

The

# ATLATL

“Too long have I hunted mammoth alone!”

Rich McWhorter

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## Mid-Paleolithic Crisis

**John Whittaker**

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The Neanderthal lamented with a brow-ridge creasing frown,  
"The Pleistocene's a different scene since sapiens came to town.  
It looks like I am losing out, I fear I can't compete  
with an atlatl attitude and breath that smells of meat  
When he swaggers with his breechcloth and dead muskrats on his feet."  
He bared his teeth in speechless rage and sat upon a stone.  
"Curse his CroMagnon modern ways - just leave us all alone.  
Until he came Levallois flakes were everyone's best tool  
but now if you can't make a blade he laughs and calls you fool.  
And I guess we'll leave this valley with its pleasant glacial cool."  
"With spear throwers and harpoons he has massacred the game  
He's the terror of the tundra, life will never be the same.  
And his modern paleo-diet - eating fish! Of course he reeks.  
To nice warm caves the new caveman prefers a tent that leaks.  
The old handaxe sufficed for Dad - I hate these technogeeks."  
As he visualized the future, he smote his brow with woe,  
and scrabbled in the gravel with a half-prehensile toe.  
"He thinks he's so superior to us Neanderthals  
He's just a new subspecies but he's got a lot of balls  
Painting pornographic pictographs on other peoples' walls."  
When it comes to courtship, comrades, a CroMagnon's bound to win  
'Cause his brow ridges are gracile and he has a dimpled chin.  
They have twenty different words for 'Give!' and not a one for 'Please.'  
We can't eat'em or defeat'em, and they reproduce like fleas!"  
Then Neanderthal, outmoded, shuffled off into the trees.

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