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LONG JUMP

by Miles Mathis

This is to let off some steam, after months of clenching. If you only like the super-serious big stuff, move on. I don't have any TV reception, so when I need to watch something mindless, I go to youtube for women's track and field. I especially like long jump and high jump. My current faves are Darya Klishina and Yuliya Levchenko, for reasons I probably don't need to explain to anyone.



But even here, I find myself in the position of problem solver. The long jump has one major annoyance for me (and probably for most people): the constant fouling. No, I don't mean the girls are body checking one another, although that would be fun to watch as well. And I don't mean they are taking dives, like in soccer. I mean that if they go 1cm over the line, their jumps don't count. Am I the

only one that finds this idiotic? The method was invented about a hundred years ago, when they had no technology. They had no way to gauge exactly where the athletes were taking off, so they just drew a line on the ground and put some substance like chalk or clay beyond it, that would show a mark. If you made a mark in the clay, it meant you had gone over the line. So your jump wasn't counted.

But here we are a century later, and we can now photograph every take-off in slow motion. They actually do this, even though they don't need to, just because it is cool. They can and do tell you exactly how many millimeters short of the line the athlete has taken off. SO WHY STILL HAVE A FOUL LINE? Why not just let the athlete take off from wherever she likes, then add or subtract the difference? Not only would we never have another foul, the athlete wouldn't have to adjust her last steps to hit the mark. We would have a lot more big jumps and a lot less sadism.

Yes, I chose that word carefully, because having pointless rules is just sadistic. It punishes people for no good reason, and appeals only to ghouls.

The wind rule is equally sadistic. It says that if you have a tailwind of over 2m/s (4.5mph), your jump is not fully legal. It counts in the competition, but it doesn't count for any records. This is just stupid, since an athlete has no control of the wind. If they want less wind, they should put better wind dampers on the stadium. It isn't the athletes that should be penalized, it is the stadium architects. They should be fined \$1000 everytime the wind exceeds 2m/s.

And again, this could be solved with technology. If they have ruled that wind has an effect, they should be able to calculate that effect. By wind-tunnel testing, they should know exactly how much more a 4m/s wind assists than a 2m/s wind. They could include the weight of the athlete and the speed of the athlete, along with the speed of the wind, to calculate amount of assist, in cm. They could then just subtract that assist. Even if that method was rough in the beginning, it would be more sensible than just jettisoning all wind-assisted times or lengths.

As it turns out, long jump is the most affected by this rule. The greatest example is Ivan Pedroso, who set a record in the long jump in 1995. That jump was beyond Mike Powell's current record, though Powell beat it in wind later. But neither Pedroso's nor Powell's jumps were counted, due to tailwinds. Pedroso's case is even more sadistic, since the wind monitor was not over the limit. But a judge ruled that someone was standing in front of that monitor, giving it a false reading. What? Did they prove Pedroso paid him to stand in front of it? No. Did they prove the wind was over the limit? No. How could they, since the monitor wasn't working? More likely, the judge was paid off, and Pedroso was victim of one of the greatest steals in sports history.

This rule is also inconsistent, since they do not void any records at altitude, though altitude is known to affect performance in many events. In my opinion, they shouldn't monitor wind at all. It just seems anal. It should be considered an act of God, like altitude, rain, or other factors beyond anyone's control. If they don't want world records at altitude, don't hold events at altitude. If they don't want people aided by wind, don't hold events in windy stadiums, or wind-damp the stadiums.

But the most anal and sadomasochistic sport of all time is, without any doubt, golf. If you don't know what I mean, I suggest you get a copy of the rules of golf and read it. It must have been written by the Marquis de Sade. You have never seen such a compendium of pointless, nitpicky, and smallminded rules in your life. But this time the rules aren't just sadistic, they are masochistic, since I expect many golfers will defend them. Golfers love rules. They love to call penalties on themselves and on one another. They would call penalties on the gallery and the ground squirrels if they could.

One of the most annoying rules, one I utterly ignore (to the consternation of all those I play with), is the out-of-bounds rule. You are supposed to call a two-stroke penalty on yourself everytime you hit the ball out of bounds. What is out of bounds? It is just an arbitrary line drawn on the ground, either at the edge of the golf course, or anywhere they decide to build houses, sheds, cart barns, roads, fences or things like that. On the PGA tour, they have very few out of bounds—since the pros don't like them—but on your average golf course, you tend to find a lot. My parents' home course has out of bounds on both sides of almost every hole. The only place there isn't an out of bounds is where there is a river, a lake, or an impenetrable forest. So, the course is an utter nightmare. There is no such thing as a recovery shot, since you are either in the fairway or you are toast. This isn't the way golf was meant to be played.

