

Confessions

of

a

Pornomaniac

James W. Harris

I am a walking time bomb, liable at any moment to explode into an orgy of violence against innocent women and helpless children.

You might not think so if you knew me. I am by nature a quiet, bookish person. Mayhem repulses me.

Nevertheless, the violence is there, seething be-



Illustration by William Connelley

neath my deceptively calm exterior. Waiting to erupt without warning.

I learned of my wretched condition while reading, like every good American, Jerry Falwell's *Liberty Report* (formerly *Moral Majority Report*). There I came across the article "Pornography Causes Murder," by one Billy Burden, president of something called The American Renewal Foundation.

My first inclination upon seeing the title was to laugh. After all, no reputable research has ever established any causal relationship between pornography and violence, let alone murder. Or so, at least, I'd been led (no doubt by diabolical secular humanists) to believe.

Noting, however, that "Pornography Causes Murder" was a "dramatization based on facts revealed in the *FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin*," I decided to read on.

The article told the tragic tale of a young man named Eddy. Eddy, "a nice kid" according to the article, led a normal life through high school. After graduation, he took a delivery job—hard but honest work. He had a girlfriend, Patty Sue. His future looked rosy.

Then one fatal night, all this changed forever. Returning home from work, Eddy stopped at a convenience store and bought a "girly" magazine.

Eddy, the article said, still remembers how guilty he felt buying the magazine, and how shocked he was by its contents: not only pictures of nude women, but "nude women in chains with other women beating them with whips AND a lot of other 'weird things' that Eddy had never seen before."

Like an alcoholic and his first fatal taste of wine, Eddy found that once was not enough. "Almost as if something was forcing him to do so," he started buying more and more skin magazines. Often, before going out with Patty Sue, he would thumb through his porn, getting—as the article put it—"hopped up" on "the seed that would one day produce a 'PORNOMANIAC.'"

From there, Eddy rapidly degenerated. He began asking Patty Sue to do some of the "weird things" he had read about in his magazines. Soon Patty Sue—who was not that kind of girl—dumped him.

Eddy, then 19, began buying even more stroke books. Soon he had graduated to X-rated movies and video tapes.

Then, ten years after Eddy purchased that first smutty magazine, five little girls were found raped, mutilated, and murdered—victims, author Burden tells us, of "a young man who, in ten short years, had become a 'PORNOMANIAC.'" Eddy!

"What went wrong in Eddy's case?" Burden asks. You've probably already guessed.

"Just like the alcoholic and his first few drinks, exposure to pornography has an addicting effect. It soon demands an escalation of perversion.

"Just like a small hole in a dike can bring a flood to the land, just like a match in the basement trash can turn a skyscraper into a heap of ashes, a 'girly' magazine purchased in a convenience store can be the seed that produces a 'PORNOMANIAC.' It did in Eddy's case."

There you have it: *pornography causes murder!*

By now I was trembling with fear. For—I must confess—I, too, have purchased "girly" magazines. More than a few, in fact. And—I hang my head in shame—not just for the articles, either. Just like Eddy, I went on to worse things. I've seen X-rated movies. I've rented adult video tapes. I've even—but that's enough.

I read on, eager to find out if Eddy's case might offer some hope, some guidance for me—before it was too late.

"Unlike this story," President Burden continues, "thousands of others—straight from the files of the FBI—are not made up."

What? *Made up?* You mean it wasn't true? No Eddy? No Patty Sue? No five murdered little girls?

Never mind. It was based on FBI statistics, so that's almost the same as being true. Pretty close, anyway. It's certainly proof enough for me—and no doubt most other *Liberty Report* readers—that pornography does indeed cause murder. No matter what all those pointy-headed liberal/humanist scientists and their Satanically-inspired research say to the contrary.

So now you know. The "seed" has been planted in me. Even now it may be growing, its deadly poison spreading throughout my system. Like Larry Talbot dreading the full moon, I await, trembling, the stimulus that will trigger me into full-blown PORNOMANIA!

And I am haunted by an even more frightening thought. The largest men's magazines have circulations in the millions. Millions more Americans regularly rent or purchase X-rated video tapes. All are infected with the fatal seed.

How long, then, before they, too, are seized by PORNOMANIA? Will the very streets be filled with roaming gangs of crazed PORNOMANIACS, hopped up on smut and prowling the playgrounds and nurseries, looking for—

But I don't want to give too much away. Because, you see, I'm putting it all in my screenplay, *Night of the Living Pornomaniacs*, which I'm rushing to complete before PORNOMANIA reduces me to a slaving, bestial child killer. Like the story of Eddy and Patty Sue, it will be fiction—I prefer the term "docudrama"—but based on genuine true facts from *Liberty Report*, The American Renewal Foundation, Women Against Pornography, and other such sources. And of course, FBI crime statistics.

I just want to get the truth about pornography out to America.

Before it's too late.

James W. Harris is a freelance writer living in Columbus, Georgia. He has published articles in Reason, Libertarian Party News, Individual Liberty, The Freeman, and The Pragmatist.