IQ Nexus Journal

Vol. XII, No. 4/ December 2020

Featuring: Louis Sauter David Udbjorg Mira Cervenka and others

Do not judge a book by its cover is very well represented by this catholic church http://iqnexus.org/

<u>Inside</u>

7 Fine Arts music, poems, visual, gallery Science & Philosophypapers, essays, dialogues, reviews Puzzles, Riddles & Brainteasers sudoku, matrices, verbals IQNJ Calendar

Online Journal of IIS, ePiq & Isi-s Societies, members of WIN

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Web Administrator & IQ Nexus founder......Owen Cosby

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Non-members' contributions are welcome and every contribution has to be accompanied by an introduction from the contributor.

IQ Nexus Journal

was created to publish creative endeavours for members of the IIS, ePiqs and Isi-s web based societies as well as guests of other societies and invited non members..







This issue features creative works of: Listed alphabeticaly;

Alena Plíštilová
David Kelly
David Udbjorg
Jason Munn
Jaromír M Červenka
Kit O'Saoradihe
Louis Sauter
Marilyn Grimble
Mark van Vuuren
Stanislav Riha
Thomas Hally
T.G. "Torg" Hadley

COVER PAGE

Photograph on the cover page is a Catholic church near Borobudur, Java. The only common part with the western view of catholic church is the cross inside. It is copyrighted property of Jaromir Mira Cervenka.

Special thanks to Jacqueline Stade for her great help with English editorial work and Owen Cosby For reviving and restoring Infinity International Society and establishing IQ Nexus joined forum of IIS and ePiq and later ISI-S Societies for which this Journal was created.

"Even though scientist are involved in this Journal, I and all involved in the IQ Nexus Journal have tried to keep the content (even though it is a Hi IQ Society periodical) on an ordinary human level as much as possible. In fact, is it not the case, that - to be a human being is the most intelligent way of life?"

Richard Richard

Richard

**Ric

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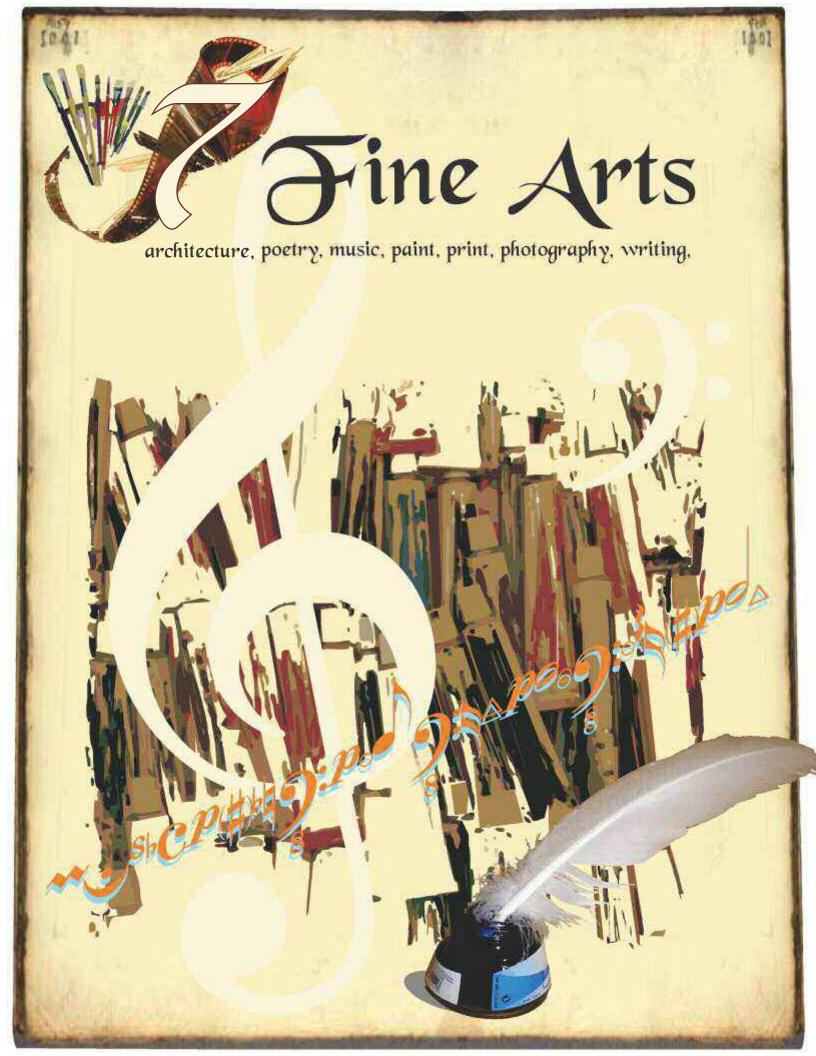
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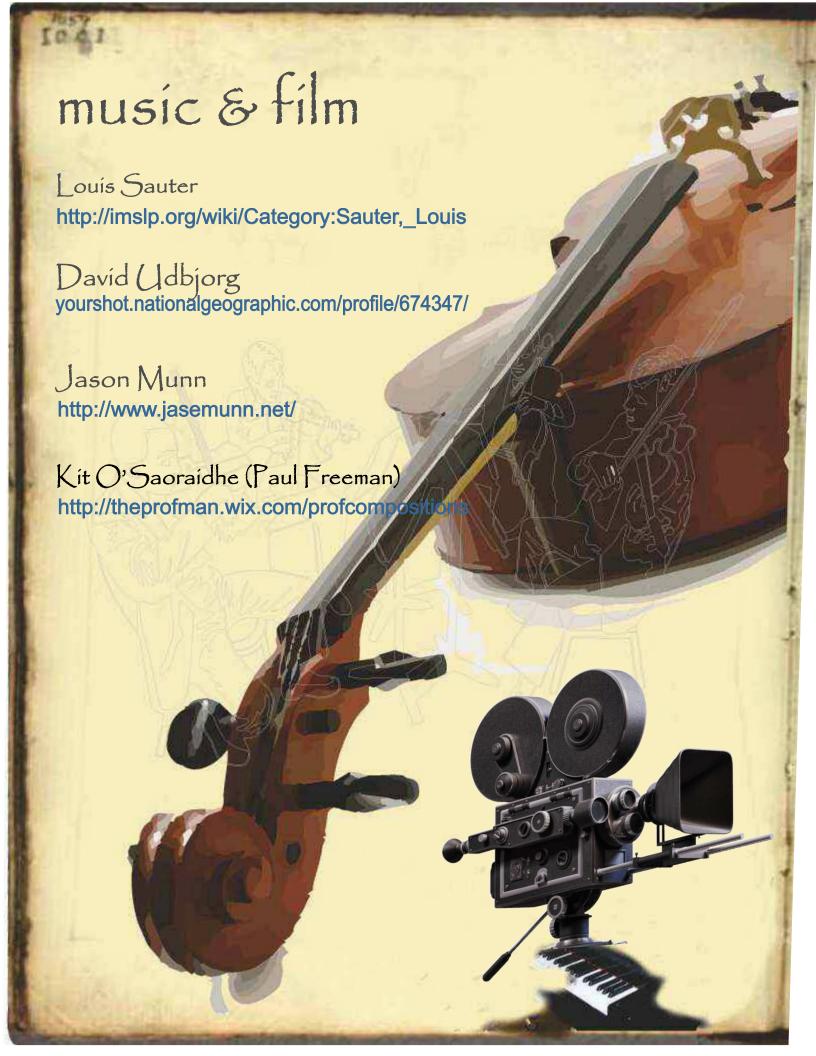
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Fantaisie niçoise no. 3 : Farandole

My composition Fantaisie niçoise (Niçois Fantasy) for flute and piano (or guitar) includes three pieces inspired by traditional music from the region of Nice. Here is the score of the third and last piece, Farandole – a

lively regional dance similar to the Italian Tarentella (see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fa randole). It is an arrangement of my piano piece Lou mariage de Lèna that was published in the June 2018 issue of the IQ Nexus Journal.





A recording by flautist Iwona Glinka and guitarist Angelos Botsis is available on YouTube at; https://youtu.be/utwEeQ acYFA

Fantaisie niçoise

pour flûte et piano (ou guitare)

III. Farandole









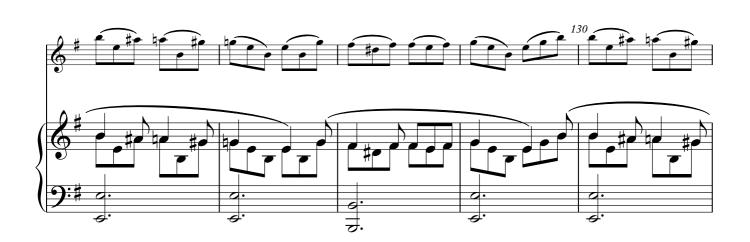




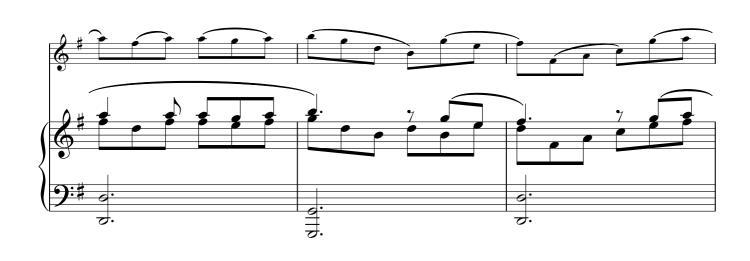


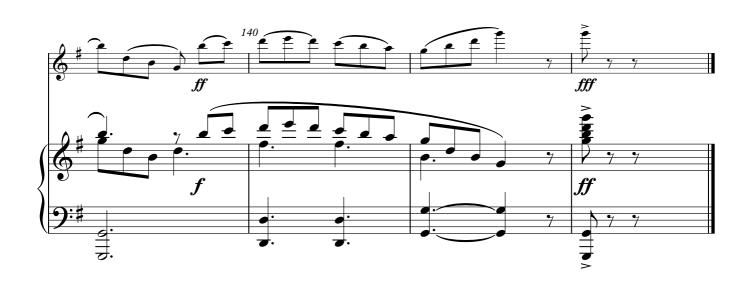












Fantaisie niçoise

pour flûte et piano (ou guitare)

III. Farandole







Fantaisie niçoise

pour flûte et piano (ou guitare)

III. Farandole









Wisteria Blooms



Kit Saoraidhe

Score

Wisteria Blooms

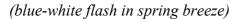
I left the image of wisteria blossoms Kit O' softly reflected in the pond, because it looked so fragile it could vanish only with a slightest touch.

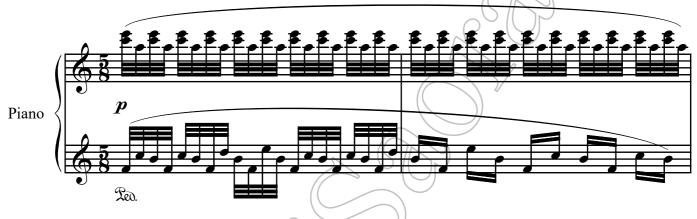
Nevertheless, the waves came and destroyed the image.

