JULY 1970
ONE DOLLAR

The Washington Monthly

THE AEC: WILL WE NUKE OURSELVES?

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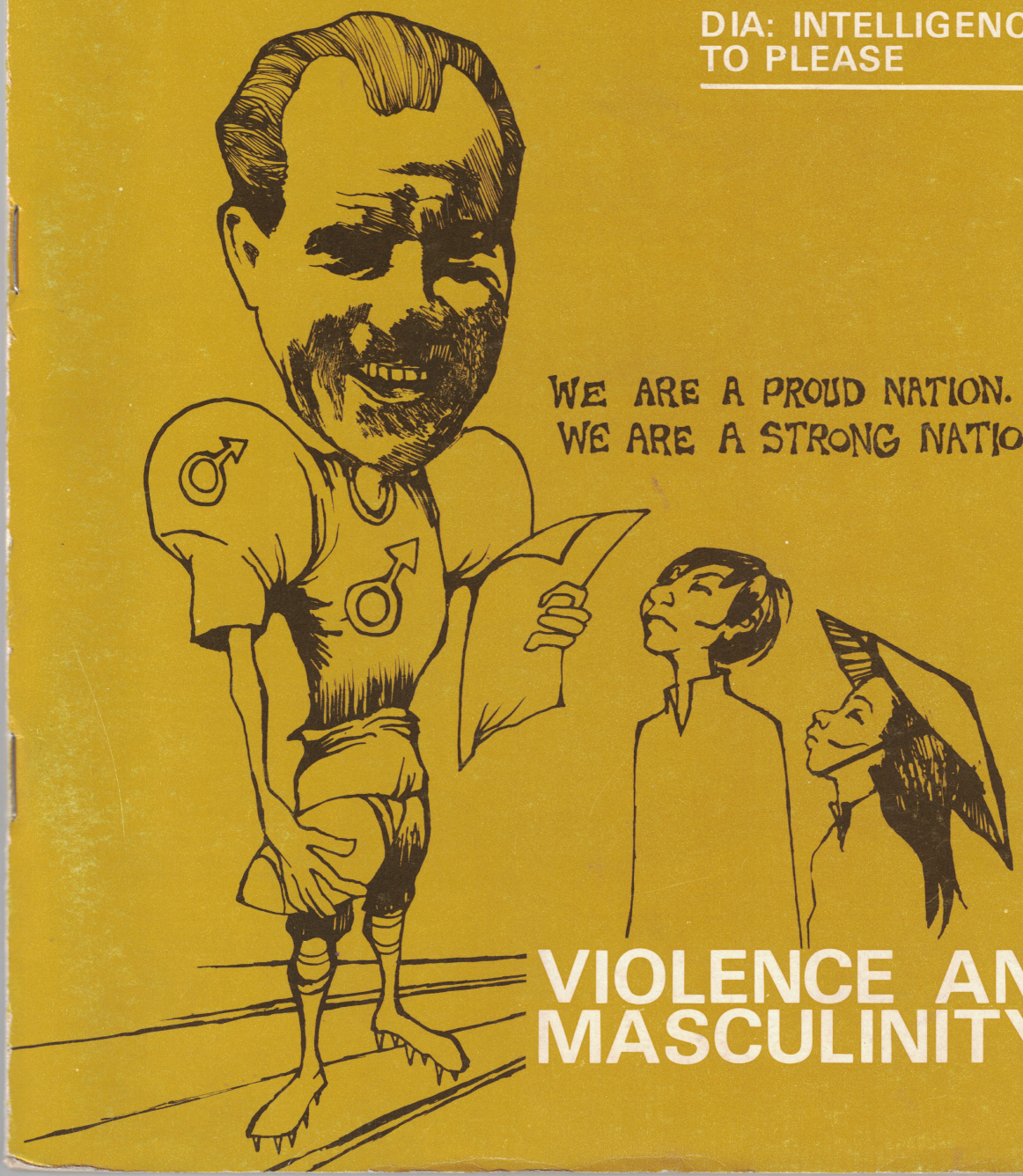

