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The Crux

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Two

You know what I think? There are two statements that you could make about love in high school, and they're both equally valid. The first: we are no more capable of loving each other than we are of ignoring a mirror. This is a mildly pessimistic view of our ability, or inability, to have a loving relationship with another teenager.

A more optimistic statement you could make about love in high school is this: we are able, when in the right mood, to love everyone and everything. There are downsides to both statements. The problem with buying the first one, is that it means that every time you told another teenager you loved them, (be it on the phone, in a letter or note, or looking directly into their little, beady, confused eyes) you didn't have any idea of what the hell you were talking about. On the other hand, if you are to go with the more optimistic statement, you might find that the next time you confess your love to your sweet pea, he or she is liable to say, "so what?"

I go with the more optimistic statement. If you can convince yourself that you love someone, no matter how insufferable they are, then you really do love them. It's probably not a good idea, however, to convince yourself that you love someone, because a year from that time, you'll look back and think "what's wrong with me?" And the person who you said you loved will look back and think "what's wrong with you?" And don't you think you're going around telling people you love them because you're just so overflowing with affection that you have to vent it somehow; you have ulterior motives.

For one, you're lonely. Pathetically lonely. You've gotten to the point where you're saying things like "hey, man, she's cute. I'll bet she's real smart and funny." After that point, this new object of your affection could literally say anything to you, like "hand me the salt," and you would think, "what an insightful and sensitive thing to say." Even if they said something unforgivably stupid, you'd smile and think, "boy, she has such a wonderful voice."

Perhaps another thing to consider is that your newfound affection for this person you've never spent any time around is the result of your wanting to have sex with them. I think we should all take steps to avoid having sex with those that we don't like.

For example, having a close, open relationship with someone is a good step towards ascertaining whether or not your feelings for him or her are real. Talking yourself into believing that you are madly in love with this person either

Speaking of sex, do you remember health class? Or "wellness" class, as they've come to call it? I don't even want to make fun of the name "wellness," I don't even know what that means, I don't want to talk about it.

What I do want to talk about is all the sludge that they pour on you as soon as you enter the classroom.

My health teacher, we'll call her Ms. Well, said that one of the main problems with pornography is that it confuses children between normal sex, and not-normal sex. Yes, that's what she said: "normal sex." I asked her what that meant, and one of her examples of "not-normal sex" was rape.

I felt like I was in the Twilight Zone.

I wanted to argue that rape wasn't exactly standard issue in the porn that ARHS students would be looking at, but there wasn't any time for us to have a discussion in class. She had more pressing bits of wisdom to share with us. For example, she brought in some people from the You-Should-Be-Ashamed-Of-Yourself Association of Amherst to tell us that we, the students in that very health class, brutally slaughtered millions of Indians.

That wasn't even my favorite, though. My favorite was this guy who came in to talk to us about Anti-Semitism. He told us two stories. One of them was about his first-hand experience with Anti-Semitism. He told us that last December, a friend of his accidentally sent him a Christmas card instead of a Chanukah card. He found that to be immensely oppressive.

The second story our scholar told was about his relatives that were in Poland at the time of the holocaust, and he showed us an old hand-cranked video of them that was made just before the Nazis came. It was actually a little moving to see these people laughing and playing in front of the camera, knowing that they were shipped off to concentration camps just months after. And then he started to write on the board.

He wrote the words "agents" on the board, and then underneath that he wrote "Nazis." Then he wrote "collusion" beside "agents," and wrote "bystanders" underneath that. He explained that to collude in an act meant to be an accessory to it, and that the innocent bystanders in Europe could've done more to stop the Nazis. And then he added another party to his new list of colluders.

The Jews.

He said that the Jews colluded during the Holocaust by being passive.

What were they supposed to do, run out into the

before, after, or during sexual intercourse is probably a less reliable way to make sure you've made the right choices.

The problem with having sex in high school is this: how are you going to be able to tell the difference between the two courses of action that I've just described? How will you know if you can actually stand this person? What are the odds that you have found the right person, they've pulled you out of your pimply little desperation, and you have successfully gotten into their pants? A million to one. A million to one that every time someone says the phrase "high school sweetheart" you are going to quietly say to yourself, "oops."

Also, who wants to do the nasty and then say, "I have to go now, though, my mom says she'll ground me if I don't get the car back before ten-thirty"?

streets and kick at the wheels of the tanks?

I didn't know what to say. I struggled to digest what he had said for quite a bit of time. If I understand correctly, though, I believe that he visited our school so he could get up in front of twenty people and say that the Holocaust was the Jews' fault. I knew people blamed everything else on the Jews, but I'd never heard of this. It's an interesting theory though, and I wonder what he's thinking when he watches that old video of his family.

And what did any of this have to do with health? That's a good question. Perhaps, rather than "health" or "wellness," a better name for the class would be "guilt." Also, what were the people who designed that little tidbit of the course hoping to accomplish? That some racist kid would come in, sit down, and hear the teacher say "racism is bad," and then think to himself "it is!?" Oh man! I better change!"

Three Important Things to Think About

1. Every time you guys confiscate one of these it costs me a dime.

2. Gladiator? Are you serious?

3. Remember in elementary school, when they'd show you those videos that had the African women with their breasts showing? And the teachers would get mad if you laughed? African or not, breasts are breasts. And in sixth grade, boobs were funny.