM](http://www.fairmountcoffee.com)

**Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>, meet up 11:00am – 12:00pm  
FIELD TRIP, JOIN US FOR A FUN EXCURSION.**

**WATERMARK BOOKS, BASEMENT AREA**

**MEETS AT: 4701 E DOUGLAS**

**Saturday 26<sup>th</sup>, 7:00pm – BANTER AND BOOKS  
GOOD CAMARADERIE AND DISCUSSIONS.**

**BARNES & NOBLES, EATING AREA**

**1920 N ROCK RD**

[HTTP://WWW.STORES.BARNESANDNOBLES.COM](http://www.stores.barnesandnobles.com)

## This Month's Pig Out:



“At YaYa’s, you’re family. We think friends, family, food, and fun are what life should be about. Our restaurant features savory new European-American food and modern cocktails that will tempt any palate and nourish the soul. Enjoy live music on the patio, or the upscale casual dining environment inside, where every table is the best seat in the house!”

## This Month's Guest Speaker:

We will have a surprise speaker this month. The person originally scheduled had a family emergency and will not be able to make it.

## Chapter Field Trip for October:

We are going to try something a little different again this month. Sticking closer to home, we hope more people can attend that might not wish to head out of town. Our museum crawl will begin at the Great Plains Nature Center at Chisholm Park.



The center is located at 6232 E 29<sup>th</sup> ST N, on the South side of Chisholm Park, between Oliver and Woodlawn.

Find them on-line @ [www.gpnc.org](http://www.gpnc.org)

All aboard for our next stop. Downtown Wichita. The highly acclaimed Great



Plains Transportation Museum, located at 700 E Douglas, on top of the downtown Douglas street rail overpass. More info @ [www.gptm.us](http://www.gptm.us)



Our final stop for the day will be the Kansas African American Museum, located at 601 N Water ST.

More info @ [www.tkaamuseum.org](http://www.tkaamuseum.org)



## Heartland Mensa Region 7



Did you happen to glance at pages 38-39 of the August *Mensa Bulletin*? Go ahead, take a look, I'll wait here.

Yes, you did see two full pages of Life Member names – just in the last six months 435 people, give or take, found so much to

like in American Mensa that they signed up to be lifers. I know how they feel. Many years ago I was looking for some social life outside the office, some fun, some opportunity for personal growth, some *belonging*. I found all of that in Mensa and that's when I, too, made my membership permanent. Welcome, folks, you've made the right decision.

(By the way, if you haven't found all of that yet in Mensa, maybe it's because you haven't come to more than one event or maybe you haven't volunteered for something that's a leetle bit outside your comfort zone. Try it, you might pleasantly surprise yourself.)

Coincidentally or maybe not, I got an email from Wyoming Mountain Mensa LocSec Bess Carnahan, bragging on her group's 24.59% tally of Life Members. I told her that's pretty impressive but Boulder/Front Range Mensa has her beat with 28.87%. On the other hand, if we include two- and three-year memberships WMM's the leader with 52.46% multi-year memberships. Maybe it's rodeo culture, but those folks in Wyoming know how to grab and hold onto a good thing.

New members are important, too, especially if they're friends of current members. That smart friend whose presence would make Mensa more fun for you? Here's your chance this year to invite that person to take the test (or run a Prior Evidence check) for FREE. Yup, NO CHARGE, thanks to the Mensa Voucher Program (MVP) in its newest, simplest variant. Your Local Group's unique MVP code probably appears elsewhere in this newsletter. Give that code to your friend and urge them to visit

<https://www.us.mensa.org/join/testing/testingvoucher>

The page title says it's about purchasing a test. True, but your friend can use that MVP code *instead of*

*putting in a credit card number*. The software will then issue them a voucher number. When they go ahead to take the test, any time in the next two years, that voucher number and a good night's sleep is all they'll need. If they qualify, you'll be Mensans together. More fun, right, and personal growth and all the other good stuff.

