

# Intelligent Design: Only a Man Would Think So!

In the 'design debate', the evidence finds intelligence in short supply

**Dedicated to men who stick by their wives through thin and thick.**

*The female plumbing system provides gilt-edged evidence of the complete absence of design, intelligent or otherwise! And as for the male plumbing system, what sort of designer would put the sewer pipe right through the middle of a playground?*

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I'm sitting alone in an unfamiliar food court, feeling totally worn out. I'm wearing a newly acquired baggy shirt over shapeless slacks that are held up by a hideous elasticised waistband. I now realise, with my thickening girth, that contains those recently gained extra kilos, defying all my aerobic and dietary attempts to remove, that it seems I will never return to my former Size 10 dimensions, and I need to accept my fate and change my wardrobe to include more of these senior-type, ugly but very accommodating garments. On my feet are flat-heeled and very comfortable slip-on shoes to hide my swollen feet. As I start sipping my much-needed cappuccino, I start to come to life and I find that I have stumbled into one of those ritzy high-rise apartment blocks at Surfers Paradise that uses its ground floor as a shopping mall and food dispensary. To my delight, in front of me is a life-size replica of

Michelangelo Buonarroti's statue of David in all his naked glory.

My senses are soon heightened by a much-needed caffeine fix. Inspired by the beauty of the youthful David's smooth and muscular alabaster limbs before me, I contemplate the concept of Intelligent Design. If I raise my eyes from his obvious centrally located talent, I can see that the handsome curly-haired David looks a little like a hairdresser I once went to who gave me fashion advice, but that shouldn't be surprising: after all, we all know about Michelangelo's taste in partners, don't we? Anyway, I'm not writing this to talk about hairstyles and shoes: I'm going to talk about plumbing that on this magnificent statue has been lovingly carved and is beautifully displayed.

So what has plumbing to do with Intelligent Design, you might ask? Let me spend the rest of this article slotting in a few statistics so you can appreciate that female plumbing could only be considered as 'intelligent' if you have a cruel side to your nature; or, perhaps like Michelangelo, you don't particularly care for women, or you hate your wife, mother and daughters.

Prior to joining the Skeptics and changing your magazine selection to include at least one that stimulates your intellect, over the years, seven out of eight of you blokes reading this article would have spent consid-



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erable time eyeballing the magnificent assets of many young, naked, curvy women in the centrefold of what are referred to as 'adult' magazines. For some of you, these centrefold girls may have been part of your early sexual experiences when you were alone in your bedroom after you discovered your dad's secret magazine stash hidden behind the paint cans in the garage. This article is not about you, but about the life of a young woman with similar large-breasted, narrow-hipped assets (who seem to be preferred by males) as we follow her development from puberty onwards. Just to ensure that we are thinking about the same shape, let us call our darling 'Barbie'.

### The journey begins

Our little princess starts life as the shining star in her doting parents' lives, a sweet child with golden curls and a happy disposition. When Barbie hits her teens she nicely fills out her short, close-fitting T-shirts and causes great distress in the young boys when she 'struts her stuff', displaying her lovely long suntanned limbs that flow out of her tight, tiny shorts. On many occasions, the sound of footsteps can be heard late at night, as stained sheets and underpants are clumsily hidden in the bottom of family's laundry basket by the bristle-chinned, pimply-faced, greasy-haired and unwashed boys who know and dream about our innocent and lovely teenage Barbie as she passes what is politely called the childbearing age of around 12 years.

Here I will start with the statistics. For the next 35 years, when not pregnant, she will have spent a total of up to six years wearing hygiene products. She will also have spent an additional four years with pre-menstrual tension (PMT), when she will experience major mood swings, while bracing herself white-knuckled and doubled over during agonising and debilitating stomach cramps, accompanied by daily unrelenting migraines, just to name a few of her regular monthly symptoms.

