

RAPEWORLD

INTRO p. 70

**IT'S A RAPE, RAPE,
RAPE, RAPE, RAPE,
RAPE WORLD**

BATTLEGROUND p. 76

WAR

RACE

CAMPUS

MARRIAGE

ABUSE OF POWER p. 82

INCEST

DAY-CARE WORKERS

SCOUTMASTERS

COPS

DOCTORS

HOLY MEN

PREDATORS p. 92

AIDS TERRORISTS

JUVENILE OFFENDERS

JOCKS

THE GANGBANG

THE SERIAL RAPIST

THE LUST KILLER

PREY p. 102

GIRLS

BOYS

THE RETARDED

NUNS

OLD LADIES

UNLUCKY WOMEN

IT'S A RAPE, RAPE, RAPE, RAPE, RAPE, RAPE WORLD

All men are rapists.

—Marilyn French, feminist

Only in your dreams, bitch.

—Jim Goad, misogynist

I've never raped anyone. I've never *wanted* to rape anyone. I've never even *fantasized* about raping anyone.

I'm just not the type of guy who'd stick a pistol into a struggling woman's mouth and pull the trigger as I pump my vanilla goop into her shredded pussy. I like to think of myself as a gentleman, not some rogue character who'd shove his fist so far up a little girl's rectum that she dies from internal bleeding. If I had a pair of garden shears in my hands, I'd go trim some hedges, not hack a pregnant woman's cunt, thighs, and buttocks into red ribbons. And there's no WAY I'd snip off her lactating nipples just to see the color of milk streaked with blood.

...Is there something wrong with me?

I mean, my entire life has been one continuous project designed not to disappoint the feminists, but I fear I must—I'm simply NOT A RAPIST. I've never made unsolicited sexual comments to women, either on the street or in close company. Fuck, I rarely even make eye contact with women. And I've never come remotely close to forcing sex on a chick.

For some reason, my cock—and I know my cock pretty well—welts at the first sign of resistance or disinterest on a woman's part. On the other hand, *consent* has my dingus pointing skyward like a proud stalk of sugar cane. Might have something to do with my mom, might not, but I was always stultifyingly careful about being polite in sexual matters. In most of my romantic episodes, a woman pretty much had to tickle my nose with her pussy hairs before I realized she was interested in me. Not only do I refuse to believe that women "ask for it," I can't even tell when they *are* asking for it! So, due to a deep-seated character flaw, I am not a rapist.

I tell my dick what to do, not vicey-versy. I've never felt as if my cock led me around on a leash. Nor have I ever blamed my behavior on a boner. I've always found dopey dudes who harass women to be repellent. Have you *seen* most of these Clydes? Hairy backs. Missing teeth. Angry black stubble. Thick eyebrows. And those STUPID horny smiles. Their dicks swinging like roach antennae toward the nearest phlegmy quim. Utterly repugnant. They have sex drives as strong as armored trucks, yet they're the least sexy creatures on Goad's Green Earth. So I have some powerfully negative cognitive associations regarding rape. Just as I'm reasonably sure that I'll never eat a sardines-and-whipped-cream sandwich, I'm comfortably certain that I'll never rape anyone. But you never know. I'm a MAN. I could SNAP at any time, right?

What's wrong with you bitches? Is it that time of the month? Should I open a window or something?

One in five of you fish-crotches will be raped at some point in your life.¹ And only one in fifty of your crusty, drooling, unimaginably horrible assailants will ever do jail time.² That means there are thick, salty rivers of blood and sperm, acres of bruises and broken teeth, which will never see justice. But DON'T BLAME ME. Take a Midol and calm the fuck down.



Rape is a dull, blunt, ugly act committed by punk kids....And yet, on the shoulders of these unthinking, predictable, insensitive, violence-prone young men there rests an age-old burden that amounts to an historic mission: the perpetuation of male domination over women by force....Rather than *society's* aberrants or 'spoilers of purity,' men who commit rape have served in effect as front-line masculine shock troops, terrorist guerrillas in the longest sustained battle the world has ever known.

—Susan Brownmiller, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*

I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of a global male conspiracy to subjugate women by force.

