

[back...](#)

Max was suspended for this issue.

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

November 2002

I masturbate sooooo much. It's starting to get pretty serious. Being a senior in high school, I've had this problem for some time. I've tried to get help, but the counselors don't know what to make of it (maybe the psychologist the principals made me go to could help me with this problem, as well as my writing problem).

Initially, I tried to make the best of my situation. I filled out a gym alps form and set up an appointment for an approval meeting and everything. Well let me tell you, Mr. Wehrli was less than thrilled.

A couple of days ago, I walked into the Amherst Police Department with plastic handcuffs on my hands, and I said d'take me in, officers, and told them of my crimes. But they just turned me loose. (It turned out that masturbating is, in fact, not illegal. Either the law is way different in Florida, or I've got a bone to pick with my grandma.)

I was going to go to confession to get some Catholic perspective on things, but, well, I just stayed home and masturbated instead.

A friend of mine once actually quit masturbating when we were thirteen. He said he felt bad about it, and he didn't like the way it felt. Afterwards, I mean. (He only lasted a few months.

The rest of my friends couldn't understand it, but I could. I'm just as ashamed of myself as the next guy (not as ashamed as the next girl), but I thought it was a little irresponsible from a statistical point of view. Then again, I guess he doesn't bear quite the same cross that I do; if I stopped masturbating, it would screw up the whole national average.

At least girls don't masturbate. We should keep 'em pure. Them being the fairer sex and all. Last year, the national average of girls that masturbate was rounded down to zero percent, and they took the one girl who said she'd tried it (but didn't know how*) and tossed her into the Mississippi to see if she would float.

The last thing any of us wants is to have women feeling like they're in charge of their own bodies. I think more should be done to make it clearer to women that their vaginas don't belong to them. They belong to men. And the men who own them would really appreciate it if women would keep their little exploring fingers to themselves.

What's the sense in letting a woman touch herself, may I ask? Why, it's as silly as letting small children poke around the top shelf of the pantry. And now most of the teachers are turning whiter than they already are.

So I put on my shirt that reads d'I'd rather be masturbating, and said, d'I like my shirt,

Grandma?

d'No.

d'Why not?

d'I just don't. I don't want to talk about it.

d'Why don't you want to talk about it?

d'Go outside, get struck by lightning, I don't care.

Get out.

Touchdown. And then I ran it in for two: d'Got something against masturbation?

d'Get out.

I went and got my friend, we ran outside into the pouring rain wearing our pajamas, and we could see the bolts of lightning tearing the sky in half. Here's a riddle:

What makes you just as sweaty as masturbating, just as tired as masturbating, but doesn't feel as good?

Gym class!

I hate gym. It's the most irritating goddamn thing that's ever been invented. That's not true, towel heaters are fantastically irritating, but I don't have one, so I don't hate them. I do have gym.

First of all, there's the locker room. This is hell for people like me. I'm kind of shy, and when I'm in school, I feel like I'm being stalked by a ruthless pack of wolves. When I'm in the locker room, I feel like I'm naked and being stalked by a ruthless pack of wolves.

Then, once I get through that, I'm rewarded with a nice 7:45 AM game of flag football. And every single person playing wishes they were dead, except there's always one psycho who wishes everyone else were dead, so that he could have the ball to himself.

The entire time we played, I never once had possession of the football.

Well, at least gym isn't a required course, that would really suck. Oh wait.

I guess I don't like gym because I'm not very competitive. In elementary school, when we would watch those nature programs about deer, I used to get jealous of the male deer, because I knew that I would never be able to impress a female deer.

People say that it's a dog eat dog world, and I'm definitely not a dog. I'm more like a dog biscuit. I can't even pee in public places. It's not that I'm afraid to; I literally can't. When I went on the band trip to New York last year, I went for six hours having to pee and not being able to. It was because I couldn't pee on the bus.

I hope you all enjoy your new view of the blind, sinful, hairy-palmed underbelly of ARHS. Stop writing letters home and sending kids to the guidance office. When teenagers don't do their homework, it's because they've got bigger fish to fry.

Want to hear a story? One time when I was thirteen, my friend and I were staying with my grandparents, and my grandmother wouldn't let us go out to run around in a thunderstorm because she was afraid we'd die.

In order to urinate at school, I have to convince myself that there's no way that anyone's going to come into the bathroom. Sometimes I like to imagine that there's been a nuclear war, and I'm the last human on the planet, and that I'm in a port-a-potty that's the only standing object in a desert of crushed skeletons.

Sometimes I hum little pee lullabies to myself. I'm going to stop now, because although there's a lot to be said for intellectual and artistic honesty, this is going a bit far.

Three Important Things to Think About

1. The thing I said about being jealous of male deer is true.

2. The pee lullaby part isn't true.

3. The second thing to think about isn't true.

*Rub your clitoris (most people use an up and down motion) with one or more of your fingers (most people use the pad of their middle finger). Do whatever the heck you want with your other hand. Don't put anything in your vagina that wasn't made for that purpose (your fingers were). If you really want to get professional about things: www.clitical.com