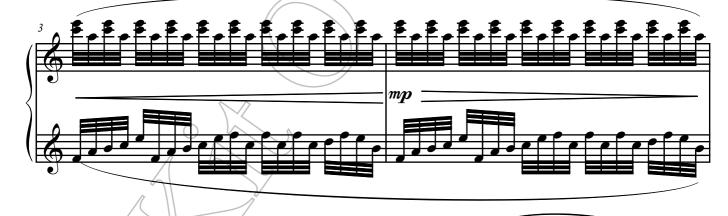
Kit O'Saoraidhe

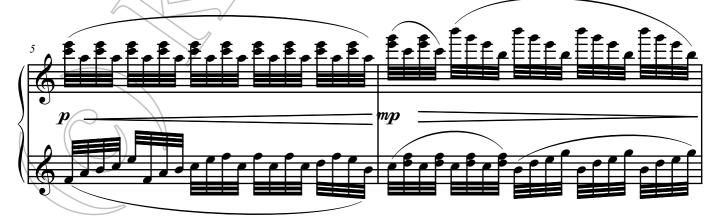


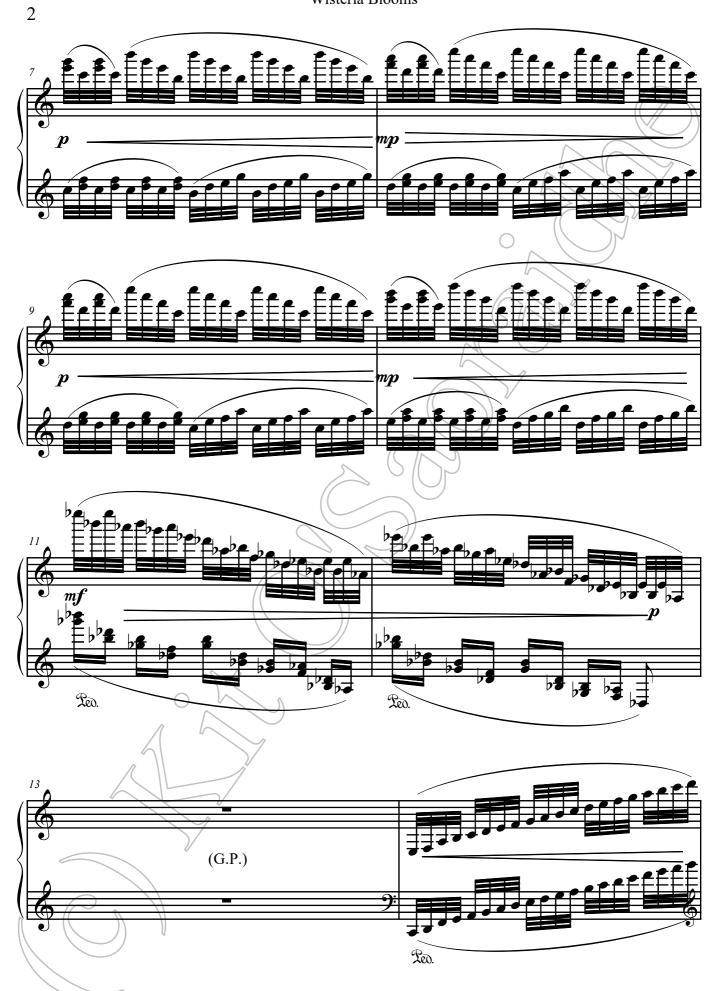
Scherzando ($\stackrel{\searrow}{\bullet}$ = c. 160)