~~ Rich

## A Brief History of Slavery

By: Bill Barnett



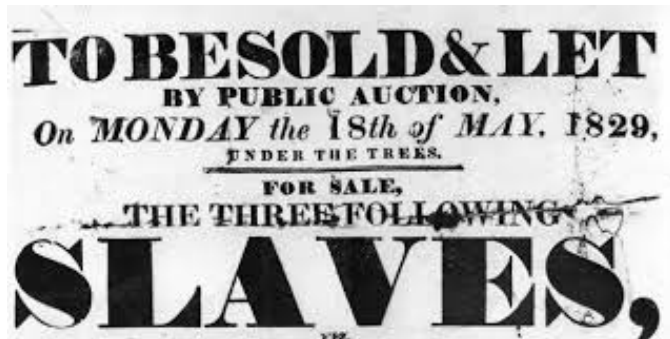
In the past for thousands of years slavery was a way to deal with criminals and prisoners of war. Sometimes it was permanent and sometimes it was temporary. With the rise of capitalism slaves became capital and were hunted and traded like cattle with no regards for human rights. Early capitalism was brutal with no regulations except rules protecting property owners. Capitalism was at its most brutal in the enslavement of people. Regulated capitalism, which we see today, can be different.

In the industrial age the kingdoms in Africa went from having slaves as prisoners of war to hunting them as a business. They traded slaves for manufactured goods from Europe. As their business was hunting slaves, they did not develop modern governments, education or manufacturing. When the slave trade to the Americas ended the economies of the African kingdoms collapsed and they were ripe for plunder and colonization. The business that brought prosperity to the African kingdoms in the end destroyed them.

The colonies in the Americas wanted labor to build their empires. Slavery used capital to replace labor as slaves were capital. While this did build some farms and cities it also undermined the development of

education and manufacturing. It also undermined the social and moral structure of the colonies. The slaves did not own any of the fruits of their labor which degraded their culture. Their women were forced into concubinage and prostitution. Rape of slaves was the norm and not considered rape as the slave was the property of the master and he could do with a slave as he wished. Families were sold apart from each other tearing children from the parents and wives from their husbands. This was all justified by Christians using their Bibles. Many people then and today believe that justification was taken out of context and the opposite meaning of a fair reading of the books in the Bible. Such is religious argument.

The trade in humans as cattle degraded the morals of the owners just like it did the slaves. The justification for the American colonies treason against the King of England was that all men are created equal and have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness (money). Slaves were not considered to have rights. Slavery turned the slave owners into worse tyrants than the European kings that they rebelled against.



The free man living beside the slave plantation could poorly compete with the cheap labor of slaves. While the free men were free to come and go and not be sold like cattle, they often had worse living conditions than slaves. So, their lifestyle was degraded too.

There were only two nations that did not outlaw slavery peacefully. Haiti and the USA. Haiti had a violent revolution that expelled the slave owners. The USA had a civil war that was the worst war the nation has been in.

Today we may complain about things that make us think of slavery, but they are nothing like having everything taken away and being sold away from a family and the place one lives.

Taxation is nothing like slavery. We drive on paved roads because of taxes. We are kept safe with police, schools, emergency services, and many government services paid for by taxes. It is no more slavery to pay for government services than to pay for

food in a grocery store. Unless the tax rate is 100% on everything and people are being sold for debt for not paying all the tax. That would be like slavery.

In the form of forced prostitution slavery exists today. This is a worldwide illegal underground practice that often involves children. They are slaves even though it is illegal.

There is nothing good about slavery and there has never been anything good about slavery. If there is any kind of karma, divine or otherwise, pity the slave owner and his accomplice.

In the words of one freed slave: No man gave the black people rights. They were born with them. If you don't understand that you still have the disease.

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## Rock & Roll – and Religion

**By: Larry D. Paarmann**



Many of you have at least heard of the lead singer for the rock band U2, Bono. His given name is Paul David Hewson, and he is known for his singing and song writing, but also for his venture capitalism and his

philanthropy. His lyrics are known for their social and political themes. As a member of U2, Bono has received 22 Grammy Awards and has been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. An article written by Bono has suggested this article on rock & roll – and religion. It is part of a much larger theme I am pursuing of Christ & Culture.

