



What's Pride Got to Do With It?

(Also, Did Fonzie Jump a Cop?)

Happy June, Everyone! June is, amongst other things, Pride Month, which at least sounds like something that should make almost everyone happy, but because it celebrates the queerer folks among us in particular, it actually has become quite polarizing and tends to lure all the whack-a-doodles right out of the woodwork. For example, have you heard of the uproar over the Peacock Network's plan to honor "gay animals" this month? Yep, they're airing something called Queer Planet this month, and however silly it may be to honor animals simply for doing what animals do, it remains infinitely sillier to angrily protest a T.V. program because you cannot stomach the idea that animals would do certain things at all, much less that anyone would notice and acknowledge it. I imagine that some of the outraged people are the types of parents who scurry to invent some absurd obfuscation when their kids see a couple of lions humping, all in the name of "protecting" their youngsters from basic knowledge about nature. The spectacle of giraffes acting gay on television must completely strip the gears in these folks' minds!

Though it goes without saying, I'll say it anyway: Humans are the only creatures with these weird hang-ups about sexuality. Why do we torture ourselves and each other with this sort of thing? Can you imagine an angry rhinoceros goring a safari truck because it saw two guys inside holding hands? It's beyond absurd... and yet it's our reality. Congratulations, my fellow homo sapiens — we are officially the most ridiculous animals on the planet.

Incidentally, re. Pride Month, I also have a 2-part "Hot Take" that might ruffle some fabulously colorful feathers.

Take One: The LGBTQQIA2S+++ alphabet soup... is this not a bit excessive? Of course I understand the urge to not leave anyone out from under the umbrella (although as far as I know, none of the existing letters acknowledge age-discrepant/intergenerational attractions, but that's a matter for a whole other post). Still, couldn't plain old "Q" be enough?

Maybe we could recognize two camps, not mutually exclusive but still largely distinguishable, and be done with it: "Q" and "¬Q", where the latter is comprised of those whose favorite sex is potentially procreative, and the former encompassing all those who prefer otherwise.

Take Two: I know this is controversial, but I'm afraid I just can't buy into the idea of taking pride in something I had no part in "accomplishing". Should we also take pride in our sleep apnea or six-syllable surnames? Is there pride in being a picky eater, allergic to dust mites, or over 5 feet tall? Our sexual interests are almost certainly never choices, but if they were, then that seems like so much more reason to not take pride in them. Why be proud of our non-moral choices? Do we celebrate picking a Toyota over a Honda, or deciding that we look better in button-ups than polo shirts? Who cares? And if a person enjoys sex with partners whose chromosomes or genitalia match one's own, again, so what? Whether we choose these preferences or not (and we don't, not any more than we "choose" to prefer chocolate ice cream over vanilla), there's simply no basis for being proud... pride in sexuality is as absurd as shame over sexuality, or of any other aspect of just being alive.

On the other hand, if people wanna have parties and parades on account of sexual tastes, well... joy IS what life's all about, after all (I mean, what else makes sense??), so we should probably exploit every opportunity to experience more of it. ☺

Now, before I wrap up, I recently learned of another celebratory week that lands just before Aside Month. This one, however, is a TRUE abomination — some nonsense they're labelling "Police Week". Police Week? What utter horseshit. What kind of diseased imbecile thinks we should "celebrate" the invention of a mercenary class? Celebrate those who make a career out of injuring people? Fuck that. If we're going to have a day or week that acknowledges pigs at all, let's call it Shame Week, and it could be a time for national atonement and reflection on these badge-brandishing horrors we've created.

"Police Week"? WTF? We already HAVE a Police Week... it's called Shark Week. A celebration of cold-blooded predators lacking a proper spine or any sign of a soul in their dead eyes. Yay Cops.