Alphabeticalist

October 18, 2010 By Jay Vithalani

Adverbs: terribly fond of them.

Baritone: voice type.

Constitutional law: a minor obsession.

Dolphins: sometimes I want to be one.

Eight-years-old: what I've been told the age of my palate is, my favorite food being stuff like French sorry freedom fries, sandwiches, fizzy orange drinks, ice-cream.

Fall: my favorite time of year.

God: someone or something I don't believe in. I am a devout atheist.

Hirsute vs. glabrous: do I have to choose?

Insomnia: the perennial malady.

Jignesh: the other name beginning with "J" that my parents were considering. My gratitude to them for ultimately rejecting this monstrosity is incalculable.

Karate: took a full year of lessons, in fourth grade, from a ferocious sensei who made us all lie down and walked literally from belly to belly. I keep meaning to re-start the training, I just haven't got around to it yet.

Love: an experiment I've tried three times.

Matheran: the “hill-station” village (resident population ~5,000) two hours outside Bombay, and the destination of many happy childhood holidays. No cars allowed: you walk or you ride a horse on the unpaved lanes of red soil.

Ned Nickerson: Nancy Drew’s boyfriend, and my first serious crush on a fictional character.

Opinions: have too many of these. They quarrel with each other all the time. It’s a bit exhausting maintaining them; I need to shed a few.

Polyurethane condoms: much preferred over the latex kind.

Queer: a term I resisted 20 years ago but now am very fond of. (Even if 90% of academic Queer Studies articles fill me with unfeigned dismay: sloppy thinking, atrocious writing.)

Romantic comedies: will see most, even the really bad ones. Each time I see a terrible RomCom I vow to myself that I’ll never go to another one; but it’s a tough addiction to beat.

Stubble: a natural consequence of disliking, and avoiding, daily shaving. I do, however, get rid of the stubble when commanded to by pretty women.

Top: who I am in, erm, you know which sphere of life. This is one of the few things I feel embarrassed to state publicly. I call it “Top Shame,” though I’ve more-or-less come to terms with it. There will nevertheless be an agonized, and agonizing, blog entry on the subject.

Underwear: boxer briefs are seriously awesome. I was an instant convert, about the time they became popular, early 1990s.

Vegetarian: been one all my life. I tried eating some meat when I was younger, but couldn’t get past the consistency. Vegetarian by upbringing, then, but now also one by choice: I feel lucky that, in this part of my life, my preferences of habit coincide with my moral preferences.

Willowy: a pretty nice way of saying I’m slim.

Xanadu: just like Sue Sylvester, I find it hard to resist Olivia Newton-John. Or Coleridge for that matter.

Yoga: something I find hard to do; I get bored. I’m more in the Frank Costanza “Serenity Now!” mold.

Zed: the way I pronounce the last letter of the alphabet.

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