

Dear JCAA Reader,

Welcome to this, the third edition of the JCAA Annex. The Annex offers space for member contributions of written and graphic material offered for the interest, amusement, consideration, and education of the membership. The views expressed are solely those of the contributor.

Man Drops Pill and Cheats Death Without Placebo

By Tom Boyer

Ron Fairclough, a 52-year-old canola cooking oil distributor, faced a crisis last week when he accidentally dropped his last Lipitor (anti-cholesterol) pill down a bathroom heating vent. Normally able to keep his HDL and LDL levels within acceptable levels with the pill, he was anxious that he survive until the CVS pharmacy in Vandercook Lake opened at nine a.m., a full eleven hours later. Although he was trying to ignore them, he already felt what he described as “fat nodules” swelling in his glands, and a vague smell of bacon emanating specifically from his nose.

Mr Fairclough recounted that he tried to stay calm during the first hour without the pill’s protection.

“I lay down and ate a whole head of lettuce,” he said. “I was trying to block the power of cholesterol, but I just wound up feeling worse.”

He said he then formed a three-point plan. He would call his doctor; make calls to “friends with brains”; and finally he vowed to eat the kale from a turkey, prune, and kale sandwich that had been in the fridge for two or three days.

Unfortunately, the plan only served to deepen his gloom. The call to his doctor offered only a chance to record a message, and calls to his friends resulted mainly in amusement at his perceptions of doom. (His friend Flehmen jokingly suggested that he “give himself a placebo right up the gazebo”, whatever that meant.) The kale was also disappointing. The green of it had become the gray of it, and he feared that the kale’s rough texture had irritated cholesterol-fighting “lumpules” on his tongue.

But he said he got a pleasant jolt from Flehman’s use of the word “placebo”. It gave him new hope. He felt he had been given a real answer after all. Even if a placebo did not work, he would have gone down fighting.

The tricky thing, Fairclough reminisced, was that he realized that a placebo could not work if the person taking it knew that it was a placebo. So how could he come up with a *bona fide* placebo of which he was unaware? His brain went through a series of contortions, and finally went limp. Then, as he felt at his darkest, a glimmer of light slid through. There were times when he had found that alcohol had allowed him to “think outside the box.” He reached for a bottle of ouzo and downed a large one. His next thought was about ingredients.

The closer he could come to a concoction of fat-fighting nutrition the better, he thought, and poured himself a larger one.

Soon he had in front of him measures of ginger, turmeric, lentils, cardamon, and wakame. He ground these up and set them aside. He then diced watercress, garlic, and kumquat. With this array, he produced varied combinations. The thought then occurred to him to select a blend to couple with ouzo. He toasted to this thought with ouzo. Soon he was filled with unbounded admiration for his creations. The blood coursed through his veins as if he had just finished a marathon. He felt his lungs double in size. He sighed deeply, satisfied that he could have firm confidence that he had not produced a placebo, or er.....a whatever it was, but that he would be drinking the elixir of life itself.

And that, he said, was the last thing he remembered about August the 14th.

He awoke the next morning feeling fresh and invigorated. The fact that he was awake at all proved that his potions had worked.

He drove to the Vandercook Lake CVS and picked up his Lipitor. He was glad to be done with drama, and looked forward to the normal daily routine, now tinged with a small, “medicinal” shot of ouzo.

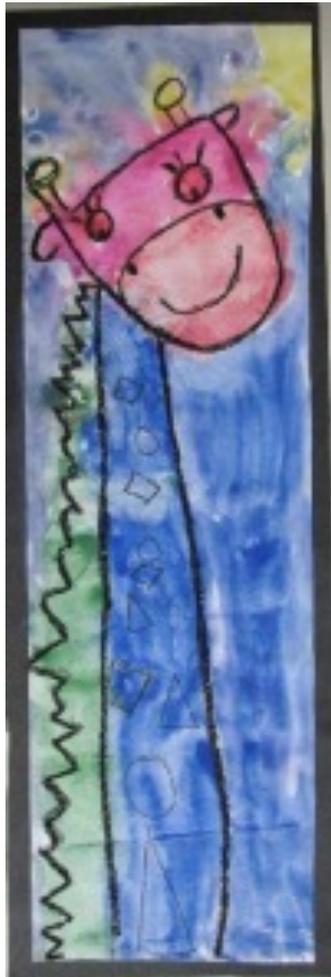


The logo for the Jackson Civic Art Association features the word "Jackson" in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below it, the words "CivicART" are written in a bold, sans-serif font, with "Civic" in black and "ART" in red. Underneath "CivicART", the word "ASSOCIATION" is written in a smaller, all-caps, sans-serif font.

Andante

a poem by Fran Parker

A soft gray blanket of clouds
 Hangs low, comforting the trees,
 And they are, at last, at rest
 After three madcap days of crazy dancing:
 With incessant, wild vibration of their leaves
 And constant trembling of their branches
 Beckoning to the waters of Lake Michigan
 To rise up in long white-fringed gowns
 And move with the vivace tempo of the wind-song
 Whose score brooks no rests,
 Day or night



“Untitled,” by Alexandra Wurst, a kindergarten student at St. Mary’s Elementary School participating in the Art a’ Loan Program at the Ella Sharp Museum, 6” x 17”



Joe Pye

a poem by Charles Reisdorf

I been spyin’
 A lot a’ Joe Pye
 Standin’ by
 The side of the road
 As I pedal by
 Under blue skies.

Keeps me
 Company.
 Though he
 Is just to be
 Within the scene,
 A pleasntry
 For me to see,
 Within the scheme
 Of deeper majesty.

Just the throe
 Of summer’s glow,
 I know.
 But Joe,
 He’s here and there
 Both to and fro’
 This time of year
 The shade of dusty rose
 Painted ‘long the country road

And me?
 Oh,
 I just go,
 And pedal on
 Tires smilin’
 On the rollin’ road.
 An’ Joe,
 Just he and the sun
 Both know.
 The sun pats me on the back.
 And Joe?
 He just winks as I go by.