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Pornography hunting and the anxiety of control

Joel Nathan Thomas-Adams

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PORNOGRAPHY, HUNTING, AND THE ANXIETY OF CONTROL

by

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B.A., Indiana University, 1985

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for the degree of
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Ecofeminist philosophy holds that the environmental crisis is grounded in the construction of gender in Western culture and in domination as the essential model of relationships. An analysis of masculine sexuality is directly related to environmental issues and connects environmental destruction with other forms of oppression.

Pornography constructs the founding gender dualism of Western culture at the level of sex and the body. Pornography's ritual scenario of masculine agency enforcing difference, access and control against the feminine reflects the subject/object split of Western culture and positivist science and serves to ontologize women as natural objects of male force, linking women with all "others" defined as naturally subjugated to the masculine.

The pornographic scenario is the stark distillation of pervasive, socially sanctioned attitudes towards sex and gender, reflected in chronic gender inequality and sexual violence. Pornography itself is socially ubiquitous. Because pornography's function is to provide access to and control of female sexuality, the exercise of power is depicted as sexual. This force is expressed across a continuum of violence, based in objectification and leading to the portrayal of rape and murder as sexual and sex itself as harm or killing. The experience of male agency as sexual both links women in pornography to other objects of male force and consumption, such as animals, and sexualizes all other forms of domination. The conflation of women and animals as objects of male predation and consumption is common in Western literature and discourse and is a founding archetype of masculine identity in American culture.

Eroticized domination as central to masculine identity is seen in pornography to result in consumption, violence and death as fetishes of control and is linked as a fundamental mode of relation to the Western view of animals and nature.
This thesis is intended as the first chapter of an extended work-in-progress. Put simply, I hope to further the ecofeminist argument that the ongoing and seemingly irreversible devastation of the planet's resources and biodiversity is directly associated with the chronic oppression and suffering of what patriarchal, western culture deems "Others" -- women, "savages," and animals -- and that the dynamic of these concatenated oppressions is rooted, first, in gender, in the ideology of male-supremacy and masculine transcendence.1

Gender is an artifact of ideology and a crucial means of its perpetuation, socially constructed from sexual difference at the site of the body. For this reason, I have begun where patriarchy begins and remains most deeply anchored: with "sex" and what constructs sex in modern culture. In the ritual assertions of sexual difference, access and control starkly reiterated in contemporary pornography, which insists that dominance is both the primal sign and the exclusive right of masculinity, and which ontologizes the feminine as natural victim, object and resource, I see reflected and reinscribed the fundamental mythology and the central conflict of patriarchal culture: man's attempt to separate himself from, control and co-opt the forces of reproduction -- nature and the feminine -- as well as his obsessive need to reassure himself that, indeed,
his sex does set him apart, to assuage what I have called "the anxiety of control" that haunts the patriarchal mind and breaks out in the rages of sexual violence, warfare, animal slaughter and eco-cide.

The essential pornographic drama is the creation myth of male-supremacy and informs every manifestation of what Karen Warren names "the logic of domination" in western society. Having established the pornographic, gendered roots of the logic of domination in this essay, I plan in subsequent chapters to trace this connection in the areas of hunting, warfare, the destruction of indigenous cultures, and finally, man's pathological attempt to control and transcend nature itself. Where he expresses his power in domination, he feels his sex, his gender; and in order to begin to understand why western culture seems incapable of existing within its material limits and why its principle mode of interaction continues to be conquest, we must recognize the role of sex and gender in patriarchal ideology and the overlapping relationships between the originating dualism of male-female and all other dualisms that underpin the hierarchies and oppressions of our society and which keep us at war with each other, with animals, and with the living planet.

Pornography cannot be understood unless it is seen and heard on its own terms and in its own voice. The shrill redundancy of pornography is where its major assumptions,
its politics, are most clearly manifested, and yet these are most obscured by the euphemistic indirection and outright obfuscation of much academic and journalistic writing on the topic. I have attempted to give the reader a vivid sense of pornography's true nature and function through a number of extensive plot summaries and through direct quotation. After much consideration, I believe that this form of confrontation is necessary, and I take as my models and exemplars the work of Andrea Dworkin and Susan Griffin. By refusing to flinch from pornography's ugliness and stupidity, we can at last see the stark simplicity of its earnest, endlessly-repeated message; but then we must ask in good faith, where in our culture do we not see this message? If the reader is offended, let her turn her anger back to its original source, and let her act on it.

If I have done anything of value here, I dedicate it to the Japanese girl whose nightmare I describe in the opening section. I hope that by witnessing your pain, by reinscribing what was made of your life for the profit and pleasure of men, I will have made some small progress towards exposing those who say your destruction is their freedom. Your face will always haunt my life.

And to my daughter, Hania, with what hope I possess.
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Political consciousness means recognizing no sanctuaries from political reality, no aesthetic or fantastic enclaves, no islands for the play of desire.

-- Susan Kappeler

If I have difficulty distinguishing these areas from pornography, it is not because I don't think some things are worse than others, because they are, but because the same values pervade them all.

-- Catherine MacKinnon

Some find it obscene to mention the loss of six million people and the loss of one ecosystem in the same breath. I am not ignorant of the difference in magnitude, but I refuse to recognize a difference in causation.

-- Jack Turner

For above all, pornography is a ritual. It is an enacted drama which is laden with meaning, which imparts a vision of the world.

-- Susan Griffin

This is my weapon,
This is my gun.
One is for business,
One is for fun.

-- Marine Corps ditty
No one at the Kinsey Institute likes the word "pornography"; I notice that they wince whenever I use it. The massive collection of "erotica" here spills off the cramped shelves and bulges in boxes stacked in corners, waiting to be catalogued. Not only university budget cuts but a quiet epistemological crisis seems to have settled in: Freudian derepression theory and the ideology of "sexual liberation" have become baldly inappropriate concepts in the age of AIDS and incest, of escalating sexual violence against women and a burgeoning pornography industry that makes a known ten billion dollars per year. The librarian tells me that she wants to create a more definitive system of classification that would make the collection more accessible and help to clarify the Institute's purpose, "but as you can see..." she gestures, shrugging, towards the stacks. Staff is very limited over the winter break, so she turns me loose to rummage through the magazine and video collections on my own. Every day, I have wound my way through the campus grounds and quadrangles, the sober edifices of tradition and authority, and climbed the stairs, rung the buzzer, waiting to be let through two sets of locked doors to sit under the quiet hum of florescent lights and, pen in hand, flip through back issues of Hustler, Penthouse, Girls Who Crave Big Cocks and a myriad of other porn magazines available at the local convenience market or sealed in plastic on the shelves of "adult" bookstores. People carefully avert their gazes as they pass my table.
We speak, when we must, in hushed tones, very formally. We go about our tasks with studious absorption. The contrast is sometimes risible, but more often acutely unsettling, even schizophrenic -- not so different, I come to realize, than the world outside.

I have spent the day alone in a cluttered storeroom watching pornographic videos. After hours of "sex" on fast-forward, the attempts at superficial novelty fall away and a fixed tableaux emerges, a lurid, endlessly reiterated iconography of male force impinging on the female body, displayed, open to view, always available, always supine beneath the mighty phallus and its metaphors asserting difference, access, and control. By now I am used to the bleak objectification, inured to the slapping and sneering, accustomed to rape in many guises, and I watch with a strange combination of nausea, boredom and horrified fascination I have never before experienced. I put one last cassette in the machine, yawning, and turn the page of my notebook. I write down Needle Sex Slave. A predictable bondage scenario presents itself: the whips and chains and pulleys that recall slavery and torture and the everyday lives of domestic animals; the man, fully dressed in black and wearing reflector sunglasses which he never removes, his face impassive always; his leering sidekick, wearing black garters and high boots -- the Sadean woman, who inflicts pain at her master's orders and whose ancillary cruelty keeps the whip from her own back; and a female victim. A
nude woman is led to the center of the room and hurled rough to the floor, then dragged to her knees, her hands bound behind her back. She appears drugged and unsteady, and never looks up at her inquisitors. Everything is done at the man's command. He slaps her, very hard, a number of times, and immediately, bright red welts stand out on her face. He spits on her face and in her open mouth. She is crying now, her features contorted with fear and pain. He hands a metal rod with a wire-brush tip to his sidekick and they both begin to beat the woman on her back and stomach and legs. They haul her to her feet and tie her by her outstretched arms to two poles. The camera moves in very close to her genitals and buttocks while the man whips her, lifts her legs high one at a time and beats her on the vulva and on the breasts. She is covered with red welts, many going blue, and she is writhing in pain, crying out. As the man strides back and forth, picking up various crops and whips and striking viciously at the woman now sagging in her bonds, his sidekick sits by, delighted, masturbating -- make no mistake, the film says: this is sexual, this is "sex."

My heart is pounding and roaring in my ears. I have forgotten to take any notes, and I stop the machine, reeling. The same simple questions crowd in: Who is this woman? Under what circumstances did she end up in this film? Who made it? Who paid money for it, was aroused by it? What happened to her? What does it mean in relation to such
violence to sit here like this, numb and sickened, and simply watch? Why does the dark heart of pornography keep receding along a trajectory towards annihilation? I start the machine again; I will take notes this time.

She is bound face down with a thick leather strap (why always leather?) to a narrow table. Her buttocks and thighs show bruises. Slowly, casually, the man begins to stick large needles into her buttocks. Some are pushed in gradually; others are jabbed fiercely into her skin. The camera is two feet from her body, which begins to shake convulsively. Occasionally, the camera pans to the sidekick, who masturbates and shouts encouragement. This goes on and on until the woman's buttocks and the backs of her thighs are covered with needles, grotesquely framing her vulva. She is turned roughly over and tied down. He begins to shove large hatpins through the flesh of her breasts and nipples. Methodically, doggedly, he moves from breast to breast, pinching a fold of skin and piercing it with a pin. An extreme close-up shows a needle pushed directly into the center of one nipple. She seems to be alternately fainting and reviving. Her moans have gone hoarse and guttural. Her breasts are then squeezed and slapped. She is placed on her back again, her legs spread widely, bound at the ankles to a pole and pulled up high. With the camera focused directly on her exposed genitals, he begins to pull out the folds of her labia and shove needles through, over and over. He forces a large safety pin through both outer
labial lips and then yanks down hard, as though checking a padlock. She is shaking violently; her face is hidden for the rest of the film. He begins to cover her vulva, groin and thighs with needles, striking several with the back of his hand. Finally, he places a dollar bill against her buttock and jams one last needle in hard, pinning it to her body as a final degradation: she and her pain are for sale, no more or less than commodities. The scene fades. A rapid, apparently random sequence of short scenes follows: several struggling and terrified women being hung up by their wrists; a woman in stocks, gagged, being punched and slapped and struck with a leather strap on her face, breasts and stomach; another close-up sequence of needles being stuck into a woman's genitals and buttocks; and breasts bound tightly with ropes being covered with needles. Finally, the camera is focused in extreme close-up on a woman's genitals. The labial lips are pulled widely apart and the clitoris exposed. A mouth comes in from the edge of the frame and begins to lick the clitoris until it is fully erect and glistening, the hips rocking with pleasure. The mouth pulls away and the camera dwells clinically on the engorged and receptive genitals, the very locus of sexual pleasure, intensely vulnerable and exposed. Suddenly, incomprehensibly, a man's hand plunges a large needle directly into the clitoris. The screen goes blank.

I make the disturbing discovery that the more pornography I watch, the less able I am to separate its
images from the rest of culture, from what is "outside." Of course, I realize later, this is precisely what happens to everyone who watches pornography. For some reason, I begin to recall the year when I stopped eating meat, how bit by bit I came to see the full extent to which the deaths of animals, their corpses, permeated my surroundings, how everywhere I looked I saw animals suffering, saw the bodies of sentient beings converted to commodities and food. I had "known" this before, "known" it literally, through my participation in their deaths and my consumption of their lives, known it as a set of facts, even if I did not see it or feel anything in relation to it -- everywhere and nowhere. And now, the more pornography I watch, the more pornography I see. Its images echo persistently in the mass media and flash in the background of what I have been taught to perceive as art. Its premises are active in many of the lives I encounter every day. I cannot evade the conviction that pornography functions quite literally as a ritual, that in the endlessly repeated scenarios of female bodies in thrall to male power, in the humorless redundancy and deadly earnest tone of most pornography, one glimpses the primal liturgy of a belief system as central to the staid quadrangles of the university as it is to the forbidden holdings of the Kinsey Institute. What else but ritual could explain what drove me from the Institute today? And what but the world reaffirmed through this ritual could
cause my terror to grow rather than diminish on the "outside"?

The film is very recent and of Japanese origin, a popular genre of pornography in the U.S. A teenage girl, perhaps fourteen or fifteen, wearing a sort of school uniform to emphasize her youth, serves tea to a man dressed in black, his eyes concealed behind dark reflector glasses. As the opening credits roll to a background of classical music, he seizes the girl, tears her blouse open and pours sugar from the sugar bowl on her face and breasts. She is clearly terrified and cries out, weeping and pleading as he takes her in a choke hold and drags her from the table. This is not the first time this week I have had no doubt that what I am watching is "real": there is no question about her terror or her pain. Her struggling and her screams are in marked contrast to his grim impassivity, his mechanical administration of ritual force. He gouges at her genitals with the teaspoon he has been running menacingly up and down her body. Violently, he binds her hands behind her back, tying the rope tightly across her breasts. The camera emphasizes the fear and pain on her face. On her back on the floor, she is ground in the breast, crotch and face by his foot. He applies suction cups to her breasts. He smiles wanly as he hoists her upside down on a chain. Passing a pin slowly along her face, he suddenly jabs it hard into her ear. He gouges and scrapes at her crotch with the spoon. He yanks her legs roughly apart and ties them at an
agonizing angle. He brings his face up close to hers, her terror redoubled in the lenses of his glasses, the needle held between his teeth now. He pokes at her face. There is blood. Her screams go ragged and hysterical. He pounds on her vulva and stomach with a shoe. He puts her back on the floor, face down, her arms and legs tied at grotesque angles. He tears the remainder of her clothes off. The camera shows that her hands are blue from the ropes. He produces a lemon, which he shoves roughly into her anus. He shows her the blood on the lemon, and then forces it into her mouth. He follows the lemon with a paintbrush. She is hung suspended from the ceiling with astonishingly cruel invention. He beats her with a whip and with the whip handle. He jabs at her genitals with the handle; he forces it down her throat until she gags. He lights two large candles, leering as he waves them in her face. He drips hot wax on the soles of her feet, on her genitals and breasts. She is finally silent. As stately piano music plays, the camera closes in on her face, wet with crying. Her eyes are now glazed over, utterly blank. It is impossible to tell whether she is in shock, unconscious or dead, but clearly this last view of her face is the fait accompli, where the film inexorably led all along. It ends.4

But this blank, defeated face is everywhere. He builds his culture on this body, this face the proof of his power, her life beset everywhere by the fury of his failed transcendence, the ritual drama of his separation, subject-
to-cipher the trajectory of his desire. Months later, I sit bolt upright out of boredom in the midst of a hunting video, recognizing the same face, the displayed trophy of his conquest, eyes blank and dead, tongue lolling bloody, held up to the camera by the ears or horns or the scruff of the neck by the grinning hunter, a gesture repeated endlessly in pornography, on her knees, face and neck exposed, jerked back by the hair, the same vindictive, predatory smile above her. The hunters murmur, straddling their victims, their hands in the bloody fur, "Beautiful! What a beautiful animal!" their emotion, their release wrenched from the broken body, ravening up her life, until all he sees reflected in the mirror of her eyes, in her dismembered, clear-cut, made-over body, is the fetish of his triumph, his own power gazing back at him.
The fact that pain and injustice are gendered and correspond to the corporeal signs of sex is precisely what gives importance to an account of the making of sex.

-- Thomas LaQuer

A critique of pornography is to feminism what its defense is to male supremacy.

-- Catherine MacKinnon

In its conquest of nature, the mastering ego is firstly misogynist.

-- Haunani-Kay Trask

Surely the least controversial claim one can make for pornography is that it concerns itself almost exclusively with "sex." Or rather, for its liberal -- mostly male -- defenders, a peculiar special province of sex, hermetically sealed from the world of politics, power and actions: pornography is "merely fantasy" and so "makes no assertions" and transmits no "political or ideological messages"; it is therefore harmless, though somehow terribly important as a source of "Pleasure" and "Freedom" and as a sanctuary from the nightmare of contemporary feminism. Very peculiar indeed, for unlike any other topic of academic scrutiny, pornography is defined as a closed circle that does nothing save generate more pornography. Most striking and, as far as I can tell, also unprecedented in academic discourse, is the fact that the sweeping assertions of many defenses of
pornography are supported by absolutely no direct references to pornography itself.  However startling, this omission may be necessary. It is difficult to see how even the most talented sophist could reconcile the lofty discourse of Freedom and Pleasure with the actual scenarios of pornography. To do so might, in fact, reveal the true nature of the freedom being defended.

Many feminists are acutely aware of the role this freedom plays in the oppression of both women and nature, that this freedom and what Robin Morgan names the "continuum of the sexuality of violence" have their common source in that which pornography both produces and perpetuates: "sex."10 Because the "patriarchal conceptual framework" and its attendant logic and practice of domination are grounded, first, in gender, pornography is at the very core of male-supremacist ideology.11 Rather than "mere fantasy," pornography is a crucial site for the social construction and mediation of sexuality, from which, as Catherine McKinnon argues, comes the basic underpinning for every manifestation of male supremacy:

"Pornography institutionalizes the sexuality of male supremacy, which fuses the eroticization of dominance and submission with the social construction of male and female. Gender is sexual. Pornography constitutes the meaning of that sexuality....Men's power over women means that the way men see women defines who women can be. Pornography is that way."12

And further: "What pornography does goes beyond its contents: it eroticizes hierarchy, it sexualizes inequality.
It makes dominance and submission into sex."13 McKinnon arrives at what is essentially an ecofeminist perspective on the nature of power in male-supremacist culture: there are no boundaries to pornography; rather, the "logic of domination," which objectifies and consumes all that has been declared Other and which inheres in the fundamental divisions of masculine/feminine and human/animal, is pornography writ large upon the world. This critique of pornography, then, embodies the "connectivity" that, ecofeminists argue, is central to understanding not only the oppression of women, but all forms of oppression and the fact of their common source.14 An ecofeminist critique of pornography is more than a critique of power -- it is a strategy for survival.

Much of the mainstream debate on pornography reflects the contention that pornography is a separate sphere from "culture," subject to censorship and either harmful or not, as though pornography were a specific, reducible substance which, if toxic, might or might not be leaking into the body politic. Rather than asking whether express pornography "harms" women, one might more productively question how any woman could possibly avoid what Jane Caputi terms "the pornography of everyday life" and to what extent this pornographic culture constitutes the material and symbolic conditions of her existence, and why.16 If pornography enforces and prescribes a specific construction of gender relations from sexual difference, if this construction is
the fundamental basis of power or powerlessness in society, and if the very essence of masculinity is construed as the expression of power over what is powerless/feminine/Other, then the fact that the more than doubling of pornography during the past decade was accompanied by a reassertion of masculine values and a virulent backlash against feminism suggests that the vision of the world imparted by pornography is merely the stark distillation of a pervasive belief system, an entrenched politics and an accepted praxis maintaining everywhere a many-layered hold on power.

The concept of "harm" seems to assume that people come to pornography unharmed; conversely, the idea that pornography offers a beneficial or at least benign world of fantasy and pleasure appears to claim that such dreams are not played out in peoples' lives, that the pleasure of pornography is founded on the scarcity of the world. The latter is a solid, and dangerous, half-truth: The Woman-Object in pornography is perpetually available; the very medium guarantees access, and whether she smiles and loves it or screams and pleads for mercy, she is saying "yes."
The Man is always preternaturally potent, striding victoriously erect through the supine female landscape. But when a man comes to pornography, does he find compensation, or does he find confirmed and made pleasurable what he has already been taught to believe? Does a woman discover a novel realm of pleasure or the dramatization of a power she has lived with, fought against or molded her behavior to for
as long as she can remember? If sex in her world is synonymous with the exercise of male power, then she feels no scarcity; rather, she lives with an oppressive plenitude of "sex" everywhere she goes. The very language she speaks reflects the reality of this sex. Let's say she insists on noticing, on affirming the ecofeminist tenet that "everything is connected." Let's say she notices that the world of pornography "eroticizes hierarchy" and "sexualizes inequality." Let's say she lives in the world, with men. Would the fact that pornography more than doubled on the last decade describe simply the burgeoning production and distribution of a specific medium, or something more?

She might notice that the logic of domination seemed to flourish during this same decade, that hierarchy and inequality were increasingly apparent and even touted as virtues and social correctives. She might have noticed the ever-present figure of the soldier/hero and the plethora of war imagery reaffirming and recreating the exclusive masculine bond, part of, according to Susan Jeffords, "a large-scale renegotiation and regeneration of the interests, values, and projects of patriarchy now taking place in U.S. social relations." That her country leads the world in military spending and the export of weapons but falls dead last among industrial nations in spending on housing, social security and welfare. That, by decade's end, a very few had become unfathomably rich, while "most Americans are working longer hours for lower wages and considerably less
security," and the "vast majority" are "in many ways worse off" than they were in the '70s. That this very rich few, the top one percent of the population, has a net worth greater than the bottom 90 percent combined. And among these latter, hunger had grown by 50 percent since the mid-'80s, affecting from 20-40 million people, a disproportionate number of them children. That one in four children are born into poverty in the richest nation in the world, "the highest official rate of any industrial nation." That every major social index shows the worst recorded levels of child abuse, teen suicide, average earnings, health and insurance costs, children in poverty, infant mortality and the gap between rich and poor since the Second World War. That her country has the world's leading homicide rate and yet has doubled its prison population since 1980. That her country, five percent of the world's population, uses 25 percent of the world's oil and has felled more trees than any other nation since the '70s. That there exists unmistakably a "trend toward global ecocide." That she lives in "a rising culture of cruelty."

If she suspects that masculine sexual identity is the very basis for the logic of domination and that this logic tends to create feminized "Others" and to view them as "the material of subjugation," she might interpret the rise of pornographic culture and what Susan Faludi identifies as "a powerful counterassault on women's rights" during the '80s
as closely related manifestations of the anxiety of control, as part of "the violent, systematic response of phallocracy to contemporary feminism." She might notice that women, over half the world's population, make up two thirds of its illiterates, 90 percent of its refugee population and, along with their children, the overwhelming majority of war casualties. That while they produce and prepare most of the world's food, they are systematically denied protein. That they work two thirds of the world's working hours, make one tenth of the world's income and own less than one percent of the world's property. That in the U.S., they are two thirds of all poor adults. That 80 percent of working women remain in "traditional 'female' jobs," while the salaries of all working women lag as far behind those of working men as they did twenty years ago, regardless of training or education. Women represent "less than 8 percent of all federal and state judges, less than 6 percent of all law partners, and less than one half of one percent of top corporate managers." Countless studies and polls show that women are more afraid, both at home and on the streets, more resentful and less trusting of men, and more frustrated and despairing over persistent inequality and harassment than they were in the '70s, when, while feminists mounted the most significant ideological challenge to patriarchy in modern history, "Linda Lovelace," in what became the most profitable movie ever made, discovered a
clitoris in her throat and declared to her man, "I want to be your slave."37

She would undoubtedly know, could not help knowing, that the porno-queen's enraptured obeisance to the phallus is backed up by the boot and fist and revolver, that the backlash's pervasive imagery of subordination is enforced everywhere with violence, that the threat of male force is a permanent and inescapable condition of her life, her gender. She might agree with Jacqueline Lawson that a direct correlation exists "between the proliferation of bellicose images of masculinity and the rise in violent crimes against women" in the '80s (they are correlated directly in pornography).38 Naomi Wolf shows that "women's experience of violence from their lovers [sic] is epidemic,"39 part of "the spectacular rise in sexual violence against women" that Susan Faludi documents over the last decade.40 And the places she has been taught to view as sanctuaries are the most dangerous for her: her bed, her home, her job, her school. Her male relatives, her male partners, her dates, are her most likely rapists, batterers and murderers.41 As many as 88 percent of women experience sexual harassment at work.42 Over 80 percent of women on university campuses have encountered "offensive male sexual aggression on dates" -- over 30 percent of this "aggression" met the legal definition for rape, though the women involved rarely understood it or reported it as such.43 In another study, 91 percent of campus women had experienced "courtship
violence," supporting the claims of numerous social
scientists and feminists that sexual aggression on campuses
is "pervasive" and deeply ingrained.44 Overall, violence is
the leading cause of injury to women, more than auto
accidents, muggings and cancer deaths combined.45 It is,
according to Worldwatch Institute, the most common crime in
the world.46 At least one fourth and as many as one third
of women have been battered by male intimates at home.47
Wife assault constitutes one fourth of all violent crime in
the U.S., and one half of all injured women using emergency
services have been battered.48 Domestic violence shelters
saw a more than 100 percent increase in clients during the
'80s.49 Many studies comment on the "extensiveness" of this
violence. Over half of battered women are beaten while
pregnant; over a third are also raped. Battering may occur
"weekly or even 3 or 4 times a week over a period of many
years."50 And what he calls her most often before he hits
her is "whore."51 Half of all homeless women are refugees
of domestic violence.52

She would need to have survived to know this at all.
Faludi reveals that, from 1976-1984, sex related murder --
gynocide -- escalated by more than 160 percent, while
overall homicide rates declined. At least a third of those
deaths were caused by husbands and boyfriends; "The majority
of that group were murdered just after declaring their
independence...by filing for divorce and leaving home."53
In Massachusetts in 1992, 3:4 women whose murderers were
known were killed by husbands and boyfriends. The same year, more than 4000 women in the U.S. died from conjugal battery alone. Jane Caputi argues that the rise during the past twenty years of serial killing, what the F.B.I. labels "recreational" murder, is in fact the extreme manifestation of the backlash against feminism, part of "a period of intensified gynocide" which parallels in form and function the witch hunts of the 15th and 16th centuries. This form of gynocide constitutes as much as 20 percent of all murder in the U.S. Virtually all of the 5000 or so victims of serial killers each year are women; their killers are overwhelmingly male (95 percent); and their murders are commonly accompanied by rape and sexual mutilation. No one knows how many murders, especially of prostitutes, go unnoticed and uncounted each year, or how much of this murder is recorded as pornography. She might conclude that the endlessly recirculated image of the nude, spread-eagle body of a woman, the reduction of a living woman into a fixed and lifeless artifact of domination and control, bears some relation to pornography. Her own fear at seeing this connection might bring her to agree with Cameron and Frazer that sex murder is a form of "sexual terrorism" and the "logical extreme" of male-supremacy: "Death is the ultimate negation of autonomy, and the kind of death inflicted by many serial killers -- the ripped breasts and genitals, the wombs torn out -- is the ultimate violation of the female sex and body." Would it make more or less sense, then,
that "the case histories and personal testimonies of sex killers almost universally reveal not only a regular use of pornography, but also the enactment of a fantasy of making and participating in pornography itself"?59 Or that serial killers are, according to psychologists, of "above average intelligence," "reassuringly normal," even "heavily socialized"?60

But so are rapists, who haunt the more immediate foreground of her life and whose presence, too, if Susan Brownmiller and other feminists are right, functions as a "physical threat by which all men keep all women in a state of psychological intimidation."61 Rape, claims Mary Daly, "is a way of life"62 -- a way of life that Catherine McKinnon says "by conservative definition happens to almost half of all women at least once in their lives,"63 which, many studies conclude, reflects "culturally normative beliefs and images," and which keeps "a vast population of rapists at large," most of whom will never consider themselves in any way aberrant.64 During the '80s, reported rape rates rose at four times the overall crime rate, while 90 percent of rapes went unreported, the least reported felony by far.65 A woman in the U.S. is as likely to be raped as divorced or diagnosed with cancer.66 75 percent of rapes involve "people who know each other."67 About 15 percent of married women in the U.S. suffer marital rape, while at least a third of battered women are raped.68 One extensive battering study concluded that its marital rape
statistics (34 percent) "would have been higher had it not been for the fact that some of the women were sometimes so badly beaten prior to having sex that they were no longer able to resist their husbands' demands."69 While as few as 5 percent of child incest cases are reported, "over a third" of women have been molested by older males as children;70 forty percent of teen pregnancies are the result of rape by a father, brother or uncle.71 The vast majority of runaways, young prostitutes and women in the sex industry were sexually abused, often raped, as children.72 Debbie Taylor estimates that, worldwide, as many as 100 million young girls "may be being raped by adult men -- usually their fathers -- often day after day, week after week, year in, year out."73

Repeated studies chronicle a "steady increase of rapes on campus," though only 20 percent of U.S. campuses report rape statistics.74 A three year study of 32 campuses found that 15 percent of college women described "experiences that met the legal definition of forcible rape," while a number of surveys turned up numbers as high at 57 percent; very often, such inquiries find that virtually none of the women questioned had reported rapes to authorities.75 A woman in the military is 50 percent more likely to be raped than in civilian life.76 Women of color are four times more likely to be raped than the average.77 70 percent of prostitutes are raped repeatedly, an average of 8-10 times per year.78 No one knows how many of the deaths from "honor" killings
and from complications in childbirth and abortions -- the leading killer of women of childbearing age in many parts of the world 70 -- are the result of rape.

