

# The Alternative Line

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for Publication in CNY-PCA Redline Report

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Dear friends; I have recently written of some interesting occurrences I have experienced with members of the opposite sex as I have traveled the world, which prompted one of our stalwart readers (who shall remain nameless in their own best interest) to wonder “why is it that everyone but me has these romantic adventures?”.

My first response was to suggest that one should be careful what you ask for; you might get it. But that also got me to wondering what has changed about me, since there was a time when I couldn't get the time of day from most women, yet somehow I seem able to easily meet them today. The ego-centric in me immediately imagines that it is the Porsche. But I have a wife and daughter who provide me plenty of proof that the guys who think their CAR attracts women worth having are merely self-delusional.

Perhaps the truth is that, with age, I have reached the statistical point where my mere existence is the prime attraction for women who are desperate because there are few men who have survived. Believe THAT and I have a real downer for those who thought of buying a Porsche because they wanted a “babe-magnet”. You ARE self-deluding. More likely it's just that I obviously am no longer a threat simply because I can't CATCH them!

Let me first assure all involved; none of these has been a “romantic” adventure, at least not in the sense that most people would assign such a label. At the same time, let me prevent any question of my normalcy as relates to being male, with a full flowering capability at fantasizing. They don't call me the Idea Man for nothing, and a LOT of those ideas would get me a rude slap at the very LEAST. I'm glad that THINKING is painless.

Interestingly, I may actually understand why, and what has changed. But to acknowledge it is to fail to display precisely the trait I believe may be “the disarming charm”. I think I may actually have become more “attractive” just because I've become a little less repulsive. When I was younger I was desperate, and I probably gave off pheromones which announced that so loud that the Russians could pick it up. But as I've developed more grey hair, and a physique which could best be characterized as “robust”, I've also come to be more comfortable with me, even to the point of CHOOSING to laugh at myself. The personal logo I have adopted at lower left, which John Hajny so graciously donated to me, is a perfect example. How many people take as a point of personal pride the ability to so load a 911 suspension as to be incapable of telling a tire's brand? How many BRAG that they don't have to lift for the off-camber at Watkins Glen? How many would write THIS?

But there is no question that I have had much opportunity and success at meeting and becoming close friend to many women I could only dream about when I was an available bachelor. Maybe THAT's it; I am no threat because I am already spoken for. Yet I wear no outward indication of my being married, because I have seen injuries from jewelry caught in machinery, so have never worn a wedding band. And traveling the world alone as I do, the existence of my wife is only declared AFTER I have met these women, so I don't see how it could be an evident factor. Then again, who knows what a woman's radar picks up?

It seems to me that women may actually respond to my humor, which is earthy without being rude (most of the time). Like a jolly old elf who shakes like a bowl of jelly when he laughs, maybe they remember a long-past pleasant holiday, and think of me like Santa Claus. As you can well guess, that carries some measure of ambivalence to MY midlife crisis. Then again; who knows, maybe it's just that I've stopped licking my eyebrows... ;-}