Here in Taos, the only local golf course is almost equally unplayable. On several holes, they actually have hazards in the middle of the fairway. This is what you might call unnecessary, since the roughs are unplayable to start with. The course is carved out of sagebrush, and all the roughs are high sage. There are signs with rattlesnake warnings, I kid you not. You have to take a drop and a one-stroke penalty every time you miss a fairway. So more hazards in the fairways are absurd. You might as well put an alligator pit in the middle of the green.

And another wonderful feature of the course: it has a large number of sandtraps, but the wind blows so hard here they can't keep the sand in the traps. It blows out. So if you miss an approach shot by ten feet, you may find yourself in a huge deep trap with no sand in it. You have to try to chip out, clear a high lip, and then stop the ball before it rolls into another sandtrap on the other side of the green, also with no sand in it.

I see this as another sign of the times, since most golf courses are now like this. They are tricked up beyond belief, with sandtraps in natural landing areas, greens with ridiculous amounts of slope and speed, and demonic pin placements. Only a people who had lost all pretense of sanity would build courses like this, or play them. Only a people pathologically addicted to annoyance and pain would do this. Which is I guess why you see more tattooed people on golf courses. The pain of that art wasn't enough to satisfy their masochistic urges, so they decided to take up golf.

I don't know if anyone remembers this, but golf used to be a leisure sport. You were supposed to have fun and unwind. Have some vodka tonics and maybe a bag of chips. Talk up the cart girl. But all that is history. The courses are now so hard you need performance enhancing drugs just to walk from the teebox to the golfcart. You aren't drinking vodka tonics, you are drinking Red Bulls and mainlining testosterone, even the women. And forget about talking to any cart girl, since she is a diesel dyke with 20-inch biceps behind a face-rag, and she will kick your ass if you look too long in her general direction.

But let's return to the Olympic-type sports. Does anyone really believe they are drug testing these people? The female jumpers are the least suspicious, since the last thing they want to do is bulk up. Which is why I can still watch them. They still look like women. But in many of the other events, it is a freakshow. I can't even watch gymnastics anymore, although it used to be one of my favorites. The little girls are so jacked it isn't even funny. All beauty has gone out of the sport. No one can dance, even the Russians. It is just a flipping and pill popping contest.

The drugs have affected their personalities, too. Even in an event like swimming, where the athletes used to be fairly quiet and polite, everyone is now on some kind of 'roid rage. Everyone in every sport

is now beating themselves on the chest and screaming, like they are about to clean and jerk 600 pounds. Either that or they are kissing crosses and making handsigns to God. I may defend Christianity in these papers, but I have no use for those kinds of public displays. I have news for these pampered little sports babies: God doesn't care about you setting a personal best. God has more important things to attend to than your little race against Gretchen or Heidi or Li-ling.

The skinny amazons in the high jump seem to understand this, since we don't see them acting like primadonnas. Don't know why. Blanca Vlasic acted like a self-involved pickle, but now that she is gone the event is pretty much free of attitude. But that has become vanishingly rare. A lot of people are upset the Olympics got canceled, but I could pretty much care less. All the drugs, posturing, and promotion has mostly spoiled it.

I guess this is why a lot of guys have given up on following the events at all. They go straight to Spoops, where they can turn the sound down and just gaze at tushies for 30 minutes. Can't say I haven't done that.

But that takes me to my next vent. I maintain that women's sports are the perfect place to measure. . . the current entitlement of women. I don't really mind seeing these girls' asses hanging out, but it still surprises me everytime I see it. Do male sports figures run around in public with their asses hanging out? No, not in even in beach volleyball. Not even in swimming and diving. Male swimmers don't even wear speedos anymore, they wear knee-length spandex, like bike shorts. Male divers wear speedos, but the suits still cover their asses. They don't walk around poolside with wedgies. But girls and women now walk around in the equivalent of thongs, and this is considered normal. And it isn't just tight athletes doing this. On American beaches, you now see women of all ages and sizes walking around in thongs, with their fat asses hanging out. But you don't see this from men, except the occasional gay guy.