—Jim Goad

You see what I mean? There they go again, like I'm guilty of rape-by-proxy, like I've hired mercenaries to go out and rape people. What dizzy, irrational broads.

Alright, so I'm a dick-wielding devil. But even so, I think I clearly understand the main feminist positions regarding rape:

- We live in a "rape culture" which fosters attitudes encouraging men to devalue and abuse women;
- Rape either has very little or nothing at all to do with sex;
- Power is rape's essential message. Sex is merely the medium.

I fully comprehend what they're trying to say. The problem is that I disagree with it. And, just as a rapist tears open a twelve-year-old girl's hymen, I'm going to rip their theory to pieces.

Pornography promotes violence against women.
—Popular feminist slogan

All I see are spread beavers. Show me pornography which promotes violence against women, and I'll buy it. —Jim Goad

Feminist anti-rape theory is founded on the notion of a "rape culture," that our society is somehow telling its young men to go out and rape. Yes, that's true—rapists and child molesters are right up there with doctors and lawyers in terms of societal esteem. Our culture holds the sexual criminal in VERY high regard.

Ahem—from what I've seen, there seems to be SOLID societal consensus that rape is the vilest of crimes. Even the sex-sensitive left and the sex-fearing right would agree on that.

Rape provokes such screechingly negative reactions because our very idea of society is founded on the nuclear family. Man's natural tendency is to rape; our "culture," in part, arose to counter this tendency. Rape conjures images of a not-so-distant Viking diorama of anarchic debauchery, where men slugged each other for the privilege of slugging women. Monogamy is a form of protective pairing. Our entire socio-sexual Magna Carta is antithetical to rape. If we indeed have a culture, its anti-rape message couldn't be more loudly expressed.

Fuckin' feminists and their gelded male lackeys. So stoned on their ethereal notion of "culture," that indefinable ideational blob which changes to suit their needs, they'll deny that anything can be learned from biology. Or anthropology. Or logic. The pro-wimmin legions tend to dismiss such educational disciplines as EVIL MALE CREATIONS, arrogant cum shots from an academic boys' club. Set free from the male-imposed requirement to actually *prove* what they say in some quantifiable—or at least logically consistent—fashion, the femme guerrillas' labia can flap freely in the wind, liberated from the need to make sense. But since they have nothing to back up their statements except...their *statements*, their frail ankles sink in a quagmire of unfounded assertions.

In the bulging canon of fem-lit, you will find plenty of observations, even more condemnations, but precious few *explanations*. Most hard-line femme-defenders are apparently afraid that a scientific inquiry into rape would be misinterpreted as an attempt to *excuse* rape. They can't seem to distinguish between explanations and alibis. So they flit about in Theoryland. As superficially academic as their observations are, their explanation for rape is rarely more profound than this—men are BAD. Men are evil. Men are power junkies. Men are morally retarded vis-à-vis women. These platitudes are offered as facts—and I'm not saying they aren't—but the superstar femme authors make little effort to

explain *why* men are this way. Pressed for a motivational explanation for rape which runs deeper than vague sociopolitical malice, most of these bitches are mute. Instead of giving a concrete answer, they superstitiously shrug and blame it on *the dark side*.

By insisting that rape is almost *exclusively* a political act with global implications, and by dismissing any sexual overtones as incidental at best, feminists bite off their clits to spite their own pussies. They lose the forest for the trees, or the vulva amid the bush. Blinded by a choking haze of left-bank dialectical inanity, they prefer to see rape as a factor of commodity aesthetics, rather than what it essentially is, which should be obvious to a motherfuckin' duck—an act of FORCED SEX. To claim that rape has nothing (or little) to do with sex is as ludicrous as saying that murder has nothing to do with aggression. Rape is by *definition* a sexual act, its genital aspect distinguishing it from other deviant human behaviors such as square dancing and stealing hubcaps.

As sociologist Lee Ellis has noted,³ liberal theorists have a long-standing tradition of being pro-sex and anti-aggression. In divorcing rape's sexual components from its aggressive ones, they have doctored reality in order to conform to theory. By denying that ANY violent aspects exist in the natural mating process, liberals are able to continue having sex, only the *thought* of it doesn't hurt so much anymore. Their theory is the K-Y jelly which lubes their dirty little animal behavior.

