

Where the Boys Are

It took James B. Twitchell, a professor of advertising and English at the University of Florida, to tell us what both sexes have always known: Men hide. According to Twitchell's book *Where Men Hide* (Columbia University Press, 2006), this scurrying instinct isn't necessarily triggered by a desire to be far, far away from women, but by the need to make a production out of the simple act of hanging out. (I.e., guys need a reason; gals don't.) However, this mysterious drive seems to be on the wane. Fraternal lodge membership is way down, and when was the last time you heard your beau say he was "off to the club for a martini"? But there are holdouts. And perhaps, to allow time for us gals to do some scurrying of our own, men hiding out at the following locales should be encouraged. —*Dré Dee*

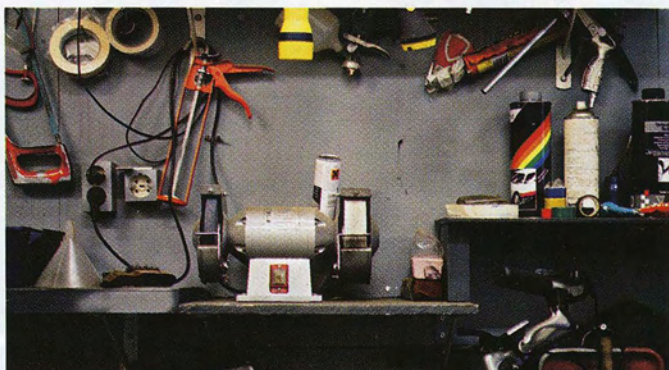


The Barbecue

Who: Just about every red-blooded, red-meat-eating male on the planet.

When: You name it—thunderstorm, blizzard, 40°C with the humidex.

Why: Between ignition, grill-scrubbing and various rituals with the tongs and spatula, even minute steaks can provide at least an hour of greasy, smoky contemplation time.



The Workshop

Who: Guys with an undisclosed guy crush on Mike Holmes.

When: If so much as a light bulb needs changing, at which time an array of expensive, shiny tools are brought forth for the task. (Often performed on the dining room table.)

Why: Why stay in and empty the dishwasher when you can spend an entire long weekend drinking beer and discussing plans for a new deck...next year.



The Fraternal Lodge

Who: Septuagenarians, Fred Flintstone, guys for whom the Mini just ain't mini enough.

When: Rarely. With all the political correctness going around nowadays, a guy can't even have fun blackballing anyone or refusing entry to chicks.

Why: Worship animals with antlers without hunting; cover bald spot with fez; fulfill goal of learning secret handshake.



The Barbershop

Who: Men who just can't bring themselves to set foot in an establishment that offers "styles" as opposed to "cuts."

When: When the proctologist and jock itch section of the drugstore have lost their charm—this is, after all, the last acceptable all-male hangout.

Why: Gadgets, sharp stuff, car magazines and possible danger...what's not to love?