

Differences

Donald Silverman

I grew up in a home where we never discussed “differences”. Between blacks and whites, blacks and hispanics, asians and whites or men and women. According to my Dad (who was not at all racist) everyone was a “something”. A Mick, a Spick, A Hick or a Dick. But, there was never any discussion about why they had such labels. I think it had to do with his upbringing on the streets of New York City in the early 1900s.

So, I had to learn about our differences on my own. The race issue was never really touched on with my friends. But, the sex issue was a hot topic. “She could spin my socks.” She’s got that sexy walk.” “That tight sweater says it all.” “It’s the package, my friend, the whole package.”

I was 11 or 12 years old. The other kids on the street were in their teens. “What are you guys talking about?” Girls! That’s what we’re talking about. There’s a big difference between us and them.” “Oh, yeah ... like what?”

“You want a list? Let’s start with their hair. It’s long and moves with the wind. Their skirts. If we’re lucky, it’s short and also moves with the wind. They like to laugh. They like to be complimented. And, they like to wear makeup.”

“Once you touch a girl your life changes forever. Her hands are soft. Her shoulders have a perfect curve. Her ass ... oh, man .. if you could just touch her ass .. that would be close to Heaven.”

“So, that’s it. If that's all there is my friends, then let's keep dancing

Let's break out the booze and have a ball

If that's all there is.

/Peggy Lee

But, that’s not all there is. We seem to look at the world ... differently. When I was young sex was a very iffy subject between boys and girls. “Yes .. no... No .. maybe .. maybe .. no .. yes.. Maybe .. okay .. but, just this once..” And, girls were always worried what others would think about them. “We can’t park here. Somebody will see us.” “Do you know anybody in this neighborhood?” “Well, no .. but, you never know...”

In the end, girls like to please. They like to buy gifts. They like to feed men. They like to see you receive things and be happy. Boys? They just want a little tush squeeze. A glance at a side boob. With girls it’s all in the head. With boys, it’s all in the lower extremities.

As we get older the differences are more practical. A woman wants a clean house. A man wants an easy chair. A woman wants nice clothes. A man can live with the same tee shirt for years and years. A woman is always worried about her body odor. A man worries if his underpants are clean.

A woman can’t easily end a conversation. A man finishes up and says goodbye. My wife and her

sister say goodbye at least four times before their conversation is over. A woman always watches a TV show to the end. Even if it's a shitty show.

Women multi-task. Men play just in their own movie. A woman can start a sentence and continue another dialogue in her head without finishing her first sentence.

Here's a biggie .. women get pregnant. Men don't have a clue what this experience is all about. But, men do learn to be sympathetic. This is a big step in finding their way over the big divide.

So, the difference is clearly more than their plumbing. Men and women see the world from a slightly different point of view. And, that keeps us all in balance.