Rape isn't about sex, it's about power.
—Popular feminist slogan

If rape isn't about sex, there are an awful lot of penises and vaginas that need explaining.
—Jim Goad

Like a slowly rising erection, I'm going to start with a simple premise and build from there. The detumescent stump of my argument is this: Human beings are animals. T'ain't particularly lofty, nor is it original, but the evidence is as thick as a horse cock.



Tom Crites



Humans, like animals and unlike spatulas, are animate beings. Whatever you choose to call it—the spirit, ego, will, life force, or soul—humans and animals all possess some internal pilot light which keeps their lungs breathing and their hearts beating. Most animal behaviorists would agree that this unlearned instinct toward self-preservation, this primary life spark, propels everything which animals do.

The sex drive is perhaps the clearest manifestation of the deeper desire to stay alive, because sex preserves one's "self"—in this case, one's biological cartography—for at least another generation. Where you see tits and ass, your body sees self-replication.

While the *theoretical* meaning of sex is anyone's guess, the sex drive itself is an unlearned, preliterate impulse. It's hard to argue with the fact that people get horny, regardless of the cultural input they've received. Although porn-starved for thousands of years prior to the advent of *Shaved Pussies* magazine, men still "committed" intercourse "against" women. I'd even venture to say that if you placed a male and female baby of any culture together on a deserted island, they'd be fucking by the time puberty rolled around. Brooke Shields proved this fact in that *Blue Lagoon* movie.

In addition to our physiological similarities to animals—head, limbs, torso, genitals, asshole—we tend to *behave* like the varmints, too. Like all other animals, we are dependent on air and water. We subsist by preying on other life forms, whether animal or plant—their continued death assures our prolonged vitality. Most of us mark our territory, even liberal feminists living in high-security

apartment buildings. And, just like animals do, we form social coalitions. Although based on a fuzzily egalitarian concern for the common good, these coalitions are fraught with elaborate pecking orders.

To establish that rape among humans is strictly the product of a "rape culture," one would need only to prove that other animal species don't rape. If "lower" organisms don't rape, it might make sense to claim that rape among humans results from cultural signals alone. In *Against Our Will*, Susan Brownmiller really stuck her neck out on the chopping block by stating, "No zoologist, as far as I know, has ever observed that animals rape in their natural habitat, the wild." She was—of course—ignorant of the facts, although levelheaded enough to admit that possibility. And since I'm a fair (though inherently evil) guy, allow me to note that these studies which I'll cite were all published after Brownmiller's book.

Most mating rituals involve at least a smidgen of struggle, but there are some animals who just won't take no for an answer. So here's the horrifying truth about ANIMAL RAPISTS: Birds (at least certain breeds of ducks, geese, and bluebirds⁴) do it. Bees may not do it, but the male scorpionfly has been known to rush an unwilling female, grab her with pincers attached to his abdomen, and schtup the poor maiden *against her will*.⁵ You know why the lion is the king of the jungle, don't you? Because he gets it *WHEREVER* and *WHENEVER* he wants it.⁶ The graceful, loping orangutan, that contemplative, ass-scratching creature who delights zoo-goers of all ages, has been known to forcibly seize a slice of orange pussy when more persuasive methods

fail.⁷ The adorable chimpanzee, so pivotal in the careers of Michael Jackson and Ronald Reagan, has also been known to rape.⁸ So has its smaller, faggier cousin, the spider monkey.⁹

"Joy to the fishies in the deep blue sea," eh? Sure, as long as you don't get RAPED by one of them. Playful male dolphins, those super-smart sea scamps who wiggle their fins and bop beach balls around with their snouts, team together and abduct lone dolphettes for their filthy aquatic purposes.¹⁰ Jealous male leaf fish and sunfish have been known to bust into the love nests of unsuspecting mating pairs and pop their load all over the female's eggs.¹¹ In effect, the "rapist" male sunfish steals the "consensual" male sunfish's place in the sperm derby.

