

SABINE

In undergraduate psychology we learned about these "split-brain" patients. Their brain could work on a task without the other half knowing. In the films they showed us they taught this one guy to build blocks into towers with his left hand only. Then separately they taught his right hand to tear block towers down. Then one day they put the two together. The hands started splapping each other and wrestling with the same block.

The one half of me, see, won't take no for an answer. This me's going to go out and take the corporate world by storm...or climb mountains, or pump gas, or write for TV, or be a stock broker if I happen to feel like it.. I do not need male approval to achieve my life goals. Like a fish needs a bicycle, and so on and so on.

But I just can't ignore my pathetic other side -- it's so whiny and needy inside of me. I yearn for...human touch, God, it's embarrassing, sometimes all I want is to be looked at, admired, soothed and caressed. I still want the power, I still want to make money and go mountaineering.

I yell at myself for going soft on myself. Then I cry, usually, and then I get sullen and scowl. Stomp around the place dropping dishes and breaking bric-a-brac. Backlash! I scream, backlash, Sabine! You're contributing to the undeclared war against women! How could you! How dare you! Then I go buy a piece of chocolate to make myself feel better.