TODD MUNSON is filling in for J. J. HARDON, er, HARDER.

The Beginning

Webster's Dictionary defines pornography as writings, pictures, etc. intended primarily to arouse sexual desire. Its origin stems from the Greek word porne, meaning prostitute.

And that's exactly what pornography is dregs of society prostituting themselves so its weak-minded audience can release the wanton desires that those of us on the "right" side of things can control.

The Middle

I'll admit it, I had an experience just like that "Wonder Years" episode where Kevin and Paul stole a copy "Everything You Wanted to Know about Sex but were Afraid to Ask." I too was a curious boy, only I read "Pornography Will Make You Go Blind" by Bob Dole. You know what, the man on the right was right as usual. One of my fellow columnists "Munsoned" himself with his fondness for smut and wouldn't you know it, he's almost legally blind.

The End

Pornography is the devil's business, plain and simple. That said, it's time for me to go. The new J. Crew catalogue is arriving today and it's twofor-one-day at Charlie's Charred Animal Flesh.

CLIFF HICKS is filling in for THUD MANSON, er, TODD MUN-SON.

So, when I was out biking 300 miles yesterday to get to our next Ultimate Frisbee Challenge, I realized I was supposed to write this column on pornography.

Nothin' like a big hot bowl o' porn, is there? I'm all for porn. The aroma of the good ol' CinemaX, the hangout of youth, can be felt for miles. You know you're thinking about it, too.

Not just the bizarre porn, like the "Fat Albert" outtakes my friend sent me, but I mean ol'-fashioned porn like your folks used to hide

Personally, I can groove out to '60s and '70s porn. Ya gotta love those giant 'fros and big-ass heels. Disco, my friends, will always be in.

Maybe the university can even get behind the big porn movement, and we can open Studio 54 in the building I wasn't allowed to go into for a

I'll be decked out in a Hawaiian shirt brighter than you find on Ron Jeremy, and I still think he's a shoo-in for next year's ASUN president, since I can't run anymore, and Ricky the Squirrel is lodging a protest complaint.

Off I go to bike down the Interstate wearing no more than my helmet and pads. Woo-hoo!

A.L. FORKNER is filling is for STIFF BRICKS, er, CLIFF HICKS.

Porn takes a high toll on its users. And the high toll isn't going away anytime soon.

Not as long as Bill Gates and Microsoft continue to monopolize and dominate the online porn industry.

It's a little known fact, but Microsoft didn't really make its fortune through it's operating systems. Oh no, it was the pioneer in online pornog-

I mean, c'mon, look at the guy. Tell me you

don't look at Bill Gates and think, "Hey, that looks like a porn user!"

Because of Gates and his unfair business practices, the average online porn consumer has to pay an average of 32 percent higher than necessary.

In fact, Gates' porn monopoly is one of the main factors as to why Windows has achieved its

Internet Explorer, which comes bundled (illegally) with the Windows operating system is designed to download and play pornographic materials faster than Netscape's Navigator.

So, as we can once again see, Gates and Microsoft have illegally cornered and controlled yet another online market. It's not fair and Gates is gonna pay.

TIM SULLIVAN is filling in for A.L. FUCHNER, er, FORKNER.

The other day my friend and I were having lunch at Hookers. She got pretty perturbed with the way I kept ogling the waitresses, and she started hurling vicious insults at me.

"Pervert! I'll bet you shop at Pristina's and hang out all night at the CinemaSex in the peep show booths," she said, uncrossing her legs and crossing them again, giving me a classic Sharon Stone "Basic Instinct" shot.

"You're wrong," I snarled. "I do not."

"Liar! You remember our first date? When you took me to your place? Remember me finding your love doll in the closet? The 'pump' thing under the sink in the bathroom? And what about the 10,000 porno magazines and pictures of naked women covering every square inch of wall space in your entire apartment?"

"Look, Lusty," I said, getting maddeningly aroused just talking about it, "Just because I have a few men's magazines and a couple of toys (boy am I glad she didn't go in the other closet) doesan I shop at Pristina's or spend all night at the CinemaSex. For your information, I buy my porno mags online and spend all day at CinemaSex!"

ERIN REITZ is filling in for LIMP PULLAGAIN, er, TIM SULLIVAN

I'd like to tell you about a friend of mine who's run into some trouble lately. He's being discriminated against and I can't figure it out.

Maybe it's because he's got long hair. Maybe it's because he doesn't know what "tort" means. And maybe it's because he's a law student by day and porn star by night. Quid pro quo.

If you've been paying attention to C-Span 2 for the last couple of hours, you're aware that there's a bill on the floor of the Senate, LB967,098.12Wicky-WackyD-spot3, also known as the "Shorn for Porn" bill. Amicus curi-

In essence, this bill would end my friend's prosperous pornography career if he refuses to cut his ass-length, shiny, shiny platinum blonde

To figure out what we could do to help him, another friend of mine and I sat down in my apartment and consumed 96 oz. of Everclear.

