



# IN DEFENSE OF PREDATORS

**\*This has nothing to do with Roman Polanski.**

BY GAVIN MCINNES

Early this summer, HBO released a documentary called *Roman Polanski: Wanted & Desired* wherein the star fucks a savvy thirteen year-old on ludes. The whole thing was meant to highlight the question, “What is rape?” and make everyone talk about it incessantly, forever and ever, until you’re like, Why are we still talking about this? She said, “No.” That’s rape. The End.

If you really want to see an example of questionably innocent men being charged with sexual assault, you need to check out the mecca of illegal entrapment and hypocrisy, *To Catch a Predator*.

They ought to cut the bullshit and just call it *To Catch a Guy That Wants to Fuck—Not a Kid—but a Post Pubescent Teen With an Unfathomably Unique Personality* or *To Dupe a Really Stupid, Really Lonely, Really Horny Guy* because that’s what it is. I’m not the first person to bring this up. Plenty of articles have been published pointing out the questionable ethics of the show: We’re told cops are paid off, prosecutors become actors, cases are thrown out, lawsuits are pending...the list goes on. It appears the show may finally be done for, but in the midst of all this criticism, nobody mentioned the biggest flaw with the show: ALL men want to fuck young girls.

Don’t get me wrong; I hate pedophiles as much as you. I recently terrorized a guy I thought *might* be one until he cancelled his vacation and flew back to Canada. The last thing I would ever want to do is defend a sexual predator and if any one of them ever went near my kids I would happily cut his penis off without a second thought. I’m not trying to defend predators but “In Offense of *To Catch a Predator*” is a shitty title, and “To Catch a Hypocrite” sounds too John Walsh.

Honestly though, come on, what old guy doesn’t want to fuck a young girl? It’s called “Darwinism.” Shit, we live in a culture that embraces this innate desire. *Venus* has a seventy-four-year-old Peter O’Toole passionately licking the neck of a young teen in a movie described as, “an uplifting tale of love, lust and the endless pursuit of vitality and youth.” *American Beauty* was about a balding old man with an egg for a head beating off about his teenaged daughter’s friend. The only person I ever heard bring up the possibility that this was just a little fucked up was riot grrrl feminist Kathleen Hannah. And it’s not like this was a quick fad. Today we have *Towelhead*, the exact same movie by the exact same people. Let’s see if this one wins Best Script.

So why don’t more older men give it a try? Well, for one, as Marc Maron pointed out in a hilarious stand-up routine about this very subject, “there’s a law.” The other, more realistic answer is:

Most of us remember fucking teenagers back from when we were teenagers—and it sucked. Despite all the prime-time propaganda about preteen sex, women’s libidos don’t really get interesting until late high school / early college. Before that, it’s a series of uncomfortable negotiations, grunts, and strange fluids. The number-one reason old men don’t fuck young girls is simple: young girls don’t want old men to fuck them. A tween girl’s idea of sexual intercourse is spooning the guy from *High School Musical* on a field of daffodils as Raven sings “That’s What Little Girls Are Made Of.” And us old men are fine with that.



*What if this girl liked Black Flag, Withnail & I, and thought your balls were quote unquote gorgeous?*

However, if someone could take that reluctant young body and put the brain of, oh, I don’t know, a pack-a-day smoking, overweight, forty-two-year-old, alcoholic divorcee in it, things would be different. But that would be a fictional being, a unicorn. Which is exactly why *To Catch a Predator* is so perverse. He wasn’t coming to fuck a teenager. He was coming to fuck a teenage creature with the voice of half a dozen computer vigilantes getting paid two million dollars to appease his every whim (I’m not kidding, that’s the total fee MSNBC paid out). Is that even illegal, to want to fuck a fictional girl with a brain made up of six highly-trained nerds? The ironically named, Perverted Justice pretends it’s perfectly normal to become a

Guys, if you ever find a thirteen-year-old model in your bed who knows about drugs and seems oddly wise beyond her years, do yourself a favor: punch your penis as hard as you can and run in the opposite direction.

thirteen year-old who replies “tee hee” when an old man shows her his hideous hairy belly and tiny pink penis, who implies she’d like to give anal sex a try with a winking smiley face as punctuation, and who throws impossible fuel on the dude-fire by asking him to bring along a fucking six pack! Does she want to blow him while he watches the game too? I would LOVE to see one of these guys respond to Chris Hansen’s cocked eyebrow with a, “So do you, you fucking hypocrite” when asked if he wanted to have sex with the girl.