As is the case with rape among humans, females aren't the exclusive victims of animal-kingdom sex crimes: Male acanthocephalan worms have been observed committing homosexual rape against weaker male "punk" worms.¹²

Rape among humans also mirrors sexual aggression among our beastly brethren in that it tends to follow strong seasonal cues. A study of rape statistics in sixteen U.S. locations¹³ gives credence to the notion of a "rape season," an eight-week stretch beginning in early July and ending in early September, when crimes of sexual violence are more likely to occur than at any other time. This pattern mimics the cyclical, seasonal phenomenon of "rutting" among male mammals, when the sex drive—and the probability of using force to satisfy it—are at a peak.

It's important to note that rapists in the animal kingdom tend to be losers who have trouble snagging babes. And female animals, who can be as snooty as their human sisters, don't make the dating process any easier. The female scorpionfly, for instance, is a coldhearted little gold digger who won't give you the time of day unless you present her with a dead insect, which is her equivalent of flowers and candy. Once you've courted her with the dead bug—which will provide her with enough nutrition to produce healthy eggs—she'll fuck you. The problem for male scorpionflies is that almost two-thirds of them die in their attempts to steal dead insects from spider webs. And even if the spiders don't kill them, stronger male scorpionflies are likely to wrest the bugs away from them in the competition for females. So, instead of enduring the headaches involved in the courtship process, impatient male scorpionflies will tap that fly-girl ass by force. Sex—and, by implication, self-preservation—is his goal. Force is merely the means to achieve it.

And using force to get nooky isn't a trait exclusive to male animals. Among certain insect species, the female is measurably stronger than the male. Do these Amazonian pests back away from dominating their partners out of heightened nurturing tendencies? No—they find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em, and forget 'em, sometimes killing 'em after they've

fertilized their eggs. Black widow spiders can be real bitches, not to mention queen bees. So, at least among icky insects, it would appear that your relative physical strength determines how "male" you act, regardless of your genital configuration.

Suppose that nature, in its hermaphroditic wisdom, had chosen to bestow human women with scorpionlike tails tipped off with lethal stingers. Do you honestly believe that human broads, in their innate "goodness," would have historically refrained from using those stingers to intimidate men into personal and political submission? I don't. I think that woman-battering would have been replaced by man-stinging.

Hunt, pursuit, and capture are biologically programmed into male sexuality....In western culture there are no nonexploitative relationships. Everyone has killed in order to live....Sex is power.

—Camille Paglia

Sex and power are two testicles in the same sac.

—Jim Goad

Princess Eggy is a super-soft, noodle-limp, eight-pound orange female Persian cat with a heart of gold and a face like Edward G. Robinson's. She's missing most of her front teeth and therefore half-chews/half-sucks her food. She keeps mainly to herself as she lounges around our apartment, either playing with a ratty catnip toy or staring dreamily toward Persia.

Eggy usually bunny-hops away in terror, though, when Bjørn enters the room. Bjørn is a scabby, snarling, twenty-one-pound lump of swingin' half-Siamese flab. Bjørn tries to mount his drooping haunches atop Eggy's cotton-ball cunt, but he's unable to achieve an erection. (We paid a veterinarian to snip off his nuts.) But even though Bjørn can no longer achieve his measly, mealworm-like kitty-cat hard-on, his aggressive instincts have survived the operation intact. So instead of trying to fuck Eggy, he merely beats the hell out of her. He paws at her, chases her, corners her, throws his weight on her, and bites her neck until she screams. Overpowered, Eggy can do nothing but run, hide, and stay alert.

From my subjective standpoint, I'm morally outraged by Bjørn's behavior. How *dare* he impose his obese, inelegant, Vic Tayback self onto Eggy's sweet little Zsa Zsa tuchis? If I were Eggy, I'd attend kitty-cat candlelight vigils, uniting with other pussycats-with-pussies against the brutish ways of tomcats.

Fortunately for Bjørn, nature knows of no such thing as morality. He gets away with maiming and mauling Eggy because he's bigger than she is. It's about math, not morals.

Why doesn't Eggy assault Bjørn? Because she's less than half his size. For the same reason, five-year-old girls rarely attack grown



men. And cheerleaders don't rape football teams. And patients in traction don't rape doctors. And peasant women don't rape conquering armies. It's a thuddingly obvious matter of physical, not theoretical, power.

