



The University of  
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## Reflection

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### Abstract

Today, when I tell my roommates, all males, that I have stopped watching pornography, they respond in disbelief, “You can’t be serious.” Then, when I tell them how long it has been, they respond, “That’s torture, that’s not natural.” I remember as a young boy, in seventh and eighth grade, the time we discovered porn on the Internet. I was around the age of thirteen. The setting was perfect. Everyday after school about five of the fellas would go to Eduardo’s house, since his parents were not at home. We would talk on the phone, play basketball, light fires, shoot lizards with his BB-Gun, and watch porn. From a very young age, I learned that watching porn was something males did. The sex tape I found in the first house I stayed at in Puerto Rico belonging to the owner of the house, the tapes we found in my friend’s dad’s VCR, and the tapes belonging to my older brother, all told me that watching porn was a natural part of a man’s life; and I believed that it was natural until I took the Men and Masculinities course at the University of the West Indies.

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