

maleCall

Life imitating art? Forget it. I love it when life imitates *comedy*.



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In a new twist on the venerable Henny Youngman line – “Take my wife...please!” – it seems that a Turkish villager who ran away with his friend’s wife has offered his *own* wife in exchange.

According to the Reuters story, the woman left the village “to go shopping in Tarsus” (Haven’t we all heard *that* one before!).

The village man reported that his friend called the next day saying, “I’ve run off with your wife.... You take my wife.”

And this just in: men and women think differently.

A report on ScientificAmerican.com says that there are anatomical differences between men and women in the brain area known as the hippocampus. This area, as you undoubtedly know, is responsible for memory storage and spatial mapping. It seems that men navigate by “dead reckoning,” whereas women are more likely to navigate by monitoring landmarks. Consulting my technical aviation dictionary, I see that dead reckoning means “stumbling around aimlessly with many rapid but meaningless arm movements and peculiar vocalizations while maintaining an air of self-assurance.”

No wonder women are always lost. They don’t have the upper body

strength for sustained meaningless arm movements.

You may be wondering how the Male Call-meister is going to pull these seemingly disparate items together into a cohesive insightful whole. Just watch.

Consider this query from a faithful reader who wishes to remain anonymous.

“I know there are lots of men who are single and ‘out there’ – but where? Do they sit home and do nothing but hang online at the dating websites? And if not, where do they hang out? Do they participate in activities?”

Answer: *Guys have no idea where they go.* They just leave the house more or less randomly and see where their car takes them. And then, when they lurch back home, they flail around on their computer until some hapless gal takes pity and sends them a message.

In my view, see, it’s really the female of the species doing the choosing. Yeah, we all keep up the pretense that guys are deciding who to call, but it’s the woman – through her body posture, her ability to aim her charms at selected targets and her variable responsiveness to lame come-ons – who is really in charge.

Guys will send out vague, untargeted wish lists in a 360-degree arc to whoever is in range, hoping for some kind of response.

“I recently talked to a man who had met 180 new women from Match.com in six months, second-dated 45 of them and had a list of 29 women whom he knew would go out with him,” reports my friend Kat.

Supposedly this reflects some evolutionary scheme for propagating the

species.

But you really have to wonder how low the descent of man has gone when you get reports like this from a loyal female reader: “Some guy just sent me an e-mail saying that he is ‘into having great times.’ But I don’t think he’s right for me; I prefer having a crappy time.”

So, where are you guys? Crawl out from under those rocks, scrape off the primordial ooze and jot me a note. I’ll let the ladies know where to find you...since apparently you can barely find yourselves.

James Roberts is an over 40-something Phoenix-based writer, author of “On Being Eight Again” and “The Tao of Coyote.” Divorced with no children, he has been exploring the dating scene and collecting tales of woe for many years. Need a guy’s perspective? Jot a note to Male Call at jrobertpenn@aol.com.

