And sure do get me tick'd

(Continued from page 5)

through? If I hold the door, I'm a sexist pig, if I built through I'm a boorish swine. I'm trapped in a
porcine quandary.

Suppose she's coming from the
other direction? Should I go
through first and hold the door?
Should I hold the door and let
her go through? What happens if
she reaches the door first? Who
holds the door for whom? Who
goes first? I don't know. Third
base.

I didn't get any mail after my
last column. I was hurt. I mean,
after all this time I finally write
something sensitive for you and
you don't even bother to drop me
a line. Are you mad because that
sports column sucks? I'm sorry, I
forced an idea. The thing needed
another day's work before it
could become something reada-
able.

Nonetheless, is writing abnorn-
sially the only way to get you to
write to me? Is sensitivity dead?
I'd be upset if it were. I wouldn't
be surprised, though. Stuff like
this has happened to me before.

Back in the late sixties and ear-
ly seventies, for example, when
the national consciousness was
being raised, I was plugged into
the traditional fifteen values of
baseball, apple pie, and cars. I
rationalized my social irresponsi-

bility at the time with the fact
that I was not yet ten years old.
While this rationalization as-
severed my guilt about not being
on the cutting edge of social pro-
gress, it didn't go over at all with
women.

By the mid and late seventies I
had become outspoken in all
matters where I saw rights being
infringed upon, such as my right
to stay up until midnight to
watch The Twilight Zone. My un-
relenting (some might say "loud") stance on personal free-
dom and individuality was calcu-
lated not only to procure more
tV-watching time for myself, but
to attract all those women also
agitating for social change.

It didn't work. While I was be-
coming self-righteous and not
looking, Alan Alda had popped
into the scene. Men shooting
their mouth off was out, and sen-
sitivity was in.

So I worked at becoming sensi-
tive. It wasn't easy; I had to actu-
ally listen to what other people
had to say. So now I'm sensitive
as hell, and what happens? Ma-
cho is in, quiche-eating is out. It's
a boorish swine. I'm trapped in a
porcine quandary.

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