

Talking about penises: February 9, 2015

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7mins

Alright let's hear it for penises.

OK now let's hear it for vaginas.

(Oh come on, this isn't your grandma's knitting circle.)

Let's hear it if you've thought about penises today.

Let's hear it if you've thought about vaginas today.

I can see that this is a room full of penis lovers and vagina lovers. Where would the world be without penis lovers and vagina lovers?

I've always thought that penises should be a normal topic of conversation. But people NEVER talk about penises. It's as if we pretend penises don't exist. I can't imagine why we shouldn't talk about penises. If you don't have a penis yourself, you probably know someone who does. When you're stuck for conversation, we've talked about the weather quite enough. Why not talk about penises? It's not like it's going to take long to find out whether the other person has one or not.

So why have people suddenly stopped talking about penises? Just by luck, I got a hint. I found that all you have to do, is add a bit of humour and the next thing you know, you can't STOP people from talking about penises.

I was onto something. So a while back I wrote up some penis jokes and sent them off to one of my friends. He has a penis. I'm telling you this, just so you know, since people NEVER talk about penises. He'd be a good test case.

He thought my jokes were gross and disgusting and should never see the light of day. They must have been pretty rough for a guy not to like them.

This was a bit of a setback. You can imagine my disappointment. I can't tell the difference between being funny and being gross and disgusting. I wasn't going to set the world to talking about penises that way.

So I thought about it for a while and then sent him some more penis jokes. He said "you're going to tell these to a room full of people? Either you're brave or you're stupid."

I said, since I'm a guy and a penis is involved, I'm probably being stupid.

I was talking to one of my women friends the other day. She's a standup comic.

I picked her to talk about next, because she DOESN'T have a penis. That's right, she belongs to the control group. I'm telling you this, just so you know, since people NEVER talk about penises. What if she was one of the people that NEVER talks about penises? So of course, I checked with her first, to make sure it was OK to tell you that she doesn't have a penis.

Part of her routine is a set of penis jokes. They're hysterical of course. Who better to tell jokes about penises than women? As we all know, women think penises are hilarious. I know. I have a penis and I know this from personal experience.

Although I can't imagine why, she doesn't really like doing the penis jokes. Why it was only the other day, she told me of a recent appearance, where she didn't have to tell even one penis joke.

I said it's a sad day that doesn't have a penis joke.

She said "OK, make me happy; tell me a penis joke".

I said "I just did. Couldn't you tell? Or was it too fast for you?"

She said "I guess I wasn't ready. How about another one then?"

"Oh. I can't do two in a row, just like that. Can you wait a bit?"

(What, only a few laughs? I guess even the slow one is too fast for some of you.)

A while back I was talking to one of my old girlfriends. She doesn't have a penis either. I'm telling you just so you know, since people NEVER talk about penises. I never thought to check with her if it was OK to tell you this. I hope she doesn't mind if I do.

Sarah! Sarah Flugnagel!, wherever you are, I'm sorry if you wanted this kept a secret. I got the idea that she thought penises were ugly.

(Look stunned)

This was a big surprise, considering how well we used to get on. Why didn't she say anything back then?

Then I realised, it was my delicate ego. I couldn't have survived hearing that. It would have been the end of me.

Here all this time I thought I was beautiful, Now I find that all this time, she actually thought I was ugly. I was crushed.

Well I thought about it a bit ... and ... what do you know, she's right.

Penises are ugly. They're absolutely disgusting. They're all covered with bumps and veins.

And they're all different shapes; it's not like you can even get used to them. You never know what to expect.

Some are tapered, and some are the same thickness for the whole way. Some are like frog's fingers, bigger at the end. Some are curved like a banana and some are cylindrical.

It's not like you can prepare for what you get. It doesn't matter how many you've seen, the next one's going to be a complete surprise.

(Play out the young man and the young woman)

It's no wonder the reaction of every young woman, on seeing a penis for the first time, attached to a happy fellow lying naked next to her, is one of alarm.

Usually when I get to this part of the story, someone in the back yells out "that wasn't my reaction".

