

Coney Island Nose Pickers Anonymous

By Joseph Parish



One of my preoccupations which I had constantly relished, was sitting somewhere thoughtfully, where I could be afforded the prospect of observing and watching people in their natural environment. My pastime of gratifying my childhood reveries, could frequently be explored as a visit to a “human zoo”, so to speak. It may have been a silly pleasure, but a long sought-after goal, nevertheless. As upper echelon species, we often enjoy visiting the zoo and scrutinizing the animals as they romp and frolic, performing their antics to our delight. My amusement had been just the opposite – I would watch the humans. People often did outlandish and creepy things when they did not suspect they were the target of my observations. I repeatedly pondered these bizarre pursuits as stimulating events prearrange to pass on to my decedents.

In later years, I came to appreciate that Coney Island was not just a treasury of enchanting sights and sounds associated with a carnival atmosphere complimented by fancible restaurants and trinket stores, but rather an environment to amass experience in lifestyle, and the components which accompany such styles. One of my favorite locations to sit and watch what people did was Surf Island. This committed section of boardwalk in Brooklyn offered me a popular New York attraction, where I could purchase some of the best tasting Nathan hot dogs, or ride the famous Thunderbolt roller coaster, until its demolishment at the turn of the century. I was even afforded a chance to enjoy a Margarita and a lobster roll at Paul’s Daughter, if I so desired. Aha, the memories that these places bring back. In my opinion, there were few locations along the Atlantic coast where I could acquire such fun conditions to walk around and enjoy the sights. Where else could I get free entry to an amusement park, and only have to pay for my amusement rides? Sure, it was crowded, however, that’s what people watchers look for.

Visiting Coney Island and snapping dozens of irreplaceable photos may be merriment for some people, however, I was more attracted to the human subjects. I would arrive early so that I could get a prime seat for my days people watching procedures. Frequently, I would select a suitable position near one of the food retailers, in the untimely event I were to get hungry. Sitting for hours at a time, I would watch people go to and from their various activities, while bothering no one. As I quietly sat there, I would sporadically chuckle at how people act when they assume no one is watching them. It was not unusual for a person to pick their nose and wiping it on their pants, or to scratch their private areas, imagining they are unseen by human eyes. Overall, it entailed a lot of entertaining times spent watching their every move. Eventually, it might have turned out to be my turn to be watched by other people watchers, however, I knew what not to do.

Watching nose pickers are a curious habit at best. From my observations at the park, I had concluded that 91 percent of the people there were dedicated nose pickers. With such statics at our disposal, it would appear that at one time or another we all stick our fingers up our schnozzles. Those unsung heroes which may have extremely dry or excessively moist noses are likely candidates for the nose picking club, of course the exact reasons vary with each individual. Some individuals may pick their nose from sheer boredom or as a result of a nervous condition. Allergies along with sinus infections tend to increase the amount of mucus within the nose, thus it also increased the nose digging, as well. However, we view the activity, it is foremost a habit and not so much a compulsion. Nose picking resembles habits such as pimple popping, or scab scratching, of which I have observed my fair share of during my people watches.

The manner by which people pick their nose tells the world the type of personality which the picker has. It has been acknowledged that even though nose-picking is not a desirable social trait the method employed can provide an accurate insight into the personality of the picker. Those people who pick their nose only in the privacy of their home or when no one is around lack openness and avoid the unfamiliar. These people are un-artistic and completely lack imagination.

The schnozzle picker who does his deed in public without any sort of embarrassment are adventurous, artistic, creative, curious, imaginative, open, and original. While watching the populace at Coney Island, I witnessed many such individuals as this. Those nasal explorers who dig deep, looking for gold in the mines of their nose are anxious, emotional, nervous, neurotic, insecure, and worrisome with unrealistic ideas. I eventually developed a new perspective of Coney Island and the people who populate this section of Brooklyn. All in all, those nose picking habits may be socially unacceptable, but they are not harmful in the least. I concluded my defined nose picker deliberations, but my thoughts continued as I wonder what those people that I watch at the park would think of these evaluations?