VIOLENCE AND MASCULINITY

Violence and the Masculine Mystique

". . . there are worse things than war; and all of them come with defeat. The more you hate war, the more you know that once you are forced into it, for whatever reason it may be, you have to win it."
—from *Men at War* by Ernest Hemingway

"You must perform the act for them, Charlie. You know your function. Kill the enemy. So they will give you recognition of your **manhood** *Charlie. Never your humanity."*
—from the feminist play *Mod Donna* by Myrna Lamb

by Lucy Komisar

"We will not be humiliated," President Nixon declared in his speech to the country after the invasion of Cambodia. "It is not our power but our will and character that is being tested tonight." Agonizing over the spector of an America that acted like "a pitiful, helpless giant," he vowed that he would not see the nation become "a second-rate power" and "accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history."

Nixon's resolve stiffens (masculine) and he sends troops into Cambodia so that we are not forced to submit (feminine) to a peace of humiliation. The big stick hasn't changed much since Teddy Roosevelt, only now it's a stockpile of missiles and bayonets on rifles and bombs that plow gracelessly into a womb that burns with napalm.

The United States of America is "the clear leader among modern, stable, democratic nations in its rates of homicide, assault, rape, and robbery, and it is at least among the highest in incidence of group violence and assassination," declared the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. Most of those violent crimes are committed by males between the ages of 15 and 24; a majority of them are poor and a disproportionate percentage are black.

"Violence is actually often used to enable a young man to become a successful member of ghetto society," reported the Commission. "Proving masculinity may require frequent rehearsal of the toughness, the exploitation of women, and the quick aggressive responses that are characteristic of the lower-class adult male." The report called ghetto life a

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Illustration: New Thing

"subculture within dominant American middle-class culture in which aggressive violence tends to be accepted as normal in everyday life. . . . An altercation with overtones threatening a young man's masculinity, a misunderstanding between husband and wife, competition for a sexual partner, the need to get hold of a few dollars—these trivial events can readily elicit violent response."

The only thing wrong with that is the Commission's assumption that its observations apply only to the lower classes. What it has described, in fact, is the "masculine mystique," a conception of manhood so central to the politics and personality of America that it institutionalizes violence and male supremacy as measures of national pride. The masculine mystique is based on toughness and domination, qualities that once may have been necessary in a time when men felled trees and slew wild animals. Now they are archaic and destructive values that have no legitimate place in our world but continue to exist as idealized standards for some lofty state of "masculinity." The mystique has characterized many nations, but it is particularly dangerous in contemporary America because of our distinctively high levels of internal violence, our "Bonnie and Clyde" tendencies toward its glorification, our enormous capacities for mechanized warfare, and our virtual obsession with being Number One.

A quote from a man I know: "When I was a little boy and had come home crying after a beating from some local bully, my mother would push me out and lock the door, demanding that I go back to give as good as I had gotten. She said boys who didn't fight back were sissies."

Little boys learn the connection between violence and manhood very early in life. Fathers indulge in mock prize fights and wrestling matches with eight-year-olds. Boys play cowboys and Indians with guns and bows and arrows proffered by their elders. They are gangsters or soldiers interchangeably—the lack of difference between the two is more evident to them than to their parents. They are encouraged to "fight back," and bloodied noses and black eyes become trophies of their pint-sized virility.

Little Men

The differences between boys and girls are defined in terms of violence. Boys are encouraged to rough-house; girls are taught to be gentle ("ladylike"). Boys are expected to get into fights, but admonished not to hit girls. (It is not "manly" to assault females—except, of course, sexually, but that comes later.) Boys who run away from fights are "sissies," with the implication that they are queer. As little boys become big boys, their education in violence continues. The leadership in this country today consists of such little boys who attained "manhood" in the approved and heroic violence of World War II. They returned to a society in which street and motorcycle gangs, fast cars, and fraternity hazing confirmed the lessons of war—one must be tough and ready to inflict pain in order to get ahead.