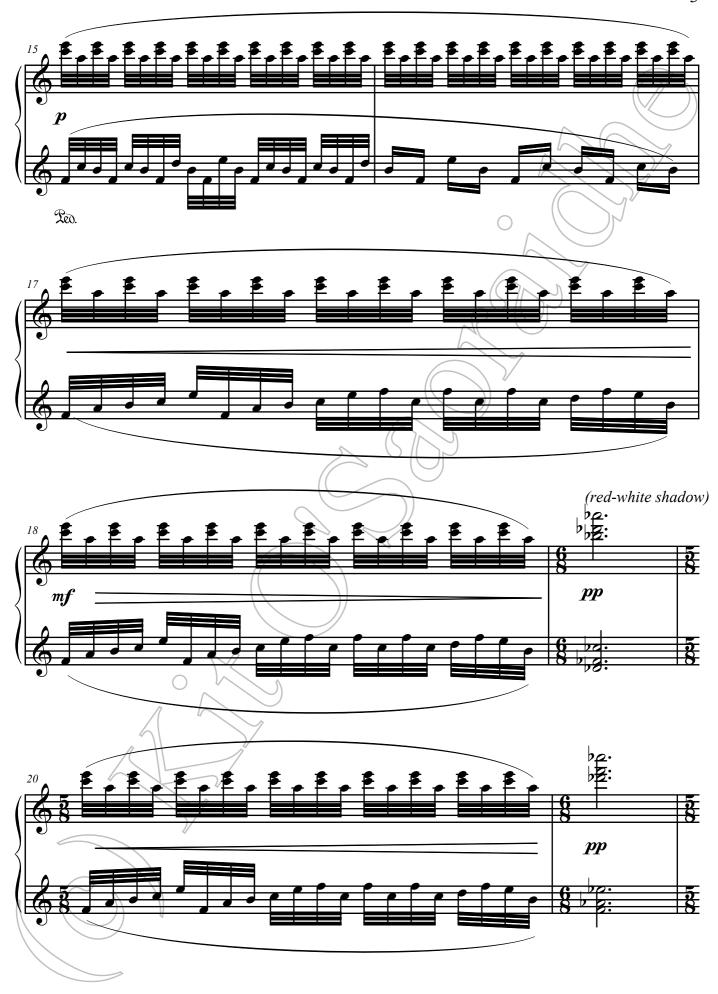


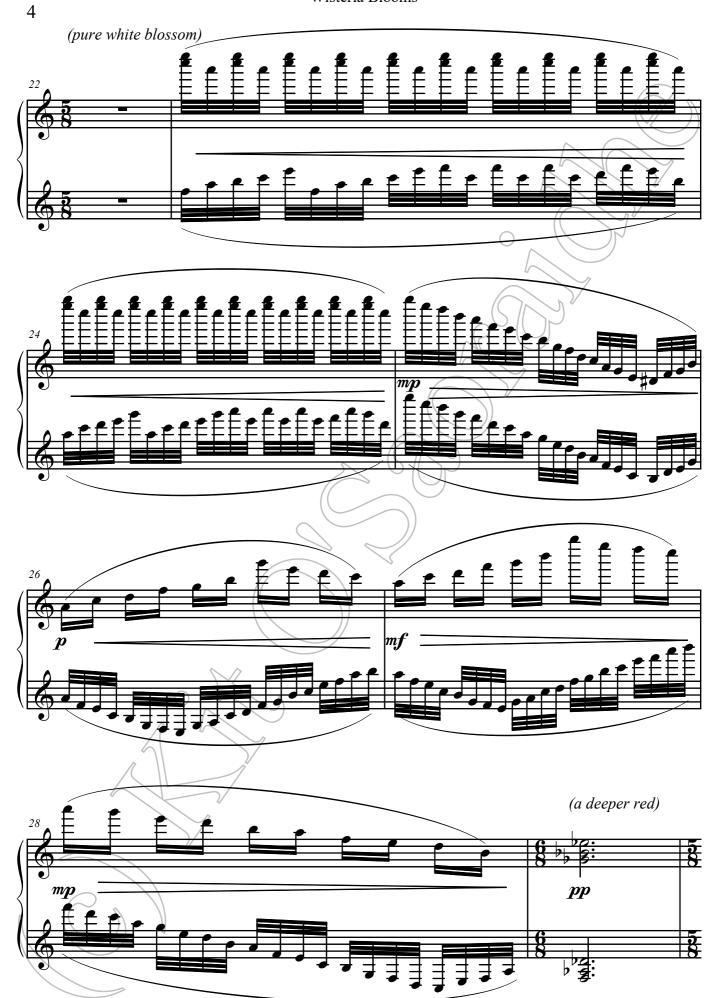


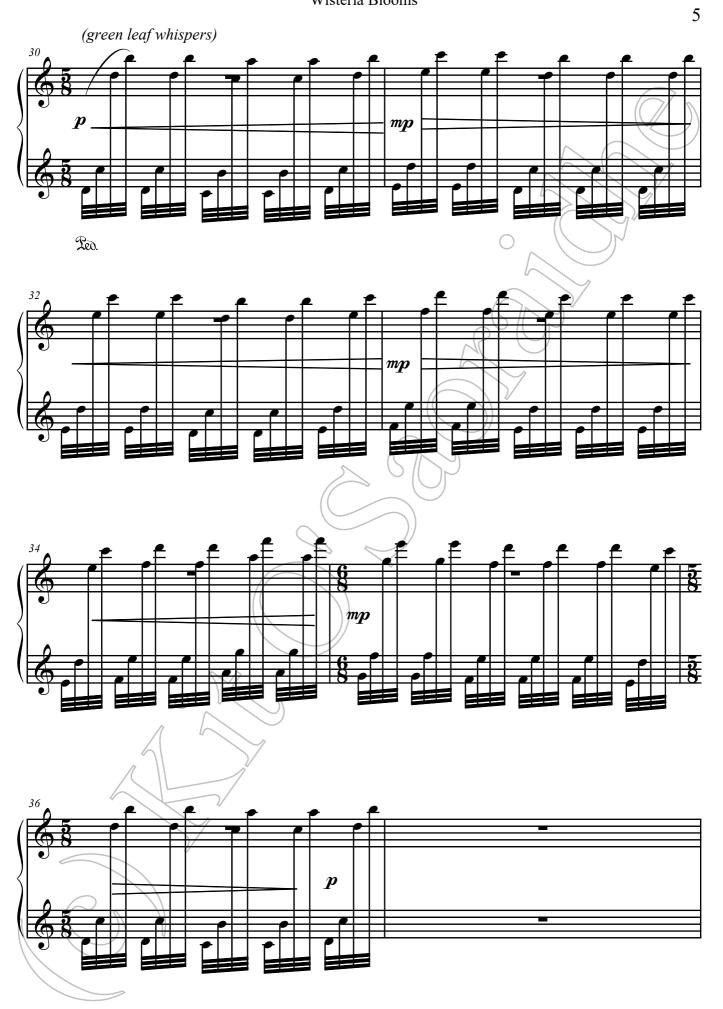


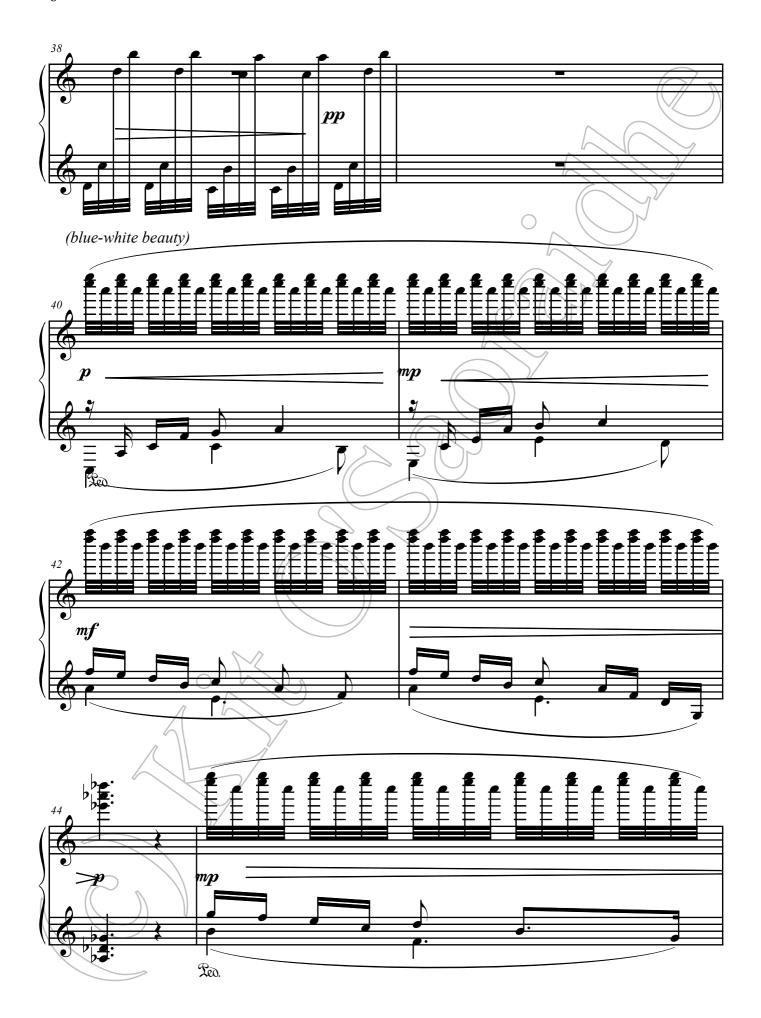




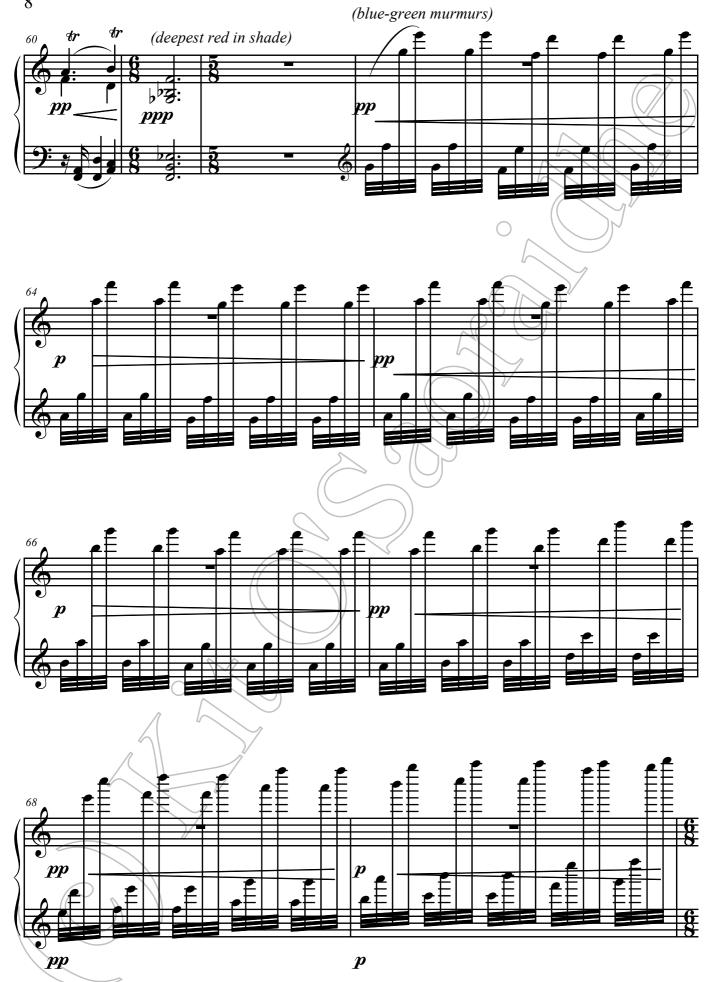


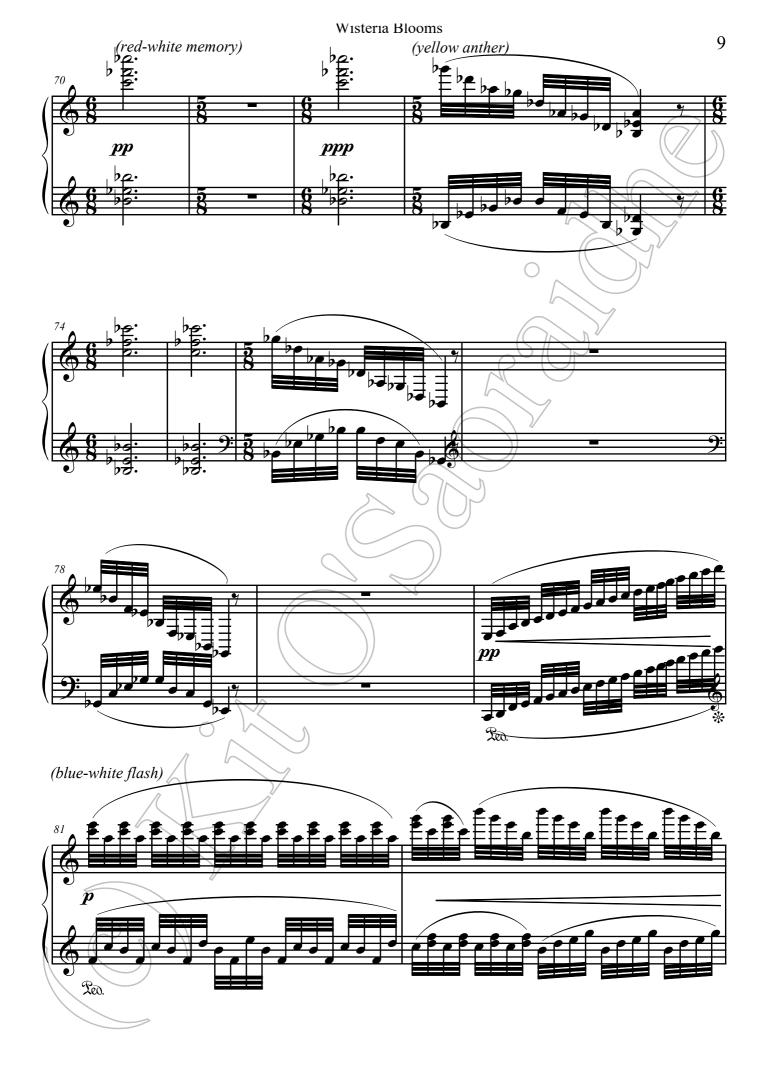


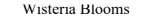


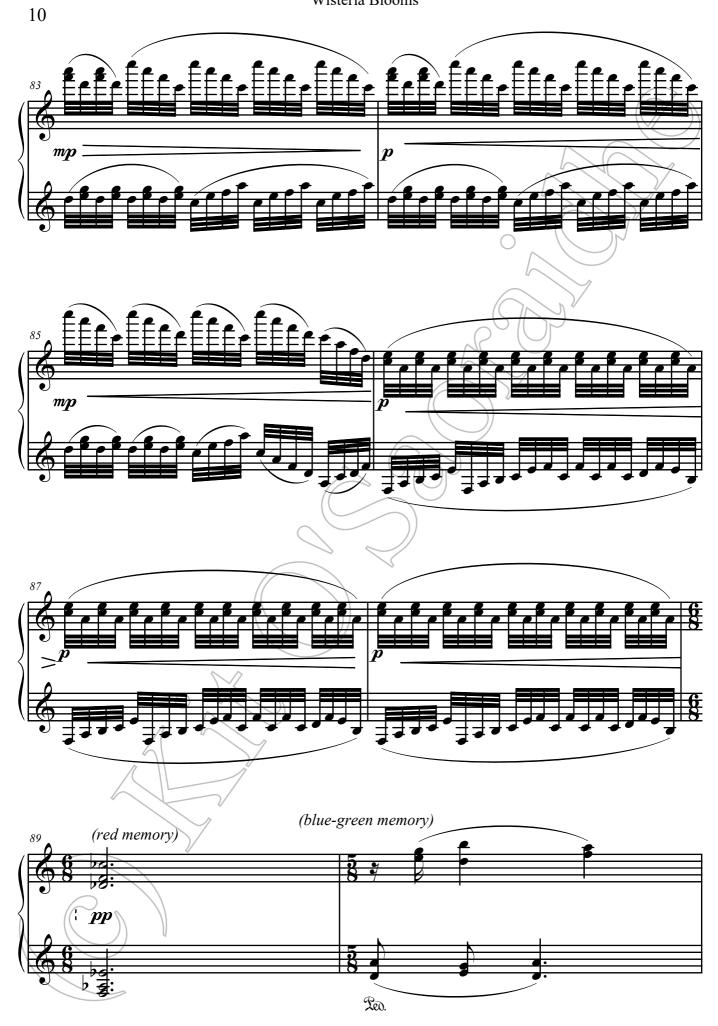


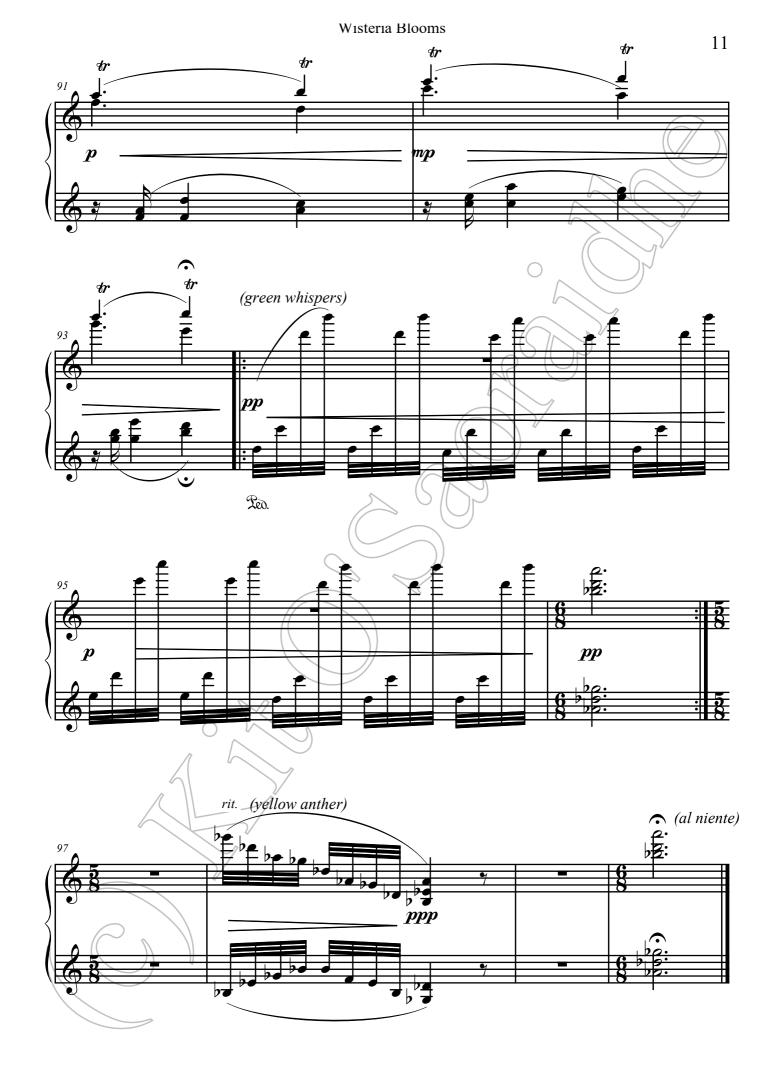


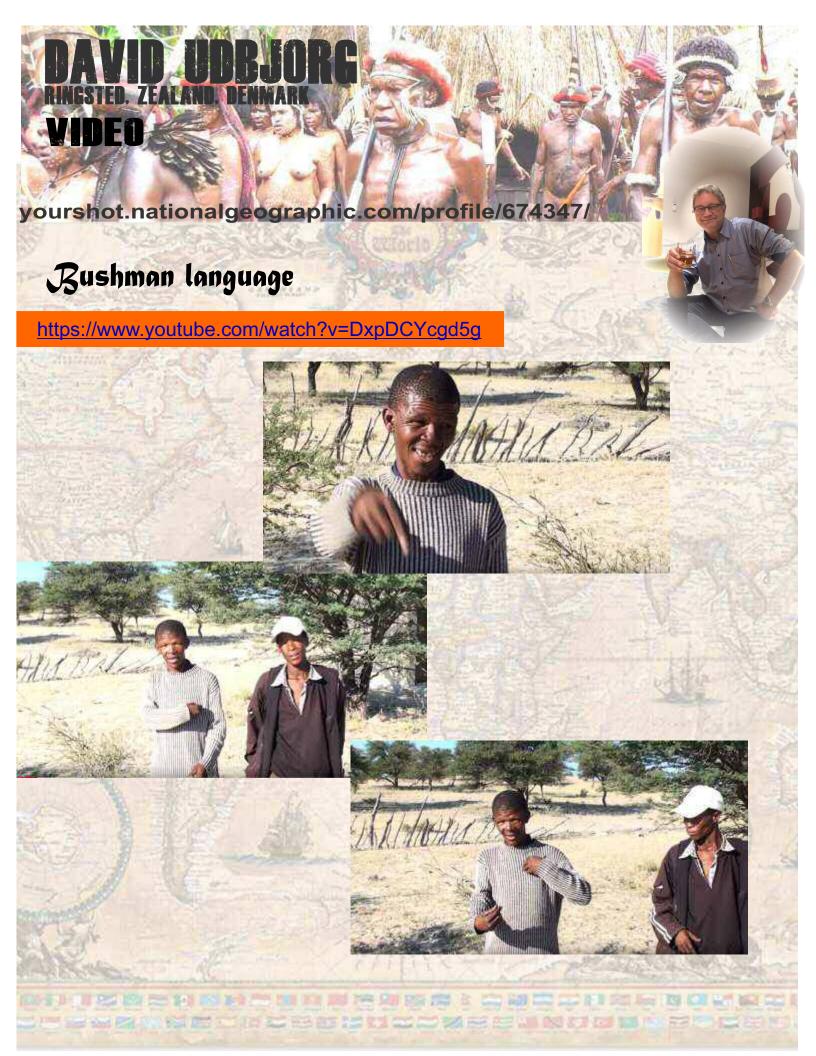












Video and Musical Composition by Jason Munn



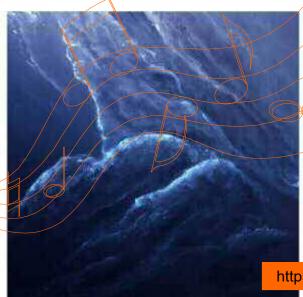
https://vimeo.com/469244643

Voices in the Wind

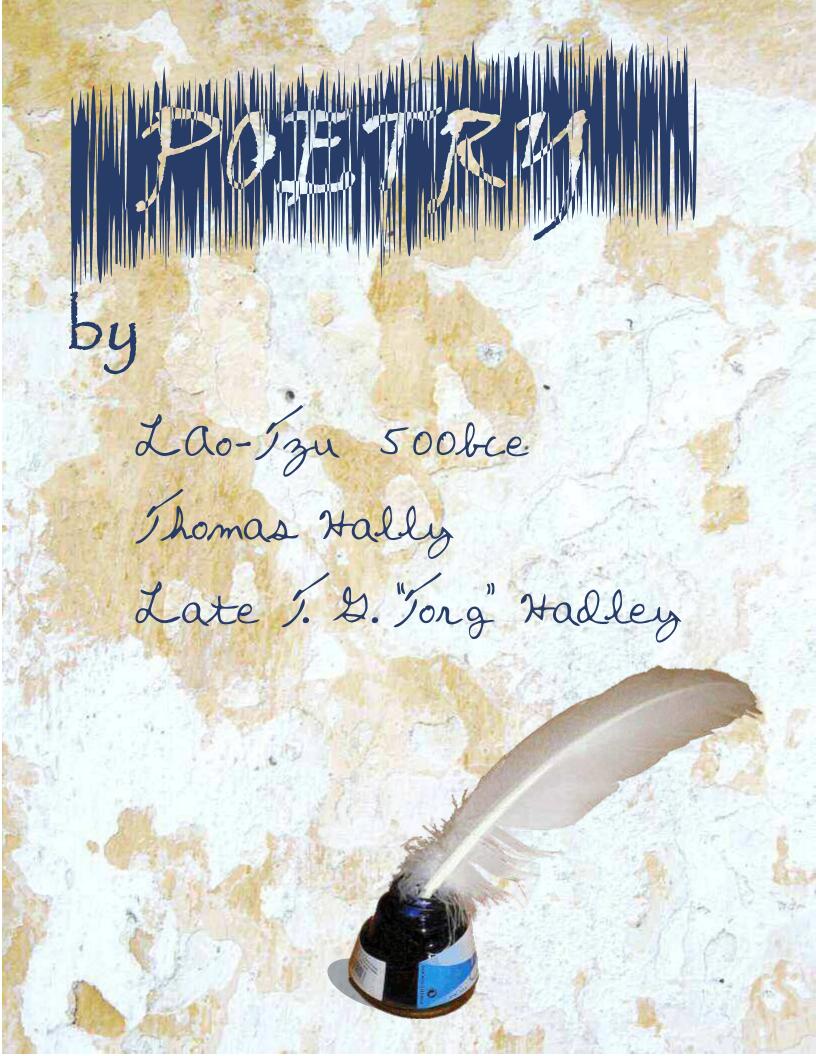




Digging Through History



https://soundcloud.com/jase-munn/digging-through-history



Vision of audient Master

no. 41

Tao Te Ching

1 ao-Tyn 500ber

when a superior man hears of the Tao he immediately begins to embody it.

When an average man hears of the Tao he half believes it, half doubts it.

When a foolish hears of the Tao he laughs out loud.

If he did not laugh,

it wouldn't be the Tao.

Thus, it is said:

The path into the light seems dark,

the path forward seems to go back,

the direct path seems long,

true power seems weak,

true purity seems tarnished,

true steadfastness seems changeable,

the greatest art seems unsophisticated,

the greatest love seems indifferent,

the greatest wisdom seems childish.

The Tao is nowhere to be found.
Yet it nourishes and completes all things.

Little Village in the Woods

Thomas Hally

My Ajijic is the top of the bottom nine below Open fields are buried in pumpkins Pumpkin seed takes wind and flies from the field Quickly leaving the confines of our little village, Our home

Like wayward children dizzy from the sweet fragrant smell
Of Bird of Paradise Flowers and it's a miracle how busy
Honeybees can make their magic for all to share and fat
Little Bumblebees give big black and big yellow but
