

1995

It's Never One-Sided

Brian P. Howard
St. John Fisher College

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Howard, Brian P. (1995) "It's Never One-Sided," *The Angle*: Vol. 1995: Iss. 1, Article 13.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1995/iss1/13>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1995/iss1/13> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

It's Never One-Sided

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Every time Gordon exits that dingy little pornography theater, he extinguishes his scorpion-red cigarette with the butt of his left palm. 'Remember that pain the next time you want to give into sin,' Gordon usually mumbles in an effort to reproach his spontaneous and fleeting immorality. interestingly he feels no guilt when he enters it, but instead relishes in anticipation of the flesh-indulging sin screen. It's like being back in the tenth grade all over again when Gordon and Tommy Baker would sneak into the high school basement to peer through a hole the size of a pen tip, partially blocked by a soap tray, into the girl's shower; the only difference being that Tommy and Gordon never saw but a few callused hammer toes and, if they really put their heads to the dusty floor bottom, a couple of bruised knees."

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: 1995.

Howard: It's Never One-Sided
It's Never One-Sided

by Brian P. Howard

Every time Gordon exits that dingy little pornography theater, he extinguishes his scorpion-red cigarette with the butt of his left palm. "Remember that pain the next time you want to give into sin," Gordon usually mumbles in an effort to reproach his spontaneous and fleeting immorality. Interestingly he feels no guilt when he enters it, but instead relishes in anticipation of the flesh-indulging sin screen. It's like being back in the tenth grade all over again when Gordon and Tommy Baker would sneak into the high school basement to peer through a hole the size of a pen tip, partially blocked by a soap tray, into the girl's shower; the only difference being that Tommy and Gordon never saw but a few callused hammer toes and, if they really put their heads to the dusty floor bottom, a couple of bruised knees.

During the day, Gordon gives lectures at the University on the declining morality of man. The original sin of Eve, Gordon teaches, has been haunting man ever since she committed it. Gordon is a clever misogynist who provides justifications for blaming women for all problems. Just last spring, he chastised a newly recruited female adjunct for having replaced his long-time friend at the University. "If you fall out of line," Gordon scornfully promised, "I'll be the first one to catch you and then I'll bathe in satisfaction while your dirty behind is forced to gallop on out."

One's innards are sinful regardless of the external facade she creates, Gordon privately maintains. Thus, any attempt to front a life of piety and staunch morals is purely superficial; there exists no woman, at any time or location, who is without evil desires or thoughts.

"Give me a ticket for Melanie at Midnight," Gordon demanded from the lady in the box whom he always thought repugnant for working at such a place and consorting with such men. Once seated inside, his legs began to bounce from the bottom up, tip-toe style, as if he were a little boy again, impatiently aching to go potty. With one hand inside a bucket of popcorn and the other in his left-hand pocket, he watched with intent as the movie began.

As Melanie caressed the unnamed beau, with concentration in her hands and adoration in her eyes, Gordon's mind relapsed to adolescence; the hot and sticky camping tent in which he got to know his adopted sister a little better. His upper lip was covered with beads of salt-laced sweat, matched only by the saline suds in his left palm.

"Filthy pigs, that's what they are. Just plain disgusting sows, always taking control away from the man," Gordon's mind concluded. He was tired of being controlled by the enticing power of women and outraged at himself for having come to the flick in the first place.

"See ya next week Gordy," the ticket lady spouted.

"Go to Hell," he said, as he blew the cigarette's last puff in her face and left.