

## Malice in cyberland

Internet explorer discovers the missing links

Like Dr. Laura, I, too, am outraged about pornography on the Internet. It costs entirely too much and takes too damn long to download.

Way back in the old days (you remember, like in 1998), you could surf the digital airwaves and find all manner of free smut. Then the porn stars got all cocky (pardon the pun) and decided they wanted people actually to pay to see their bare asses. The nerve.

I ask you, is it really so much to ask for a little free whacking material before bedtime without having to resort to watching professional wrestling? (Yeah, right, like you've never done it.)

Now I've gotta go through all the trouble of typing in keywords like "Low Hangers/Nipple Clamps/Mormon Missionaries" and seeing what pops up (again, pardon the pun). I have to confirm for like the 3,000th time that, yes, I'm older than 18 (as if that stops anybody), and I've got to invent yet another password I won't be able to remember five minutes later.

Worst of all, I've got to fork over \$19.99 if I want to see Mormon boys spank each other with their bike helmets. Forget it, I'll watch *Smackdown* again. The Rock's pretty hot.

My computer has other ideas, though, and insists on sending me to links I've never heard of every time I try to exit. Now I'm in trouble. I've entered The Porn Vortex.

I try to control my destiny by typing in the keywords "Greg Brady/Nude Pics," but nothing doing; I'm trapped. Before you know it, I'm stuck at some straight Web site looking at pictures only a gynecologist could love.

Panic starts to set in. What if I get linked by accident to some child pornography or snuff film site that is being monitored by the

### THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC

by Marc Acito



FBI? I'm certain that the long arm of the law will reach through my computer and drag my ass off to jail, where I'll end up with a tattoo on my butt that says "Raoul's Bitch."

My only hope is that I'm in the same prison as Robert Downey Jr. Just for the record, I'm certain poor Robert does drugs because he can't admit just how much he loves me.

But I digress.

So I've sworn off the professional porn sites and have decided to stick with the amateurs.

Once the domain of People You'd Rather Not See Naked, amateur porn has gotten pretty hot since the advent of the Internet. Now it seems like the world is full of well-hung men eager to drop trou.

But regardless of how well these amateurs turn me on, one question dominates my mind: Just who are these people?

Don't get me wrong. I'm grateful to these boys for sharing their largesse with the rest of us, but don't these guys have parents?

I mean, if your hard-on can be downloaded anywhere from Athens

to Zanzibar, chances are pretty good it's going to

find its way back to Peoria. And surely there's somebody you once dumped or just plain pissed off enough who'll make certain it gets there.

Or perhaps your father, in an attempt to download some straight porn himself, will suddenly get sucked into The Porn Vortex and



will end up accidentally looking at a shot of you trying to fellate yourself. You could end up killing your own father, not to mention slipping a disc yourself.

People go to a lot of trouble with these pictures. These are not spontaneous Polaroids in which some drunk jock whips it out for the camera, like the night of my junior prom when Bill Parizeau did just that, and I was immortalized on film staring right at it. No, these pictures are Marketing Materials.

And some people have more to market than others, if you know what I mean. Honestly, I can't imagine how some of these guys can stand up without tipping over.

