

Six - Men: Making The Connection - 135

Can't live with them, can't live without them

Is there a woman out there with a breath in her body who has't been ready to hang herself with macramé from her plant lined balcony or throw herself headfirst into the food processor because of a man?

The thought of him not calling, or calling and saying what you don't want to hear, or saying one thing and doing another drives you so crazy you swear you'll never get involved with another one of these swaggering creatures again. But the thought of never having another man to drive you crazy drives you even more crazy.

The old feminist saying that "a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle" is contradicted in everything I see in the women (and men) around me. I cherish the memory of a very good girlfriend of mine swearing, after weeks of crying her heart out over some Casanova, that she'd never, never go near a man again; but she was painting her face and splashing on perfume just before a big party, "just in case."

I cannot imagine life without men. They are our fathers, brothers, sons, lovers and husbands (hopefully one and the same!), and the fathers of our children.

Despite all the ways they clutter up a woman's life - with extra laundry, weekend sports, infidelities, and whiskers in the sink - I wouldn't be without them.