The phallic/power symbol of our age is, of course, the automobile. The World Health Organization says that traffic accidents are the most common cause of death among young males in highly motorized countries. Often cars are stolen not to keep or sell, but for the joy of the ride and the sense of power and controlled violence it offers. Madison Avenue contributes its influence by selling cars as if they were magical potency potions. Chivalry's knight on horseback has become man on "horsepower"—even modern terminology substantiates the metaphor.

A young philosophy instructor at a Catholic men's college in New Jersey, who leads a "consciousness-raising" group for some of his students, says most of them have grown up with the same conception of what it takes to prove one's manhood: "You have a car and 'make' as many girls as possible. It's

very important to have an impressive car; the freshmen all believe the ads that if you've got a Dodge Charger, you're going to get laid more." The system militates against tenderness, he says. "No physical display between men is acceptable except to fight, and the *only* acceptable response when someone questions your manhood is to fight. Most freshmen think there's something faggoty about being a draft dodger."

He adds, "Some guys are so obsessed with their manhood and masculinity that they can't make love: they feel it's effeminate to be sensitive or affectionate."

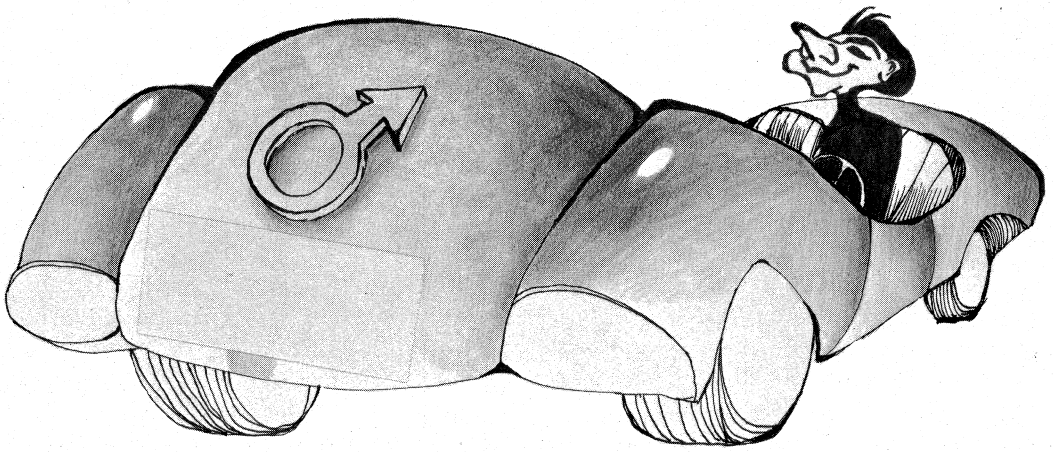
Boys are introduced into "manhood" through innocent pastimes like boxing, brawling, and football. And not-so-innocent pastimes like war. Consider phrases like "The manly art of self defense," "Join the army, be a man" (variation: "The army will make a man out of him"). Gene Tunney's autobiography is called simply *A Man Must Fight.* Men who have been brought up in this tradition, and whose memories of war, real or imagined, have bolstered their self-respect during years of bringing home the bacon, are traumatized by the young men (students and peace marchers) who refuse to accept pain, mutilation, and death as initiation rites into manhood.

Even at a time when the protest leader is beginning to replace the football star as campus hero, football remains a passion with a large number of American men. The game, with its crashing, smashing bodies and carefully controlled violence, deserves a closer scrutiny to see how it reflects the quest for manhood.

The Great Touchdown of Virility

For the past half dozen years, I have observed the phenomenon of the masculine mystique operating on a group of newspapermen who frequent a bar in my neighborhood. They drink heavily, rhapsodize about prize fighters and men who earn their living by physical labor, share football afternoons watching the barroom television, and treat women mostly as "dumb broads" to be taken in bed and ignored in serious conversation. There are some exceptions.

