**How Boys Become Men**

**by Jon Katz**

Two nine-year-old boys, neighbors and friends, were walking home from school. The one in the bright blue windbreaker was laughing and swinging a heavy-looking book bag toward the head of his friend, who kept ducking and stepping back. “What’s the matter?” asked the kid with the bag, whooshing it over his head. “You chicken?”

His friend stopped, stood still, and braced himself. The bag slammed into the side of his face, the thump audible all the way across the street where I stood watching. The impact knocked him to the ground, where he lay mildly stunned for a second. Then he struggled up, rubbing the side of his head. “See?” he said proudly. “I’m no chicken.”

No. A chicken would probably have had the sense to get out of the way. This boy was already well on the road to becoming a *man,* having learned one of the central ethics of his gender: Experience pain rather than show fear.

Women tend to see men as a giant problem in need of a solution. They tell us that we’re remote and uncommunicative, that we need to demonstrate less machismo and more commitment, more humanity. But if you don’t understand something about boys, you can’t understand why men are the way we are, why we find it so difficult to make friends or to acknowledge our fears and problems.

Boys live in a world with its own Code of Conduct, a set of ruthless, unspoken, and unyielding rules:

**Don’t be a goody-goody.**

**Never rat. If your parents ask about bruises, shrug.**

**Never admit fear. Ride the roller coaster, join the fistfight, do what you have to do. Asking for help is for sissies.**

**Empathy is for nerds. You can help your best buddy, under certain circumstances. Everyone else is on his own.**

**Never discuss anything of substance with anybody. Grunt, shrug, dump on teachers, laugh at wimps, talk about comic books. Anything else is risky.**

Boys are rewarded for throwing hard. Most other activities—reading, befriending girls, or just thinking—are considered weird. And if there’s anything boys don’t want to be, it’s weird.

More than anything else, boys are supposed to learn how to handle themselves. I remember the bitter fifth-grade conflict I touched off by elbowing aside a bigger boy named Barry and seizing the cafeteria’s last carton of chocolate milk. Teased for getting aced out by a wimp, he had to reclaim his place in the pack. Our fistfight, at recess, ended with my knees buckling and my lip bleeding while my friends, sympathetic but out of range, watched resignedly.

When I got home, my mother took one look at my swollen face and screamed. I wouldn’t tell her anything, but when my father got home, I cracked and confessed, pleading with them to do nothing. Instead, they called Barry’s parents, who restricted his television for a week.

The following morning, Barry and six of his pals stepped out from behind a stand of trees. “It’s the rat,” said Barry.

I bled a little more. *Rat* was scrawled in crayon across my desk.

They were waiting for me after school for a number of afternoons to follow. I tried varying my routes and avoiding bushes and hedges. It usually didn’t work.

I was as ashamed for telling as I was frightened. “You did ask for it,” said my best friend. Frontier Justice has nothing on Boy Justice.

In panic, I appealed to a cousin who was several years older. He followed me home from school, and when Barry’s gang surrounded me, he came barreling toward us. “Stay away from my cousin,” he shouted, “or I’ll kill you.”

After they were gone, however, my cousin could barely stop laughing. “You were afraid of *them*?” he howled. “They barely came up to my waist.”

Men remember receiving little mercy as boys; maybe that’s why it’s sometimes difficult for them to show any.

“I know lots of men who had happy childhoods, but none who have happy memories of the way other boys treated them,” says a friend. “It’s a macho marathon from third grade up, when you start butting each other in the stomach.”

“The thing is,” adds another friend, “you learn early on to hide what you feel. It’s never safe to say, ‘I’m scared.’ My girlfriend asks me why I don’t talk more about what I’m feeling. I’ve gotten better at it, but it will *never* come naturally.”

You don’t need to be a shrink to see how the lessons boys learn affect their behavior as men. Men are being asked, more and more, to show sensitivity, but they dread the very word. They struggle to build their increasingly uncertain work lives but will deny they’re in trouble. They want love, affection, and support but don’t know how to ask for them. They hide their weaknesses and fears from all, even those they care for. They’re learned to be wary of intervening when they see others in trouble. They often still balk at being stigmatized as weird.

Some men get shocked into sensitivity—when they lose their jobs, their wives, or their lovers. Others learn it through a strong marriage, or through their own children.

It may be a long while, however, before male culture evolves to the point that boys can learn more from one another than how to hit curve balls. Last month, walking my dog past the playground near my house, I saw three boys encircling a fourth, laughing and pushing him. He was skinny and rumpled, and he looked frightened. One boy knelt behind him while another pushed him from the front, a trick familiar to any former boy. He fell backward. When the others ran off, he brushed dirt off his elbows and walked toward the swings. His eyes were moist and he was struggling for control.

“Hi,” I said through the chain link fence. “How ya doing?”

“Fine,” he said quickly, kicking his legs out and beginning his swing.