

.violent pornography

If porn has narrowed your definition of sexuality, we feel sorry for you - againstpornography.org

Marcello is a normal boy. He has a sister who is studying political science, a mother and a father - both teachers - and a dog called Tomato. He recently moved to a new city and, as you say in these cases, so far so good.

He likes watching movies, every kind of. Yesterday he saw something with Bruce Willis. When he was done with it, he didn't feel like going out and jumping on a running train, or shooting random people on the street.

Marcello also has a new girlfriend. She's cute and sweet, but he likes her specially because there's more than meets the eye. In her iris he finds something clean, and that's all he needs and desires. What they do -or don't- under the covers of their bed is unfortunately fading to black. If he could speak to you now, he would say "That ain't your business. It's another story, pal".

This morning he was smoking a cigarette. Looking for an ashtray, he moved close to a garbage bin, where he saw this sticker saying: "*Men are from Earth. Women are from Earth. Deal with it*". It made him smile.

Marcello is Italian. He comes from this place with sun and good wine and Mafia. He has a personal chart of the most boring questions they can ask him these days. The first is "*What about the garbage in Naples?*". The second sounds like a bad joke, but it's not: "*Are you going to have again Berlusconi as prime minister?*". The third hurts Marcello a bit: "*Are Italians beating women?*". Even though he knows the answers to all these questions, lately he decided to shrug its shoulders and live with it.

He's not ashamed to say he plays videogames. And when he's done with Mario, he usually do not think it's necessary to go out in search of magic mushrooms and gold coins, even though some of his friends have a different opinion on mushrooms.

According to the stereotype of his gender, he gets a kick out of pornography. When he tries to explain why, he feels at a loss of words, but just for the first few moments. It has, he thinks, nothing to do with his sexual life, which has peeks and valleys like everyone else's. Lack of action or not, RedTube and YouPorn are always there for him. It doesn't depend from a lack of love, tenderness, or unhappy childhood. Mostly it has to do with the transcendent pleasure of being alone with his own body.

He knows all the famous performers and directors. He's also familiar with the sub-genres: some are good, some go too far for his tastes and he's leaving that to others. Like all Italians he has great respect for Rocco Siffredi, and he's always surprised when somebody pop out with "*Rocco who?*". Rocco is one of the reason of Italian's reputation (bad or good, you decide), something very close to a national icon, a character so successful in his field that he was also protagonist of an incredible promotional campaign for chips (you might wonder why, but Marcello would suggest you to not ask unnecessary questions). In one of his movies Rocco is flushing the head of a girl in a toilet while fucking her. This, somehow, makes Marcello wonder if what he read eventually makes some sense. Internet was screaming: "*...it is undeniable, no matter how much the industry's defenders try to deny it: PORNOGRAPHY = MISOGYNY [...] don't try to tell us pornography is not misogynistic! I am absolutely not saying that all pornography users are misogynists. I am saying that pornography reinforces misogyny in contemporary society, and encourages many men to normalize this type of hatred*". Still, he hardly can see the connection.

Two days ago on the metro to Itäkeskus he finished this book of Chuck Palaniuk, *Chocking*. Among other things, the book talks also about people with sexual deviations. For Marcello, even after some days of immersion in those pages, the idea to put his dick into a vacuum cleaner to know how it feels is still looking a bit odd. Simply, he had this naive conviction that pornography is the "action movie genre" of eroticism. Nevertheless, he's hesitating if somebody suggests that pornography conditions male orgasm to female subordination. "*Is that true?*", he asks himself, but he has no answers.

He finds annoying the idea that someone considers men just like a bunch of lobotomized pigs, without any capacity to discern reality from fiction. But this is also the way they are represented in porn movies, gonzo and brainless gorillas with a great sexual appetite and some issue with respect. He's not a porn actor, he will never be, and he's quite sure that even without special effects his sexuality and the one of his partner can be utterly fulfilled.

Moreover, Marcello enjoys to reflect on the questionable idea that the widespread porn-movie relationship of Master (man) - Servant (woman) is practically stating the inferiority of women and reinforcing the status quo. This imply, he thinks, that sex is to consider always violent, unpleasant and unidirectionally unconsensual. Second, in this picture, he can hardly understand where to place female users of porn, lesbo sex and gay sex. Eventually, he is also asking himself what are feminists waiting to counter-attack the evil capitalistic misogynists with some politically correct porn. If the problem is the exploitation of (women in) sex, let's start to explore the matter from the other side! He's sure that everybody would warmly welcome some fresh air.

In September he started to study a new language. It's hard, and sometimes he would like to give up. His homework tonight are not done yet. There are, however, enjoyable sides also, in the way this tongue configure itself. He cannot help but laughing every time he comes across this word, "naida". It means "to marry" and "to fuck" at the same time. Marcello wonders if this bothers someone, and closes

the book.

Now the night is falling and for Marcello it's time to sleep. And no, he doesn't need to jerk off to relax before hitting the sack. Being a random name on a sheet of paper and still being naked to your eyes is exhausting, so he pulls on his earplugs and before falling into the arms of slumber he quietly sings along a song that in English would go like this: *Charlie is skating / Have no mercy / Crucify him, disfigure his face / With a golf's club / Alleluja, Alleluja / "I like metal and R&B / I downloaded tons of porn videos / I go to church and I do sports / I take pills containing / Paroxetine"*. Then, he dreams.

The name of Marcello could be easily switched with the one of Charlie, or mine. Because Marcello, after all, is just a normal boy, with hopes, nightmares, answers and - more than anything else - contradictions he cannot solve.

- Tommaso De Benetti