

Let's Hear it for **VIOLENCE** Toward Women!

Women are only good for fucking and beating. When you get tired of fucking them, there's only one thing left to do.

After you fuck them, they start talking. That's when you beat them. They all talk too much, especially when you don't want to hear it.

And what do they talk about? Violence toward women. But they fail to realize that their whining is what *provokes* most of the violence. They don't understand what their eternal screeching does to men. Shut up! We don't need to hit you. Just shut your mouths.

One simple rule, guys—the first time she gives you some lip, bust it open WIDE. She won't talk shit again. Not if she's smart, she won't. Smack her mouth so hard, she won't be able to open it for a month. It's difficult to bitch and moan and nag



with a broken jaw, isn't it? Your fists are a judge's gavels. When she's in contempt, pound down on her until there's order in the court. Don't let her get away. Make her pay for being a woman.

Such a sweet little girl. So annoying. Daddy's little snookums. Now you're wiping the blood off your mouth. What would your father say if he saw me smack the snot out of your nose and onto the walls? Would he cry? Would he call the cops? He'd better not—I'll snatch that wooden cane out of his hand and beat him to death. Your brother says he wants to kick my ass? Let him try it. Let him just fucking TRY it. Tell him to bring his friends, too, 'cause I'm in a killing mood. Oh—you want to start shit yourself? Very funny. You're a woman. You hit like a girl.

I like to punch women and kick them and shove them up against walls. I like grabbing them by their pretty hair and swinging them into door frames, rubbing their noses in the carpet like they're puppies, dragging them into the bathroom and half-drowning them in the toilet. Sinks—either bathroom or kitchen sinks—are real good, because you can knock out a whole row of teeth when you slam a woman's face into one. Watch all the goeey blood dripping on the white porcelain. It's a real treat.

I destroy everything that's important to women. I smash their glass figurines and rip the stuffing out of their teddy bears. Then I shred their love letters into little ribbons as they watch and cry.

The only solution to the female problem? Loutish, piglike, male FORCE. Ain't nothing wrong with women that a good backhand won't solve. Punch her in the stomach until she doubles over and wheezes. Crush her nose with one shot. Throw her up against your fish tank. Break things. Break everything. Smash telephones, destroy appliances, and kick down doors. Neighbors will call the cops. Shout threats to her as they hustle you into a squad car. She takes out a restraining order. That won't stop you.

Women are on the RECEIVING end, and we all know 'tis better to give. Females are egg-bearing brine shrimp. Sex objects. Men are the nouns. Fucking is the verb. Women are the direct OBJECTS. Two-dimensional. Why kid around? Women are defined by those cunts and nothing else. They were fashioned by nature as achingly beautiful mannequins, dead girls in store windows. Victims. See all the dead lilies in the trash can behind the flower shop. Fragile blossoms. Used. Decaying.

Women. Weak. Very pretty in their weakness. Ugly otherwise. Don't give her power—she doesn't know how to handle it. Women are intriguing little house pets, but they need to be tamed.

Keep her chained down. Break the chain, and watch her walk all over you. And you'd deserve it, because you gave away your power for free. Women say they're looking for nice guys, but they don't respect passive pussy-men. Women want their lovers to be killers. Give them what they want.

Women get beaten because they're so EASY to beat. Hear them crying in a hundred thousand trailers all over America tonight. Get a police scanner and listen to all the domestic-violence calls. Blasts of static. Street addresses. Ages and races of suspects. What they're wearing. *Do you need backup?* Police dispatchers always have a flat, flavorless tone in their voices.

They don't convey the VIOLENCE. The desperate, vicious couples. The shirtless, sweaty men with their mouths hanging open. The sobbing women holding paper towels to their bleeding, matted scalps. The screaming, tear-streaked kids running around in shitty diapers. The lacerated emotions. Such a scene demands violence to restore order. The cops can't beat everyone; domestic violence picks up the slack.

All the battered women in all their battered women's shelters. Swollen eyes, fat lips, cracked ribs. Fractured illusions. Love's sweet promise broken a million times over. Crying that they still love him. Keeping it together for the kids' sake. He says he's sorry. She forgives him. He finds a job. They get back together, and it's nice for a while. Then he beats her with a tire jack until her ribs puncture her lungs. Dead promise. Dead wife.

Two teenagers wander into the woods, away from a keg party. They stop in the mossy darkness. *I'll love you forever*, she tells him. They lock tongues together. He reaches down and unzips her pants.



She asks him to stop. He doesn't. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her pussy. She falls to the forest floor, splashing blood onto the autumn leaves. He covers her mouth and fucks her ass. He blows his jam up her fudge hole as she dies. She asked for it. That's how he sees it, anyway.

And his opinion is the only one that matters. You wouldn't listen to a woman, would you?

It's common knowledge that when women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot—more so, because they lack nature's clearest emblem of a divine scepter, the penis. Without natural benediction, women thrash about in tyrannical frustration, never quite getting it right. Ever work for a female boss? Then you'll know what I mean. The first chance these skanks get, they rush in and imitate their "oppressors" in every way imaginable. They're even less tolerable, because they smear a moralistic donut glaze atop their naked drive for power. Their violence is righteous because it's committed in the holy name of REVENGE!

The female gender's biggest flaw is their notion that women are somehow more moral, noble, and sacred than men. You aren't sacred. You're scared. You're our disposable playthings. When we don't want you anymore, we pop you with a pin. You aren't the *only* girl for sale.

Women can't get around the cunt's structural and metaphorical passivity. Feminists are ultimately fighting against nature. And they're winning! Despite what

the dickless extremists may tell you, we live under an occupational matriarchal regime, where a man's God-given instrument of adjudication—a swift, fat fist—is considered an inappropriate method for ending an argument. Chicks get away with murder these days.

But we're not *arguing* with the feminists, we're *competing* against them. We agree with the fem-nuts that the penis is the instrument of their oppression, subjugation, humiliation, and enslavement. That's a given. Problems only arise in proportion to your resistance to this niggling little fact. It's a simple struggle: men versus women. But nature has given our side a tremendous advantage—nature made us men. We're born to win.

We are, to use one of your favorite words, EMPOWERED through violence toward women. It's a real ego-booster. But ladies, don't think that we hate you. Women, when they keep their place and don't step over the line, can actually be quite lovely. At least the good-looking ones. So if you're a woman reading this, submit at all costs. Lick each gluey drop of cum with a smile on your face. It's good for your complexion. Then get back into the kitchen and rustle me up some vittles before I beat you again.

Sorry, ladies—it's time to turn back the clock. The cave men—now THERE were some men! They knew how to keep their women in line. We need a new breed of cave men—fat, brutal, drunken man-beasts—to terrorize all these uppity bitches. The ideal "nineties woman" will be bare-foot and pregnant. She'll have a black eye, too. There she is—Miss America! ■

