

Spandex: May 18, 2016

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After seeing Anoo 17 May 2016

She thought it was too sexual, from the point of view of an adult, rather than an innocent 6yr old.
I wasn't that innocent. I did want to find out how my girlfriend was made.

I need to

o make her a person - why was she my girlfriend. eg we played together, cards and jacks, it was always fun and she was good company.

have insight into little Joe - what did I like doing

o I liked climbing the hill behind our house from where I could look out onto the whole town and the hills around it. I liked looking at the frogs in the creek. I built balsa planes and like doing carpentry, cutting wood and joining them together with nails.

Authors Notes: The purpose of this piece is to get more allies amongst women for men, by showing that men are doing the best they can in the confusing world they live in.

Men are not going to get out of their stuff about women, until women recognise that they are part of the solution. Women's role is to acknowledge that men have been given bad information and to say "how can I help?"

My fear here is that women are going to react "eew, creepy", rather than "this guy is looking at real stuff in his life and trying to work it out".

Louis C.K. and Jim Jeffries would have no trouble with this material, but I'm not looking to occupy their slot.

This is also terrible stuff from my childhood. I wasn't allowed to go to an academic school, where I might have developed some sensitivities to the finer things in life. Instead I was sent to military school to make a man of me, that is to say - play football and learn to kill, all this with a bunch of thugs for my peers. This made me terrified of things like ballet. My mother then told me I was insensitive.

Anoo wants me to say how guys suffer silently. I'm embarrassed to say what it is. The woman will emotionally disconnect; I'll be treated as an idiot, told that she doesn't like going places socially with me, she'll be frosty with me. In bed she'll lie with her back to me. I won't get any affection. I'll be an unperson. The people who want to cast men into a bad light will say "you only want sex".

She also wants to know the secret thoughts that men have. (here doctors and nurses).

thanks to Athol Kay for Aunt Mildred

thanks to Alana Massey for the sock and underwear drawer of my brain.

thanks to Gabrielle Burton, Heartbreak Hotel, p14, for the phrase "chill the dead".

thanks to Cynthia Heimel for telling me about the brain pan.

0 min

Back in my youth, whenever I'd been on a few dates with a girl, you know, something fun, like a nice day out on the lake fishing, the next thing that would happen is that she'd ask **me** on a date. It was always the same thing. She'd ask me to

(look progressively more horrified, could use opera instead of symphony)
the symphony,
or to a play
or to the ballet.

The symphony was hard; it was nothing like Chuck Berry and everyone just sat immobile in their seats, for what seemed like hours.

Plays were harder - I could never see the point.

But the hardest of all was ... the ballet.

Sitting there in the dimly lit theatre, looking onto the brightly lit stage, occasionally I'd get a flash of what might be white bikini underwear or something cut like a swimming costume. I don't know what kept attracting my eye to this part of the dancer's costume. Obviously it was a part of the artistry, if only I could figure out what it was. I knew that if I didn't track what was going on, I'd miss the whole point of the ballet and the date would be a complete failure.

(speak with mother's voice)

However, whenever I'd get a flash of white bikini underwear, a voice in the back of my mind would go "OMG! You're not supposed to look there."

The voice was my mother's of course, although I didn't recognise it. It was from when I was 6yrs old.

(Anoo says I have to be innocent little boy)

Back then, I had found my very first girlfriend.

When you're little boy, there is absolutely nothing more fascinating in the whole world, than what little girls are made of. There's even a poem to get you started.

Little girls are made of sugar and spice and all things nice.

It was the "all things nice" part that I was interested in.

Well it turns out that my little girlfriend didn't know what **I** was made of either and, as you can well imagine, she was just as interested in the subject as I was. Our relationship had developed so well that we'd arrived at the stage that all kids reach. It was the inevitable "I'll show you mine if you show me yours" stage. We called it "doctors and nurses", but it was the

same thing. It sounded like a heap of fun. Why not? What could go wrong?

There must be all sorts of things we could do in this wonderful new playground we'd discovered. We hadn't asked anyone what you do; there was no need to bring anyone else in on this. We were just going to figure it out between us. It didn't seem all that complicated. We started by checking each other out. It was just an advanced version of what you do in the showers with the boys at the swimming pool, except it was with a girl. Sure it was different, but that's why you were doing it.

(no references to sex)

However I didn't count on my kid brother. I let him know that three's a crowd and to get lost and go find his own girlfriend. I expected him to go play somewhere else, and leave us alone. The first couple of times he took the hint, but eventually he decided didn't like me enjoying life any more than my mother did, and he snitched on us.

When my mother saw the two of us with our pants down, naturally the first thing she did was to congratulate both of us for our curiosity and spirit of enquiry.

(Anoo doesn't like sarcasm. Be straight, as a little kid would be. Say what I expected, and what I got.)

haha. I'm just kidding.

All hell broke loose. I suddenly realised that this part of a girl's body was much more important than ever I could have imagined.

(don't have any references to sex. talk about the girl, who is she)

I never saw my little girlfriend again. She just disappeared out of my life and I knew not to ask why. I knew it was connected to that part of her body.

It was close to two decades before I had another girlfriend, who I was on equally good terms with.

Something had gone horrifically wrong with my development. My mother immediately started aversion therapy. "Come give cigarette smoking Aunt Mildred a big kiss MUAH!"

(put my hands on my cheeks like they were bosoms, allowing most of my face to be seen, have my face wide open with surprise and shock.)

My 6 yr old face was plunged, by the grappling arms of overweight and matronly aunts, into their powdered and perfumed ample bosoms. I had no affection for these people. Why were they even in my life? I was being

suffocated by the enveloping cloud of powder. It was waterboarding for little boys.