She might consider the knowledge that, in 32 states in the U.S. and in all of England, rape in marriage is legal; that fewer than ten percent of rapes and attempted rapes are even reported; that half of all reported assailants are never caught; that 7:10 prosecutions for rape end in acquittal (the highest for any crime); that over half of all rapists convicted are rearrested within three years, and weigh this against Catherine MacKinnon's observation that, in fact, "it is the woman who has not been sexually abused who deviates": only 7.8 percent of U.S. women have not been sexually assaulted or harassed; that 3:4 women in the U.S. "will be the targets of at least one violent crime during their lives"; and that 21,000 women in the U.S. suffer rape, murder or domestic assault every week, and she might conclude that the term "rapist" merely serves to distinguish the very few who are held accountable from the vast number of "normal" men who force sex on women with virtual impunity as a "way of life," for whom the sex is the force and for whom such force is customary.80 This might explain why convicted rapists are the least repentant criminals and the most likely to insist on their innocence, why they very often stubbornly assert that their victim -- despite blackened eyes and shattered teeth and broken ribs -- asked for, enjoyed and participated in her attack ("See!"
one rapist shouted to his terrified victim, "You love it! You love it!"), and why many rapists report that the act boosted their self-esteem. Perhaps it would help to explain why study after study admits to enormous difficulty distinguishing rapists from other men, that rapists are highly conventional and tend to adhere to traditional beliefs about sex roles, that most are married or in "consensual" relationships at the time of their crimes. She might concur with McKinnon that it is "basically allowed," and certainly that it is celebrated in pornography, whose contents are indistinguishable from the rapist's obsessional fantasy of force-induced pleasure, and which is used by more than 90 percent of rapists and most child-molesters "while preparing to commit an offense." And with Alan Johnson: "that sexual violence is so pervasive supports the view that the locus of violence against women rests squarely in middle of what our culture defines as 'normal' interactions between men and women."

In fact, the sex -- which so often looks like rape -- that many women claim to live with is more than corroborated by what "normal" men say they have done and would enjoy doing. Not only is there "a vast population of rapists at large," but surveys and interviews demonstrate consistently and clearly that "a large percentage of the male population has a propensity to rape" and that there exists "a sadistic component to normal male sexuality." Attitudes that were once believed to distinguish the criminal rapist from the
normal man, psychologists report, are actually "held in some degree by many men."86 One man in ten acknowledges that he has sexually abused a child. One in twelve college men surveyed said they had raped or attempted to rape (they only consistent difference between these men and their peers was the fact that they used pornography "very frequently").87 Over half of the men in a 1984 university study reported "having forced various sexual acts on their dates."88 Repeatedly, about a third of men say that they would rape a woman if they knew they would not get caught; when the term "rape" is replaced by a phrase such as "force a woman to have sex," the percentage rises to half or more.89 Coercion studies reveal that only a third of college males generally comply with a woman's first refusal of sexual advances.90 Explicit rape myth beliefs and attitudes are held by half of all college men,91 while nearly all men, in blind attitude studies, rate The "ideal" woman/wife/daughter closer to weak than to strong and view the category "career woman" negatively.92

The most salient and recurring themes in male fantasies involve coercion and force, and researchers consistently note that these repeated themes mimic "the scenarios typically found in pornography."93 A Canadian study found that a third of its subjects described regular rape fantasies and 62 percent fantasized "initiating" a young girl.94 In another survey, 70 percent of college men said they fantasized have a woman tied spread-eagle to a bed; 91
percent agreed that they "like to dominate a woman"; and 83 percent felt that "some women look like they're just asking to be raped."95 The idea that coercion is desirable and acceptable is shared by even young males. 40 percent of high school boys questioned believed it was admissible to force sex on a girl if she were "drunk or stoned."96 A U.C.L.A. study of 14-18 year olds found that over half of boys said it was "okay for a man to rape a woman if he was sexually aroused by her."97 From 1976-1986, the number of 13-14 year olds accused of rape doubled and continues to escalate.98

It may be that many males are incapable of differentiating between coercion and consent. More to the point, a good portion of males simply find force and a woman's pain more arousing than consent and a woman's pleasure. Even without "explicitly sexual content," violent films sexually stimulate a third of men in a variety of tests.99 Numerous pornography studies reveal that depictions of rape and female pain or distress cause more arousal and are more attractive to a large percentage of "normal" males than are depictions of consensual, non-aggressive sexual interactions.100 When a group of men were shown photographs of a woman tied up and in pain along with pictures of a woman unbound and in obvious pleasure, "[76 percent] of the men reported pictures depicting a distressed model in bondage to be more sexually stimulating than pictures in which the female model displayed positive
Moreover, men exposed to depictions of rape with a willing and aroused victim -- the most common scenario in pornography -- become literally incapable of seeing distress or pain, and interpret the victim's agony in a realistic portrayal of rape as "a sign of sexual excitement." If what men call "sex" arises from gender and is driven by the logic of domination, what Susan Brownmiller calls "a coercive hierarchy of the strong on top of the weak," then what in her life is not "sex"? If men have power and feel it as sex -- and men do have power -- then where does "sex" stop and "fantasy," or pornography, start?

Certainly no clear dividing line would resolve itself out of what has been named and indeed functions as the "cosmic force" in her culture, the mass-media. Naomi Wolf argues that the '70s and '80s produced a generation who "honestly believes that sex is violent and violence is sexual, so long as the violence is directed against women. If they believe that, it is not because they are psychopaths but because that representation in mainstream culture is the norm." And while pornography is anything but peripheral to "mainstream culture," the generation Wolf describes became "adult" enough to view "adult" material already believing what they found there: they had already seen it on television, in the movies, in magazines and in every available space that could be commodified and converted to advertising around them -- meaning the very symbolic
universe of their formative lives, meaning their "culture." A number of feminists have chronicled the dramatic rise during the last decade of pornographic and gynocidal imagery in the mass media, depictions, Jane Caputi claims, which have resulted in "a complete identification of mutilation, violence and murder with 'sex'...."106 This identification is most graphic and unmistakable in "slasher" films, whose burgeoning popularity from the late '70s brought the imagery of "snuff" to mainstream audiences, mostly young people. The strikingly formulaic, even ritualistic, plots of slasher films repeatedly fuse displayed female nudity and sexual arousal with stalking and killing, generally from the point of view of the male killers, who murder women with a grisly array of implements which are transparently phallic in presentation. Over and over, killing (women) is portrayed as sex and sexual situations and female nudity precipitate killing.107

But this conflation seems to drive the entire media industry. In 1982, one in twenty commercial films included acts of violence against women; within two years, one in eight did. By 1990, at least this number of Hollywood films showed rape.108 By the late '80s, 35 percent of rock music videos portrayed violence against women. Def Leppard's "Photograph," "the most popular ever on MTV," pairs the image of a switch blade springing open with the refrain, "I want to touch you," and closes with the image of a strangled woman in lingerie, bound and lashed with barbed wire.109
Faludi notes that images of "the beaten, bound or body-bagged woman became the style of late '80s fashion ads," concluding that, "in the '80s, fashion advertising often seemed to be one big woman-hunt." Increasingly, it appeared that violent pornography was setting the trends and providing the imagery for the rest of medial culture. The most popular male comedians echo the language of heavy metal, rap and pornography, referring to women as "bitches," "pussies" and "whores" and generating "humor" out of aggression and sexist scorn. At a sold-out New York concert in 1990, Andrew Dice Clay related his characteristic approach to women and sex, "So I say to the bitch, 'Lose the bra, or I'll cut ya.'" A woman in the audience recalled that she "felt like a Jew at the 1934 Nuremberg rally," clearly suggesting the function of pervasive media misogyny as propaganda. If she sees and hears this propaganda wherever she goes, could it be that Catherine MacKinnon is correct that "sexuality has become the fascism of contemporary America"? And if she feels herself trivialized, denigrated, menaced and excluded by this propaganda, then who is empowered, emboldened and entertained by it -- who believes it? Who are the fascists?

The question of belief seems to imply an alternative, the possibility of disbelieving. And here she might notice that "Americans of all ages spend more time in viewing television than in any other single waking activity," nearly five hours per day for the average adult,
practically every day, in virtually every home.113 The television stays on nearly eight hours per day in the average American household.114 As Jerry Mander points out, "Ours is the first society in history of which it can be said that life [and sex and gender] has moved inside media": "The autocratic potential — the power of the one speaking into the brains of the many — is unprecedented."115 And what is spoken there about women is unmistakable. Scores of content analyses of television programming and advertising illustrate that women in television are portrayed as "sex-objects," "adjuncts to males," and "passive conformists" who are consistently "denigrated, victimized and trivialized."116 A U.N. report charges that advertisements are the "worst offender" in television's unremitting relegation of women to "an inferior class of being."117 Americans see 21,000 such ads per year, and the industry spends 130 billion dollars each year to "telescope and exaggerate" negative feminine stereotypes.118 Jean Kilbourne claims that the major premises of ads aimed at men (who outnumber women 2:1 in the ads themselves) are "control" and "contempt for all things feminine."119 But these are the fundamental premises of masculine identity itself, the underpinnings not only of pornography but of western philosophy and religion. And if she sees this, that the very sexuality of men is constructed out of this control and contempt, that in action these are his selfhood, his culture, his pleasure
-- if, as Andrea Dworkin argues, "The major theme of pornography as a genre is male power" and "the degradation of the female is the means of achieving this power"120 -- is she not wholly justified in naming his culture, his point of view, pornographic?

Dworkin sees that "the private world of sexual dominance that men demand as their right and their freedom is the mirror image of the public world of sadism and atrocity that men consistently and self-righteously deplore. It is in the male experience of pleasure that one finds the meaning of male history."121 And she may need at last, to look to what calls itself pornography in order to find a clear and unambiguous record of that pleasure; for while the mirror images of sexual dominance and political atrocity, private sadism and public oppression may flash back and forth wherever she looks, the message is often confusing, even schizophrenic -- it refuses to name itself, to own its connections. She may find in The New York Times the horror of a 12 year old girl repeatedly raped, sodomized and tortured over a 5 hour period by three young men -- a gun held to her head, her breasts and thighs burned with a red-hot knife blade, her body stabbed again and again with an ice-pick -- and flip through the pages then to, say, an ad for Bloomingdales lingerie, where an airbrushed, "ideal" female figure is accompanied by the claim (or accusation?), "provoking with lips that say no, eyes that say yes."122 She might notice a famous model on the cover of a famous
family magazine, and a story with photos inside that emphasizes in dismembered fashion the model's spread "gorgeous gams," her breasts, her retention at 40 of "the equipment that really counts," and feel some dissonance on turning over the pages to an account of two twelve year old Vermont girls bound, raped, sodomized, strangled, stabbed, stomped on and shot by two young men, one of whom had recently discovered photos of his sister's sexual objectification and abuse by his father.123 Or she might read more thoughtful material. She might discover in Harpers, staunch defenders of "free" speech, a "feminist" apology for pornography as liberating, as a source of female pleasure and power, and she might or might not think back to those claims when, several issues later, an article on the Balkans war recounts the pervasiveness of pornography in the war zone: "'Military business,' one man said, turning his magazine so that the centerfold flopped out." And then this other "military business," perhaps the central image of the war and certainly a familiar, fixed icon of her own culture: the corpse of a woman "in a peasant skirt hiked up around her thighs" lying "spread-eagled in a pool of sticky yellow fluid."124 And she would confront these mirror images of pleasure and horror everywhere, and she would undoubtedly find herself baffled by "the male experience of pleasure" and what its relation to that horror might be -- more crucially, whom she is expected to be, allowed to become, between these mirrors, and what she might need to know to
escape them. Pornography, writes Adrienne Rich, "is relentless in its message, which is the message of the master to the slave: This is what you are; this is what I can do to you." But also, "This is what I am."125 To know his pleasure, the myth and ritual which sanction and reproduce it, she will need to go to pornography.

And she would find it everywhere. Even by its traditional definition, pornography is ubiquitous in western culture, constituting the single largest media category, more than "legitimate" film and music combined.126 There are more "adult" book and video stores in North America than there are McDonalds.127 81 percent of men in a 1988 study had used some form of pornography in the last year; 41 percent had used violent pornography.128 One third of men surveyed in 1989 had seen an X-rated film in the previous year, up from one fifth in 1980.129 Most significantly, the most recent studies indicate that nearly 90 percent of teen boys have seen pornography, and at least one third watch pornography once a month.130 Nearly half of undergraduate women report direct exposure to pornography as children.131 97 percent of college men say they find Playboy "exciting."132 Playboy and Penthouse are the top-selling magazines in Canada.133 Taken together, the circulation of Playboy and Penthouse, approximately 5.5 million copies, far exceeds that of Time. Playboy alone outsells Newsweek, U.S. News, Sports Illustrated and Cosmopolitan. Hustler is read by more people than Vogue,
Esquire, Rolling Stone or (ten times more) The Nation. 134

The industry produces 165 magazine titles monthly, as well as countless "specialty" titles and sporadic productions, and 5000 new book titles annually. More than 50 production companies turn out 2000 pornographic films yearly, which account for 10 percent of all VCR rentals and are available in nearly 70 percent of the 20,000 video outlets in the U.S. 135 100 million x-rated videos were rented in the U.S. in 1987. 136 In the mid-'80s, one in four videos rented in Sweden was pornographic. 137 Peep show booths are the most profitable segment of the industry, netting 2 billion dollars annually. A pornographic film, Deep Throat, not only brought hard-core into mainstream discourse but remains the most profitable film in history. 138 The scale of circulation and production of child pornography is unknown, but clearly quite vast: a distributor arrested in 1984 carried 200 titles and had a list of 30,000 customers. 139

The sheer scope of the industry and its exponential growth over the past fifteen years indicate that pornography is not only "mainstream" but that the other media are in direct competition with it, that pornography sets the trends for the escalating imagery of sexual violence in advertising, television and cinema. More critically, its virtually unchecked proliferation into all levels of society suggests that, for millions of people, pornography is a major point of contact with culture and provides many of the
paradigms and symbols through which they establish meaning in the world. Psychologist Alan Soble asserts "that men have found out, not only that they enjoy it, but that they need it."140 Pornography, claims Joan Hoff, "has become an attitudinally addictive way of life for millions of Americans."141 But needs and attitudes shape the nature of actions, of what people do with and to other people, how people "have" sex. A third of teen boys in a recent survey said that pornography was their "most useful source of information about sex."142 If, as Catherine MacKinnon claims, "Sex in life is no less mediated than it is in representation,"143 then the category "sex" is simply collapsing in western culture into that of "pornography":

"If pornography has not become sex to and from the male point of view, it is hard to explain why the pornography industry makes a known ten billion dollars a year by selling it as sex mostly to men; why it is used to teach sex to child prostitutes, recalcitrant wives and girlfriends and daughters, and to medical students, and to sex offenders; why it is nearly universally classified as a subdivision of 'erotic literature'; why it is protected and defended as if it were sex itself."144

And if sex for men is a transitive verb with a female object, then who, or what, are most women surviving, enduring, evading, negotiating or simply "having" sex with?

Of course, she rarely seeks out pornography; pornography besets her in a myriad forms and contexts. The fact that men inflict what they see in pornography directly upon women (and girls) has been very well established.145
But more important: "Where exactly is the world of pornography," asks Susan Kappeler, "if it is not part of this world?" To weigh and measure "harm" from pornography as a separate province is to ignore the fact that the primal scene of pornography -- the endless construction of gender out of sex, the endless reduction of the female body to an object of consumption and control, to animal, to meat -- generates the very ontology of patriarchy, literally manifest in the world, and that this mode of representation is central to and symptomatic of the modern, positivist quest for total mastery. "These discourses on sex," Foucault observes, "did not multiply apart from or against power, but in the very space and as the means of its exercise." And sex, as Thomas LaQuer points out, is the ur-difference, "the epistemic foundation for prescriptive claims about the social order." She knows that women live with chronic social and economic inequality because of sex, that women are harassed, raped, battered and killed because of sex, that the splayed, nude body of a woman is a sign of her humiliation and defeat and of his natural and inevitable power over her -- she knows this because the attitudes and actions of men tell her this, because the incessant image-stream of culture which shapes her identity and her desire tells her this. In other words, she exists and is sexual in a dense, multiple-context of gendered oppression and even terror. Any consideration of pornography must begin with this context, with the
realization that she arrives at pornography already
"harmed," or at least always already threatened with harm.
She arrives at pornography through pornography.
It is not that life and art imitate each other; in sexuality, they are each other.

-- Catherine MacKinnon

Behind the baroque of images hides the grey eminence of politics.

-- Jean Baudrillard

The politics beneath the politics was manhood.

-- Robin Morgan

It appears beyond contradiction that nature has given us the right to carry out our wishes upon all women indifferently....

-- The Marquis de Sade

What is generally regarded as the unique discourse called "pornography" is simply an extreme manifestation of a foundational cultural attitude, and the multiple cultural contexts of pornography point to the problem of representation itself. "Debates about pornography," Susan Gubar notes, "replicate debates about representation."149 When Susan Kappeler maintains that "the dispute...is finally about...whether there is anything wrong with the systematic degradation of women, the wholesale cultural objectification of women, the usurpation of women's subjectivity by the male gender," she might be referring to the Old Testament, the novels of D.H. Lawrence, the Metropolitan Museum, or pornography.150 In fact, she refers to all of these, and
more, positing that "the systematic objectification of women in the interest of the exclusive subjectification of men" unites pornography not only with mass culture but with literature and high art. The fundamental political question of the exclusive masculine subject in western culture and its central object, the female body and female experience, speaks to the very sources of masculine identity and power; and the (male) subject / (female) object split nearly universally present in both the contents and consumption of pornography repeats, as Annette Kuhn observes, the subject/object split of positivist science. Perhaps female subjectivity is the "absent referent" of western civilization. Pornography presents its images as contextless and irreducibly authentic: this is the "hard-core" of sex, the primal physical body and its natural function, male and female, untouched by social meaning, arrested in pure image and available for contemplation; this is its "meaning." The irony of this bad faith is that it is maintained only with the collusion of the spectator, whose gendered position as subject and consumer begins to indicate the real "meaning" of the image, the entrenched axis of power running from masculine sites of production to masculine sites of consumption and profoundly embedded within specific historical, social and institutional contexts. A gendered, unequal, subject/object relationship is presupposed, exists prior to viewing and is reinscribed with every act of consumption. Lynda Nead shows that the
nude female body is in pornography, as in all western art, "the subject, the form," the primary sign of "possession, power and subordination" exchanged between authors and audiences. And the "spectator function," Kappeler argues, "is not simply a democratically open choice of admission, but is structured by the very representation -- structured in terms of gender. Pornography, like much other public imaging, is constructed for male viewing...." 155

Exclusive male subjectivity in pornography must be seen as arising from and set within the context of the foundational dualism of male (mind, spirit, agency) and female (body, material-animal/passivity), and the resultant sexual dialectic of control and consumption that structures masculine relations with all Others and drives western culture; just as the objectified and fetishized female body in pornography must be viewed in its historical role as the natural, biologically ordained recipient of male force and as the very symbolic embodiment of what is sexual, carnal and animal. From Aristotle to Lacan, it is agreed that "Force is intrinsic to male sexuality and force against her does not victimize her; it actualizes her." 156 Freud and his followers codified the dogma that a woman is "designed to be attacked, and as part of her female instincts invited it," that, in essence, "nature has made men predators on women." 157 Foucault traces the process by which scientific rationalism actually intensified this view and, through the rising fields of gynecology and psychology in the 19th
century, constituted an empirical basis for claims of absolute sexual difference. This "hysterization of female bodies" reduced women to sex and sex to a "pathology" in need of "a corrective technology," a problem for science to solve.158 Much of this "problem" was, in fact, political, the response to a growing class of leisured and educated women with an increasingly organized feminist perspective. Clearly, many of the gynecologists and psychologists who chloroformed, institutionalized and surgically mutilated thousands of women during this period saw themselves as reimposing control and defending traditional gender roles.159 Pornography has its roots in this early backlash and functions as one "corrective technology" in containing and constructing female sexuality.

Freud is one of the fathers of pornography: by willfully converting the widespread rape and sexual abuse his patients had suffered at the hands of their male relatives and the resultant trauma into fantasy and inherent masochism -- by essentially deciding that "she wanted it" -- Freud not only launched his career but provided the definitive pornographic scenario for this century.160 Moreover, it has been overlooked the extent to which the "hysterical woman" of Freud's time is brought forward virtually unchanged as the pornographic woman, consigned by gender to the demands of her body, "thoroughly saturated with sexuality,"161 fundamentally masochistic and famished for phallic completion. Linda Williams documents the
origins of pornography in science, pointing out that
fetishism and voyeurism are intrinsic to both male sexuality
and "the positivist quest for the truth of visible
phenomena." The earliest application of cinema involved
studies of female hysteric and sexual difference as
"problems" of truth. Pornographic films appear very shortly
after. To fully understand the genesis of pornography,
Williams claims, one must realize "how thoroughly scientism
and prurience interpenetrate." Here, pornography,
science and technology function as "epistemic sites on the
same ontology" as expressions of male subjectivity, in their
attempts to enforce difference, and to define and control
female sexuality. At the very center, under the male
gaze, is the objectified female body. "The battleground of
patriarchy," states Haunani Kay-Trask, "is the female
body."  

In other words, the apparently benign image of a nude
female folded into the center of Playboy is intensely
problematized by its long cultural history as a mode of
representation and its crucial function within masculinist
ideology, one linked, certainly, to the more overtly violent
depictions of hard-core pornography. Given the historical
facts that androcratic cultures consistently connect male
sexual desire with objectification and violence, that this
sexuality is given a "naturalistic" basis, and that the
suppression and ridicule of "feminine" attributes is
constitutive of masculine identity formation, then one must
confront the very highly charged nature of the masculine subject role in pornography and the sheer unlikelihood of evading its historically and culturally generated power dynamic. The individual spectator/consumer inhabits a role deeply anchored in both his own sexual identity and the basal assumptions of his culture, always already constructed along anti-feminist lines. Kappeler remarks that subjectivity "as envisaged in patriarchal culture is attainable but through oppression and objectification: subject status equals supremacy over an other...." And given the equally demonstrable historical reality that the body in male-supremacist culture is experienced as other, as limitation, as what threatens control; and that cross-culturally this carnality and its danger are projected onto the female body; that the feminine is thus linked to the natural world, to animals, and seen "as a threat which demands containment" by male force; then how, we might reasonably demand, could pornography as it presently exists not perpetuate masculinist ideology?

