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The Crux

January 2003

Fifteen

Alright, ladies. We gotta talk. Just us, you know?

So if you're a boy or a man, I have to ask you to put this down. I need some privacy for a minute.

Okay? Okay.

Now that we're alone!

First of all, I have to ask you to try to not get defensive when I say this. (I say that before I ask girls out, too.) I don't know how fair it is of me to want you to be objective and to keep in mind that I'm not trying to be insulting. I don't even know if I'd be able to read it that way. But, then again, I don't know if that has anything to do with fairness. Alright.

Many of you wear revealing clothing. That's okay. Makes the day interesting. It's an odd contrast for me, going through the drudgery of my classes, and then suddenly being startled and bewildered by the sight of a shoulder blade or a bellybutton or a thigh. So yes, I am looking (no, baby, not lusting, just looking, cuz you know that I ?ooooooooonnnlllyyyy haaaaaaavvvvvvvveee eeeeeeyesssssss...?) Lots of people are looking. I don't know how many of you realize that. A common criticism of revealing dress is that it's a helpless cry for attention, too much attention. I think that's a bad interpretation, because I think that you underestimate the attention that you're getting, and I think that you don't really enjoy the bulk of the attention that you do notice. I empathize with that a lot, because everyone says I write very provocatively, right? And I know that I don't like the attention. Some of it's fun, yeah. Like the cute guy you catch glancing at your legs. But for the most part, self-expression, whether through clothing or cryptic and incoherent ranting, brings on much unwanted attention.

Being in this position of empathy and all, I want to tell you about the specific nature of the attention you're getting. You are playing with fire.

Here's the risk: a guy sees the small of your back over a pair of tight, low-cut jeans, and he wants to throw you to the ground, pull your underwear off with his teeth, and screw your brains out. (It occurs to me that some of you might interpret this as a description of rape. To clarify, I'll say that sometimes we all want to have our brains screwed out—but only by that special someone.)

Some guys fantasize about girls in a nice way, and some guys don't. I guess what makes a fantasy nice is that it takes the girl's feelings into consideration. That is, the fantasizer wouldn't really do something so personal as having sexual intercourse with this girl who he's seen once, but he'd gladly help

What worries me is when guys don't see girls as whole people with real feelings. This is very common. When these guys find themselves attracted to the sight of a girl, they are held back only by the fact that the girl doesn't know them, and thus probably wouldn't consent to sex. The image of boys being held back, waiting patiently for girls to let their guards down, is very upsetting to me. This, again, is the result of guys who actually want to have sex with girls that they don't know, which is a symptom of misogyny.

And then there are guys who are even more disturbed, and are held back only by the law

And then there are guys who aren't held back by anything.

Again, what separates the healthy fantasizers from the unhealthy fantasizers is the dangerously sick concept of being d'held back. Here is where I think it comes from:

When a healthy guy sees a girl in school, and starts daydreaming about the teeth and the underwear and whatnot, turning the fantasy in reality is not his goal. If he even has a goal with the girl, it is to achieve her acceptance and affection. Not her permission. Permission, or willingness to have casual sex, is what the unhealthy guy wants. This is probably because he is not familiar with being accepted or having affection lavished upon him. He therefore does not see her acceptance as a plausibility, and so he disregards her intellect so that he can no longer feel rejected (or accepted) by her. His new goal becomes her willingness, regardless of whether she likes him or not, or is turned on or not. He wants her to spread her legs, and he will put great effort into bringing this about.

His reward will be a flooding sense of victory and self-worth, since the simplistic goal of intercourse has eradicated the possibility of him enjoying the girl's affection for what it is. The actual act itself, or the physical pleasure that may come of it, is not at all his focus. This is what happens to people whose parents never really loved them.

I should have some advice here, right? If I say, 'd'be careful,' but that's not really helpful. And wishing you well would make you feel better about this for two seconds. So I'll just say that if you notice that you aren't welcome to express your feelings to your boyfriend, or that your affection for him seems to go unappreciated, get

himself to imagining it. That seems perfectly healthy to me.

out of it.
Otherwise, get ready for some real bad sex.

Three Important Things to Think About

- 1. People keep criticizing me, saying, d’Heís just doing it for the attention!Ē
Um, isn’t that obvious? I wish people would point out something a little bit more subtle, you know?**
- 2. Ms. Hwang-Carlos? I don’t know if you know this, but you won a free rental at Video To Go. You can pick your coupon up any time in the next couple of weeks.**
- 3. Um, can you guys please not file any more 51-Aís on my dad for child abuse? Because I took one hell of a beating for that last one.**