

POSITIVELY SEX-NEGATIVE

BY JIM GOAD

“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 backgrounds—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. The Pacific Northwest is 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. 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.”

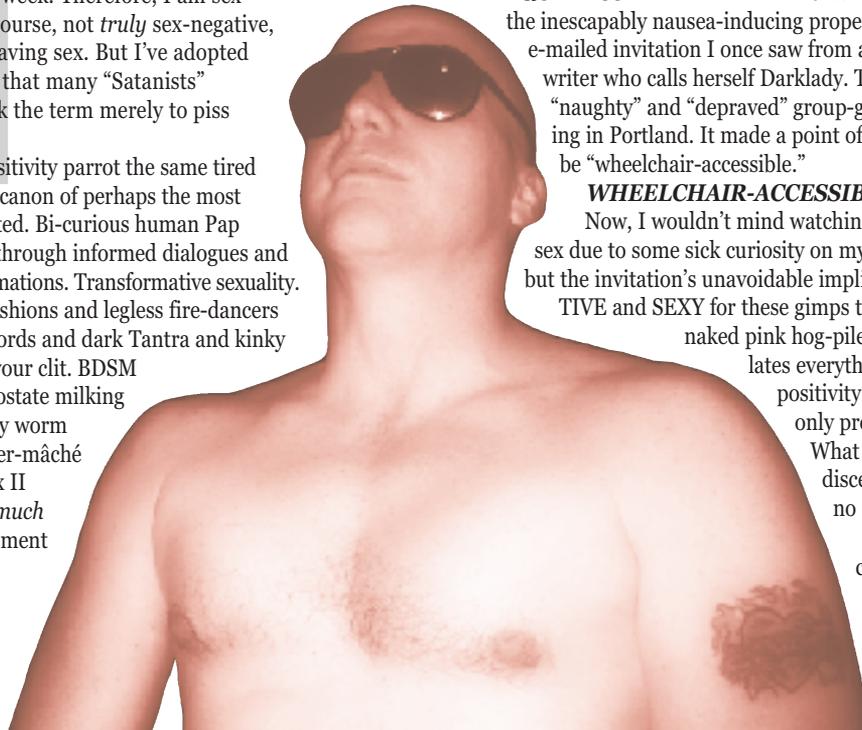
WHEELCHAIR-ACCESSIBLE!!!

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.



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