

SEX MEN

a hot potato



SEX AND MEN ... A HOT POTATO .

This booklet has been put together by a small group of men . It's an honest and open view of how a few men see sex , other men and themselves . It's also about how different our lives in society have been , and how as men we are all linked to its controlling powers . We hope to follow this booklet with another sometime in the future called 'Love And Men' . This will be more about our own feelings towards each other and how we refuse and abuse them . Any men who wish to become involved or just want to write then please do .

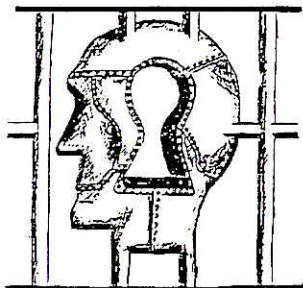
'Sex And Men' ,
c/o M.A.S.S. ,
Box 25 ,
L.O.P. ,
52 Call Lane ,
LEEDS LS1 6DT .

To an extent we are products of this society . There comes a point though when we must take responsibility for our actions .



Sexism is more than a hot potato for us as men . It's a farce to be supportive to feminism if we are to do nothing ourselves to change the way we behave towards wimmin and each other . We have not done this to be "right on" . We do not want to be anti-sexist in a competitive way because it's cred . The term "right on" is a joke and we reject "holier than thou" morals and opinions ; they're another load of shit to hide behind . Just like we can hide behind being active politically , or hide behind hierarchical youth cultures . Hierarchy's ladder goes on forever and it gets us nowhere . Some men have got the cheek to criticise other men (maybe it's due) without trying to help get anything anti-sexist off the ground . It's not very credible to criticise if you offer no alternative . Is our anti-sexism going to stay at "I'm alright Jack sod you" or are we going to go a bit further and do something about it ? We've made a start ourselves with this ; if it creates a stir we'll be pleased . We hope you enjoy reading it ; we enjoyed putting it together . Anyhow please reply . Yours for a realistic revolution .

Wank Wank Wank
 Your words disgust me
 spewing out clouds
 Of intellectual vomit
 That you expect me to swallow .
 Wank Wank Wank
 Do you think that I haven't noticed
 That you think with your prick
 And the only true fact
 On your mind is your ego .
 Wank Wank Wank
 Always looking in mirrors
 And punishing your women
 For failing to be you
 I hate your philosophy
 With its churned out , chewed up
 Regurgitated cliches .
 And I hate your gurus
 That you quote like a bible
 Your religion that stops you thinking .
 You think you're so clever
 And think you're so big
 When you spit on my anger
 And laugh at my pain .
 Fascist , capitalist , Marxist , Militant
 Your labels describe you as you
 Try to decide what I need for my freedom
 And you deny your hypocrisy .
 Wank Wank Wank
 Your mouth flaps like a fish
 As you flounder in dogma ,
 Stagnate in deceit ,
 And preach your revolution
 To the ignorant masses .



Jo Fremantle .



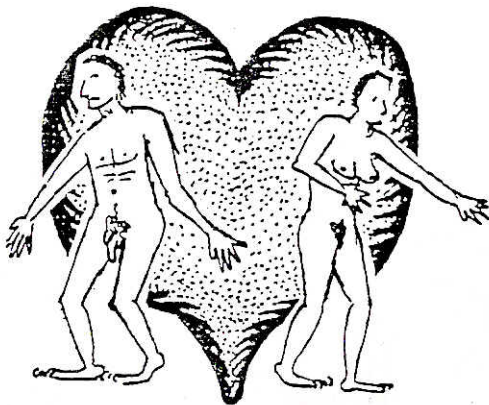
HESITANT .

He sees beyond his/her face another face .
It is the one he wants .
He stares at it in amazement ;
There is nothing anywhere quite like it .
There is nothing else that's wanted .

He/she sees beyond his face another face .
It stares at him/her in amazement .
He/she stares back , equally amazed .
Just why , he/she can't quite answer .
He/she simply wants it .

These faces have been waiting now .
A long time to be introduced .
If only the faces in front of the faces
Would do something about it .

(Brian Patten - "Love Poems") .



WHY DO WE NEED MEN'S GROUPS ?

Because if we are taught to fuck all women , and fight all men (inside and outside of our heads) , then at the same time as we are refusing to fuck women over and learning to love them as people we need to stop fighting ; and to love ourselves as men , inside ourselves and outside in that mess called SOCIETY !!!

