

MEN & WOMEN

HAVE

CHALLENGES WITH

POWER

this book deals with

MEN



rainbows  
aren't "girly"

specifically

HOW not to be  
A DICK

by indefatigable

#1

POWER

#2

CONTROL

#3

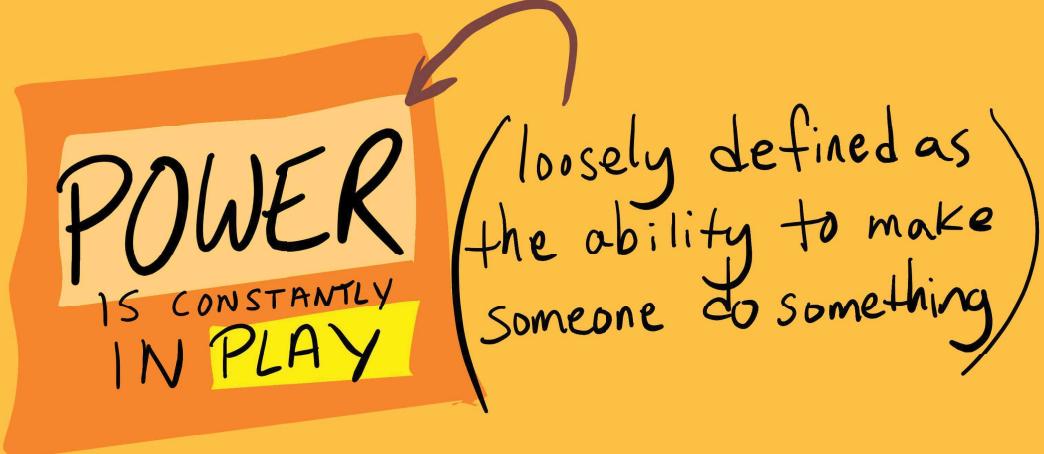
OBJECTIFICATION

#4

PEACE OF MIND

#5

POLISE



\* this may seem like a desirable skillset, and yet, every use of power has a

**COST**



If I, as a man, am terrified  
to ask this man for some space to sit,  
how does everyone else feel?  
How much does he want someone  
to connect with him, even if  
it's in an argument?

# MALE USE OF POWER

in our world  
TODAY

⊕ | ⊖

motivate  
convince  
support  
reward  
pay attention  
praise  
admire  
confide

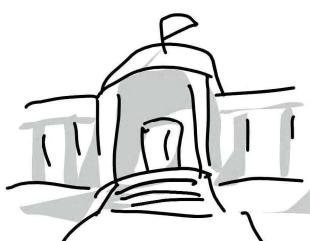
bully  
Coerce  
harrass  
bribe  
stalk  
insult  
ogle  
deceive

interpersonal



⊕ | ⊖

systemic



structured family  
de-facto leadership

precedent

animalistic/primal  
?

privilege

self-esteem

labels

patriarchy

moral superiority

disenfranchisement

lack of body autonomy

misogyny

lack of justice

impossible Standards  
labels

⊕ | ⊖

use  
overcome  
produce  
enjoy  
Sustain  
avoid

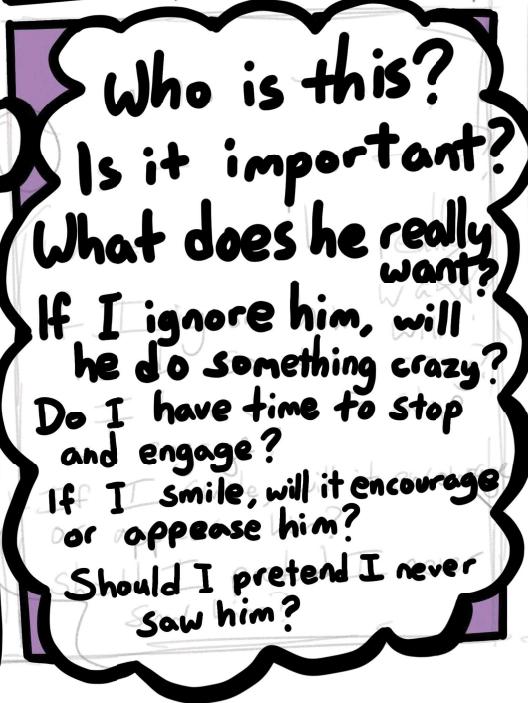
disenfranchise  
degrade  
ruin  
squander  
harm  
destroy

environmental



# POWER

"JUST A HEY"



After a long night of chatting,  
Zach and Betty were hitting it off...