A few years later, it seems our

teenage Barbie finds, after testing out the springs in the back seat of her boyfriend's car once too often, that she needs to get married. Fortunately the young man, who has been lucky enough to convince our girl that she cannot live without him, does the right thing by her and we see Barbie in a loose-fitting, off-the-shoulder beige dress, watched closely by her father, holding the sweaty palms and staring lovingly at her perspiring, very white-faced, glazed-eyed husband-to-be, exchanging vows, assisted by a hastily appointed marriage celebrant. This happy event happens a few months before she is due at the maternity ward at her local hospital.

### Reproducing - as God intended?

Now Barbie can't get off her egg to stretch her legs and go for a walk as sitting chickens do, nor can she look into her pouch like a kangaroo, because she carries her developing fetus within her body. Barbie's fertilised egg has attached itself like a parasite to the inside of her womb, where it sucks out young Barbie's blood and exchanges all sorts of other bodily fluids that cause a variety of, usually negative reaction, hormone surges, between regular sessions of kick-boxing practice. Meanwhile, Barbie has spent the first three months or more of her pregnancy with daily episodes of putting her head inside the nearest toilet bowl, looking at the regurgitated contents of the ice cream and pickled onions of her previous meal, or lying on her bed staring at her swollen legs and enlarged DD-sized breasts.

As the months progress, our Barbie now waddles, because unlike her four-legged mammalian ancestors, she has to walk upright while carrying her expanding curves. As her shape starts to include a monstrous protruding belly, she pushes her shoulders back so that she can avoid falling flat on her pretty face. Her back and swollen breasts ache all the time from the extra weight and size, and she is often unhappy with both her appearance and the hormones being constantly

pumped around her blood system that seem determined to make her young life a misery.

It is not long before young Barbie is spending a week in the maternity ward, three days of which are spent huffing, puffing and screaming in agony, and the remaining four days being spent in a drug-induced daze, watching hospital staff run around as they bring our girl back to life. Our princess wanted a natural birth, but those slim hips could not be wrenched apart enough for the giant head of her newborn, so the new mother has a few stitches on her tummy. One can't help thinking of the movie *Alien*, can one?

Fortunately, a new set of hormones kicks in, and Barbie leaves the hospital with her healthy and hungry bundle of joy, accompanied by her doting and delighted husband, to start family life in the suburbs.

When an animal has an offspring, there are no nappies to change and they can usually already walk or swim, so what went wrong with Barbie's baby? It seems that evolution has had to find a balance between the stretch of a woman's hips and a human baby's head size. During our evolution we have grown a large brain, so if a baby keeps developing inside the mother, it will not fit through the birth canal, and both the mother and child will die, so after nine months we eject a darling little creature that is totally dependant on us and will remain so for many months to come.

So why didn't women evolve with hips as wide as a cow's backside? Dare I suggest that the male preference for our Barbie's lovely shape over the past million plus years may have pushed her development in that direction? Sexual selection for skinny hips? I'm not saying you blokes are to blame, but to be fair, I think you should keep an open mind to that possibility. Of course, it may also have been natural selection, in that evolution narrowed the human frame so we could avoid becoming some carnivore's dinner, as this shape may have helped us run that little bit faster.

## Intelligent Design?

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As the years go by, Barbie produces four beautiful children before she sends her beloved off for the big snip. That is a total of three years where our girl is forced to regularly look inside the toilet bowl while suffering from backache and all sorts of mood-changing hormonal surges typical of pregnancy, sometimes with a dose of post-natal depression and other unkind birth-related issues thrown in for good measure. Our princess doesn't complain: she has a healthy family and her children are soon growing up without too many trips to the school principal's office, and as the years go by, they turn into fine young adults.