So there you are in bed with your sweetie pie and after taking a first peek she says

"Ah. I don't feel real good. I need some fresh air. Can we go for a walk?"

"Oh. I'm sorry to hear it. You do look a bit ashen. Your face is completely white. Are you OK?"

"I'm sorry. It was all very sudden. Here put on your clothes."

"But, but, but. I thought we were getting on just fine."

"Well, we were till just a minute ago. I changed my mind. Here hold my hand. I'll be OK in a few minutes."

Well, why is it like this? Why don't men have beautiful penises?

(pause, look at audience)

Then I realised. It was evolution. If men had beautiful penises, then women would be thinking about sex all the time. Crops wouldn't be planted or harvested, we'd all starve. Everything that we recognise as essential to modern civilisation would stop. The daily reports on the depreciation of the unused office supplies would not be filed. If we had beautiful penises, we wouldn't have risen to this evolutionary pinnacle, with iPhones and Tinder. When you look around, everything you see about you, that we regard as part of civilisation, from the Great Pyramids of Egypt, to instant replays, depends on penises being ugly.

It's a scientifically verifiable truth then, obvious to all. If we'd evolved with beautiful penises, we would have gone extinct thousands of years ago.

(If want to cut it short, leave out some of the evolution. Anoo had trouble with it.)

Amazingly there are people who don't believe in evolution. One thing is for sure; they all must have beautiful penises. As you can imagine, they don't want anyone to know. You have to feel sorry for these people. They'll soon be going extinct.

It would be foolish if we let these people pass on without some record of their beauty. I mean beauty should be appreciated wherever you find it, no matter how unexpected its location. We should get them to star in movies. It would be too bad if we didn't have any record of their short time on earth. We could show these movies in high school, along with the classes about dinosaurs.

So after thinking about it a bit,

(sell it to audience)

I accepted that penises are ugly and they have to be ugly. Society depends on it. I don't know how I missed it.

I already should have known that penises were ugly. If penises were attractive, they would be used in advertising.

(sell it to audience)

People would be using images of penises to sell cars, furniture, or hot dogs.

I was in a writing w/s a while ago.

One of the other participants was a woman burlesque dancer. Since I'm a computer programmer, you won't be surprised to learn that I lead a totally boring life. I've never even met a burlesque dancer. Everyone else seems to know dozens of them.

Wow! Imagine me in the same room as a burlesque dancer. I can't believe it! Wait till I tell me mates about this!

She had a story about her love life. I was fascinated. What sort of love life does a burlesque dancer have? I'm sure it's more exciting and daring than anything I could possibly

imagine, even in my wildest dreams. I couldn't believe it. Not only am I in the same room as a burlesque dancer, but I'm about to hear all about her love life. This was my lucky day!

Well it was boy-meets-girl, boy and girl are very nice to each other, there was an amusing twist in there, which was the point of the story, they dance around each other for a while, they fall in love and live happily ever after.

I recognised that story straight away. This is just how it is for me.

(sell it to audience)

What do you know? I have the heart of a burlesque dancer.

(from my rc.xml file for 9 Feb 2015)

In my penis jokes standup on sat (7 Feb 2015) at Anoo's public speaking w/s, I mentioned that a year ago I'd written some penis jokes that Steve thought were gross and disgusting and should never see the light of day. They must be pretty rough if a guy doesn't like them.

I did that while I was at DSI and was using DSI as a model for what I should be doing. Admittedly it was my first attempt, so I shouldn't be surprised that my jokes were bad. However only having DSI as a model, I didn't get to see how bad they were. DSI is not looking for a better world. They are just looking for laughs.

I've now been at NoShame for about 6mo. The crowd is older and more educated. They've seen how the stuff that you accept when you're younger, doesn't work. They're looking for better ways of doing things. They don't want to see the stuff that accepts the world that doesn't work. They want material to show you a world that works, or a way out of the world that doesn't work.

I also on sat saw Transactor's Love Show (includes Anoo), which was 10X better than anything I saw at DSI.

I realised that DSI wasn't a model for how to do anything.

Now I know that any material I present has to show the NoShame crowd a better world.