Aww,  
come on...

#### REALITY CHECK:

"Aww come on"  
**REALLY MEANS**

"your needs are  
unimportant to me"  
**OR**

"I think I have to  
overcome your token  
resistance."  
**OR**

"I haven't gotten what  
I want yet."

You  
Know...

It's  
dangerous  
out there.

#### REALITY CHECK:

**ASKING FOR  
PERSONAL INFO**

IS ALSO  
ASKING SOMEONE TO  
OPEN THEMSELVES

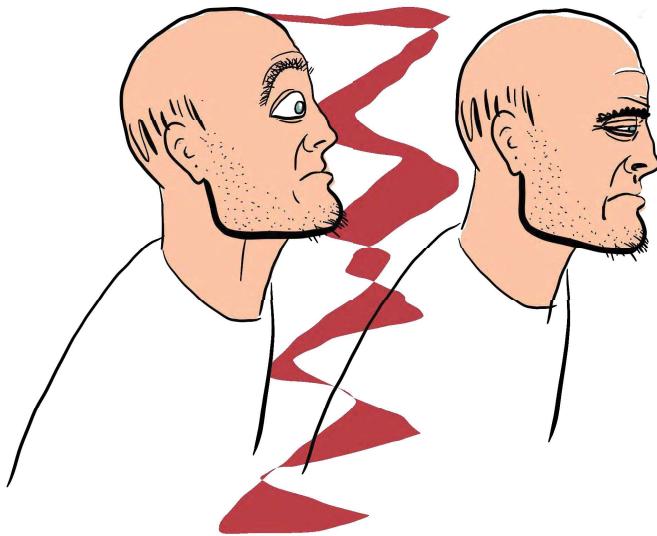
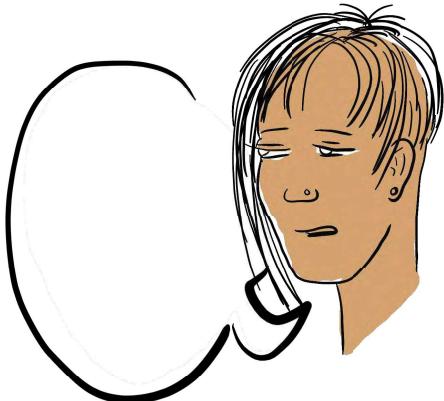
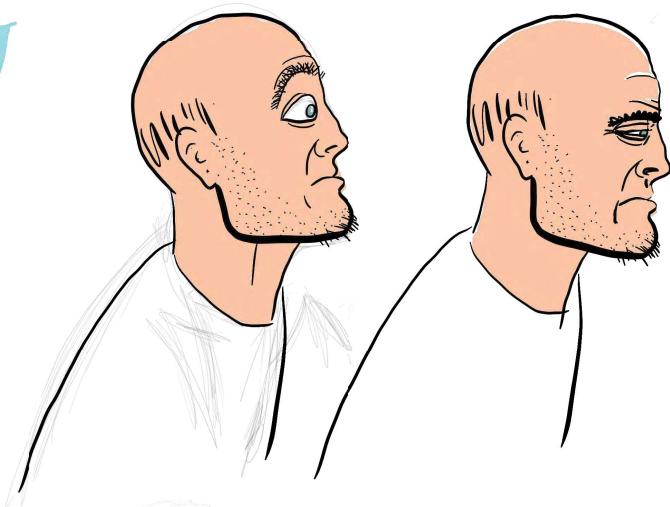
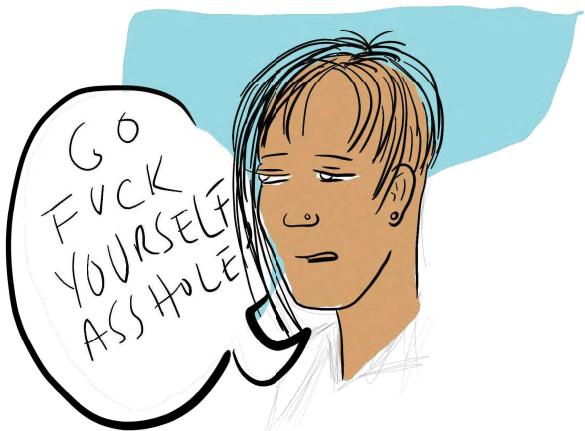
+  
**STALKING,**  
**HARRASSMENT,**  
**IDENTITY THEFT,**  
and <sup>at least</sup> annoyance.

