

# Workplace MANifesto

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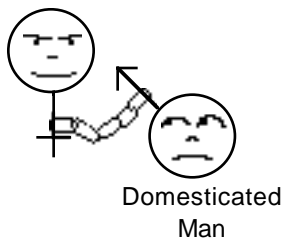
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## Ladies Beware!

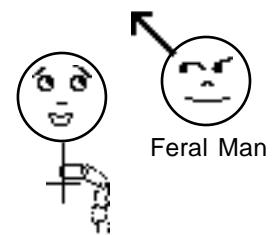
This essay is critical of behavior that I consider to be obnoxious. If you're a feminist, if you're a career woman, or if you go around trying to prove that you're a better man than he is, then you probably shouldn't read it. If you read the essay anyway, then don't say that I didn't warn you.

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Like everyone in recent generations, I was brainwashed by the feminists. During the process, I tried to reconcile the crap with my natural conviction that women are inherently wonderful and that they deserve all of the love that I can possibly give them. The problem was all of those women who wanted to be just friends. My reaction to them puzzled me for a long time. What could possibly be wrong with their attitude? We're equal, so why shouldn't we be just friends? If I couldn't deal with it, then there had to be something wrong with me. Right? Wrong. It was my common sense at work. I just didn't know it yet. Experience is a great teacher and I'm a lot better at recognizing crap now than I was then. Here's what's wrong with their attitude. We're not equal.

Look around you. Men go out together to go fishing or to drink beer. Women go out together to get their nails painted or to attend a Tupperware party. If a woman has an emotional crisis, she goes shopping. Men typically cope with a crisis by getting drunk. Men and women are as different as night and day. They're not even interested in the same things. What possible use could I have for a woman who wants to be just friends when her sparkling conversation is my terminal boredom and (probably) vice versa? Any friend thing that she can do with me a man can do better because he can do it without the stress that results from dealing with a woman.

Women who advocate all of that sexual equality stuff just can't imagine why they might cause any stress in a man. It's their keen sense of selective reality. You don't think so? Find some other way to explain this: they think that they can be attractive without attracting anything. I'm serious. They really do. A woman will wear the most seductive perfume, the most alluring make-up, and the most flattering clothes, she'll agonize over her hair and nails and walk differently than a man, and then claim that she's only trying to look nice. Yet, if I look at her then I'm violating her boundaries. She's allowed to violate mine, of course, by being seductive. Indeed, I'm not even permitted to have boundaries. Her appearance isn't her fault (she's just made that way), but I'm to blame for looking. And after all that, she'll complain that men don't know how to open up and express their true feelings. If one does, then you can bet that she'll call it sexual harassment.

After years of dealing with female colleagues, I arrived at the conviction that a sexually integrated workplace is a bad idea. I can't work with a woman who's trying to prove that she's a better man than I am because she isn't, so I threaten her masculinity. And besides that, when a man leans across a desk in front of me I don't have to ignore his nipples because they don't stick out when the air-conditioning goes on. Come to think of it, men don't lean across the desk in front of me. Only women do that.

O.K. So now what? How do we react to the Amazon Sirens? For years, we've been holding doors for feminists who force their way into our jobs and then try to reform us,

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or send us to jail if we refuse to reform. We've been forced to take classes in sensitivity and diversity by women who didn't have any sensitivity whatsoever about how they effected us and who required all of us to behave in exactly the same way. We've been deceiving ourselves with the fable that we can't understand women. All that did was to keep us from understanding ourselves. It's time for a change.

It might be nice to ignore them. Sounds great. Maybe it'd work if they wouldn't keep forcing themselves into our presence. Since it won't work, maybe we should just go ahead and stare. What the hell! Give them the rapt appraisals that they deserve. If one of them catches you looking, then smile and wave. Maybe it'll sort out those few who can still appreciate admiration. The only problem is that staring is illegal nowadays. You'll get sued for sexual harassment. O.K., so maybe we should fight fire with fire. Select the most outrageously seductive and sue **them** for sexual harassment. They certainly deserve it. They've sued us with less cause. Today a man isn't safe in the workplace if he has a smile on his face. Here's another idea. The next time a woman at work tries to use her sexuality to manipulate you, get a little angry. Thump your chest. Women can't do that very well. If she's bright enough, then maybe she'll figure out a better way to deal with you. Here's an even better idea. Make a whole bunch of copies of this essay and drop them into all of the mail slots late one Friday evening. On Monday morning, you can watch a bunch of berserk women have a hissy fit. It'll sure be more interesting than most Mondays. The point is that no matter what we do they're going to disrupt the workplace. It's too late to change that but at least we can stop being so apologetic and so easily intimidated. They say that we're obnoxious. O.K. We're obnoxious. Let's go with what we have. They deserve us exactly the way we are. They've earned it. They can take it or leave it, their choice. If we're unpleasant enough, then maybe we can make them leave it — the workplace, that is.