

I resist the sexist claim that men are promiscuous predators and women are chaste victims

I am reading my backlog of zines, mostly mental health and male feminist related.

The last category often get on my nerves because they are often saviourist men blaming all anti social behaviour on masculinity.

I am now reading another story by some guy with a fucked up youth who blames it all an societal expectation of men, they all claim these really early memories of being 5 years old and feeling pushed in masculine roles.

It feels like created memories to me,

My earliest memory is sitting on the back of my mothers bike riding through the fields to the library. Nothing complicated emotional like expectations. Or maybe I was just lucky.

I remembered what I thought was a 6 year old memory of me going to the neighbours in our communal house because they had cable television and cartoons (telekids) on saturday morning, one time he was in his shiny blue jogging pants and he showed how his penis would get hard if he fiddled with it, he is 3 months older than me, and encouraged me to try. That is all I remember from that no contest just something he had discovered about his body. I was wrong I was older the show started when I was 8.

The first gender role memory I got is when I was 12-15 and they introduced the concept of zodiac signs, I am a Leo so I get all the masc traits, I feel none, so I decided horoscopes are bullshit. 25 years later I remembered this moment, I had now met some transgender people and was a bit envious of their strong feeling about gender. I have none, I am a bit of a crusty pragmatist so the external pissing tool fits with those behaviour patterns.

Growing up in a small city without social media I did not notice I was different.

The only masculine thing I noticed in secondary school was that 2 of the friends kept punching each other on the shoulder , would sometimes receive one but not hit back, I have always been lanky so that hurt quite a bit. Also one of them would try to hurt me by doing the crunching handshake, many people had done that so my knuckles were more loose on my right hand then n my left, they would stop crushing because the movement of the bones was weird to them, at other times one of them would assert his dominance by turning my arm on my back but my shoulder is flexible like that so it does not work, also I am a massive fawn so I always accepted his claims to power and rarely had these physical moments, I did not feel like it had to do with masculinity we were 6 people and only one behaved like tat so I shirked it off as a character trait (turns out his single mom is a massive patriarch repeating masc roles on him, and the other person who responded to him also has a patriarchal mother and was a sore winner

I thought others were just bragging to better fit in their friend group, we were mostly gaming nerds. One had a girlfriend, when we started going to the bar I was 18 (at the time it was legal to drink at 16 in the Netherlands) so I was late, at some point a young woman asked me if I wanted to kiss so we did, I did see her quite some times after but never kissed, I was never interested. Again I thought guys were objectifying women because of social pressure my friend group did not do this. We talked about gaming and doing sports. Around 21 a young woman convinced me I liked her so we kissed and got into a relationship because that is what is the norm. I do not remember what we did together, she worked and I studied. I learned how to masturbate from her, we tried penetrative sex because she wanted it, it was painful for both so we failed, she kept pressuring me to try, after 6months I broke up with her because she was trying to influence my behaviour too much and it was no longer fun for me to be around her. I Was happy the sex did not work because it would have given her a tool to pressure me, or that is what I believed. I did not know I was aromantic asexual, the internet only had a 3 line wiki page stating the options averse indifferent, I did not feel indifferent I had found written porn which works for my autochorisexual identity so I thought I wanted sex, it had not yet worked and I did not feel the same way about women as society and others did so I told my family and some friends that I might be gay, most accepted it, which is nice.

I tried hooking up with a guy but because every other intimate moment had been initiated by the other I did not succeed.

I did sometimes feel squiches also for a male friend, but I did not know the term so it was just a very good friendship. I missed him in the weeks after going on summer break road trips.

A couple years later I ended up kissing with the older sister of a younger friend one night, and got invited to her place the next evening we had nice dinner we kissed she asked if I wanted to stay the night, I followed her to her room, pulled down my pants while I was hard, but seeing her naked it went limp, I do not remember what happened next, I do remember going home.

It surprised me a lot and scared me a bit, very young to become impotent, but I assumed it was the stress. Now I know the concept of sex arouses me but the actual seeing of a nude body waiting for sex turns me off, a week later she broke up, we had never talked about it. And I never saw her again, her little brother had already broken contact because I should have asked permission. I thought that was very possessive of him and was glad I did not have him leeching my energy anymore, he was very self absorbed and they both were very materialist.