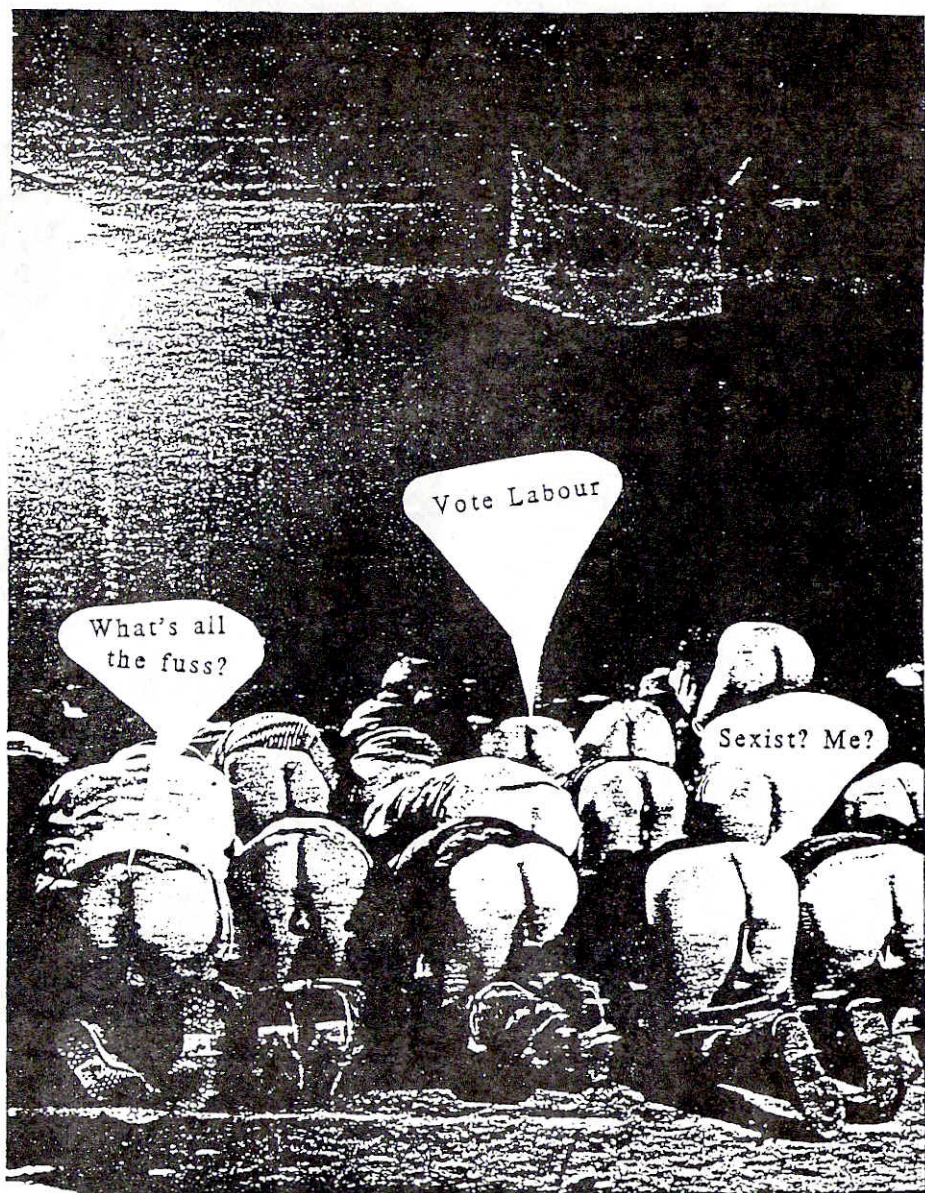
"ANTI-SEXISM" .

The discussion of men's sexism will always be a hot potato as long as it is surrounded by (and seen as belonging to) a middle-class dungaree-brigade . The image/reality makes sexism unapproachable for a few reasons . We've also got something to say .

'Creche Graduates Against The Bomb' . The words and actions of these anti-sexists has created a liberal and intellectual barrier that most men won't touch with a barge-pole . Also , by using this as an excuse we can avoid our sexism and dismiss all discussion as irrelevant . The fact is that the C.G.A.B. are irrelevant , and we can speak for ourselves . 'Capitalists For Peace And Freedom' .

So , whilst we can distance ourselves as far as possible from the liberals , the danger is that all discussion of sexism can be labelled the same . Sexism , the discussion of it , and the fighting of it is not some bandwagon which we're clambering on to . Nor is it a load of theoretical bollocks by which we should be intimidated into silence .







SLY EROS

WORDS BY
ALEXANDRA
KOLLONTAI

We are people living in the world of
property relationships,



a world of sharp class contradictions,



and of an individualistic morality.



We still live and think under the heavy
hand of an unavoidable loneliness of spirit.



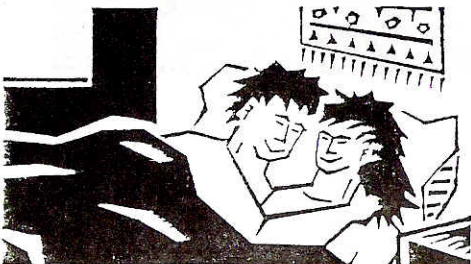
Man experiences this "loneliness" even in
towns full of shouting, noise and people.



even in a crowd of close friends and
work-mates.



Because of their loneliness, men are apt to
cling to illusions about finding a soul-mate
from among the members of the opposite sex.



They see sly Eros as the only means of
charming away, if only for a time, the
gloom of inescapable loneliness.



SLY EROS ..

Eros is the god of love , the same as Cupid . He's the one with the bow and arrows . After working on it for days , I'm still not 100% sure what Alexandra Kollontai meant when she said it . But when I "fell in love" for the first time I didn't fall in love with a woman - I just fell in love with the idea of falling in love , with the idea of a woman . I was scared of not being "in" a relationship . This was "sly Eros" doing his dirty work . He's sly and crafty because he makes us think it's L.O.V.E. Of course my first relationship fell apart , and I've still got egg on my face But thankfully , love and love are not all doom and gloom . Maybe there is "inescapable loneliness" all around me ; but I've had some brilliant times trying to avoid it ... Sure , sex can be shit - sometimes , I just "act the man" and play all the old games . But other times , sex with my lover is fuckin' brilliant So there we have it . There's no easy answers . The only way out of this mess is to try and make a different world . One where we're not ruled by property relationships , and where we're not kept apart from each other by that crappy individualistic morality . Seen ?

UNTITLED .

The sins of the fathers - my father , bitter , defeated after a lifetime of serving the system , is disappointed in me because I do not serve the system well . He is ashamed of me for showing up his shame , for not keeping quiet about his defeat , for pointing to the suffering behind his pride .

