

THE ENDER

By Tim Rogers

Dwaine Caraway, I Feel Your Pain.

DWAIN CARAWAY IS AN INTERESTING MAN. You'll recall that in his tenure on the Dallas City Council, the mayor pro tem has: launched a crusade against saggy pants; arrived at a meeting late and limping, delivered a rambling speech in which he mentioned that he and the Council loved the mayor, and said he'd fallen out of his pickup the night before; tried to get the cops to stop hassling people at his favorite poker house; steadfastly denied that he is a "sixty-five-hundred-dollar Negro," even though no one had called him a sixty-five-hundred-dollar Negro; and, most recently, revealed that he has two imaginary friends. I'm sure I'm overlooking something.

The deal with the imaginary friends arose after Caraway made a domestic disturbance call to police. Cops said the squabble was between Caraway and his wife, state Representative Barbara Malory Caraway, but Caraway told a reporter for the *Dallas Morning News* that the cops had it all wrong. He said he'd called for help because two of his friends had gotten into it during a football-watching party at his house.

"It was Arthur and Archie," Caraway said. "Archie loves the Cowboys, and Arthur hates them. ... Everybody knows how bad Arthur hates the Cowboys."

I would have liked to ask Caraway a few follow-up questions. For instance, what are five things everyone *doesn't* know about Arthur? If Ashton or Agamemnon had attended the party, do you think either one of them could have talked some sense into Arthur? Do you know any men whose first names start with B?

But a few days later, Caraway admitted that he'd lied to the reporter. Yes, he'd actually called the cops because he and his wife were having a "marital disagreement." He explained it this way at a City Council meeting: "Those of you in this audience that are married, those of you that are listening that are married, if you've not always wanted eggs and bacon and some of you may have wanted something else, but you didn't get it and that's just what marriage is all about."

When I read those words, my heart went out to Caraway, and

any temptation I felt to poke fun at the guy vanished. Seriously, I know where he's coming from. I'm married. Any married guy would understand.

You've not always wanted eggs and bacon. You've wanted something else. Crepes à la neige, Belgian waffles, maybe some fresh dragon fruit blintzes. I'm not saying you get the blintzes on a regular basis. That's a treat for a special occasion, like a birthday or an appearance on *Dr. Phil* to talk about your fight against sagging pants. But I don't think it's unreasonable to get, say, flapjacks once a week. Instead of flapjacks, though, you know what you got? Eggs and bacon. Again.

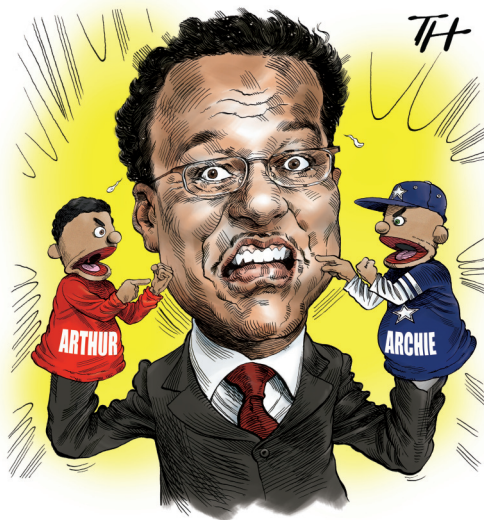
That's what marriage is all about. You want a little variety. You don't get it. You call the cops.

At my house, it's not an eggs-and-bacon thing. We're cereal people. We do Smart Start and oatmeal almost exclusively. If I'm lucky, I'll get Frosted Mini-Wheats. But that's about it. I can't tell you how many times I've begged my wife for some Banana Nut Crunch. I know some guys dig Count Chocula. I've never tried it, but I'd be willing to give it a shot. I'm up for anything, to a point. Froot Loops? Fruity Pebbles? Franken Berry, Rice Krispies, Marshmallow Mateys, Special K Protein Plus? Yes, I'm in! (I draw the line at stuff like Richard Petty 43's.)

Point is, I've experienced the same sort of rut that caused the marital disagreement in the Caraway house. We all have. And though I'm probably the last guy who ought to give advice in these matters, I think the key is to maintain some perspective. Realize that you are fortunate to get any eggs and bacon at all. Or, in my case, Smart Start.

Now, I do have one caveat. While I empathize with the mayor pro tem, I don't exactly know what the euphemism "eggs and bacon" means in the Caraway house. We married men all have our own code words for this stuff. I'm just assuming that "eggs and bacon" means missionary, with the lights out.

I could be wrong, though. Idioms like this sometimes confuse me. You know the Soulja Boy hit called "Crank That"? When the song came out, I admit I misinterpreted what it means to "Superman" someone. My bad. **D**



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