That's all they can share tell that to the city and all will make
Fun of you

You must believe it when I say trees from Banana to Palm And Guyamuchil all are strong and generous to those who wait Below and there are no falls no uproots and trees Are paradigms of the Grand Majestic reflection of The Face God looking back at you in a mirror

An enchanting call to flora and fauna and places where so many graceful Animals move by pack and by heard seek allure of Beautiful Nature to stay strong to stay alive and help make sure the young grow mature and thrive.

Sleepy Hollow, (Redux)

Clip-clapping haaves I heard, now cantering,
(Quick-sparked my dread, my teeth a-chattering!)
I spurred my nag, 'n' snuck a glance a-rear,
I spied the Black Karseman, 'twas as I feared,

A fire-eyed pumpkin was his grinning head This Man and Karse, indeed: the Living Dead! Brimstone breath it chuffed, its nastrils flaring. Grim, he sat astride, his black cloak sailing.

In paunding Fury, caming quick an me,
Terrar fraze my Fleart, they clased sa quickly!
'Twas All-Kallaweds' Eve, haw had I fargat?
'Tween Death and yan bridge vile Fate had me caught!

A Scholar chased down by Superstition? My Soul's ensnared by such vile Perdition! My Throat constricted, my Eyes wildly bulged, The end of my days, by a Ghost divulged!

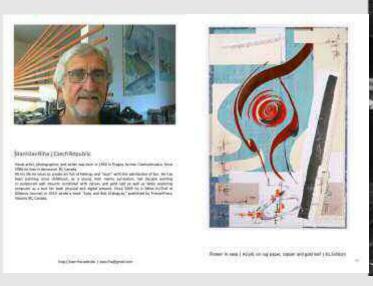
His faul Breath sent chills, my Spine a-quaking, I strained hard farward, the Bridge near-gaining, His saber swift-swished, my callar was rent, My Kape near Expired, my nag almost spent...

I heard a hoof, then two, gain planks' purchase, ICe reined, sparking hooves, his Beast uprearing!
My Brain pounded pulse, my Breath was searing...
In our Dreams suchlike does Death so surface.

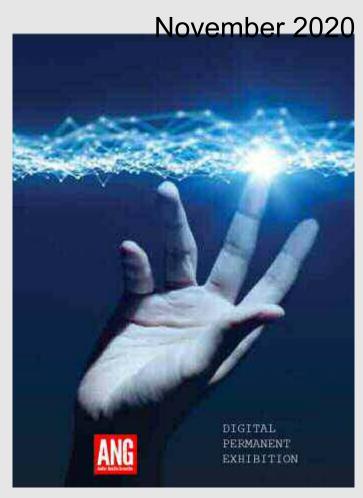
Mind Ye this Cautionary Tale, Ride hard until Thy Breath doth Fail!

