

[back](#)[next issue...](#)**The Crux**

May 2001

Four

I don't really like boys. I don't like most girls either, but they're irritating in a different way. Girls are trained to be invisible and silent, and so when the insecure ones start exhibiting these traits, they're not really in the way. If you're friends with them, it's enraging, but when you're merely acquaintances, you don't really have to pay attention to them, because they think they're supposed to be invisible anyway. But not boys. (For those of you who would accuse me of being hypocritical, I am speaking not as a boy right now, but as a deity.) Boys remind me of little dogs that don't feel at ease until they've thoroughly soaked everything in sight with urine. And they always find a way to do it, too. You'll be walking through the halls, and you'll hear two guys yelling across the crowd of people, saying things specifically for the sake of taking up airspace and drawing attention to themselves. They'll yell things like "YO, SAYER!" and then the other one will holler back "YO, GOLDMAN!"

Of course, there are a few individuals who actually will urinate all over their desks or lockers or whatever, but usually guys translate this animalistic, territorial behavior into something more mundane. They'll talk during movies, for the sheer pleasure of hearing their own voice, and knowing that everyone else is hearing it, too. Or they'll walk around school with their brows furrowed into an unimpressive display of rage and strength, and you know that even though their eyes are lowered menacingly, they're still trying to see what your reaction is.

This reminds me of something that happened to me when I was in third grade. I took the PVTA home from school, and one day, there was a big sixth grader waiting at the stop with me. He had that same facial expression that I was just talking about: he thought that he was the most unfairly treated and miserable person in the entire world, and he was really pissed off about it. He walked over to me, and pushed me, asking me if I wanted to fight.

My adrenaline got going, and I was pissed off about life, too. I mean, I was eight. Wouldn't you be pissed off if you were eight? Anyway, he stuck his arms out to his sides, making himself vulnerable, and told me I could have a free shot. He even had his legs spread (I should've kicked him in the balls). Instead, however, I maintained my cool, acknowledging that fighting him would be a bad idea for a number of reasons, ranging from my superior morals to his superior size.

Looking back on that day, I wonder what it was that caused him to decide, upon seeing me, that I should become his property. Perhaps it's fear that makes people like that, a feeling of inferiority that is ingrained in early childhood, some kind of desperation

Speaking of groups of people that I can't stand and spend all my time thinking about, I can't stand people who think they're enlightened.

I'm talking about the kind of people who will go to a party and start talking about god and death and racism and poverty and disease and crime and child abuse and depression and sexism and the Nazi Holocaust.

First off, talking about any or all of these subjects in excess is irritating, because after a point it's obvious that you're not interested in the topic: you're interested in yourself. You should take a break now and then and talk about movies or teachers or girls you think are pretty or boys you think are less ape-like.

But the topics aren't the biggest problem. It's the way they're discussed. Usually these people will change the topic to something upsetting, and then they'll start overflowing with empathy for whomever you're talking about. You'll see that they're so sophisticated that the very mention of racism makes them want to cry for all the lynch victims they used to know. It's at times like that where I wish that empathy were a liquid, so that these people would choke on it. They think they're so deep. That's despicable in and of itself, but it gets even worse.

These people will try to say enlightened things all the time.

No attention is ever paid to whether or not the Enlightened Comment is at all relevant or appropriate to your conversation; they'll just jam them in whenever you give them a chance to speak. For example, you might say, "hey, how are you?" and they would respond with "I'm exuberant! I just enjoyed a succulent morsel of sugar-free vanilla tart, and now I'm off to participate in an excursion to the cinema to see a film." (I've conveniently underlined all the infractions.)

The worst part is that you're probably used to hearing people talk like that. So you just take the wimpy way out and say "huh, neat," instead of doing the right thing, which is to slap the offender across the face and yell "what the hell is WRONG with you?!" You have been conditioned quite effectively to swallow whatever anyone says to you, even when it doesn't make sense (I think elementary school is responsible for this). You know what? You swallow it especially when it doesn't make sense. That's how these enlightened people get you, they spend all their time leafing through thesauri, trying to find huge words that will make you nod and keep your mouth shut.

Allow me to enlighten you on the subject of enlightenment: no one who actually fits your little half-baked definition of the word is going to go around showing off how enlightened they think they are. Take me, for example. At no point in my writing did I ever say I was enlightened, but confidentially speaking, I

that makes a person feel like he has to try to scramble to the top of any social group, hoping others will shrink away in terror, and perhaps these victims should be reassured and nurtured. Or maybe they're just jerks and should be taken out back and shot.

happen to be much more in tune with my spiritual self and the world around me than the rest of you maggots.

Three Important Things to Think About

- 1. Awkward conversation starter: "If you could eliminate any race, what race would you eliminate?"**
- 2. Wouldn't school feel a lot less like prison if you were allowed to go out into the hall without a piece of paper proving you had permission to leave your cage?**
- 3. If your religious beliefs are the direct result of your parents' religious beliefs, what are the odds that you're in the right religion?**