

# POSITIVELY SEX-NEGATIVE

## PLACE ME IN A RIDICULOUS ENVIRONMENT, AND I'LL WRITE A FUCKING BOOK ABOUT IT.

My last book, *Shit Magnet*, was written in prison, and it felt like it—grim, grey, cold, and deadly. But packed with muscles and more than two years' worth of cum in my balls, I strolled out of the Big House determined to have FUN, no matter who got hurt in the process. I succeeded. This book is as much fun as my last book wasn't. This time around, the ridiculous environment is Portland, Oregon's unconscionably large "sex industry." Ten days out of the joint, I found a job working at *Exotic* magazine, an ad-laden freebie distributed throughout the nudie bars and jack shacks that dot the town like razor bumps on a stripper's snatch. At the time of my release, it would not have been inaccurate to say I was the city's most widely maligned public figure. Because convicted felons can find very few writing gigs outside of porno rags, I found myself trapped in the sex industry's bowels, a priapic Jonah stuck inside a bloated, STD-ravaged whale.

What a highly oddball situation I faced. As I saw things, it seemed impossible for the industry and those who were *writing* about it to have been more aesthetically discordant.

On one end you had the tacky, dysgenic, troglodytic, retardo clowns who peopled the strip clubs—the meth-smoking, formerly abused and now abusive, borderline-personality-disorder strippers who entertained the inadequate, charm-free, hairy-mole-covered lechers who chucked dollars at them.

On the other end you had a huddled gaggle of overeducated, sheltered, self-consciously edgy "sex-positive" writers. These pseudointellectual tofurkeys struggled vainly to portray strip-club culture as something nobler than the laughable, shit-swilling charade it is. Each word they wrote desperately squirmed to ennoble a collision of sex and commerce that was innately corrupt.

Into the middle of this sorry equation stepped me, The Asshole That Swallowed Portland. I didn't spend too much time obsessing over the strippers and johns, deeming them self-caricatures who were beyond hope. When I cast unflattering aspersions their way, it was for a higher purpose—to inflame the sex-positivists. I was an exasperated goldfish thrashing around in a bowl clogged with sex-positive turds.

**"SEX-POSITIVE."** I hate the term to the point where "HIV-positive" sounds good by comparison. Imagine how imbecilic someone would sound if they campaigned for "food-positive" attitudes. Come to think of it, I'm feeling highly "air-positive" today, too. And I feel we all could afford to be a little more "water-positive." Why don't we all strive to foment more "feces-positive" platitudes while we're at it? "Sex-positive" might be the dumbest hyphenated term ever concocted. Almost without fail, anyone who employs the term "sex-positive" is someone with whom I would positively *not* want to have sex.

Surveying the sad specimens of sex-positivity, it's almost as if they prattle about sex in the hopes that you'll mistake the messenger for the

message and wind up so confused that you finally consent to having sex with them. And perhaps that is their true agenda, because nothing else they say makes any sense.

They'll lecture you about how our society hammers sex-negative notions into your head, just as it conditions you to be a racist and a homophobe, but any honest look at our media would reveal all such allegations to be ass-backwards. Homos and nonwhites have reached the status of pop-culture saints. And sex may have been frowned upon a couple generations ago, but *everything* is porno these days. If the media—and the general culture to whom they dictate values—was sex-negative, they wouldn't use sex to sell everything.

Ironically, the reputedly "sex-negative" *Überkultur* makes sex seem far more appealing than the sex-positivists do. It doesn't matter if you're blabbing ad nauseam about sex when the WAY you're phrasing it is devastatingly unsexy. With the sex-positivists, it's almost as if the TONE of their verbiage sends out sonic waves scientifically engineered to wilt erections and wither vaginas. For me, sex-positive translates into boner-negative.

I've been called "sex-negative" by people whom I'd reckon have less sex in a year than I do in a week. Therefore, I am sex-negative...and proud! I am, of course, not *truly* sex-negative, at least not when I'm the one having sex. But I've adopted "sex-negative" in the same way that many "Satanists" don't believe in Satan but hijack the term merely to piss off Christians.

The organ-grinders of sex-positivity parrot the same tired list of sanctimonious phrases, a canon of perhaps the most annoying terminology ever created. Bi-curious human Pap smears fueling ongoing growth through informed dialogues and consensual slavery. Radical affirmations. Transformative sexuality. Transgendered body-mod pincushions and legless fire-dancers and roly-poly polyamory. Safewords and dark Tantra and kinky crafts and learning to venerate your clit. BDSM potluck dinners. Daisy-chain prostate milking and vegan pizza feeds. A smarmy worm dressed for Halloween in a papier-mâché rendering of the Herpes Simplex II virus. Fat acceptance. *Way too much* acceptance. Activism and enrichment and nurturing and community-building orientation workshops where everyone walks out so empowered, their fucking heads explode.

Most of the cloying, astringent, rankly pharisaical lizard dung that passes itself off as "sex writing" these days manages to infuse the subject with a piety often eclipsing that of the Christian censors against whom they're ostensibly rebelling. Their words generate more bullshit than a bull farm. Their prose is shot through with such penis-shriveling, vagina-drying holiness, they might as well be talking about aboriginal class struggle or hard abdominal masses. One would be hard-pressed to find a group of people at once sillier and who takes themselves more seriously.