(If you, too, sametimes do gaze at the Moon, pander upon this reverie, if you please.)

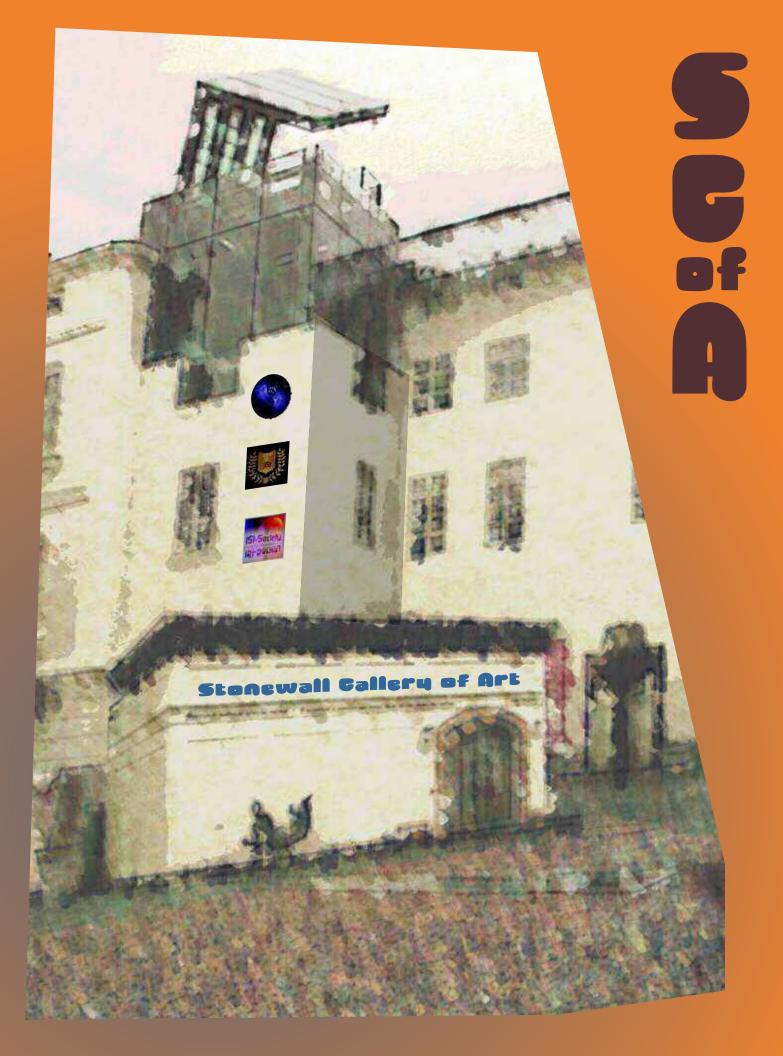
IQ Nexus Journal staff in art world.





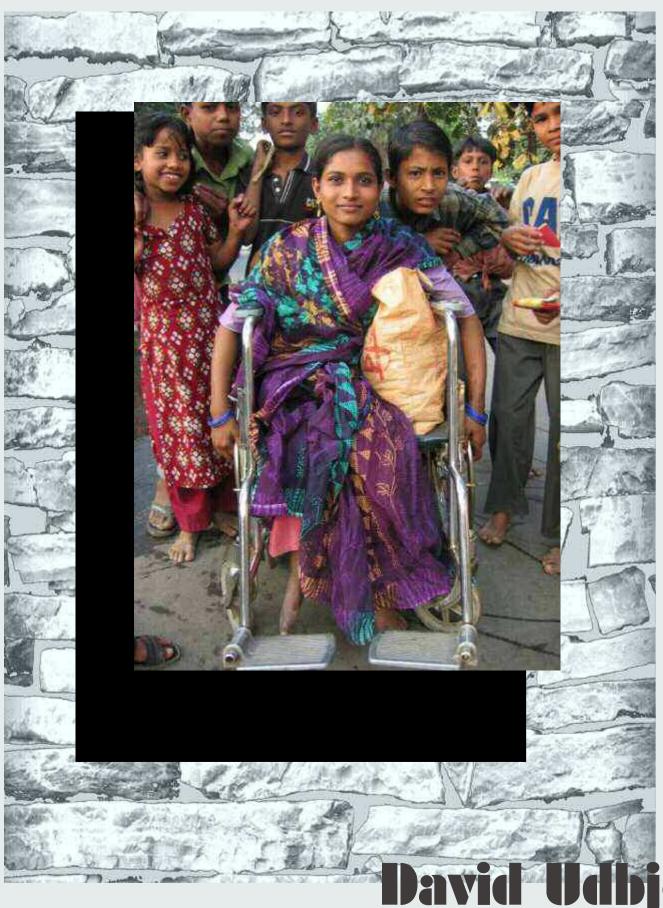


Nel ten Wolde | Australia Stanislav Riha | Czech Republic Mark Pol | Netherlands Natália Gromicho | Portugal Paulo Saraiva | Portugal Gloria Keh | Singapore Pompeyo Curbelo Mar n | Spain Milena Simunic | Slovenia Yvonne Wiese | Denmark Miguel David | Spain ORNA L.BROCK | Israel Aranka Székely | Hungary María Isabel de Lince | Colombia Erich Kovar | Austria Nicholas Peter Bartlett | UK Sanne Rasmussen | Denmark Di Bresciani | Australia Éva Nyáry | Hungary Berta Miravete | Spain Chrilz | USA Halina Guźda-Otwinowska | Poland Stefani Zinonos | Cyprus Beatriz López | Spain Son Yeounsuck | South Korea

