



PIG IN SHIT #10:

I FOUND THIS FAKE NUDE PHOTO OF BEA ARTHUR* ON THE INTERNET AND CHRIST AM I DISTURBED

The Great Things About Pornography

By Jeff Somers

*"Eunuch Boy, Eunuch Boy
Thought a lawnmower was another toy
Can't even make it through a day of school
They try to stomp his shriveled tool
It must suck to know you'll never fuck"
- The Descendants*

Many Bothans died to bring you this information:

I AM joining the Dark Side. After years of dicking around in the grey soup of the Degobah System, I'm sticking my light saber as far up Yoda's ass as it'll go and catching the next flight to the Darth Vader School of Better Living Through Evil. I will not pass go, I don't want the 200 bucks. I just want to swear fealty to the Dark Lord of the Sith, kiss the Emperor's ring, and get fitted for my black respirator as soon as possible. As soon as I learn how to strangle people from across the room, the other Jedi had better make travel plans. Dark Lords of the Sith do not take prisoners.

For the smartasses whispering that I joined the dark side back in second grade when I pushed Danny Smithson into the mud and he got pneumonia and no one ever saw him again, I say: I hear the range

**The guy who runs the web site I found this at had this to say about it: "It is interesting to speculate on the summit of man's creations. Is our supreme achievement the moon landing? Michelangelo's David?, the splitting of the atom? I cast my vote for our first fake of Bea Arthur. The little green men can blow us away now, we've done all we can, and all that can be done."*

on that choking trick is pretty far.

Rage, disappointment, boredom, disco: 1996 was a bloated alcoholic Bataan Death-March of a year, convincing me at long last to open wide and accept evil as my personal savior. Which brings me to my subject: sex. Specifically, pornography. I can remember when pornography was a shadowy term that hinted at all sorts of corrupt little pleasures, none of which I experienced on any kind of basis. Those golden days are over, though, people, because now we have *The Internet*. As far as I can tell, except for the various sports-oriented Web Sites out there, *The Internet* is really just a big useless wasteland of pornography.

But I'm getting ahead of myself:

A few years ago while wasting a little time in college, a few friends and I attempted to embarrass to death a lovely friend and confidant (who I keep anonymous here because I have learned many things in the intervening years, one of which is to fear the wrath of women) by purchasing for her, without her knowledge, a pair of edible panties. Well, two pair, actually, although the second pair was consumed by Ken West and myself on the ride home (fruit roll-ups by way of latex -ugh) and thus remains legend.

This was back in my halcyon days of *grave credit card abuse*, however, and so of course the panties were charged. Ever since then I've gotten some rather strange catalogues in the mail, as my credit info is passed on from one greasy outfit to another. Some of the catalogues have been quite eye-opening, to say the least -some have even been educational, in ways I'd rather not discuss. Mostly, it's just been a little embarrassing.

But the look on her face was worth it, pigs. You ask me what keeps a bitter scoundrel like me interested -that look of priceless shock, dismay, and fear is part of it.

My overflowing mailbox o' smut begs the question, however: what's with this pornography shit? This is what the first amendment is protecting -Latex Love Dolls, "Buttman Goes to Panama", toys modeled on Jenna Jameson's vagina (in living plastic!)? Can this kind of filth and degeneration and, and -and just plain bad acting- be necessary and useful to a healthy society?

The answer, of course, is: yes.

If, as usual, you find yourself disagreeing with me, I have come prepared -allow me to present to you the Official Inner Swine Top Ten Great Things about Pornography. This includes all forms of

pornography: printed, filmed, recorded, digitized -imagined. If someone out there is masturbating to it, I'm referring to it -although I am queasily aware that for some of you this includes old Smurf cartoons.

SEVEN

THE INNER SWINE TOP TEN GREAT THINGS ABOUT PORNOGRAPHY (I Tried to come up with 10, but there just aren't that many)

1. *Preservation of Society*: I don't believe that pornography or its presence in our society tolls the dying breaths of civilization; in fact, I believe the opposite. I believe that pornography is a healthy aspect of any society, and its continued presence in ours heartens me, for two key reasons the bluenosed morons usually overlook: One, its presence and subsequent backwatering tells me that there is still something in this world considered *pornography*, still something considered so outrageously wrong or strange or sick that it must be labeled. In the same way we need cursewords to be a special section of the language, a special type of language that only loses its power and allure when overused, we need pornography to be a special aspect of the intellectual and creative fields (thats right I used those words with a straight face and I'll pop anyone in the mouth who makes fun of me). If we no longer considered something pornography, *that's* when to get upset and worried, because by that point there's nothing in this culture considered beyond the pale. As long as we have that, as long as there's something out there that while not strictly illegal is banished to the backwaters of our culture, I have hope left for my weak-willed fellow humans, whom I meet regularly while purchasing *Swank* magazine at Hudson News.