Accordingly, a number of feminist legal scholars have argued that the public, commodified display of female bodies represents a type of collective invasion of privacy. In the context of contemporary sexual politics, Barbara Bryant contends, the experience of being "naked before the world" and the very real threat of individual invasion connected to this felt reality, "becomes a group phenomenon and a group wrong." Ann Garry suggests that, because sex in our
culture is so manifestly associated with harm to women, it remains highly unlikely that pornography could be anything but degrading. Women already exist with a much more fragile and hard-won dignity as autonomous subjects than do men. Noting that much sexual slang -- fuck, screw, take, have, bang, ball, etc. -- not only implies harm but always assumes that "the active male screws (harms) the passive female," Garry claims that men have the "self-concept of sexual agents" and so are much less likely to "assume the role of 'harmed object' in sex": "Because in our culture we connect sex with harm that men do to women [which in fact it very often is], and because we think of the female role in sex as that of harmed object, we can see that to treat a woman as a sex object is automatically to treat her as less than human."168

But the "harmed objects" represented and infinitely reproduced and recirculated in pornography are in fact (at least) doubly harmed. Unlike virtually any other medium, the sex in pornography is more than simply depicted; it is enacted; it happens to someone. Pornography, then, literally embodies the values and intentions of its representational practice. This knowledge, on the part of the viewing subject - that pornography is "real" -- is the very basis of its appeal, its power and its ritual function. Pornography shifts all responsibility onto the victim-object and rigorously delimits all sex (regardless of the "contents" of any particular film) to commodification
through the very presence of a "real" woman: by her "choice" to accept money in exchange for performing sexual acts, she is, unmistakably, a whore. Her status as such is clearly central to the freedom and pleasure men find in pornography and tends to subvert even the extremely rare depictions of free and equal sexual exchanges between male and female actors -- this becomes simply another fantasy played out on the whore's body. And her role in the production of what men demonstrably come to view as "what people do" carries profound implications for all women; her role in pornography is echoed in the world: she cannot escape her relegation to the sexual, while her "participation" as such brands her forever a whore. Pornography's defenders ignore the extent to which the actual and symbolic worlds of pornography and prostitution interpenetrate and the extent to which both function as enforced preserves for the free play of male sexuality. The astonishing levels of abuse and violence visited on prostitutes and the vast numbers of men who patronize them (particularly men with power and particularly where pornography flourishes) indicate not only the pervasive infliction of pornographic sexuality on women, but the crucial role this abuse plays in creating even more professional object-victims. "Prostitution is the foundation upon which pornography is built," writes Sarah Wynter. "Pornography is the vehicle by which men sexualize women's chattel status.... [Prostitution and pornography] are
interdependent and create a sexual ghetto that insures women's inequality. The acts are identical except that in pornography there is a permanent record of the woman's abuse. The man who masturbates alone in a peep-show booth to the reproduced image of (real) women's bodies -- mediated by his technology, purchased with his money -- represents the next step away from the direct exchange of money for access to the elided subjectivity and commodified body of a "real" woman: the total ascendancy of the male subject. Though he ventures out on occasion, perhaps, to hunt live game, to insure himself that his power is real. Soon, he dreams, they will all be trophies on the wall.

I have emphasized pornography's cultural context and the question of representation in order to pursue Karen Warren's argument that one must focus on domination as the "fundamental model of relationships" in patriarchal culture to fully understand its connected oppressions. In a context saturated with actual and symbolic modes of male domination, and, particularly, from the perspective of the lived experience of a woman in this context, both the force behind the imagery of even "soft" pornography and its relentless message become readily apparent. Moreover, pornography's censoring of feminine subjectivity and diversity and its insistence on access to and control of female sexuality, viewed broadly as forms of patriarchal domination rooted in sexual identity and difference, have clear parallels with many other manifestations of
patriarchy, from labor relations and trade agreements to the "management" of "game" animals. And while the fundamental model of relationships in pornography is all-too-obviously that of domination, and while feminists are rightly concerned with the explicit violence in pornography, it is crucial to bear in mind always that the primary force in pornography is in the unequal social relations it both mirrors and creates, in the culture of which it is symptomatic, and in the material and economic facts of its production, distribution and consumption. Most critically, in terms of the images themselves, the force is in the representation. Not only in the violence, contempt and objectification depicted, but in the writing and direction, in the lack of alternatives and the false choices, and in the manufactured consent and the constructed feminine of pornography do we find the literal expression of patriarchal force, the rage of the pornographer. And here we begin to see that, while pornography simulates dialogue on the most visceral level of sexual relations, as well as "dialogue" -- "'You like that you nasty little bitch?' 'Yes! Yes!'"173 -- it is in fact precisely the opposite of dialogue: pornography, like culture in general, is "the monologue of the male gender."174

In his attempts to maintain access to and control over the Other through the conceptualizing assaults of pornography, he moves inevitably from objectification towards violence. "Ultimately," Susan Griffin writes, "the
chauvinist mind must face a crisis in his delusion; ultimately he must be violent."175 And the contents of pornography reflect the escalating forms of his deluded monologue as it intensifies towards crisis, a pattern repeated in patriarchal relations with all others and, finally, with all of nature. Since the only mode of interaction open to the logic of domination is "conquest," Rosemary Reuther contends, patriarchy is inherently pathological and ineluctably violent: "patriarchal religion ends...with a perception of the finite cosmos itself as evil in its intractability"; what does not shape itself to the transcendent male will (and nothing fully does) is perceived as in "disobedient rebellion."176 Pornography is one response to this perceived rebellion at its very source, and it is designed to anger: the scarcity is "out there"; the women "out there" will not cooperate, are not inexhaustibly available, do not smile under the lash. And while the extremes of this anger have, rightly, been the primary focus of feminist writing on pornography, the debate over violence in pornography -- how violent is it really? Is there more or less violence now than before? -- has a tendency to exonerate what is not explicitly violent and thus to obscure the fact that violence in much pornography arises naturally out of the pervasive relegation of women to the status of biologically ordained sexual objects and the incessant degradation with which this status is enforced. The function of all pornography is to establish women as what
Mary Daly calls "the touchable caste,"177 and the defeat of her will through rape, even the annihilation of her subjectivity in murder, is not only anticipated but partially accomplished by the systematic elimination of any depiction of women which does not meet the pornographic (patriarchal) "standard," which insists, according to MacKinnon, "that to use a woman sexually does not violate her nature because it expresses her nature: it is what she is for."178

And what she is for is driven home with numbing redundancy. A typical late 80's video (the kind one actually finds in video stores and not the extremely rare films cited as representative by pornography's defenders) opens with a stereotyped "biker" pushing a nude woman to her knees on a blanket in an outdoor location. As she begins to fellate the first man, a group of six other bikers strolls up. Standing fully or partially clothed around the couple, jeering and masturbating, watching each other, they form a shifting circle around the woman, pulling her by her neck or hair from one penis to the next, pushing her mouth roughly down on each other, shaking their semi-erect penises in anticipation and occasionally drumming with their penises on her face and body. The tone is strikingly trivial and derisive, and increasingly the woman's body seems a portable object, shoved and dragged from penis to penis and subjected to manipulation at will ("Let's see if you can get two dicks in your mouth at one time, baby..."). The camera rarely
shows the woman's face or affect. At one point, the view is from above: the woman on her knees, surrounded in a tight ring by five standing men, pressing in on her with thrusting hips, fists knotted in her hair -- a stock scene in porn, and one charged with meaning, with ritual significance. A half hour or so of endless, driving fellatio to a background of taunting and joking ends with each man ejaculating on the woman's upturned face or chest. She smiles wanly. The ritual is complete.179

It is a serious mistake to assume that pornography's promise of pleasure and freedom has anything to do with "respect" or the consensual exchange of sexual affection between equal partners. On the contrary, "The central message of modern pornography," Robin West observes, "is that women want, take pleasure in, and are made better off by forced sex. Pleasure and well being, not consent and equality, are the utopian promises of pornography."180 Clearly, this problematizes the questions of violence and consent. The above film, for instance, contains no overt "violence"; the woman is portrayed as a voluntary object who takes pleasure in accommodating seven very rough and uncaring men at once (we might ask under what conditions or what threats she came to be in this field with a group of men, including the ones with the cameras, but porn is relentlessly anti-contextual). Again and again, the women in pornography find unimaginable sexual fulfillment under
conditions of domination and inequality. Again we see that this is, in fact, the pleasure, the "sex" in pornography.

Perhaps what is most disturbing about mainstream pornography is the ubiquitous "pleasure" that flourishes in an unbroken continuum of degradation and triviality, the unanimous assent to such pleasure in the total absence of any caring, trust, respect, equality or love. Behind the plenitude of pleased flesh lurks an extraordinary fatalism and a grim assertion of "natural" masculine rights. The message is that force, as the authorities of science and medicine have long contended, is "the foundation of virility," that object-status makes her real, and that this is her greatest -- and only -- consummation.181 An ad subscription for Nugget magazine shows a woman's face held back by a fist clenched in her hair. Her eyes are glazed, her hair tangled and her face covered with sweat and dirt. Blood runs from her nose. "Why fight it?" the caption demands.182 All pornography asks the same question. The comic Virgil figure who guides Justine through hell in the popular Devil in Miss Jones series (this is hell for women; clearly it is paradise for men) repeatedly answers her objections to the escalating sexual degradation she encounters -- and learns to love -- with "You better get used to it, bitch."183 Stud magazine, founded at the height of late-'70s feminism, vowed as its "creed" to protect "the rights of the American male to express himself sexually" in a world where men face "sexual rejection, feminist
propaganda and the attitude that women don't need men."
Over this declaration is a picture of a man pinning a woman
in obvious pain to the ground, twisting a set of keys out of
her hand. Above her bared buttocks he holds a red-hot
"stud" brand. He smiles vindictively, the most common smile
in pornography. The message is clear enough. As for her,
Susan Kappeler writes, "The options are strictly defined
within the one imperative that it will happen to her; 'she'
can choose an attitude."185

Not surprisingly, then, numerous content analyses
confirm what even a cursory examination of pornography
suggests: that even in so-called "non-violent" pornography,
the "fundamental model of relationships" is overwhelmingly
degradation and domination. Citing the extensive plot
summaries of porn films in the 1986 Meese Report, Robin West
points out that porn shows "everything but free and equal
sexual exchanges."186 Joan Hoff concurs that "most
pornographic representations...share one (usually unstated)
commonality: namely, female sexual subordination...."187
Researchers Ni Yang and Daniel Linz observe that every major
contemporary study of the contents of pornography indicates
that degradation and domination are pervasive.188 In a
typical, random-sample, scene-by-scene content analysis of
X-rated videos, David Duncan concludes, "Scenes coded as
containing degradation appeared in all but two videos,
supporting the view that degradation is a nearly universal
element in pornographic videos" (disturbingly, the standard
used by most formal studies defines such acts as slapping as degradation and not violence). 189

Typical pornographic titles, such as Beat the Bitch, Raped and Fucked, and Tortured! bear this claim out graphically. Rarely does a pornographic title or the cover of a pornographic film promise anything approaching mutuality or affection; rather, they emphasize danger, transgression, intrusion and domination:

Penetration: "Unbelievably violent...graphic...a double turn-on. He always hurts the one he loves. Some women deserve it"; Nazi Love Camp: "Women beaten, women tortured, and more...."; Raped on the Railway; Bridled; Rope-burn; Spank Hard; Lessons in Obedience; The Witchfinder; Trained Animal: "These girls are used, lied to and beaten...."; Cherry Buster; Brute Force; Kidnapped Virgin: "See this incredibly huge guy shove it into her until she screams!"; Split Beaver; Trap Them and Kill Them; Make Them Die Slowly; Sex Slave; Fist Humper; Wild Sex Pets; Babydoll Suck-off; Tools of Punishment; Pain: "See a small virgin taught to obey every command!"; Ravishing the Seamstress; Slave Trained to Serve; Rape of the Hitchhiker; Breaking and Entering: "When the muscular intruder sees Lyn...he violates her totally!"; Sensuous Screams; Rape Orgy; Forced to Suck; Gang Bang Orgy; Raped and Roped; Meat Beaters; Babydoll Gang Bang; Rape and Rapture; Slaves in Bondage; Destroyer Dick; Hard Time; Gang's All Here; Rambone the Destroyer: "Sexual Battery...hard-attack sex...porn with a vengeance"; Ass Attack; Fuck 'em All; Butt Ream; Black Stud; Up My Ass; Fucked Raw; If it Moves, Fuck It!; Fresh Meat; Rammed Rods; Flesh Hunter; The Virgin Rapists; Swap Bitch; Feast of Flesh; Stud; Brute Madness; Dog Wives; Seattle Gang-Bang; Needle Sex Slave; Tortured Woman; The Punishment of Anne; The Pain Down Below; Never A Tender Moment; Harlot Hater; Instrument for Killing; Pieces; Office Rape; The Sadists; Rape [many films by this title]; Jailbait; Beat Girl; Four Sadists; Intruder; The Necrophiliac; Snatched; Beat Me Daddy; The Burglar; Butcher Boy; The Captive; Her Maid Raped; Humiliation; The Masked Rape; Au Pair Rape; Punishment; Rape in the Warehouse; School Girl Rape; The Slave and Beast; All Fucked Up; The
The covers of X-rated videos are pornographic iconography at its most condensed and stark, indicating the nature and tone of the contents and attempting to arouse the buyer. There is rarely any hint of equality here, either. Most covers show stock, objectified female figures in "seductive" poses, inviting the male subject. When men are included, they are generally either fully clothed (in uniforms, business suits and other tokens of status, often carrying weapons, and in marked contrast to the nude women who cling to them) or indicated by their exaggerated, metonymic penises, standing over or penetrating the woman. An erect penis over a supine female body or, particularly, ejaculating on an upturned female face is the stock porn image. Two racks at a local "adult" video store, a total of 175 videos, included only three covers depicting a couple in a situation of equal power or mutual affection.
Accordingly, the tone in pornography is caustically derisive, impersonal and trivializing. Men in pornography are generally portrayed as hypermasculine, aggressive, exploitative and uncaring. Their role fits the "fetishized body parts and compartmental relationships" that, Robin Morgan notes, epitomize the male view of the world both in and out of pornography.192 Unlike the women, their connections to social forms of power and their autonomy are frequently emphasized. They are associated with weapons, tools, money and agency, their faces often hidden behind dark glasses. Most striking are their faces. Male porn actors are either impassive or sneering; their expressions during sex mimic either aggression or pain. This face is remarkably similar to the stock affect of the killers in slasher films and the male heroes in adventure movies and westerns. Women, on the other hand, are "cunts," with "instrumental rather than intrinsic value."193 In even the least violent pornography, Zillman and Bryant confirm, women are depicted as "socially non-discriminating, as hysterically euphoric in response to just about any sexual or pseudo-sexual situation, and eager to accommodate seemingly any and every sexual request."194 In a characteristic scene, a woman sunbathes nude while a man watches from the bushes. The camera replicates his voyeurism. Finally, he simply walks into view and approaches the woman. Barely pausing, she unzips his pants, saying, "Well, I don't know who you are..." and begins to
perform fellatio. When women are shown as dominant or aggressive, it is generally as a prelude to a power reversal which leaves them humiliated or pleading to be dominated, a very common scenario with obvious ritual significance. Regardless of how rich, powerful or dominating she first appears, her body will always overcome her pretensions; and her body wants nothing more than to be used and often hurt. One typical scene opens with an abusive prostitute humiliating her customer and forcing him to beg for sex. Within minutes, the roles are reversed and she is reduced to a panting masochist: "Hurt me with this big fat cock!" she cries, "Come on, hurt me!" The very worst crisis for women in pornography is the absence of men. A standard opening device is to show a woman or group of women alone, in extremis, masturbating and desperate for a man, "any kind of guys." Above all, she is available and infinitely pliable and willing. Over and over, the women in pornography are made to say, "You can do whatever you want." "Which role would you like Samantha to play for you?" asks a Swank layout, "...a real bitch, one who deserves to be slapped, then fucked senseless?"

What pornography censors is crucial to fully comprehending what it celebrates. In a 1991 study, Yang and Linz, while comparing the frequency of violent scenes in R and X-rated videos, provided an empirical basis for the impression many people get from a brief exposure to pornography: not only is pornography more sexually violent
(both types are very violent), but, when compared to violent, R-rated films, pornography has virtually no "prosocial" behaviors (defined as constructive, cooperative and supportive behaviors such as hugging, nurturing, generosity, self-control, etc.) which might serve to contextualize and mitigate the violence. While R-rated films depict three times as many prosocial as sexually violent scenes, X-rated videos contain twice as many sexually violent as prosocial behaviors. In other words, the genre most devoted to the representation of human sexual interaction, the very foundation of the social bond and what is generally regarded as the major source of intimacy and pleasure between adults, is the genre least likely to contain depictions of mutuality, support or caring. 199

Instead, the "sex" in pornography occurs in a context of persistent contempt for and exploitative objectification of all things feminine. A Live! centerfold proclaims, "Find 'em! Fuck 'em! Forget 'em!"200 A photo entitled "Our Suck Slave" shows a woman on her knees in chains, her head hanging in defeat, covered with splotches of ejaculate.201 The cover of Guys and Gals suggests, "Now: Humiliate your gal with forced anal sex."202 The major appeal of Hustler seems to be its vicious tone of derision for women. The Best of Hustler #2 includes photos of a woman with her breast caught and crushed in a wringer and a woman in glasses, smiling, titled, "Dumb-ass Cunt."203 Nearly every issue contains at least one similar photo or layout. The cover of
Hustler Rejects shows a nude woman sprawled face down on a pile of lemons, with the word "rejected" stamped across her buttocks. An ad for subscriptions portrays a woman shoved into a trash can and announces, "For Trash Collectors." "You should be obscene and not heard," declares the caption beneath a woman gagged and in stocks. The cartoons in all pornographic magazines are particularly marked by a tone of callous and predatory denigration.

This tone and this approach to the feminine are prior to any explicit violence, though it is clearly the context which breeds it. The goal of total submission is achieved in a matrix of degradation and contempt, which creates a distinct atmosphere of menace. Because of this, much of the sex depicted in "non-violent" pornography is not only crassly exploitative and domineering, but seems to be bristling with potential violence, and in fact the distinction between "sex" and violence can be very difficult to make, supporting MacKinnon's claim that there simply is not one. In a very stock scene, a man in business attire angrily informs his wife over the telephone that he has "an important meeting." He slams the receiver down, sneering with triumph, as the camera backs away to show a nude woman on her knees, fellating him. "A bunch of fucking suckers they are," he snarls. She smiles up at him. Later in the same film, a man enters a room with two prostitutes. Throughout the ensuing scene, his face is contorted with
what looks like rage; he insults and derides the two women incessantly while he snaps orders and drags their bodies about by the necks and by the hair, slapping and shaking them roughly. After pounding at their bodies assaultively, he ejaculates, sneering, on both upturned faces. Both women have shattering orgasms amidst this abuse, grateful and aroused to be named "bitch," "whore" and "cunt." This is "non-violent" pornography; this is "fantasy." Robert Stoller's observation that the "essential dynamic of pornography is hostility" should be more accurately worded: the essential dynamic of pornography is misogyny.

Predictably, then, an especially virulent antipathy and ridicule is reserved in pornography for feminism. When, as Hustler claims, "She exists to fulfill man's brutal sexual needs, which are asserted by seizing her and roughly taking her on the ground," then, indeed, as Hugh Hefner enjoined his staff at Playboy, "These chicks [feminists] are our natural enemy....It is time we do battle with them." Most of the plethora of rape stories and pictorials in pornography begin with a single woman who lives alone and is in college or has a career. Countless "feminists" turn up in first-person articles and stories to assure the readers of porn that all women are, at heart, masochists who crave domination. On its cover, the March, 1987 Hustler announces the "confessions of a feminist sex slave." Inside, the tough-minded narrator belittles the arguments of anti-pornography feminists and claims that her "favorite Saturday
night action" is to find herself "spread-eagled and face down on the bed...a metal-studded collar around my neck." A story in the September, 1989, issue of Hustler narrates the travails of a young man with an irritating, frigid and "liberated" girlfriend, who insists on visiting museums and discussing feminism and culture. When a black man (the racist trope is ubiquitous) enters their car at gun point, ties them up and rapes the woman, the narrator, listening, becomes aroused and takes pleasure in her fear and humiliation. Afterwards, the "liberated" woman doesn't want the police; she only wants more sex. Repeatedly, forced sex and humiliation are sufficient to overcome the superficial pretensions of feminism; repeatedly, the victim is grateful, now truly "liberated." In a 1980 editorial, Twosome informs its readers that, "After a decade of feminism women are rediscovering their primordial urges."212 Guvs and Gals concludes a "study" on feminism with the advice, "Forget about that women's lib bullshit....There's nothing a girl likes more than getting her cunt fucked by a ...stud" (the same issue includes a layout headed, "Love me? Rape me!").213 A cartoon in Swank depicts an enraged caveman, his club shattered, standing over the prone, bloody body of a woman: "There's your goddamn clitoral stimulation."214

Hustler, in particular, singles out feminist leaders for ridicule, nearly always in reductionist, biological terms. Throughout the 80's, issues frequently contained "wanted posters" of Gloria Steinam. Following The Hite
Report, Hustler's cover announces "Pictures of Shere Hite nude!" and a sarcastic editorial by the magazine's staff offers to gang rape the author. In an "article" on Against Our Wills, the narrator "recalls" his sexual relationship with Susan Brownmiller, who, he claims, is actually aroused by rape. Her book, he says, is good for one thing: masturbating. "Being about rape, it's chock full of explicit fuck scenes...." This claim not only betrays the essential viciousness of Hustler's view of women and the fact that rape in pornography is synonymous with sex -- remember, Brownmiller's book is not "fantasy" - but belies as well the device many porn magazines use of "reporting" on sex crimes and rape in a pseudo-journalistic format that is transparently prurient in intent. The author closes by promising to rape Brownmiller should he see her again. Clearly, the real meaning behind Hustler's repeated and self-righteous claims to be about love and freedom is disclosed by the magazine's unrelenting hostility towards feminism -- and, in fact, towards all women.

Women's "naturally" objectified and subordinated status is emphasized in pornography through a predictable cluster of associations and roles. Where she is not simply the stark generic object -- the nude body displayed -- the hackneyed scenarios and simplistic plot lines of the stories and pictorials in pornography function to limit and define the feminine within a context of dependency, inferiority, subjugation and, ultimately, sheer utility. This final
stage is epitomized by a layout in the April, 1991, *Hustler*, "101 Uses for Women," in which nude women are jokingly displayed as bottle openers, snack trays, rodent traps, etc. At this level of extreme objectification, the significance of pornography's obsession with minorities, children and animals as sexual objects and scapegoats begins to clarify. In pornography, MacKinnon observes, "women are made into and coupled with anything considered less than human: animals, objects, children and (yes) other women." Routinely, the "plots" in pornography, particularly the layouts in magazines, depict women as prostitutes, servants, patients, prisoners, students and children -- and finally, as inanimate objects, landscape, animals and food. These roles take their meaning in terms of social relations of power, dependence and vulnerability: a "little girl" getting "lessons"; a patient with her doctor; a captured prisoner surrounded by soldiers, police, jailers or brigands; a slave or maid with her master. An animal caged, harnessed or in the sights of the hunter's gun. The pervasiveness of prostitutes in pornography is especially striking, indicating that the fantasy is not mere access, but access under conditions of inequality and power. A businessman looks over a prostitute, who is anxious and brightens as he approves "the goods." "You're my toy, baby," he announces, "I can do what I want." A layout in *Prude* portrays a model in a school girl outfit fellating one teacher while being whipped by another. "Pirates of Pleasure," a
Hustler layout, opens with a captive woman on her knees, her face terrified and pleading. A reclining, impassive pirate, his boot raised between her legs, lifts her skirt with the point of a long sword. A group of fierce pirates stands around with knives and pistols, one holding a gun to her head. "Strip Search" depicts two young "college girls" cowering before a group of leering, dark-skinned and uniformed border guards, bristling with weapons, and the gang rape that follows (though the women, typically, are shown as increasingly compliant and aroused). Variations on these scenarios are endlessly recirculated throughout pornography.