Several of them urged me to read Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes,* an autobiographical novel which had been nominated for the National Book Award. I read it and realized how it must



have been a mirror for many of them—yet neither they nor Exley appear to have understood the significance and the logic of his story.

The book's Fred Exley is an impotent writer (impotent in his work and, in one episode, impotent in bed) who seeks fame and recognition and whose hero is Giant's football player Frank Gifford. Exley's father was a tough, athletic, working-class man whose drinking often ended in violence. The son longs for "some sunnier past" when men could prove their virility with the muscles in their arms. His book never indicates any recognition of the fact that his idolatry of football and of the hard-drinking laborer—and his exploitation of women—mask the fear that he is "unmanly," that he is "womanish"—the epithet he uses to describe a despised Hollywood publicist. His anguished search is futile, for he reaches out for a definition of manhood that can no longer exist for most men, except through the shallow medium of television. Exley's own words offer a vivid picture of the masculine mystique. First the football hero as symbol of the time when manhood was easily defined and won by power and dominance:

> Why did football bring me so to life? I can't say precisely. Part of it was my feeling that football was an island of directness in a world of circumspection. In football a man was asked to do a difficult and brutal job, and he either did it or got out. There was nothing rhetorical or vague about it; I chose to believe that it was not unlike the jobs which all men, in some sunnier past, had been called upon to do. It smacked of something old, something traditional, something unclouded by legerdemain and subterfuge. It had that kind of power over me, drawing me back with the force of something known, scarcely remembered, elusive as integrity—perhaps it was no more than the force of a forgotten childhood. Whatever it was, I gave myself up to the Giants utterly. The recompense I gained was the feeling of being alive.

Then, Exley's image of his father as the symbol of the virility he seeks to attain:

> . . . my father was "tough" . . . . He supported his family by climbing telephone poles for the Niagara Mohawk (until he was fired for fighting); and when I think of him now, I think of rough-cotton work shirts open at the collar, a broad masculine face made ruddy by exposure and a Camel cigarette dangling from the corner of his pensive mouth. There was nothing about him that did not suggest his complete awareness that he got his bread by the sweat of his brow and the power of his back. He seemed like almost the prototype of the plebian. Yet my father had more refined dreams. Like most athletes he lived amidst the large deeds and ephemeral glories of the past, recalling a time when it must have seemed more Elevated . . . . Moreover, in an attempt to more vividly recreate that past, my father drank—I was about to say too much, which would not be entirely accurate. My father could not, or so my mother recalls, drink even the most limited amounts of beer without becoming moody, argumentative, and even violent; and on one occasion he beat a man so badly that the man had to have pulled what few teeth my father left him.

Lastly, Exley's certainty that he had failed the test of masculinity in the eyes of his father. He was a small boy being introduced to Steve Owen, the coach of the Giants:

> "Are you tough?" Owen asked.
> "Pardon, sir?"
> *"Are you tough?"*
> "I don't know, sir."
> Owen looked at my father. "Is he tough, Mr. Exley?"
> Though more than anything I wanted my father to say that I was, I was not surprised at his answer.
> "It's too soon to tell."

Hunting, bullfighting, cockfighting. Is it a more "humane" sport to shoot an animal for the pure joy of watching it fall or more "virile" to torture it slowly under the guise of letting it fight back—and subjecting the killer to the threat of death himself? What thrilling, "macho" feeling overcomes spectators at the gruesome sight of two male chickens with

metal spurs attached to their feet fiercely hacking each other to bits? Ernest Hemingway went to his own violent death without making all that perfectly clear.

How far is it from the glorification of man killing animals to what amounted to national admiration for the killers of the Prohibition era and the men who terrorized the country with gangland power? After all, Dutch Schultz and Al Capone were only following in the heroic, virile tradition of Billy the Kid and the James brothers. And like Hemingway's bullfighters, they did everything with flamboyant style. In 1872, a Kansas City newspaper, reporting a robbery in which a little girl was shot in the leg, called it "so diabolically daring and so utterly in contempt of fear that we are bound to admire it and revere its perpetrators." Still dripping with nobility a few days later, it said that the robbers had carried out their crime "with the halo of medieval chivalry upon their garments." The criminals were thought to be Frank and Jesse James.