He hates me for not pretending that I like what's happening to me - like he did . For rocking the boat in case we lose what little we've got . For screaming my disgust , in case the neighbours hear - in case we draw attention to ourselves - in case we are seen to be losing the race that nobody is winning .

The sins of the fathers - will we the sons , pass them on ? Betray our lives for the sake of appearances . Will we continue to swallow the death dealing propaganda that labels our disgust and rage a minority perversion . And condemns our disobedience as a betrayal of their self sacrifice for us .

Anon .

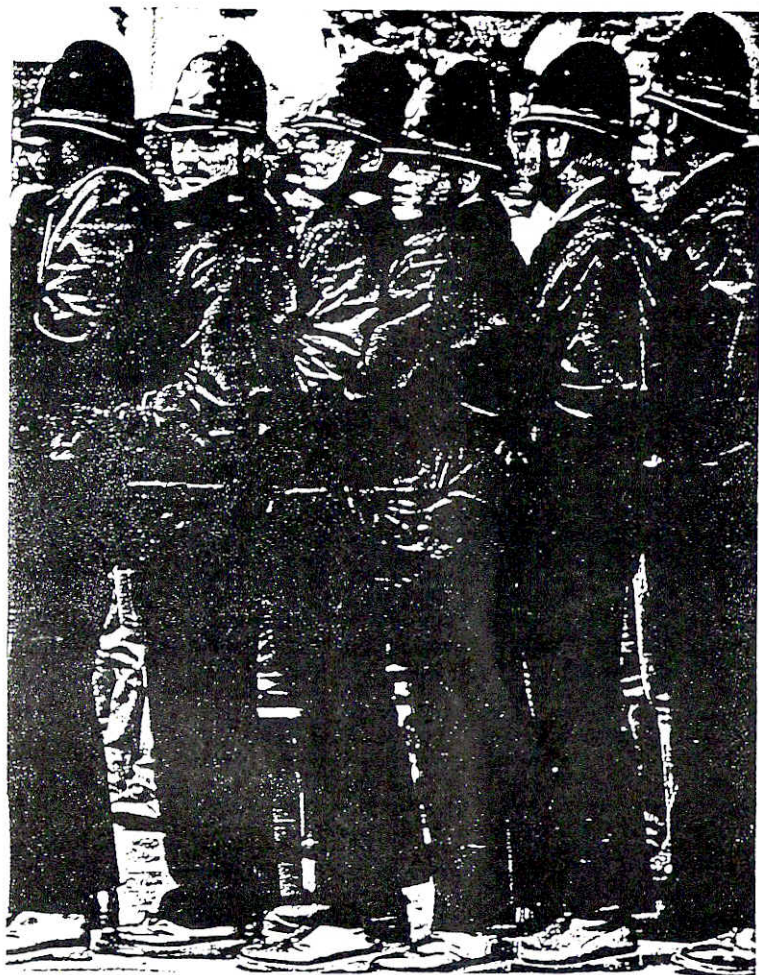
A LITTLE PRICK IN THE WORLD OF BIG BROTHER ...

I have wanted to write about sex for some time . What it is and why everyone is so fucked up about it . Why am I so fucked up about it ? Why the hell does it mean so much ? Why does it so deeply control our lives ? Shouldn't it be free , gentle , open and fun ? How has something that is so obviously very personal become a powerful form of control ? I was born the youngest of four brothers . My childhood is full of brutal memories ; I had a very violent father and an incredibly unemotional life for over twenty years . All I knew and was taught was how as a man my role in life was to keep this world MALE . We men ruled each other and women were there for the winners . "That's the way it is son" was well planted in my head . But I was confused . My mother is a very nice person and after all she has had to look after all these BIG men . In my confusion I became deeply afraid of women . I believed that I was inferior and inadequate socially and therefore sexually , because in the male environment that I was brought up in , women did not exist except as objects to be abused . Even now I sometimes still feel deeply confused by my relationships with women and other men because of my past . I was taught that men who are promiscuous are also sexually successful , and men who are not are poofs (whatever that means) and sexual failures .

My first , strongest images of male sexuality were from my brothers' porn mags . Of course society objectifies women everywhere and all the time but the exciting stuff comes from the supposedly hidden , dirty , black market society , which I believe is really there because men are taught that they cannot cope (control themselves) without it . After discovering the porn mags I began to believe that my sexuality was just the same . That women were "there to be fucked" and to be a real man I had to be good at it and do it as much as possible . Just like my brothers and dad I had to learn to conquer women . In my family to be sexually successful meant being very high up in the social ladder . When I finally lost my virginity (if I don't include wanking) at 24 , instead of feeling proud I felt really guilty . I had refused to allow myself any sexual contact with people who liked me before then because I was fat and therefore ugly and unable to be a man (in control of the situation) . Sex was one hell of an ordeal . It meant so much but why ? Did I fantasise because I refused to be real in case I had to learn to live with other people as equals and not objects ?

I have written this because as the old saying goes "If we don't know where we're coming from , we don't know where we're going to" . I hope it is also easy to understand and read . I have found many articles about sexism extremely hard to read and more about the author's ego than sexism . If any men out there are thinking of writing about sexism please do . WE NEED MORE .

Love and Solidarity .



"2-4-6-8 IS THAT
COPPER REALLY STRAIGHT?"