### Beginning of the end?

Now Barbie hits the mid-40's, and the dreaded menopause kicks in. Sometimes Barbie is so moody that her family has described her as imitating Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*, and they keep expecting her head to "spin around several times, eyes rolling backwards, while she vomits green slime"; they are sure that on these occasions she may have been possessed by evil spirits and so they send her to her bedroom for some 'quiet time'. Other times Barbie finds herself contemplating suicide, or feels sad and lonely and she keeps forgetting what she is doing or where she puts things. On the really bad days she even hates her family. Her nipples also seem to be racing each other to see which one gets past her waist first, she can't seem to stop putting on weight, and when she showers herself she notices that her once beautiful pubic bush has all but disappeared. Making love with her husband has also become quite painful, she cries a lot of the time, and she doesn't know why.

With menopause, her hormones are on another roller coaster ride, and now she finds that she has to change her perspiration-soaked bed linen several times each night, as she seems to have inherited a common and debilitating condition they call 'hot flashes'. How long this condition will last, no one can tell her, so she just has to 'get used to it' or

start swallowing buckets of unfriendly medication just to get through each day. On several occasions she has thought about throwing herself into the frozen veggies freezer at the supermarket, but her beloved comes to her rescue with the installation of a bedroom air conditioning unit, set permanently to 17 degrees, so she can get at least a few hours' sleep between her nightly midnight-to-dawn sessions of insomnia. Meanwhile, the constantly tired and sometimes incoherent Barbie cannot bear to wear anything but a flimsy cotton night shift, so her dutiful husband sleeps next to her both summer and winter, rugged up in warm fleecy pyjamas and thick bed socks, and to the best of their knowledge, this may go on for many years to come.

### Where's the intelligence?

Intelligent design? Over one-third of Barbie's adult life has 'female issues', so to speak, and I haven't even begun to mention the occasions during her life when she finds herself sitting sad-faced and cross-legged at her local medical centre with frequent attacks of the bacterial urinary tract infection cystitis. As her doctor explained to her, that's because her plumbing outlets are too close together. Or the times she requires medication to treat thrush, the excruciatingly itchy vaginal fungal infection that she gets from time to time. Sometimes she suffers simultaneously from both infections, and she wishes she could trade in her troublesome nether regions for a better-behaved set. Nor have I mentioned her latest discussions with her doctor who tells her she is one of the 10% of women who have endometriosis, a condition where the tissue that normally lines the uterus is growing in other areas in her body, causing excessively heavy menstruation, as well as pain during this and other normal bodily functions. She will have to undergo a hysterectomy, or she will continually live with the inconvenience, discomfort, pain and distressing side-effects caused by this debilitating affliction. Or per-

haps she needs a hysterectomy because she suffers from fibroids, benign uterine tumours that cause prolonged and excessively heavy menstrual periods lasting up to two weeks, that are already forcing her to replace her super-absorbing hygiene products five times daily for several days out of every month. She may be spending anywhere from 50% to 100% of her life bleeding. She wonders if her husband will still love her when her womanhood is taken from her.

As a woman who is aware of Barbie's plight, and has first-hand experience in many of her ailments, I cannot think of anything about my plumbing design that is remotely intelligent. I get angry when I hear men talk about this topic, because there is something very unfortunate about the female reproductive and urinary systems that causes us so much pain, discomfort and inconvenience. So I say to you, as I look up to the statue of David while sitting on my own thickening derriere and devouring my small and tasteless lettuce and tomato salad, holding a fork in one hand, with an energetic wrist waving a fan in the other, I believe that God was either a sadist when he designed women, or evolution did the best it could but made a few mistakes in natural selection.

If you blokes reading this don't believe me, ask your wives what it is really like to be a woman, and I'm sure they will love you a little more if you make some extra time to listen.

### Footnote:

GST legislation excludes sanitary napkins and tampons from the GST-free list of medical, pharmaceutical and therapeutic goods, as they are not regarded as medical necessities, but as hygiene aids/toiletries. However this same GST-free list includes condoms, allegedly because these recreational devices are a preventive medicine product. Can someone please explain that to our women?