If manhood is equivalent to strength and power, those attributes must be constantly tested and proven to new challengers. "I knew a guy who was very short," a friend of mine recalls. "He told me that he used to fantasize that he was Audie Murphy. He would go into a working-class bar where nobody knew him and he'd do this act. He'd sit at the bar, maybe for a half hour and growl at the bartender. After a while, someone would come over and maybe say something or poke him on the shoulder, and he'd spin around and hit the guy over the head with a beer bottle. He was always sitting there waiting for someone to provoke him, and he always had the bottle ready."

Some people say men fight in bars because they get drunk, but that has nothing to do with it. Men fight in bars because that's the only place where it's allowed. (That is probably the reason why Exley's father got into fights after only a few beers.) Society instills feelings in men that they ought to fight and then makes it illegal—except in war. Working-class bars are 'masculine' places—the football on TV, the absence of women, and the fights are all part of the effort to recapture that lost ideal.

Postscript: On May 29, a short item buried in the back pages of *The New York Times* reported that actor Audie Murphy, America's most decorated soldier in World War II, had been booked for assault with intent to commit murder after a gun went off during a fight he had with a dog trainer.

In the old West ("where men were men and women were women") gunfighters were often called on to prove themselves in duels with younger men who wagered their lives against the chance to be known as "the man who shot the fastest gun in . . . , etc." Today's shoot-em-ups in defense of manhood unfortunately tend to involve more than the principals.

The Soft Battlefield

The ultimate proof of manhood, however, is in sexual violence. Even the language of sex is a lexicon that describes the power of men over women. Men are "aggressive" as they "take" or "make" women, showing their potency ("power") in the "conquest." Women, on the other hand, "submit" and "surrender," allowing themselves to be "violated" and "possessed." Havelock Ellis declares the basic sado-masochism of such a concept to be "certainly normal." He says: "In men it is possible to trace a tendency to inflict pain on the women they love. It is still easier to trace in women a delight in experiencing physical pain when it is inflicted by a lover and an eagerness to accept subjection to his will."

Sadism *cum* virility is offered the fans who flock to James Bond films to see their hero play out their fantasies alternately in sensual embraces with women and bloody combat with men. In "Goldfinger," for instance, Bond has his arms

around a chorus girl when he sees the reflection of an assassin in her eye. He wards off the blow with her body, a consummation which seems as satisfying to his manhood as the one he originally had in mind. There is as little tenderness and as much brutality in the sexual encounters as in the fight scenes. If homosexuality were in fashion, it is likely that James Bond could make love to the men and beat up the women without changing his sentiments toward either.

Chivalry was an early example of the worship of masculine violence tied in with sexual dominance. Then and later, duels were fought to protect the honor of women and wars waged to uphold the honor of states. In the latter endeavor, the women were raped instead of honored. Both traditions have been proudly continued, and in both the women have been objects to conquer and to parade as the validation of someone's manhood: *they have no honor of their own.*

Rape on foreign battlefields has always been met on the homefront with shrugs about men having certain "needs" and the "tensions" that build up in wartime. So soldiers get penicillin along with their K-rations, and they express their "manhood" by forcing women to submit to them. Those that lie with prostitutes are participating in rape in just as real a sense—they are enjoying the bitter fruits of the rape of a country that forces its

citizens to choose between death and degradation.

In 1966, an American patrol held a 19-year-old Vietnamese girl captive for several days, taking turns raping her and finally murdering her. The sergeant planned the crime in advance, telling the soldiers during the mission's briefing that the girl would improve their "morale." When one soldier refused to take part in the rape, the sergeant called him "queer" and "chicken;" another testified later that he joined in the assault to avoid such insults. When one *country* ravages another to avoid being called "chicken," how unusual is it that soldiers follow suit? Both in the name of that elusive "manhood."