Repeatedly, the association of women with masculine-identified roles or locations serves, in fact, to reduce the female body to the object or medium controlled and manipulated by those roles. The nude, vulnerable female body is incessantly portrayed in association with implements and materials representing masculine agency and control, metonymic and phallic in significance, such as pistols, knives, whips, ropes, chains, leather and tools. Inevitably, a woman presented as a "cowgirl" (an extremely common motif), construction worker, hunter, etc. is subjected through both language and imagery to the power she ostensibly wields. The cowgirl never ropes and brands; she is roped and branded: she is the animal the cowboy/reader, cued by the context, dominates and consumes. "See our cowgirl get poked!" invites the cover of Swank. The photos
inside show the cowboy's tools impinging upon and symbolically containing female sexuality: a sharp spur against the genitals; the handle of a whip poised above her vagina; her body surrounded by ropes and whips.222 "When I get out of line," another "cowgirl" ("Betsy: Tie Her Down") tells her reader, "he gives me a few hard wallops right across my cute little rump."223 Always the representation transfers the force to the reader or a male figure; always she becomes the object and not the possessor of that force. This pattern is particularly pronounced where weapons are involved, which is very often (the sheer numbers of knives and guns in pornography is astonishing -- and telling) and commonly functions to subvert or reverse the threat posed by a strong or "wild" woman. A Partner layout, "Jungle Jane: Bushwhacking on a Sex Safari" (another pervasive motif) depicts a "wild" woman posing with rifles and machetes. This apparent power, though, is in fact masochism, and the phallic mastery of the weapons is directed against her body during the violent anal sex she is shown to welcome: "All the while she kissed and licked the machete." The term "bushwhacking" here underscores the object of the violence and the role of the machete in cutting down "bush," a common slang term for the female genitals.224 The large blunderbuss carried by a "pirate girl" in Hustler is directed, in every photo, at her body and genitals, which are shown framed and surrounded by ropes and weapons.225 "Wild Irish Rose" tells her Penthouse audience that she
"find[s] whips beautiful...," but the mastery symbolized by
the whip belongs, in fact, to the viewing male-subject and
is directed against her. She holds a pistol just above her
genitals, the whip pulled between her legs and drawn up
tightly. The final photo shows her sprawled on her back, the
whip wound around her neck and down through her crotch; she
appears strangled and emblematic of the often unnerving
similarity between the blank, arrested expressions of
"passion" in pornography and faces frozen in death, the
glass eyes and stunned countenances of animal trophies.226

This symbolic mediation of masculine control through
tools and weapons may explain the persistence of pubic
shaving as a motif in pornography. The razor's potential
threat to the displayed and vulnerable genitals functions
not only to figuratively contain the feminine but to
infantilize it, with distinct suggestions of "harvesting"
and skinning as well.227 Wild animal skins and trophies,
which literally represent the conversion of a living Other
into commodity and which fetishize domination, are
ubiquitously associated with female bodies in all forms of
pornography. Again, the significance of this association
derives from the position of the male spectator as
possessing both. A typical Hustler layout (in the 1980
"Valentine's Issue" which, incidentally, portrays a woman on
her knees in chains on the cover), "Call of the Wild," shows
a nude woman splayed on leopard skin rugs. She is
surrounded closely by numerous skins and mounted animals. A
rifle hangs over the mantle. "She sees in wild creatures her own primitive lusts...," the caption reads, identifying her with the animals. She, too, is target and trophy, kept here in this stereotypically male room for the pleasure of its inhabitant, the reader. One of the central images in pornographic iconography is the female genitals constrained or bracketed by ropes and chains. Over and over, this image ritually invokes control, and unmistakably links its object with other objects of domination, particularly colonized and enslaved people, and animals. When sex is conflated with control, and the exercise of power is experienced sexually -- and when dependence, vulnerability and even powerlessness are thus viewed as arousing -- then children will unavoidably become sexual objects and the roles of parent, teacher, doctor, etc., sexualized. Despite the complicity of most mainstream discussions in maintaining an absolute barrier between "adult" pornography and "child" pornography, the distinction in practice appears more like a slippery slope. Pornography's apparent need to infantilize women cannot be separated from the related impulse to sexualize children on the grounds of "mere fantasy." Recalling that at least 75 percent of women in the sex industry were sexually abused or raped as girls blurs the line even further. Models portrayed as little girls, with pigtails and lollipops, even pacifiers and diapers, are commonly used on the covers of trade magazines; the image sells. Given the paucity of
supportive behaviors in pornography, it is particularly striking how often men say, "good girl." One of the most routine objects both of pictorials in general and, particularly, the stock rape scenarios in pornography, is "a young virgin." "Plenty of Popping the Cherry" promises the March, 1986 cover of Club. 231 A story in Nugget describes the "breaking in" of an "adorable little girl, needy and helpless" at the hands of her father. The accompanying photo shows a "girl" with a pacifier and diaper but with a woman's genitals. 232 "Farmer's Daughter," a Hustler layout, depicts a very young-looking "girl" in pigtails exposing a shaved vulva and nibbling a lollipop. 233 Another pictorial stages the violent assault and rape of a "girl scout" in the woods, who responds first with virginal terror and then with frenzied lust. 234 Yet another "girl scout" is left, apparently, for dead, draped face down over a rock, after being attacked and raped. 235 "I like my daddy to fuck me," a "girl" in Topper, who is depicted in various stages of incest with a much older man, assures the reader. 236

An astonishing variety of magazines and films offer graphic depictions of the exploitation of actual children. Nymphet ("For Men Who Think Young") includes layouts of teen girls entitled "Top Teens" and "Peggy Pigtails" and stories like "Nymphet Sex Slaves." School Children, a Danish magazine, has as its centerfold an 8 year old girl masturbating in mock ecstasy and includes photos of girls as young as six subjected to oral and vaginal sex. The cover
displays a girl, 7-8 years old, with her legs widely spread, smiling. Incredibly, her genitals are at the center of a superimposed target. Lolita Sex has extreme close-ups of 5-10 year old girls being penetrated by and fellating adult males, whose faces are never shown. Many of the girls are Asian. The motivation that drives this genre is grotesquely embodied in the center photo, in which a very young girl stands, her head and shoulders hung in humiliation, ejaculate running down her chest. In other words, the motivation that drives nearly all pornography. "See a small virgin taught to obey every command" runs an ad for the film Pain. Videos in the Kinsey collection show children in every pornographic scenario imaginable, including fists, coke bottles and other objects shoved up the anuses and vaginas of pre-pubescent girls. Little Girls Fuck, Too! proclaims the title of one "specialty" magazine.237

How do men become convinced that rape and violence are normative and pleasurable, that force confirms masculine self-hood, that "little girls fuck, too?" Of course, this is pornography's ceaseless message, merely repeating the misogynistic dogma of philosophers, theologians, psychologists and other male "experts" across the centuries. And like the self-serving "understanding" of the colonialist and slaveholding mentalities, the "concern" of the wildlife manager and factory farmer, his message piously insists that what he wants for her is, really, what she wants for herself, what is best for her, what nature intended. Her
ontology is shaped by his desire. "To the extent that pornography succeeds in constructing social reality," MacKinnon points out, "it becomes invisible as harm."238 And increasingly invisible as monologue, and certainly no longer "mere fantasy" -- like the Constitution or a legal text is "fantasy." Next to the bold caption, "What Women Want," a muscular man in nazi-like attire, his face rigid behind reflector sunglasses, stands over a nude woman on her knees wearing a collar and a leash. He grips the leash in one hand; with the other, he holds a large nightstick up between her legs.239

But there is more. Everywhere the pornographic woman says herself that, indeed, this is her truest wish; everywhere she emphatically agrees: she demands his force. Here, the fact of pornography as a monologue and as a projective system of masculine will is most manifest and yet least obvious. Here, force within representational practice functions to annihilate female subjectivity and yet is invisible: she keeps talking, pornography's Uncle Tom. This impersonation of the feminine, authenticated by the visceral fact of bodies, of real faces strained in orgasm and clinically rendered genitals being penetrated, is pornography's most powerful device and distortion, its symbolic mass-rape. Curiously, feminists have scarcely remarked on this aspect of pornography. Perhaps the sheer puerile transparency of the ploy to a non-believer has kept critics from confronting its significance as representation
and propaganda. In what way did the witch-hunters "believe" the confessions of phantasmagorical lust they so ruthlessly extracted from the bodies of women? The "Jew" in Weimar caricatures and the "Savage" in penny-westerns were not "believable" either, but they served the believer and censored the reality. And as I have argued, in an historical and cultural context that insists at every level on women's fundamental object-status and massively appropriates feminine subjectivity to male monologue, and where it clearly serves their interests, even intelligent men are apt to come to pornography highly credulous, if not evangelical. If he already sees pleasure and assent where there is pain and coercion, if he is convinced that she "wanted it" despite the punches and kicks it took to subdue her, then why would he doubt the affirmation of his own projected will through a living female mask?
There is always a victim, no matter how disguised; no victim, no pornography.

-- Robert Stoller, MD.

Do not all passions require victims?

-- The Marquis de Sade

Myth transforms history into nature.....Myth has the task of giving an historical intention a natural justification, and making contingency appear eternal.

-- Roland Barthes

They start to value their penises....They physically attack females....with pleasure more than anger the dominant affect.... Stories of attacks with guns and swords, with violence, danger and damage are now invented.

-- a clinical psychologist describing boys who have been "cured" of gender confusion.

A woman's voice is speaking through a swirling mist. As the few opening credits roll, she contemptuously dismisses the concept of romance and the idea that women wish to be treated with respect or tenderness, that sex involves obligation or love. As she talks, her face resolves slowly to a close-up: "Don't be afraid to be selfish in search of your own pleasures," she urges, "Use me, now!" An erect penis is immediately shoved roughly into her mouth, and she is silenced.240 "Rape Gets Me Off!" a woman announces on the cover of Torrid Loving.241 "Hurt me, please hurt me!" pleads another as she smiles out of a pictorial, which then shows the reader how.242 "Because she
loves it," explains an ad for Bondage Life, beside a photo of a woman painfully trussed up, gagged and hung from the ceiling. "You can use me. I want you to abuse me," the viewer learns from the woman who spreads her legs for him in a Pink layout. And "if you want me to do more than just lay there," explains a pouting Twosome model, "grab me by the head and force me. I'll love it." These exhortations to the reader are generally the only text in a pictorial, or are lifted out from the text and placed in bold type to the side or beneath the photos. They mimic a dialogue between the consuming gaze and its object. In layouts that follow a theme, the woman divulges to the reader her pleasure in the abuse she experiences and invites him to imitate it, very often with a challenge to his masculinity. Routinely, the woman has been gang-raped by pirates or a motorcycle gang and is looking for someone "man enough" to give her the same ecstasy. One model is depicted forlornly masturbating as she recalls her cruel lover and longs for the times "when he had me on my knees and made me act like a bitch taking her punishment from her superstud." In a typical jungle-capture scenario, "Jane" tells how she relishes her status as the abused prisoner of a wild tribe and "loves it when they gang-bang me." Back in the world, she wonders where there is a "real guy" who can provide such thrilling domination. This type of layout is not only crudely racist, a constant in pornography, but serves always to place the woman even lower
than the bestial men who degrade her. This, in turn, endorses her status as degraded object to the reader, who is being encouraged to respond with force. A nude woman, her legs spread toward the camera and her head thrown back as though unconscious, is carried off by two convicts in "Chain Bang," a Swank pictorial. In the following photos, the two convicts and a uniformed guard conduct what appears to be a violent gang-rape, while the text crows, "Give me two at a time, I crave penal servitude!" Again, the context of arousal and objectification not only puts the woman beneath the lowest social order, but shows that distinctions between men are erased in the face of their common resource and object, the feminine.

This pervasive use of the first-person voice goes beyond its function of legitimating and confirming the depictions of women in pornography and the reader's position of voyeur and consumer of those images. Coupled with the arousal of viewing (and repeatedly conditioned to masturbation) are claims about the nature of all women and cues -- even distinct provocations -- regarding future interactions with women. In a stock caveman-rape pictorial in Pub, the woman's voice claims, "I've always dreamed of being hauled off by the hair into a cave and ravished...." Addressed to the reader and in concert with the title of the pictorial, "Neanderthal:...when men were bold and took whatever they wanted," this combination of images, text and
"voice" both endorses sexual violence and challenges the reader to emulate.249 Ads for Pub subscriptions demand, "Are you man enough to snatch it?"250 And repeatedly, he is assured -- by the "voices" of women -- that the domination and force to which pornography conditions his arousal are the proof of his virility and the deepest source of their pleasure. This arrogated female subjectivity permeates the imagery and discourse of pornography and is at the heart of the rape-myth pornography so assiduously perpetuates. It is manifested in the very presence of "willing" women in scenarios of degradation and violence, in the ecstatic smiles and cries during abusive sex, and in the ceaseless female voices demanding or pleading, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" as their bodies are pounded and abused. As a black woman on her knees alternately fellates three white men who stand, expressionless, hands on hips, the soundtrack carries a woman's voice in the hysterical extremes of orgasm.251 In interview after interview, porn "stars" confirm that, yes, they live for sex, they love to be dominated. "Being good in bed is doing everything the man wants," parrots Marilyn Chambers, "You must never refuse anything...."252 "Yes" is the only word she needs, though it isn't optional. In a Hustler story, "White Slave," an independent woman alone on vacation is abducted, violently assaulted and cruelly raped by two men in a van. She is taken to a remote mansion where she is to become a "slave" in an elite prostitution ring. For her
initiation, she is staked out on the lawn at a party, spread-eagle and face down, and continuously anally raped by a long line of men throughout the night. In the midst of this "vicious fucking," realizing that she is "the cause of all that intense pleasure," she finds herself ecstatically abandoned to the joy of her new role. This is what she has been searching for: she is fulfilled at last.253 "The force is recognized as real because she demands it," Andrea Dworkin writes. "In this context, rape or battery cannot exist as violations of female will because they are expressions of female will."254 She speaks, her passion burgeons; she is silent, her will annihilated: everywhere and nowhere. And, as Kappeler has noted, "selflessness" has long been "the definition of perfect femininity."255

The grainy, flickering world of 8mm porn, circulating endlessly, token-by-token through the closed world of the peep show booth. A man follows a woman into a park. He grabs her in a choke hold and throws her roughly to the ground. A long struggle follows. While the man tears at her clothes, mauling and pinching her breasts, the camera emphasizes her terror-stricken face, her flailing limbs, her heaving pelvis. Finally, he strikes her violently and knocks her unconscious. After stripping her nude, he stands over her, one foot on either side of her prone body -- the hunter and his trophy. She wakes and the struggle continues. He rapes her, her hands pinned to the ground.
The camera scrutinizes her face, the pain and the tears there. Again he punches her unconscious. She lies splayed out, nude, defeated. He dresses and leaves. Immediately, he is shown following another woman to her home and forcing his way in. Again the protracted struggle as he ties her up, stripping and pawing her. He works with a kind of dogged persistence, never looking at her face or registering emotion. The camera alternates between close, dismembering views of her breasts and pubis and the terror and pain on her face, over and over. She screams as he enters her violently. The camera shows blood on her thighs and his hands. A blow knocks her unconscious. He stands over her. He dresses and leaves. End of film.

Two men drag a teenage girl wearing a school outfit into an empty room, where a third man waits. They throw her down hard on the concrete floor and tear her clothes off as she struggles, screaming. The three men crush in on her body for the duration of the film with withering violence, repeatedly raping her vaginally, anally and orally, their fingers gouging deeply into her cheeks and forehead. The camera rarely shows her face, though once it pans in to view the ambiguous pain/pleasure expression so common in pornography. As the film ends, her face is utterly blank and her arms hang limply. Another begins with two men in a van abducting a woman along the road. They beat her ferociously until she is unconscious. She is carried into an old garage and dumped on the floor. The men then hang
her on the wall, her arms outspread as though crucified. One man takes cash from his wallet and pays the driver, who leaves. He slaps the woman repeatedly until she wakes, groggy and pleading. Viciously, he tears her dress down the front, jerking her body about on the ropes. He rips her underclothes off, pinching and prodding her breasts cruelly. Yanking her by the hair, he lashes her face with a whip, then her stomach. Repeatedly, angrily, he attempts to kiss her, she struggles, and he flails violently with the whip at her face. He slaps her again and again, snapping her head back each time. Her legs are lifted high, so that she is suspended by her wrists, and he rapes her, each violent thrust banging her head against the stone wall. The camera shows her face contorted in agony. She is hauled down and retied, suspended from the ceiling and orally raped. He pulls her by her hair and strikes her, ramming his penis into her face. He throws her onto a mattress and rapes her with slamming force, her face wincing with pain. The film jumps, and he is shown wrapping her nakedness in an overcoat. They kiss, and incredibly, she leaves smiling back at him. He gives her a patronizing pat on the buttocks as she goes, and then throws her shoes after her, closing the door. The film flickers black.

Back into the world of mainstream porn and high production. A coke machine hums placidly in the corner of a clean, well-lighted room; the counters and racks are polished, the carpet tasteful. An avuncular man smiles and
says hello as I enter and stroll the aisles of "Fantasy For Adults" in Missoula, Montana. On the radio, Rush Limbaugh rants about "the erosion of family values," and the man at the counter chuckles and nods in agreement. He doesn't seem to mind that I am taking notes over the next hour or so. The traffic of everyday commerce drones outside in the spring sun. When I pay for my videos, the man calls me "sir" and tells me to "have a good day now." Rush has focused his diatribe on single women and working mothers, and his fatuous screed suddenly fits right in with the glossy video covers and their crude, vivid language and imagery -- cocks and cunts -- the ritual reiteration of power and difference displayed: family values. I pass a colleague on the way out who pretends he doesn't see me, his face flushing. Inside, outside. The film opens with a group of four men standing in front of a bar, bragging on their sexual exploits as three "chicks" pass by. The men hoot and whistle, and one cups his hand on a tall, blond woman's buttock. She turns and slaps him. Instantly his eyes bulge with rage and his face goes livid. "I'm gonna get you bitch!" he bellows, "Bitch! Just wait!" I think for a moment of the academic apologies for pornography I have been reading, of F.M. Christensen's impatient assertions that porn is "refreshingly truthful," that "women are sexual beings, after all; hence it is not misrepresenting so to portray them," and his proof that rape in porn is not about violation or dominance: the women often smile and orgasm,
Linda Williams tells me that pornography creates "imaginary forms of resolution," though she seems unclear as to what is resolved. I think of the woman raped in the parking lot at the university the night before, virtually under the windows of hundreds of students.

Four men run stealthily across the lawn of a university dormitory in the dark. They kick in the door of a room decorated in a collegiate manner and enter. The angry man tears the blanket from a bed where a nude woman cowers. "Where's my little prick teaser?" he snarls, "Gonna slap my face again bitch?" Throwing her back on the bed, he roughly straddles her neck and begins to beat on her face with his penis, hissing insults and threats, finally forcing himself into her mouth, sneering and yanking up harshly on her hair. The camera moves from rape to rape, showing the men's hard, set faces and the women's alternately pained and defiant expressions. The sex is slamming and malicious; but as the scene prolongs to the tempo of pounding, synthesized music and stock camera angles of sexual positions, it becomes impossible to tell visually from any other porn sex -- the exaggerated vigor of movements, the sneering faces, the "meat shots." The women begin to moan with indistinguishable pain and/or pleasure. The angry man jerks his victim's head back by the hair, saying, "You'll never slap me again." She smiles up at him. The other men trade "chicks" and the rough, driving sex goes on and on while wild male laughter plays on the soundtrack. Throughout, the
angry man's voice can be heard deriding, taunting and insulting his victim. "Fuckin' slut," he growls as he begins to violently anally rape her, "I'll fuck you like a fuckin' broad....Tease me, you little bitch." After more than thirty minutes of this, the scene culminates with each man ejaculating on the now joyous face of his victim. Leaving, the angry man grins balefully, "I told you I was gonna get you."

I think of Allan Soble's claim that "men's sexuality is driven home most dramatically in pornography." I remember the men interviewed in Stud magazine: "'I'm not about to let some cock teasing pussy tell me I ain't gonna get laid....' 'I never trust a bitch who says, "Oh, please don't!" That only means fuck me hard, baby, in my vocabulary.'" And the shelf lists for thousands of porn novels at the Kinsey Institute, how the most common of the crude subject entries by far, page after page, are "rape; homicide [sic]; humiliation theme...." I think about imaginary forms of resolution.

The centerpiece of pornography is rape. Phallic power ritually repeats the drama of enforced otherness, of access, control and difference. The male subject, his anxiety assuaged through the contained instant of supremacy, the fetishes of the prone, spread-eagled female body and the inexhaustible, vicarious phallus, whose size and energy reiterate force and difference, then turns his eyes on the outside, empowered, executor of patriarchy's laws, heroic
bearer of the phallus in the shifting, alien female world. He lives in a "continuum of rapism," grounded in porn's mythic scenes, its liturgy of rape. And, plainly, this is pornography's major function, its primary concern: to augment and simplify the images that reflect his dominion nearly everywhere in a ritual of affirmation and a prescription for action. The lives and imagery of his culture are already saturated with rape, but pornography holds out the promise of a world where male hegemony is complete, where no one is left out of the plenitude of Sadean pleasure and freedom, where no woman goes unraped. Even by an extremely conservative definition of rape, pornography contains more than twice the number of depicted rapes than R-rated films; and again, unlike R-rated films, the viewer of pornography watches in close detail as penises repeatedly penetrate vaginas during "depicted" rapes. In addition, the average duration of this sexual violence is more than four times the length of sexually violent scenes in R-rated films: it is the contents. "A breakdown by video type," conclude researchers Yang and Linz, "showed that in x-rated videos the predominant sexual theme was rape." And unlike any form of violence in any other medium, the victim in pornography often smiles, orgasms and cries for more. A man in military garb, his face painted for battle, leaps from the bushes and crouches on the chest of a nude woman sunbathing. He snarls with malice and holds a large knife against her face, angled from his crotch like a
penis. She strokes his chest and reaches down to unfasten his pants, smiling and aroused. Here, even the ritual terror that gives way to passion is missing. Is this "rape" anymore? As Naomi Wolf claims, these are sexual cues "that are no longer human [or at least female]. Nothing comparable has happened in the history of our species; it dislodges Freud." But the question of rape in pornography extends well beyond mere contents. By simply counting scenes in pornography, social scientists identify only a very small, albeit disturbing, aspect of the continuum of rapism. As I have argued, the representational practices of pornography -- the impersonated female voices, the depicted pleasure in subjugation, the grossly caricatured nature of the feminine -- can be viewed themselves as forms of rape. "Patronizing the subject position, refusing to grant subjectivity to another subject in interaction," notes Kappeler, "is the fundamental egoism and the fundamental solipsism in male culture." It also sounds a lot like rape. But pornographers go further by actually endorsing rape and sexual violence and by conflating images of female nudity (thus conditioning the arousal effected) with images and descriptions of extreme violence. This is clearly a conscious practice, modeled on the advertising concept of "flow," which blurs the contents together within or between media in order to heighten the effectiveness of the "message" intended. The September, 1989 cover of Hustler
shows the torso of a woman, her blouse unbuttoned. She holds the edges of her shirtfront, as though preparing to expose her breasts. Juxtaposed to her body, at breast height, are the titles of two articles: "Don't get mad, get vicious!" and "Gang Rape!" The titles function to direct the viewer's response to the provocation of the photo. Another cover portrays a nude woman, her face and breasts covered by a white veil. Next to her, in large, red block letters, is the word (the command?) "RAPE!" Open the cover; tear the veil. Most significantly, the frequent "articles" and first person accounts in pornography about rape and other sex-crimes not only serve to legitimize what are, in fact, merely extremely graphic, repetitious descriptions of assaults on women, but also are used to bracket the nude pictorials and thus contextualize the viewing in a discursive matrix of violence. Extremely misogynistic and violent stories about rape, from the rapist's perspective, are used in the same manner. For example, the reader of "Sex Captives: Trapped and Tortured Women" in the January, 1992, Hustler pauses in the middle to view (and masturbate over?) the centerfold pictorial before continuing the sickening chain of graphic descriptions of sexual violence and murder. An "article" in the December, 1984, Swank on the "return of snuff film," in which films such as Trap Them and Kill Them are described as "sexy" ("They mercilessly depict decapitation, rape and unending abuse upon the human body"), brackets a layout entitled "Twat Terrorists,"
commencing with a nude, terrified woman tied to a chair, her legs spread, a rope pushing deeply into her vulva, surrounded by a group of camouflaged soldiers with guns. "We detest force," reads the caption, "unless it gets you off!"

"These are not disparate segments," Jane Caputi argues, "but steps in a subliminal flow sequence." How does the viewing subject interact with the image of a woman, her legs spread invitingly towards him, her face a seductive mask, when he has turned the page to continue a narrative such as "Fuckin' cunt....Don't shoot her, man...make her suffer. Fuck the shit out of her"? In one issue of Pub, a "special report" on rape, consisting almost entirely of explicit accounts of "real" rape cases and "experts" who discuss "the girl who consciously goes out to provoke rape," is interspersed with several nude layouts, an approving first person story of rape from the rapist's point of view, and an "article," "L.A.: Rape Capitol of the World," another pseudo-journalistic device functioning as rape fantasy. The text is accompanied by half- and full-page photos: a woman in a bikini, her hands chained above her head, screaming as a man holds a burning brand to her breast; a woman on her knees with a man standing over her, pulling her head back by the hair and holding a large knife against her throat. The photos are captioned by carefully excerpted text in bold letters: "The punks pawed her and beat her. Then they took turns raping her. Then they forced the bruised, battered
girl to submit to a series of bestial sexual
depravities...." Turn the page, more nude photos.274 The August, 1981, Hustler contains an "intimate" article on "Hillside Strangler" Kenneth Bianchi, a pornography-obsessed mass-murderer who left the corpses of his victims nude and spread-eagled, and something of a folk hero in Hustler. Bianchi is lavishly quoted: "When you fuck a broad man, you take full charge....You gotta treat 'em rough....It wasn't fuckin' wrong. Why is it wrong to get rid of some fuckin' cunts?" The article brackets a stock outlaw-ravishes-innocent woman layout, which moves from menacing assault to mutual pleasure. Almost unbelievably, the outlaw, dressed in black and carrying a rifle, is clearly intended to resemble Bianchi, whose large photo accompanies the article. The article resumes immediately following the pictorial.275 And what sort of "flow," one might ask, is indicated by one of the most frequent comparisons made by the rapist-narrators in porn fiction: one such hero describes breaking in the door of a motel room and approaching his nude, terrified victim as "like slipping into a porno movie from the theater seat."276

Within this context of subtle and overt endorsement and the blurring of fantasy with the real, rape in pornography flourishes. This ritualistic, conceptualizing assault on the feminine not only functions to validate male force as sex and to affirm male control of and access to women's sexuality; it insists on the fundamental, masochistic
carnality of all women. Because the very foundational difference of masculine/feminine arises from this displacement of carnality onto women and the arrogation of agency to men, rape in pornography dramatizes this difference at the level of biology by extracting confessions of women's latent masochism through phallic force. Foucault views this "extortion of the sexual confession" as central to the extension of power, via science, medicine and technology, into human sexuality as a mode of control. Over and over, pornography "proves" that women, despite all appearances, require force by their very nature as sexual beings. More than any other aspect of pornography, mere description simply cannot communicate the ubiquity and power of this rape myth. And while critics have identified its virtual omnipresence and discussed the implications, it may be impossible to fully comprehend the form this repeated scenario takes as belief, as an aspect of identity, within the mind of a man, already prone to believing it, who immerses himself in its vivid redundancy over thousands and thousands of pages, hours and hours of video, year after year. The myth grows vital and blots out alternatives, like all religion, in a context of persistent reiteration increasingly internalized as belief. And the larger culture supports it. The belief verified in an endless stream of ecstatically heaving bodies and orgasmic cries is more real than the world outside: porn's proof comes after force is applied and always confirms it; outside, the vexing
difference awaits trial, and there is simply no way to know for certain until he draws back his fist and finds out. Next to yet another photo of a nude woman in a collar on her knees, a whip drawn across her breasts, her head pulled painfully back, a Stag caption explains, "Tracy doesn't get into sucking cock unless she's first tied up and whipped raw." 278

A man approaches the lighted window of a house at night. A woman in an unfastened robe sees him peering in and backs away from the window, screaming in terror. He crashes through the glass and approaches as she falls, then scrambles up the stairs, hysterical with fear. As he pulls at her clothing, the man's face is utterly deadpan behind reflector glasses, which, despite the film's frail attempt to parody the cyborg character in Terminator, is in fact perfectly in line with other male actors in pornography. The plot device actually crudely underscores the rape-myth scenario. Time and again the cyborg-stud crashes through doors and windows, announcing in a monotone to terrified victims, "You will like this. I'm here to penetrate you. Lay down." Repeatedly, grabbed by the hair, shoved to the floor and raped, his victims do, indeed, "like this." Each scene in the film woodenly repeats the trajectory of violent intrusion and terror, rape and mounting pleasure, until new heights of orgasmic frenzy are reached. Each shows in close-up female faces transforming from fear and pain through ambiguous pain/pleasure to pure ecstasy. At one point, a
woman declines her boyfriend's offer to rescue her. "I like this," she pants. He shrugs, and joins in with the rapist, fraternity overriding superficial differences once again.279

In the story "Snatched" a woman runs in terror from three men lurking outside her apartment. Caught, tied up, beaten and orally raped in the back of a car amidst threats and verbal abuse, she is dragged into a room and roughly tied, spread-eagle, to a bed. Her vulnerability and fear are repeatedly emphasized, as is the sadistic violence of the rape that follows. At last, the true woman is revealed: "'Go ahead,' Shannon gasped, 'Fuck me! Rape me!'"280 "The Rapists" depicts two men ("Ed and I are just filling a need") who assault a "single girl" alone in her apartment. "You women enjoy it more when its forced on you," one rapist explains. After drawn out humiliation and threats, one man rapes her, running his knife blade across her stomach and breasts throughout. "Despite her terror," the narrator reveals, "Jay's expert love-making was causing her to be aroused." She has the first real orgasm of her life.281 The narrator of "The Gang Bang" describes his reluctance to take part in the vicious rape of a woman alone on the beach. His two friends rape the woman with such ferocity that she passes out, and then taunt him to join in, "fore she dies on ya." The next night, the three men wait for the same woman in an alley. As a second attack begins, the narrator, still troubled, offers to intervene. The woman declines caustically and derides his chivalry -- she enjoys being
beaten and raped into unconsciousness: a little pornographic fable about moral compunction.  Justine," the frigid heroine of The Devil in Miss Jones, is led by her guide into a room resembling a torture chamber. Placed on her back by a group of "inquisitors" wearing black robes and cowls, whose faces are not shown, she is subjected to a frenzied gang rape. The five men shove at her body from all sides, pounding at every orifice and ejaculating repeatedly on her prone face. Her guide stands by, leering, "Fuck that bitch." The prolonged abuse transforms her terror to exaggerated lust. "Even though it hurt," she purrs afterward, "it felt good." This scene is profoundly disturbing in that it not only graphically upholds the rape myth, but eroticizes a setting and an historical period associated with the rape, torture and death of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of women accused of witchcraft. It openly links large-scale political terror and gynocide with rape, and both with sexual pleasure.