My second relationship was more intentional we had been put together by a common friend, I was 25 I have fond memories also about the sex, never penetrated, I do not remember why. Then I got a stroke, after 3 months in hospitals I wanted to suggest a break because it was costing both too much energy and it was no fun, she thought I wanted to break up so I said yes. Sadly it took a year before she talked with me again, and she came to visit and we had penetrative sex, I do not remember having an orgasm. So was I still a virgin?

She never responded again after that. Some years later I asked a poly-amorous friend if there was a thing for people who only want foreplay, she pointed me to an asexual Facebook page, this is where I learned about autochorisexual liking fantasy but not with real people involved. I dislike sexual nudity, aegosexuals sometimes enjoy that.

At that point I would ask women that I liked if they wanted a relationship some were already in one and I even knew the other but I never noticed, I stayed friends with all of them so it was never a problem that I asked. At some point a woman said yes, but she did not want an exclusive relationship, friends with benefits was the maximum, and she had an older guy who sometimes stayed the weekend. I agreed and I hoped for a friends with sensual benefits it turned out to be a really nice relationship, we would meet once or twice per week, eat together, I would massage her feet, sometimes exchanged orgasms, never tried penetration because neither initiated. I would make up a story when going to sleep and keep talking until I could hear by her breathing she was asleep. We never broke up but I moved away, I did visit her twice but she had found another guy so I visited as a regular friend, which was also nice. New partners are often nice people because they are similar to me.

After that I had my first more obvious shit/abusive relationship, met her on a dating site for alternative music fans. She tried hard to get penetrative sex, but I go limp because I do not want it. So it never happened and at some point I realized she made me feel inferior so I stopped contacting her and we broke up as friends, she once overcame her travel fear by visiting me. But that was the last contact.

That was my only relationship that I intentionally went looking for and started.

While traveling in china I met a nice woman in Peking she hosted me, we stayed in contact and emailed long messages after some time I started getting fantasies about her, I talked with her about them, she had similar feelings so we started a long distance relationship, I saw her 2 times it ended because of the distance.

Strange thing is that I managed to have penetrative sex with her, but I think I never got an orgasm, I think it worked better because of the condom, making it less nasty for me. And it being in english t was closer to my fantasy situation.

After that I had my wires cut because it can be done for free and is simple local anesthetic. And no more chance of a child, I did have unprotected sex with her a couple times when we didn't have a condom she was on birth control. I did not want to have to be in that situation again. It was weird

she was convinced her pleasure would be better without foreplay, me wanting lots of that confused her.

After that there was another nice relationship, with an anarchist, we were very open about sexual stuff I had told the previous relationships I was ace but not all accepted, this time we did try penetrative sex once but gave up. She used the guestroom and would not always stay in my bed when she visited, it was nice that it was optional. In the end we had found out what worked for both of us; I would ask her if she would like to get an orgasm by me licking her, if so we would take a shower I'd take my time arousing her and end with masturbating while giving cunnilingus. Or she asked if I wanted to take a shower with her which often ended the same.

Now I know this is part of the placiosexual sub label; I like to give pleasure, not receive it.

After some months of relationship I convinced her to get sex with her ex, I had met the guy and liked him. I just want her to feel good, from the queer sex ed podcast I learned this is called Compersion or frubble in British. It was strange how he behaved jealous while he was the person "stealing" the partner

She broke up with me because I was acting too much as caregiver, we are still friends.

I also had a one night stand with a guy, which was frustrating, he came twice and I did not, while I had hardly touched him. And I met another nice gay guy who invited me for food after a night out in a gay bar, I had changed my metal bar for this gay place. It was refreshing to hear men talk respectful about slutty/promiscuous partners he asked to kiss I said not yet, in the following weeks I would sometimes have dinner with him, the kiss was nice but I liked the shower with him more, I always like to take slow sensual showers with a partner, we did not try to get to an orgasm, it was just nice kissing and sleeping together.

My last relationship broke me, many other relationships tried me to do penetrative sex but my body would reject and it would not happen.

In the last I literally said in the beginning I do not want sex I am ace, okay. Later I said I feel penetrating is disgusting. She made me apologize and weaken that statement, I fawn easily when I think there is anger growing. Later she claimed she never coerced me into sexual activity while I remember one time when we were spooning I pushed my penis between my legs to hide it; unconsciously fearful of getting into sexual activity. She asked if I disliked my penis, she was good at pretending to care and ask for consent but now I realize she kept asking until I said yes. She manipulated mutual masturbation into penetration because jerking off against her vagina is not that different from putting it in...