So if your purpose is to fight rape, you're wasting your time by laying guilt trips on rapists. Your moral outrage means nothing to a rapist. It's your pussy he's after.

And unless you're able to fight him off with physical force—not persuasive rhetoric—it's your pussy he's gonna get.

Surprise, surprise, Gomer Pyle—in all the rape cases cited in the seeming half-ton of source materials I used to research this article, the perpetrator was either physically stronger than his victim or used weapons and tactics which gave him a physical advantage. Wow! What a revelation! How unique to view rape as an act occurring between real bodies on a physical plane, instead of a concept as distant and inscrutable as Foucault's bunghole.

Apart from the fact that they have a sex drive, the main reason that rapists rape is because they're *able* to rape. An aggressor's chances of success wither significantly when his intended victim is stronger or better-armed than he is. Therefore, rapists tend to prey almost exclusively on those they perceive to be weaker than themselves. They don't rape out of cognitive hostility to the concept of weakness—weakness simply makes it easier for them to rape.

Feminists have long argued that rape is about power, with sex merely the chosen medium of expression. Invert that statement, and I think you'll be much closer to reality: Rape is about sex, with power merely the best means of achieving it.

If men raped primarily out of an urge to dominate and humiliate, don't you think they'd realize this? Among studies where convicted date rapists¹⁴ and rapists of strangers¹⁵ were asked to explain what motivated them, themes of power and dominance surfaced far less frequently than comments along the lines of, "Gosh, I was just as horny as a jack rabbit." In the rare instances where power was mentioned, it was usually described as a means to an end, the can opener which provided access to the tuna fish.

So humans are animals. And animals rape. And stronger animals rape weaker ones. That still doesn't explain why I'm not a rapist.

It's because I don't think like a rapist. Or, more precisely, because rapists seem unable to think like me.

What's most astonishing about rapists' personal testimonials is their unanimity of opinion regarding their victims: THE FUCKING BITCH ASKED FOR IT. At first, this seems like a pathetically cheesy cop-out. When you've heard it a few times, it becomes a bad joke. But after almost every rapist you study uses this line—and seems to mean it—you begin to wonder why they all feel this way.



Back in high school, I used to marvel at how all the chubby, zitty, hairy guys in polyester plaid pants felt no shame about grabbing their nuts and making smooching noises at every woman who passed. "Don't they realize how disgusting they are?" I would think to myself. "Can't they see how much they nauseate that girl?" The more I study sex offenders, the closer I come to this conclusion: No, they can't see. They can't see it at all.

My bedroom was so dark that I couldn't see anything, but I didn't need a flashlight to know that Dennis's hand had slipped down my underwear. I awoke to find him squeezing my dick as if testing it for ripeness. My eyes were wide open now, but the room was still black. I had been sleeping on the floor, the nylon carpet fibers itching my elbows and heels. And Dennis was leaning down from the bed, sampling my fresh produce. I felt pinned to the carpet by a simultaneous rush of bewilderment, embarrassment, and anger. I couldn't believe what was happening. I finally grunted like I was half-asleep and rolled over on my stomach, away from Dennis's unsolicited grip on my Love Yam.

Still dark. My heart was trying to punch its way out of my chest. *Is he still awake? Why the fuck did he do that?* I was fourteen. Dennis was fifteen. Steve—who was sleeping on the bed to the other side of Dennis—was only thirteen. We had gone to the Monsignor Bonner High School Mixer earlier that night, vainly trying to get Catholic chicks to dance with us. To be honest, we were a sorry-looking crew. I was a barely pubed-out Irish boy with a Prince Valiant 'do and a



dorky fat bow tie. Steve looked like a Sicilian's idea of Bozo the Clown. Dennis had the mildly reptilian features and soft jowls of a telethon-era Jerry Lewis. He was a *Star Trek* fan who emitted a faintly medicinal smell which in retrospect was probably dried sperm.

A mere six hours earlier I had stood at the auditorium's fringes, horny as a chinchilla for those sweaty little girls dancing to "Ballroom Blitz" and "Sufragette City." And this is the action I get? Jerry Lewis molests me? To this day, the name "Dennis" reminds me of the word "penis."

