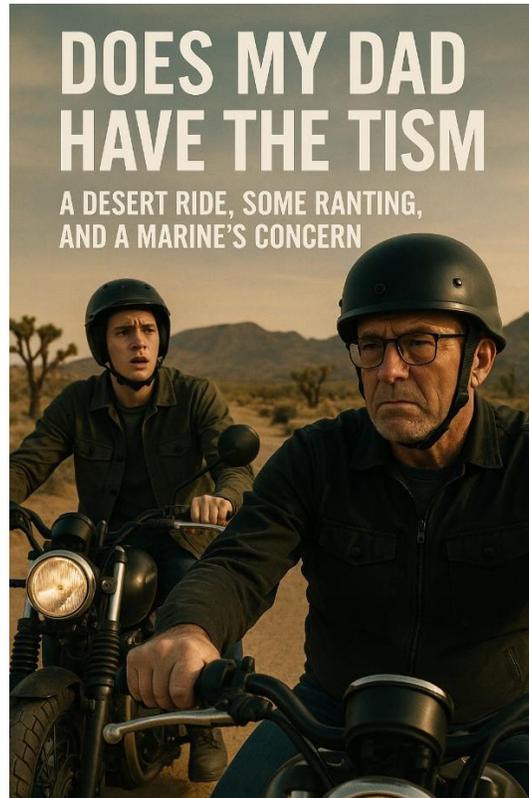


DOES MY DAD HAVE THE TISM?

A Desert Ride, Some Ranting, and a Marine's Concern

Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.



We were deep into Day 3 of what I like to call The Arizona Broil Tour—just me and my son *Gregg*, blasting through the desert like two red-blooded, oil-burning patriots fleeing from a world gone soft. *Gregg's* not much of a talker. He's a Marine, and not the kind that just went to boot camp and got a bumper sticker. No, *Gregg's* a Fallujah vet. Combat boots-on-ground. Real stuff. So, when he speaks, you listen.

By the time we'd downed about twelve bottles of water and sweat out our electrolytes through every pore God gave us, I'd already written two runty blogs in my head while flying down I-10 at 90 mph. You know me—can't ride through the ideological wasteland without commenting on it. I was hot about gender clinics, the



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infantilization of America, and the cultish capture of medicine by people who think biology is hate speech.

Somewhere past Tucson, around temperature marker Inferno, we pulled into a gas station. I was peeling my gloves off like I was molting, and Gregg just looked at me—deadpan, shades on, dust on his face—and said:

"Hey, Dad... you got the tism?"

I blinked.

"The what?"

"The tism," he repeated. "I'm just... you're locked in, man. Hyper-focused. One topic. No filter. Writing manifestos in your head while riding through hell's convection oven. I'm just sayin'... You got a little tism?"

Now let me explain something here for the civilian audience.

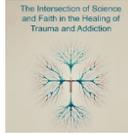
The tism is Marine shorthand. Not a clinical diagnosis. Not a DSM-5 checkbox. It's that cultural badge of fixated passion, maybe a little rigidity, maybe a touch of obsession. Think Rain Man meets Red Pill. It's a term Gregg uses for anyone who goes full bore down the rabbit hole of truth and refuses to come back up for social pleasantries or politically correct small talk.

And I had to laugh.

Because maybe he was right.

There I was, the 70-year-old psychologist roaring down the highway, ranting in my mind about kids being pumped full of Lupron, schools teaching gender as a social construct, and Big Pharma shoving SSRIs down the throats of depressed 13-year-olds—all while the culture says, "shut up and comply."

So yeah. Maybe I've got the tism.



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But I call it clarity.

See, the world tells you to sit down, shut up, and play nice while it burns your kids' minds and rewires their identities. I'm not wired for that. I've spent my life listening to wounded souls. I've seen what happens when we call pain "progress." I've seen what happens when we medicate away childhood.

So when my son asks if I've got the tism, I grin and say:

"Yeah, kid. The righteous kind."

"Fair enough," he says. No smile. No nod. Just revs his throttle and pulls ahead.

But I know what that means. That's Marine for: Respect.

And it reminded me—this fight, this so-called "tism," is exactly what we need. Not everyone needs to speak up. Not everyone needs to write. But someone's gotta ride through the desert, truth in one saddlebag, grit in the other, and tell the next generation: you're not crazy for seeing the madness.

So yeah. Maybe your old man's got the tism.

But these days, if you don't? You might be the one asleep at the bars.