

## THE CRUCIAL COMMA OR HOW DON'T STOP! BECAME DON'T, STOP!

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Oh, that tiny, tender, once upon a time erasable comma! In the good old days, when the world was fine, we guys had all the power, and rightfully so, I must say. Those were the days when the men wore the pants. Those were the days when women did not crowd the job market, displacing far more competent men, who were able to support huge families in a single bound. Those were the days when women idolized their men as Gods. Those were the days when wives waited faithfully at home, when unmarried women were secretaries, and when dictation emphasized the first syllable.

Those were the days when girls didn't ask out boys, when every boy had his choice of girls, when no really meant yes, and yes meant yes with no take backs. In those golden days if a girl said, "You only *like* me for my body," a boy could counter "Not so! I only *want* you for your body." And the girl would beam at her hero.

In those days if the fancy caught a boy as he walked down the street, he could walk up to any girl and give her the line, "It's National Poultry Day," and she knew what came next – "Every girl gets a free goose." – followed by a delightful squeeze in a place of his choosing.

Oh, how the girls giggled at that! And their feeble protests were morally obligatory for any real boy to ignore. And all boys were *real* boys then.

Those were the days when the truth was not masked. Imagine a white man charged with rape back when it never occurred. All you had to do was to put the woman on the stand and accuse her of being a temptress or a siren. Banging down the gavel, the judge, rightfully always an objective man, would say, "Case dismissed," and then address the accused with, "And would you like to charge the wretch with perjury?" Rarely, oh so rarely, would the gracious chap do so.

But how things have unwound! Slowly, imperceptibly, sneakily, as is the way with women, they have wrested power from the righteous. They have inverted the natural order of things that God himself designed from on high. Somewhere along the line, they snuck in that tiny comma (Don't, stop!). And once that tiny comma was locked in place, it unleashed a flood of resentment, hostility, and venom. Now, such wide and deep rivers of vitriol course through the public forum that we men must stand on tip toes to avoid drowning and despite it all, smile.

Mind you, I am not complaining. That department, a subdivision of the Department of Venting, belongs exclusively to women. They go out of their way to label as derogatory once heroic men in once admirable terms such as macho, sexist, abusive. We have had to learn to bow and scrape like whimpering lapdogs. And a woman-created concept, 'Private Parts,' arose that clogs the airwaves and stripped all men's rightful prerogatives.

What exactly are these 'Private Parts'? I wracked my brain for years for the answer. Naturally, I could name all of a chick's private parts, but for a long time had no idea about how they had

been chosen. By contrast, chicken has no private parts, though I admit that I do not eat the guts, neck, beak or feathers. But that is a simple matter of preference, just as I used to be a proud breast man.

Finally, the secret dawned on me that private parts are whatever parts make a real man feel real good.

Once I had learned the secret, I knew I had to abolish private parts. But how? I knew only that I had to dissemble because no one can be trusted in our compulsory conformist country. Many men act as informants to avoid having their true natures exposed and subject to calumny. Many have gone so far into the closet as to feign they are gay. Children (especially girls) have been indoctrinated from birth to rat on any man who betrays even the hint of deviation from the accepted wussy public norm. A nationwide survey showed that the average girl knows that you cannot touch her private parts 2.63 years before she has any idea what private parts really are. In a telling, but admittedly anecdotal case, when my own 2-year old granddaughter caught me casting a brief, cursory glance in the general direction of a Victoria's Secret showroom window she turned me in to the Genderstapo. Convicted without a trial as a Recidivist Abusive Sex Offender, I must now wear an ankle band with a siren that goes off if I pass within 100 meters of any store that sells lingerie.

At last, this winter, inspired by the rise of my hero, Bernie Sanders (who poses as a socialist but is really a closet capitalist who owns several tropical islands), I realized the solution. Women are by nature so liberal, so far left wing that they eagerly embrace the most extreme forms of socialism, and label private property as an abomination. So I joined the secret society comprising a select group of true men, led by Bernie, who preach undermining Capitalism and with it, the cache of private property. Once that occurs, all Private Parts will naturally wither away, so that men can once again be men. Then I will resume doing all the things I had to stop, the things that came so naturally to me, without the hint of a comma.