It did not work so she asked me to see a sex therapist. This nice lady gave the worst possible advice (had not known about asexuality). She told me men often get overwhelmed when they penetrate she advised me to think of other stuff... SHE ADVISED ME TO DISSOCIATE!!

The next time we tried. I really love giving pleasure and I thought I wanted it because I wanted it in my fantasy and liked it(I am demi aego after some time my partner gets a role in my fantasies). So we did it, it felt kinda nice but when I orgasmed I fully panicked, partly because the orgasm lasted what felt like 3 minutes but probably mostly because I had done the most disgusting thing. The thing my body had been protecting me from my entire life, by going limp at the last moment. Apparently I had locked the memory away, 6 months later she said she wanted a 2 week break so I could think about the relationship because it was not going well... after a week I realized how much happier and free I was, I never messaged her and she also did not message me.

I saw her once at an event it was weird, afterward she messaged me that I was ignoring her and being cold. I realized I was afraid of her, but did not know why.

I had been feeling strange for some time, emotional but it did not come out, I tried setting up a male talk group(now I know I was trying to create a situation where I could get aware of the non consensual penetrative sex that I had. We had some nice talks about shit in their childhood. Never talked about sex.

Some time later I was driving on an empty road when I felt the emotion growing and I started

crying, I stopped the car and let it all out. After 30 minutes I continued and started articulating it in my mind, I could not, every time I had to stop and cry. Slowly I managed to change the wording into rape.

And into; I was forced into penetrative sex I have been raped. Now I prefer to call it 'a version of inter marital rape' in my mind, with others I say I have been forced into sexual activity by my last partner.

After I had some time to get my internal dialogue stable I talked with my social worker about it, she responded well, believed me and confirmed it was shit, but that it would be good to talk with an outsider about it.

So I first had to talk with my general physician about it he was semi neutral, hid behind not being a specialist but referred me to the mental health nurse in their post. This lady said I am the one with the penis so it is not as bad as I am making it sound. I probably fawned my way through she made a second appointment and I already knew I would not go even before leaving her room.

I then waited for a good moment to talk with an amab non-binary person that I trust, a couple of weeks later I had created the situation where I could tell another human about what had happened and how much it had messed with me, I had an active fear of conventional beautiful women and a passive fear of all other women, I had told every person that could fit in heteronormality that I just wanted to be friends and any compliment is just because I like to give them, I was afraid of rolling into another relationship where they again would coerce me into trying penetrative sex (also heavy to write this down, my heart has been pounding from the moment I wrote about starting to cry this is probably healing me).

So I talked a bit about what happened, then they talked about similar experience with relationship therapist; forcing/advising/ giving the oppressor power to have more sex while the amab does not want it. This conversation helped a lot, this made it easier to talk about it, I spoke with two other amabs and one afab which was uncomfortable because the penis holder is rarely the victim.

I thought I was comfortable about it, but my pounding heart is telling another story.

I have not told the ex or anybody the name of the ex. It is a nasty person. But I do not want her to be removed from Dutch activism. Avoiding her is enough for me.

Looking back at my life there were only 2 relationships that respected my asexuality and did not (try to) coerce me into sexual activity

This story started as a complaint about feminist men claiming (early) childhood societal influence of toxic masculinity on them and wanting to tell the story of a natural male feminist, I was raised secular humanist so it is normal to be feminist. And I do not feel forced to perform masculine, I feel forced to perform kinda normative but with male privilege I never got shit for always being single, wearing dirty clothing or colouring my hair. I am just normal enough to not have to mask a lot to fit in. And then I started using a wheelchair and I lost a lot of that privilege

PS.. Reminder when a penis is hard that does not mean the attached brain is horny, body and brain are separate, they support each other but I hate to hear this repeated. Having a hard penis means the penis is stimulated by some process

PPS. Orgasms are nice, like the aces say; sex can be like eating cake, it can be nice alone, sometimes it is more enjoyable to share, afterwards you feel well and often a bit sleepy

because sexism claims men always think about sex and always want sex and I very rarely so I feel that in mos of my relationships I was coerced into sexual activity.

After the last shitty, that stated nice, I do not look for people that put me down

Theramin trees has many good videos that help me

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S_I8G1BWdLM

I am now looking for another friends with cuddle benefits relationship, and started dating men. I have only been in a relationship for 10% of my adult life

PS. I am still looking for good porn,the images of Korean porn is nice but their stories are often about semi consensual coerced sex