This redemption offered by rape is always ambiguous and shadowed by a greater menace. Imagery and text are often contradictory, reflecting the simultaneous obsession of the pornographic mind with uncovering female carnality -- extracting her confession of masochistic pleasure under male force -- and with controlling, containing and punishing that carnality. A Topper story and pictorial, "Roped and Raped," repeats the stock scenario of a dangerous man following a frightened but aroused woman to her home. The photo over the
story title depicts a fully clothed man standing over a nude woman, tied spread-eagle to a bed. He holds a gun in her terrified, pleading face. After the attack, the text reports, "She wasn't angry with him for raping her. In fact, she invited him to do it again...which is what they do." The accompanying photos, however, all emphasize her struggling, fear and pain, and the violence of the attack. In "The Revenge of the Prisoners," a Hustler pictorial, a female "guard" is assaulted by seven prisoners in a jail cell. The opening photo shows the men tearing at her hair and ripping her clothes from her body. Her face is horrified, but as the gang-rape proceeds, her expression changes to obvious pleasure. But the last, unsettling photo portrays her alone, in the foreground and center of the darkened cell, in a shaft of light. She is slumped nude, her face buried in her arm, her legs spread toward the camera (and viewer). Her tangled clothes lie around her. Her position and the harsh light on her skin and exposed genitals emphasize her abject humiliation and vulnerability. The men stand in the background, looking away through the bars, while one man leans against a nearby wall, jeering down at her. She is discarded and contemptible, and her forced pleasure only proves her degraded status.

The ostensible concern for women's pleasure in pornography is in fact an obsession with her shame; her pleasure is her shame, and her rapture provoked by male force only confirms her bestial nature. As Susan Griffin
has seen, much of the pornographer's escalating rage is
directed at an aspect of himself, denied and projected onto
the feminine body, the pathology of his infantile crisis
with his mother's body and the subsequent desire to
transcend constraining, feminine nature. His obsession with
control must always fail: "This self which the pornographer
hates must return to haunt him even through the very
metaphors of denial and projection." 286 And thus the rage
of so much pornography, though often a calculated,
mechanical rage, a rage directed at the female body, an
incessant ritual punishment. For as Robin Morgan argues,
the thwarted desire for transcendence leads inevitably to
vengeance against that which is perceived as limiting or
obstructing the male ego, and the archetypal masculine
roles, the hero, the warrior, the terrorist, the hunter --
and the pornographer -- share this pattern. 287 And while
this vengeance is, ultimately, directed at himself, the
Other will suffer first. Griffin, at times, focuses so
closely on the woman-object in pornography as a reification
of one side of the split masculine self that she obscures
the fact of his living victims, the real bodies onto which
he projects his madness. Moreover, this deep psychic drama
ritualized in pornography also functions, more simply and
directly, as a form of terrorism in the world. Like all
terrorism, pornography's endless portrayal of women orgasmic
in response to degradation and violence functions as a
deadly paradox: he tells her with a pervasive and
bewildering authority that she is not what she knows herself to be -- and then he condemns her for it.

And the anxiety of control grows pathological and frenzied. Despite his rigorous enforcement of difference, his technological panoply of fixed images and fetishes of containment -- his trophy rooms -- his power rampant everywhere, he can never be certain of his dominion; the Other has a voice and eludes his grasp. Again and again, he must return to his fetishes for reassurance. Here, what is most frightening about pornography is seen as its most profound ritual function: the violence and anger permeating pornographic imagery and discourse are ritual protests against the real, a liturgy of antagonistic denial which can only end in destruction. This is not about pleasure; it is about terror. In a typical Hustler story, "An Affair of Very Little Importance," the narrator describes his response to a woman he meets in a bar. Feeling little desire for her, he attempts instead to humiliate her. "Suddenly I rammed her, 4 or 5 times, brutally. Her head rocked....I blasted in and out, in and out. I ripped her...." But, to his disgust, she returns for more, and he grows increasingly violent. 
"...there was nothing she could do, the cunt. She was mine. I was the conquering army, I was the rapist, I was dominance, I was death."Repeatedly, she returns for more abuse while his contempt grows frenzied ("...slammed and slammed...I ripped and ripped").288 Characteristically, the violent male begins to seem the victim, desperately unable
to contain bestial, female lust. A cruel rapist in a Gent story ("'I'll do anything you say.' 'As if you had a choice. Spread your legs, bitch!'") finds his victim, despite his repeated blows and death threats, growing more and more aroused. She responds deliriously to his answering violence. When he shoves his gun in her face, "she grabbed it and began sucking the barrel." When the rapist returns the next night, two policemen catch him looking in the window. But when he points out the woman inside, they join him in breaking in and assaulting her. (Again, male differences are erased with the prospect of enforcing sexual difference and hostility.) "Kneel, bitch!" they command, slapping her and beating her with a lead pipe. After tying the woman up, the three men sadistically and repeatedly gang rape and sodomize her. The story ends with the men exhausted and prostrate on the floor, while the bound, beaten woman ecstatically demands more.289 His violence begins to seem almost righteous, a form of self-protection against the devouring, insatiable feminine. "Dave," in "The Beast Within," viciously assaults his "classy" date outside her apartment, only to find her aroused. "Well, how d'you like that....Little whore digs being smacked around, huh?" His increasingly fierce attack fails to control her. As he bellows, "Shut up bitch! I told you to shut up!" and punches her again and again, she reaches a shrieking, violent orgasm, "howling" with pleasure. Then, as Dave continues to
pound her, she transforms into a snarling she-wolf, castrating and eating her "victim.290"

The full extent of this "ordeal of cruelty and suffering" which arises inevitably out of the denial and division of the masculine psyche is perhaps best exemplified in the contents of pornographic novels.291 Here, the bizarre combination of tedious, mechanical repetition and nauseating hatred and violence, often filling hundreds of pages, most clearly reveals its ritual function and its pathology. Masculine force ceaselessly hammers at the female body, attempting to contain and punish the carnality lurking there, maintaining the external projection of his own "feminine" side in a tense, uncertain dualism. Contract, a typical pulp novel, opens with "Wally" musing on his problems. Unable to get an erection with his girlfriend, "He'd beaten her until she was black and blue and bleeding all over. Then he walked out on her." Now, Wally is in a dingy room with Linda, the virginal rich girl he has contracted to kidnap and kill. But the anticipation of murdering this "Grade A meat" and the fact of having her "completely in his power" gives Wally an erection at last. "The thought of making this proud little bitch beg...thrilled Wally." Amidst incessant and caustic verbal abuse and threats, as well as unending slaps and punches, Wally sadistically rapes the girl, urinating on her afterward and forcing her to lick "the blood from her torn and ravaged vagina" from his penis. Despite her agony and
terror, though, Linda begins to experience a "tingling, pleasant, exciting feeling" under Wally's abuse. He returns and orally rapes her, repeatedly punching at her crotch when she hesitates. He rapes her again. As he then anally rapes her, the text dwells on the girl's excruciating pain: "'Oh, god!...You're killing me! Aaaaaagggghhhhhhh! Please don't!'...Wally's penis felt like it was tearing her in half." But the violence has its effect, and within minutes the virgin is a whore: "Linda became an animal...screaming obscenities she'd never used before. 'Fuck me!...Harder, give it to me harder!'"

Over and over the scenario repeats and escalates. Linda grows more and more abjectly masochistic and frenzied in her lust, while Wally, disgusted that she is now "acting like a pig," visits greater and more severe violence her. Each time the pain escalates; each time "pain gave way to pleasure for Linda...under his ferocious attack...." At last, his own sadistic resources exhausted, Wally brings a hulking, racist caricature of a black man to the room. "The filthy beast will kill me with that!" Linda screams. But of course, there is a filthier beast in the room. The repeated oral, anal and vaginal rapes that both men now inflict are described in terms of ripping, tearing, splitting and bleeding. Now each attack leaves Linda unconscious. More assaults follow, until she is on the verge of death, still orgasmic. On the last few pages, Wally is captured. Linda is rescued. The book ends with a
detailed list of her extensive injuries. Recall that there are 5000 "adult" book titles published annually, and consider that, in the decade following the publication of Contract, the average number of rapes depicted in porn novels doubled. What kind of "imaginary resolution" is the reader -- to whom this material is erotic, remember -- seeking? Does the inevitable direction of his desire not grow increasingly clear?

In response to feminism's challenge to foundational differences, writes Richard Miller, "Violent pornography provides surrogate victims whose sacrifice restores a clear differentiation of sex roles and a patriarchal ordering of male-female relations." Though certainly an accurate assessment of one ritual function of pornography, this is both too simple and too abstract. A surrogate is a substitute; she serves to keep others from the same fate. But the fate of pornography's victims defines the essential nature of all women in the chauvinist mind and constructs a sexuality around that definition. So, clearly, nothing is restored, save perhaps the deluded assurance of men that shapes their behavior in the world. Rather, pornography constructs a gendered world view and a set of responses that places the chauvinist mind in direct antagonistic relation to all women and all Others. Pornography provides both temporary assurance and marching orders; it is the liturgy of a holy war. Mary Daly has argued that, by its very nature, patriarchy is in a state of "perpetual war," in
which "all invasions, occupations destructions of 'enemy territory' are elaborations upon the theme of rape/gynocide." And the escalating frenzy of his assaults on the feminine in pornography begins to resemble the violent paranoia of the colonist, the successive deployments of troops and weapons, the cancerous spread of subdivisions and strip-malls, the methodical extirpation of forests, the vast mechanical torture of tens of millions of animals in his farms and laboratories: nothing will obstruct his desire for transcendence; nothing will limit his freedom; no amount of relation or sameness will convince him that he is not master of this world. As Robin Morgan argues, "The violation of an individual woman is the metaphor for man's forcing himself on whole nations (rape as the crux of war), on non-human creatures (rape as the lust behind hunting and related carnage), and on the planet itself...." In their enforced male-defined status as maintained others, women, natives, animals and nature itself keep his identity alive in opposition. On their lives he hones his freedom; from their subjugation and suffering, he knows he is alive.

And thus the meaning of the "love" and "freedom" and "pleasure" he defines and defends in his pornography is seen clearly as the transcendental freedom of the libertine in a world of objects, through which he experiences and enlarges himself. They are the ultimate patriarchal reversals, for they define tyranny and terror for everything beneath him on
the hierarchy. What at first appears chronically contradictory in pornography is, within the chauvinist mind, perfectly consistent. Like "sex," the word "love" collapses into exclusive subjectivity and into violence. "Bound, gagged and spread for love," declares the cover of Nugget.297 Hustler's 1981 Valentine's Day issue carries a layout entitled "Dream Lover." A partially dressed woman sleeps on a couch, dreaming, while "her" fantasy approaches from behind: a man in black leather wearing a mask. In the second photo, she is sitting up, her legs spread toward the reader (a repeated orientation in porn that builds the male gaze and the reader's arousal into the scene of abuse or consumption); her head and hair are in blurred motion, struck back by a violent blow from the man's clenched fist. He leans over her, grimacing with the effort of striking her. She is then raped from behind, her face crushed into the arm of the couch with his hand, and dragged into the bathroom by her hair. The last photo, a full page close-up, shows her shocked face, running with water, being yanked up from the toilet bowl by her hair. The text reads, "...he forces her into total submission. Even in sleep, she senses the erotic nature of the humiliation to which he subjects her. The dream lover forces her to confront the primitive violence long suppressed in civilized men." Whose love? Whose dream?

George Steiner speculated in 1974 that the "total freedom" of the male erotic imagination could lead to the
"total freedom of the sadist." As MacKinnon and others have maintained, the sadistic has become the erotic. The pornographer "loves" women as the hunter loves animals, strictly according to their status as assimilated to his freedom, as to-be-subdued; just as he hates what is off-limits, what defines itself outside of his desire. And like the hunter, the pornographer makes no secret of the fact that his freedom and pleasure are founded upon the violent intrusion on less powerful, feminine others. This "freedom" is at the heart of the assaultive nature of so much pornography. A typical Larry Flynt editorial holds forth on Hustler's commitment to "freedom" and to "life, love and pleasure." In the same issue, a "vampire" attacks a "little girl" asleep with her doll (the "girl" is in fact a nude woman). Photos depicting the man between the woman's legs, biting her bleeding neck as she struggles in terror, graphically portray the continuum of sex, violence, consumption and death in the male-supremacist mind. "The merciless attack of claw-like hands tears deeply into her tender young flesh....The girl lies unfolded and unprotected," the text reads. That he has "ruthlessly taken her body" defines the freedom and pleasure of the pornographer. The first French edition of Hustler in 1984 shows on its cover a woman's torso, her wet tee-shirt torn to reveal her breasts. She is being seized from behind. A male hand crushes one breast, the fingers digging deeply into the flesh, while a large knife clutched in the
other hand rips the shirt away over her second breast, the edge against her nipple, the point at her throat. A "beautiful publication...," croons the parent magazine.

A muscular man stands between the spread legs of a nude, supine woman, shoving a jackhammer into her genitals. "At last: A simple cure for frigidity!" reads the caption.

Over the title "Biting Satire," a close-up photo shows a woman's breast, the nipple hanging by a shred of flesh, blood running from the wound: the freedom of the sadist.
Look at the doe of the fallow deer as she turns back her eyes in apprehension. What does she ask for? Some unutterable thrill in her waits with unbearable acuteness for the leap of the mottled leopard. Not of the conjunction of the hart is she consummated, but of the exquisite laceration of fear, as the leopard springs upon her loins, and his claws strike in, and he dips his mouth in her. This is the white-hot pitch of her helpless desire.

-- D.H. Lawrence

The primary part of the female in courtship is the playful, yet serious, assumption of the role of the hunted animal who lures on the pursuer, not with the object of escaping, but with the object of finally being caught.

-- Havelock Ellis

Before any particular hunter pursues them they feel themselves to be possible prey, and they model their whole existence in terms of this condition. Thus they automatically convert any normal man who comes upon them into a hunter.

-- Ortega Y Gasset

Three women, their hair in pigtails and ribbons and dressed as little girls, are having sex in various positions with a dog in a grassy place between a farmhouse and a barn. One woman fellates the dog while the other two hold it down. The film is roughly shot and jumps from scene to scene with no attempt at continuity or transition -- the message is simpler than that. The camera shows an extreme close-up of a pony entering a woman on all fours under him. A man walks up on a woman attempting to arouse a bull. Angrily, he drags her into the bushes and rapes her. Another man "rapes"
a cow. The camera alternates between shots of the two men vigorously thrusting against the two female bodies. A woman is spurned by one of the men. She approaches a dog seductively. The camera shows alternating close-up shots in quick succession of the woman fellating the dog and a woman fellating a man. A pony is shown entering a woman from behind. She then attempts to fellate the pony. Another woman copulates with the pony. The two women then fellate another dog together. A third woman fellates a pig. She bends over a wooden table and the two men coax the boar into mounting her from behind. Her body is crushed by the massive animal, which pounds frantically against her for a seemingly interminable period. The camera does not show her face. A rapid sequence of animals mating overdubbed with human sounds follows. The first two women are next shown rubbing eels over their stomachs and breasts as though aroused. They lick and caress the eels. Then, inserting them into their vaginas and anuses, they woodenly feign orgasmic pleasure. A woman simulates fellatio with an eel. In the last scene, the three women are on their hands and knees in an empty room. The two men bring in a huge mastiff and a number of other dogs. An "orgy" ensues, during which the dogs repeatedly mount the women while the men stand watching, encouraging the dogs. Despite the grotesque and primitive nature of the film, it serves a symbolic and even ritual function, and its numbing redundancy is the primary vehicle for the film's "meaning," a meaning echoed not only
in more sophisticated pornography but in the arts and the media: the film insists on and displays the gross carnality of her sex, her body, and the sheer animality of her being. That the animal is degraded and caricatured here as well is the silence on which her humiliation is grounded. And as with most associations in pornography, she is shown as both bestial and -- as the insatiable receptacle and passive object of beasts -- degraded to an even lower status by the association: she is a female animal.303 "She was a receptacle for the pleasure of a...masterful male brute," ends the pulp novel Dog Wives, in which several women learn to service without pause not only by their men, but the men's dogs. "Maleness was all that mattered...."304

But in their very status as irrational, carnal others whose ontology is to serve masculine needs and receive male force, all animals are feminine -- and all femininity animal. In the popular, mainstream film Swept Away (which was billed as a controversial "romance"), a wealthy, domineering woman is marooned on an uninhabited island with her resentful servant. He turns the tables on her, forcing her to wash his clothing and serve him in exchange for food, vindictively breaking down her pride. In the film's pivotal scene, she watches with a mixture of disgust and desire as he disembowels and skins a rabbit. She begins to sob, "I feel like that poor little rabbit." Staring passionately into her eyes, he very slowly shoves a pointed, wooden
skewer between the legs of the bloody carcass and up through its body. The music goes soft and soulful. She throws herself at his feet, pleading, "Beat me, kill me, only do what you want with me." Reduced to abject, dependent masochism, she is at last sexually attractive, and cuffing and slapping her, he rapes her, snarling, "You ugly whore, I'm fucking you." Nothing, apparently, could make her happier, and she is transformed.305

A graphic by the popular Alaskan artist Ray Troll begins to appear on tee shirts and greeting cards all over the Northwest. It depicts a man fishing in a river, surrounded by stylized representations of a woman and a salmon, and reads, "Ain't No Nookie Like Chinook." "Nookie," evidently, refers to the woman, reduced to a part, the part to its sexual utility. But what utility, precisely? Captured with a barbed, steel hook in her mouth, the "chinookie" is clubbed, decapitated, disemboweled, skinned, cooked and then eaten. Which part, exactly, is "like" the "nookie"? Which part makes it even better?

The album title reads, Bag it and Bone it, quite literally an imperative to kill (bag: tr.v., "to capture and kill as game"), presumably an animal, and then to butcher it (bone: tr.v., "to remove the bones from"). But the album is not about hunting, and does not mention animals once.306
The animal-other recedes before man's invasions and wars, his witch hunts and pogroms, like a shadow or a cast reflection. Sam Keen argues in his analysis of modern propaganda that the "enemy" in western culture has always been associated with bestial images in order to "allow soldiers to kill without incurring guilt." The ontologizing of animals as natural victims provides a generally unrecognized basis and rationalization for the oppression of human others. The animalized enemy/other who must be tamed or exterminated is an archetypal pattern in western culture, whose paradigmatic heroes are slayers of beasts, and the European conquest of indigenous peoples and their lands that began in the Fifteenth century and continues in the present consistently embodies this dynamic. Clearly the bestial enemy is linked to nature and natural resources, both symbolically and literally, and the conquest of this enemy, Keen asserts, is directly tied to western culture's "war against nature." This war is internal as well. Defining himself as above and against nature, western man must struggle ceaselessly against the "barbarous libido," the feminine in himself. Richard Slotkin demonstrates that the first European invaders in North America viewed the wilderness as the dark lair of the untamed, feminine Id, whose avatars were the beast and the "Indian," the hunting and slaying of which became the earliest and most profound source of North American cultural identity, the deepest American archetype. Both the land
and its "bestial" inhabitants were perceived in distinctly feminine and sexual terms, as a power, according to Caroll Smith-Rosenberg, "that simultaneously enticed and demanded taming." Nature was a dangerously seductive whore who must be overcome, ordered and ruled by masculine force. In the starkly dualistic imaginations of the early Calvinist invaders, Slotkin writes, "bestial Indians are seen as the outward type of the beast that is in every man....He must hunt the inner-beast and slay it." The repression struggle of the divided male mind is projected outward in the conquest of chaotic, feminine nature by masculine reason and order. The male hunter/"Indian" killer/Ego, in reality and in ritual, perpetually subdues the feminine animal/savage/Id in what Susan Griffin names the patriarchal mind's most deeply held fantasy: "Nature is humiliated by culture."

There is no contradiction here in the fact that Griffin refers to pornography. Slotkin identifies precisely the same psychological and ideological dynamic in the founding archetypes of Euro-American culture as Griffin traces in pornography. Nature comes closest to man at the site of his fundamental separation: the bodies of women. To the male-supremacist mind, as Griffin points out, "the bestiality of a man's nature is expressed in a woman's body." But, clearly, it is also expressed in the bodies of animals, and soon the distinction blurs, or collapses. And the war against the wilderness, the savage and the beast merely
repeats the primal struggle of the transcendent masculine ego to separate itself from and to control and contain feminine nature and, ultimately, death. There is no question that, historically, the ubiquitous assumption in patriarchal culture that women are closer to nature has involved the related perception of women as more animal. The patriarchal mind, Susan Kappeler claims, has always seen women as "much closer to the animal Other than to the human subject." In philosophical, theological and legal debates, this assumed animality has consistently been invoked to justify the exclusion of women from equal status, just as the supposedly more "bestial" nature of indigenous people and slaves was (is) used to rationalize their subjugation. With the growing emphasis on scientific control over the spheres of production in the 16th and 17th centuries, the "irrational" bodies of women and animals were increasingly viewed as resources in need of taming and rational exploitation. Josephine Donovan observes that

"all that is anomalous -- that is alive and non-predictable -- is erased or subdued in the Newtonian/Cartesian epistemological paradigm. The anomalous and powerless include women and animals, both of whose subjectivities are erased or converted into manipulable objects -- 'the material of subjugation'...."315

As Mary Daly and others have pointed out, the extreme manipulation of animals as objects in vivisection was mirrored in the interrogation techniques of the witch hunts,
which obsessively linked women's sexuality to bestial, chaotic nature, and thus "evil." 316

By the late 19th century, medical science had codified the witch-hunter's beliefs. The "radical naturalization" of women's bodies that Thomas LaQuer identifies in this period repeatedly defined women's reproductive biology as pathological precisely due to its more "animal" nature. Comparing menstruation to "heat" and "animal madness," gynecologists who performed ovariotomies and hysterectomies saw themselves as literally "taming" the animal lurking in female sexuality. 317 A prominent 19th century gynecologist said of treating hysterics, "The power gained was not unlike that obtained over a wild beast." 318 Repeatedly, psychologists and sexologists referred to animals to "prove" that male force was natural and necessary in human sexuality and that female sexuality was not only inherently masochistic but potentially vicious if uncontrolled. 319 What proves her difference from him -- her sex, her carnality -- is where she is, to his mind, most animal, and his desire to control and contain her sexually finds its fullest expression in the archetypal role of the male hunter/hero who subdues, tames or slays the feminine beast.

And everywhere in pornography women are associated with and depicted as animals. The equally frequent portrayal of women as "savages" shades imperceptibly into the animal in pornography, symptomatic not only of the racism that always coexists with and reinforces misogyny, but of the
savage/animal/feminine cluster that makes up the Other in the patriarchal mind. And the fate of both of these figures in the face of western culture, which has characteristically defined itself as at war with wild people and wild animals, is enough to call these associations radically into question. Moreover, pornography's representational structures consistently recall the treatment of animals even where the association is not explicitly made. The subject-object relationship itself, so definitively rendered in pornography, and the exclusive emphasis of pornography on carnality and physical function suggest not only the masculine/feminine dualism in the patriarchal mind, but the human/animal as well. The pornographic image as a literal artifact of conquest and containment produced for male consumption functions, as I have suggested, as a kind of trophy that clearly resembles the significance of the animal trophy, which is not only a record of the conquest and effacement of the Other, but serves as a fixed, fetishistic symbol of the Other, brought into subjugated relation.

Susan Kappeler refers to pornography as a "woman-zoo," and the zoo's purpose as a metaphor for human control of and access to nature, in addition to its fraudulent realism -- the stark presence of the animal's body in the vacuum of its elided subjectivity and natural context -- reflects a parallel assimilation of the feminine in pornography: the female body caged behind the bars of the male imagination. "The right of access implies collective
male ownership both of the unitary "animal" and the unitary "feminine," the value of individual specimens determined according to the utilitarian standard of commodified parts or a male-imposed ideal of beauty. An ad for Hustler promises to "capture on film the most beautiful, passionate women anywhere and put them right at your fingertips" [my emphasis]. Even the Greek term "porné," the root of the word pornography, denotes not simply a "whore" but the lowest class of whore, generally women captured in war -- in short, trophies.

The trophy must be hunted out and captured in order to be displayed. In pornography, Kappeler points out, "The willingness of the woman-object is often portrayed as the triumph of the body [the animal] over the rudiments of the female mind...." The animal is uncovered by the agency of the male pornographer and the viewing subject; the disclosure of the carnal animal is part of the confession extracted by male force. Annette Kuhn labels the two most common stock poses in pornography the "caught unawares" and the "inviting look," both of which have distinct parallels in hunting and wildlife magazines. Dworkin suggests that "the woman on her knees, legs spread open, conjures up the propitiating, submissive gesture of the animal who takes the same stance...to appease an aggressive male." The density of exposed and proffered necks in pornography and fashion imagery also echoes the figure of the vanquished or submissive animal. As I have claimed, the female body
displayed as the perpetual object of male force through the metonymic presence of tools and weapons recalls the animal constrained under the gun and the lash. And the pornographic mind's obsession with the female body bound, shackled, gagged, hobbled, muzzled, collared and leashed, as well as whipped and beaten, repeats precisely his perennial response to the bodies of animals and the daily reality of animals' lives. In the patriarchal mind, the ritual significance of the controlled and constrained female and animal body is virtually identical. Jane Tompkins' discussion of the symbolic function of animal abuse in the literature and film of the American West, "which aims at the successful domination of the emotions, of the fleshly, mortal part of the self, and the material world outside of the body," simply restates the psychological drama identified by Slotkin, Griffin and others: the transcendent, masculine ego at war with the animal-Other.

