

Man Size It

Do you sometimes feel like you rolled over, stepped out of bed, and landed in another dimension? Or maybe there really is a Twilight Zone, *"a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man."* No, that wouldn't work because in our dimension that is a blatantly sexist expression. It presumes that what's known to women, men cannot grasp. But I don't understand that either. Maybe women do know about the dimension that's unknown to men. We are so jacked up that Ph. D. John Gray wrote a book designed to fix us. *Men Are From Mars and Women Are From Venus*. It begins like this:

"Imagine that men are from Mars and women are from Venus. One day long ago the Martians, looking through their telescopes, discovered the Venusians. Just glimpsing the Venusians awakened feelings they had never known. They fell in love and quickly invented space travel and flew to Venus."

In today's world, our newfound dimension, we can't have anything called *"Mansized."* Seeing modern metro-sexual *men* walking around in skinny jeans I'm beginning to understand that thought process. I believe the aim is to remake men in the image of women. Would it be okay to have something *Ladysized*? *Mansized*, *Ladysized*, is there not a distinct difference? A difference the average asexual thinking human could readily grasp without being offended?

Let's examine the opening paragraph of Dr. Gray's book. The book whose stated purpose is *A Practical Guide for Improving Communication and Getting What You Want in Your Relationships*. What was acceptable in 1991 would today not pass the politically correct muster. The Doc would be scalded across many media platforms. His opening paragraph implies that men are intelligent enough to invent space travel while the women who awakened before unknown feelings apparently driving the men wild are mere objects of male sexual desire.

Come on Doc. You can't get away with that here in the Twilight Zone.

Hey, how about a [Manwich](#) for dinner. I guess that would be a *mansized* meal and therefore unacceptable. We could call it a bigwich. Could there be a shewich? Oh, a transwich. How about a kidwich? If you were passing through your favorite fast food drive through and the teenager on the microphone asked, "Can I mansize that for you?" wouldn't you understand? Or would you be so offended that you'd pitch a hissy fit and drive away? I'm guessing you'd say hell yea and throw in some extra ketchup packets. Is hissy fit another sexual reference? If it is my apologies, remember that I'm wandering around in a *dimension beyond that which is known to man*.

Well, I did not put the bottom line up front. Had I, it would have been the top line. I'm just getting old and have no desire to relearn the English language or its common expressions. That would be a mansized headache. What got me off on this Sunday morning chat is that I hear the Kleenex company was pressured by a "social-media uproar" to change the name of its "Man Size" tissues. Actually, that's not entirely true. What happened is an electric power line tower was blown over by yesterday's high wind and most of the town is in the dark. No electric, no church services so I had a little extra time on my hands this morning.

How does social media pressure anyone into doing anything? If you're not willing to stand up for anything, why are you even in business? Why not declare that you will now have a Ladysize and you'll add a caption to the Mansize noting it's also appropriate for women having mansized schnozollas? I guess there is a good outcome for some. On ebay, [Vintage Man Size Kleenex](#) is going for \$29.95 a box.

Maybe you're old enough to recall the dimension when masculinity actually sold products. Lava soap to wash the tough grease from your hands. The Marlboro Man of this

dimension would be wearing skinny jeans and eyeliner.

© 2018 JD Pendry – All Rights Reserved

E-Mail JD Pendry: jd@jdpendry.com

Website: [Pendry's American Journal](#)