

Never... The man or woman who passes on a real disease by carelessness or honesty is dirty. That's it. There's no word. It is not like a simple cold; it is simple to diagnose in many women, if you're not sure, use a condom. If you won't use a condom, masturbate. It's unmanly." It's a lot manlier than the chance of crippling someone.

Performance

The penis seems to be a wild animal. Some men succeed in either taming or domesticating. Men call this "performance," which means they keep it up and keeping it up reasonably by command. Even young men worry about this, or brag about it, which is the thing. Who is performance for? The curtain is set, the scene is set, the act goes on. Who is the audience? Who sits in the

don't have and then lie about it to themselves. There are female rapists, too, women who substitute predatory sexuality for personality and then try to convince themselves they are irresistible.

Sexual sickies grow up in homes in which sex is taboo. The best protection against growing up to be a sickie is to talk about

sex (not brag, talk) to both males and females until the horrid fascination is gone and the healthy interest remains.

Role playing

A lot of the traditional Male-Female stuff is tied into small actions and courtesies which men are supposed to perform for women. Men are traditionally supposed to walk on the outside, open

doors, help women in and out of cars. Most of it had a purpose, once.

why doors in old houses are wider than doors in new ones?

- Traditional role:

She never calls you. You call her. You make all plans and invite her. She accepts

You pay. When you can't pay, you don't go.

You always call for her at her home and take her back to her home.

You do not involve her sexually unless you're engaged to be married.

She does not plan any career which may not fit in with your future.

She does not commit her time to other people or activities. And so forth.

- Contemporary role:

You call one another when you have something to say or share.

You make plans together, or go places separately.

You both pay, or either one, or decide on things that don't take money.

You meet wherever is most convenient for both of you.

You decide together on your sexual relationship.

You each plan for the future individually. You each do things and see people you like. You feel that you are more interested and interesting this way.

And so forth.

If the two of you decide to play a traditional role for an evening, with long skirts for her, perfume, jewelry, and getting her hair done, great. Play it to the hilt. Open the doors, offer your arm, get the fun out of it. If you never play those roles, fine.

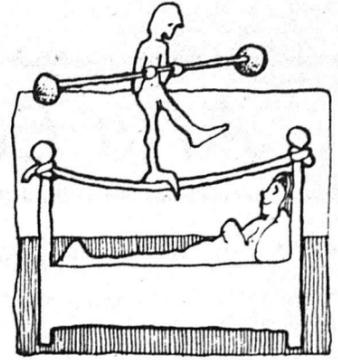
Remember that most of the traditional courtesies offered to women are the same courtesies provided to the elderly and infirm. Most of them are based on the assumption that women are fragile and in need of protection. Under some circumstances this assumption may be true for everyone. True courtesy consists of moving to meet people's real needs, not the phoney ones. If someone is struggling to get through a door on crutches, you don't worry if it's a man or woman, you just help.

The dreadful don'ts

- **Don't pull the trigger unless you're ready for the bang.** Sex is emotionally loaded. Only kids, drunks, and sickies play Russian Roulette with it.

Inside each person there are at least four people. There is the child that plays and giggles and cries and wants to be cuddled. There is the thinking, planning person. There is the sexual part, the part that lusts and rampages. There is the male or female part that carries all kinds of deep instincts, role models, strange expectations, and guilts. Sex can be the trigger that fires these parts of people into conflict with one another.

A perfectly rational, nice, friendly woman has sex and then, for no apparent reason, begins to cry. A perfectly pleasant, considerate guy has sex and comes all over violent/nasty. A woman who needs a baby like she needs a hole in her head starts talking about getting pregnant.



So, you and she have agreed that you don't want marriage, that you don't want children, that all that must come later and maybe not with each other. Then, suddenly, she starts in on the relationship, wanting to get married, wanting children. You begin to feel hostile, there's an argument, you both feel miserable, you decide women aren't worth it.

The male-female part of people is in constant tension, like a spring wound tight. Sex may release that tension, letting all the feelings, wants, hopes, fears and frustrations out at once. Let it go by. Take thirty deep breaths. Kiss her and tell her you'll talk about it later, and then do talk about it later, with a table between you.

- **Don't lie to yourself.** Decide honestly what you want from your relationships with women. Do you want a convenient warm body? Buy one. That's right. There are women who have freely chosen that business, buy one. Don't ever brag to your friends, "I've never had to pay for it," when you've lied, threatened, coerced your way through sex. You've paid for it. You just don't know it.

Do you want a virgin to marry? Buy one. There are girls in that business, too. Marriage is the price you'll pay, and you'll get the virgin. Very temporarily.

Do you want a woman to abuse and dominate in order to make you feel like a "man"? Buy one. Buy yourself a full size plastic model, and when you've broken that, admit you're a sickie and buy a psychiatrist. Watch for the symptoms: You get furiously angry when a woman says "no." You are tempted to use force, or do use force on women. You consider the sexual act to be a "score." You think that if a girl gets raped, "She probably asked for it."

Do you want a housekeeper-cook-laundress? Buy one. A good housekeeper is darned expensive, but they can be had.

Do you want a lean, elegant model type to make everyone stare, a woman that makes you say, "Hey world, look what I've got?" Buy one. The price may be high, or you may be able to swing it for the price of a good dinner.

Do you want a friend to share things with, to care about you, to have a sexual relationship with that's more than performance? They aren't for sale. They can't be possessed, or forced, or abused into friendship. They can't be bought.

- The right combination

The right combination of you and a woman is you the way you want to be, no lies and no performance, and a woman the way she wants to be, no mask and no pretences. You will be happy with her and away from her; she will be happy with you and away from you. It will not depend upon the size of her breasts or the size of your penis, upon her eyelashes or your reputation as a mighty hunter. It will depend upon the persons involved who are friends of one another.

The right combination always starts with friendship. It can't be more than that until it has been at least that.

Excerpted from Rocky Mountain Planned Parenthood Pamphlet.

**Justifying sex
or what it
is to be a person
WHY NOT!**

and cries, "Look, look. He's performing." A "performance" is staged, scripted, acted. The feeling is all pretend. A actor may give a great performance, but it's still only an act. If the actor is sick, the curtain sticks, or the prompter gets hiccupps, the performance doesn't go off. Meanwhile, the audience has to laugh to expect a performance.

Just as women have been masked as dolls, men have been masked as performers. It's men's insistence upon performance which has led women to hate it. Most men teach most girls to believe that all men are insatiable sexual performers, all the time. Then, when the performance doesn't come off, the girl believes that it is her fault, that she isn't just lovely, that she isn't womanly. She hates herself, and she takes it out on the man in her life, which makes him worse, and the whole thing is miserable.

With friends no faking is necessary, performance is necessary. People do what they feel like doing, when they feel like doing it. They don't force themselves. They know that there are a lot of ways of knowing one another and that what is important are the feelings, not the ritual. Of course, we have to admit that there are some sexual sickies around, but you simply can't have friends. There are people who can only feel sexual if they are dominating someone or dominating someone. Rapists are like this, men with inadequate personalities who substitute a gun for the maleness they

A man walked on the outside to stand between a woman and the muck thrown up by the horses in the street. His clothes were easier to clean than hers. A man opened carriage doors and give a woman his hand because she had on thirty yard of petticoats and skirts, one handfull of purse and fan, the other holding her shawl. A man opened doors for a woman because she needed both hands to get her skirts through. Did you ever Wonder