Popular culture has a profound influence upon religious beliefs, and the more it is unrecognized the more profound that influence is. But it goes the other around also. Religious beliefs, and probably especially religious beliefs during a person's upbringing, has the potential for profound influence, when considered across the entire society, upon culture. Bono wrote an article way back in 1999 related to this topic, but I only very recently became aware of it. It was published in the *Guardian*, but it is available free online:

<https://www.atu2.com/news/article/psalm-like-it-hot.html>

In the article, Bono explains how religion has influenced him, and also notes how it has influenced other musicians that he admires.

Bono reflects on how his music developed: "Anyway, I stopped going to churches and got into a different kind of religion. Don't laugh. That's what being in a rock 'n' roll band is. Showbiz is shamanism, music is worship. Whether it's worship of women or their designer, the world or its destroyer, whether it comes from that ancient place we call soul or simply the spinal cortex, whether the prayers are on fire with a dumb rage or dove-like desire, the smoke goes upwards, to God or something you replace God with – usually yourself." His comment is perceptive, for if someone rejects traditional religion, conservative Christianity perhaps, then something else must fill the void.



Bono comments on David, the king and psalmist in the Bible, and on much more recent singers: "I hear echoes of this holy row when unholy bluesman Robert Johnson howls, 'There's a

hellhound on my trail' or Van Morrison sings, 'Sometimes, I feel like a motherless child.' Texas Alexander mimics the psalms in 'Justice Blues': 'I cried Lord my father, Lord kingdom come. Send me back my woman, then thy will be done.' Humorous, sometimes blasphemous, the blues was backslidin' music but, by its very opposition, it flattered the subject of its perfect cousin, gospel. . . . they prepared me for the honesty of John Lennon, the baroque language of Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen, the open throat of Al Green and Stevie Wonder. When I hear these singers, I am reconnected to a part of me I have no explanation for – my 'soul' I guess. Words and music did for me what solid, even rigorous, religious argument could never do – they introduced me to God, not belief in God, more an experiential sense of GOD."

One of U2's most famous songs is "40." Bono reflects on how that came about: "Years ago, lost for words and with 40 minutes of recording time left before the end of our studio time, we were still looking for a

song to close our third album, *War*. We wanted to put something explicitly spiritual on the record to balance the politics and romance of it, like Bob Marley or Marvin Gaye would. We thought about the psalms – Psalm 40." A U2 version of "40," recorded live in Chicago, is on YouTube:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1XzHlySYR\\_Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1XzHlySYR_Y)

Popular culture often includes aspects of religion, for good or ill. I found Bono's article to be very interesting, and it has increased my interest in him, and U2, as a result. Perhaps it will for you as well.

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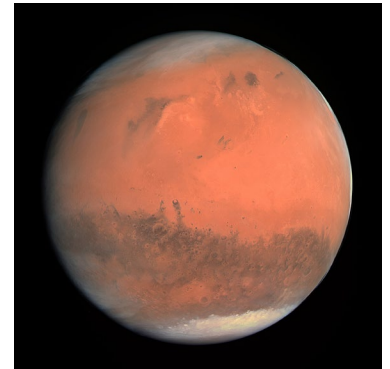
## Mars Beta Base - continues

By: Bill Barnett

August 18, 2019

[continued from last month]

The doors opened and Nancy said: "That way." in her usual voice. She seemed even more authoritarian than the Captain. The Lieutenant followed her every command back to his ship.



Inside the ship all systems were nominal. As he backed away from the gate, he realized the ship was full. Afraid to say anything he launched the ship into the sky. Looking down at the gages he saw that the cargo was full of liquid air, not deuterium and helion. Halfway to orbit an immense cloud emerged from the ship pushing it sideways. He barely struggled to keep the ship straight. Then there was an explosion. The size of a tactical proton bomb. The ship was dust. Then there were a series of explosions all over the surface. From the sky it looked like a fourth of July celebration on Earth. All of this was in full view of the satellite. Earth station saw it to. Their ship was lost and all its cargo. The colony destroyed. A leveraged investor would have to deal with the collection company. His dream of being a billionaire went up in fire. Since the merger there were no more regulations, no more rules. The collection company would be very unpleasant.

The all hands meeting after this was strange. The top manager was in tears. "I am so sorry. I lied to you. I told you everything was ok..." he cried on and on.

"Don't worry." said Bill. "It happens. We are all ok." trying to comfort him. The whole crew was in shock. After some time of small talk Nancy demanded: "What now?" "New plan said Bill. "Meet in the morning."