Dworkin writes that the "characterization of the female as a wild animal suggests that the sexuality of the untamed female is dangerous to men," and the function of pornography is not simply to present this simultaneously enticing and threatening image of feminine wildness, but to allow the male subject to "tame" the image through the act of viewing and consuming it. The sexual attraction he feels is that of conquest, and pornography provides the fixed and contained image that proves his control and mitigates his anxiety. But the persistent association of the nude female
body and female sexuality with animals is first intended to "prove" her bestiality and her otherness, and thus the validity and necessity of his dominion over her, his force brought against her. The literal bestiality always present around the fringes of mainstream pornography provides this "proof" most graphically, but the basic format of the most popular "soft" porn magazines and the language and imagery of much of pornography includes the same repeated association. Where she is not dismembered into parts, she is incessantly named as animal: chick, bitch, beaver, pussy, bird, fox, vixen, kitten, filly. Playboy's woman-object is a "bunny," associated with easy slaughter and fertility. The best ones are found through occasional "Bunny Hunts." The Penthouse ideal is a domesticated animal, bred to serve: a "Pet." Beaver bills itself as "the wildlife magazine." Another trade journal calls itself Lovebirds. One of Hustler's most popular features is the monthly "Beaver Hunt," a layout of amateur snapshots of nudes, generally the wives or partners of Hustler readers, presented as trophies of possession. This feature regularly includes photos of animals, positioned with their legs spread and genitals exposed, which not only emphasizes the gross carnality and degraded status of the women displayed, but underscores the nature of the viewing subject's sexual response to female nudity as that of dominance, ownership, difference and disgust.
That she is literally and metaphysically aligned with the carnal-other is most potently expressed in her constant association in pornography with snakes, linking her with all the evils of the flesh that imprison the spirit and with death in the western tradition, and, on an archetypal level, with the fearful and chaotic feminine forces most at odds with transcendent masculine rationality. A nude woman resting on her side faces the camera with a blank "seductive" expression in a Hustler subscription ad. From between her legs, a large boa constrictor extends. "We bring 'em back alive!" promises the ad. A Live pictorial shows a supine woman in mock ecstasy, a large snake emerging from her vagina. This pornographic trope, claims Lenore Manderson, works to blur the "divide of animality/humanity" and to emphasize "the insatiability of woman's desire and the animality of women's sexuality." But, as the Hustler ad clearly suggests, her animality is captured and tamed in fixed images for the male viewer. The power of her wildness is appropriated to the male subject who owns and consumes her as a fetish of control, a trophy of the hunt.

I have argued that the dynamic of male consumption is focused, in part, by the association of the female body with certain objects and locations emblematic of masculine agency, and these signifiers of male dominance and control are aligned with the viewing subject and against the woman-object. The ever-present wild animal skins, for example, are nearly exclusively used in nude pictorials or film
scenes where women are alone or portrayed in lesbian encounters. Rather than a token of her wildness or power, the skin is a fetish of male control and consumption that stands in for male agency and defines her sexuality as assimilated to the male gaze. She has not tamed and conquered the wild beast; she is the beast so tamed and conquered. Animalized, her ontology is all the more explicitly that of victim and object of force, and the experience of force -- the roping and branding and taming of the animal -- is clearly conflated in the pornographic mind with sexual activity. The porn "cowgirl" or savage huntress is always in fact the animal the male controls, so that his arousal to female nudity is realized through the discourse and imagery of human mastery over animals. "Saddle me up and slam it in my pussy, pardner," coaxes a Swank "cowgirl," sprawled nude before the reader -- the imperative only apparently confused where force is experienced as sex and animality as requiring force.331 "Ready to Ride," reads the caption of yet another "cowgirl" layout.332 The cover of Swank promises, "Danielle gets Roped and Poked."333 The two closely related foundational dualisms that anchor the patriarchal conceptual framework, masculine/feminine and human/animal, tend in pornography to resolve into the single dualism -- latent everywhere the logic of domination functions -- of masculine-human / feminine-animal.

For it is not that she is "like" any other animal, but rather that her biology is believed to "naturally" determine
her relation to male power as object and resource; she is, in this sense, an animal. "Man as hunter owns the earth, the things of it, its natural resources," Dworkin claims. "She is part of the wildlife to be plundered for profit and pleasure, collected, used." As well as defined, for the "animal" she embodies and is likened to is as much a distorted and oppressive construct of patriarchy as the pornographic woman. Her animality indicates her function and her destiny under patriarchy. So, nude and on all fours, she stares out at him from behind the bars of a cage on the cover of Hustler, an invitation to the woman-zoo of captured images inside. A pictorial, "Sandra: In Heat," is followed by an "article," "Animal Sex Lovers," where a series of women confess their sexual encounters with bears, dogs, cats and mules. Images of women fighting "like animals," generally for male entertainment, recur throughout pornography. A Swank story, "Blood Bitches in Heat," includes a picture of a nude woman on her back, her thighs, buttocks and face covered with deep cuts and bruises. Her mouth runs with blood. She has been matched with another "wild" woman for a cheering crowd of men. "Battling Bitches," a Live layout, shows two nude women rearing up from their knees, their hands curled like claws, straining against leashes and studded collars to reach each other. A group of intent men in business suits crowds around, clutching money in their hands. Two of the men hold the leashes, the owners who take the bets. Waking up in hell, Justine, in The Devil In Miss Jones III, first sees a
man approaching riding on the back of a nude woman on all fours who neighs like a horse. The role of women in this place is emphasized by the following, protracted scene, where the man, holding onto a strap around her waist and slapping her over and over on the buttocks, yelling "giddyap," violently anally rapes his "horse." Western music and the repeated sound of a whip play in the background. A picture in Bondage Life shows several nude women gagged and strapped into the traces of two chariots, whips raised over their bodies by the men they pull. A subscription ad for Chic depicts a woman in a leopard suit and asks, "Looking for a little tail?" "Looking" to capture, to kill, or to fuck? Animals in patriarchal culture are the virtually unquestioned "good" or legitimate objects of violence, and man's acts of supremacy over them define to a great extent his masculinity and his mastery of nature. By animalizing her in pornography, his violence against her is all the more "natural," valid and even righteous. She becomes, inevitably, game to be shot, though his language for fucking her is indistinguishable: force against the Other is experienced as sexual, as sex. And nowhere is what Marilyn French calls "this central impulse to mutilate or kill off the animal/feminine in the [patriarchal] self" more apparent than in pornographic representations of women as animals. "Take aim on Amy," offers a nude layout in Squire. The woman-Object in a Club pictorial entitled "Fair Game" is displayed against a
backdrop of safari gear, guns and skins. "And shooting this fair game," the text concludes, "is a task that even the most ardent conservationist would be glad to carry out." And like the animal in the hunter's fantasy who comes willingly to the gun, she demands his assault as sexual consummation. A nude woman prone on leopard skins in a Stag layout faces that camera with fangs bared: "Slam it in my slit, great white hunter," she invites. The violence of the verb "slam" is assimilated to the hunter's role, while the noun "slit," suggesting both a received wound and the initial act in skinning, belongs to the female/animal/object, who "asks" to be fucked/ killed, and as an animal requires it. Yet another "pussy cat" on animal skins opens her legs for the male subject, claiming in bold letters, "I'm real hot! If you've got the gun, I'm game! Bang away!" A Hustler cartoon depicts a bull splayed out in a pool of blood, its back bristling with phallic spears, eyes rolled up and tongue lolling. The bullfight crowd cheers wildly as the matador stands, his pants around his ankles, copulating with the vanquished animal, whose dazed expression suggests masochistic pleasure. The animal-object is always feminine as the recipient of male force, just as his conquest of the animal is experienced as sexual: fucking and killing the animal/female appear, in his pornography, to be virtually synonymous.

Entitled "Beaver Hunters," a Hustler photo shows two white men in hunting garb, with rifles, seated in a black
jeep. A nude woman is tied, spread-eagle, across the hood. Her genitals, displayed to the viewing subject, are at the enter of the picture like a target, though she appears to be dead, as the context would suggest. "Western sportsmen," the text reads, "report beaver hunting was particularly good....These two hunters easily bagged their limit in the high country. They told Hustler that they stuffed and mounted their trophy as soon as they got her home."348 Is not the fact that this photo both banalizes and eroticizes rape, murder and necrophilia less apparent, less shocking, because the woman is portrayed as an animal, whose slaughter is both "natural" and "good"? Published just after hunting season, the photo recalls a process to the male viewer, rather than a simple image. Having been stalked and killed, the animal is publicly displayed as a sign of the hunter's prowess, her wildness incorporated into the hunter's ego. But look still through the "joke" to the familiar reality of this scenario. Recall that, although she is dead, her legs are spread, her genitals offered to the viewing subject, who is invited to act upon, to consume her image. Every hunter knows that the next inevitable step is to hang her upside down, slit open her stomach and "gut" her, cut her head off, peel her skin off and butcher her flesh. How does the knowledge of this process merge with the reader's desire? In what way does it inform the joke? "Stuffed and mounted," what has she become in his mind? Is the answer, perhaps, pornography?
But the figure of the male hunter who violently subdues the animalized woman and the feminine animal with sexual force is no mere perversion of express pornography; his hunting is the central trope of pornographic, male-supremacist culture, its romance and its art. "For in the framework of the patriarchal imagination," states Caputi, "women are perpetually identified with the 'things of the world,' the objects of phallic love/destruction, and 'trophies' of the archetypal hunts." In what has been identified and defended by the cultural establishment as one of the most significant literary expressions of sexual love in the modern period, D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the subjectivity and will of an intelligent, independent "modern" woman are "routed by the phallic hunt of the man" -- Mellors, a hunter and gamekeeper -- and replaced with passive, masochistic dependency. The series of sexual encounters through which Lawrence portrays the relationship between Constance Chatterly and Mellors the gamekeeper traces the systematic extirpation of her will and her increasingly slavish adoration of the "phallus," and each of these scenes underscores the animality of Connie's true nature and the predator/prey dynamic at the core of authentic sensuality. Like any pornographic woman, Connie is made to praise her own extinction as a whole being. "She had to be a passive, consenting thing, like a slave, a physical slave," the reader learns. "But how she had really wanted it! She knew now. At the bottom of her soul, fundamentally, she had needed this
phallic hunting out, she had secretly wanted it...."351 And Lawrence's ideal man, the scowling, truculent misogynist, Mellors, agrees. Repeatedly, he fulminates against independent and sexually assertive women, reserving particular spleen for the clitoris and clitoral orgasm, sexual symbols of what Mellors (and Lawrence) most hates: "her ghastly female will: her freedom! A woman's ghastly freedom...."352

Her will is the wild animal in her which must be hunted out and tamed, subsumed to the hunter's ego. In their first significant meeting, Mellors' presence is announced by the sound of his gun, and the onset of Connie's inexorable submission to his power is crudely indicated by the "pussy" Mellors has shot.353 Incredibly, in a novel praised for its healthy, traditional, "moral" and even "Christian" view of marriage and the human sexual bond, Mellors' response to the feminine, outside of its utility as "cunt," is consistently contemptuous and violent.354 This is not a contradiction. Kate Millet points out that, in Mellors' view, "all that is disreputable, even whole classes of society, are anathematized by the words 'female' or 'feminine,'" and the feminine is repeatedly aligned with the animal.355 The lover who stands for "tenderness" asserts over and over of "the Lesbian [independent] sort" of woman (and "they're nearly all Lesbian"), "I could kill them. When I'm with a woman who's really Lesbian, I fairly howl in my soul, wanting to kill her." Later, recalling to Connie his first, self-willed
wife, Mellors rages, "I'd have shot her like I shoot a stoat, if I'd but been allowed....If only I could have shot her....It ought to be allowed. When a woman gets absolutely possessed by her own will...she should be shot at last." The explicit threat contained in Mellors' tirades alternates with the depiction of Connie as sexual prey and her utter, joyful submission to "the phallic hunt," producing a typical pornographic discourse with typically pornographic "options."356 But as long as she is alive and he continues to project his carnality onto her body, there will exist the provocation of her "will." And as Lawrence's sexual and political fascism intensified in the Twenties, the women in his later works are increasingly debased and victimized by dark, phallic heroes until not only their subjectivities but their bodies must be eradicated.357 Kate Millet sees "at the center of the Lawrentian sexual religion" the inevitable extreme of the logic of domination in the pornographic and hunting mindset: "coitus as killing."358

Lawrence is significant because he is fundamentally conventional. His pornography resides not in his explicitness or his use of formerly taboo words, but precisely in what the cultural authorities defended as valuable in his work: his view of sex and gender. Like most pornographers, he perpetuates rather than interrogates or subverts the basic assumptions and values of male-supremacy. As Hilary Simpson demonstrates, the themes of Lawrence's later work were essentially identical to the contents of many "popular"
novels of the time, both reflecting a post-war backlash against feminism and the "liberated woman" that often manifested itself in the motif of white, civilized women in thrall to dark, savage men.359 His sexual and political fascism, grounded in a confused organicist mysticism and an obsession with male authority, not only aligns Lawrence with most of the major male modernists, but embodies the very core assumptions of patriarchy. Lawrence's rigid and deterministic hierarchy of phallic power ruling the weak and feminine is anchored in his belief in absolute sexual difference and animated primarily by the dynamic of predator and prey.360 The increasing sadism and the stark, ritualistic quality of his later work reflect the perennial pornographic response, the anxiety of control in the face of shifting gender and power relations, reconstructing and reiterating the ontology of women as victims at the primal site of difference -- sex and the body -- by repeatedly, ritually hunting out and taming or slaying the wild animal of her will through the act of subduing and possessing her sexually.

Lawrence's shrill assertion that the phallic predator must hunt the feminine prey as a corrective to the anomie and despair of modern society anticipates the utopian promise of contemporary pornography and merely brings to the foreground one of the primary animating principles of western gender relations and the very creation myth of male-supremacist identity. From the earliest androcratic myths of Greek civilization, even a cursory overview of western literature
and art reveals the pervasive depiction of women as "game," romance as "the chase," and sex as killing and eating, resulting in a persistent associative cluster in patriarchal discourse and thought linking women, sex, hunting, animals and meat. This is, on one level, merely a truism -- the subject of countless jokes and figures of speech -- yet it remains a largely unexamined one, much as the "like an animal" metaphor contains assumptions which are everywhere and nowhere. In her study of sexuality in western literature, Camille Paglia identifies this nexus of images connecting sex and predation as "one of the west's premier sexual tropes," concluding that, in the male mind, "a sex object is something to aim at."361 This deeply held cultural association is perhaps best exemplified in the word "venery" (from the Sanskrit, "he desires"), which until recently carried the "dual" sense of "the practice of hunting" and "the pursuit of sexual activity" -- so not only "venus," "venereal" and "venerate," but also "venison."362 As Carol Adams argues, the final stage of oppression is consumption, the complete annihilation of the will of the Other and its total assimilation to the life of the predatory male.363 She is more than a trophy on his wall; she is meat on his plate.
You see the animal and it becomes a love object. There is a tremendous sexuality in this...sexuality in the sense of wanting something deeply, in the sense of eros....to put a bullet in its brain.

-- a prominent New York neurologist and "big game" hunter

"He went over there, ripped her clothes off, and took a knife and cut from her vagina almost all the way up, just about to her breasts and pulled her organs out, completely out of her cavity, and threw them out. Then he stooped and knelt over and commenced to peel very bit of skin off her body and left her there as a sign for something or other...."

-- Sgt. Joe Bangert, 1st Marine Div., The Winter Soldier Investigation

"Well I've shot deer and I've gutted deer. It was just like when you stick a deer with a knife -- sort of a thud -- or something like this, sir."

-- Testimony from the trail of four U.S. soldiers for the 1966 rape and murder of Phan Thi Mao in the Central Highlands of Vietnam.

One may draw an analogy between the pleasures we have learned in the hunt and those we associate with sex.

-- James Whisker, The Right to Hunt

A subscription ad for Gent shows a close-up of a woman's breasts. She cups one in her hands, holding it out to the viewer. "Here's an offer you can sink your teeth into!" exclaims the text. The invitation to intimacy is presented
as an opportunity for violence and consumption. Her flesh is meat, his arousal equated with biting into and, presumably, eating her body. That her breast is a highly sensitive site of her pleasure is clearly as irrelevant as the subjectivity absent in a piece of "steak." And the fact that the presentation of nude female bodies as meat is experienced by most men as sexually arousing, titillating or simply amusing, rather than as horrifying, disgusting or incomprehensible, is profoundly indicative of the intensely objectifying and consumptive nature of male-supremacist sexuality. The inescapable operative metaphor behind the image of women as meat -- killing and butchering -- elicits such a dulled moral response, if any, because it rests squarely on the deeply embodied ontologizing of animals as natural victims and food. A culture whose discourse, imagery and physical make-up are saturated with the slaughter of living beings and the eating of their butchered corpses as an affirmative, virtually unquestioned expression of human power over the natural world will inevitably envision the control and exploitation of related Others in similar terms. As Nick Fiddes observes,

"Distinct parallels exist between the language of the meat system and a terminology that men use to describe women in pornographic and mainstream discourse. It is as if the one system of exploitation is modeled on the other...."

A woman takes on more than the names and attributes of animals in the chauvinist mind; she acquires their utility
and function, their ontology. She can be bridled, saddled, ridden, married to a groom. She is pursued like game, approached like bait, picked up, hit on, and more -- she is consumed like meat. A man makes a catch, gets some tail, a piece of ass, a spread, a slice off the joint, some hot meat. She is Grade A, a prime cut, tenderloin. He is hungry for love, famished, starved for a tasty morsel; she is devoured. His appetite is sated. He views her a leg, rump, breast and thigh, tits and ass. He eats pussy. The closer the bone, the sweeter the meat, he says. The brothel, the bar, the sorority house and the beach become the meathouse, the meat market or the meat rack. Small prostitution houses in poorer sections of Paris, where women kept as virtual slaves service from 80-120 men per night, are called "maisons d'abbattage": houses of slaughter.366 These terms, and a myriad of related words, phrases and images at every level of society, consistently "evoke an image of woman as dead flesh, bloodily carved up, hacked at, minced by a butcher or cook."367 In express pornography and in the attitudes and language of male-supremacist culture in general, Fiddes concludes, "The entire system operates as if women are perceived by men to be analogous to hunted, or else farmed, meat."368

This analogy takes its meaning within the context of what Carol Adams terms "the sexual politics of meat." As she and a number of other feminist critics and anthropologists have demonstrated, meat has profound significance as fact and symbol in all androcratic cultures. A potent emblem of
environmental control and male dominance over the natural world, meat signifies the utter effacement of the subjectivity of the Other and its radically instrumental value to the patriarchal mind, and thus is closely associated with masculine identity and power. Fiddes argues that "meat is almost ubiquitously put to use as a medium through which men express their 'natural' control of women as well as animals." In fact, cross-cultural studies of male-dominant societies show clearly that the importance of hunting and meat consumption to masculine identity in a given culture is directly related to that culture's antagonism to nature and its emphasis on the domination of women. Hunting cultures are associated consistently with aggressive, male-identified gods and heroes, sexual segregation and inequality, and sexual violence. Hunting cultures are rape cultures. And where male identity is based on the conquest of nature and the control of animals, women are viewed as resources and, according to Peggy Reeves Sanday, "are often equated with the animals men control."

Not surprisingly, then, such cultures tend to conflate the hunting, killing and eating of animals with the sexual conquest of women's bodies. Claude Levi-Strauss relates the frequency with which women in hunting cultures are believed to have originated from the bodies of hunted and butchered animals. !Kung men are said to "chase, kill and eat women, just as they do animals." In a number of hunting cultures, such as the Amazonian Yanomamo, the verb for
copulating and eating meat is the same. For the Desana of Brazil, the verb "to hunt" means literally "to fuck the animals," and hunting is seen as courtship, killing as sex. And in the minds of the first European invaders of North America, Richard Slotkin shows, the bestial forces of nature were "transformed into an object of love, a woman...to whom the hero is wedded in symbolic sexual violence." Daniel Boone, the first cultural hunter-hero and the deepest male archetype of the United States, perceived "the spirit of nature [as] feminine, and his relation to it that of panther to deer, hunter to prey, sexual aggressor to coy, amenable victim...."

The woman sprawls on a couch, covered with animal skins. Her skirt is hiked up around her waist, her legs spread open toward the viewing subject. With one hand, she pulls the flesh of her vulva back, exposing her vagina. With the other, she holds up the cooked leg of a turkey, eyeing the camera seductively. Between her legs, centered with her genitals in the frame, rests a dead turkey on a platter, a large fork with a rounded, phallic handle stuck into its back. The flesh of her body, exposed and offered to the reader, is emphasized as an object for the viewer's consumption by its association with meat. Meat, as Adams shows, "is a symbol of male dominance," and meat, along with the animal skins, serves here as a powerful signifier of the status of her body as a "natural" resource for the male subject and keys his arousal to objectification and
consumption. The fork awaits his hand, standing in as a symbol of male agency, and the violence it implies is obscured by the "natural" fact of meat as food. Her subjectivity erased and her body commodified and dismembered as images for purchase and consumption, her flesh is already "meat"; but the persistent depiction of her body as food ontologizes the feminine as victim, prey and resource at the primal level of the appetitive faculties, linking her deeply in the masculine mind with animals and nature, and affirming male sexuality as fundamentally predatory and exploitative, in Dworkin's words, as "the use of things to experience self."379 A Hustler layout, "Prime Mate" (with an obvious pun on meat), repeats the common motif of the "wild" man who attacks and rapes a cowering, nude woman. All such pictorials take place outdoors, and the portrayal of the rapist as a predatory "savage" conflates his assault on the woman's body with his role as hunter and tamer of nature and animals, while her body, as object of his desire/violence, is linked to the hunted and butchered animal, and to meat: "Modern man yearns for such a time," reads the closing caption," when knocking off a piece of ass was just a matter of swinging a mean club."380

The fundamental representational practice of pornography is based on the same "cycle of objectification, fragmentation and consumption" that, according to Adams, links the butchering of animals with sexual violence in patriarchal culture.381 Alan Soble labels this process in pornography
the "dismemberment syndrome," which reduces whole beings to parts with "instrumental rather than intrinsic value." Meat is the underlying, shared signifier, and the reduction of the Other to meat for consumption the essential metaphor. The association of the displayed female body with meat shades gradually into the presentation of the body as meat and, finally, the explicit substitution of the bodies of dead animals for the body of the woman -- meat itself as a sexual object. When objectification and control are experienced as sexual, then meat, the ultimate symbol of male control over the Other and its reduction to a consumable object, carries a potent sexual signification. Already transformed through the violence of pornographic sexuality ("Blonde Beauty Stripped and Whipped!!") into an object of male force and fixed as images for consumption, her body as meat is repeatedly emphasized. She is dismembered and fetishized into "tits," "ass" and "cunt" in pictorials with titles such as "Stacy: Live Bait," and "Hot Meat Sand-Witch" (with a play on the evil nature of her carnality). "If you're in the mood for a snack on the sand," the text invites, "just spread open Carmelita's tortilla...." A photo of nude woman spread-eagle on a pizza in a pizza box is captioned, "We Deliver." Protruding from an oven, the lower half of a woman's body, legs spread toward the reader, is not only presented as meat for roasting but conjures Holocaust associations as well. A woman in a Pub layout lies on a picnic cloth with her legs spread. Her body is covered with
fruits and vegetables and she holds her vulva open to the viewer: she is the meat. A "humorous" Hustler layout, "Recipes for Sex," includes a photo of a woman on her back, her stomach ripped open and filled with lettuce ("just slice and serve"), entitled, "Cesarean Salad." Another, captioned "Shish-ka-Boob," shows three nude women impaled on a long skewer, smiling, apparently ready for cooking. In Love Magazine a model hangs suspended from the ceiling with meathooks through both breasts.