Can I get  
your number?

...because I'd love to  
talk about that  
really awesome  
charity you mentioned  
earlier.

I know some  
people...





essentially,  
we can't

## CONTROL

what other people do  
but we can

## INFLUENCE

then.

This is an exercise of

## POWER

so special attention  
must be paid to the

COST .. - - - - -

## COST

can be offset  
by TRANSPARENCY,  
CREATIVITY,  
VULNERABILITY,  
and thereby

OPENING UP  
to the possibility  
of being  
CHANGED  
by the interaction

We can

## CONTROL

ourselves

when → AN EVENT  
happens

### WE ADD

narrative,  
beliefs, values, doubts,  
memories, baggage, pain  
context, social pressure

REACT  
(heuristic)

## KNEE JERK

RESPOND  
(question, explain,  
offer context, gain clarity)

## WISDOM

7abortions  
(in 8 years)



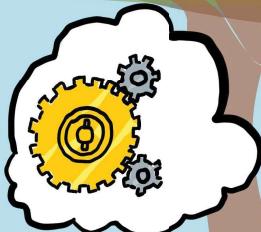
and Roe v. Wade wasn't the problem. My irresponsibility was.

EACH BROKE A PART OF  
MY HEART, THE PART THAT WAS  
TERRIFIED AND EXCITED  
ABOUT  
FATHERHOOD

It's easier to shut down  
**PLANNED PARENTHOOD**  
than to make sperm donators  
**ACCOUNTABLE.**

I'm pregnant.

...how do you  
feel about it?



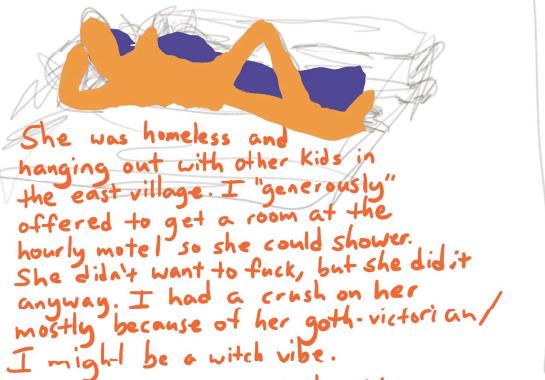
... of course,  
I support you  
no matter what  
you decide...





We sat in the back room of the bar and drank. This was our 6<sup>th</sup> or 7<sup>th</sup> date. She said that this other guy was her "fantasy" guy and I was her "dream" guy. I felt hurt and angry and told her to come with me to the bathroom. It wasn't hot, or sexy, or romantic. I felt like a bully and an ass.

We ended up engaged and miserable 5 years later. Her name is still tattooed on my arm.



She was homeless and hanging out with other kids in the east village. I "generously" offered to get a room at the hourly motel so she could shower. She didn't want to fuck, but she did it anyway. I had a crush on her mostly because of her goth-victorian/I might be a witch vibe.

2 years later, she had gotten an apartment in the Bronx. I was living closeby. We hung out, but she resoundingly did not want to fuck. I was entirely perplexed. What kind of game was she playing? I didn't come over here to listen to music and talk about magic. What an ass I was.

She was homeless. I was in a tough relationship. What started as a freaky impulse got turned into "seduction" that bordered on

## COERCION.



This honed my ability to turn disgust into an admirable goal. I don't know what the rationale was other than a strange curiosity coupled with an idea of conquest. I wanted to see if I could do it.

4 months into my bail jump to Texas.

I had just finished cleaning her yard and she invited me in for something cold to drink. I immediately thought I would be getting laid. Actually, I'd thought about it since I'd first knocked on her door and dropped off a flyer a week earlier. She had me sit so she could "read my aura," and I wasn't sure if it was some kind of strange seduction move or she was serious or both. I was terrified, though, to be alone in this house with this woman and I couldn't muster up enough trust in her to even flirt. I was sincere and non-committal, which in some obscure way made me feel like I had the upper hand. That's a fancy way of saying playing hard to get, but the fact was, I wasn't sure at all she was trying to get anything. I replayed that encounter hundreds of times even after I moved off of that Texas block. My confusion and fear made me want to be aggressive and take control of the situation.