I never confronted Dennis about this. I think my spudlike male psyche was too freaked by the whole matter. But I did mention it to Steve a few days later, and he told me that Dennis had tried to yank his crank the same night. And, like me, Steve said he was too paralyzed by the experience to do anything but wriggle loose and turn over.

Steve and I began avoiding Dennis but kept going to the Catholic high-school dances. Even on cold nights, the sadistic priests kept the auditorium doors closed until the precise second the dance was scheduled to begin. So we'd wait outside and graze around on the sprawling schoolyard, our platform heels clicking on the dewy black asphalt. The guys, of course, would mill together on one end of the schoolyard, girls on the other. Steve and I would bum cigarettes from dudes with wide collars and skimpy teenaged mustaches, everyone bullshitting each other about how many girls they'd fucked.

We all stopped talking when we heard the scream. An untethered wail like you'd hear from an animal caught in a trap. It shot across the blacktop from the bushes far on the schoolyard's other end. The screams kept coming like labor contractions, each one sharper than the next. It was hard to see through the glum Philly fog, but street lights cast a few beams on a disheveled girl, wrapped in a white sweater or towel, emerging from the bushes. "SON OF A BITCH! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID THIS TO ME!" Her sobbing gasps were as wide and deep as the schoolyard. No one had to say a word. We all somehow knew instinctively that she'd been raped. First Dennis, now this. Right at the age when I was beginning to experience strong sexual urges, I was starting to realize that sex could be a very dangerous thing.

A few years later, my visibly upset next-door neighbor John paid me a visit. It seemed that Dennis, home on semester break from medical college in Ohio, had tried to touch John's dick. John was more rattled than I'd ever seen him. He wanted to kill Dennis. He ended up doing nothing.

When Dennis had graduated from high school, his class of nearly a thousand voted him "Most Likely to Succeed." The nuns, who hated me, loved him. I used to wonder what they would have thought if they knew he was grabbing every cock he could wrap his fingers around. Dennis had also worked part-time as a paramedic, providing him with access to accident-victim wee-wees throughout Philadelphia. As far as I know, he's now a physician with a private practice. *Now turn your head and cough....*

As a poor teenager trapped in the suburbs without a job or a car, I used to hitchhike my way around the faceless cement landscapes of Delaware County, Pennsylvania. And more than once, the male drivers who picked me up offered "a good time" in addition to my ride. It usually started with the driver resting his hand on my knee. Depending on my mood, I'd either smash the guy's teeth or demand to be let out of the car. During the summer before I started college, I hitched a ride with a very friendly older man. His hair was white and coarse like toothbrush bristles. His skin was even whiter, the color of wedding-cake frosting, interrupted only by clusters of blue veins. And as he was talking and smiling, he put his white, veiny hand on my knee. I was in a good mood that

afternoon, so all I did was get out of the car. When I entered college that fall, I realized he was a teacher in my journalism department. Too bad I hadn't punched him.

Now, I'm a lobsterlike bastard who takes *everything* personally, but I still don't get the lower-intestinal feeling that what Dennis and the pervy old teacher did to me were malicious acts intended to destroy my soul. In an odd way, I sensed that I wasn't even in the same place as them when the shit was going on, that my admittedly luscious dick was all that mattered. I didn't get the sense that they wanted to hurt my feelings, because I didn't think they were even aware of my feelings.

The inability—not the conscious refusal, but the literal inability—to correctly interpret signs of disinterest and resistance is a hallmark of almost all sex offenders. So when some hulking Cro-Magnon insists that his victim's desperate screams were merely a coy tactic designed to heighten his arousal, I tend to believe *that's the way he really saw it*.

And there's some scientific evidence to buttress my intuitive hunch. It's been established that the influx of testosterone and other androgens during male sexual development are positively correlated to the strength of one's sex drive. But the same hormonal factors have also been shown to *negatively* affect the degree of one's *sensitivity* to external signals such as the feelings of others or the threat of jail time.¹⁶ In a stroke of biochemical cruelty, the horniest men are also the least likely to care whether or not you're in the mood.

You don't prepare for a storm by crying about the injustices of weather. Human history is a long, spermy parade of people who couldn't keep their pants buttoned.