It isn't the nudity I find strange, since I paint nudes and have gone nude on European beaches. I am fine with nudity. It is the difference between male and female entitlement I am commenting on. It gives us a very good idea of the levels of confidence men and women really have in society. We are told by the media that women are variously traumatized by current mores, uncomfortable in their own bodies, fearful of the male gaze, and so on, but in sports and on the beaches, we have no indication of that. Just the opposite. Women seem so assured they will wear anything out in public, no matter how ridiculous or inappropriate.

We even see this at the grocery store or Walmart, where women who *should* be self-conscious of their grotesque bodies. . . aren't. Admittedly, a lot of men aren't looking so great at the market these days either, but usually they aren't showing a lot of skin. The women are. If they aren't showing skin, they are decked out in those ridiculous skin-tight pants, which no one but athletes should ever wear.

And even athletes shouldn't wear them to the grocery store:



That's a fashion model with a pretty much perfect body, but that still doesn't mean she should be wearing that in public. At home, fine. At Whole Foods, no. Why not? Because it is a no win situation. If she is not attractive, it is just gross; and if she is, it is desperate or vain. Pretty or ugly, it lacks class. The only guy she is going to attract with such attire is a low-class gym rat or pornstar wannabe. No matter how gorgeous she may be nude or in underwear, she will look more attractive in public in a dress or skirt. Modesty is still becoming, to all men of class. So if you wish to attract a classy guy, don't wear that.

I know some of my male readers will be telling me to shush, since who doesn't want to see the girl above showing us whatever she will? Well, me, for one. Yes, if I am her lover, I will enjoy gazing when we get home, but I won't enjoy accompanying her to Whole Foods, having her walk around half-naked in public. She wouldn't want me doing that, having women follow me around drooling (not that they would, but you get my point), so it should work both ways.

This is just one more way I know that the #Metoo movement and current feminism are fake. They don't match our experiences. They tell us one thing while our eyes are telling us another. We are told 1 in 3 women are raped, that serial killers are rampant among us, and that women are uncomfortable with their bodies and the male gaze. But if that were true would women be walking around alone and almost naked? No. Although women are traumatized, they obviously aren't traumatized by the male gaze, by fashion models, or by an excess of self-judgment. They are traumatized by the ridiculous stories they are told about their own privilege, rights, and expectations. While American women are the most coddled, indulged, and spoiled people that have ever walked the Earth, they are led to believe they still have it bad somehow. Here is a direct quote from one of my previous girlfriends: "All we ever do is have sex, go out to eat, and play golf". And she *liked* doing all those things. Very much. But she had to find something to complain about. I thought to myself, "Yes, dear, you do have it rough. Think of the billions of women around the world and throughout history who are feeling sorry for you!" Just so you know, we lived in different towns and only saw each other on weekends, so it is not like she never had the opportunity to do other things with other people. I didn't force her to have sex, go out to eat, and play golf, with a gun to her head, keeping her in a cage the rest of the time. And of course that is not all we did together. We shopped together, and I bought her things. We travelled. We talked. We cooked at home together. I also wasn't keeping her at arms length on purpose, so I could date other girls during the week. I talked about moving to Santa Fe, where she worked, and may

have done so if things had worked out otherwise. But they didn't.

And the point of that was? Oh yeah, the point was that women could scarcely be more empowered if they carried a whip around all the time, and yet we are expected to believe society is still set up against them. We are expected to believe society is still patriarchal or phallogocentric. Look around you, folks! What you see is not phallogocentric, what you see is camel toe everywhere. You have millions of labia waved in your faces all day. Female asses hanging out all over the place. That tells us women are very empowered and very secure. They are so absolutely certain they will not be raped or molested they can put the goodies in the front window, with no burglar bars, no alarms, not even any window glass. American men have become so emasculated, not only will they not think of touching anything, they won't even *say* anything. They won't even look. That's right: they are scared to LOOK. Maybe some construction workers still catcall, but I seriously doubt it. I haven't seen it. You see articles online about it, pro and con, but those are just fantasy. It doesn't happen anymore. In my milieu, it certainly doesn't happen. I see everything, as you can imagine, and I never see guys ogling women anymore, though the women seem to be begging for it. *I* certainly look. I look at everything put in front of me, and pretty women especially. As a born artist, I claim it as my right. But when I try to get other men to join me in the fun—as used to happen—they beg off. They actually seem scared to look at what is being offered them. Do these guys go to strip clubs and stare at the wall, so as not to offend anyone?

