

# Men: all you really need is half

In rural Utah, men act like, well, men. Growing up in the country with four brothers gave me access to a lifetime of manly, sporty guys.

You know the kind. They own multiple guns and more sporting equipment than books. Often they subscribe to cable strictly for ESPN and The Sportsman channel, not the Style channel. A crême brûlée torch and ramekins are not in their vocabulary, let alone in their kitchens.

Eighteen years in a house with more testosterone than every character Clint Eastwood has ever played was more than enough for me. Quite obviously, it's the reason I like my men gay — well, half-gay. If a guy is going to sleep with me, he better shop with me as well. Prior to the term “metrosexual,” I called this breed of men “half-gay.” For a single woman looking for a mate, this brand of man presents the the best of both worlds.

The past few boyfriends, excluding Capt. America, were half-gay guys. These boyfriends are typically the best kind. They're fine with watching movies that don't include something blowing up and they understand, and sometimes share, my addiction to lattes, shoes and sexy jeans.

However, there are a few drawbacks. Dating a man with hands better manicured than mine makes a girl self-conscious. I have fingernail clipper somewhere in my bathroom; it just may take a few minutes to locate them. This was far different from the spot where he kept his: always ready in a manicure kit on his bed stand. You never know when you might wake up in the middle of night with a hangnail emergency.

It's hard dating a man who's more put together



## The Dating Years

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than you. Another of the half-gay men I dated had a hair fetish. Not mine, his. I consider myself pretty, but dating a man prettier than me is not my idea of a good time. His hair was better; his eyebrows were better groomed, and as a road biker, his legs were consistently smoother.

A new guy I've been spending time with is also half-gay. He owns a man purse, or *murse* as he calls it. He's hinted at owning the above-mentioned crême brûlée supplies. I cannot confirm that, however, because I've never been to his house. Perhaps he's not half-straight and doesn't want me to find about his live-in “man servant.”

I noticed the contents of the trunk of his car

while he was fiddling with the CD changer. No sports equipment found, but I did notice a dozen gourmet cookbooks. I own one cookbook. It was a gift for graduating high school and is still makes the crackly sound when I open the cover. I'll never use it, but I still hang onto it for sentimental reasons.

I adore a man who possesses culinary skills. I like dinners that do not include cold cereal or Yoplait mixed berry yogurt. I just don't like preparing them.

I won't assign a moniker for him just yet. Let's wait and see how long he lasts. Lately, the subjects of my columns are less than thrilled with me. Go figure.

New guy is confusing. At times it feels like he really can't stand me at all. The phrase “there's a fine line between love and hate” must have been coined with me in mind. I'm the type of person you either love or hate. No middle ground with me. Often, the line is finer than the width of a page from a cookbook.

Most women have experience with half-gay men. If you aren't one of them, they are the best untapped source of boyfriends out there. You can find them exclusively at Banana Republic, Williams-Sonoma, Pottery Barn and your local wine store. If you see one over six feet with brown hair and blue eyes, he's mine. Chances are I've already dated him or will be doing so in the near future.

*Read more about Sarah's theories on dating, shopping, cooking, half-gay men and where to find them. Visit [www.sarahnielson.com](http://www.sarahnielson.com).*

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