"Through butchering," Adams contends, "animals become absent referents. Animals in name and body are made absent as animals for meat to exist." Just as the association of women with animals in pornography legitimizes women's status as objects and natural victims, and in turn reinscribes the oppression of animals, the portrayal of a woman as meat makes possible the butchering and consumption of her body. The process of conversion into meat effects the literal and figurative extirpation of her otherness and the total assimilation of her being as resource: "flesh under culture's control." That this trajectory is generally figurative and serves a ritual function should in no way obscure the extreme violence implicit in the imagery or the vast overlap between this depiction of women in pornography and the myriad ways in which women experience pornographic male sexuality in their daily lives. Ritual dismemberment and consumption of women as meat serves as more than a graphic assertion of male power over female lives and bodies; meat as fact and symbol
in patriarchal culture embodies the nexus of oppression linking women, animals and nature as resources to conquer, control and consume; the entitlement and imperative of masculinity. What is not-male is the material of subjugation, is meat. Fiddes argues that, in the act of eating a corpse, "it is not only that animal which we so utterly subjugate; consuming its flesh is a statement that we are the unquestioned masters of the world."392

And where total mastery is experienced as sexual, as sex, then her body converted to meat, the butchering itself, becomes all the more erotic. On the cover of a magazine devoted to "sex," a nude woman's body is fed, head first, into a meat grinder. Presumably, her upper torso is represented by the shreds of bloody flesh hanging from the blades and mounded on a plate beneath. The grinder and its product are a striking metaphor for the process of pornographic representation, and the conversion of her living body to meat through the machine suggests the fate of all feminine nature under patriarchy. Inside, a series of photos, "Prime Cuts," depicts the nude bodies of women laid out on several kinds of sandwich buns, covered with a red liquid suggesting blood as much a ketchup. A woman lies on her back on a platter, garnished with potatoes and parsley and splashed with gravy. She is tightly trussed like a cooked chicken, her face obscured, her hands spreading the lips of her vulva for the viewer's consumption. Another photo shows the headless and legless torso of a woman from behind,
resting on a plate of spaghetti and covered with red "sauce." Her fingers reach between her thighs to hold her vagina, at the center of the frame, open towards the viewing subject. The accompanying text is an extended pun on women as meat ("grilled...pink Patty") and eating as sex, exhorting the reader to "munch on this bird's spread" and to "gobble it up fast."393

The meat metaphor leads to total fragmentation of the body and the extreme erotization of parts as both fetish and food. A photo, entitled "Titburger," shows a man biting enthusiastically into a woman's breast held between two buns. The caption praises "the need to gnaw on a juicy piece of meat" and the desire to "chow on a cute little chick."394 In another photo, a man sits at a table set for fine dining. With his knife and fork, he energetically slices into a woman's buttocks on his plate. Captioned "Rump Roast,"395 the text is a series of grotesque meat puns on the term "piece of ass." Beyond the intensely objectified view of women's bodies and the exploitative nature of the sexuality revealed and endorsed in these depictions, what is profoundly disturbing and most significant in the pervasive use of the meat analogy in pornography is the fact that the humor and the erotic appeal of each pun, each metaphor and each image is predicated directly upon violence and slaughter. These images, however figuratively, present dismembered corpses as sexual objects. That the concomitant murder is simultaneously part of the viewer's arousal and utterly
obscured by the context is due largely to the fact that the actual slaughter and butchering of animals' bodies is socially ubiquitous, absolutely mundane, and yet virtually "absent" everywhere in "meat." The persistent association of women and animals in nature is irrefutably an historical and social reality in patriarchal cultures, where the killing, butchering and eating of animals is experienced as necessary, virtuous, and even pleasurable. Meat is desirable and good, a sign of maleness that confers strength and status and expresses control; and meat is the metaphor he uses to construct his view of and sexual desire for her body, her sex, her genitals -- but meat is dead. How does the inescapable fact of murder inherent in meat function in this metaphor for his desire? What do his endless, jocular uses of this metaphor celebrate? A Hustler cartoon shows a woman's nude body prone on a couch. She is covered with blood, which soaks into the couch and pools on the floor, where pieces of her limbs are scattered. A man, his face and hands bloody, protests to a policeman, "But she asked me to eat her!" A cartoon in Stag depicts a man sitting on the floor with a bloody knife. Gore is spattered everywhere, along with bits of bone and fur. His mouth is full, chewing, and he smiles. A poster on the wall behind him reads, "Happiness is a warm pussy." Adams has most clearly identified the convergence of male sexuality as conquest and the consumption of meat as an expression of power:
"Consumption is the fulfillment of oppression, the annihilation of will, of separate identity....Through fragmentation the object is severed from its ontological meaning. Finally, consumed, it exists only through what it represents. The consumption of the referent reiterates its annihilation as a subject of importance in itself (my emphasis).398

Disclosing the "trajectory of objectification, fragmentation and consumption" operative in the killing and eating of animals, Adams describes the pornographic representation of women's bodies as well.399 This is, in fact, the trajectory of patriarchal force against all Others, against nature. As Marjorie Speigal asserts about hunting, "What is of essence here is not the species of prey, but the issue of power."400 The "sex" resides not in the autonomous subjectivities and bodies of women and animals, but in the violence which converts them to objects, images, meat, and the converted objects themselves, the being transformed to a record of its own effacement, the artifact of his force: the hunter's trophy, the pornographic image, the "steak." And where he turns his force he experiences his sexuality; the object of his force is sexualized. A Hustler centerfold lies on a blanket, a glass of wine and a bottle of tanning oil nearby. Her spread thighs face the viewing subject, a pair of lacy panties draped loosely around one leg. The charred stumps of her limbs turn upward. Between her legs is a gaping wound where she has been disemboweled. A pair of sunglasses rests on the cavity where her neck once attached to her body. She
is Hustler's "Thanksgiving Spread," and, the text explains, she "commemorates all the breasts and thighs, white meat and dark" that Hustler readers have consumed over the year. The November centerfold is the cooked corpse of a turkey, impersonating the nude body of a sexually provocative woman.401

What does this "bird" ask for? Only to be eaten. The corpse's "sexuality," the desirability of its display and consumption, results literally and directly from the utter absence of its life, which has already been consumed. Fiddes writes that "woman are meat in the sense that it is consumed as a statement of power."402 The power is over her life, her subjectivity, which is erased in the conversion of her body into a fixed image, the consumption of which is sexual, in part, because it reiterates this erasure as "a subject of importance in itself" — because the image has been made "dead." And to depict her body as meat is to repeatedly ground sexual arousal in violence and to channel desire through the extreme objectification and consumption of what is, literally or figuratively, dead. In a cultural context that banalizes and celebrates the killing and eating of non-human animals, the persistent association of women with animals and women's bodies with meat perpetuates women's inequality and promotes and trivializes violence and murder, which, in turn, reaffirms the validity of animals as victims. She must first be murdered in order to be meat.
The more pain she felt, the higher I felt....I pulled out of her when I was about to come and I shot in her face and came all over her. It was like I pulled a gun and blew her brains out. That was my fantasy....

-- Chuck, a 21 year old rapist

I didn't get to fuck that one [Vietnamese girl] either. But that's okay. That's okay. I shot her motherfucking face off.

-- A soldier in The Short Timers, by Gustav Hasford

I love to hunt. Prowling the streets for fair game -- tasty meat....I live for the hunt -- my life. Blood for papa....

-- David Berkowitz, the serial killer dubbed "Son of Sam"

...she was crying, so a guy just put a rifle to her head and pulled the trigger just to put her out of the picture. Then we start pumping her with rounds....After we rape her...after we shot her in the head, you understand what I'm saying, we literally start stomping on her body. And everybody was just laughing about it. It's like the lions around a just killed zebra....We kicked the face in, kicked in the ribs and everything else. Then we start cutting the ears off. We cut her nose off....We cut off one of her breasts and one guy got the breast....

-- Soldier's testimony, Nam, Mark Baker

What is sex except that which is felt as sexual?

-- Catherine McKinnon
The annihilation of female subjectivity and the appropriation of the feminine as object and fetish to the masculine subject begins, as I have argued, prior to pornography, in the sexual politics of patriarchal culture, and extends from the very representational structures of pornography, through the continuum of the sexuality of violence, to the ritual association of women as objects of predation and consumption, and is ultimately manifested in the explicit depiction of the murder of women as sexual and the concomitant sexualization of the maimed or slaughtered female body. In more than one sense, I have been describing a matrix of annihilation all along, and the logic of domination, which in pornography and pornographic culture delimits, censors, appropriates, trivializes, degrades and objectifies the Other, finds its logical extreme in the ultimate negation of the Other, in the killing of women, and its ultimate symbol in the displayed, nude body of a murdered woman. "What turning persons into objects is all about, in our culture," conclude Cameron and Frazer, "is, in the final analysis, killing them."403

But the conquest of the feminine, the replacement of the living female body with controlled and contained artifacts of male force, the literal and symbolic appropriation of reproduction by the masculine, represents far more than the perverse and esoteric obsessions of pornography: this is the essence of patriarchy, and its central trope is death. The "production" of death
impersonates the reproduction of life. Cross-culturally, boys in male-supremacist societies "come to manhood through killing," either through hunting or warfare, or both, and masculinity itself is predicated on an intense conflation of women and nature, sexual desire and violence, the latter perhaps the most stark and significant difference between males and females in general. The desire of the transcendent male ego to both separate itself from and control feminine nature becomes inevitably a death-cult, destruction the only proof of power. At puberty, girls "show" blood as a sign of fertility: they may produce life; boys kill, and the blood is smeared on their faces: they will take life. Sanday writes that, in male-dominated societies, "Men display their kills (be it an animal, a human head or a scalp) with the same pride that women hold up the newly born." Papago men, for example, refer to the scalps of their murdered enemies as "my child" and view them as fertility symbols. Self-righteous experts label the overpopulation that results from the orchestrated annual holocaust of half a population of pheasant or deer "production" and "management." Nuclear scientists refer to their bombs as male children and assign female names to the radioactive craters they produce. Repeatedly, soldiers claim that their combat experiences are the times they have felt most intensely alive; repeatedly they compare this intensity to sex. And when men create soldiers, they kill the female in them -- the female becomes the enemy. Raw recruits are not
berated with racist epithets or humiliated by comparisons to "gooks" or "slopes" or "sand-niggers"; they are called instead "ladies," "girls" and "pussies," until they are hard enough to deserve the title of soldier, until they are fierce enough to "fuck" the enemy without mercy or compunction. 

"[T]he struggle of the transcendental ego to free itself from bondage to nature" is a total war, and its first casualties are women.410

And pornography is the propaganda, a "mass-marketed necrophilia"411 whose central concern is not with living bodies or mutual sexual pleasure, but with the female body in thrall to male force, a record of "kills" that reinscribes masculine power and ontologizes the feminine as victim and object. Penthouse assures its three-plus million readers that "fucking and killing are the same," and the context proves it.412 Repeatedly, short stories and "articles" in porn magazines fuse graphic violence and murder with explicit descriptions of sexual activity. A Swank story, "Midnight Heat," ends with the protagonist strangling a woman as she climaxes and then ejaculating on her corpse.413 "Stranglehold," a story in Hustler, includes a full-page photo of a woman with a thick wire around her throat, choking as a male hand pulls it tighter. The male character, who is presented as a sort of maverick and is not caught or punished, goes "hunting" every night for female victims. In each scene, violent sexual encounters culminate in the murder of a woman as the man reaches orgasm: "He roped the wire
around her throat, pulled it taut and jerked it back so hard it snapped her neck." The sex itself is described as wounding or killing ("He slammed it into her, driving his sword to the hilt") and involves prolonged humiliation and threats up to the point of murder. The story ends with the man eluding the police and simply driving out of town, as the narrative shifts to the first person -- "There's a great country out there that needs me" -- the sexual murderer as hero. Both stories, typically, bracket nude layouts.

In the full-length, high-production film, China De Sade, a confused plot, based loosely on a shadowy group of ritual sadists, allows the film to depict an extended series of violent rapes, beatings and murders as the male protagonist, who narrates, is gradually seduced away from his mutual relationship and transformed into a sexual sadist ("Why did it make my pleasure so much more intense...when they hurt her?"). The process is completed when he takes revenge on a cruel member of the group by raping and murdering her. A stock device in pornography, humiliation suffered at the hands of strong or "evil" women propels extraordinarily vicious reversals, where the man reduces the woman to masochistic dependency or, in this case, destroys her. In an astonishingly violent and drawn out final scene, the man punches and kicks the woman to the floor, repeatedly screaming "bitch" as he tears her clothes off and straddles her face, twisting her hair in his fists and orally raping her with withering ferocity. As the woman chokes and gags,
struggling and pleading, he bellows, "I'll choke you til you fuckin' die, fuckin' filthy goddamn bitch!" The camera lingers in close-up as the man beats on her face with his penis. Finally, snarling with triumph, he ejaculates on her face and slams her head into the floor, crushing her skull and killing her. He is welcomed into the cult.

A *Hustler* pictorial, "The Rape of Justice," epitomizes the stylized and ritual function of pornography in controlling and containing the feminine through the conflation of male sex as murder. In the first photo, a woman, her body painted stark white, portrays the allegorical figure of Justice, complete with blindfold and scales. Behind her looms a menacing figure dressed in black leather with a grotesque black mask and a massive, artificial phallus, covered with sharp metal studs. He brandishes a thick chain over her head. "She is justice. She is mercy," the brief text reads. "But kindness only entices him, and his erection is deadly." In the next photo, he seizes her from behind, the chain around her neck, blood running from her mouth onto her now-exposed breasts. He stands over her in a number of positions in the following photos, beating her with the chain or preparing to force his weapon/phallus into her bleeding mouth or vagina. The effect is wrenchingly violent. The final picture shows the woman sprawled on her back, her legs flung apart and her genitals exposed in close-up under harsh white light. She is still blindfolded, and her mouth hangs slack. The blood running from her lips and the white body
paint emphasize a corpse-like effect; she is clearly dead. The black figure kneels over her body, still clutching in one fist the chain around her neck. The black phallus, semi-erect, is angled at her face. His right hand, now ungloved, reaches for her genitals. The conflation here of "fucking and killing," exacerbated by the black/white color scheme and the portrayal of male sexuality as pure violence and the penis as a deadly weapon is virtually complete. 416.

But when he perceives the ultimate signifier of masculinity and the primal proof of his difference, the penis, as a weapon, when he feels the pleasure of the penis as invasion and force, experiences his tools of destruction in terms of phallic pleasure, how can his fundamental identity, his sexuality, not be anchored in violence? And how can her body be anything to him but a target, a conquest, an invaded territory? At the center of the violence in pornography is the penis. His possession of a penis is the basis of his aggression against all Others, and his sexuality reiterates this hierarchical difference at the level of the body. "If manhood is perceived as localized in a hardened penis, and if the penis is perceived as a weapon," Robin Morgan argues, "then manhood itself is the means by which male human beings must (and do) make of themselves weapons." 417 Clearly, an endless array of double-entendres and pornographic images link the phallus to weapons and tools of destruction at all levels of patriarchal discourse, thereby equating sex and the male gender with aggressive
agency and the objects of violence with the feminine. Not only is the penis itself seen as rod, tool, weapon, gun, gear, screwdriver, club, pile driver, meathook and other nouns of force and manipulation, but where he uses weapons and tools for destruction and conquest, the penis is recalled. Christopher Frayling notes that "Knife or razor attacks on women have become the unavoidable metaphor for the act of rape in countless films, videos and books." The use of weapons in hunting and war literature is frequently described in unmistakably phallic and sexual terms. Jacqueline Lawson, for example, shows that weapons in the massive Vietnam War literature are consistently "imbued with the markers of sexual arousal and release" and function as a "surrogate penis." According to one Vietnam veteran, "To some people carrying a gun constantly was like having a permanent hard-on. It was a pure sexual trip every time you got to pull the trigger." A "double veteran" was a soldier who first raped and then murdered a Vietnamese woman. Sex murderers and rapists repeatedly describe the use of weapons against the female body in sexual and phallic terms and experience the instant of stabbing or shooting as orgasm. Echoes of these extremes saturate the sexual discourse and humor of "normal" males. "If one is a weapon," Morgan asks, "how can sex not be murderous and murder not be sexual?" The relentless association of the penis with weapons and the related substitution of weapons as phallic signifiers in pornography functions on the extreme end of the continuum of
representational fixation and containment of the female body through symbols of masculine agency discussed above. Film titles, such as Tail Gunners, Sex Pistol, Mr. MX ("Take a long look at the real weapon of the 80's!") and Bang Cock, emphasize this association and its inherent violence. The cover of Je T'Aime shows a woman's upturned face, her neck exposed as though leaning over the back of a chair. A male figure stands over her from behind, his erect penis projecting over her face, the glans against her lips. Close to his hip and angled parallel to his penis he holds a large caliber pistol, pointed also at her face. Instrument For Killing, an extremely ritualistic and disturbing film, repeatedly conflates intercourse and killing. In a series of nearly identical scenes, the same man brings a number of different women back to his apartment for casual sexual encounters. Each time, as the man penetrates the woman, her face changes from pleasure to confusion to terror and, finally, agony. As each woman writhes in pain on the bed, clutching her abdomen and pleading for help, the man leaves the bed and stands in the extreme foreground so that his genitals fill the frame and loom over the body of the woman while she grows still and dies. This drawn out, crudely symbolic tableau is repeated until the film ends with the man waiting for a woman he has invited over on the telephone, chanting, "I've got the power! I've got the power!" as he throws open the door to his shower stall, gesturing at the heap of nude corpses filling the space.
The experience of his penis as a weapon and sex as conquest and killing begins to blur the line between sexual intercourse and the imposition of force through weapons or tools. What Jane Caputi remarks of sex murderers is equally true of many pornographers: "Instead of using their penis as a weapon, they use a weapon as their penis."425 Where sex is synonymous with force, the parameters of the erotic are not defined by the physical limitations of the penis or the body of the individual male, but rather by the almost limitless potential for violence against the Other through "conquest by the symbolic."426 The erotic is coextensive with participation in the dominant culture, with domination. A woman on her knees at a low table faces a standing male, who holds a large caliber pistol positioned and angled to suggest his penis. The woman writhes with barely contained desire; she "wants it." Like the animal in the hunter's fantasy, she comes willingly to the gun, caressing it with her cheeks and lips while the male figure, outside the camera frame, grasps her neck and begins to force her mouth over the barrel. She performs "fellatio" on the pistol-as-penis, and the audience, presumably, awaits the high point and focus of all pornographic films: ejaculation. Female desire here is utterly reduced to subjugation by and adoration of the male symbol of deadly power and control.427 A photo in Hustler shows a woman on her knees in front of a man in uniform. He holds a pistol, his finger on the trigger, against his crotch. She holds the barrel in her mouth. The text assures
the viewer that women "know how to satisfy the one thing that makes him a man," and concludes, "When the explosive finish blasts through her mouth, she'll have to bite the bullet."428 What "makes him a man" is murder. In another Hustler photo, a woman, her clothes torn and strewn about and her legs spread, lies unconscious or dead at the feet of a man in combat fatigues. He stands between her legs, holding a pistol at the level and angle of his penis, pointed down at her body. The head of a penis is superimposed on the barrel of the pistol, which is smoking as though just fired. The photo is titled "Sperm Warfare."429 Fucking her and killing her is here explicitly equated, and this repeated, often literal, association in the male mind between ejaculation and killing, the penis and weapons, should frame any critical question about the ubiquitous "money-shot" or "come-shot" in pornography, the obsessively reiterated image of the erect penis ejaculating onto an upturned female face or supine female body, and the nature of the "pleasure" thus invoked.

Weapons alone often serve in pornography as metonymic emblems of male sexuality and force which, like male-identified tools and the implements associated with the control or conquest of animals, render the displayed female body in a context of complete subjugation and an atmosphere of violent menace and containment. The weapons themselves, as tokens of male fore impinging on the female body, become sexualized and resonate with phallic significance. A surprising number of x-rated videos depict weapons on their
covers, and the woman "alone" with rifles and pistols is a stock device in pornographic layouts. When a Penthouse model, posing in various positions with an Uzi, confides to the reader that it is "tremendously exciting to feel a machine gun going off in your hands," the gun's masculine signification mediates the arousal of the male subject to the woman's displayed body. The male subject assumes the position of power and control implied, and the woman's body takes its already-constructed place as object of male agency, both gaze and gun. On the cover of Puritan, a woman penetrates herself with a giant bullet, smiling. A photo in Hustler shows a woman with her head pierced through by a large bullet. An ad for Deep Throat II depicts a woman swallowing a sword. A nude woman in Hustler seems to copulate in the missionary position with shotgun. The rifle lies between her open legs, the trigger pushed against her genitals, the barrel extending between her breasts to her face. The phallic significance and potential violence of the weapon, as well as its association with masculine ownership, utility, and the killing of animals, combine to form a trajectory of force running from the male viewing subject to the contained female object. In conjunction with female nudity, the gun becomes sexualized, not as an object but as an emblem of male agency. There is little question as to who will pull the trigger and who will die, who will fuck and be fucked, or that pulling the trigger becomes itself a sexual act.
A soldier in combat gear stands over the prone body of a nude Asian woman, holding his rifle above her face. She appears terrified and exhausted, her face smudged and bruised. Between her spread legs stands a second soldier, training his machine gun on her genitals. The photo is an ad "parody" of the movie *Platoon* and is captioned, "The first casualty of war is the whore" ("But this was war, and our boys were blasting gash in the jungles of Nam"). The difference between the implied rape and the impending murder simply disappears: both are experienced as conquest; both are sexual. And in the pornographic mind, "death is the ultimate sexual act," McKinnon argues, "the ultimate making of a person into a thing." As the objects of such extreme force, women in pornography fall into the roles that legitimize and call for masculine violence, most notably that of the animal and "the enemy." Here, the hostility and rage of the transcendent male ego against the feminine is most clearly manifested, as is the nature of the pleasure experienced through pornography. An "adult" film, *Fear In The Forest*, opens with two women setting up camp in a wooded area. A man in combat gear wearing a face mask stalks from tree to tree, pausing to view his quarry through binoculars, his voyeuristic perspective shared by the viewing subject. Seen through the binoculars in close-up, one of the women, who is Asian, is suddenly depicted as a stock Viet Cong, wearing black pajamas, a wide hat and holding a rifle. This "enemy," however, is highly sexualized: her breasts are
exposed and she strokes the rifle barrel slowly with crude phallic suggestion. Thus provoked, the man attacks, brandishing a pistol in the woman's faces and tying them up. As the women are progressively stripped, the pistol repeatedly shoved in their faces and a large combat knife drawn across their faces and breasts, the man's language continues to conflate the interrogation and torture of captured enemies with sexual pleasure and conquest, as the camera pans slowly over the women's bound, struggling bodies, lingering on breasts, buttocks and genitals while emphasizing their fear and pain. A violent rapist in a Hustler story advises his partner, "Look at it like a war....We are the conquering army....She's helpless. Take her." 

At this inevitable extreme of the logic of domination, it is the "making of a person into a thing," the killing itself and the artifact of force, the dead body, which become sexualized and which trope the sexual act. From sex-as-killing pornography moves inexorably to killing-as-sex. A Hustler layout depicts a handcuffed woman, nude, having her head and vulva shaved by two uniformed guards, who take turns raping her. In the last photo, her now-bare genitals are at the center of the frame in a shaft of light, her legs spread toward the viewing subject. She is strapped into an electric chair, her face contorted with agony as she is electrocuted in a shower of smoke and sparks. Following progressive bondage, humiliation and rape, the reader's arousal to the woman's exposed genitals is conditioned to her annihilation;
his gaze throws the switch. A woman's hips and buttocks are illuminated at the center of another full-page Hustler photo and first catch the reader's eye -- he is, after all, expecting to see pictures of nude women; perhaps he masturbates as he turns the page. She sprawls nude on the floor, face down. Blood is splattered around the room, and where her head should be is a mass of gore. The text pretends to be an ad parody of Playboy, poking vicious fun at the murder of Dorothy Stratten, while in fact eroticizing it. The image overrides the few sarcastic sentences of text.440 Another such "parody" portrays an elegant man in a smoking jacket leaning against his mantelpiece. He grips a pipe in his teeth and smiles sardonically. One hand holds a poker from the fireplace and the other a leather strap, which is wound tightly around the neck of a bloody female corpse flung into the fireplace at his feet. Two other corpses, their clothes shredded and covered with blood, lie with her. All three corpses are women of color; the man is white. Clearly, he has "taken" them, but where did the sex stop and the slaughter start?441 A man in a white suit, seated with his legs crossed in a plush armchair, levels his proud gaze at the reader in another photo. He holds on his lap a large chainsaw, the bar angled upward with exaggerated phallic suggestion. The wall behind him is smeared with blood and bloody hand prints. At his feet are strewn the sawed-up pieces of a female body. The picture is a "joke," an ad for "Curtail" chainsaws (combining derogatory epithets for both
animals and women with a verb of force): "For the pro and the man who wants to cut like one." There are no sexual cues left here except the astonishing violence itself, the masterful male figure bearing his tools, surrounded by his work: a woman's body butchered into pieces of meat.

The eroticized slaughter of women in mainstream pornographic imagery and discourse, rather than representing the genre's esoteric extreme, is in fact where pornography encroaches most violently in the actual lives of women and is one crucial area where the genre spills over into and directly influences the rest of the media, already saturated with sexualized murder. The desire for visual proof of sexual difference and dominance that drives the pornographic mind becomes, where violence is perceived as sex, the urge for authentic violence, for the "real" death of "real" women. While mainstream pornography echoes and even celebrates the contents of "snuff" as simply another taste in the erotic spectrum -- for men, in the words of Swank, "who like to have lots of blood with their babes" -- the scope of this genre is impossible to determine. A police investigator's manual describes one such confiscated film, in which a woman is hung up by her wrists, "her intestines are ripped out through her vagina and she hangs there bleeding to death." The frequent and often unreported sexual murders and disappearances of prostitutes have been attributed by some feminist critics to the making of snuff films. In any case, the depicted sexualized murder of women and "conquest
by the symbolic" is the very essence of the popular "splatter gore" and "slasher" genres, available at any "family" video outlet. As Linda Williams contends, the repeated, ritualistic killing in slasher films "functions as a form of rape." Nearly every murder of women in slashers is preceded by prolonged, invariably all-female nudity and male voyeurism, and the tempo of the killers' stalking and murder clearly mimics the pattern of sexual arousal and release. The "come-shot" of pornography is replaced by the "kill-shot" in slashers, the role of the penis played by a variety of gruesome weapons. The central scene in The Toolbox Murders, a typical slasher film, depicts a woman, who clearly lives alone, undressing as she runs a bath, while a love song plays on the soundtrack. The camera lingers in stock soft-porn angles as the woman soaps her breasts and thighs and begins to masturbate. Her approaching orgasm is signaled not only by a quickening sequence of close-ups of her body and of her hand moving between her legs, but by intermittent shots of the killer's approach, from his perspective. He enters holding a pneumatic nail-gun at a phallic angle and, after a brief chase, a grotesque parody of a seduction scene, he shoots her just over her pubis while the camera records her nude body collapsing in prurient slow motion. She comes to rest propped against the wall, her eyes open and blank, her face indistinguishable from the lifeless faces of porn and fashion models. The killer stands over her, her breasts exposed in the frame, and places the nail-gun against her
face. As the same love song continues to play ("We will be as one instead of two, pretty lady..."), he pulls the trigger, blasting a hole in her head -- come-shot, kill-shot.448

But this is patriarchy's animating fantasy: man wielding his tools in ever-increasing mastery over the lifeless body of feminine nature. Carolyn Merchant has chronicled the drastic shift during the 16th and 17th centuries in western culture from an "organismic" or "vitalist" view of the earth and nature as a living, female entity to a "mechanistic" interpretation of the material world as a lifeless set of discreet and interchangeable parts. Prior to the rise of the scientific and capitalist paradigm, she claims, the experience of the world as "a beneficent, receptive, nurturing female" functioned as a "restraining ethic" on human activity, placing humanity in a reciprocal, more embedded relationship with nature, and individuals in more immediate and personal contact with organic cycles. But the growing emphasis on expansion and accumulation and on human domination and control of natural processes and resources required ideological sanction; and increasingly, nature was depicted as inert and passive, or as a wayward, feminine entity in need of restraint and force. The modernist insistence on male dominance over passive female nature and the arrogation of reproductive power to the masculine had (has) obvious political and social ramifications for women, and, significantly, this mounting exploitation and
manipulation of natural processes, from Francis Bacon to Daniel Boone to the present, takes its primary imagery from sexual violation. Man moves from child and lover to rapist -- and, ultimately, necrophiliac.449

The figure of a murdered woman haunts patriarchal culture, from the living tree of the goddess transformed into the abstract, corpse-bearing dead wood of the christian cross, to the vast tracts of desertified landscape utterly denuded of vital ecosystems, to the nightmarish proliferation of spread-eagled female corpses across the sexual war-zone of American culture and the Bosnian killing fields. The sexual pleasure sought in the male-supremacist mind is, finally, the experience and proof of his own force, and any recognition of the living Other as an autonomous subject stands in the way of this experience. And just as he sees in the blighted industrial waste-scape and its cancerous, destructive legacy the triumph of his productive powers in the abstraction of profit and the reality of his political and economic domination, he is assured in the manufactured, infinitely available lifelessness of the pornographic woman-object of his total supremacy over the feminine, of the full force of his sex. How much more sexual, how inestimably much more proof of his force, then, if she is dead?