According to Seymour Hersh, some of the GIs who conducted the My Lai massacre raped women before they shot them. The day after that "mission," an entire platoon raped a woman caught fleeing a burning hut. And a couple of days later a helicopter door gunner spotted the body of a woman in a field. She was spread-eagled, with an Eleventh Brigade patch between her legs. Like a "badge of honor," reported the gunner. "It was obviously there so people would know the Eleventh Brigade had been there."

Machismo and the Don Juan cult, modern versions of chivalry, are brushed off as Latin oddities. Spaniards and Italians defend their honor with "passion killings"—and everyone winks. But they are not the only men who regard women as trophies in rape or seduction or who think wife-beating is a joke (literally, as in "When did you stop beating your wife?"). How different are those passion killings from Southern lynchings conducted in the name of white womanhood and against the imagined sexual onslaughts of black men? It is not a coincidence that white supremacy in the South organized the "Knights" of the Ku Klux Klan. That was an assertion of masculinity in the face of humiliation by other men; it was as much male supremacy as white supremacy.

The writing of Eldridge Cleaver epitomizes the way in which many black men, too, hold violence equivalent to masculinity, fully in the American tradition. "The boxing ring is the ultimate focus of masculinity in America," says Cleaver in *Soul on Ice;* "the two-fisted testing ground of manhood, and the heavyweight champion, as a symbol, is the real Mr. America." Cleaver recognizes the historical significance of violence in our culture:

> Whether we quench our thirst from the sight of a bleeding Jesus on the Cross, from the ritualized sacrifice in the elevation of the Host and the consecration of the Blood of the Son, or from bullfighting, cockfighting, dogfighting, wrestling or boxing, spiced with our Occidental memory and heritage of the gladiators of Rome and the mass spectator sport of the time of feeding Christians and other enemies of society to the lions in the Coliseum—whatever the mask assumed by the impulse, the persistent beat of the drum over the years intones the chant.

However, his own cry is not a protest against that definition of masculinity but anguish that black men cannot live up to it:

> In back rooms, in dark stinking corners of the ghettos, self-conscious black men curse their own cowardice and stare at their rifles and pistols and shotguns laid out on tables before them, trembling as they wish for a manly impulse to course through their bodies and send them screaming mad into the streets shooting from the hip. Black women look at their men as if they are bugs . . . .

Hemingway and Mailer: The Bulls of Literature

Alan Sillitoe, author of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," writes: "An intellectual obsession with violence is a sign of fear. A physical obsession with it is a sign of sexual impotence." Interesting, then, that Ernest Hemingway, who composed hosannas to manly brutality, took his own life with a gun and that Norman Mailer, one of

America's most self-conscious "machos," once stabbed his wife and has been in more than one barroom and cocktail party brawl.

In 1927, Hemingway published *Men Without Women,* a collection of stories which I expect reflect his conception of ultimate manhood. The stories are variously written about a bullfighter, a boxer, several soldiers, some hired gunmen, etc. Women are represented as unwelcomely pregnant (in a story pointedly titled "White Elephants"); as prostitutes, as deceivers, or as fools. Ultimately, Hemingway's answer is to eschew women for more "masculine" pastimes–fishing, for example:

> I lay in the dark with my eyes open and thought of all the girls I had ever known and what kind of wives they would make. It was a very interesting thing to think about and for a while it killed off trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers. Finally, though, I went back to trout-fishing, because I found that I could remember all the streams and there was always something new about them while the girls, after I had thought about them a few times, blurred and I could not call them into my mind and finally they all blurred and all became rather the same and I gave up thinking about them almost altogether. ("Now I Lay Me")

Critic Leslie Fiedler thinks Hemingway's concern with violence reflects a pathological inability to deal with adult sexuality. If, as Sillitoe says, obsession with violence is a sign of impotence, trading women for fish is one way to avoid that embarrassing confrontation.