Everyone was in the big conference room early. Bewilderment filled the room. "What now?" said Tom, the construction worker. "We just sit here on this rock and die? The only transportation back to Earth just blew up."

"We will engineer the hell out of this." said Bill. "If we went back to Earth we would be doomed. It is beyond a bug-out survival scenario there now."

"We could try." said Tom. "You did not listen." said Bill. "There is nothing there. It is all gone. Look at the news. We started a colony and we can finish it." "And you think you can do it?" whined Tom. "Damn right." said Bill. Just like the pirate who landed in the coastal town. He set up the best coastal defense ever. He knew what it takes. I will build the best colony you ever saw. So, shut up and listen."

"The geologists have located a cavern twenty clicks deep. It seems to be an old volcanic feature and goes on for many kilometers. There is also an underground lake nearby. If it is holding liquid water, it probably also has air. So, let's go there. Safe from radiation and with our lights we can farm it. There is enough fuel to run lights for generations."

"Sounds good." said Bob the manager. "And just how do you expect to get twenty kilometers below the surface?" he questioned sarcastically. "The last supply ship dropped off a subway excavator, just like they use on Earth, but with a pressurized cab. We already have mining trucks to move the rubble." said Bill. "There are enough cutting bits to cut twenty-seven kilometers of tunnel."

"And we only need to go twenty." said Bob. "That will work." "No." said Bill. If we dig at a 45° angle the tunnel will be twenty-eight clicks long. Then another click or two to get to the lake. So, we dig thirty clicks and we get there. "But the excavator can only go twenty-seven clicks." said Bob. "It won't work."

"We have all the numbers." said Bill exasperatedly. "Listen. It will probably go beyond the design life. It all depends on what type of rock we hit. Sam ran the numbers. All things considered we have a good 50% chance of everything working and success." Sam was the numbers guy. As a child he was diagnosed with Aspergers and the doctor said he would be disabled for life. His mother proved them all wrong and taught

him herself. Sam qualified for the five-sigma club but never joined. He mostly kept to himself but was friends with some of the engineers and scientists. No one questioned his numbers. He was always correct. And he solved every unsolvable problem they came up with.

"That leaves us with a fifty-fifty chance?" said Bob. "What kind of plan is that?" "Who has a better idea?" asked Bill. There was dead silence.

After five minutes which seemed like five hours Bob spoke up and said: "Let's do it."



They all met above the cavern site. Pretty soon excavator was a click deep. Everything was nominal. Except the people. There were total role reversals. Sam and Nancy were running the excavator. Both dedicated to precision logical planning. They had it exactly on course. They were an odd couple. Bill and Bob were driving the trucks like the others. They had mini mine trucks, just like the big ones on Earth, but small enough to fit in a spaceship. The conveyor belt feed the rubble away from the excavator and the trucks backed up to get a load. They could barely squeeze past each other. The scientists continued their geological survey to study the rock below them and map out the cavern. By schedule they had to remove all the equipment when it was time to change the cutters before they wore out. Cutter wear was right on schedule. There was some cutting edge left when they were replaced but using them longer could damage the machine. Everyone was excited about the new project. They were even moving one of the buildings close to the tunnel.

At twenty-seven clicks the excavator was at the end of its last cutting tools. Bill called a meeting to discuss progress. "We didn't make it." sighed Bob. "Bullshit." said Bill. "You are the eternal pessimist. How did you ever get on this assignment anyway?"

"My mother knew the ceo in charge. They were friends in high school." The ceos were the ruling class. The name came from CEO but they multiplied so many board members they were just all called all the ruling corporate class ceos and it was almost a slur.

“Really!?” replied Bill disgustedly. “There is still plenty of wear on some of the cutters. We will use them until they are gone. When they were cutting sedimentary rock, they flew through the rock and some of those cutters look pretty good. We are now in basalt and it is hard rock. The geologists are looking for more cutter material but have not found it yet. Sam analyzed the odds. We have a 70% chance of making it.” Bill continued. “No more complaining.”