Two, let's face it, pornography provides a much-needed safety valve for the, ahem, male half of the population. It's not our fault we have these raging sex drives and harem fantasies, girls; only a few thousand years ago (or, in terms of evolution's perception of time: three seconds ago) we were hunter-gatherers with an expected lifespan of maybe thirty, if we were especially quick. Not only did we die young, but our women died young. In order to guarantee that our genes got passed down, so that we might live forever, our cave man ancestors developed a strikingly effective technique: *they screwed everything that moved, and then once more for good measure*. This worked strikingly well until civilization was born and suddenly it was no longer kosher to screw every female you saw whether she was especially fond of you or not. Thus all the complicated rules and regulations (and punishments) of civilized man turned *mating* into *courtship* and for the past few thousand years we men have been forced to reign it in and try our best not to be dirty cheating bastards.*

**A note to all the rabid feminists out there who like to tell me that all men are potential rapists: fuck you. Your arrogance is breathtaking. All men are potential rapists the same way all women are potential baby-killers -you certainly don't see men putting their newborns in garbage cans. So shut up and go back to petting your many cats. Thank you.*

As all men know, and as many women will smugly agree, this is damned difficult. It's not a lesser character or a species-wide personality defect, though, you morons, it's just our nature fighting against the artificial imposition of civilization, and sometimes the battle is a close one. So we have a safety valve. Haunted by visions of your best friend's wife? Rent a movie, masturbate, and *tell no one*.

2. *Give women a legitimate reason to feel superior to us*. Ho ho ho, sometimes my girl friends amuse me so, especially when they gather together in their Earth-Mother robes and smile indulgently when I try to say that men are no worse than women, morals-wise and character-wise. Ah, but the argument that women are just as swinish as men is another article (and one I think I've written several times before) so then let's stick to the point: *pornography* serves a good purpose in giving these poor chicks something concrete to point to, saying with insane cheer that at least they don't rent dirty movies and touch themselves, at least they don't support a multi-billion dollar flesh industry which branches out to crack whores, demons, and, apparently, communists. And if it makes the weaker sex feel better about supporting the multi-million dollar *romance novel* industry, I say it must be a good thing.

3. *Fake pictures*: Scott Adams, who writes that funny funny *Dilbert* comic strip, wrote a book about how he thinks the future will turn out. In this book, he proposes that true Virtual Reality will be the last invention mankind produces, since once we all have operational *Holodecks* in our homes we'll never leave again, we'll just roll around our VR rooms screwing Claudia Schiffer or Fabio until we die of starvation or maybe, more appropriately, de-hydration. This is true. If you doubt me, take five minutes to really think about it and then come back to this paragraph.

Well, the future is beginning on the internet, where one of my more eye-opening discoveries recently is that you can find just about every celebrity you've ever heard of, however obscure, naked. Now, I don't think some of these people ever posed nude. I don't think some of these people ever remove their foundation garments, for christ's sakes. But you can find nude pictures of them, because they are faked.

Ah, but that's the boring part - Cindy Crawford's head pasted onto some coke whore's body? Yawn. Even finding something like Hilary Rodham Clinton's head morphed onto some slightly older coke whore's body isn't interesting for very long, once the shock fades. What really amuses me is how creative some of these people are. They don't just

paste heads, my pigs, they create complete *scenarios*, some erotic, some strange, some hilarious. These crude digital artists are changing reality in their own small way, pigs, and they are the pioneers of what will be the end of this sick, diseased society, and I applaud them.

Yeah, and you can also find just about everybody out there. Somewhere, some shut-in geek with a calloused hand has created a fake nude of even the most unknown star (yes there are plenty of male fakes too, ladies -although I wouldn't speculate as to the orientation of the artists, I must admit). Think of some minor celebrity. Go ahead. Think back to the most boring cocktail party you've ever been to, then isolate the dullest conversation you engaged in or overheard from that party. Recall the name of the incredibly unknown actor or model mentioned in it. As you pass out from re-lived boredom, gasping out the name with a puzzled expression on your face, I'll bet you I can find a fake nude of that person in 24 hours. 18 if you let Ken West help me.

4. *If we didn't have pornography, how would we catch all the pedophiles?* All you hear about these days is how police departments all across America are nabbing pedophiles trying to lure innocent teens (there's an interesting phrase) into their sick dens of NAMBLA love. How do they do it? The internet, which basically translates into *pornography*, as far as I can tell.

and, on the weirdo flip side of #4:

5. *The education of eleven-year-olds everywhere.* The funny thing about my sweet earth-mother girl friends is that they want their Sabrett free from animal by-products, so to speak, but they want gobs of mustard on that dog too. In other words, they wrinkle their cute noses in distaste at the very thought of men having sexual fantasies about something as wholesome and american as, say, *sheep*, and run away in horror if we start discussing the ups and downs of the venerable pornographic film series *Swedish Erotica*, but they want their men to be James Bond in bed -in charge, in our element, and flawlessly prepared. In other-other words, they expect us to be able to handle the clutch as well as the gear shift.