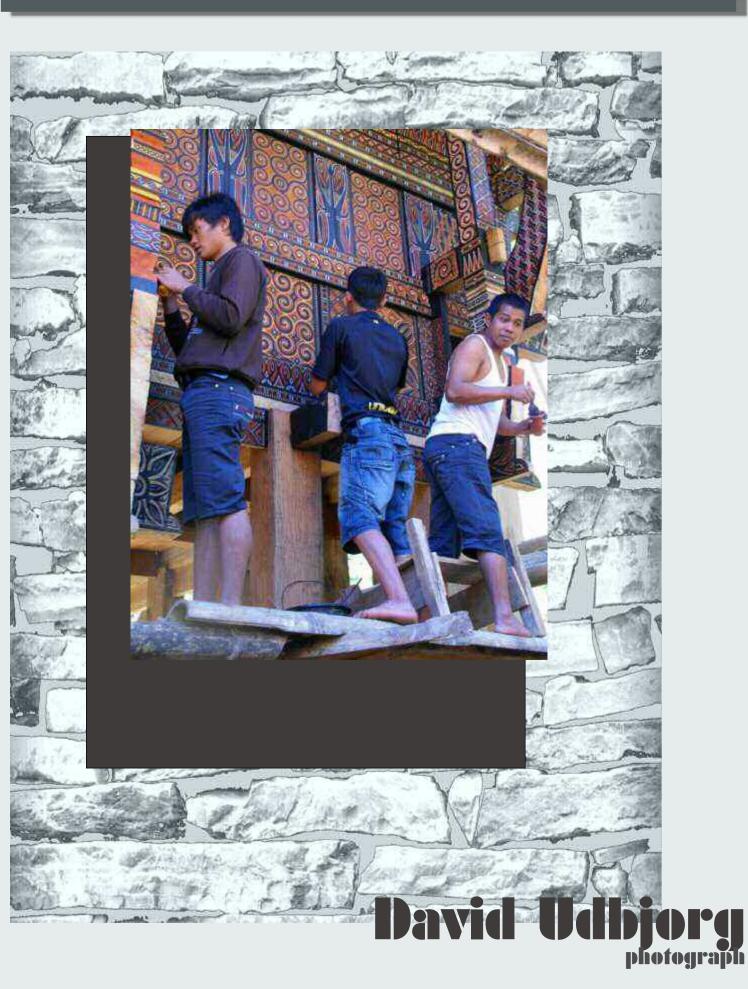






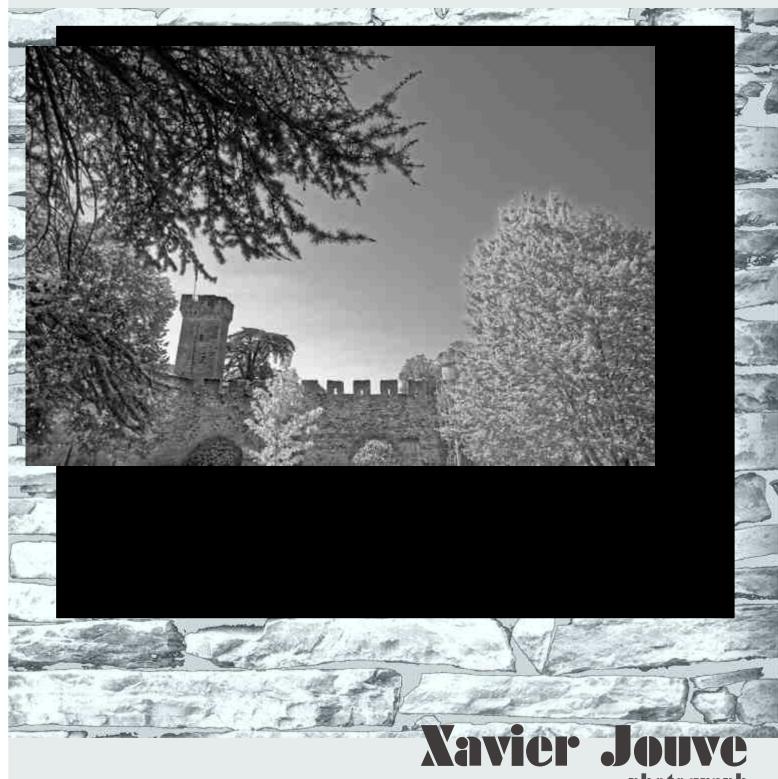


David Udbjorg

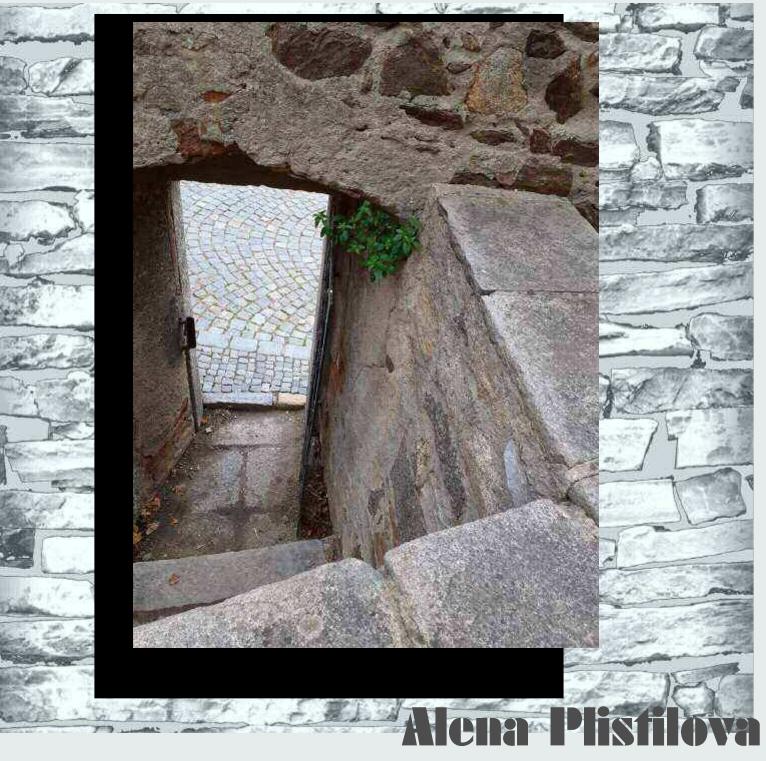




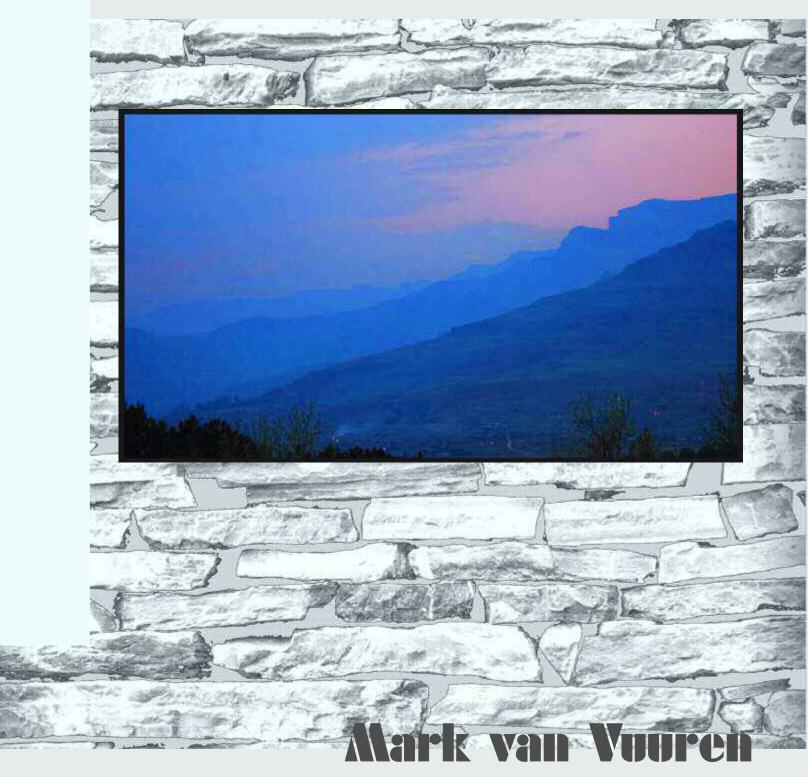
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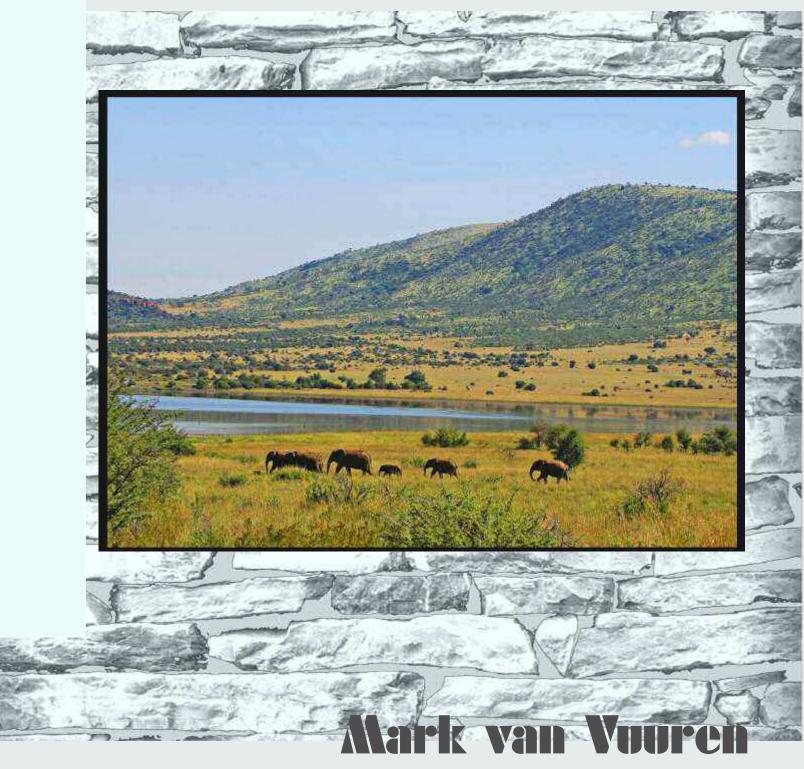


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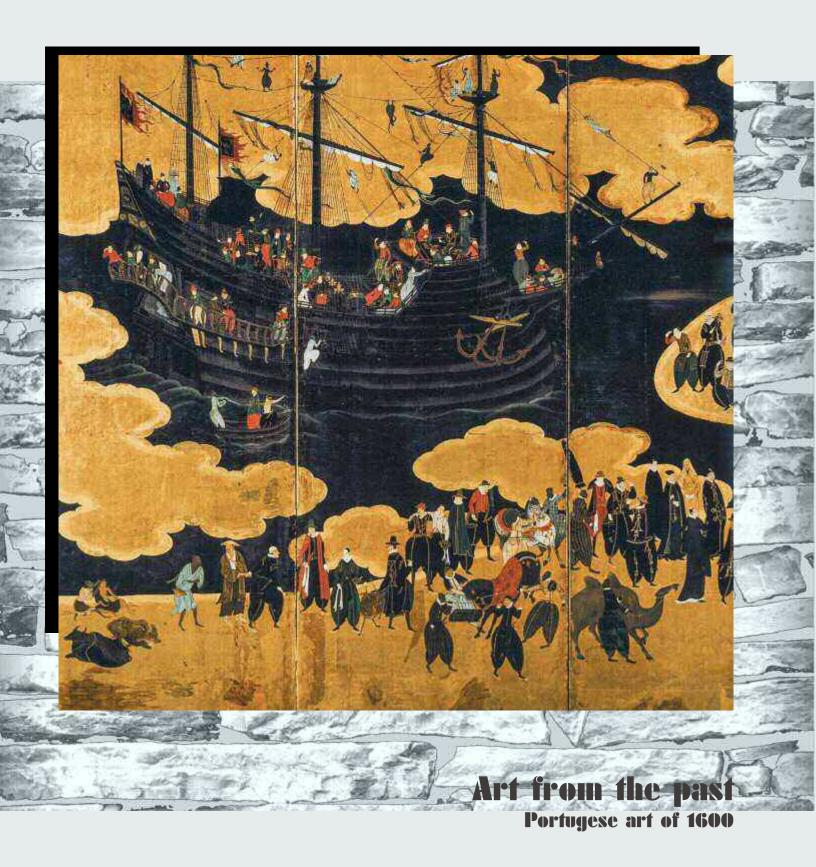