She said I had a kind aura.

I was angry she had so efficiently nullified the danger I represented.



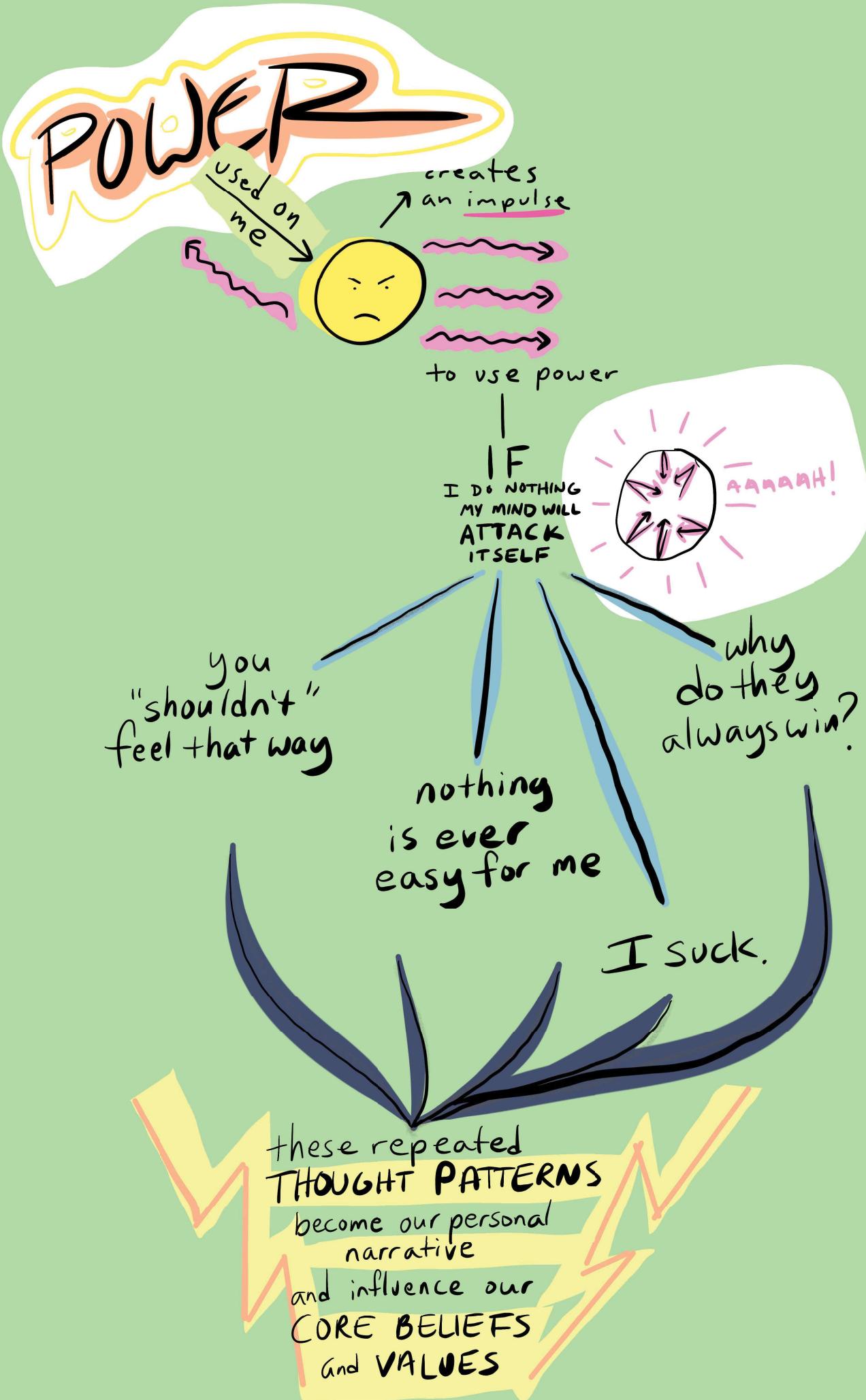
I met him in a gay bar in Chelsea, and I told him my whole story of breaking up with my girlfriend and not having a place to live. He offered to rent me his spare bedroom.

I'm not sure of the line between coercion and capitulation.

I do know that nothing I did felt good or like it was my choice. I know I was drunk and I used to get drunk just to feel brave enough to walk into that apartment.

