



Lindsay
WINCHERAUK

GUEST SHOT

Are we still men?

The twists and turns of masculinity

Spring has already sprung and with it comes the quest for love.

The pursuit of love has changed dramatically. The gap between feminine and masculine has been tweaked. Let's face it fellows; being a guy these days is friggin' tough. *Oprah*, *Will & Grace* and *Brokeback Mountain* have seen to that. Somehow, we've allowed ourselves to become ... to become ... civilized.

Manicures, pedicures, waxing designer clothes, fresh scents, penis enlargements and cooking classes are contributing factors. To make matters worse, they may be necessary evils if you want to compete for the hand, hearts and naughty bits of our love quests.



Most of us have become ... somewhat feminized. Heterosexual has become metro-sexual.

Our beautiful damsels haven't been fighting fair since the beginning of time. We're just too stunned to realize it. We're expected to provide for and to protect. To be the proverbial relationship rock (we wouldn't have it any other way).

The fight for equality has left us on the ropes, struggling to remain standing as opposed to being down in a broken pool of misery.

Is it time for emancipation?

Now that we're equal, it has become confusing. We're thinking: "Hey, I can't blast 2.2 kids out of these loins and lactate; How could we possibly be equal?"

That's the point, we can't and we'll likely never be.

As much as I like looking pretty, smelling pretty and the smooth feel when I run my hands across my...

"I feel pretty, oh so pretty ..."

Increasing numbers of men are dumping macho activities and displaying metro-sexual tendencies

I say, stop it!*

It's time to stand up for mankind and reclaim your masculinity. No rings, no dinner, no flowers and for God's sake, no new shoes.

It's our turn to be pampered; our turn to be held; our turn to be coddled. Let them take care of dinner, dancing, flowers, love; and dinner reservations.

Allow the pressure to perform fall on their silky smooth legs.

So, brethren, Valentine's Day belongs to women. Now it's our turn---take a stand. We've come far enough. We've learned to cry, to listen; to school your pony and, to watch Dr. Phil and Ellen.

I just had my nails done.

Now that we're beautiful---sexy---hot: Let them shower us with compliments and wares.

Trust me on this one. Equality will once again be ours.

If not: See you at the local pub.

Who am I kidding?

Pick up your telephone. NOW! That is if you want to keep smiling.

We're still in charge of the first move.

*Stop it - doesn't refer to the running of hands across my ... I am perfectly ok if that kind of activity is ongoing.

Lindsay Wincherauk is a Vancouver based author. For more information visit: www.seedenterprises.com