

Three - Outwitting Your Female Conditioning - 61

There are times when I want to go out with a bag over my head. No, my daughter Lisa is not at it again! No, it's not time to retouch the roots. It's my face: People recognize it. Because I've appeared in their living rooms dailey, they feel they know me.

A perfect stranger stopped me on a downtown street and asked, "Do you know who you are?"

I did when I woke up this morning, I thought, but before I could answer, the man continued: "I watch your show every day. I've got to talk to you. You won't believe what's happening in my life. I'm having an affair with my mother-in-law."

A fan is a fan; I always try to listen and help, but a looney tune is a looney tune. "Sorry, gotta dash," I shouted over my shoulder as I leaped onto a passing streetcar and got off a block later.

Under the dryer at the hairdresser, there is no escape. But then, I wouldn't really want one. I have some of my best conversations with other women there. One day when I emerged from a roaring dryer, a determined looking matron sat herself down beside me.

"Micki," she said, "you've got to help me. I have two daughters - one has just become a lawyer, and the other has just got married. And I'm so worried."