A year ago I wouldn't have admitted that I am a chauvinist. Surely I—an open-minded, fair husband and father—didn't hold oppressive attitudes toward women. But I did hold them, and to an embarrassing extent still do, toward the woman I love—my wife.

To set the record straight, I was not fanatically devoted to masculinity, nor had I assumed an anti-feminist posture. To the contrary, my relationships with women—at the office, at church, in the neighborhood—were open and accepting. I was not uninformed. I'd read Robin Morgan's *Sisterhood is Powerful* and Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, and also *Ms. Magazine* and numerous articles about the Woman's Movement. Attraction to the goals of feminism prompted me to attend several seminars and share my views with other males. I was “with it”—enlightened.

The movement, however, appeared to be “out there” somewhere. What a growing number of American women were demanding—a voice in society; power at home, on the job and in politics; dignity and respect; and the right to be persons who define themselves—seemed unrelated to my daily life and especially removed from our house.

I strongly suspect that's how a large number of American husbands feel today. Though informed, we remain somewhat untouched by it all, convinced that we are not chauvinists.

Perhaps we husbands need to question whether or not we have been liberated—set free from our chauvinistic and sexist attitudes. Since I thought I was already liberated, I assumed my attitude and behavior at home was OK and that my wife was a happy homemaker.

But as we began to discuss candidly our home life, she told me she had been angry and depressed often without knowing why. She said at one time she had been happy as a full-time homemaker. Then as she became more aware of the “housewife” role she had been forced to assume, she became resentful. That, in turn, detracted from her sense of personal satisfaction, not because she wanted to find excitement and glamour outside the home, but because she wasn't getting cooperation, consideration and respect in the home. Consequently, she felt she was being used. As her awareness of this heightened, so did her resentment, which made ripples and even waves on the smooth waters of our home life.

Our discussions continued and I learned that I wasn't a liberated