

OPINION

COMMENTARY

Inter-gender communication

On a recent romantic summer evening, Madame P., my nimble little coquette, was curled up under the covers while I scarfed down a piece of chicken between grunts as I watched a History Channel special on the evolution of



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man's love affair with garage tools. She batted her baby blues and coyly mewed, "Do you hear music when you look at me?" Well, I love this chicky so I eked out a few bars of the Supremes, "I Hear a Symphony."

You see, wives are second only to mummies as the highest life forms on the planet. They have a lexicon of love bequeathed on them by God. Yet when God made our male brains, She followed the K.I.S.S. rule for us dudes — keep it simple, stupid.

The female cerebrum was regaled with billions and billions of wonders and mysteries that even gave devout atheist Carl Sagan pause. Renowned pioneering professor emeritus, Dr. Estelle Ramey, of Georgetown Medical School, drilled it into my head that the male brain is typically shaped like a football, covered in a fine cotton mesh fashioned as a jock strap and is nestled in the cranial vault like a Monday morning quarterback in a La-Z-Boy.

It has two types of tissues. The first includes large glandular areas for sex, contact sports, danger, the ability to make up pathetic excuses, anti-intimacy secretions and food. The second includes miniscule particles for listening, toilet seat etiquette and hygiene, as well as how to separate whites, colors and dainty unmentionables.

Of course, without the ability to communicate with the Holy Ones, also known as the women in our lives, we brutish beasts are doomed to a knuckle dragging, sports column reading, remote control addicted existence. We rogues must embrace and learn the language of the divine beloved in all its dialects: Femalian, Femish and Femeese, for the species to survive or have any fun.

Examples of the heavenly dialects are countless but here are just a few glimpses of the genius of La femme and the mistaken beliefs of the beast. When the lady says, "It's your decision" it means, "I told you what I want, why in the hell are we still talking." When the Mrs. says, "I'm not upset," of course she is, you clueless dolt — and you better run for cover. This is similar to: "It's Ok, do whatever you want." If you hear your turtledove muse, "We need to talk," it means, "You need to listen." Always beware the immortal catch-all, "We'll discuss it later."

We guys need a small universal translator which when swallowed with our favorite brewski migrates to the testosterone rich areas of the male brain, senses Femalian, Femish or Femeese and instantly translates. It must also immediately send antibodies to the denial and lame excuse glands to immunize against incorrect beliefs men have such as —shopping is not a sport; crying is not an effective means of communication; yes and no are perfectly acceptable answers to all questions; there is a statute of limitations on anything we have ever said, thought, or dreamed; there are not multiple interpretations to anything said; there are not thousands of shades of white; and of course every question is meant to be answered.

We could continue this dream, but unfortunately my time is up. Madame P says I'm done and is fumbling with her shoe library mumbling how our closets "shrank." Oh no! Does that mean we are moving?

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