Happy, sad, excited, and worried they returned to work. There were so many mixed emotions. It had been They would only have to back up the excavator a klick. The construction workers developed a plan to blast side tunnels and they could repair the machine at one of them. They put on the best used cutter and hoped for the best. It had been twelve months, half a Martian year, since they started. They were working 24 and 2/3 hours a day, the full Martian day.

Two weeks later Nancy was driving the excavator. She insisted and no one argued with her. Suddenly the gages showed an increase in atmospheric pressure. She stopped. She was close and air was leaking into the tunnel. She backed up two hundred meters to put a seal in the tunnel. A large almost indestructible inflatable balloon with sealant would fill the tunnel. First the construction crew had to blast a side tunnel and store the airlocks. Two were necessary to allow passage and two for redundancy. They replaced the cutters also.

“Cavern time. Do or die.” cried Nancy as she engaged the excavator for the last hundred meters. The air pressure increased, and the basalt began to look like Swiss cheese. A day later the machine crashed through the cavern wall and slid down the sloping wall another hundred meters. Everyone was watching on monitors. A cheer erupted everywhere on the planet. Goal number one was achieved. The machine was almost spent but it worked.

As people began to calm down it was time to take readings. The far end of the cavern could not be seen. Sonar showed it at nine klicks, but it was uneven and went on from there. The atmosphere was 1.9 bar. The cavern must have been well sealed keep that pressure. The temperature was 20°C. The air was 62% nitrogen, 4% argon, 30% carbon dioxide, 2% water, 1% oxygen, and 1% other. Everyone cheered again. It was livable.

Disregarding protocol, Nancy took off the pressure suit, put on the oxygen mask, and opened the door. “One small step for woman, one giant leap for humans.” she declared as she stepped out of the machine. There was rock debris on the slope below her from the excavator. Red rock went on for as far as she

could see. There was a faint organic aroma to the humid air. Something she had not smelled since leaving Earth. Sam joined her wearing an oxygen mask. She hugged Sam. Something she never did. They looked over the vast plain in wonder. Even Sam was beside himself with emotion.

It was time to install the airlocks. If they could get two in place the workers could do the others. And bring an atmosphere machine to make oxygen.

Back at the base it was party time. There was one bottle of champagne and everyone had a glass and toasted Nancy’s Cavern. They made it the official name. Everyone but Sherri and a couple of the women had champagne. It was also Sherri’s baby shower. The first Martian would be coming soon. They toasted Sherri and the champagne was gone. The supply was always stingy with luxuries. Good thing they did not have to deal with them anymore. There were going to be more Martians.

“We can make more!” said Fred, the biochemist.

“Oh really?” groaned Charlie. He was on the wine tasting team at school and shuddered at the thought of what venomous concoction Fred would come up with.

After transporting supplies into the cavern and building a habitat with redundant oxygen supply it was time to find the lake. It seemed to be somehow connected but they could not find any tunnels. The geologists found a side tunnel that was only a half klick from the lake. They had no idea what the water was like, so they had to be ready to plug the hole. After cleaning and repairing the excavator it was moved to the side tunnel and started to bore the hole. It had been four months since they entered the cavern. A garden was growing, and some habitats were built. There was a lot to do, but the progress was good.

Bob apologized to Bill and asked how Bill knew it would work. Bill replied: “I didn’t. Just a lucky guess.”

News of another achievement arrived. They now had a Martian and he was named Mist. Everyone cheered and wished there was more Champaign.

It took three months, but the machine broke through into the lake and fell to the bottom. The pilots swam to the hole and were washed into the cavern. A small stream was flowing into the cavern. Perfect for irrigation. The water had Earth like bacteria in it and there was a bioluminescent glow in the lake. The survey crew found more tunnels and big rooms spanning a hundred klicks. They had no idea how far it went.

Nancy and Sam were together. She announced she was with child. The most impossible thing that happened yet on Mars.

Life was good.



## Human Dolphin Sex?

It is safe to say that Margaret Howe Lovatt will from here on out be known as the woman who had "sex" with a dolphin. This week, the media went nuts over revelations in a BBC documentary about Lovatt's interactions with a male dolphin during a NASA-funded experiment in the 1960s. "He would rub himself on my knee, my foot or my hand and I allowed that," she said. "I wasn't uncomfortable, as long as it wasn't too rough. It was just easier to incorporate that and let it happen." Eventually, it became routine. "It would just become part of what was going on, like an itch, just get rid of that scratch and we would be done and move on," she said. During the segment, a narrator intones, "Margaret felt the best way of focusing his mind back on the lessons was to relieve his desires herself, manually." She makes sure to clarify: "It was sexual on his part it was not sexual on mine -- sensual perhaps."



