
Country Philosopher

The Origin of Species



Light from the burning brassieres cast weird shadows upon the faces of the women gathered around the fire. This gesture of defiance, this testimonial to the evil found in man, is a by-product of years of accumulated wrath.

This is a rally for women's liberation. This is a gathering of protest that, in the logical burning of brassieres, is showing the world that the female can also wear pants. Sally Morgan isn't all that enthralled with this ceremony. She definitely wants to regulate men to a lesser role but she thinks it rather tragic that she has burned her only brassiere. The brassiere had cost her a great deal of money and had been a wire-supported, padded dream in blue chiffon and white lace...and Larry had just gone wild over it...and really...what did it prove throwing it in the fire with those other cheap brassieres?

Jean Tate: Girls...let me have your attention. I admit the smell of burning rubber is objectionable...but we have

work to do here tonight and we best get on with it. I want each of you to stand up and tell us what you find distasteful in your husbands. Show us that one thing your husband does that so typifies the bilious conceit that makes the male a rotten dog and odorous swine.

Sally Morgan: Larry is an automobile mechanic. He comes home each night completely covered with grease and oil and dirt. He picks me up in his arms, carries me into the den, and acts like an animal. All this time the smell of gasoline is making me faint. How I would love a man who smelled of lilac water and rose milk.

Jean Tate: As you know, my Robert is a doctor. When he comes home at night he is absolutely immaculate. He is, at all times, perfectly groomed. He reminds me of a fancy french poodle owned by a rich lady. I am so sick of his pressed clothes, his manicured nails, and that lousy, lousy smell of lilac water and rose milk that clings to him like a second skin.

Doris Bean: Herbert ain't got a

romantic bone in his body. He never brings me candy or flowers and he never sticks little love notes beneath my pillow. If he kisses me at all the kiss is a fragile peck on the cheek and sometimes I almost scream in frustration. If only once he would grab me in his arms and just mash the hell out of my lips. A bruising kiss...a crushing kiss...a kiss that would leave me swooning beneath the china closet.

Helen Payne: I work hard all day watching my maid clean house and iron clothes. Then I have the chore of going bowling and then that awful Bridge Club. You better believe that I am dead tired when my husband gets home from work. But does he consider my exhaustion? No sir..he comes on like the world's greatest lover. He hands me a box of candy, a bouquet of flowers, and he runs upstairs and puts a silly love note under my pillow. Then he flings himself down the stairs, grabs me, and just mashes the hell out of my lips. A bruising kiss...a crushing kiss...and he leaves me swooning beneath the

china closet. And who needs it?

Jean Tate: Girls! A terrible thought just crossed my mind. Maybe it isn't that our husbands are inconsiderate slobs...maybe our trouble stems from our own lack of evaluation. Maybe we just chose the wrong husband. Sally would love my husband because he smells like lilac water, and I could certainly go for a man who smelled of gasoline and who had grease all over his neck. Helen hates bruised lips and Doris would love bruised lips. Perhaps we can settle this whole thing simply by switching husbands. Let's all go home now and tell our husbands we are trading them off.

The women all walk away from the fire. This evening would start a new chapter in their lives and they look forward to it with great expectation. Sally Morgan, who is anticipating being held by a man who smells of lilac water, looks back over her shoulder, and says, "I do wish we hadn't burned our brassieres." and then she adds, "I feel absolutely naked."