Little Jake sat down on the front step of the house , sucking his thumb . His other , free hand was down his pyjama bottoms , twisting and turning the floppy piece of flesh between his legs . Occasionally he would smell his fingers , fascinated by the warm , musty smell they picked up . More than once his grandad had seen him do this , and disgustedly , but only with the vigour of an old man had told him to stop . On one of these occasions Jake's mother had unenthusiastically intervened on his behalf ; "he's only exploring , leave him alone ." Jake was nevertheless not bothered and carried on , usually regardless , still fascinated by the strange reactions his "exploring" produced in his family .

Little Jake was a Bastard ; not that he knew it as such , but at play-group when the other kids compared the daring feats of their "dads" he was puzzled and once even made the mistake of asking what they meant by a "dad" . Soon enough he threw up the necessary defences and when sufficiently prompted , would describe some imaginary exploit of his grandad's , still unsure of the point of it all but still in his way , compliant .

This absence , a lacking in the wholeness of his world , loomed large in different ways when Jake made the traumatic change to infant school . His teachers , aware of his status , or the lack of it , were careful when required to put him at his ease if awkwardness sprang up about his family . His school was small and friendly , a special understanding was easy to come by .

Jake spent his first few years in his own little world . He was puzzled by his friends' desire to be anxious about themselves , especially what he'd learned to call his "willy" . His mother spent the days at work , with his already busy grandparents left to look after him , Jake took on the task of teaching himself what was what and what was not .

Girls , in Jake's limited experience , notably through one of his boy-friend's sisters , seemed rather like small versions of his mother , but commanding no authority . And being at his age , the same size as him , he felt no distance between them and himself , besides the artificial lack of contact that was encouraged .

In the morning when Jake put on his "tru-tex" white school shirt , silly little garish tie and silver-grey jumper , he looked in the mirror with indifference at the chubby-cheeked , curly , spotty small boy he'd become . He still sucked his thumb , the little knot of flaccid muscle he pissed through was still fun to play with but he preferred doing this at bedtime , since even he felt strangely self-conscious about putting his hand down his trousers in front of other people .

Despite this , one day at school , behind the headmistresses office he'd pulled down his trousers and pants in front of a little girl , who as is the nature of these encounters , did the same in turn . It was an interesting and exciting exchange which seemed to fluster the little girl more than it did him , since he'd been happy enough to walk round the corner , grinning with his trousers round his ankles , to face the surprised , shocked laughter of some of his friends . After some time , excited still at being the centre of so much attention for a reason he still wasn't sure of , he pulled up his trousers ; it was time to go in . Jake became conscious of the difference between him and the other kids . The repeated conversations about the mythical acts of "dads" were too frequent now to evade successfully every time . Besides , he'd had friends to play - where was HIS dad ? Not surely the balding , white-haired old man , he was more like a grandad than a dad . People were asking questions he felt uncomfortable about answering - it was all very confusing .

The day when this would , to an extent be resolved was rapidly approaching , although Jake wasn't to know this . One weekend , he went

with his mother and his Aunt - her older sister - to an event of some description at a rugby club on the other side of the large town where they lived . There were lots of dads there , and the horrible sweet/sour smell . The dads were all very large and very loud . Jake's mum was talking to one of them . Jake thought he'd seen him before ; he had a big cup of brown drink and one of the large , loud , enthusiastic smiles all the grown-ups seemed to be acquiring one way or another , including Jake's mother .

Jake was sat in a chair , in a row of children ; a plate of fatty meat , horrid boiled potatoes and some difficult-to-eat peas he didn't like and wasn't going to eat perched on the wet table in front of him . He was very unhappy . He wanted to go home as it was getting noisier and hotter and smellier and the grown-ups looked more and more stupid as they cavorted around each other . Jake was tired and irritated , his mother had that look ; the look of someone who is staying somewhere no matter how many tired and irritated little boys she had to ignore . This last realisation was so depressing that Jake started to cry softly and quietly . The Big Dad he'd seen with his mother fixed Jake in his gaze and began moving towards him . He looked back at Jake's mother then swooped down , thrusting a large , smelly face into Jake's . "Come on , eat up some of your peas ." Jake was so unaccustomed to being told what to do that he was at first startled . He stopped crying immediately , an indescribable feeling of loathing came over him at the arrogance of such an unreasonable request . All his frustration and bitterness focused on the Big Dad in a whirling funnel of the furious hatred only a child can command . The Big Dad frowned and turned away . Jake sat gaping , bewildered ; a seed had been sown in his mind .

The Big Dad appeared more and more frequently as time went on . For Jake it was too late , hatred in his puny , childish way was all he could muster when forced to take an interest .

Sure enough events took their course and Jake , his mother and the Big Dad moved into a poky , uninviting maisonette around the corner . Jake learned to eat up some of the peas and go to his room , and a host of other silly unfamiliar things . The Big Dad expanded to fill every corner of the spaces once only Jake and his mother had occupied . One day , soon after they moved in and when Jake had been stealing sweets from the jar in the sitting-room , he met the Big Dad , apparently on his way back to Jake's mother's room from the toilet . The Big Dad was a huge , naked thing , bridging the vast gap between little Jake and his skinny grandad . Between his legs was something Jake couldn't fail to recognise as familiar - that trusty sausage of muscle . Jake had one too - the horror couldn't escape him - indescribable despair as he realised how the Big Dad had taken Jake's image and turned it into the huge , tense , dominating spectre that stood with his legs awkwardly too far apart in the hallway . The big , smelly face looked down at him . "Hello !" he boomed . Jake mumbled a confused reply and rushed back into his room , ashamed and revolted he started the first lesson of learning to hate himself , a creeping , intangible discomfort had spread over his body and down between his legs . He could only fold his arms and stare up at the ceiling from his bed . The best was yet to come .

PRECISELY .

Precisely because I lack
the beautiful necessary words
I strive through action
to speak to you .

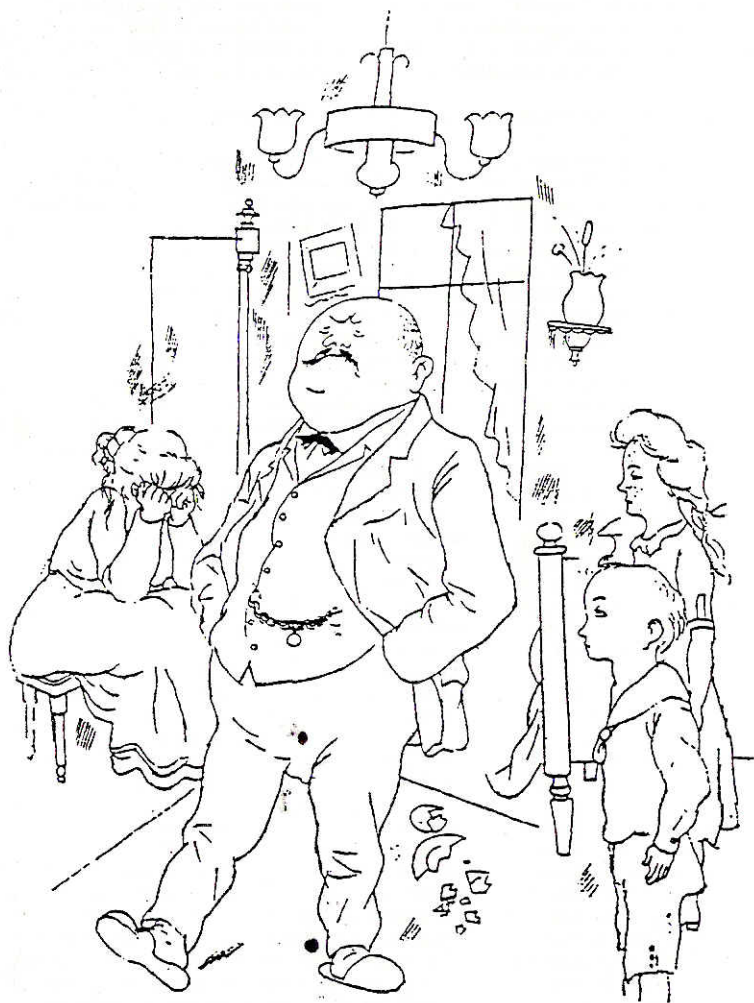
A STICKY PROBLEM .

A boy awakens , yawning at the new day outside . The sun is already shining onto the town in the valley below . The town is a new and ugly mistake with a grim determination to cover the surrounding hills . The boy is slow to return to reality after the dreamy world of strangers which he has just left behind .

Like everyone else our friend has his share of little problems and concerns which if possible , are best left quiet . In the setting of a stifling greenhouse of a bedroom , a hot summer's day is about to bring with it a new and previously unencountered problem . No laughing matter when the body emits a new fluid , just as piss was becoming gradually less of a problem . Watery dreams were enough . What next ? Confusion ; confusion and guilt , and the inability to confide in anyone . A preview of his life to follow . All the restrictions which society has in store have yet to unfold . As our subject's life drags on , then his experiences will be many . Oh how the storm clouds gather ! Growing up straight and true , a few truths begin to dawn on little Mr. X . One of them is that life can be very cruel . Childhood is a phase which has less and less of a place in the new age . He will discover that life is neither one long orgasmic wet dream and certainly no bowl of cherries . The truth is that life as we know it can be an experience ranging between suicidal depression and ecstasy . No bowl of cherries ever went through that .

Sex is a joke in school , a joke at home and a joke at work . A joke on T.V. "my wife my wife my mother-in-law ." No other product will be so jealously guarded , professionally packaged and yet so frustratingly unobtainable . The growing mind will absorb all of these inconsistencies , and automatic responses will be triggered easily enough . Patriarchy has done its subconscious damage when the "comedian" says poof and our guinea pig laughs . On the top shelf he will glance automatically because porn equals male sexuality and women are objects . Others already knowledgeable about sex will give advice such as "once you've shot your dirt you don't wanna know ." Others will speak differently and yet behave in exactly the same way . The off-chance may sow some good seeds . Growth is possible . Cracking the paving stones comes next ! An empty declaration of anti-sexism will not shake off the shit , and there's no point in pretending if our friend can't even swallow it himself .

The family passes on its own sickness to us, we're forced into accepting in some way or other, its values.



Domination and submission living in our father's shadow listening to our "elders" impose their views on us. The family is the foundation of the State.

A SMALL STORY ...

Once upon a time there was a man walking through a park bustling with joggers , and he was very unhappy with the way his life had been going . "God !" he cried to himself , cos as we all know God can be anything we want it to be , even ourselves . "God !" he cried again , "Why can't I be happy like everyone else . My life feels so empty and pointless , void of any meaning , a two-dimensional existence in a three-dimensional world ."

"Don't forget the fourth-dimension ; time ," exclaimed a passing philosophy student .

"Whatever ," said the man , "the point is I'm not living life to its full , I'm weighed down by the shackles of this society ; a society that demoralises you , alienates you and confines you in a cold yet stifling embrace . A society that fills me up to here with fear and hate and sucks me dry of any happiness I once had and I don't like it one bit I don't !" An impassioned speech indeed but there was no-one to hear him for the passing philosophy student had passed by and the joggers couldn't listen because they were too busy concentrating on looking as un-out of breath as possible without suffocating . So with a great , sluggish heave of a sigh he continued to trudge drearily towards his destination of despair - the off-license .

A short while later he was retracing his steps but this time with more of a spring , clutching his newly acquired inebriants to his chest . "At least I have got you , my beauties ," he spoke gently to the two cans and started to finger the ring-pulls teasingly .

Well now , another thing that had been bothering this man apart from the feeling that life was a pile of shite , was the fact that the few times he had ever slept with anybody he had always found himself falling in love with them . It only had to happen once , that was all , and suddenly he would begin imagining ; fantasising how he and this new lover would be together for ever and ever or at least until the foreseeable future . You could say that he became obsessed . I mean , they had kissed him all over his body and let him do the same to them . They had moaned at him and he had groaned back ; just like in the movies . Once a lover had even stuck his penis into their mouth and proceeded to suck it , shocking the man but at the same time arousing much pleasure in him . "What are you doing ?!" he had gasped .

"Umg - oummgaga umg ," had been the reply . He had lain there in a dreamlike state mouthing to himself , "Oh , you must truly love me to want to do that to me ."

Yes , these occasional lovers had all let him share in this experience of the flesh , how could he not fall in love with them just like that . But of course it so happened that the other person did not want to spend every second of the day with the man and indeed would usually say to any further loving advances something like , "Look , that night was nice but just a bit of fun alright , nothing else ." Fun ! Fun ! Is that what you call it ?! Space invaders is fun ! Pogo-sticks are fun ! You can't just brush aside what we did and just call it fun ! But he would never say this . Only think it . And after such an experience he would carry on thinking . But not about getting on with his life or any such positive stuff as that . No , this man would just sit alone on his bed in his room in his house and concentrate on one single , mind-numbing strand of thought : "Why is life so hard on me ?"

Now of course the man realised that there were others in the world who had quite pressing problems to deal with too such as starvation , torture , governmental death squads etc. "But these are all more of a physical nature ," he would write in his personal notebook , "where as mine are problems of the spirit and libido and are so much harder to

locate and confront . True I suffer from neither fist nor bullet but emotionally I carry many a scar ." So he would wallow in his sorrow drawing little stick men hanging from little stick lamposts . He wanted pity and he wanted sympathy , neither of which he got , but most of all he wanted to meet an equally depressed , attractive , sexy lover who he could sign a suicide pact with .

But the man was not as totally alone as all that ; he had a pet dog . This dog was really a bitch but still everyone called it a dog , and it usually went wherever the man went ; they were almost like a couple . And it was with him now as he approached one of the benches that were scattered along the sides of the many paths that criss-crossed the great park . There was still awhile left till darkness yet everything gave off the sense of the ending day . People were still about but not hanging around - intent on returning to homes . Along the boundaries of the park streetlights were flickering on and off . Traffic was still buzzing around but it didn't sound so hurried or strained . And great , grey clouds soared across an incredible expanse of sky towards a distant , distant sun that hovered just above the Chinese chip shop at the top of the park . "Mmm , lovely ," the man mumbled to himself as he clambered awkwardly up onto the bench and placed his two cans at his feet . He sat there pretty motionless for a while , sucking in the cool , damp air and watching the day pass to dusk . At last with a gentle , satisfied sigh he lowered his glance to the dog who was also sat pretty motionless staring up at him with a puzzled face . "What are you thinking of , eh ?" spoke the man , "rabbits ! cats ! or ... are ... you ... thinking ... about ..." He looked quickly around the base of the bench and found one , "a stick !" He leapt off his seat and threw the stick into the park with all his energy and the dog shot after it and both canine and missile plunged almost simultaneously into one of the huge , great heaps of dead leaves that had been gathered up by the council for all the neighbourhood dogs to piss on and for all the neighbourhood kids to stuff down each others' jumpers . They were both grinning as they chased each other gleefully around in circles . Now the man was alive and happy . But he didn't realise he was happy and he wouldn't have been able to describe the feeling because it wasn't a feeling ; it just was . Only minutes ago he was a dull , dismal depressive , but now he was transformed , albeit temporarily , into a happy person . Happy persons aren't born happy and sad people aren't born sad but some people like to see it that way and don't want to know that everyone is just as capable as everyone else of having a good time .

The man and the dog jumped and dived in and out of the autumn leaves and rolled around together in the grass and if a person passed by on the path they would watch the two **playing** and sometimes it made them smile . And maybe as they carried on by , this scene may have added a nice touch to the end of the day .

Dog and man lay asprawl on the bed . Two empty cans of lager lay crumpled on the carpet . The man looked into the eyes of the dog and laid it on the line . "I think I fancy you ." The dog didn't say anything . "Y'know , I think you're my best pal , I mean ," the man rolled onto his side and hugged the dog , "I mean you're affectionate , you're always showing me you like me , always licking me and that . And , uh , well I'm nice to you and you're nice to me . I like stroking ya ." The man rolled over again onto his back and pondered the ceiling anxiously , "Yeah , I do like stroking you an' tickling your belly an' that . God !" The dog yawned loudly , stretched itself , scratched itself and settled back down again with its muzzle buried in the crook of the man's armpit . "I must be a pervert ," he quickly drew away from the dog and started to sit up , but collapsed back down in a drunken

haze . Silence . Then , "but I do like touching ya - and stroking ya ." His head lolled around slowly trying to locate the blanket , found it , then struggled to bring it over himself and the dog . Making sure that flesh and fur were both covered and tucked in . And finally , when they were both snuggled up inside the little cocoon , he sent out a trembling arm and switched off the light , plunging the room into darkness and deep , deep sleep .

EPILOGUE ..

Dear Miss Proops,

I have a problem, a horrible secret. It is something that cannot be talked with friends or anyone else - I know because they would all scream at me in disgust, condemn me, shun me and not be my friends no more. I can't tell anyone about it yet - I wanna talk about it so much. I feel so alone as if I'm the only person on earth sometimes - though I don't mind that so much but what it is, is seen as so disgusting that it's - well - it is disgusting I admit it but at the same time it's also so bushy oh I can't tell you how nice it is - and well, that's my problem - I can't tell you, not you or no-one!

What should I do?

a confused animal lover
Newworth
Prattishire.

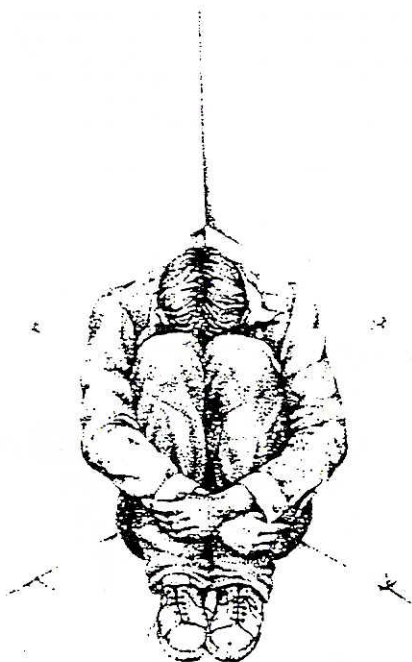
Dear confused animal lover ,

Stop whining about your petty problems and get yourself a nice , steady relationship . Don't bother me again .
Marge .

I did all the things that the contract you'd written for me said I shouldn't . I slept around looking for something more than I found (although I've learnt now) . I got pissed - something you didn't like . I was insecure - something you claimed you weren't . When you all laughed on in pity as I slid further down into drunkenness , all my human ugliness for you to see and to judge . You had the blueprint of right on behaviour , but you kept it from me . All I needed to know , you thought , was all you knew . But how far does your honesty stretch if you haven't got the courage and strength to talk to someone right near you ? All the words behind my back , all the words you never spoke , I needed to hear . Not six months too late . Third hand . You're wrapped in cotton wool , I couldn't slide much further down . But now I'm glad that I'm getting up and brushing off me all the rubbish that covered me and clouded my eyes . Your middle-class moralism , stuff it up your arse . We've nothing much in common . Pretend friendship adds up to nothing . I'm glad it's over !

Hey you ! with the loud voice , let someone else speak . You're not the only one with ideas and opinions . Is it only you that has experience ? Climb down from your high-horse Mr. Perfect . Get your head out from up your arse .

People are moving away from you 'cause they are sick of the way that you treat them . If you make people feel invisible , then one day the people around you will be . They'll have moved to somewhere they feel at ease . A lot of us can't be arsed to battle all the time to be heard . There are better things to do . The only competition we're interested in is finding out what's so special about you .



The Spectrum - 1981

K. H. J.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT GUILT .

Guilt is a negative feeling . It may be good in one way because it's a recognition of where we've been out of order , but the snag is that guilt can trap us into stagnation . It's no good feeling guilty , we have to go on from that . We have to go on from that and make steps towards change . It's no good saying sorry all our lives . There are better things to do with our time .

WHY HAVE SEX ?

When I am not even sure of what it is . When I am even too frightened to talk about what it might be . When I hide my feelings because I'm too frightened of my own vulnerability . When I'm too frightened of saying that I love someone , in case they leave me and then I have to find someone else . Always feeling so weak in this loneliness , yet knowing that we all do and it's just a big game called 'Society' . When I go to bed with someone , I can only ever seem to share one part of me . It's always so hard to support their feelings and their vulnerability . It's always "well , was that good for you ?" Never "I love you , you're a nice person ." To put it another way I always feel that my cock gets in the way . It's not because I don't like it but because there's so much more to me and I don't want to reject or abuse any part of myself . When I write "Why Have Sex ?" I think it's because I mean that I want love .



"IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING SET IT FREE - IF IT RETURNS IT'S YOURS ,
IF IT DOESN'T IT NEVER WAS"

My first feelings about having sex were very confused . I have been on the planet for 33 years and things have not changed one bit . In fact I have grown more cynical about any hope of forming any view of the so called nature of my own or anybody else's sexuality . I look back at my childhood and realise that my parents were responsible for the formation of my attitudes . I might add that they were under as much pressure then as I am now to conform to set ways of behaving . Through them I picked up how men control most things . As a child I hated the way my dad used to dominate everything from what we watched on telly to where we went on holiday . He would call me a puff for having certain likes and dislikes . For example I wanted to play with dolls . I know that sounds stupid but to a child it became a major issue . As a result I learnt that BOYS ARE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE GIRLS . So how did this affect how I feel about having sex ? Well , for a start I picked up the idea that sex was to be confined and controlled within marriage , I also grew accustomed to homophobic behaviour (homophobia means fear of homosexuals) . All these things came together to form my opinions about sex .

I remember finding my father's pornographic magazines . They were full of images that related sex to violence , they also showed me a side of my father's sexuality , this seedy and silent part of his life distorted the images that had built up in my head . At this time my older brother used to fill my head with all sorts of lies regarding his sexual exploits . His and my father's obsession with their penises soon became apparent . My mum would not talk about sex , and this led me to discover how silent women were in a society dominated by men . As a result I developed an obsession with penetration or losing my virginity , not a desire to discover my own sexuality . I ended up seperated from my own body , I became shy and effeminate .

