

## Hey, Smart Guy

I like smart people. I really do. The smartest people I've met have also usually been the nicest people, too. The kindest people. The most compassionate and empathetic. I'm not saying all smart people are saintly, and of course people don't have to be brilliant to be nice. There are lots of reasonably intelligent jerks, and countless wonderful human beings who'll never awe anyone with their I.Q. scores. Just, on the whole, most smart people I've met have been good people, and I've liked them.

On the other hand, some of my least favorite people have to be ones who aren't very smart, but who really want others to believe they are. Those pretentious pricks I really can't stomach. They invariably seem to just want to elevate themselves above others, and often they really do have a wealth of (usually specialized) knowledge, and maybe even some letters <sup>after their names that</sup> ~~they want others~~ they desperately need others to admire them for. They possess facts, but their thinking is impoverished... they just regurgitate, squawk, and preen in elaborate acts of superficial self-aggrandizement. Dem's not ma peeps.

But you know who's a real treat though, when you're lucky enough to meet them? Smart people who don't realize how sharp they are. These are the sorts of people in whom you can't help perceiving a unique intelligence, a penetrating brightness, though they may even think of themselves as a bit dim, lacking <sup>any</sup> ostentatious cache of factoids or some masturbatory honorific with which to extend the lengths of their names. I tend to like those people a lot — it's always a joy to see them begin recognizing their own competence and talents, and they almost always turn out to be exceedingly decent people.

Not that anyone really cares what sort of people I like, of course. Just... you know, it's my blog, and I felt like saying this. So, tell me: What sorts of people do you like the most? What sorts do you dislike? Why?