

MANifest Destiny — or — the Femme's Fatale

by

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Ladies Beware!

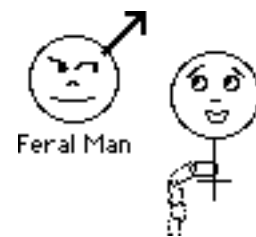
This essay compares women to a very high standard. If you're a feminist, if you're a career woman, or if you go around trying to prove that you're a better man than he is, then you probably shouldn't read the essay. If you read it anyway, then don't say that I didn't warn you.

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caveat lector



The only thing worse than a man you can't control is a man you can.

—Chapter 2, *The Surrendered Wife*, by Laura Doyle

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While digging a hole in the ground recently (brawny, manly work!), and pondering deeply the problems of life, I came upon a sudden vision of the final destiny of the feminist agenda. It might be that the train of thought was triggered by the quantities of water involved in my excavation (I was working on the sewer). In any case, I was pondering hurricanes. It was in that meteorological context that I saw the light.

Consider hurricanes. Prominent among feminist idiocy in recent years was the rampage against lady's names for hurricanes. Eventually, the lovelies prevailed and hurricanes now bear the names of either gender.

It occurred to me, however, that we remain vulnerable to feminist sniping. There is yet a peril. The miracle is only that they haven't noticed. Probably, they're all still busy in date rape lawsuits but that can't last forever. Eventually, they'll be back. We might forestall yet another dismal confrontation if we act now.

In keeping with their past obsessions (chairperson, draftsperson, and so forth), it's obvious that feminists don't have any regard for homonyms. (Man — a male human vs. man — a member of *Homo Sapiens*). I believe that it would be prudent of us, while they're preoccupied baiting and jailing incautious dates, to further purify weather service terminology. After all, if they objected to names of the feminine gender, then they might resent what sounds like a pronoun of the feminine gender. That is, it seems to me to be a serious breach of caution to even talk about hurricanes. I suggest that we refer to them as themicanes.

Of course, even that isn't sufficient. With feminists, nothing ever is. Having cast the designation *hurricane* into the flaming caldron, and substituted the imminently more suitable *themicane*, we have (in typical blundering male fashion) left ourselves open for yet another jab. For (sadly), it isn't possible to tell in advance which themicane will be a disaster and which will be relatively innocuous. That unpredictability (is that why we called them hericanes, or whatever that old word was, and used feminine names?) leaves us vulnerable to a charge of sexual favoritism. What if (Goddess forbid!) we should happen to use lady's names for the bad themicanes and men's names for the mild themicanes? It's kind of random, but it could happen. The selective perception of feminists being what it is, I'd say that it's absolutely certain that they will perceive that it's happened. What to do!?!

Don't panic. The very character of the new designation (themicane) suggests a solution. We'll simply use dual names. Accordingly, we'll talk of themicane Harry and Sally, themicane Napoleon and Josephine, or even (dare I?) themicane Sam and Raquel. You get the idea. Surely, this elaborate concession would satisfy even the most rabid feminist. Ha! Even the least rabid feminist will quickly note the implicit sexist bigotry inherent in the scheme. She'll immediately leap to the conclusion that the terminology was devised by a man. She'll instantly recognize that its purpose is to perpetuate the insidious male domination of weather service terminology. Consider!

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Themricane Napoleon and Josephine, but not themricane Josephine and Napoleon. Themricane Sam and Raquel, but never themricane Raquel and Sam. Aghast, wild-eyed feminists will run amuck. Using modified Playtext bras to sling burning dictionaries, they'll storm the local TV stations while shrieking obscenities such as *Men's Club*, and *Women Need Not Apply*.

Predictably, the brutal male dominated weather service, in which women don't have any voice at all, will collapse yet again before the helplessly repressed women. Enraged at the unending insistence of men's efforts to usurp the nomenclature of themricanes, women will demand an end of the use of names of the male gender, demanding instead their obvious and Goddess given right of exclusive access to the terminology. It will be necessary, indeed, it was inevitable from the beginning, that men will concede the fight. After that, there will be only Themricane Ann, Themricane Barbara, Themricane Caroline, Themricane Dorothy. Need I continue?

With the feminist victory nearly complete, with total domination of weather service terminology within sight, feminists will exhibit one final burst of determination. What of the hint of male influence in the designation *them*? Wouldn't they feel safer with something more, ahh, how shall I say it? More female? Finally, the issue will be settled once and for all, weather we like it or not. The feminists will be appeased one last time. We'll surrender the final point, release the last hold on our masculine world, and allow the ultimate change in the terminology. There will no longer be themricanes. There will never be a himricane. There will be only herricanes.