The superheroes at NBC invent a lure like this, troll it through a forum that six billion people have access to, and they’re surprised they caught something? That’s like leaving Jaguars parked in Modesto with the keys in them and being proud of yourself for catching car thieves. (I originally had Harlem in there but Modesto’s car theft stats are way higher.) Are you cutting down on grand theft auto or are you entrapping desperate morons who wouldn’t have stolen a car if it wasn’t thrust under their nose? With this kind of uncertainty in the equation, where do the producers get off being so sanctimonious about the good deed they’re doing society, especially when the majority of the charges are dropped?

Maybe some of these sad sacks would have seduced a real girl if they weren’t caught on TV, but only a tiny handful of minors each year actually go meet predators. Despite these odds, every episode of *To Catch a Predator* bags thirty to forty of them. Huh? They didn’t catch a predator. They caught a dumb loser who saw something we

all want and grabbed it without thinking. It’s hard to have sympathy for people like that, but when former Texas D.A. Louis Conratt blew his head off after taking the online boy bait (apparently the same rules apply to old gays) you have to at least question Dateline’s ethics a teensy bit.

**(THIS JUST IN:** As this was going to press, Conratt’s sister settled her \$105 million lawsuit against NBC Universal. The judge said the show “crossed the line from responsible journalism to irresponsible and reckless intrusion into law enforcement.” Told ya.)

So yeah, I hate pedophiles as much as the next guy, but everyone hates pedophiles, including pedophiles (most volunteered for castration when legislators suggested it). What is almost as revolting is people creating magical situations that redefine the term just so they can put a

cape on and tell the world they’re rescuing children. From what?

I, too, think it’s fucking funny seeing low-IQ wankers (literal wankers) try to wrangle out of a lie, and I’m not losing any sleep over the mess they got themselves into. But, gentlemen, please don’t pretend it hasn’t crossed your mind. Roman Polanski got what he deserved, but if you ever find a thirteen-year-old model in your bed who knows about drugs and seems oddly wise beyond her years, do yourself a favor: punch your penis as hard as you can and run in the opposite direction. **dt**



Host Chris Hansen “catching” a predator

**[FURTHER READING]**

**MEN WANT THE OLD GIRLS, TOO**

Ladies, don’t be discouraged if you are approaching your forties and hear “old men like young girls.” They do. But they like women their own age, too. You see, as men get older, their spectrum of what is attractive in a woman expands. Sure they’d like to fuck a teenager with the brain of an old whore. They’d also like to fuck an old whore.

The same way a real gourmet enjoys stinky cheese, a healthy male libido evolves as a woman’s body evolves. As a woman’s breasts grow more pendulous, for example, he craves to see them swing like walrus heads while she’s fucked from behind. As my thirty-five year-old pal T-Bone once said, “I dated a girl with droopy tits when I was twenty and I wasn’t feeling it, but I sure wouldn’t mind fucking with them right now.”

The same goes for asses. Whereas a big ass seems rude and ostentatious to a young man, a thirty-plus will see it and say, “Bring on the desert.” We get dirtier. That’s just the way god made us. If you don’t believe me, try telling an eighteen year-old boy he’s going to eventually put his finger in a woman’s ass. He will projectile vomit in your face. Twenty years later however, James Bond will be affectionately referring to that same guy as “Brownfinger.” **GM**



Middle-aged porn star, Ava Devine

**Honest, I hate Pedophiles**



Texting “can you believe this shit?” to friends back in New York.

This has been my only experience with anyone remotely predator-like so far: We were at an über family-friendly resort in Jamaica where they catered to kids almost more than parents. There were nannies everywhere and daily activities that didn’t involve parents. Kids had their own restaurant by the beach and even a pint-sized disco.

So, when a thirty year old showed up *by himself* with weird tattoos and jeans on in the blazing sun, I started to get suspicious. What the fuck is he doing here? Why is this even allowed? If I had ended up at a resort like this back in my single days I would have yelled, “What the fuck?” cut my losses, and headed back to the nearest town immediately. In this case, the nearest town was Montego Bay where he could have stayed for cheap and got his ass laid off.

He sat at the bar all day and didn’t seem too eager to talk to other adults but I overheard him talking to some ten-year-old boys who asked him what he did. He said, “I like hobbies.” He also said some weird shit to them about coming to Jamaica to get pussy, so I followed him everywhere he went and asked him what the fuck he was doing there about twenty times. He claimed his travel agent screwed up, which is a really lame excuse as I just pointed out. When I asked him if he was a pedophile point blank, he freaked out and started getting real ornery (bad sign). I kept asking him until he went back to his room and shut the lights at around nine at night. The next day he was waiting for a cab at six in the mornign with his bags packed. Good.

I thought it was kind of interesting that, although all the other dads agreed that something was up, nobody wanted to confront the dude. They would rather have their whole vacation ruined than be uncomfortable for fifteen minutes of confrontation. **GM**