

I've gone some way towards developing a more balanced account. There's some surprising things to see. Nuclear fission is essentially a story of passion and romance, and finally despair. Impossible for our physicists to understand. Oh! This whole subject dearly needs feminine insight and values, to make it whole. Please don't pass it by.

Thanks and good wishes,  
<name supplied>

This perspective was so reminiscent of those found in *Women's Ways of Knowing* that I felt compelled to post a reply:

I was interested to read your post about the Atomic World. I have a number of questions:

- in what sense is our knowledge of atomic particles 'overlain with patrician and misogynistic perceptions'?
- when I graduated with a science degree over 30 years ago, nuclear fission was already very well understood. Sorry to learn that is it now 'impossible' for physicists to understand. Do you happen to know how this unfortunate turn of events has come to pass?
- in what sense does the subject dearly need feminine insight and values to make it whole?

Six months after posting my questions, I'm still awaiting a reply. But maybe, just maybe, the man is smarter than we might otherwise give him credit for. For an interesting perspective on male feminists we turn to an extract from a book published in 2008, *Men are Better than Women*, penned by the American author Dick Masterson.

### **Manginas are my heroes**

Male feminists, or ‘manginas’ as they prefer to be called, are so misogynistic they make Andrew Dice Clay [Author’s note: a notably politically-incorrect, i.e. funny, American comedian] look like The Little Mermaid. The Little Mermaid is the seashell-on-the-boobs cartoon character from Disney.

Not all men have money, good looks, talent, wit, charm, charisma, interesting stories, cultural insights, skills, athletic abilities, political acumen, macho attitudes, an ability to eat an inhuman amount of food or other non-toxic products, a sense of style, an easygoing demeanour, video games, a sweet car, a spa, or an in-depth knowledge of everything. All men, however, are still men. That means they need to get laid and will always find a way. How do these men attract women, then? I’ll tell you how – by taking charge where women have failed for the last thirty years: by being feminists.

Manginas are my heroes. They fight the fight that women declared for absolutely no reason and then completely failed at. Who else but a man could convince a woman that being a male feminist is not only possible, but also not the most chauvinistic thing anyone has ever done in the history of the world?

I’ll tell you who, fucking no one! But men have done that shit. Men are like hypnosis masters when it comes to telling women what they want and what they should think about everything. Manginas are the biggest and most ingenious misogynists. It’s perfectly natural and perfectly manly for a man to stoop so low as to cheapen his entire gender just to get laid. Men don’t need a collective pat on the ass for everything we do in life. We’re born with dicks and dignity, and neither can be taken away. We don’t need a sash that counts up all our achievements and chafes our necks. That’s for Girl Scouts, and the only thing I want to know about Girl Scouts is when they sell their cookies.

On a personal note, I have nothing against misogyny, or whatever it’s called. I wouldn’t call myself a misogynist, but that’s a little like not calling a square a rectangle. Manginas are some of the manliest men on earth, because they know deep down within their stomachs that women can’t stand up for themselves without a firm hand firmly supporting them by the ass. It’s a throwback to chivalry that says, ‘Sweetheart, if you want anyone to take your rights seriously, shut up and let a man do the talking.’