Mailer is more extravagant than Hemingway in his exaltation of violence: "Men who have lived a great deal with violence are usually gentler and more tolerant than men who abhor violence," he says. "Boxers, bullfighters, a lot of combat soldiers, Hemingway heroes, in short, are almost always gentle men."

What romantic drivel! My Lai, cauliflower ears and broken noses, slit throats, cement blocks splashing into Mafia cemeteries, guts spilling out of gored intestines–do the actors in such violent dramas radiate the compassion and understanding Mailer attributes to them? Not to mention the Chicago police Mailer himself has had occasion to describe without recourse to adjectives like "gentle" or "tolerant."

If Mailer's ideal man of the world is described in such incredible terms, what about his man in bed? Sex is conquest, a contest, an opportunity for domination. Mailer compares the "event" in bed to the bullfight. Sometimes he sees himself as the matador, sometimes as the bull. He calls his penis "the avenger" (For what "crime" or "insult" does he avenge himself against women?) and he recalls how he "threw her a fuck the equivalent of a 15-round fight."

In *Sexual Politics* (published this month by Doubleday), feminist Kate Millet devotes an entire chapter to an analysis of Mailer's obsession with violence, showing how his equation of violence and masculinity masks an overriding fear of homosexuality as well as a contempt for women. Beginning with *The Naked and the Dead*, Mailer could barely speak either of sex or violence in terms that did not include the other. Millet cites a speech by Sergeant Croft:

> All the deep dark urges of man, the sacrifices on the hilltop, the churning lusts of night and sleep, weren't all of them contained in the shattering, screaming burst of a shell . . . the phallus-shell that rides through a shining vagina of steel . . . the curve of sexual excitement and discharge, which is after all the physical core of life.

Mailer equates the opposite of violence–pacifism–with the opposites of maleness–femaleness and homosexuality–both of which arouse his contempt. The logical outcome of this ideology, says Millet, is war and violence, the only protection against the pacifism he labels "unmanly." And the violence that Mailer venerates is the logical extension and proof of the aggressiveness this society considers an innate part of the truly masculine personality. "Men are

aggressive, women are passive," says the conventional wisdom. "Men are dominant and venturesome; women are yielding and receptive." The dictionary definition of passive is "inactive, but acted upon; offering no resistance, submissive; taking no part, inert." That sounds more like a vegetable than a human being of *any* sex.

The truth of the matter is that neither men nor women are born "aggressive" or "passive"; the values of masculinity and femininity (as this society sees them) are drummed into them by parents, teachers, the media, and other agents of social education. The California Gender Identity Center, for one, has discovered that it is easier to use surgery to change the sex of an adolescent male who has been erroniously brought up as a female than to undo the cultural conditioning that has made him act like a woman. The report of the Center concludes that masculine and feminine roles are determined by *social forces*, not by the nature of a person's genitals.

In other words, this society has inculcated values of aggression and dominance in males and those values have led logically to violence and destruction in the name of good old, unadulterated manhood. Behavioral scientists back up this assertion with their own investigations and analyses. Sometimes teenage delinquents play the same games adults do—they hope to preserve their honor through "cold wars" without resorting to actual battle. Anthropologist Walter Miller, who studied gangs in the 1950's, observed a number of groups in full-scale war preparations 15 times; only once did they escalate into conflict. "A major objective of the gang members was to put themselves in the position of fighting without actually having to fight." They often avoided warfare by tipping off the police or "reluctantly" accepting mediation from social workers.

The similarity between saber-rattling by teenage delinquents and modern nation-states is obvious. "Gang members fight to secure and defend their honor as males; to secure and defend the reputation of their local areas and the honor of their women; to show that an affront to their pride and dignity demands retaliation," says Miller, adding almost unnecessarily that "great nations engage in national wars for almost identical reasons." (The "theatre of war" is a fit appellation for the locus of this kind of masculine play-acting.) Miller concludes that teenage violence and international warfare stem from the same pathological root.