Men extol the beauty of animals standing over their corpses. Here, as in war, they discover the greatest intensity of emotional and physical release, a release distinctly pornographic in its tempo, imagery and discourse.
Straddling a just-killed deer, a hunter exclaims to the camera, "A beauty! So pretty in the face!" and kisses the deer on its bloodied mouth, whooping in triumph. The deer's corpse becomes a sexual object as an artifact of the hunter's violent self-assertion; his "love" will be her dismemberment and consumption. This is the fate of women's subjectivities and bodies in pornographic culture. And where her being is not annihilated into increasingly mass-produced, commodified and fetishized abstractions, her dead and mutilated body is itself displayed as kill, trophy and sexual object -- sexual because dead. The picture accompanying a Hustler story shows a mangled woman lying on her back, a tire track across her torso, blood running from her mouth. A police cruiser can be seen speeding away. The narrative describes two vicious policemen who simply run over a hitchhiking "hippie" for amusement. In a scene of stunning hostility and violence, one of the men assaults the corpse while the other watches: he "slapped her, bit her, spit blood and saliva on her" -- and then rapes her. There seems to be no point to the story except the depiction of this nauseating sexual animus, which of course brackets and provides the context for a nude layout. The narrator of "Some Like it Cold" relates his keen interest when he discovers that a local "high school beauty" has been killed in a car wreck. He sneaks into the funeral home that night and rapes the corpse. Here, in the approving first person, is the authentic voice of pornographic culture's deepest
fantasy: "As my throbbing cock slipped in and out of her lifeless body I felt myself more and more aroused by the power I experienced, aroused by the defenselessness of the dead. Here was the perfect lover" (my emphasis).452

The ritual reduction of the living feminine to such perfection is the central task of pornography and pornographic culture. From censorship and appropriation, to degradation and contempt, to physical violence and rape, the male-supremacist continuum of the sexuality of violence and the logic of domination leads inexorably to the desire for total assimilation, to death as the ultimate practice and final evidence of supremacy. Thus, in the sacred texts of his sexuality, his ritual invocations of "life, love and pleasure" -- his life, his love, his pleasure -- the managed and contained images of living, seductive female bodies are persistently shadowed by the iconography of slaughter. If pornography has indeed "become sex to and from the male point of view,"453 what terror, what response is commensurate to the discovery again and again that the male experience of pleasure, his sexual fetishes, his fantasies, include the enacted violent murders and the displayed, mutilated corpses of women (and animals, and human Others)? The question of whether or not pornography is "mere fantasy" simply refuses to comprehend that fantasy is the engine of desire and the wellspring of action, and certainly, tragically fails to confront precisely what sort of "fantasy" includes, in the context of sex and pleasure, a
pictorial such as "Death Scenes" in the May, 1990 Hustler. Arranged on a backdrop of what appears to be dried skin or parchment are four photographs, "actual" scenes from police homicide files: a woman's truncated corpse from the knees to the waist, the genitals hacked out; a beheaded female corpse on its back with its hands cut off; a woman's body radically eviscerated from throat to crotch, one leg missing, organs spilling onto the floor, a butcher knife lying nearby; and a woman, her eyes open and staring, sprawled against a toilet, her body a map of multiple slash and stab wounds. All the corpses are nude. The photos are artfully arranged in a montage of dried, severed nipples and vulvas, safety pinned to the backdrop, and the corners are held down by a collection of razor blades. This is mainstream pornography.

And, insanely, inescapably, these images fall well inside the parameters of what, within the male-supremacist mind, is experienced as erotic. Where and how do these grisly sexual trophies enter the image-stream of his fantasy? What role do they play in constructing his responses to and attitudes toward the women he encounters every day? What traces take shape in what and how he desires and, finally, guide the hand that reaches forth, the fist that falls?
NOTES

Note on sources and attribution: All pornographic magazines attributed as sources are in the collections of The Kinsey Institute for Research In Sex, Gender and Reproduction, Morrison Hall 313, Bloomington, IN 47405. Where specific titles and dates are given in the text, I have used no further annotation. Pornographic films listed are predominantly from the Kinsey collection. In addition, two retail/rental sources (Fantasy For Adults in Missoula, MT and Movie Gallery in Indianapolis, IN) are indicated in the notes as "Fantasy" and "Gallery." Because many films in the Kinsey collection are anonymously donated copies, and due to the fact that a great deal of pornography is produced without accreditation, I have noted sources according to which of the following criteria is available, in descending order: title, director, producer, production company, distribution company, date, acquisition date, estimated date, source (Kinsey, Fantasy, Gallery or other). Where no credits are available, I have listed "nc" and source.


3 Needle Sex Slave (copy), nc, '80s?: Kinsey.

4 copy, credits in Japanese, recent: Kinsey.

5 See, for example, Black Powder Whitetails, Quest Productions, 1990. The scene is typical of the genre.


7 F.M. Christensen, Pornography: The Other Side (New York: Praeger, 1990) 150-168. Christensen is particularly egregious in blaming feminists for driving men to pornography, but see also Soble 80-88; and Linda Williams,
Hard Core: Power, Pleasure and 'The Frenzy of The Visible'

8 Williams 276.

9 See Christensen, Soble, or virtually any other
defense of pornography. While Williams refers to contemporary
films, she is extremely selective and grossly misrepresents
the general nature of mainstream pornography.

10 Robin Morgan, The Demon Lover: On the Sexuality of
Terrorism (New York: Norton, 1989) 50. See also Griffin,
Pornography; Andrea Dworkin, Pornography: Men Possessing
Women (New York: Plume, 1989); Daly, Gyn/Ecology.


12 Catherine MacKinnon, Feminism Unmodified: Discourses

13 MacKinnon, Feminism 173.

14 Morgan 53. See also Warren, "Connections"; Daly,
Gynecology; Griffin, Pornography.

15 Jane Caputi, The Age of Sex Crime (Bowling Green:

16 Daly, Gyn/Ecology 11.

17 MacKinnon, Feminism 173.

18 MacKinnon, Feminism 223.

19 Susan Jeffords, The Remasculinization of America:
Gender and The Vietnam War (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1989)
intro. xi.

20 Holly Sklar, "Imagine A Country," Z Magazine

21 1992 Economic Policy institute Study, quoted in Noam
Chomsky, "The Third World At Home," Z Magazine November 1992:
12.

22 Sklar, "Imagine" 21.

23 Holly Sklar, "Cross Currents," Z Magazine March
1993: 28; Chomsky, Z 12.
24 The Index of Social Health, Fordham Institute For Innovation in Social Policy, Fordham University Graduate Center, 1992.


29 Caputi 105.

30 Morgan 77.


33 Faludi xvii.

34 Faludi xiii.

35 Faludi xiii.

36 Faludi xvi.


38 Jacqueline Lawson, "The Misogyny of The Vietnam War," *Journal of American Culture* 12 (1989): 63n; hereafter cited as *JAC*. Morgan notes that sales of war toys in the U.S. burgeoned from 325 million in 1982 to nearly one billion in 1984 (142). In addition, from 1982-1988, the time devoted to war cartoons on television grew from ninety minutes per week to an astonishing twenty-seven hours per week (*Z Magazine* July/Aug. 1993: 52). It is interesting to speculate on the connection between this type of "fantasy" and the highly popular "good" wars and invasions of the last decade, as well as the parallels this might suggest with pornography and sexual violence.

39 Wolf 159.

40 Faludi xvii.

42 MacKinnon, Feminism 169.


44 Korman and Leslie 125.

45 Sklar, "Currents" 23.

46 Wolf 159.

47 MacKinnon, Feminism 169.

48 Wolf 159.

49 Faludi xvii.


52 Faludi xiv.

53 Faludi xvii.

54 Sklar, "Currents" 23.


56 Caputi 117.


59 Caputi 164. Caputi cites a study conducted by the National Institute of Justice which found that sex murderers
ranked pornography first in categorizing their foremost sexual interests (232n).

60 Life Aug. 1984: 58; Caputi 110.


62 Mary Daly, Beyond God The Father (Boston: Beacon, 1985) 117.


66 Hall in Snitow et al 342; See also Wolf 164-168.

67 Colman, Newsweek 52.


69 Bowker 45.


71 Morgan 315.

72 Priscilla Alexander, "Prostitution," in Delacoste and Alexander 188.

73 Quoted in Wolf 161.


75 Sarah Marnen, Annette Perot and Dora Byrne, "Coping With Unwanted Sexual Activity," JSR 26.1 (Feb. 1987): 83; see also "Rape," Time 23 March 1987: 77. Korman and Leslie show that from eighty to ninety percent of women on
university campuses have encountered "offensive sexual aggression on dates," and this experience remains pervasive and virtually unchanged from twenty years ago, though increasingly violent and "coitally directed" (115-125).


77 MacKinnon, Feminism 82.

78 Alexander in Delacoste and Alexander 201.

79 Morgan 317.


84 Quoted in Caputi 114.


87 Wolf 160, 165.

88 Marnen, Perot and Byrne 83.

90 E. Sandra Byers, "Effects of Sexual Arousal On Men's and Women's Behavior in Sexual Disagreement Situations," *JSR* 25.2 (1988): 235. Byers concludes that these results are "consistent with feminist contentions that beyond a certain level of intimacy, women are viewed as forfeiting their right to say 'no.'" Sharon Thompson's extensive interviews with teen girls indicate that, in fact, even the "mutual" first heterosexual experiences of girls are largely characterized by coercion, pain and disappointment. See *JSR* 27.3 (1990): 341.

91 Coleman *NYT* 28 August 1984, sec. 3:1. The most consistent finding of the now-massive research on pornography is that males who combine a high level of sex role stereotyping with an acceptance of aggression and beliefs in rape myths are both most susceptible to the effects of exposure to pornography and most likely to actually sexually assault a woman. See Osanka and Johann 216-220.


93 Cited in Osanka and Johann 181.

94 Crepault and Coutoure, cited in Osanka and Johann 182.

95 Greedlinger and Byrne 3.

96 Gudorf 19.

97 Cited in Wolf 166.

98 Colman, Newsweek 52


101 Heilbrun and Seif, *JSR* 49.
102 Neil Malamuth and Seymour Fleshbach, cited in Lederer 230.

103 Brownmiller 296. Surveys show that two thirds of all women believe pornographic materials lead to rape. Cited in Susan Gubar and Joan Hoff, eds., For Adult Users Only: The Dilemma of Violent Pornography (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1989) 135.


105 Wolf 163.

106 Caputi 6.


108 Colman, Newsweek 52; Coleman, NYT 8 Aug. 1984, sec. 3:1.


110 Faludi 171, 199.

111 Richard Corliss, "X-Rated," Time 7 May 1990: 92; Maio, Ms. 42-44.

112 McKinnon, Feminism 15.

113 Jennings, Geis and Brown 203.


115 Mander 76.

116 Jennings, Geis and Brown 204.

117 Jean Kilbourne, lecture, Urey Lecture Hall, University of Montana, Missoula, 6 April 1993.
118 Mander 122; Jennings, Geis and Brown 203.
119 Kilbourne, UM 6 April 1993.
120 Dworkin, 25.
121 Dworkin, 68.
123 "Nightmare In Vermont," *Life* July 1982: 30d; Cover story on Raquel Welch, same issue: 78.
127 Klein, dir.; Wolf 305n.
131 Shawn Corne, John Briere and Lillian Esses, "Women's Attitudes and Fantasies About Rape as a Function of Early Exposure to Pornography," *Journal of Interpersonal Violence* 7.4 (Dec. 1992): 456. The authors conclude that the frequency of rape fantasies reported by college-age women is directly tied to childhood exposure to pornography. Not surprisingly, K. Lawrence and E.S. Herald demonstrate that, while all other factors (such as age and education) are insignificant, feminist values are "strongly negatively related" to a women's use or approval of pornography: "Women's Attitudes Toward and Experience With Sexually Explicit Material," *JSR* 24 (1988).
132 Greendlinger and Byrne, cited in Osanka and Johann 182.

133 Klein, dir.; Wolf 79.


136 Williams 231.

137 Wolf 76.

138 Randall 200.


140 Soble 78.

141 Joan Hoff, "Why is There No History of Pornography?" in Gubar and Hoff, eds. 29.

142 Cited in Wilson, Maroon 11.

143 MacKinnon, Ethics 329.

144 MacKinnon, Ethics 327.

145 Dolf Zillmann and Jennings Bryant, "Pornography, Sexual Callousness, and the Trivialization of Rape," Journal of Communication 32.4 (F 1982): 11; MacKinnon, Feminism 149. Zillman and Bryant also demonstrate that massive exposure to even non-violent pornography lessens by half the jail sentence handed out in mock rape trials and lowers reported support for feminism drastically (from seventy-one to twenty-five on a hundred point scale).


149 Gubar and Hoff 58.

150 Kappeler 101.

151 Kappeler 103.


153 Carol Adams, *The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory* (New York: Continuum, 1991). Adams coins this term to describe the process by which living animals become "absent" through their conversion to and renaming as "meat," etc.


155 Kappeler 32

156 Dworkin 198.

157 Psychoanalyst Leonard Sillman, quoted in Caputi 135; see also Julia and Herman Schwendinger, *Rape and Inequality* (Beverly Hills: Sage, 1983) 199; Barry 225-230.

158 Foucault 102.


161 Foucault 102.

162 Williams 36-53.


165 Kappeler 154.

166 Kuhn 40; Griffin, *Pornography* 1-33; Susan Bordo, "Anorexia Nervosa: Psychopathology as the Crystalization of


169 Zillman and Bryant 15.


171 Sarah Wynter, in Delacoste and Alexander 268.

172 Warren, "Connections" 3.


174 Kappeler 214.

175 Griffin, Pornography 168.

176 Quoted in Donovan, Signs 369.

177 Mary Daly, Pure Lust: Elemental Feminist Philosophy (Boston: Beacon, 1984) 237.

178 MacKinnon, Feminism 137.


180 Robin West, "Pornography as a Legal Text," in Gubar and Hoff 118.

181 Havelock Ellis, quoted in Dworkin 148.
182 Nugget Jan. 1983. Another stock image in porn and certainly the stock image in hunting literature: the defeated, displayed trophy held up by its neck or horns.

183 Miss Jones III.


185 Kappeler 90.

186 West, in Gubar and Hoff 118.

187 Hoff, in Gubar and Hoff 21. Hoff also points out that, despite the extraordinary attention paid to so-called "feminist erotica" in both the mainstream press and academic criticism, "all the examples of this type of material available in contemporary American society could fit on the head of a pin" (28).


190 Titles from a variety of sources, primarily the Kinsey collection, ads and reviews in pornographic magazines, and titles on display at retail/rental outlets.

191 Survey conducted by the author, 25 March 1993, "Fantasy For Adults, Missoula, MT.

192 Morgan 327.

193 Soble 56.


195 Cunt-ry Fuckin', Raunch-O-Rama, 1990: Fantasy.

196 Fatal Passion, Coast to Coast, 1990: Fantasy.


199 Yang and Linz 34-39.
200 *Live!* April 1983.
201 *Live!* April 1983.
202 *Guys and Gals* July 1978, cover.
203 *Best of Hustler #2* (1976), Larry Flynt.
204 *Hustler Rejects 4*, cover.
206 *Bondage Life* 39, mid-'80s: 28.
207 See, for example, the "Chester The Molester" series in *Hustler*.
208 *Giving Head*, Infinity Video, 1990: Fantasy.
210 *Hustler* November 1976.
211 1970 internal *Playboy* memo, cited in Lederer 264.
213 *Guys and Gals* July 1978.
215 *Hustler* April 1977.
216 *Hustler* May 1976.
218 *Giving Head*, Infinity Video, 1990: Fantasy.
219 *Prude* 1.2 (late '80s?), pub. Roy Zeb.
220 *Hustler Rejects 4*.
221 *Hustler* Sept. 1980.
222 *Swank* Nov. 1983, cover/layout.
224 Partner 1982.


227 For examples, see Pub Oct. 1982; Hustler Nov. 1983; Best of Hustler #4; Devil In Miss Jones III, opening scene.


229 Another example of patriarchy's legalistic compartmentalizations that serves to deflect difficult questions and deny connections: the child pornographer serves the pornographer in the same way the poacher serves the hunter.

230 Wynter in Delacoste and Alexander 268.

231 Club International March 1986.


233 Best of Hustler #2 (1976); for examples, see also Harvey Dec. 1982; Hustler Oct. 1979, Jan. 1980 (cover); Prude 1.2 ("Beauty is punctured by lust's spear"); Puritan International 10 (1984).

234 Hustler March 1978.

235 Hustler March 1980.

236 Topper June 1979.

237 Child pornography in Kinsey collections, all nc, Danish and American, '70s and '80s; Ad for Pain appears in Stag May 1983.

238 MacKinnon, Towards Theory 204.


240 Fatal Passion, Coast to Coast, 1990.

241 Torrid Loving Fall 1980 (cover).


243 Bondage Life 43 (late '80s?): 25; see also "Bound for Pleasure" ("Our bound beauty doesn't look like she's
enjoying all this humiliating bondage..."), *Nugget* Jan. 1983; "Put Her In Chains...and She'll Love You For It!" (cover), *Rapture* 1.2.

244 *Pink* Dec. 1982; *Night and Day* covers from the late '70s and '80s include titles such as "Death By Orgasm," "Make Me Scream!" "Anal Revenge" and "Push Until She Begs For Mercy!"

245 *Twosome* June 1980.

246 *Poppin' Mommas* 1.1 (mid-'80s?): 16.


248 *X-Rated Cinema* 2 (1985), Swank.

249 *Best of Pub* 1986.


251 *Giving Head*, opening scene, Infinity Video, 1990: Fantasy. This is a rather common device in porn films.


254 Dworkin 164.

255 Kappeler 89.

256 *Rape Me! Rape Me! Rape Me! Rape Me!* nc, late '70s?: Kinsey.

257 *Rape*, Goldberg Brothers, late '70s: Kinsey; *Flogged and Raped*, nc, British, '70s: Kinsey. The woman in the very last scene of *Flogged* appears to be a different woman. These two extremely violent films leave little doubt that, in many cases, "the women used in pornography are used in pornography" (Soble 130). Beyond the enormous overlap between pornography, men's attitudes and women's lives, there remains the question of how much porn is an actual record of coercion, assault and rape.


259 Christensen 42, 66. Christensen, through his academically ponderous righteousness, seems convinced that the events depicted in pornography are real.
260 Williams 128. Williams goes to great lengths to impute good -- and even feminist -- intentions to the producers and consumers of pornography. Her claim that depictions of rape decreased during the eighties (165) totally ignores the now-pervasive use of "positive-outcome" rape scenes. What did diminish, though not to the extent Williams suggests, was one of the last "reality checks" in porn: showing the victim's pain. While the latter arouses about a third of males, the former, according to many studies, markedly influences virtually all men. Edward Donnerstein concludes that "pornography that shows a positive and willing victim influences all subjects" (quoted in Osanka and Johann 216).


262 Soble 173.


264 Mary Daly, Beyond God The Father (Boston: Beacon, 1985) 177.

265 Yang and Linz 31.

266 Yang and Linz 36.

267 Yang and Linz 36.

268 Cunt-ry Fuckin' (opening scene), Raunch-O-Rama, 1990: Kinsey.

269 Wolf 162.

270 Kappeler 59.

271 Hustler March 1980.

272 Caputi 61.

273 "Nowhere to Hide," Hustler May 1990. Note that this vicious tone contextualizes and plays off of the layout "Death Scenes," discussed below.

274 Pub April 1977.

275 See Caputi 60-62.

276 "Messin' With Alice," Gent March 1985. See also "Break In," Hustler March 1979: 84.

277 Foucault 56-66.
278 Stag March 1983.

279 Penetrator, dir. Orgie Georgie, Fresh Video, after 1985: Gallery. Here the principle of unbridled, righteous violence is applied to the female "enemy": the "Terminator" kills and kills; the "Penetrator" rapes and rapes.

280 Expose! April 1983.

281 Hustler Dec. 1975. "The Rapists" is accompanied by a full-page picture of a man leaning over a terrified woman on her knees, holding a knife to her throat. Despite her terror and pain, her attackers' viciousness ad the constant threat of the knife, as well as descriptions of one rapist's penis as a "meathook," the narrative reports that the victim "had been in sexual ecstasy during her 'rape.'"


283 Devil In Miss Jones Part III.

284 Topper June 1979.


286 Griffin, Pornography 45.

287 Morgan 67-93.

288 Hustler May 1978.


290 Sluts and Slobs 1.1 (Dec. 1982), Harvey: 77.

291 Griffin, Pornography 46.


293 Baxter, New Scientist 37.


295 Daly, Gyn/Ecology 361.

296 Robin Morgan, "Theory and Practice: Pornography and Rape," in Lederer 140.

297 Nugget May 1983.
298 Quoted in Lederer 76.


301 Hustler July 1978.


303 Copy in Kinsey collection, acquired Oct. 1986, nc, early '80s?


308 Keen 134; see also Griffin, Pornography.


311 Slotkin 154.

312 Griffin, Pornography 75.

313 Griffin, Pornography 25.

314 Kappeler 69; see also Griffin, Women and Nature; Donovan, Signs 362; Ortner in Evans.


316 Daly, Gyn/Ecology 201-205; Caputi 95-125.

317 LaQuer 216-226.
318 Thomas Addis Emmett, quoted in Smith-Rosenberg 211.

319 See Dworkin 133.

320 Kappeler 35.


323 Kappeler 158.

324 Kuhn 1-5.

325 Dworkin 47.


327 Dworkin 29.


329 Live! April 1983.


331 Stag May 1983.


334 Dworkin 29.

335 Hustler (cover) Sept. 1983.


339 Devil In Miss Jones III.

340 Bondage Life 42: 66.

342 Marilyn French, quoted in Donovan, Signs 369.


345 "Jungle Jane: She'll Bring Out the Beast In You," Stag March 1983.


348 Hustler Dec. 1978; The function of "Beaver" as animal/prey is emphasized both by the inclusion of photos such as "Priscilla Primate," a chimpanzee with her legs spread for the camera (Oct. 1979) and by Hustler's frequent offer of "Free Beaver Hunter Caps" to men who send in photos of their partners. Incredibly, the March 1984 Hustler includes photos of Kenneth Bianchi and Angelo Buono, the "Hillside Stranglers," endorsing the caps. Bianchi quips, "I was a real eager Beaver Hunter...."

349 Caputi 59; see also Griffin, Women and Nature; Daly, Gyn/Ecology.


351 Lawrence, Lady 313.

352 Lawrence, Lady 348.

353 Lawrence, Lady 99; the word "pussy" is repeated four times, and Lawrence clearly indicates his intentional parallel between Connie Chatterly and a hunted animal, sexual surrender and death, throughout, as well as the double entendre on "pussy" (337); for examples, see 371, 353, 349, 334, 312, 285, 282-283, 256, 229, 225, 182-185, 164, 160-162, 98, 79. This parallel is further emphasized by Lawrence's depiction of Mellors as a satyr and Pan-figure, and Lady Chatterly as Persephone.

354 Defenses of Lawrence are legion. See especially C.H. Rolph, ed., The Trial of Lady Chatterly (Baltimore: Penguin, 1961); or the letters, documents and introduction that bracket the Grove edition in sober legitimacy.

355 Kate Millett, Sexual Politics (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1970) 240.
356 Lawrence, *Lady* 262-263.


358 Millett 292.


362 *American Heritage Dictionary*.

363 Adams 47.


366 Barry 3; terms from a variety of sources.


368 Fiddes 151.


370 Fiddes 148.

371 Sanday's extensive cross-cultural study powerfully demonstrates the intimate connections between male dominance, hunting, meat and violence towards women: "Rape and the Silencing of the Feminine," in Sylvana Tomaselli and Roy Porter, eds., *Rape* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1986) 84-100; see also Riane Eisler, *The Chalice and The Blade* (San Francisco: Harper, 1988); Andree Collard with Joyce Contrucci, *Rape of
the Wild: Man's Violence Against Animals and the Earth
(Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1989) 33-56; and sources listed in
note 367.

372 Levi-Strauss 113-120; Sanday, Female Power 48.
373 Fiddes 145.
374 Levi-Strauss 269; Sanday, Female Power 45-48.
375 Sanday, Female Power 191-193.
376 Slotkin 156, 300.
377 Hustler Nov. 180.
378 Adams 33.
379 Dworkin 123.
380 Hustler Nov. 1976.
381 Adams 47.
382 Soble 55-56.
384 Hustler Aug. 1977; Partner May 1983; see also
385 Hustler April 1987.
388 Hustler Nov. 1991.
390 Adams 40.
391 Griffin, Pornography 33.
392 Fiddes 68.
393 "Last All Meat Issue," Hustler (cover and layout)
June 1978.
395 **Hustler** April 1976.

396 **Hustler** Oct. 1979; see also "Bet You Can't...," same issue.

397 **Stag** March 1982.

398 Adams 47.

399 Adams 47.


401 **Hustler** (centerfold) Nov. 1976.

402 Fiddes 154.

403 Cameron and Frazer 176.

404 Keen 129; see also Sanday, *Female Power*; Campbell, *Masks*; Griffin, *Woman and Nature*; Jeffords.


406 Sanday, *Female Power* 5, 44.


408 Morgan 148; Daly, *Gyn/Ecology* 97; Caputi notes that Robert Oppenheimer was named "Father of the year" by the American Baby Association in 1945 to honor his "Little Boy," the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima (187).


183

412 Quoted in Morgan 175.

413 *Superstars of Sex #3* (1983), Swank Gold Press. An editorial in the same issue, incredibly, condemns violence towards women.


415 *China De Sade*, dir. Charles de Santos, '80s?: *Kinsey*.


417 Morgan 176.


419 Lawson *JAC* 60.


421 Cameron and Frazer 17-25; Caputi 134; Groth 57; *Life* Aug 1984:68.

422 Morgan 177.


424 *Instrument For Killing*, copy, nc, late '70s?: *Kinsey*.

425 Caputi 143.

426 Caputi 144.

427 Depicted in Klein.

428 *Hustler* April 1977.


431 *Puritan International* 9.

432 *Best of Hustler* #2.

433 *Hustler* April 1987.


436 McKinnon, *Towards Theory* 140.


438 "Break In," **Hustler** March 1979: 84.

439 **Best of Hustler** 4.

440 **Hustler** July 1984. Dorothy Stratten was briefly famous at age eighteen as "the found object" of a *Playboy* "Bunny Hunt" and was then "Pin Up of the Year." Her promoter and ex-husband, Paul Snider, obsessed with what he had "created," later raped and murdered her.


444 Quoted in Caputi 168.


446 Williams 191.


449 Merchant 28; see also xix-42.


451 **Best of Hustler** #2.

452 **Nugget** June 1980. This scene is followed by an "orgy," including six men and the corpse, in which the narrator bites off parts of the corpse's breasts.

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