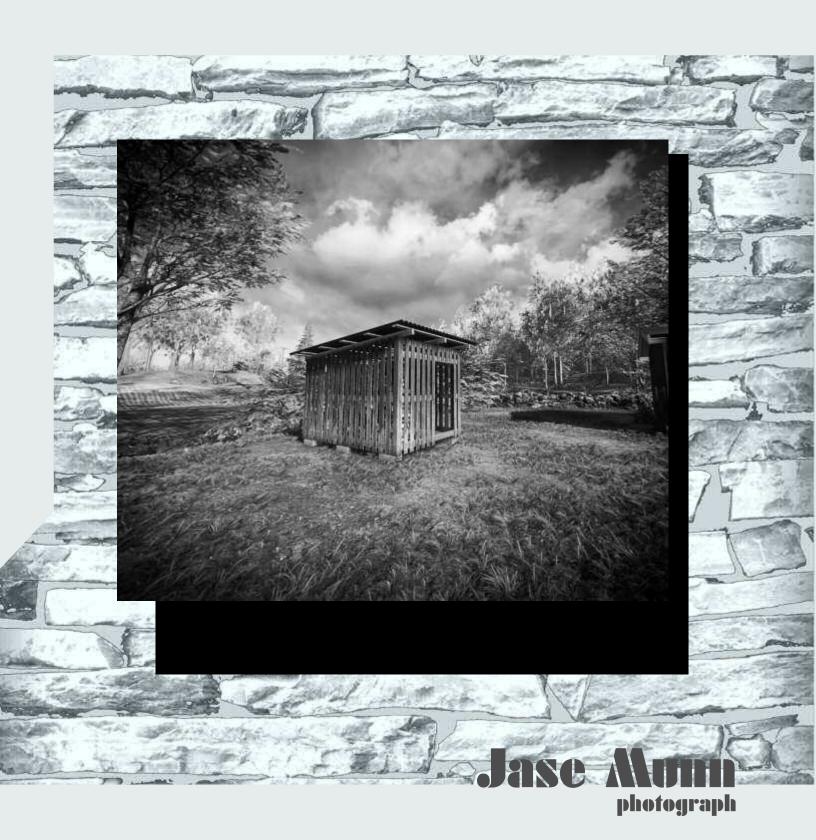


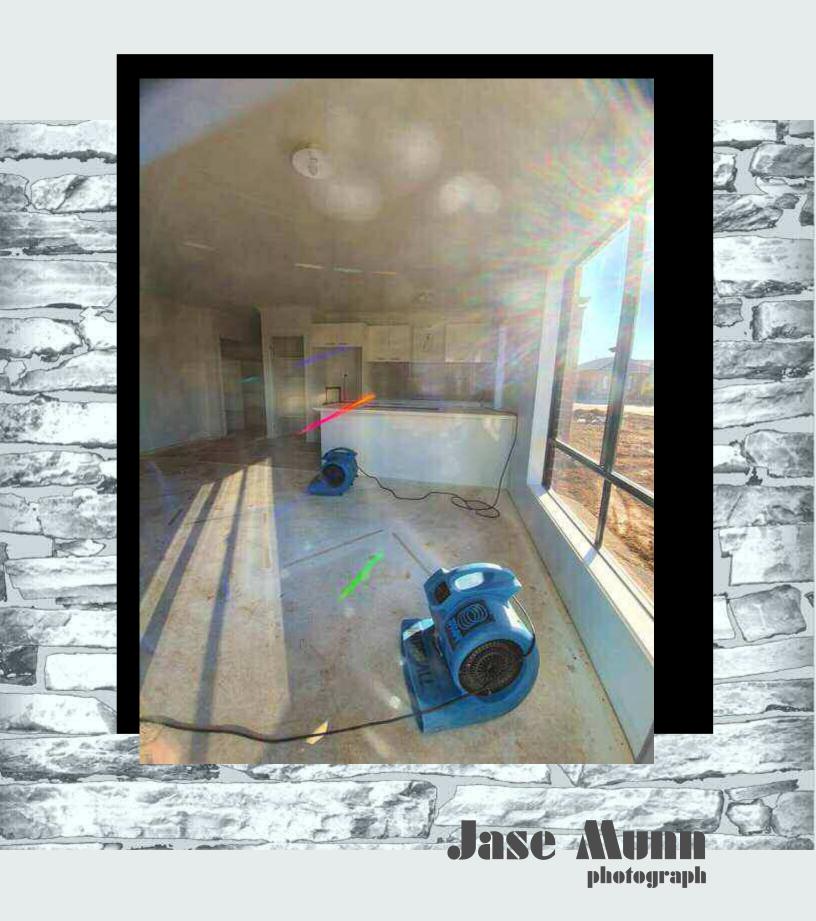


imble watercolour

















Science, Philosophy Essays & Reviews

Insects, Witches, and Breakable Lizards: From Bolivia to Catemaco

Thomas Hally

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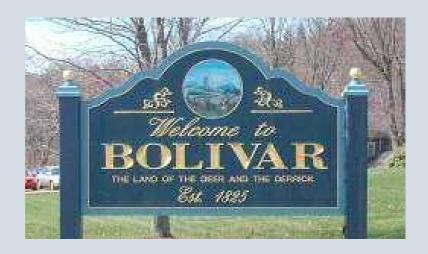
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"The IQ Nexus Journal editorial staff does not judge, agree or disagree with the written content of submitted articles. It is for the reader to judge, agree or disagree. Any complaints or corrections will be forwarded to the writer by Journal staff and the writer will decide whether or not to reply.",

Insects, Witches, and Breakable Lizards: From Bolivia to Catemaco Thomas Hally



Our most unusual adventure in Mexico actually started in the sleepy town of Bolivar, New York. "That's 'Báhlávèr', not 'Bólivar', and if you say 'Bólivar', you will be corrected", so said the Uni Mart cashier on a snowy afternoon in the old, picturesque village of 800 inhabitants. Bolivar was founded in 1819, and the town's real name is "Simon Bolivar." It is located at the northernmost edge of Appalachia in the Allegheny Mountains. During our time there, from 1987 to 1989, we noted that many of the residents were "escapees" from the Pennsylvania Welfare system, which had much lower cash benefits than New York's. This made Bolivar a rich boarder town in the eyes of many.

We lived like few did in the hamlet. We had recently moved there from San Francisco, and had purchased a 5,000 plus square foot, 1903 Victorian, stone home for the grand total of \$43,000. We were among the elite. Our mansion in the mountains came equipped with six bedrooms, four bathrooms, an attic with a BB gun range, and a spooky cellar replete with rats and bats.

After having suffered through four months of "twenty below" temperatures, from late fall through winter, with near \$300 heating bills each month, we wondered why we moved there in the first place. Had we not been warned? Sure, but we had checked Bolivar out—the generally lower cost of living between San Francisco and Bolivar, the much-longed-for escape from the hustle and bustle of the City by the Bay, the beautiful summer and early fall landscapes, and the abundance of wildlife in New York state had a lot to do with our change of lifestyle. But adventure played a leading role as well.

Then, on a frigid March morning in 1988, we received a telephone message from Marcela, the youngest of my wife's sisters. Marcela was distraught. According to his doctor, Don Isaac, my 85-year old father-in-law, would not live to see the summer. He must see his favorite daughter before he had to pass from this world to the next, if only just for a while. The next day Guadalupe and I spent what was to be our last frozen morning for nearly a year packing and booking our flight.

Upon our arrival in sunny *Viejo México Lindo*, the entire Garcia family who came to welcome us back home greeted us. Don Isaac was at the airport as well, and he gave Guadalupe and me a smile as big as a Happy Halloween pumpkin's, yet he looked gaunt and wasted. His spirits had been instantly lifted however, and after a couple of weeks he began to eat solid food again. Several weeks later, the doctors told us that he his cancer was "miraculously in remission" and that "Guadalupe was the reason why." He had regained a vigor he had not had since before the passing of his wife, Doña Lupe, eight years earlier.

We had enough money saved to spend approximately one year in Mexico, and my business programming job would be waiting for me upon my return, so we were relatively worry free. Don Isaac was better, so, in June 1988, we left Mexico City and the Garcia household for parts that had not yet been determined.

Before landing in Vera Cruz, the famed city where Spanish Conquistador Hernan Cortes suddenly appeared in 1519 with his band of ruffians and his Aztec-Maya lover, the beautiful and brilliant *Malintzin*, we stopped in Jalapa, the capital of the state of Vera Cruz, for a short rest. Malintzin came to be known as *La Malinche* by the newly born mestizo nation, and in later years was—and still is! —associated with a type of "treasonous desire" for all things non-Mexican. The Spanish referred to her as "Doña Marina," as could be expected, always having a difficult time getting those sometimes multisyllabic indigenous words to slide off their tongues with any semblance of fluency. "Moctezuma" for *Motecuhzoma Xocoyotzin* is a case in point. Of course, most of us have the same problem, and we know the last Aztec Emperor better by his Anglicized moniker, "Montezuma."

On the way to Jalapa, we were taken by surprise in the city of Puebla being approached by several women in the local *tianguis*, or open-air market, wearing traditional dress and selling insects which were tied to golden chains and parading about their necks and bodices. These were the famed Mexican *maqueches*, or large beetle-type creatures, adorned with jewels and used as broaches. While we were eating lunch, an Indian woman approached us and pleaded with me to buy one for my wife "*Por favor, Señor compra este*!" Guadalupe and I agreed it was cruel using these insects for adornment and we almost spilled our *mole*, or chocolate chili sauce, when we came to the realization that the bugs had to be fed and their boxes cleaned on a daily basis. Surely this was the sequel to Franz Kafka's *Metamorphosis*.

After a brief inspection of Jalapa's Museum of Anthropology, we headed south towards the *pueblito* of Catemaco, a small town known for its bustling population of *brujas* and *brujos* or witches and shamans.

Our first encounter with a witch was weird—aside from the fact that *any* encounter with an Aztec witch would have been weird! As we walked down a busy street, a spry, ancient lady with a creased, russet face ran out of a round thatched-roof hut and, with stilts tied to her legs and with her arms waving in the air like propellers, spotted us and began "spitting" expletives at us in the Nahuatl tongue. She held an egg in each hand. Then, speaking in a more moderated Spanish, she called out to my wife, "¡Oye, Malinche!" and told us that our relationship was cursed and that we would need a *limpia* or cleansing. A foreign güero or fair-haired, fair-complexioned man of European stock does not mix well with a "morena" was the gist of her

seemingly racist message. She frightened us at first; we stared at her gold-capped teeth—what was left of them—and her piercing black eyes, the color of raven's wings.

She toned down her remarks and we gradually warmed up to her. She offered us a *limpia*, or "soul cleansing" for about five dollars, freeing us from the shackles of my cold, calculating "Anglo Temperament" and Guadalupe's nature, that of a "Passionate Latina." Little did this scary ancient lady know that I was of Celtic origin, and I was the passionate half of our small family, with my infamous "Irish Temper," nor did she have inkling that my wife was always calm, cool, and collected.

We opted for the limpia out of simple curiosity, deciding it could do us no harm. After all, adventure was what we were looking for. So, sporting nothing but towels, we were led into a small stone steam bath known as a *temescalli*. Sitting on a bench, we enjoyed the aroma of fresh mint, eucalyptus, and rosemary clusters placed on the top of a grill and above a hole in the ground filled with hot rocks. After 20 minutes boiling in the temescalli wearing towels or in our birthday suits—the witch didn't care which—we were led by hand into a small room illuminated with candle light. *Señora Xochitl* started gibbering in Nahuatl once again, but this time she was dubbing us with palm branches while she chanted a blessing. We were comfortable, yet embarrassed, as she slowly passed an egg from our foreheads, to our chests, to our arms, to our buttocks, and down to our thighs. It was all very pleasant, but the offer of free marijuana with a recap was a bit beyond our expectations. With a 10- peso bribe we freed ourselves from any further possible obligations and headed for San Francisco Hotel.

Our stay in San Francisco Hotel cost us *pocos pesos*—and was worth every *centavo* of it. The mattress had no sheets—blankets would have been impractical—and it was stained. When we checked in did, we somehow think that because the name of the hotel was the same as the City by the Bay that we would be spending a night in the luxurious Sheraton Palace...?

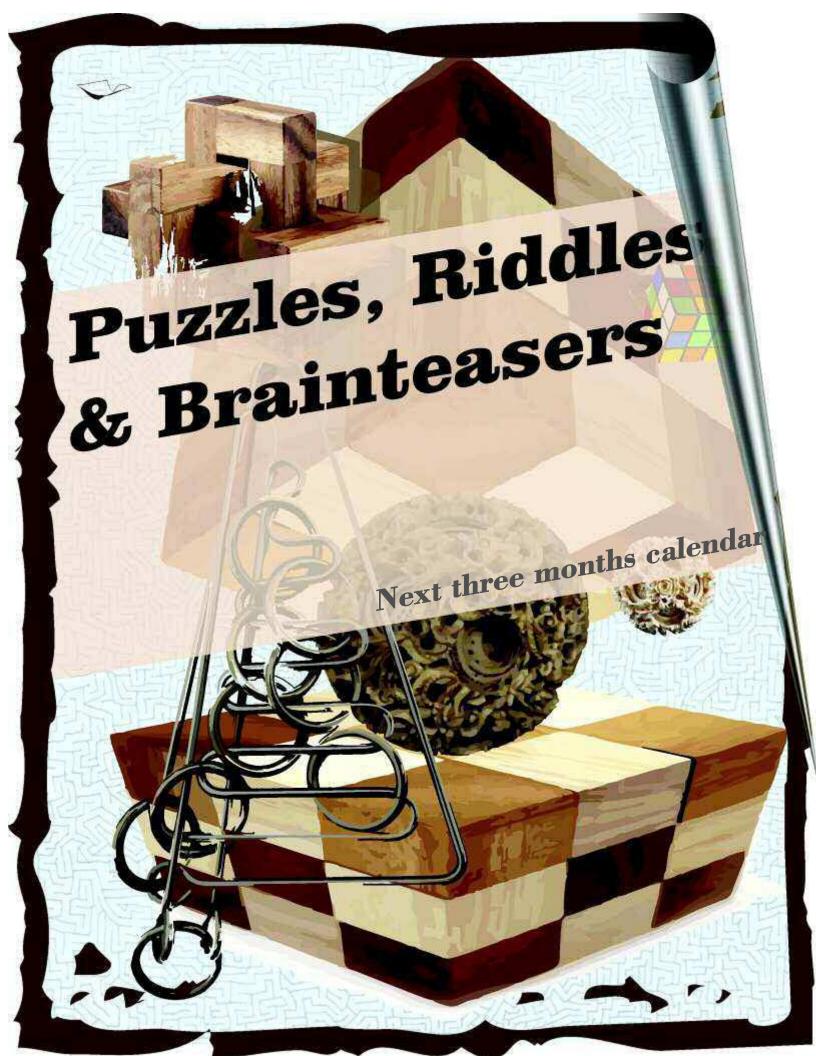
It was 2 a.m., and, even with our own clean towels spread across the bed, we could not fall asleep. The foul-smelling room; the vociferous soprano-like voices of prostitutes haggling with their clients just outside our door; a fist fight in the hall; and, the fact that our terry cloth towels itched like crazy and were hot, as we lay naked on top of them, all made for a miserable night. When we did peek out into the corridor that led to the rooms on the second floor, we were unceremoniously greeted in the local dialect, which, according to the ladies, was "Nahuatlol." We were then chewed out in Spanish, told to "quit complaining and return to your room—or else!" The "dialect," we were later informed, was a discombobulated mixture of Spanish and Nahuatl.