Loaded with enough hard liquor, we found that we could no longer distinguish between the men and women in "Monkey Lovin' Yo' Mama," and therefore, no one needs a haircut! LEGALESE! LEGALESE! LEGALESE!

If you're willing to fight for your favorite long-haired porn stars, call your U.S. senator and tell 'em where to shove it. I know I will.

The prosecution rests.

A.L.FORKNER is also filling in for TEARIN' RIGHTS, er, ERIN REITZ

As you have probably guess, I am very opposed to pornography.

First of all, it's a gross objectification of women. I'd like to see how some big, fat truck driver would like to lay there with his knees behind his ears while a sleazy guy with too many gold chains took his picture.

However, my biggest beef with the porn industry is the shoes. Most of the women portrayed in these sleaze-fests aren't even wearing

What's the deal?

The one possibly redeeming factor is overlooked. And when they do wear shoes, ugh, what nasty shoes they wear. Do they honestly believe that 6-inch stiletto heels go with a Catholic school girl's outfit? Worse yet, they actually combined white canvas sneakers with pink crotchless panties.

Can you imagine?

Now, if they coordinated the footwear with the lingerie a little better, these women would maintain a shred of their dignity.

For example, instead of thigh-high latex boots with a red lace teddy, how about red pumps? Pumps are more comfortable, practical and easier to clean.

So Mr. Hefner, Mr. Flynt, I hope you're both reading. I hope you can see to stop the filth. Or at least better coordinate the footwear.

KASEY KERBER is filling is for PLAY FISH, er, JAY GISH

A lot of people have opinions on pornogra-

You have opinions. I have opinions. That guy down the street with the really big binoculars certainly has opinions.

That's not what I'm concerned about. It's when we start arguing about these opinions that I see the most danger.

It's not when someone says that they consider "Basic Instinct's" bedroom scenes erotic art. It's when they argue with someone else, introducing a variety of uncalled-for "yo mama" references that I think things go too far.

Too many people are trying on a Wonderdress. Let's be honest - you don't need one. In the world of pornography a Wonderdress is nothing more than a skimpy little thing that goes well with knee-high boots and a neon green halter-top.

We shouldn't argue. Porn is just too valuable to argue about.

We should all be more civil, talk out our porn differences and then, to butcher Rodney King: "all just get along," or via pornography: "all just get it on."

JAY GISH is filling in for MUTT PATMYSON, er, MATT PETERSON

The quandary of pornographic gratification vs. freedom of expression suffers allows one institution to be held responsible: our American

federal administration. I'm prepared to supply various remnants of obscure information which will implicate our government in systematic oppression, including but not limited to pornographic distribution.

Of course, publication of salacious materials by individuals or institutions of our free press are admissible in my book; I wouldn't stop short of advocating emissions of every sort due to the enjoyment of the free press. It is the fat cats embroiled in this perverseness I disesteem, and I call for their timely denouement.

I must apologize if any of the preceding was reprehensible to you, the readers of this publication. I generally avoid writing my columns in such a manner; I at least attempt to make them tedious enough to revolt your attention. I will shudder if my elitism has receded whatsoever. I also apologize if you found anything here the least bit humorous. I avoid the jocose; it is for the human proletariat, of which I only purport to be a champion and constituent.

Finally, forget that I ever addressed you, the reader, directly. End transmission.

MATT PETERSON is filling in for

KRAZEY CORNCOB, er, KASEY KERBER

Hey diddley ho, readers.

I'd like you to forget about your own pampered, self-absorbed, silver-spoon-up-your-butt existence for a moment and consider the plight of someone less fortunate than yourself.

Sure this isn't the sort of thing anyone likes to do (I certainly didn't enjoy writing this column). But I don't give a good gosh darn what you like or don't like because you're an egotistical, snotnosed punk, and you should really hear me out.

Perhaps you're familiar with the sort of per-

son I believe deserves your attention. Maybe you've spent a quiet evening alone with him. Admired his suave and witty repartee. Laughed at him. Envied him. Climaxed with him.

I'm talking about the down-and-out porn king - men like Long John Silver and Johnny Wad (a.k.a. John Holmes).

Men without jobs.

Men without dignity.

Men who have nothing substantial left to hang onto in their lives ... save for enormous genitalia.

Few people realize that the average career of a porn king lasts only about 10 years, and the pay scale in the porn industry has long treated men like second-class talent. What's more, the expensive tastes and drug addiction that inevitably accompany the porn-king lifestyle don't really facilitate saving money.

Typically, these men choke on their own premature estimations of themselves, tripping over their fading potency as they are discharged from the cold and indifferent porn industry. Consequently, many former stars join our nation's homeless, forced to pitch their tents on city streets and spend what little money they have on orthopedic underwear.

That's why I'm devoting the remainder of my tenure as a member of the Residence Hall Association to my vision of a special-interest residence hall floor dedicated to down-and-out porn

It may not be a solution, but it's a beginning. And if this step is the only one taken on campus, at least I'll know that I'm a full 12 inches closer