I don't know about you, but the little birds and bees talk every parent is supposed to have with their kids kind of went by the wayside in my youth. Or else I passed out from terminal embarrassment and don't remember it. Who knows? Point is, if I hadn't seen a few Vanessa Del Rio movies when I was a preteen, I might not know how to do anything, and

certainly wouldn't know how to do it well. And I would submit without fear the proposal that even those of us lucky enough to have been sat down by their parents and explained the fundamental facts of sex were not then graduated to the more advanced courses *french-kissing*, *cunninglingus*, or *rubber implements*. Without Ms. Del Rio and her cohorts, where would we men be? That's right, at the mercy of women, which is maybe right where they want us.

And for those of you who don't think the term *rubber implements* is ever going to have any practical concern for your life, I say: *hey, you never know.*

6. *Providing jobs and livings for morons everywhere.* One fact I doubt anyone will argue is that the performers in your average pornographic endeavor aren't very bright. We're talking well into the sub-human level of intelligence. Okay, everyone needs to make a living. But if the only skill you can manage to pull out of your ass to offer the job market is an *instinct*, something we're all *born* to do -well, there's just something wrong with you. But thank *god* that an industry exists for such people. I mean, would you want these yokels fondling your fast-food or calling you at night on telemarketing cold-calls? I think *not*.

Of course, some of the porno actors did, at one time, have "real" careers. Nina Hartley, who's been making skin flicks for about 75 years now, was once a registered nurse. She gave up that glamorous life in order to pursue her true passion: faking orgasms on screen. This, to me, is somehow worse than mere stupidity. I mean, do we really want people who *freely choose* to be public deviants fondling our fast food or calling us on telemarketing cold-calls? I think even more *not*.

Without the gracious pornography industry, these dim bulbs would be forced to undertake some other work, and would most likely end up in occupations similar to their porno jobs anyway: *crack whores*. So if you think about it, Pornography is directly responsible for keeping crazed hordes of crack whores off the streets, where they would most likely hunt you down and slit your throat for pocket change.

Remember: save a life, rent a porno.

7. *Marriage Counseling for \$3 a night.* One of the more surprising things you find out when you stick your nose into the seamy underbelly of pornography is that one of the largest groups of renters in this world is *couples*. After all, it's unreasonable to think that the fires of passion will burn forever without fanning, and after a few years of watching your partner slowly expand and get either hairier or balder, a few

years in which your irritation at their various foibles is allowed to ripen and bulge into a really disastrous purple rage, a few years of getting a good look at what this formerly hot and tempting body's gonna look like when they're fifty, well -after that it's kind of amazing that anyone has sex after marriage, don't you think? Aside for breeding purposes, of course. During the *baby fever* stage of any marriage the sex is often and easy, but of course it's also very much like a job.

So what do burned out couples who are slowly learning to loathe each other to do? Specifically, what do they do if they retain some semblance of love and respect for each other through all the backstabbing and insults? That's right, they rent pornography. Why? For a number of reasons, apparently. As something a little kinky to make sex fresh again. As a tutorial of nasty things they never considered before. Maybe just as a shared experience they can get a hoot out of -after all, maybe their sex life isn't so hot but at least they don't look like the actors in the movies and don't bang like a couple of well-oiled robots, so maybe their lackluster lovelife doesn't look so bad after a few viewings.

Of course, this can often result in middle-aged grown-ups wearing things and doing things that make them patently ridiculous; all great things bring risk with them. The point is, pornography isn't always about weirdo men in raincoats skulking around movie theaters. Very often it's part of the glue that holds America's immature couples as one, so they can grow miserable together.

Pornography, far from being a cancer eating away at our society, is often a healthy and necessary outlet for the frustrated (albeit completely natural) abundance of sexual energy shared by humans everywhere. Let's face it, if there were no diseases, if pregnancy was voluntary, if there were no consequences at all to sex besides uncomfortable breakfasts, we'd all probably be having sex as casually as we say hello. Well, maybe not quite *that* casually, but pretty darn casually, I think.

There is a difference, of course, between what I will ironically call "mainstream" pornography and the fringe *evil* which also falls under that umbrella term. As a Swine I enjoy wallowing in the dirt as much as anybody, but there's always a line and anything that is harmful or evil in intent makes even Swines run for cover. After all, one of the main characteristics of "mainstream" pornography is that it's all pretty vapidly vanilla -one of the main features of pornography is its inherent harmlessness. Harmlessness in the sense that the participants, on both sides of the transaction, are voluntary and adult.

Because, when you think about the uninspired fantasies that

pornography regurgitates, you realize that the industry is not inventing new and destructive filth -it's just using the same filth that's been around since the invention of the cheerleader uniform. If there's evil in it, well then it's evil that we dragged with us when we hotfooted it out of the Garden of Eden -nothing new, nothing shocking, and nothing we don't carry around with us every day.