

Changing Weather, Changing Moods.

by Phyllis Chesler



Humidity does not become me. Yesterday was a gray and rainy day in Manhattan—and a very humid one at that. For the second time in as many weeks, I turned quite cranky. My mood brought to mind two of Sylvia Plath's excellent lines:

“Viciousness in the kitchen!

The potatoes hiss...”

When she wrote this poem, I'm sure she was cranky too, but for other reasons. Her husband had just left her for another woman, and there she was, the genius herself, alone with two young children in the midst of an unusually cold British winter.

In my case, the wet weather, prolonged isolation, and the fact

that I can no longer visit the nearby blue ribbon of river, finally got to me. I could just hear my worried son's questions: "Who touched the bench before you got there? What about the runners, walkers, and work-out artists who will get too close to you? Who has been in the car service before you?"

But I was moody, melancholy, miserable only for a few hours and could not remain in the doldrums for too long. I had online obligations. And they improved my mood enormously.

I had to get dressed, put on lipstick and earrings for a pre-interview via Zoom with two very genial and Christian interviewers at United West: Sharia Crime Stoppers. Girls and women of my generation do Stuff like this—put on lipstick—yes, even if we are firebrand feminists. At least, some of us do. The live webinar will be broadcast tonight at 7pm, and we are going to talk about women living under Sharia law and about my three books on the subject: [*An American Bride in Kabul*](#)