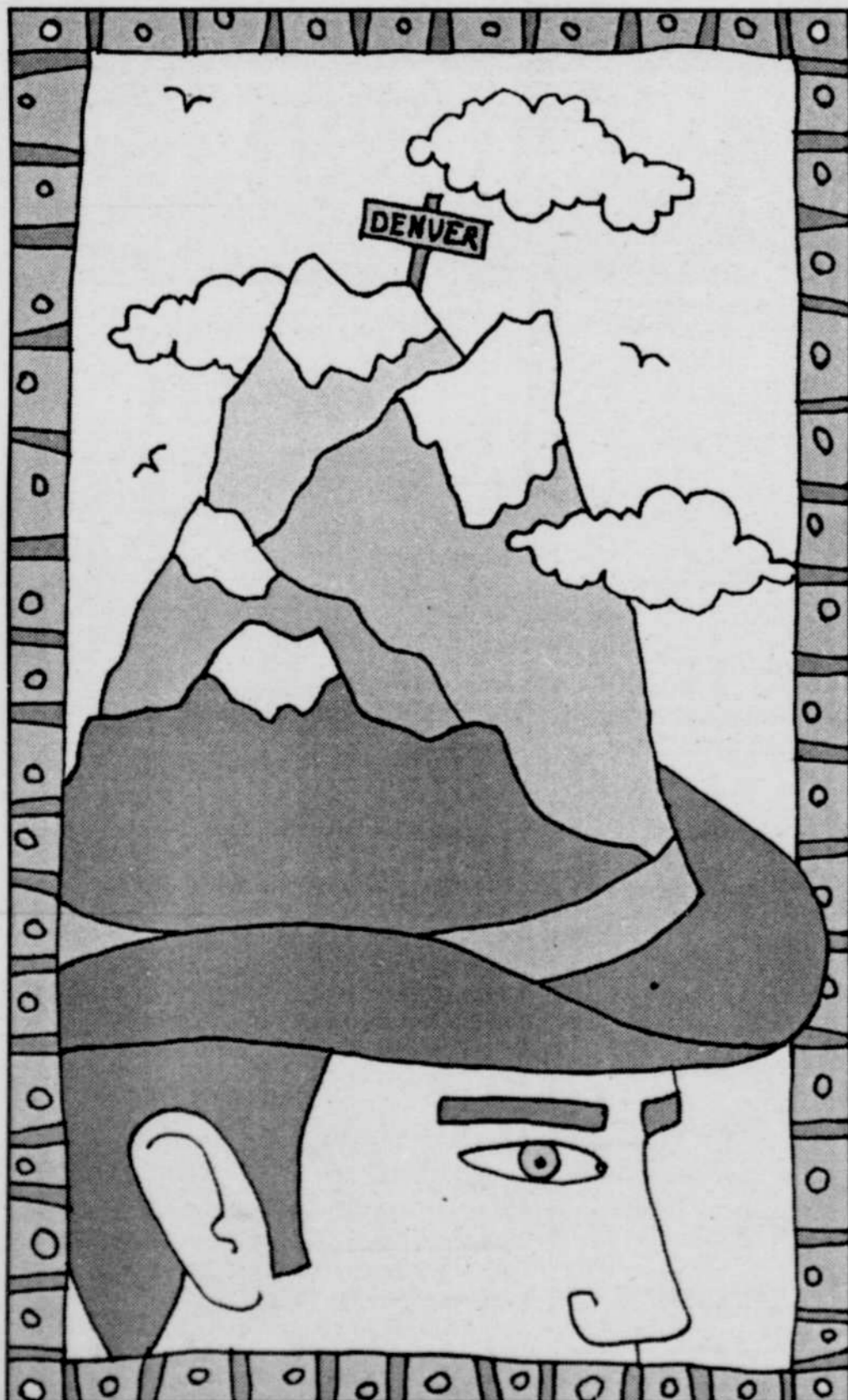
Does anyone remember that scene in *Logan's Run* where Michael York gets a woman to materialize in his living room using some kind of holographic big-screen television? Well, science fiction has become science fact. I run with a pretty tame crowd, and even I know a number of guys who've gotten laid using the Internet.

The proliferation of porn on the Net has gotten a lot of bad press, but for gay men I think the proliferation of amateur porn is ultimately a good, even affirming thing. Rather than drooling over those guys who are "gay for pay," we ourselves are becoming our own objects of fantasy and desire.

I say to you this: Anything that can break down our isolation from one another and boost our regard for ourselves can't be all that bad.

And that, my friends, is The Gospel According to Marc. ☐

MARC ACITO will happily evaluate your nude pictures for you free of charge at [MarcAcito@home.com](mailto:MarcAcito@home.com).



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