I will be pointed back to my previous paragraph, where I argued there is a time and place for everything. Women on stage at a strip club expect to be ogled; women at the market do not. You really have to be kidding me. So you are telling me women at the market wearing a bra and tights don't want to be looked at? Women wearing cut-off shorts that don't cover their buttocks don't want you to notice? What I see, honestly, is ever-growing signs of incredible sexual frustration. The only way it could get any worse is if these women wore signboards that said “Please, please, *please* look at me, talk to me, take me away from all this! Please be a man again!” Except that, if you do, they immediately shut down. It has been so long since they have met a real man, they have forgotten how to act. They look like a deer in the headlights. “Oh my God, a man said something to me! What do I do? Should I kiss him, mace him, marry him, or run for the car? Help!”

The funny thing is, these women dress up (I mean down) for the market, desperate for someone to look at them, but then they bolt through the store as if it is a race, with blinders on. They never look up. They never notice anyone around them, then make a beeline for the car, as if the parking lot were mined. In other words, they give you absolutely no opening. The only way you could meet them is if you tackled them by the ankles—and you would have to move pretty fast to do it.

At a coffeeshop or diner, they sometimes get your hopes up by taking a seat, but they always bring boards and a hammer with them and immediately build a wall. Again, they never look up. They instantly bury themselves in their phone or laptop, and pretend to be extremely busy. Because, well, who doesn't go to Starbucks to do their most important work of the day? If you say anything to them, they look put out, as if you were trying to sell them insurance or enroll them in a Mormon bookclub. You could be the most interesting guy in the world, and they would immediately find a way to make you feel like a Hitler youth with halitosis and a harelip.

We are told these women aren't looking anymore. They are blissfully single, complete in themselves, happily asexual. But tell it to someone who believes it. If they were any of those things they wouldn't be wearing what they are wearing, doing what they are doing, or saying what they are saying. They are psychologically transparent to anyone with eyes, and even if they weren't we would know it without any insight at all. We know it because we know that humans have always been sexual creatures and

still are. There is no such thing as a healthy animal that is happily asexual. The sex drive is built-in, like the motor reflex or the fear of falling.

They aren't happily asexual, they are PTSD from a lifetime of media battery. Their psyches have been bludgeoned by years of false and fake information, so that they no longer know up from down. Their sexuality has been destroyed on purpose by a consortium of merchants who profit magnificently from their neuroses, psychoses, and mental blocks. The goal has been to screw up the female sexuality so thoroughly by the time they are 30, it would take a team of professionals from Vienna to get through a first date with them.

I can predict the reaction from some: they will tell me you aren't supposed to be trying to meet women at the market or at a coffeeshop. That is what Tinder is for. Don't meet women face-to-face, you idiot, do it online where you have to pay some huge corporation for it, and where you can both be safe and anonymous and virtual and abstract and blurry and noncommittal. Don't judge a woman on how she really looks and sounds and smells and moves, judge her on how she photographs (five years ago) and how she fills out questionnaires.

Please note that this is not some MGTOW rant. Precisely the opposite. The only hope is men and women getting back together and overthrowing the corporate machine that has been set up to split them. But for that to happen women have to turn 180 degrees. They have to quit believing the malignant advice they are given by the billionaire merchants, spoonfed to them via the ubiquitous media. They should ditch Tinder and all other online cattle calls, and talk to men in their hometowns. They have to put down the cellphones and laptops, and look up. If an attractive guy moves past you *anywhere*, smile and say hi. That is how it is done. Men's instincts can be almost instantly jumpstarted with the smallest amount of encouragement, but they can't do it alone. We can't climb the sheer face of a mountain without a length of rope or a foothold.

Hmmm. The ending here is a LONG JUMP from the beginning, but that is how it goes, I guess. To be honest, the second half of this paper was written months after the first, and I don't usually work that way. I filed this away as being too light, and possibly off-putting to some female readers, but dug it up today and finished it. I dug it up because I wanted to publish my thoughts on improving the long jump. I thought it was important, and might actually be used in the future. But for those put off by the first part, no doubt the last part was far worse. . . but I am going to let it stand. It needed to be said, and if you didn't laugh or learn something, possibly someone else did.