Then came the headlines. "Woman reveals sex with dolphin." "The woman who lived in sin with a dolphin." "The dolphin who loved me." "This Woman Jerked Off A Dolphin -- And Liked

It!" "Scientist Says Relationship with Dolphin Was 'Sensuous.'" "Woman waxes poetic about giving precious, sensual hand-jobs to a dolphin." "I had a sexual relationship with a dolphin" (despite the quotes, she never actually said that). Judging from the collective horrified response, you would think that a human giving a handy to an animal was an aberrant, unthinkable act. But such fondling isn't unheard of in the realm of animal research.

There are two major published examples. The first: In 1970, anthropologist Francis Burton published "[Sexual Climax in female Macaca mulatta](#)." She wanted to answer the question of whether female monkeys experienced orgasm. Burton placed the primates in dog harnesses and cat collars to restrict their movement. Then the researcher put a "penis-simulator" into "the animal's vagina with vaseline as lubricant," and moved it at a pace of two to five thrusts a second. Burton wasn't able to definitively conclude that female monkeys could orgasm, but she did identify an excitement, plateau and resolution phase, as Masters and Johnson had identified in humans.

"I think in the field it is generally thought that a similar study would never get through an institutional animal use and care committee," says Kim Wallen, a psychology professor at Emory University who specializes in primate sexual behavior.

The second case is that of psychologist Frank Beach and his [research on beagles](#) in the '80s. "Most of the work he did was behavioral, looking at the effects of prenatal androgens on sexual differentiation, but some of his treated animals were unable to copulate and he wanted to know if they showed normal genital reflexes, even though they did not copulate," says Wallen. So, he masturbated the dogs and observed their responses.

There are more recent, although also less formal, examples. In Daniel Bergner's "What Do Women Want?," he details a demonstration made by a graduate student of researcher Jim Pfaus: The student picked up a female rat and, with a tiny brush, stroked the clitoris, which protruded from the genitalia like a little eraser head. She stroked a few times, then put the animal back down in her cage. Swiftly the creature poked her nose out of the open door. She clamped her teeth on the white sleeve of the student's lab coat and tugged the woman's hand inside the cage. The student brushed the rat's clitoris again, set her down again. And again the rodent bit into the sleeve, pulling, communicating unmistakably what she craved. This went on and on and on.

In the field of sex work, these are exceptional cases. Truth is, these hands-on techniques have a far more common, everyday application: the breeding of animals. How else do you think semen samples are collected? Manual stimulation is the most common way, according to "The Encyclopedia of Animal Science." Elephant semen is collected with the help of [a hand shoved up their rear](#) to stimulate their prostate. Should you wish to see it, there are YouTube videos available of a trainer at Sea World [masturbating a killer whale's enormous pink schlong](#), a man getting [handsy with an echidna's four-headed penis](#), [a dog being jerked off](#) by a prim-looking middle-aged woman -- and so many others. It's like the Noah's Ark of human-animal hand jobs. These cases don't make headlines -- but allowing a dolphin to hump your foot until he ejaculates does.

I asked Wallen why it's considered acceptable to manually stimulate animals in order to collect semen for breeding purposes when the same behavior is often forbidden in a research context. "It is strange, isn't it, that masturbation for commerce is seen as normal and appropriate, but masturbation where its end point is sexual arousal is not," said Wallen. Sex has an uncanny way of revealing the inconsistencies in our thinking. "I have always suspected that it reflects the odd feelings we have about sexual pleasure," says Wallen. "It is not pleasure in general, but specifically sexual pleasure." It's an important distinction: We think nothing of scratching under a cat's chin while it purrs, of course, but look askance at a human stimulating a cat in heat. (Although -- surprise! -- there are [videos of people doing that](#) on YouTube too.) As Lovatt learned this week, sex is one arena where nuance is forbidden.



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