

tentively, recognizing the everyday husband-wife conflict of interest.

"I saw what kind of statistic we would become," Warren tells the Kiwanis. "We would have children to keep us together. But when the children were grown we would end up with nothing in common. We would be unhappily married or divorced. And as for my career, I might be rich and successful, but I'd probably have an ulcer or heart condition. I'd know all the answers, I'd be a good provider, but I'd know tension better than my wife and children."

A new religion?

The club members take all this in. Is he talking about them? Is this some kind of new religious revival?

Farrell tells how he and the other men in his discussion group identified their common drives and failings. The men felt that they were good at being aggressive and sounding important. They knew how to intellectualize but not how to sympathize. They were unable to admit error or sorrow.

Prisoners of their male roles, they encouraged their wives and children to lean heavily on them. This further trapped them in iron-men images. The men, who range from 26 to 51 years, felt sad that their children were growing up without knowing their fathers.

Next, he says, he started considering his wife Ursula's job as important as his. Freed from feeling he had to have a high-powered career and be the main breadwinner, he was able to change jobs and become a teacher.

He and Ursula divided the housework, uniting their interests, leaving more time to have fun together.

He tells how he rid himself of the tension knots in his stomach by learning to display emotions, how to cry.

Warren explains how he began to change when he realized his own compulsion always to be right—at work and at home.

The Kiwanis Club applauds the speech. There are questions.

A businessmen asks: "What about kids?"

Farrell replies that he and Ursula will, if they decide to have children, alternate years off from their jobs to care for them until they're old enough for day-care centers.

He adds, "I interviewed 250 men for my book. Each one said that bringing up children was the most important work in the world. But not one of them wanted the job."

An insurance executive says, yes, he agrees with Farrell's speech. But won't Farrell concede that a man should be "just a hair" more dominant than his wife? Farrell does not concede "a hair."

At 1:30, as if a gong had rung, the businessmen scurry back to their offices.

Warren immediately heads for Gambier where Kenyon College is located. He has been scheduled to spend his afternoon meeting with a small group of students. Ten girls and one boy show up.

Guru consulted

The college women quickly involve Warren in their problems. They want advice on how to be liberated. They waver between sounding self-confident and looking upon him as some sort of liberation guru.

That night Farrell delivers his speech, with some subtle changes, to a packed auditorium of 250 female and male students, faculty, and townspeople. His voice is slightly hoarse but the sincerity still carries. He concludes by answering a host of questions, some hostile, some sympathetic.



Warren Farrell fields questions after speech at the Mount Vernon, Ohio, Kiwanis Club. He did not concede that a husband should be "just a hair" more dominant than a wife.

After the lecture, some men and a sprinkling of wives and girlfriends meet with Farrell to start a discussion group on men's liberation. Most are faculty members, not students.

Late the next afternoon, back in his New York City apartment, Farrell comments on this. "I think a man has to live in the professional world first to really understand what I'm talking about. And perhaps a man has to have a long-term relationship with a woman to see how inequality creates strain and boredom."

At 7 p.m. his wife Ursula, or "Ursie" as she prefers being called, returns from her job as an IBM marketing representative and the manager of four men.

It is Warren's turn to cook and he puts the finishing touches to a simple dinner of meat loaf. Ursie slips off her coat and settles into a comfortable chair to talk to the PARADE reporter. Her manner is soft, but enthusiastic.

"Warren's liberation was really mine, too," she says. "At first I felt very guilty about not doing all the housework. I

never thought Warren was less masculine when he vacuumed or cooked, but I felt less feminine. We had to rethink our whole relationship.

"But there's a lot more to it than who does the housework," cautions Ursie, glancing at her stuffed briefcase. "I found I *liked* my job, liked having time to work hard at it, and after becoming involved with the women's movement I found the confidence to consider my work and opinions as important as Warren's."

Both serve dinner

Dinner is served by both. And afterwards they wash the dishes together and make a fast trip to the basement to rescue some laundry from the drier.

By a quarter to 9 the chores are over.

Together they listen to their stereo.

"Warren and I really enjoy each other now. He's more fun," comments Ursie.

"So is she," says her husband, the liberated man.

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