They declare themselves "experts" in many cases for no other reason than the fact that they've declared themselves experts. These self-appointed "professionals" and "activists" aren't helping to accomplish anything except to make themselves feel important. Has any of their "literature" freed even ONE person from Puritanism's rusty shackles? Methinks not, ye salty buckaroos, methinks not. In most cases, they sound more like cult members than professionals, anyway. No matter what their formal training, they're unnecessary middlemen—brokers who charge a fee, and that fee is your natural-born enjoyment of sex. They're like college professors who try to explain the mechanics of a joke rather than actually being funny themselves.

The bulk of them, naturally, come from protected back-grounds—the cream of repressed society—yet they think it's daring to write about sex a good 50 years after it ceased being legally dangerous to do so. They are invariably rich white people who think they have insight about race and class. They also think they understand sex, although rich white Americans are possibly less adept at the sex act than anyone else on Earth. Many of them survive on donations and grants, while the rest of us actually work for a living. Portland's a place where no one starves, no one is poor, and yet everyone still manages to feel oppressed. What is it about having a trust fund that makes you think you're Third World?

**THE QUINTESSENTIAL EXAMPLE** of what I'm driving at here regarding the inescapably nausea-inducing properties of sex-positivity is an e-mailed invitation I once saw from a Blue Ribbon-winning sex writer who calls herself Darklady, whom I savage repeatedly in this book and whom I'll gore one last time merely for sport. The invitation was for one of the "naughty" and "depraved" group-grope parties she's always throwing in Portland. It made a point of stressing that the event would be "wheelchair-accessible."

### WHEELCHAIR-ACCESSIBLE!!!

Now, I wouldn't mind watching the wheelchair-bound having sex due to some sick curiosity on my part—or merely for a laugh—but the invitation's unavoidable implication was that it's both POSITIVE and SEXY for these gimps to toss themselves onto the naked pink hog-pile. That one invitation encapsulates everything that's wrong with sex-positivity. When you're too tolerant, it's only proof that you have no taste. What person with the tiniest scrap of discernment would think sex is good no matter who's doing it?

Sex is not always positive. It carries potential danger, both physically and emotionally. A huge part of the FUN is that it's risky. Safe sex? Count me out.

## SO HERE YOU HAVE MY GIGANTIC BOOK OF SEX,

a proper antidote to sex-positive writing. It is a vaccine intended to slay a viral meme which has flourished unhindered for far too long. This book is a fist-puppet shoved up the asses of sex-positive writers everywhere. Behold, I bestow unto you a bold new era of sex-negativity. This book is a giant squeegee wiping clean the muddled bullshit which has prevented us from looking clearly not only at pornography itself, but also its practitioners and consumers. I understand why the sex industry exists, but I insist we finally be HONEST about it.

I've split the book into four highly arbitrary sections—FAKE, REAL, PERSONAL, and OPINION—but these are not rigid classifications. For example, "Queefer Madness" is part factual and part personal, but in an act of typically mercurial whimsy, I placed it in the REAL section. "Cash4Gash" and "Women Stink" are filled with facts, but since they're also packed with my sermonizing, I filed them under OPINION. As a general rule, anything in the FAKE section is not to be taken at face value, while any fact stated outside of that section should be presumed to be true, at least to the best of my knowledge. And yet even that rule isn't ironclad—although "How Your Mouth Can Help You Keep a Man" is in the FAKE section and was not meant to be taken literally, the sidebar of "Fellatio Fun Facts" is on the fo'-real-a tip.

The FAKE section is by far my favorite part of the book, as it's the clearest manifestation of my inability to take the subject matter seriously. While compiling it, I found that it's nearly impossible for the jokes to be too obvious. The *Exotic* office received dozens of calls asking for the directions to Stinky's and café BEEF-CAKE nightclubs. A concerned mother once grilled me about the "Adult Films Made by Children" piece. And just the other day, someone said they were planning an Australian vacation and wanted to know more about Sharkee's, where every stripper is a victim of shark bites. In the end, if you can't tell the difference between what's real and what's fake in here, it's useless trying to explain it to you.

## GET ON YOUR KNEES AND SHARE MY SEX LIFE WITH ME.

Although I've been obsessed with sex for as long as I can remember—in grade school, kids referred to me as a "sex dictionary," and I remember tearing out photos from my brother's *Playboys* at age eight—I didn't learn to enjoy sex until my mid-thirties. I've been making up for lost time ever since.

When people ask me what I do all day, the answer is always the same: "I feel sexy." Before you scoff, please note that I did not always feel sexy. But now that I do, I will never let you forget it. I quite enjoy this extended midlife crisis of mine, this prolonged state of satyriasis.

A lot of my pent-up post-prison tension has been relieved through my penis. I'd say that I hope you have as much fun reading this book as I did writing it, but I don't see how that's possible. Nor do I care, really. In the end, my penis is the only one that matters.



Photo by Shaun Partridge