When, despite her best efforts, I still liked girls, my mother brought in reinforcements - God.

(speak with voice of God)

Girls ... and thoughts about them, are the path to hell.

(Anoo would we really be naked from the waist down? Again this looks like sex to her.)

I thought about girls a lot; I couldn't help it. I knew where this was heading. I was doomed. At least my little girlfriend would be there in hell too; perhaps I could find her. It shouldn't be too hard to spot her. We'd both be naked from the waist down, just like in all those dreams when you arrive at school naked.

Of course it was only in my childishness that I thought there'd be any hope of finding my little girlfriend, amongst all the people in hell, by looking for someone naked from the waist down. As I found out later, in hell, most people are naked from the waist down.

Would my little girlfriend be happy to see me, or would she be too ashamed of her manifold wickedness to talk to me? Would it help if I held out my hand to her and said I was sorry ... I'm really sorry ... I'm really really sorry?

When the fear of hell didn't work and I still liked girls, my mother was left with no other option; as soon as I was old enough, in 7th grade, she packed me off to military school.

Ironically the goal of military school was to make a man out of me. This was something, that until then, I had been making good progress on, all on my own, without any of their help. Military school was a resounding success. I didn't talk to a girl again till college.

So there I was, on my date, at the ballet, in the dimly lit theatre, seeing 20 sets of white bikini underpants out of 20 dancers, all at the same time. This clearly was not an accident. Something fabulously artistic was happening, but I'd missed the whole thing.

I was out for the count.

(Anoo, mother's reaction has to be earlier)

I had no idea that the story of my lost love at 6yrs old was still rattling around in the sock and underwear drawer of my brain pan, where a pair of

terrified 6 yr olds, my little girlfriend and I, naked from the waist down, were bawling our eyes out, while my bloated and obese mother towered over us, shrieking that our souls were damned and we were both going to hell.

If you'd been there in the theatre with me and leaned over and told me that the sight of a female's body would send me to hell, I would have said you were crazy. But that was exactly what was going on, except I had absolutely no idea about it at all. I had repressed the whole thing.

(sigh)

In what seemed like no time at all, I was living with one of these women and we had a son. We went to all the productions of his school's Arts Department. We're always going to recitals and watching the next generation of dancers.

(make gestures like you're puzzled)

I wasn't seeing white bikini underpants anymore. Instead I was seeing something with the same cut as shorts. The shorts didn't change a thing. I was now spending a lot of my time looking at shorts. They weren't white anymore either; they were different colours for different dance pieces, and they always matched the other dancers in the piece.

I found I was having just as much trouble following the dancing, as I did, when I was dating, back in the days of white bikini underwear.

(Anoo suggests that the trip to Harry and May be collapsed into the school recitals. There's no need to take the audience on another trip here.)

My son left for college, and I lost connection with the school, but a pair of my friends, Harry and May have a daughter, Hibiscus. Hibiscus was in high school and had been dancing since she was a little girl. I arranged to visit on a weekend when Hibiscus was dancing.

In the morning Hibiscus left early for the theatre to prepare for the production. Then just as we're about to leave, Hibiscus calls. It's an emergency; she forgotten her pink spandex and needed it right now. You've got to understand; this is a teenage girl. If she doesn't get her pink spandex, it will be the end of the earth.

(do a valley girl accent - this part won't be needed if I collapse the trip to Harry and May into a school recital.)

There was no way a male would get this right. Harry and I stood aside, while May stepped through the chaos of a teenage girl's bedroom. There was no pink spandex. Mom just grabbed what she could, shrugged her shoulders

and exited through the front door.

As I'm sure everyone in this room, but me, knows, there are two types of spandex; spandex with legs and spandex with shorts. Mom had brought the spandex with legs; Hibiscus wanted the spandex with shorts.

May was practical "she'll borrow a pair from someone else. They'll be the wrong colour, but for this dance it won't matter."

I asked May about the spandex. Whatever it was, it clearly was a critical part of the show. This turns out to be the underwear, cut like shorts, that I'd been seeing for several years now, that had replaced the white bikini underwear of my dating days. Just by being at the right place at the right time, I had found out, that they absolutely had to be, just had to be, the right colour. Why was this? I wondered.

Hibiscus came out for the first piece, doing a solo wearing black spandex shorts. To my well practiced eye. the black spandex was just as good as pink spandex for this piece.

In the first half of the program, I noticed in any piece, that all the girls were wearing exactly the same colour and style of spandex shorts. Not only that, the colour of the girls shorts exactly matched the colour of the rest of their costume.

The spandex shorts at Hibiscus's recital weren't subtle skin colours. They were dayglo green or bright pink. What I was seeing on stage was clearly meant to be seen and involved some planning.

May has always been helpful explaining the world of women to me. I could talk to May. At intermission, I asked her about the spandex pants. Why were girls wearing them, rather than the white bikini pants of yesteryear?

"Ah ... Joe. That's because the girls are upside down sometimes."

Oh?! so I'm supposed to look there?!

Well if that's the case, why isn't someone telling us? At the beginning, when they tell you to turn off your cell phones, the MC should explain the new rules

(voice of side show barker)

(Anoo says to leave out viewing pleasure - it looks like sex to her)

"Men! Tonight, for your viewing pleasure, the dancers are wearing shorts under their costumes. Relax and enjoy the show."

Obviously this replacement of white bikini underpants by spandex shorts is not for the benefit of us males, otherwise we'd be told that it's now OK to

look. May must have inadvertently let this secret slip out of the female world and I'm the first male to know. I hope she doesn't get her female certificate revoked for leaking this information.

In the second half of the show, for the first time in my life, I had no trouble following the dancing.

12min