An End to the Game

Violence and male supremacy have been companions in the course of civilization. The domination of women by men has been the prototype of the control men have tried to exercise over other men—in slavery, in war, and in the marketplace. Bernard Clark, professor of government at the London School of Economics, speaks glowingly of "the fierce masculine joy of striving for possession according to some more or less acknowledged rules of a game." That is the game that President Nixon plays, the game that wins acclaim from Hemingway and Mailer, the game that enshrined Jesse James as a national hero, and the game that spills buckets of human blood and guts on battlefields at home and abroad.

That game says that to be a man one must possess, control, dominate—and that domination must be assured by force and violence. Masculinity is interpreted to *demand* male supremacy. Ironically, now in the black community, men are calling on women to step back so that they can "assert their manhood." The "masculinity game" can't have a winner unless it also has a loser. The rules of the game require that the losers be reduced to humiliation and powerlessness—to the classic status of women. Such was the "emasculation" of black men under slavery and segregation. And consequently, they know that the reassertion of that kind of "manhood" re-

quires the suppression of their women.

John Wayne is the quintessential player in The Game. His role in "The Green Berets" would be an embarrassing parody if patriotic zeal were not immune to wit. Wayne is tough-fisted, hard-talking, and never walks away from a fight; thanks to providence, righteousness, and his rugged, muscular frame, he never loses. But it never happens in real life like in the movies. They probably wouldn't like the metaphor, but the "hard hats" constitute a Greek chorus to masculinity—they extol it through physical labor, vulgar comments at passing women, and patriotic fervor for "our brave fighting men in Vietnam." Sometimes the defense of their manhood, otherwise largely expressed through applauding someone else's violence, forces them to beat up people who disagree with them.

The enemies of national "virility" are called "effete," a word that means "sterile, spent, worn-out" and conjures up the picture of an effeminate pantywaist—the inveterate 90-pound weakling who is always getting sand kicked in his face, probably by a burly construction worker. More to the point, effete comes from "out" plus "fetus"—exhausted by bearing.

Perhaps we *are* "exhausted by bearing"—tired to death of bearing up under the super-masculine mystique that is a national neurosis and that sets a country to counting bodies the way it counts touchdowns—and cataloguing both as a measure of its manhood.

Is it only coincidental that in the early morning hours of the last demonstration of outrage at the invasion of Cambodia and the deaths of American college students, President Nixon was compelled to talk about football—or that he repeated that theme in May at a Billy Graham rally in Knoxville, Tennessee?

"As one who warmed the bench for four years, it's finally good to get out on the football field here at Volunteer Stadium," he said. "And even if we're on the 20-yard line, we're going to be over that goal line before we're through." Nixon talks about "our-brave-fighting-men-in-Vietnam" as if they were Fred Exley's Giants—the essence of manhood wrapped up in hard hats and shoulder pads. All America has to suffer because young Richard Nixon never made the team.

Ironically, the "he-men" who occupy the ringside seats at prize fights, football games, and wars don't recognize the significant difference between their "masculinity" and that of the athlete and frontiersman they adulate. They generally enjoy their violence *vicariously*; there is no call for personal courage. Richard Nixon is *still* warming the bench, and sending others to shoot Vietnamese villagers or scorch them with napalm is hardly an exercise in bravery.

The President is the symbol of a country with a castration complex—a nation that feels its manhood already wilted by the refusal of the Viet Cong to spread its legs for the gang-bang we have organized.

The beginning of a challenge to the masculine mystique of violence and domination comes now from those who were its first victims: women. Today women are demanding new definitions of masculine and feminine that do not require the dominance of one sex over the other. We have rejected all the myths about masculine aggression and feminine passivity and we seek to replace them with values that encourage human relations based on equality, compassion, and respect.

Today the masculine mystique is no longer just a matter of concern for the women who have suffered its ill effects most universally. The caveman mentality outlived its usefulness when technology made the hunter obsolete, and its extension into national and international politics now threatens to destroy everything men *and women* have built since then.

Today men need a kind of courage that is only exhibited by those who have no doubts at all about their *manhood*—and that is the courage to assert their *humanity*. ■