***Pity Modern Man: Not Even His Bathroom Is A Sanctuary***

I was talking with a friend of mine the other day about how after a man gets married, and especially after having children, all things that were was considered his “domain” suddenly become communal property.

It didn’t help that this friend happened to be a wife and mother of two. I was looking for a sympathetic ear. All I got, however, was a cold shoulder.

I was carrying on (exaggerating, as I usually do) about how a man needs his own private things and personal time and how some things just naturally fall into his domain and ought to be left alone. I don’t think I need to mention the reaction I got, but let’s just say my friend and I weren’t seeing eye-to-eye.

It wasn’t that we were even disagreeing that much. It was just that for every point I tried to make, she would come back with another one that probably made more sense, at least to a wife and mother of two. However, being the true man that I am, there was no way I was going to admit it.

But, I am still determined to plead my case.

As I have written before, I am willing to concede that I have already lost control of a few possessions such as my recliner, the remote control, and my TV table. And, that’s been okay. They meant a great deal to me, but I still get used to them from time to time and my sons are really getting to enjoy them.

Items such as these aren’t really what I’m talking about anyway.

What I am talking about are not “things” but rather “spaces.”

These are areas that belong to everyone in the household, but when they are occupied by the husband or father, they become his and his alone. They become sanctuaries where no one else is allowed.

The bathroom is a good example of this.

The bathroom is a very important and special place to a man. It’s a place that offers peace and quiet. It’s a place where he can escape, if only for a little while.

This is something I believe is in-bred into the male brain. You know, a long time ago men would go off on hunting or fishing to bring back game for the table. Sure, they needed food, but I also believe they were just trying to escape for a little while. Unlike modern man, however, they had a good excuse.

But today, you can’t say, “Well, I’m off to bring back some meat,” and be gone.

Today, the best excuse you’ve got is, “Oooh. That meatloaf sure is sitting heavy.”

The only problem is that women don’t understand this natural instinct. They can’t comprehend the fact that once that bathroom door closes, that bathroom becomes yours and you want to be left alone.

I think it is because it’s been in-bred in them that it takes two people to make a successful trip to the bathroom. This phenomenon can be observed at any restaurant in any state of the union.

Since becoming married and having children, I have tried and tried to explain this concept to my family.

My older boy has just learned to successfully work a doorknob, and if I lock it he just stands outside and beats on the door. So much for peace and quiet. But I can’t really fuss at him because he’s just a little boy, and, besides, his instincts might be drawing him to it.

But trying to explain to my wife, the lovely and talent Kristine, has proven to be unsuccessful. It’s kind of like trying to explain physics to my dog. They both act like they are listening and look real interested, but they just are not getting it. That’s why I believe it is instinctual.

But I’m starting to wonder if it’s instinctual for her not to understand why the bathroom is so important, or whether it’s just her natural womanly instinct to aggravate me. Whichever one it is, it’s working.

Here is a good example of why I’m starting to be confused.

The other day the gods were smiling because the boys happened to be napping at the same time. The house was quiet and Kristi was looking through a magazine because, quote: “I just don’t have anything to wear this summer.” So, I figured it was a good time to “escape” for a little while.

Everything is going great, when all of a sudden she bursts through the door. Before I can protest, she’s shoving the magazine in front of my face asking, “Don’t you think this dress would look good?”

“I don’t care! Get out!”

“Well, what about this one?”

“I don’t care! Get out!”

“But if I bought it I would have to buy shoes, too. I don’t have a pair that would match.”

“I don’t care! Get out, get out, get out!”

Well, about a week goes by and I come home from work and see an open package on the dining-room table with an invoice in it for $260.

“Kristi?” I call out towards the back of the house.

She comes around the corner in a new dress with tags hanging off of it and looks at me and says, “You said you didn’t care.”

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