After I'd firmly told him no a few times, he kicked me out even though I'd been paying him rent promptly.

A few years later I saw him in a local midtown gym. The panic I felt was disproportionate to the encounter and I didn't understand why I had such a strong urge to run, duck, hide, to hurt him. He didn't see me.



It was a weird moment of vulnerability, our bond was complete and I was overwhelmed with gratitude and emotion. I couldn't help it, I cried and decided to show the tears (I was privately hoping she would find my vulnerability endearing). I doubled down and said, with genuine intensity, that I loved her. She looked at me with contempt and disgust, and through a sneer, with my limp extension laying spent inside her, and said, "you are such a bitch," I felt a kind, sweet, stupid part of me snap.

# THE CURE FOR HARMFUL FEELINGS IS

Acceptance • Reevaluation • pro-action

"this is how  
I feel and  
that's okay"

"there are things I  
can't control that  
fuck with me."

"Is there a  
perspective where  
this doesn't suck  
that bad?"

"How many others  
have gotten through  
this same problem?"

"I want to punch  
him in the face, but  
I'm really afraid that  
if I tell him how I  
feel I won't be able  
to control the outcome."

"I'm not sure what  
I can do, but I can  
talk about how I feel."  
(that's still action)



WHAT  
PURPOSE  
DO THEY  
SERVE?

#1

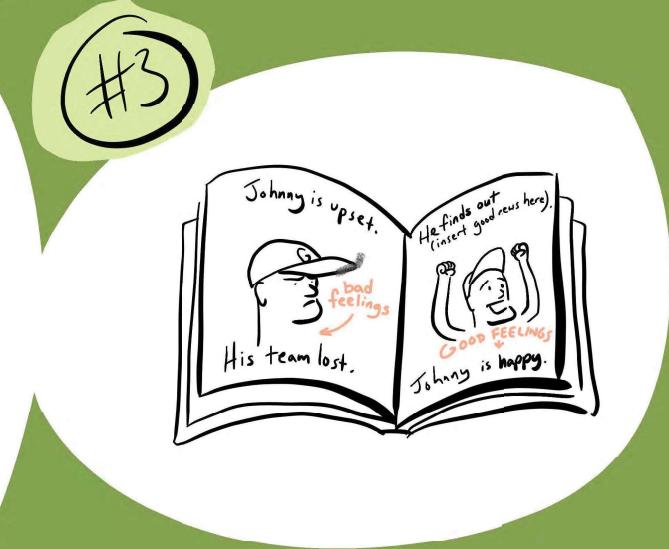
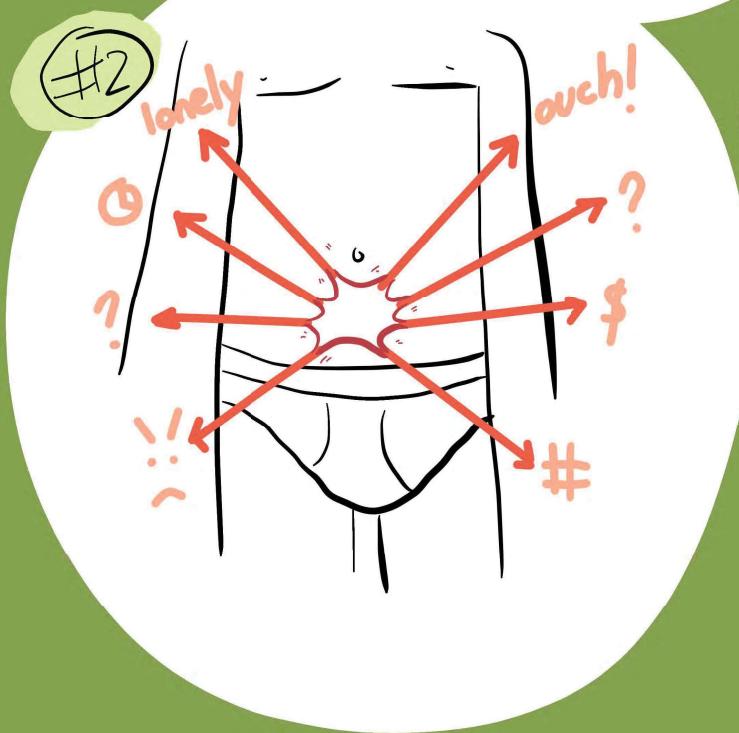
Things outside of me are  
constantly influencing me.

