

Back off: Equality vs. Chivalry

Back off, men; we've got it handled

ly Walters

Clackamas Print

PP

satisfying sound of a baseball bat
h's crotch.

that would make any guy think
about trying to treat me like a dainty

ot really enough of a bitch to actu-
a bat to a man for that reason, but
t blame a girl for kind of wanting
that much pain to a man – with-
usly damaging him – sometimes.
pe it's just me, but I become genu-
ssed off when guys try to protect
eat me differently simply because
oobs instead of a rod between my

day, I was walking from Roger
all to the Community Center on
and while I was only halfway
the two buildings, a man in front
whom I had never seen before
ed and held open the door until I
e, and when I did, he bowed.

st: don't do that.

ot the 18th Century
e, and your flam-
sense of chivalry
ing but annoying,
makes me want to
u to a swift kick in

other man has
one anything that
to me, but still,
do you truly think
need you to step
and hold a door
r me?

ss what, the answer
"Believe me, I
ow to open a door
ot that heavy.

t get me wrong, I
s nice when peo-
any sex hold the
r me after they go
instead of letting
shut in my face,
that is common

y.
this issue has roots
ach much further
en opening doors
nen. The past sev-
ades of increased
y between gen-
ould be taken into

n't care if your
taught you to do
ing for women;
n outdated view.
e perfectly honest,
ung women these
ave a completely
e view of this issue
eir mothers do, and
d reason.

average woman
ys is fairly inde-
l in comparison to
st, when females
ought to be the sex
eded to be "taken
f" by the males
them.

me for instance: I
ree jobs on top of
o school full-time.
not gonna lie –
gh – but I'd pre-
that as opposed
nding on a sugar

act, I'm proud that
the ability to be
ally stable, and did
out to gracefully
the arm of a dandy
nan.

world, in this day

and age, makes it more difficult in some
ways for a woman than for a man, espe-
cially in the work market.

But that doesn't mean that there aren't
women out there who have the spunk,
determination and balls to want to be suc-
cessful on their own terms.

These women are completely willing
and able to be treated the same as another
man by men.

They don't choose to work their way
up the ladder by selling themselves, and
they are not about to give up completely
to let the men handle everything.

More women need to find their person-
specific road to earning happiness.

It's a basic principle that people will
appreciate what they have all the more
when they put in the blood, sweat and
tears.

Men: You can think that I'm a ridicu-
lous feminazi if you wish, but the next
time a woman seems like she's a damsel in
distress, try giving her the chance to give
life a go herself rather than rushing off to
her rescue immediately.

Who knows, she might have a power-
ful left jab to lay you out hard – in a non-

"Women, you can't have it both ways"

Armando Borboa

Opinion Editor

Why is it that every time a woman has
a problem with men, she always wants to
punch us in the junk?

Is there some crazy little targeting
mechanism planted deep in the bipolar,
psychotic/schizophrenic female mind
that makes women think a crotch-shot
will fix what they broke in the first
place?

As far as I and every guy I've ever
met in my life can recall, it was Mom
who taught us how to treat a lady. And as
far as I know, Mom in pretty much every
case was a woman.

Way back when I was a just a wee
tyke, Mom always said to be nice and
polite to the girls.

Mom always said to pull out chairs ...
open doors ... arrive 15 minutes early,
then wait 30 minutes for her to finish
getting ready ... always pay for dinner
even though she has her own job ...

offer her your jacket when she is cold
even though you told her to grab a damn
sweater before you left the house, blaa
blaa blaa.

The list goes on and on.

Hate to break it to ya, but if it wasn't
for your boobs, men would have killed
you long ago and all become monks.

Let me state it clearly: I like girls just
as much as anybody.

But trying to understand the female
mind is like trying to teach a cat to play
fetch. You end up pissed-off, frustrated
and with deep, bloody scratches all over
your arms and face.

Jack Nicholson said in the movie "As
Good as it Gets," when asked how he
was able to write such great female char-
acters, "I think of a man, and I take away
reason and accountability."

Never have truer words been spoken.

Women fought long and hard for
equality, but they still expect to be
treated as ladies. Actually, they want
to be ladies but allowed to do the same
jobs as men. No, they want to be treated
as equals yet still be respected as human
beings.

Wrong again. Women
want to be treated as
equals, but I still can't
fart and tell raunchy sex
jokes in a mixed crowd
without somebody get-
ting insulted, complain-
ing about me and call-
ing me a sexist, racist,
misogynistic pig.

I am so not racist.

Among men, equality
means we treat you just
as badly as we do every-
body else. You can't ask
for equality, yet still
expect to be treated dif-
ferently.

But that is exactly
what modern women do
expect.

If you don't want us
to laugh and make fun of
you, then go squish your
own damn spiders and
creepy-crawly bugs.

If you want equal
pay for equal work, then
don't expect to get extra
time off to deal with your
"woman's issues."

When was the last
time a guy got a week off
of work because his man-
gyna hurt?

Don't get me wrong,
I am a fully liberated,
modern man of the new
millennium, and I am
perfectly willing to be
"kept" by a rich sugga-
mamma.

Anybody remem-
ber Karen from "Will &
Grace"?

Believe me, I am
ready to be taken care of,
spoiled rotten and objec-
tified as a sexual object
with an unlimited license
to shop.

I can't imagine a bet-
ter life than staying at
home on the couch all
day, eating bon-bons and
watching Oprah.

Housework, you say?
No problem there, either.
Isn't that what we would
hire an El Salvadorian
maid for?

Nice thoughts, but
until my girlfriend wins
the lottery and decides
to spend it all on me, I
guess I'll just have to
keep on picking up the
dinner check myself.



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