Men: Are They Really the Superior Race?

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

"Why is it that the male species, with its tough, macho image, is so easily embarrassed by the topic of tampons?"

Cover Page Footnote
But not with her, no, not with her; After all, we had never met.

WHY I LOVE TENNIS

I will never -
pitch a baseball like Nolan Ryan,
swing a club like Arnie Palmer,
run a track like Carl Lewis,
swim a swim like Mark Spitz,
drive a car like Richard Petty,
make a basket like Michael Jordan, or
make a touchdown like Emmitt Smith;
in fact,
I will never -
pitch a baseball like Lizzie Borden,
swing a club like Sawney Bean,
run a track like D.B. Cooper,
swim a swim like Papillon,
drive a car like Bonnie Clyde,
make a basket like Lynette Fromme, or
make a touchdown like Charles Packer.

BUT,
every now and again,
just every now and again mind you,
I can stroke
a seeing-eye backhand
right down the line
just like Ivan Lendl
or an inside-outer
like Steffi Graf
and for that one brief
fifteen-love
I am the number one player
in the world
and all of my dreams
have come true.

Eat your heart out, John Wilkes Booth.

Men: Are They Really the Superior Race?
-Sarah Blake

Why is it that the male species, with its tough, macho image, is so easily embarrassed by the topic of tampons?
These macho men believe that they are always in control of every situation. They sit in front of the television watching movies where people run around with their insides hanging out. They are the men who cheer when the bad guys are blown to smithereens. But are they also the same men who automatically change colors like a chameleon if a tampon commercial interrupts their movie?

Tough men believe that there is nothing that they can't handle. Place one of these men in a room where he is the only male and watch as he quickly takes control of the situation.

Let women begin talking about menstruation and watch the man's control disappear into thin air. Watch his face turn red and his eyes begin to shift uncomfortably around the room, looking for an escape. Notice how quickly he changes from a suave gentleman to a babbling idiot who would gladly give his first born to anyone who could rescue him from this torture.

However, the majority of men are not as hopeless as my friend, Scott. When a tampon commercial comes on, he changes the channel faster than you could pop open a beer. (He's the king of the remote control but that's another story). He avoids the feminine product aisle in the grocery store as if he's afraid that he will be contaminated merely by passing the products. As if he's worried that being a woman is contagious!

He once told me of a recurring nightmare that he often has. He is in a grocery store. Everywhere he turns, there are boxes and boxes of tampons. He frantically turns a corner only to find himself face to face with a giant tampon. The tampon grabs him and says, "Now you're mine. Now you will become one of us!"

Women do not enjoy watching men scratch themselves in public. They do not, however, lose their ability to function. They do not turn red with embarrassment. They do not become tongue-tied, unable to speak because they are uncomfortable. Instead, women ignore men's crude behavior, continuing on with their lives. They shrug it off as a part of life.
How can men consider themselves to be the superior race when they can't even watch a tampon commercial?

Choose Your Weapon
-Alycia Gregory

In that room
with its virginal white walls
she is sprawled out on her back
staring at the ceiling
Her wrists ache
from the tight chain
they put on her
The men...always the men
grabbing and poking
pricking and prodding
They use their needles
and they use those weapons
of the small circular kind

The first screamer oozes
from the wall on her left side
his form takes shape
out of the concrete and paint
He begins yelling
and yelling
directly in her face
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid
daughter
Then he throws a punch
right into her abdomen
another weapon of choice

The next screamer
takes his form
out of the mattress
He rises up from
the space between her legs
taking his strength
from her ceaseless tears
He begins his yelling
and yelling
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid