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Max was suspended for this issue

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When I took the class about the portrayal of women in books, d'cliterature, I was dismayed to find that it was more of a novel-reading class, and less of a picture-book class. We also had discussions. Most of these discussions were about sexism.

Sexism has always played a large role in my life, what with my wife-beating relatives and my feminist lesbian mother who told me that I'm going to mistreat women when I grow up. Sexism is everywhere, but it can be found in its rawest form in pornography.

For those of you who don't have access to pornography at home, here's what happens: First, the woman performs oral sex on the man while he grabs her hair and pulls her up and down by it. Then, the man enters the woman and pumps away inside of her for a wonderfully long time. Finally, the woman pretends to have an orgasm, and the man tops the whole thing off by ejaculating onto the woman's face.

This is sexist because most women don't have the ability to ejaculate back. And the ones who do rarely get a chance to. And it's never onto the man's face.

We can all agree that when we see a pornographic video, we are usually exposed to sexism. Unfortunately, a lot of people miss half of the reason it's sexist. One part of it is the same reason that most ads contain negative portrayals of women: they are objectified. This is bad because it happens every time. The part that people miss is the portrayal of men.

In pornography, men are misportrayed in just the opposite way of women, and it is equally important: men are never objectified. Just as women have a neglected need to feel powerful, men have a neglected need to feel powerless. I mean, what man doesn't secretly want to be dressed up as a Barbie and hosed down with pink lemonade?

It's not inherently sexist to beat your wife, it's just mean. What makes it more than mean is the fact that most women are smaller, and they rarely beat their husbands (of course, husband-beatings are severely underreported, because everyone knows that if your wife beats you up you're a total pussy). If both kinds of domestic violence happened equally often, and the beatings were equally severe, there would be nothing sexist about beating your wife.

If men were stupid bimbos in movies as often as women, and women were smart main characters as often as men, none of it would matter.

When women are objectified in the media, it

Something was on my mind, but I couldn't quite figure out what it was. Thinking that I perhaps needed to relieve myself, I put on my Minnie Mouse slippers and padded down the hall to the bathroom.

When I stepped in and turned on the light, I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror. My feet stopped, and I saw that there was a queer glint in my eye. I had an epiphany.

Gazing at my wondrously hairy chest and my shapely belly-button, I asked myself a question. d'Am I gay?

After but a moment's thought, I looked into my own bleary, bloodshot eyes, and said, d'Yes. Yes I am gay.

Yep, I'm gayer than Big Bird, and that's not all: I have a crush

Who?

Who, you ask?

Matt. Matthew Roth.

That's right. I'm gay for you, Matt.

Remember how when all of our friends would high-five, I always insisted that you and I bunny kiss?

Remember how I always laughed at all your jokes, even when they weren't funny at all?

Remember how I always take the CD out of my CD player when I'm not using it?

Remember when I was you for Halloween?

Remember how I always lick my lips seductively?

Remember how I always lick your lips seductively?

Remember how I always do my homework?

Remember how I read The Graphic?

Remember how I wear glasses?

Remember how I like Sprite?

Remember how I listen to Nelly?

Remember how I'm on the cross country team?

If you'd paid closer attention, you'd have noticed that I went gay some time ago. You drove me to it, Matt, with your mysterious dark eyes and your pretty brown hair, your extra hairy legs and your buttermilk thighs, your movie star attitude and picky eating habits, your biblical name and how cute and oblivious your parents are when they let us have sleepovers.

You're charming enough to turn any straight man gay and any lesbian straight. Of course, I myself was a little more susceptible than most people, having been raised gay.

Now the ball's in your court, Matt. Just give me some sign, whether you want to write me a note or just cut straight to the kinky d'you be Mr.

Myers and I'll be the helpless adolescent boy

teaches little girls to feel powerless and to hide their emotions. This is reinforced when they notice that nobody cares about how they feel. When men are always portrayed in positions of power (especially in sex), it teaches little boys to always feel powerful, and if they think that no one cares about how they feel, they make them care.

This isn't some weird attempt to make everyone feel bad for wife beaters and child abusers, but it's uplifting to think that abusive men don't like the way things are, either, and it makes change seem much easier.

Speaking of change, I've undergone a change of my own.

Well, it all happened about a week ago. I woke up with a start, and looked around to see that it was still dark outside.

sex.

I need you to take this really seriously, and I need you to understand how much I want you.

I want to be Poland and I want you to be the Nazis.

I want to be my ex-girlfriend and I want you to be her new boyfriend.

I want to be Mrs. Wehrli and I want you to be Mr. Wehrli.

I want to be Ms. Hannigan's mouth and I want you to be Ms. Hannigan's toothbrush.

I want to be C-3PO and I want you to be R2-D2.

Matt, what I'm saying is that I think you and I should get together and seriously ruin some condoms. Just put some thought into it.

I hope this doesn't mean things are going to be weird between us.

Three Important Things to Think About

1. Pro-choice, or pro coat hanger?
2. I'm actually gay.
3. Does anyone else want to admit that they're d'on the cross country team?