

Another School, Teaching More Lessons

Written by Alex Baer

Thursday, 09 February 2012 19:54 - Last Updated Thursday, 09 February 2012 19:54

Normally, some care is taken here, in this space, pushing around words, to not clobber anyone with personal pronouns, to not take out anyone with an assault on the "I"s. This time, I am feeling assaulted, and I will say so, and do so, as me.

I thought I could let it all go streaming right past me, but turns out it's not so. I am speaking now of the alleged acts of of child abuse -- the latest ones we know about, anyway, on this planet, hip-deep in child-plucking ghouls -- in the Los Angeles area, in Miramonte.

To complete your mind's meltdown -- here, let us hand you your own freshly-ripped-out heart, thanks for waiting, and ask you to plunge it into that chest freezer right over there -- these acts were allegedly done inside a school, allegedly done by some teachers inside.

Quick: How many levels and types of violated trust and pain can you count?

Oh, sure: parents' pains and school officials' surprises are expressed. Any idea what the children themselves are feeling -- the ones who escaped, or were just witnesses? How about the ones especially sorted and sifted, selected for some very special abuse?

Allegedly, I keep saying, to ward off any lawyers trolling for trouble. In my own mind, these putrid perp teachers have no right to teach, they are not people, they deserve no rights or respect, as these are only allegedly humans -- the let's-pretend-sort-of-people, right out of nightmares, deserving only a blasted-flat stomping, like bugs, springing out, out from under the rocks.

Insects will not listen to reason, will not change their instincts, will not surrender their agendas -- they will not do as you say or request, no matter how nicely or how fiercely you ask. Insects don't change habits, don't abandon their jollies, don't stop making merry, just because *YOU* have something to say!

I find there is this aching rage that keeps on returning. I am astonished it still does, to be frank.

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See, I thought I had long ago lost the ability to be shocked any more. Of course, I remember saying that more. I now find, and on almost any day, these days, and, day after day, it can still find me. Recess is over. No hide and seek allowed anymore.

I am not sure what *you* do with any of your own rage or outrage in this increasingly outrageous life we are all in. I do know we'd best start finding some real answers, pretty damned soon, and all across the board -- we'd damned well better start making some sense and both getting and setting all kinds of things straight.

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I am doing a little bit better right now, but it never lasts very long. My brain has been bouncing off the walls, careening around in my skull -- a dried, hardened bean, spinning around in a rusty tin can, clanking against the side when it stops.

I have mapped out desperation, depression, and despair, been all over the chart. And, of course, anger and fury, and the twins, hopelessness and helplessness -- there they are, hello once again.

At first blush, I flushed red, hard and real fast, rose quick, clanged the damn bell overhead. If you want volcanoes and lightning, some lava and firestorms, speak with me about any unfairness that is true. You will get a full reaction, each and every time.

But that is just child's play. If you want some real, old-fashioned, Old-Testament-style wrath all kindled up inside of me, speak to me of child abuse of any kind -- mental or physical or emotional, or especially, the sexual kind.

When this news insinuates itself into the stream of my consciousness, I guarantee you, I am ready to crack open a few planets, sling around a few moons.

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When news of the abuse of children comes along, I am ready for a hanging, will re-approve the public pillory, will be all for the town-square spectacle of torture via live flaying, will be all right with some drawing-and-quartering, or disemboweling, defenestration, boiling in oil, almost anything at all.

And, of course, when I am calmer, and bruised reason limps back into view, I remember again how imperfect I still am -- not so overtly monstrous, but a completely fallible human who's no doubt accidentally made monstrous things happen, while on the way to trying to do good, to doing well, to just live.

So many things make my skin turn to goose-flesh and start to crawl these days -- at times, there is absolutely no relief or release. But, I have to say, the abuse of children makes me want to turn in my papers, file a request to be reassigned to some other species, be a soothing, cool stream for a while, or maybe, just a dumb chunk of rock.

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I have never been abused as a child, if you're curious about that. I know very little about any of it. What little I do know indicates some abusers can be fixed up, renovated, can be helped. When it comes to sexually abusing children, there is nothing to purge out that desire, no way to remove that urge, no way to guarantee control -- that's what I see.

I am left with this dead, hollowed-out feeling, knowing we can't just stomp out abusers like the aberrant bugs that I so often see. Best we can do, is get abusers some help, fix them up, where we can -- then watch them like it matters, like it's everyone's business, because, damn it, it is.

But, for those who take delight, abusing children sexually?

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Lock them all up: ask me later -- sure, bright jails; ask me now -- stone dungeons are fine.

We are supposed to nurture kids, help them grow and to be -- what in the hell's the matter with you? □ We're supposed to keep those kids -- all these kids -- safe, you and me.

Oh, by the way, before I go, and remove my "I" once again -- as for me?

I care not a whit what you do with that big, clanking ring of soot-colored and pig-iron, skeleton keys.

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Grotesque details of the outrages at Miramonte can be found anywhere, if you want to go look. If you are normal, or what passes for it these days, you will become sickened, fall, doubled-over, feel sucker-punched in the gut by a dear friend; □ you will be left dazed and winded, have to go sit down for a minute or two.

When you recover, I hope you will ask yourself this, as I have: □ "Now -- what on this Earth will I do?"

You might also ask: □ "Where's the army of lobbyists for children, the Super PACs for kids?"

I don't know about you, but I will do all I ever know how to do: □ Find a trustworthy charity, some experts who care, and give whatever I can -- to help make all this slime and crud go away, to help brighten just one very troubled kid's day, if they can.

Even planet-cracking moon-slingers can learn to do the right thing, and to try, once they calm down.

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