My obsession with penetration or losing my virginity was fuelled by the behaviour of others . My friends at school used to boast of having lost their virginity , I hadn't and as a result I became more introverted . Eventually I found myself in bed with a girl . I was fifteen and unable to cope with the situation . I couldn't put on a condom , my erection withered and I was unable to repeat the event for years . In fact I did not lose my virginity until I was nineteen . During this period I became involved in homosexual behaviour , having many experiences that for the most part were unpleasant . I found that I was unattracted to the idea of penetrational sex with men , finding that the gay way of life was as screwed up as heterosexual life .

I found how language plays a major part in both defining and controlling our sexuality , seeing that sex and penetration were more to do with power than anything else . I mean that the sex act holds within its structure ways of behaving that promote and perpetuate the capitalist economic social order . In straight and heterosexual behaviour the man is encouraged to instigate and dominate the activity . If he is forceful then he is seen as a stud or a real man sowing his wild oats . For a woman the situation is very different . If a woman instigates sex she is labelled a slag or a whore . This set of circumstances imprisons both men and women . Men are the main oppressor but at the same time they are the oppressed . To finish I might add that I am still confused about sex . As a man I realise that we dominate society , from the family to the workplace etc. I also know that this domination by men over women and children affects everything we do . The way we fuck each other is a crucial device for ensuring that the situation remains the same . If a man dominates in the bedroom he can also dominate in the outside world . We as men can understand the importance of this by looking at how screwed up we become when we can't make it or "get it up" as the saying goes . The impotent male is a force to be reckoned with . If we can't

cont'd ...

fuck we become weak and insecure , showing how our sexuality controls and restricts our behaviour .
So how do I feel about sex ? All I can say is that I am fucked up . My relationships with women are important to me , yet I taint them with a desire to penetrate , fuck etc. I feel inside that this desire is linked to men wanting to control everything . My head is full of pornographic images of women . I am beginning to understand myself a bit more but have made little progress . I have sexual fantasies that are based on the power structures of a capitalist economic social order . These are based on a desire to corrupt and degrade etc. This inner world of sexuality needs to be externalised in any way that we can , preferably through honest discussion . If we as men do not make an attempt to change ourselves then we must accept the fact that we are responsible for the consequences . If we do not externalise our sexual selves then we shall all turn into potential rapists .

NOTHING IS EVER AS PERFECT AS YOU WANT IT TO BE .

You lose your love for him/her and then
It is him/her who is lost ,
And then it is both who are lost ,
And nothing is ever as perfect as you want it to be .

In a very ordinary world
A most extraordinary pain mingles with the small routines ,
The loss seems huge and yet
Nothing can be pinned down or fully explained .

You are afraid
If you found the perfect love
It would scald your hands ,
Rip the skin from your nerves ,
Cause havoc with a computed heart .

You lose your love for him/her and then it is him/her who is lost .
You tried not to hurt and yet
Everything you touched became a wound .
You tried to mend what cannot be mended ,
You tried , neither foolish nor clumsy ,
To rescue what cannot be rescued .

You failed ,
And now he/she is elsewhere
And his/her night and your night
Are both utterly drained .

How easy it would be
If love could be brought home like a lost kitten
Or gathered in like strawberries ,
How lovely it would be ,
But nothing is ever as perfect as you want it to be .

(Brian Patten - 'Love Poems').

YOU DON'T HAVE TO FUCK



OVER TO SURVIVE



STUFF WORTH READING

- Pink Brick - Free or for small contribution from
(Lesbian and Gay Class
War) Pink Brick
c/o, Box 5
121 Raiton Road,
London S.E.24
- "I Claudia" - Deals with men, women, love, power and
"Love Lies Bleeding" class
Costs £1. 80 from BM Claudia, London,
WC1N 3XX.
- Respect - Deals with sexism in the punk rock scene
and much more. costs 30p plus P & P from
Respect?
P.O.Box 24,
Hertford,
Herts.
SG14 3TZ
- Looks Can Kill - Worth reading costs £3. 00 plus P & P from
The Pornographic Business I-Spy Productions,
Box 60,
52, Call Lane,
Leeds
LS1 6DT
- The Hite Report on Male - Expensive but worth it, costs £9. 99 from
Sexuality MacDonald & Co (Publishers) Ltd
Orbit House,
1, New Fetter Lane,
London,
EC4A 1AN

BEYOND SEXUALITY, Anslim, Box A, 34, Cowley Road, Oxford, OX4 1HZ
Costs 50p plus S.A.E.

A deeply thought-provoking booklet written by a number of different individuals, some easier to understand than others, but nonetheless all worth reading; questioning a whole range of subjects from celibacy to 'being in love' and more. A very interesting booklet at a fair price.

OTHER M.A.S.S. STUFF

LOVE AND MEN costs 30p plus P & P

MEN SPEAKING OUT ON MEN AND SEXISM costs 35p plus P & P



"The revolution should be built on the model of friendships."

DEDICATION .

This is an attempt by a few of us to put together some ideas about sexism . We hope you get something from it . We're not living in the clouds and don't spend our days tip-toeing through fields of flowers or chasing butterflies . We've all had different up-bringsings and have come to some conclusions . Life is fucking miserable if we tow the line of sexism and bow down to capitalism .

This pamphlet is dedicated to the spirit within us all ; the part of us that knows what's going on , the part of us that feels the pain and takes the blows . The brilliant part of us that outshines any shit that comes our way .

Life's worth fighting for . To throw out the bullshit that clouds our ideas is a good start for us to live a better life . Anyhow ; have a laugh . Love , hope and happiness .



