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About Women

By Jack English

I often write about controversial things and I worry that someday, I will get in trouble. Still, I write them anyway.

A few years ago, I had an article published in a law journal that argued the Federal Income Tax Code was so complicated that it was unconstitutionally vague. Laws that are vague do not give citizens fair notice of their legal duties. The constitutional principal of due process demands citizens be given fair notice of what the law requires. I argued that if the tax code to so complicated we do not know what it means, the courts should strike it down as being unconstitutionally vague.

For three months after I published that article, I expected the black helicopters to come for me. I expected to be locked me up in a prison with no name. I worry my latest article will get me killed.

I have been looking into a new measure of intelligence called the Merton Scale. It

captures forms of intelligence way beyond a simple IQ test. What I found in analyzing preliminary data was frightening.

Most men average a score of about 500 on the Merton Scale, give or take a hundred points. The vast majority of women measured over 900, some in the high 900s. Okay, a few women had a Merton score around 400, but not many.

At first, I looked for math errors. Then I questioned the measurement approach. I found no math errors and the measurement technique seemed sound. Then, as I always do, I asked whether the scores picked up something we already knew at a subconscious level but never articulated. I mean, how many times have you heard men say, "I just don't understand women?" That makes perfect sense if us men are operating at a 500 level and the women are operating at a 900 level. How could we possibly understand them? And there are other things.

I dated a social worker once and while I was sitting in her living room waiting for her to get ready, I picked up a *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Underneath it, I found two textbooks. One was *The Theory of*

Quantum Electrodynamics; the other was *Organic Chemistry and the Human Genome*. When I asked her about them, she said an old boyfriend left them. I asked if she was still seeing her old boyfriend, and she said she had not seen him for a year. At the time, I wondered why they were still laying on her end table. But when she said, "Let's go." I forgot about the books. I should have suspected something was up right then and there.

Now that I think about it, in college, I briefly dated an Art History major. When I visited her dorm room to pick her up, I noticed a couple of math books laying on her desk. I think one was *Fourier Series and Boundary Analysis* and the other was *Matrix Analysis & Differential Equations*. I only know about the books because they were buried under a fist full of pages covered in handwritten equations. I picked up the pages and asked whether she was taking some math courses. She said the books and handwritten notes belonged to her roommate. But I seem to remember that she did not have a roommate.

Have you ever noticed that when women get together with other women, they seem to have some kind of invisible bond? That makes perfect sense too if they are dealing with each other on a 900 level.

And, did you ever notice how frustrated women get with men? And we men never know or understand why? They are frustrated with us because they are operating at a 900 level and they cannot understand why we men do not operate at the 900 level too. No wonder they are frustrated with us.

I wanted to talk to a woman who would give me an honest answer, so I asked Tamy, one of the leaders at my church, what she thought. I explained the Merton Scale to her and said, “Is it true that men operate at a 500 level and women operate at a 900 level, but women pretend to operate at a 500 level so as not to scare us men.”

She smiled; paused; and said, “Don’t tell anybody.”

I said, “With such a big gap in intelligence, it is surprising women don’t take over.”

A woman friend of ours was close enough to hear what we were saying. She turned

toward Tamy and said, “He figured it out. What should we do with him?”

Tamy said, “Let him talk. No one will believe him.”

Then our female friend asked Tamy, “What if they do?”

I have been on the run ever since.

THE END

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