#2

I cannot directly control how  
those things make me feel, nor  
can I identify all the things.

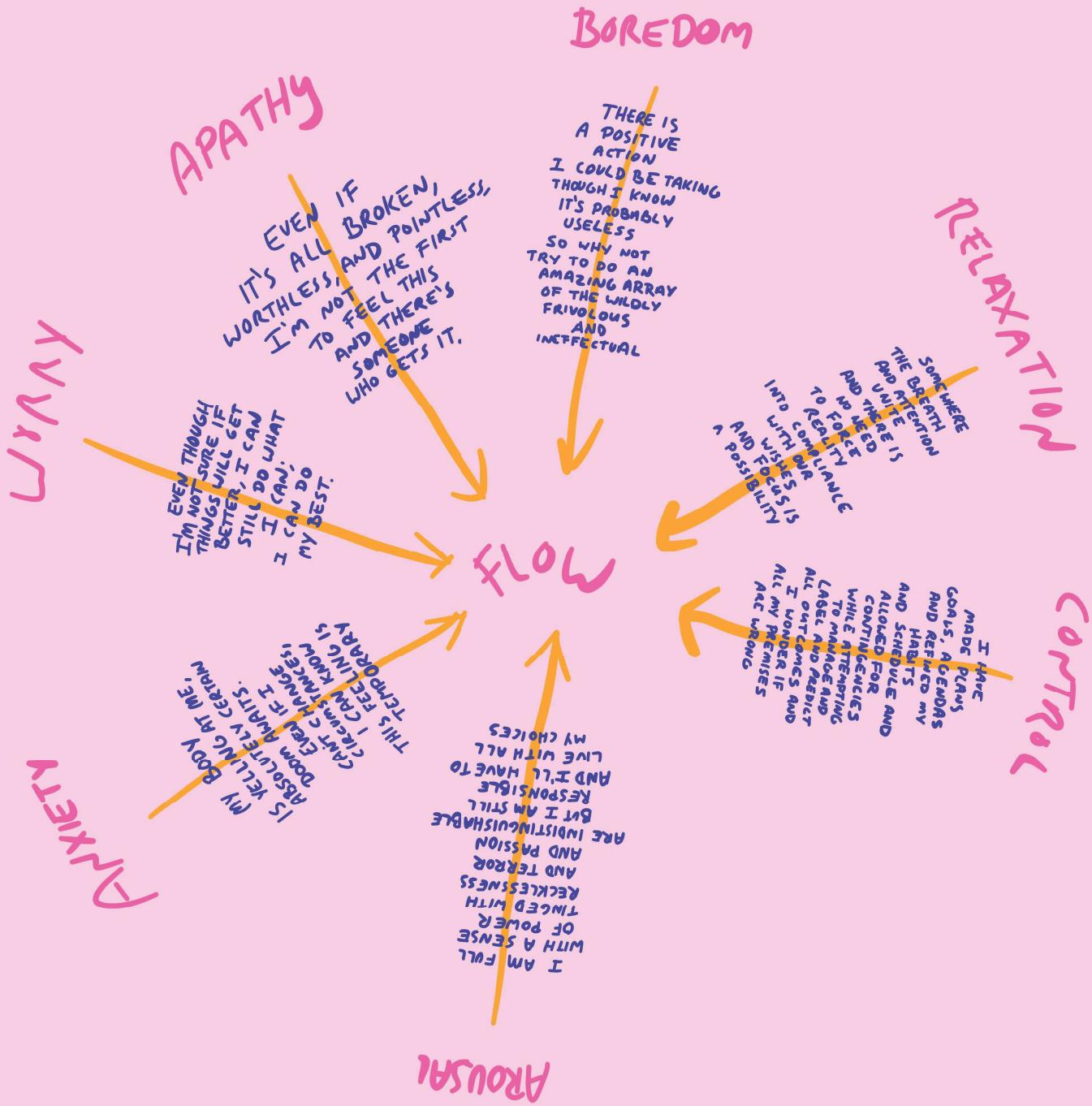
#3

I can accept that the way  
I feel is temporary and relative.  
In other words, feelings change.





# WHEREVER YOU ARE YOU CAN FIND FLOW



# What else can be SAID?

- Not being a dick is about taking

**RADICAL  
PERSONAL  
RESPONSIBILITY**

for your own shit

- You will fuck it up...  
over and over again

**AND**

Sometimes you won't  
be able to fix it