There are a lot of hard dicks out there just looking for a hole—maybe yours—to fill. Your morality and your theory and your loud, whiny voice won't stop them. The only thing which stops them is your ability to hit them with more force than they throw at you. So ignore that prudish Catharine MacKinnon book and take a karate class. Skip that consciousness-elevating session and buy a Glock .45 with laser sights. It's your only salvation.

Traditionally, "rape" has been defined as forcible male-to-female sexual penetration, with all other forms of sexual assault falling under the umbrella of "sex crimes." But in honor of Dennis's dick-diddling and Debbie's mild victimization at the hands of Mark "He Tried to Fuck Me" Levine, we're expanding our definition of rape in *RAPEWORLD* to include *all* forms of sexual aggression. Apart from the penile-vaginal particulars, the act is essentially the same.

A deplorable hypocrisy infects most printed accounts of rape. In fact, reporters didn't even call it "rape" until about thirty years ago, preferring to bury the act under less-sexy-sounding charges such as "assault" or "outrage." Even today, most journalists stop at the bedroom and resume only after the police have cleaned up. If you catch my sleazy drift, there's an unwritten law that you can't linger on sex or bodily fluids—or even the psychosexual passion which fueled the act. But if you know what a nice guy I am, you'll know that I won't spare you any of the hate or love or blood or sperm. I'm too honest and considerate to cheat you out of the truth. Most news hacks, though, are so bound-and-gagged by an outmoded sense of propriety that they report incidents of rape as if a robot had

observed them. Your stereotypical rape clipping reads like this:

Student Found Raped, Murdered

A college exchange student from Taiwan was found murdered Thursday evening in her dormitory room on Goadnolia Avenue in Butte, police said yesterday. Police also said they found evidence of burglary and ritualistic sexual assault.

The body of astrophysics major Yin Sung, 19, was discovered by her roommate shortly after 7 p.m., police said. Stan Sneece, 23, an unemployed truck driver from Anaconda, is being held without bail on suspicion of first-degree murder.

In the mainstream accounts, that's about as much titillation as you're likely to get. They won't tell you that Stan sliced off her left tit down to the ribs. Or about the sperm samples taken from Yin Sung's mouth, vagina, and anus. Or the bruises on her neck. Or the name "Stan," carved a quarter-inch deep into her left ass cheek. They'd have no way of knowing that, while he fucked her, Stan kept asking, "You like my white dick, bitch?" Or that she looked in Stan's eyes and cried, "Why?" Or that Stan really had no idea why.

Not all men are rapists, but most of them are dopes. Some gorilla may misinterpret your lipstick and halter top as a come-on. He may walk up behind you, wrap a hairy forearm around your neck, and drag you in back of a Burger King dumpster. He might slit your pants open with a knife and shove his ugly purplish cock so far up inside you that it squeezes the tears out of your eyes. You don't want to die just to satisfy some ugly animal's sick needs, do you? Of course you don't. So be careful out there. Or at least douche next time. ■



FOOTNOTES: 1, 2. Koss, Woodruff & Koss, "Statistics on Sexual Violence Against Women—A Criminological Study," 8/90. 3. Ellis, Lee, "A Synthesized (Biosocial) Theory of Rape," *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology*, Vol. 5, 1991, p. 631. 4. Batten, Mary, "Why Men Rape," *Science Digest*, 7/82, p. 64. 5. "Behaviour: Scorpionfly Reproduction," *The Times (London)*, 7/19/80, p. 14e. 6. Rosenthal, Elisabeth, "The Forgotten Female," *Discover*, 12/91, p. 22. 7. Batten, op. cit. 8, 9, 10. Rosenthal, op. cit. 11. Batten, op. cit. 12. Abele, L.G. and Gilchrist, S., "Homosexual rape and sexual selection in acanthocephalan worms," *Science*, 197: 81-83, 1977. 13. Herbert, W., "Rape Season: Legacy of Our Past?" *Science News*, 7/23/83, p. 53. 14. Yegidis, 1986, p. 53 (cited in Ellis). 15. Field, H.S., "Attitudes Toward Rape: A Comparative Analysis of Police, Rapists, Crisis Counselors, and Citizens," *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 1978, pp. 156-179. 16. Ellis, op. cit.