

The Roast



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Recently, at a birthday roast, I slightly and briefly wounded a good friend of mine. I felt bad for a couple of seconds when I saw him flinch but I had to do it, as he will certainly do for me when the time comes; because he loves me too. The particulars are not important because you know the drill for a roast, the object of which is apparently the unrestrained degradation of an adult male. Note that the most vigorous and penetrating roasters at these events are usually the best male friends of the victim. My understanding is that this phenomenon is universal across cultures. Why on Earth should such an apparently barbaric tradition be so universal?

I must admit that one possible explanation is that men are uncivilized idiots, as many women suspect, and that this is one of Mother Nature's many ways of ensuring that we don't live long enough beyond our biologically and financially productive years to bother them excessively. I am not sure that *The Roast* is a primary factor in this, but it is hard to argue with the results if you take a census at any of the senior living facilities in Leisure World. There are many Little Old Ladies and few Little Old Men in residence there. Maybe some of the men are camping out in the woods to perfect their philosophy in preparation for their transmigration, but I doubt it. I think they are dead.

The real reason for *The Roast* is to cement our masculine solidarity by demonstrating that we trust each other with our very lives. Seriously. Remember that our priority assignments are hunting, defense of our women, children, and encampment; and proliferation of the *homo sapiens* gene pool (but let's save that for another time). We are engineered to undertake these assignments in solidarity with our home boys. We have to know that we can trust each other under any circumstances, which is why we must wrestle and insult one another constantly when we are not in the field. Although this may be confusing to women, and to ourselves at times, *The Roast* is essential to male solidarity. Trust me. Call me.

Relief, Recovery, Resolution

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