Frustrated, we returned to room 203, slamming the door in disgust and, instantly, two *guijas*, or "glass lizards" fell from the wall crashing onto the floor and into smithereens. After cleaning up the bits and pieces of the transparent reptiles, Guadalupe and I opened up a bottle of red wine and proceeded to get drunk. What else could we do in a situation like this? We pondered the humor of our predicament and, literally laughing ourselves to sleep, we got some much needed shut eye. In the morning we took a cold shower, using our own shampoo as body soap, and dried ourselves off with the towels that the hotel room didn't provide us with. Dressing quickly, we checked out at exactly 11:55 a.m. The rain in tropical Catemaco is a unique experience. It falls hard and fast and the Laguna of Catemaco resembles a large,

bath tub with a body gradually sinking or being lowered into it that almost causes the Lake's water to be displaced and spill over the beach under the weight of the heavy object—"Eureka," Archimedes *en México*! As unrelenting as the rain was, the *bohios*, or rustic shacks with thatched roofs, remained steadfast and resistant. I wondered "If the Mexicans can build water proof dwellings in the tropics, why can't the Americans build fireproof houses anywhere in the States?"

This would be the last day of the first of our adventures in our advance into Southern Mexico. So, after the rain stopped, we decided to take a boat tour of the Laguna. The boatman skillfully made a necklace of water orchids for my wife, and we were encouraged to throw the oranges and bananas we had been given to the imported-from-Chiapas spider monkeys on the island in the middle of the small lake. Back on shore, we paid him and gave him 12 pesos for the necklace.

On our next trip we would go further south to Palenque, Chiapas to see the archeological ruins. The Pyramid of Kukulkan at Chichen Itza in Yucatan promised adventure, and Tikal, Guatemala was also on our list of places to go. We chatted about the future on the return trip to Mexico City, agreeing we would stay longer next time, spend a few pesos more on hotels, and avoid *brujas* and *brujos* altogether.



Killersudoku solution from IQ Nexus Journal, issue 12 Vol. 3

14		24*****			34		11	
2	5	8	7	9	1	3	6	4
7	3	4	14	15	8	9	5	1
14 9	1	15 6	3	5	35 4	7	8	2
4	2	7	5	1	9	8	10 3	6
1	23 9	30 3	8	4	6	5	2	24 7
6	8	28 5	2	7	3	4	1	9
31 3	4	2	9	6	5	1	7	8
8	7	1	4	3	2	6	9	12 5
5	6	9	1	17	7	2	4	3

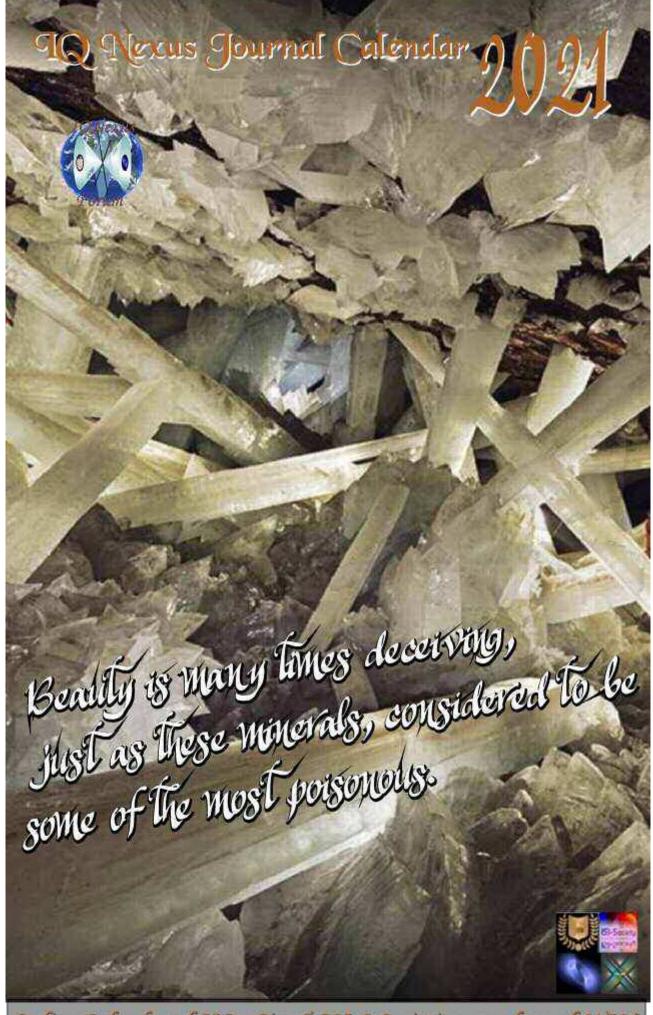
Rules

As in regular sudoku, every cell in each row, column, and nonet must contain a unique digit. In other words, each row, column, and nonet must contain all the

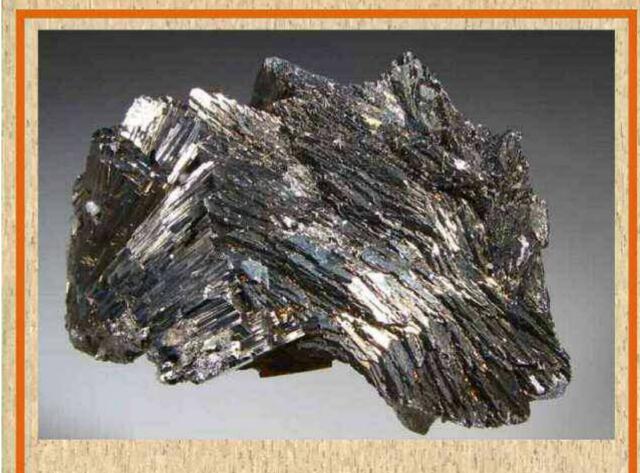
digits from one to nine.
The values of the cells a cage must sum up to the total for that cage.
The values of the cells in a cage must be unique.

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10		6		14		6		25
18		16		35	12			
			15				15	
21					8			9
18		3			15			
	11	8			6	24		
		24				12		16
15					1			
	12		7		14		10	



Online Calendar of IIS, ePiq LISI-S Societies, members of WIN



Arsenopyrite - FeAsS

LONJ

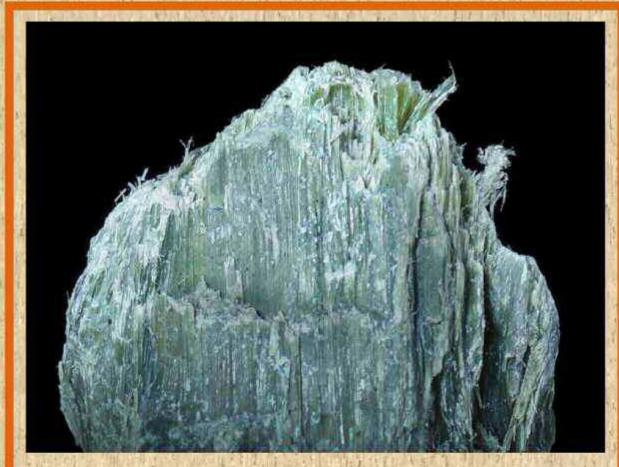
H	34	T	W	T	F	8
		10	2	13	4	14
Ř	8	. 8	9	10	11	12
13.	14	15	76	17	18	19
20	21	22	22	24	25	24
17	28	29	30	31		



2021

	February										
8	M	T	W	T	F	8					
	- 1	2	2	*	-5	. 6					
19	8	9	10	11	12	13					
14	15	16	17	18	19	20					
25	22	23	24	25	26	77					
28											

Saturday	Friday	Thursday	Wednesday	Tuesday	Monday	Southy .
	New Year's Day					
9	8	7	6	5	4	3
10	15	14	13	12 •	11	10
23	22	21	20 6	19	18	17
30	29	28	27	26	25	24
				II.		31



Asbestos - Mg3Si2O5(OH)4

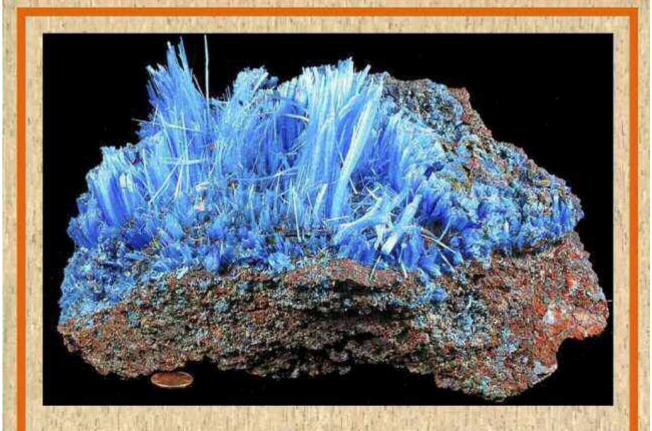


	January						
H	W	T	W	T	F	8	
						2	
2	4	- 5		7			
30	11	12	13	14	15	10	
97	14	10	30	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
31							
W	-	-3.9			200		

2021

The state of the s										
8.	M	T	W	T	F	8				
	- 1	2	2	*	-5	. 6				
3	8	9	10	11	12	13				
14	15	16	17	18	19	20				
75	22	23	24	25	26	77				
28	29	30	21							

	CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE					
Saturday	Friday	Thursday	Wednesday	Tuesday	Monday	Sanday
ć	5	4	3	2	Ī	
13	12	11	10	9	8	7
20	19	18	17	16	15	14
27	26	25	24	23	22	21
		ATT.				28



Chalcanthite - Cu504-5H20

LONJ

11	W.	T	W	T	F	8
	1	3	1	3	5	- 8
36		9	10	11	12	12
14	15	16	17	18	18	20
24	22	23	24	25	26	27



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	v	-	4

		11/4	£			
8.	M	T	M	T	F	8
1				1	2	3
	5	8	2	8	9	10.
11	12	13	74	15	16	17
10	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	25	29	20	

	March					25 26 27 26 29 30
Southy	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13 •
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			D
			NGA			

Representative products and gifts for the epiq, IQ Nexus and Isi-s members and friends.



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